

NEW YORK PRESS

om

Address

ite

AUG 19 1907

Sousa has beaten the trumpet into a pen and the drum into an ink bottle. The bandmaster has composed no new march this summer, but written a romance instead. His story, condensed into the form of a novelette, is entitled "The Fifth String." Sad and sorry is its fate, for Mr. Bok has contracted to publish it among his heart-to-heart talks with old ladies. Sousa is a modest man; else he would have carried his manuscript to a magazine. It has cost him \$40,000, which is the royalty of each of his marches, and in devoting himself to literature instead of music he is out of pocket so much money. Yet his summer's work may turn out more profitably than is promised by the misfortune of publication in the Ladies Home Journal. Sousa has his eye on Van Buren, the actor-cellist who has performed that tedious drama, "The Broken Melody," 2,000 times or more to the sentimental delight of England. "The Fifth String" would afford a new, artistic and thoroughly dramatic medium for Van Buren, and when the story is done into a play, as it probably will be either by Sousa himself or by his former librettist, Charles Klein, the bandmaster may become wealthy on royalties from the English actor. During his approaching visit to England the March King means to shake his pen as well as his baton before the admiring gaze of our cousins, and if all his plans prosper he may make his debut as a dramatist in London.

HILLARY BELL

884.

From

Address

Date

SOUSSA HAS recently completed two new marches. That's nothing; Sousa marches are too common (in more than one sense) to excite interest in the musical world. But if it be true that he has written a musical novel, we predict that musical and literary circles are to be stirred to their depths. The title contains a world of suggestiveness—"The Fifth String." With characteristic modesty, Mr. Sousa scorns to write of strings of which he knows nothing, and directs his efforts to a subject concerning which his knowledge will not come into dispute. Probably Mr. Sousa knows as much about the fifth string as any living man.

ORK. 1884.

TIMES

HARTFORD

SS

OCT 17 1907

John P. Sousa has written a novel, entitled "The Fifth String," which is about to be printed.

AMERICAN

BALTIMORE MD

OCT 21 1907

John Philip Sousa has added to the variety of his accomplishments by the fact that he will shortly appear as an author, as a novel he has written, entitled "The Fifth String," will shortly be published. He has written several of the books of the operas he has composed.

HED: LONDON, 1881. NEW YORK,

OREGONIAN

ress

PORTLAND, ORE

OCT 20 1907

SOUSA WRITING A NOVEL.

Sousa has recently completed two new marches. That's nothing; Sousa marches are too common (in more than one sense) to excite interest in the musical world. But if it be true that he has written a musical novel, we predict that musical and literary circles are to be stirred to their depths. The title contains a world of suggestiveness—"The Fifth String." With characteristic modesty, Mr. Sousa

1884.

scorns to write of strings of which he knows nothing, and directs his efforts to a subject concerning which his knowledge will not come into dispute. Probably Mr. Sousa knows as much about the fifth string as any living man.

TIMES

m

dress

e

OCT 22 1907

John Philip Sousa advises every one to write music if they can sell it. He has himself turned his attention to literature and will have a novel published about Christmas.

—o—

rom

TIMES

address

ate

DENVER, COL

OCT 23 1907

SOUSA'S INCOME BIG.

John Philip Sousa says: "A publisher who died a short time ago gave me \$35 for every piece I wrote. Among those \$35 pieces was 'The Washington Post,' which I wrote in 1888 for my deceased friend, Frank Hatton, who was editor of the Washington Post. I don't know what my publisher made out of this composition. I changed 'houses' because a firm offered me 15 per cent on net sales, and out of the march 'Liberty Bell' I have received about \$45,000. I advise everyone to write music if they can sell it. Recently I have turned my attention to literature and have written a musical novel called 'The Fifth String,' which will be published about Christmas."

RK, 1884.



From **NEW YORK WORLD**  
Address  
Date

**Sousa a Novelist Now.**  
John Philip Sousa, the bandmaster, has found time between concerts, composition and transatlantic tours to devote himself to literary work, and a novel from his pen entitled "The Fifth String," or, the Story of the appearance of Mr. Sousa has enlisted the aid of Howard Chandler Christy, who has done the illustrating. 1884.

Newspaper Cutting Bureau in the World.  
From **AMERICAN**  
Address **PHILADELPHIA**  
Date

John Philip Sousa, the bandmaster, has just published a tale of his appearance in "The Fifth String," or, The Story of the appearance of Mr. Sousa. 1884.

NEWS

## JOHN PHILIP SOUSA WRITES A NOVEL

### The "March King" Shows His Genius in a New Line.

Everybody in RICHMOND who has been to the concerts given here by the "March King," John Philip Sousa, will be interested to know that he is the author of a novel which is to be published at once by the Bowen-Merrill Company, of Indianapolis, under the title of "The Fifth String."

If John Philip has put into his story all the swing, the rhythm and the expression which have made him the most famous bandmaster in America, and caused Edward VIII., of England, to appoint him "Member of the Victoria Order," and the French government to write after his name, "Officier d'Academie Francaise," then his book will be one of the most popular of the year.

Cable reports have given most astonishing accounts of Sousa's triumphs during his European tour. At the Glasgow international exhibit, where his band played in competition with two of the best in Europe, he won two diplomas.

Sousa is booked to appear in Washington Feb. 2, and Richmonders are eagerly anticipating the concerts he will give here.

His book was written during his stay at Manhattan Beach last summer. It is the story of a great violinist, a lovely American girl, a wonderful violin and its unwritten history. It is well illustrated by Howard Chandler Christy.

ITEM

## LITERARY NOTE.

John Philip Sousa, known from pole to pole, from sunrise to sunset as the March King, has written a story—a story of love and of a wonderful violin. All the intensity, all the blitheness, all the delicacy, all the unique dramatic power of the soul that gave the world its premier marches, floods this passionate romance. The key of the story finds origin in the extra key of the violin, a new theme comes into the range of the instrument, a new theme comes into literature. Mr. Sousa has called his book "The Fifth String." Howard Chandler Christy has set the characters before the eyes bewitchingly.

Record.

SS **PHILADELPHIA, PA**

JAN 24 1902

"The Fifth String," a romantic novel by John Philip Sousa, has been published. It is the story of a remarkable violin and of a musical enchantment (Bowen-Merrill Co.). Howard Chandler Christy's illustrations are beautiful examples of that artist's work, and the design by G. Alden Pearson is stamped upon an especial cover of superior finish. 1884.

From **POST**  
Address **SYRACUSE, N. Y.**  
Date

Bandmaster Sousa has jumped the fence bounding the musical world and has landed in the literary field. His first production is a novel, "The Fifth String," and he has other things in mind. 1884.

Inter Ocean

ress **CHICAGO**

JAN 24 1902

From **JOURNAL**  
Address **BOSTON, MASS**  
Date

## THE SOUSA CONCERTS.

Sousa's first novel, which should come out today, is a remarkable and weird tale in which supernatural and romantic occurrences are interwoven with the events of everyday life in musical circles and in high society. The fundamental idea of this novel has been haunting the great conductor's brain for many years. It has thus gradually assumed form in his mind, until it had to be expressed. His wide experience in meeting men, in traveling, his wonderful opportunities for the study of character are all made use of in this story. There is a wonderful violinist with a remarkable instrument, a lovely society girl, the daughter of a banker, a hard-headed, practical, wealthy father, his shrewd and unscrupulous old secretary, and other characters, both natural and supernatural. This book has been written in intervals snatched from the constant duties of traveling and conducting. We can realize how arduous these are when we remember that since Sunday night Sousa and his band have been at Lewiston, and are tonight concertizing in Portland. They will be at Symphony Hall here tomorrow afternoon and evening, for the last time in two years, and to the ladies present at the matinee will be distributed a beautifully engraved portrait of the "March King." YORK, 1884.

## Newspaper Cutting Bureau in the World.

From **Dispatch**  
Address  
Date

As a novelist, Bandmaster Sousa will now toot his own horn. Blowing has made a number of recent novels financial, if not literary successes and when it comes to blowing, Sousa is certainly a leader. YORK, 1884.

John Philip Sousa, who needs no identification anywhere in the civilized world, has broken into authorship. He has written a story called "The Fifth String," a tale of love and a wonderful violin. A fifth string in connection with a violin suggests all kinds of delightful possibilities. The Bowen-Merrill company announce its immediate publication, and promise a notable book in the way of illustrations and general make-up.



WASHINGTON, D.C.

JAN 24 1902

# SOUSA WRITES A NOVEL

Great Bandmaster Turns His Attention to Literature.

EUROPE WAS VERY GOOD TO HIM

He Returns from Over the Waters with Two Titles Attached to His Name—His Success in London—"Washington Post" March Still Popular—"The Fifth String"—Prince Henry's Band.

Since his last appearance in his native city John Philip Sousa has earned the right to place two new and imposing titles after his name, to wit: "M. V. O." (Member Victorian Order), by the grace of King Edward VII, and "Officier d'Academie Francaise," by the appointment of the French government. These distinctions were accorded the American musician because of his eminence in his profession and the success he has achieved in the European world of music; but it may be said with a certainty that Sousa's head is unturned by the prosperity and honors that have come to him since he resigned the leadership of the Marine Band not quite ten years ago. Having returned from England, "the March King" is already engaged upon his winter tour, and comes to Washington soon for regular concert.

Col. George Frederic Hinton, who is Mr. Sousa's representative on all his tours, is at present in the city arranging for this concert, which is announced for Sunday evening, February 2, at the Columbia Theater. He is also an old Washingtonian, who left newspaper work to associate himself with Mr. Sousa. Col. Hinton has recently returned from London, and is pardonably enthusiastic over the British success of Sousa and his band.

## Sousa's Success in London.

"The cable reports have told the story of Sousa's triumphs in Great Britain and of his concert before the King," said he yesterday, "but it is a great satisfaction to be able to add that the financial returns of the trip were quite as great as the popular and artistic success of the American musicians. When you realize that we toured a country where the military band has reached its highest development and eclipsed all records of attendance and receipts in nearly every town we visited, the extent of Sousa's achievements may be appreciated. At the Royal Albert Hall, where the band gave its first concert, the attendance reached the unprecedented figure of 29,000 in two nights and a matinee, something that great auditorium had never seen in all the thirty-five years since it was opened. The band gave thirty-one concerts in London in sixteen days, and in the ten weeks they were in Great Britain visited twenty-eight different towns, playing 122 concerts. At the Glasgow International Exhibition, where all the best bands of Europe were heard, two special diplomas were awarded to the Sousa band. By the way, the Glasgow show was a refreshing novelty in the way of expositions, for it was finished and opened on schedule time, attracted an attendance of over eleven millions people, and netted a profit of over half a million dollars.

"At Glasgow the band of the Grenadier Guards and the Scottish Orchestra gave concerts concurrently with the Sousa Band, but there was no rivalry between the organizations. On the contrary, the musicians fraternized, and the Sousa men gave an elaborate supper to the Grenadiers at the Windsor Hotel, at which Mr. Sousa presided, with the British bandmaster at his right. In the course of a speech, in which he referred to the fact that there is not a written contract in his organization, Mr. Sousa stated with some pride that he had musicians with him who had played under his direction for eighteen years. Two of the members of the band—Stanley Lawton and Edward A. Williams, both Washingtonians—thus indicated, rose in their places at the table and were cheered by the other musicians.

## Sousa Turns Novelist.

"One of the notable features of our European tours has been the extraordinary popularity of 'The Washington Post March,' which shows no sign of abatement on the other side. Mr. Sousa had to play it at every concert, and the origin of its name excited much interest; in fact, he had to tell the story of the christening of this world-famous composition to every reporter who interviewed him. Nothing created more astonishment than the composer's statement that he received only \$35 for a march that has sold millions of copies."

"Washingtonians will doubtless be interested in the announcement that Sousa has turned novelist as well as composer. In fact, his first romance, which he has named 'The Fifth String,' will be published this week by the Bowen-Merrill Co., of Indianapolis. This book, which is a musical love story of a great violinist and a beautiful American girl, a magic violin and its secret, was written last summer at Manhattan Beach. It will be a handsome book with six full page illustrations by Howard Chandler Christy. Sousa has already written a number of magazine articles and verse, as well as one complete comic opera libretto and the lyrics of two others, so he has served some literary apprenticeship before attempting a complete romance. Should 'The Fifth String' be favorably received, it will doubtless encourage Mr. Sousa to put on paper his long contemplated 'Pipetown Stories,' based on incidents of his boyhood in the navy yard section of Washington.

"Few people have any idea of the enormous amount of work Sousa has done since he left Washington, but it is a matter of statistics that he has given 4,098 concerts in 563 different towns of America and Europe in nine and a half years, involving travel equal to ten times the circumference of the globe. In addition to that he has composed four comic operas, ten famous marches, three orchestral suites, one libretto, one novel, and a number of fugitive lyrics. His plans for the current year include ten months of concerts in America, after which he will make an eight months' European tour. In two years Sousa proposes to take his band around the world.

## Prince Henry's Band.

"When Sousa made his first European tour in 1900," continued Col. Hinton, "we met in Bremen the band of the Second Naval Division at Wilhelmshaven, which Prince Henry is to bring to the United States on the imperial yacht Hohenzollern. The band had been engaged by another management in Bremen to play in opposition to our concerts, it being one of the most popular of all the German bands. Indeed, it is so great a favorite with the Emperor that it is attached to the Hohenzollern on all its cruises. The leader is, or was at that time, anyway, Kappelmelster Wohlbier, and he took occasion to pay his respects to Mr. Sousa and expressed great admiration for the American band after hearing part of our concert. Mr. Sousa repaid the compliment by listening to the last part of the German band's concert later in the evening. It was Herr Wohlbier who told Mr. Sousa that the German Emperor's favorite march is 'Semper Fidelis,' which Sousa wrote for the review march of the Marine Corps, and the Emperor always asked for it on the Hohenzollern. This German band will be interesting not only because of its selection to represent the German service bands, but also because of its unusual uniform, the bandmen, with the exception of the conductor, being attired in the conventional garb of the man behind the gun, the flowing trousers, and the wide-collared shirt of the ordinary seaman."

Commercial Tribune  
Cincinnati, O.  
JAN 24 1902

## SOUSA'S STORY.

"The grandest of the arts is music, and the next is literature." For years the world has recognized as one of the master musicians, John Philip Sousa. And now he comes before us in a new light—as an author. Mr. Sousa's new story, "The Fifth String," has an individuality. The inventive genius that has thrilled the world with his stirring strains has offered it now a unique romance, a strong story, true, dramatic, filled with love and musical enchantment. (The Bowen-Merrill Company, publishers.)

1884.

Republican  
Sedar Rapids, Iowa  
JAN 26 1902

"The grandest of the arts is music, and the next is literature." For years the world has recognized as one of the master musicians, John Philip Sousa. And now he comes before us in a new light—as an author. Mr. Sousa's new story "The Fifth String," has an individuality. The inventive genius that has thrilled the world with his stirring strains has offered it now an unique romance, filled with love and musical enchantment.

1884.

om  
address  
ate  
JAN 26 1902

John Philip Sousa, wearied or marches and operas, tries his hand at literature. The latest effort of his pen is a novel rejoicing in the title of "The Fifth String, or the Story of the Magical Violin." ESTABLISHED  
NEW YORK, 1884.

CITIZEN.

JAN 27 1902

John Philip Sousa is said to be writing a book. The date of its publication is not yet made known, but it is likely to be next March.



# SOUSA WRITES INTENSE NOVEL

"The Fifth String" Is a Musical Romance by the  
March King.

THE HERO IS A KUBELIK

Tale Introduces the Faust Idea  
and the Heroine Is a  
Society Girl.

It seems that, nowadays, no man who attains to fame is really satisfied unless he can crown his achievements by placing his name on the title page of a book. Kings and soldiers, inventors and actors—all are tasting the sweets of authorship. And now comes to sue for literary success John Philip Sousa, whose title of "March King," bestowed upon him by some musical critics and by many billboard posters, has not brought him supreme contentment.

Naturally Mr. Sousa would make music the theme of his story, but he has succeeded in telling a tale that is most original and fantastic. His literary style is not at all like his music. He has chosen a minor key. He has woven his plot about a poetic concert. Mr. Sousa calls his story "The Fifth String." This fifth string belongs to the violin that is given to the hero by Satan. On this wonderful instrument the G string stands for pity, the third string for hope, the A is the tone of love, while the E string gives forth songs of joy. The fifth string passes down the middle of the bridge between the others. It is covered with black hair; it is the string of death. It is composed of the extra lengths of the other four strings, and to cut it would destroy all, for then pity, hope, love and joy would cease to exist in the soul of the violin. So long as this little string is not struck, the performer is safe, but when this is played upon, life passes out of the musician's body.

Around this odd fancy, Mr. Sousa has developed a queer little romance in which Diotti, a famous violinist of Tuscany, is the hero. Diotti is young, handsome and one of the most famous artists of his time. He comes to New York under the management of Perkins, the famous impresario. On the evening before his first concert, Mrs. Llewellyn, a social leader, gives a reception at which she introduces Miss Wallace, daughter of a New York banker, to Diotti. The girl's rare beauty fascinates him. They wander into the conservatory where they engage in a stilled conversation about happiness and the soul. Mildred lets him know that nothing touches her, that she is superior to emotion. She declares that she painted Niagara and destroyed the picture because it seemed to be a smear of paint, which doubtless it was, for Mildred is a young woman without enthusiasm. She then explains that when she hears a great pianist she always thinks of the little cream colored hammers within the piano bobbing up and down like acrobatic brownies. This, of course, is rather discouraging to Diotti. The author closes the interview in this way:

"He looked at her intently. She was standing before him, not a block of chiseled ice, but a beautiful, breathing woman. He offered her his arm and together they made their way to the drawing-room.

"Perhaps, some day, one will come who can sing a song of perfect love in perfect tones, and your soul will be attuned to his melody."

"Perhaps—and, good night," she softly said, leaving his arm and joining her friends, who accompanied her to the carriage."

Diotti, who on this occasion plays on an ordinary violin, makes a great sensation. Sitting alone in a box he notices Mildred Wallace. He plays to her and to her alone, but she is unmoved. After the concert he leaves the theater quickly and, throwing himself upon his bed, "almost sobbed in his thoughts." "I am not great enough for her. I am but a man. I am but a man." When the date of the next concert arrives, it is discovered that Diotti has mysteriously disappeared. His manager is frantic. They search in vain for him. He has fled to the island of Bahama, where he is determined to stay and to work until he can appeal to the soul of the woman with whom he has fallen in love. One day he becomes discouraged and in a frenzy of despair he dashes the violin to the ground, where it lies a hopeless wreck. In his grief he calls upon the prince of darkness to aid him.

Satan instantly appears, bringing with him the wonderful violin with the fifth string. Diotti tries the instrument by drawing his bow over the string of joy. While he plays it the devil is sad. Satan exclaims that it is many, many years since he heard that string of joy. Diotti is enthusiastic. He declares that with the new

violin he can conquer the world. "Aye, more to you than the world," the tempter says, "a woman's love." And then, holding the violin aloft, the artist cries, exultingly, "henceforth thou art mine, although death and oblivion lurk ever near thee."

Diotti hastens back to New York, and again appears in concert. Mildred Wallace is in her box. He plays a great concerto, always avoiding the string of death.

"Grand and grander the melody rose, voicing love's triumph with wondrous sweetness and palpitating rhythm. Mildred, her face flushed with excitement, a heavenly fire in her eyes and in an attitude of supplication, reveled in the glory of a new-found emotion." She goes behind the scenes to tell the artist how his music has touched her, and early the next day she summons Diotti to her. This is the beginning of a happy romance, which might have ended happily if it had not been for the return of the banker, whose business from the city has enabled his daughter to cultivate the society of the famous violinist.

Mr. Wallace objects to his daughter's infatuation, and consults old Sanders, a lifelong friend. Sanders meets Diotti at dinner, and guesses that there is some mystery about the violin. He discovers the fifth string after he has done his best to arouse the feeling of jealousy in the heart of the girl who has been carried away by the wonderful music of the strange instrument. Old Sanders takes the artist home with him that night, and persuades him to stay until morning. After Diotti has gone to bed old Sanders, who once prided himself upon his fiddling, brings down the violin to examine it. He takes it up and plays upon it, strikes the fifth string and dies in his chair. It is thus that Diotti knows that the string of death is indeed what Satan has declared it to be.

On the occasion of Diotti's last appearance in New York he is made sad by the recollection of old Sanders' death. Before the concert he goes to call on Mildred, who asks him if it is really true that his violin is not like other instruments of its kind. Hesitatingly he confesses that the violin has an extra string. The girl begs him to remove the string, and when he refuses she cries out that she believes he loves another woman, and that the fifth string binds them together. After they part Mildred determines to go to the theater and to see her fiancé before he plays. She is sitting in the dressing room when he comes in. She asks him to let her examine the instrument, and when she discovers that the fifth string is made of hair she becomes uncontrollably jealous. She demands that he play on the string, and declares that if he doesn't use it at the concert they must part forever. The call boy announces Diotti's turn, and he leads Mildred to a seat at the entrance of the stage. He played only on the string of pity, and when he leaves the stage Mildred declares that he had refused her wish that he did not touch the fifth string. He returns to respond to an encore, and this is the way the story ends:

"Suddenly the audience was startled by the snapping of a string; the violin and bow dropped from the nerveless hands of the player. He fell helpless to the stage.

"Mildred rushed to him, crying, 'Angelo, Angelo, what is it? What has happened?' Bending over him, she gently raised his head and showered unrestrained kisses upon his lips, oblivious of all save her lover.

"Speak! Speak!" she implored. "A faint smile illumined his face; he gazed with ineffable tenderness into her weeping eyes, then slowly closed his own, as if in a slumber."

The conception of the story is certainly clever and the tale is told without any unnecessary verbiage. It has an old-fashioned floridness of language that is unusual in this day. The plot is one that a Frenchman would handle adroitly, but Mr. Sousa has at times shown that his workmanship is clumsy. He has not always stopped at the right place, and he has made some of the conversations absurd. The book should have a wide sale, for the reason that it is unique in its way and because Mr. Sousa has thousands of admirers. "The Fifth String" will appeal to romantic young women, and it is especially timely in view of the present Kubelik madness. Mechanically the book is one of the most artistic that the Bowen-Merrill company has published. The finest paper is used and Howard Chandler Christy has supplied the illustrations, which are in his best style. The cover design by F. A. Pearson is most attractive.

The Fifth String. By John Philip Sousa. Indianapolis: Bowen-Merrill.

Address NEW YORK PRESS

Date

"The Fifth String," we suppose, is John Philip Sousa's first contribution to literature. It is a beautifully made book, with agreeable and characteristic illustrations by Howard Chandler Christy. Mr. Christy's heroine is beautiful, and the same as usual. The title page is done in two colors. The cover design is in a lot of embossed gold and a little red on a dark cloth. There are 125 pages to—Oh—the story?

Well—the story. It is that of a famous foreign violinist, who, to win the love of a rich and beautiful American girl whom he meets and who is not touched by his music, leagues himself with the devil. A real gentlemanly Marie Corelli devil. The musician swaps violins with Satan, acquiring one with an extra string in the middle. And this string is made of the beautiful hair of our first mother. But it means Death! Death! to play on it.

Armed with this instrument, the hero returns to the musical stage and succeeds in paralyzing his beloved in the first round. She throws herself at him—thereby accepting him. At least, that is what Mr. Sousa intends to convey.

After the death of her "uncle," who sneaks the violin—while its owner sleeps the deep sleep of the wicked—and plays on Eve's hair, thus committing involuntary suicide, the lady gets jealous of the hair and dares her lover to play on it himself at his next concert. He does so.

Curtain.  
If Mr. Sousa doesn't look out, Marie Corelli will be writing marches and two-steps. "The Fifth String." John Philip Sousa. The Bowen-Merrill Company, Indianapolis.

YORK, 1884.

From

Address

Date

JAN 25 1902

"The Fifth String," a romantic John Philip Sousa, is soon to be published by the Bowen-Merrill Company. It is the "story of a remarkable violin and a wonderful love." Howard Chandler Christy furnishes the illustrations.

"A The hero ent bou An Mi

YORK, 1884.

m

ress

e

JAN 25 1902

John Philip Sousa has written a story of love and of a wonderful violin. The key of the story finds origin in the extra key on the violin and a new theme comes into the range of the instrument. Mr. Sousa has called his book "The Fifth String." Howard Chandler Christy illustrates the book.

Courier Journal  
ress Louisville, Ky.

3

JAN 25 1902

For years the world has recognized as one of the master musicians, John Philip Sousa. Now he comes before us in a new light—as an author. Mr. Sousa's new story, "The Fifth String," has an individuality. The inventive genius that has thrilled the world with his stirring strains has offered it now an unique romance, a story strong and true.

1884.

# **CORRECTION**



THE FOLLOWING PAGE (S)  
HAVE BEEN REFILMED TO  
INSURE LEGIBILITY.



# SOUSA WRITES INTENSE NOVEL

"The Fifth String" Is a Musical Romance by the  
March King.

THE HERO IS A KUBELIK

Tale Introduces the Faust Idea  
and the Heroine Is a  
Society Girl.

It seems that, nowadays, no man who attains to fame is really satisfied unless he can crown his achievements by placing his name on the title page of a book. Kings and soldiers, inventors and actors—all are tasting the sweets of authorship. And now comes to sue for literary success John Philip Sousa, whose title of "March King," bestowed upon him by some musical critics and by many billboard posters, has not brought him supreme contentment.

Naturally Mr. Sousa would make music the theme of his story, but he has succeeded in telling a tale that is most original and fantastic. His literary style is not at all like his music. He has chosen a minor key. He has woven his plot about a poetic concert. Mr. Sousa calls his story "The Fifth String." This fifth string belongs to the violin that is given to the hero by Satan. On this wonderful instrument the G string stands for pity, the third string for hope, the A is the tone of love, while the E string gives forth songs of joy. The fifth string passes down the middle of the bridge between the others. It is covered with black hair; it is the string of death. It is composed of the extra lengths of the other four strings, and to cut it would destroy all, for then pity, hope, love and joy would cease to exist in the soul of the violin. So long as this little string is not struck, the performer is safe, but when this is played upon, life passes out of the musician's body.

Around this odd fancy, Mr. Sousa has developed a queer little romance in which Diotti, a famous violinist of Tuscany, is the hero. Diotti is young, handsome and one of the most famous artists of his time. He comes to New York under the management of Perkins, the famous impresario. On the evening before his first concert, Mrs. Llewellyn, a social leader, gives a reception at which she introduces Miss Wallace, daughter of a New York banker, to Diotti. The girl's rare beauty fascinates him. They wander into the conservatory where they engage in a stilled conversation about happiness and the soul. Mildred lets him know that nothing touches her, that she is superior to emotion. She declares that she painted Niagara and destroyed the picture because it seemed to be a smear of paint, which doubtless it was, for Mildred is a young woman without enthusiasm. She then explains that when she hears a great pianist she always thinks of the little cream colored hammers within the piano bobbing up and down like acrobatic brownies. This, of course, is rather discouraging to Diotti. The author closes the interview in this way:

"He looked at her intently. She was standing before him, not a block of chiseled ice, but a beautiful, breathing woman. He offered her his arm and together they made their way to the drawing-room.

"Perhaps, some day, one will come who can sing a song of perfect love in perfect tones, and your soul will be attuned to his melody."

"Perhaps—and, good night," she softly said, leaving his arm and joining her friends, who accompanied her to the carriage."

Diotti, who on this occasion plays on an ordinary violin, makes a great sensation. Sitting alone in a box he notices Mildred Wallace. He plays to her and to her alone, but she is unmoved. After the concert he leaves the theater quickly and, throwing himself upon his bed, "almost sobbed in his thoughts." "I am not great enough for her. I am but a man. I am but a man." When the date of the next concert arrives, it is discovered that Diotti has mysteriously disappeared. His manager is frantic. They search in vain for him. He has fled to the island of Bahama, where he is determined to stay and to work until he can appeal to the soul of the woman with whom he has fallen in love. One day he becomes discouraged and in a frenzy of despair he dashes the violin to the ground, where it lies a hopeless wreck. In his grief he calls upon the prince of darkness to aid him.

Satan instantly appears, bringing with him the wonderful violin with the fifth string. Diotti tries the instrument by drawing his bow over the string of joy. While he plays it the devil is sad. Satan exclaims that it is many, many years since he heard that string of joy. Diotti is enthusiastic. He declares that with the new

violin he can conquer the world. "Aye, more to you than the world," the tempter says, "a woman's love." And then, holding the violin aloft, the artist cries, exultingly, "henceforth thou art mine, although death and oblivion lurk ever near thee."

Diotti hastens back to New York, and again appears in concert. Mildred Wallace is in her box. He plays a great concerto, always avoiding the string of death.

"Grand and grander the melody rose, voicing love's triumph with wondrous sweetness and palpitating rhythm. Mildred, her face flushed with excitement, a heavenly fire in her eyes and in an attitude of supplication, reveled in the glory of a new-found emotion." She goes behind the scenes to tell the artist how his music has touched her, and early the next day she summons Diotti to her. This is the beginning of a happy romance, which might have ended happily if it had not been for the return of the banker, whose business from the city has enabled his daughter to cultivate the society of the famous violinist.

Mr. Wallace objects to his daughter's infatuation, and consults old Sanders, a lifelong friend. Sanders meets Diotti at dinner, and guesses that there is some mystery about the violin. He discovers the fifth string after he has done his best to arouse the feeling of jealousy in the heart of the girl who has been carried away by the wonderful music of the strange instrument. Old Sanders takes the artist home with him that night, and persuades him to stay until morning. After Diotti has gone to bed old Sanders, who once prided himself upon his fiddling, brings down the violin to examine it. He takes it up and plays upon it, strikes the fifth string and dies in his chair. It is thus that Diotti knows that the string of death is indeed what Satan has declared it to be.

On the occasion of Diotti's last appearance in New York he is made sad by the recollection of old Sanders' death. Before the concert he goes to call on Mildred, who asks him if it is really true that his violin is not like other instruments of its kind. Hesitatingly he confesses that the violin has an extra string. The girl begs him to remove the string, and when he refuses she cries out that she believes he loves another woman, and that the fifth string binds them together. After they part Mildred determines to go to the theater and to see her fiancé before he plays. She is sitting in the dressing room when he comes in. She asks him to let her examine the instrument, and when she discovers that the fifth string is made of hair she becomes uncontrollably jealous. She demands that he play on the string, and declares that if he doesn't use it at the concert they must part forever. The call boy announces Diotti's turn, and he leads Mildred to a seat at the entrance of the stage. He played only on the string of pity, and when he leaves the stage Mildred declares that he had refused her wish that he did not touch the fifth string. He returns to respond to an encore, and this is the way the story ends:

"Suddenly the audience was startled by the snapping of a string; the violin and bow dropped from the nerveless hands of the player. He fell helpless to the stage.

"Mildred rushed to him, crying, 'Angelo, Angelo, what is it? What has happened?' Bending over him, she gently raised his head and showered unrestrained kisses upon his lips, oblivious of all save her lover.

"Speak! Speak!" she implored. "A faint smile illumined his face; he gazed with ineffable tenderness into her weeping eyes, then slowly closed his own, as if in a slumber."

The conception of the story is certainly clever and the tale is told without any unnecessary verbiage. It has an old-fashioned floridness of language that is unusual in this day. The plot is one that a Frenchman would handle adroitly, but Mr. Sousa has at times shown that his workmanship is clumsy. He has not always stopped at the right place, and he has made some of the conversations absurd. The book should have a wide sale, for the reason that it is unique in its way and because Mr. Sousa has thousands of admirers. "The Fifth String" will appeal to romantic young women, and it is especially timely in view of the present Kubelik madness. Mechanically the book is one of the most artistic that the Bowen-Merrill company has published. The finest paper is used and Howard Chandler Christy has supplied the illustrations, which are in his best style. The cover design by F. A. Pearson is most attractive.

The Fifth String. By John Philip Sousa. Indianapolis: Bowen-Merrill.

Address NEW YORK PRESS

Date  
"The Fifth String," we suppose, is John Philip Sousa's first contribution to literature. It is a beautifully made book, with agreeable and characteristic illustrations by Howard Chandler Christy. Mr. Christy's heroine is beautiful, and the same as usual. The title page is done in two colors. The cover design is in a lot of embossed gold and a little red on a dark cloth. There are 125 pages to—Oh—the story?

Well—the story. It is that of a famous foreign violinist, who, to win the love of a rich and beautiful American girl whom he meets and who is not touched by his music, leagues himself with the devil. A real gentlemanly Marie Corelli devil. The musician swaps violins with Satan, acquiring one with an extra string in the middle. And this string is made of the beautiful hair of our first mother. But it means Death! Death! to play on it.

Armed with this instrument, the hero returns to the musical stage and succeeds in paralyzing his beloved in the first round. She throws herself at him—thereby accepting him. At least, that is what Mr. Sousa intends to convey.

After the death of her "uncle," who sneaks the violin—while its owner sleeps the deep sleep of the wicked—and plays on Eve's hair, thus committing involuntary suicide, the lady gets jealous of the hair and dares her lover to play on it himself at his next concert. He does so.

Curtain.  
If Mr. Sousa doesn't look out, Marie Corelli will be writing marches and two-steps. "The Fifth String." John Philip Sousa. The Bowen-Merrill Company, Indianapolis.

YORK, 1884.

From  
Address  
Date JAN 25 1902

"The Fifth String," a romantic novel by John Philip Sousa, is soon to be published by the Bowen-Merrill Company. It is said to be the "story of a remarkable violin and of a wonderful love." Howard Chandler Christy furnishes the illustrations. 1884.

m Press  
ress PHILADELPHIA, PA.  
e JAN 25 1902

John Philip Sousa has written a story of love and of a wonderful violin. The key of the story finds origin in the extra key on the violin and a new theme comes into the range of the instrument. Mr. Sousa has called his book "The Fifth String." Howard Chandler Christy illustrates the book. 1884

n Courier Journal  
ress Louisville, Ky.  
3 JAN 25 1902

For years the world has recognized as one of the master musicians, John Philip Sousa. Now he comes before us in a new light—as an author. Mr. Sousa's new story, "The Fifth String," has an individuality. The inventive genius that has thrilled the world with his stirring strains has offered it now an unique romance, a story strong and true. 1884.



Times.

PITTSBURGH, PA

JAN 25 1902

John Philip Sousa has written a story—a story of love and of a wonderful violin. The key of the story finds origin in the extra key on the violin, a new theme comes into the range of the instrument, a new theme comes into literature. Mr. Sousa has called his book "The Fifth String."

Item

PHILADELPHIA, PA

SS

JAN 25 1902

**SOUSA WRITES A NOVEL.**  
John Philip Sousa, known from pole to pole, from sunrise to sunset as the March King, has written a story—a story of love and of a wonderful violin.

All the intensity, all the blitheness, all the delicacy, all the unique dramatic power of the soul that gave the world its premier marches, floods this passionate romance, it is said. The key of the story finds origin in the extra key on the violin, a new theme comes into the range of the instrument, a new theme comes into literature. Mr. Sousa has called his book, "The Fifth String." Howard Chandler Christy has set the characters before the eyes bewitchingly. The Bowen-Merrill Co. will publish the book.

1884.

From

Address

John Philip Sousa Has Composed a Novel.

From the Washington Post.  
Sousa has turned novelist as well as composer. In fact, his first romance, which he has named "The Fifth String," will be published this week by the Bowen-Merrill Company of Indianapolis. This book, which is a musical love story of a great violinist and a beautiful American girl, a magic violin and its secret, was written last summer at Manhattan Beach. It will be a handsome book with six full page illustrations by Howard Chandler Christy. Sousa has already written a number of magazine articles and verse, as well as one complete comic opera libretto and the lyrics of two others, so he has served some literary apprenticeship before attempting a complete romance. Should "The Fifth String" be favorably received, it will doubtless encourage Mr. Sousa to put on paper his long contemplated "Pipetown Stories," based on incidents of his boyhood in the navy yard section of Washington.

RK, 1884.

Advertiser

SS

BOSTON, MASS

JAN 25 1902

Mr. J. P. Sousa has also written a novel, "The Fifth String." It is said to be "filled with love and musical enchantment."

From

AMERICAN

Address

BALTIMORE, MD

Date

JAN 25 1902

John Philip Sousa has written a novel called "The Fifth String," which has just been published. It is a tale of music and love, inclining to the weird and dramatic.

Journal

BOSTON, MASS

JAN 25 1902

John Philip Sousa has written a romance, "The Fifth String," and the Bowen-Merrill Company will soon publish it. Mr. Sousa has made a phenomenal success as a musician, and it will be interesting to see how he will fare as a novelist. The story will be illustrated by Howard Chandler Christy, and there will be a cover design by G. Alden Peirson.

From

NEWS

Address

Date

JAN 25 1902

Sousa's Love Story.

John Philip Sousa, known from pole to pole as the March King, has written a story—a story of love and of a wonderful violin. All the intensity, all the blitheness, the delicacy, the unique dramatic power of the soul that gave the world its premier marches, floods this passionate romance. The key of the story finds origin in the extra key on the violin. Mr. Sousa has called his book "The Fifth String," and it is published by the Bowen-Merrill Company, Indianapolis. Howard Chandler Christy has illustrated it in his best style.

RK, 1

From

Dispatch

Address

Columbus, O.

Date

JAN 25 1902

John Philip Sousa, the famous composer and bandmaster, has written a story, "The Fifth String," which is described as "a romance, strong, true and dramatic, filled with love and musical enchantment." The Bowen-Merrill Company, Indianapolis, publish it.

ess

Indianapolis, Ind.

JAN 25 1902

John Philip Sousa has written a story of love and a wonderful violin, called "The Fifth String." The book, handsomely illustrated by Howard Chandler Christy, is to be published soon by the Bowen-Merrill Company.

From NEW YORK MAIL AND EXPRESS

Address

Date

JAN 29 1902

THE FIFTH STRING.

By JOHN PHILIP SOUSA. Illustrated by Howard Chandler Christy. Bowen-Merrill Co. 12mo.

The composer of marches has turned novelist, has set music to the rhythm of words. Mr. Sousa certainly betrays a quite unexpected vein of literary imagination, but his mastery of words does not equal his knowledge of the possibilities of notes. An Italian violinist—a virtuoso—on his first American tour falls in love, at first sight, with an American girl. It is a habit all foreigners have, and no wonder. She is the daughter of a banker, given to serious, soulful conversation, for Mr. Sousa informs us that, a few minutes after his introduction to her she tells the maestro the "story of her life"—her emotional life, that is. The man that can awaken her heart, her soul, has never yet appeared. The Italian immediately aspires to be that man, but fails at his first concert. The enormous audience that fills the Academy of Music—only a few seats in the top gallery remained unsold, Mr. Sousa assures us—is deeply moved, but the girl for whom alone the artist played still possesses her heart and soul in peace.

Angelo Diotti—that's his name—disappears from New York, to his manager's despair. At the beginning of the sixth chapter he is discovered on a cay off the Bahama Islands, where the Boer prisoners are now quartered, vainly trying to wring from his violin the notes that will awaken Mildred Wallace's heart. After weeks of endeavor, he smashes the Stradivarius in despair, crying out, "It is of no use! If the God of heaven will not aid me, I ask the prince of darkness to come." Then

A tall, rather spare, but well-made and handsome man appeared at the

door of the hut. His manner was that of one evidently conversant with the usages of good society.

"I beg pardon," said the musician, surprised and visibly nettled at the intrusion, and then with forced politeness he asked: "To whom am I indebted for this unexpected visit?"

"Allow me," said the stranger taking a card from his case and handing it to the musician, who read: "Satan," and, in the lower left-hand corner, "Prince of Darkness."

"I am the Prince," said the stranger, bowing low.

There was no hint of the pavement-made ruler in the information he gave, but rather of the desire of one gentleman to set another right at the beginning. The musician assumed a position of open-mouthed wonder, gazing steadily at the visitor.

Mr. Diotti declares that he does not desire the aid of the gentleman, and laughs derisively, but he, having had experience with Faust and a good many others, says, "If you will listen a moment, and not be so rude to an utter stranger, we may reach some conclusion to your benefit." The violinist, thus rebuked by Satan conversant with the usages of good society, hesitates, and is lost. He accepts from the Tempter of man an instrument that will win him the love of the beautiful American, a violin with five strings, the fifth one of which, wrapped in the hair of the first mother of man, is the string of death; whoever touches it dies instantly. The other strings are those of pity, hope, love and joy. It is the instrument Satan himself played in heaven before the fall; the fifth string was added after it. He cannot play it now, for there is neither pity nor hope, love nor joy for him, and he cannot die.

This is, it will be seen, a happy invention, in the spirit of Teutonic folk-lore; it is the idea of the story rather than its treatment that deserves consideration. The artist returns to New York with his cursed instrument, which does not fail to do its work of destruction, and, appropriately enough, it is Eve's attributes that precipitate the catastrophe. The violin first of all kills the "confidential man" of Mildred's father. He has a weakness for Tom gin toddies, and under the influence thereof touches the fatal string. But he dies too late, for already he has awakened the girl's suspicion, her jealousy, her curiosity—oh Mother Eve!—and, like Psyche and Elsa von Brabant, she will not rest before she knows.

The end of the tale the reader must find in the book itself, which, as already said, demonstrates that Mr. Sousa is the possessor of a vivid imagination, which unhappily as yet lacks a trained medium of literary expression. Mr. Christy furnishes illustrations such as we have come to expect from him, very graceful and telling, but with the same beautiful girl doing service once more under a different name.



Times  
ress Louisville, Ky  
JAN 25 1902

## SOUSA AS AUTHOR.



Famous Bandmaster Reveals Literary Talent In His Story, "The Fifth String."



THE mere announcement that John Philip Sousa has written a book is calculated to create in the mind of the reader the natural impression of a very animated volume written in 2-4 time with every page a sort of cinematographic presentation of a familiar bearded face and swiftly moving arms. It would be just as natural to look for encore chapters and "request" incidents. And perhaps the fastidious might want an original composition with each copy of the story.

But the truth of the matter is that Sousa has really written a serious book—one which should entitle him to a hearing as an author, for in "The Fifth String" he develops a fancy strikingly original and fascinatingly weird. Indeed it is an unusual presentation of what may be termed the psychological aspect of the violin and it indicates a literary talent which is not to be undervalued.

A strange story is "The Fifth String." It is the sort of violin romance that the musical dreamers may have dreamed about. There is a suspicion of "Faust" in the theme for the reason that his Satanic Majesty plays an important part in the development of the work. Sousa may not thrill his new audience with his book as easily as with his band—his pen may not have the sweep nor the response of his baton, but the fact remains that he has written a book to be read with interest and to be remembered.

...  
Sousa's hero is a modern St. Dunstan, who is tempted but who succumbs to the tempter. In this case, as in many others, the root of the evil is a beautiful woman, and, like the ancestral Eve, she lures her victim to his destruction by the besitting sin of her sex, curiosity.

The hero of "The Fifth String" is Angelo Diotti, a foreign violinist with a tremendous reputation, who comes to America. From the admirable drawings by Christy which adorn this book one would suspect that Ysaye had been used as the physical model. And this Diotti plays like a god and his impresario is prepared to dazzle all America. But even so astute a personage as an impresario did not reckon

with a lovely woman save to lionize his importation. It happens therefore that in the matter of artist worship there is one shining exception, and this one is the undoing of Signor Diotti.

He meets her at a big reception; he is bewildered; he woos her with the wonder of his art on her first appearance, but the soul of the maiden is frigid and Diotti in his despair disappears. Then it is that his Satanic Majesty, old-time friend of man in his distress with woman, comes to the aid of the heart-broken virtuoso with a violin, the like of which has never been seen before—combining the beauties of all the Cremona workshops and the peculiar and irresistible qualities which the devil's music invariably possesses—that even Paganini in his wildest flights might never have fancied.

On this violin there is one string that represents pity; another sounds the note of hope; a third utters the strain of joy, and the fourth is the joyous acclaim of love. And then the fifth—the string of death. Equipped with this instrument Diotti returns to win the laurel of his love. And when he played the air seemed filled with magic and the heart was thrilled and the ear caressed as never before. And then it is that the heart of woman melted under the flow of that compelling melody. With a skill that shows no novice hand Sousa develops his story to a dramatic and tragic close. There is no burst of trumpets, no flare of noisy finale. The peace and the majesty of death are about it.

...  
In fiction as in life the violinist hero is a gentleman to conjure with. Sousa realized that in Diotti he was presenting a type not overworked and possessing a peculiar and almost fascinating interest.

The famous bandmaster makes Satan a very amiable and agreeable personage, who admits that sad liberties have been taken with his reputation and who might be infinitely worse than he is painted.

In some ways "The Fifth String" is an unusual production in fiction. It demonstrates that Sousa can wield a pen almost as effectively if not as strenuously as a baton. The Bowen-Merrill Co., publishers, Indianapolis.

I. F. MARCOSSON.

From THE MORNING TELEGRAPH  
Address 1846  
Date JAN 26 1902

### Sousa's Fiddle Fiction.

What won't these musicians do next? John Philip Sousa, not satisfied with playing his marches in Berlin within hearing of Emperor William and escaping without life imprisonment, has now inflicted a piece of fiddle fiction on the long-suffering American public. It is called "The Fifth String," this addition to the equipment being not the string on which he hopes to get the reader, but a demoniac death-dealing cord made from the tresses of Mother Eve, or some defunct female who perished from the plague or pestilence. Raff astonished the musical world by making castanets of skulls and cross-bones, but Sousa goes one better with a dead woman's hair.

From Sentinel  
Address Indianapolis, Ind.  
Date JAN 26 1902

John Philip Sousa, known from pole to pole, from sunrise to sunset as the March King, has written a story—a story of love and of a wonderful violin. All the intensity, all the blitheness, all the delicacy, all the unique dramatic power of the soul that gave the world its premier marches, floods this passionate romance. The key of the story finds origin in the extra key on the violin, a new theme comes into the range of instruments, a new theme comes into literature. Mr. Sousa has called his book "The Fifth String." Howard Chandler Christy has set the characters before the eyes bewitchingly. It is to be published shortly by the Bowen-Merrill company.

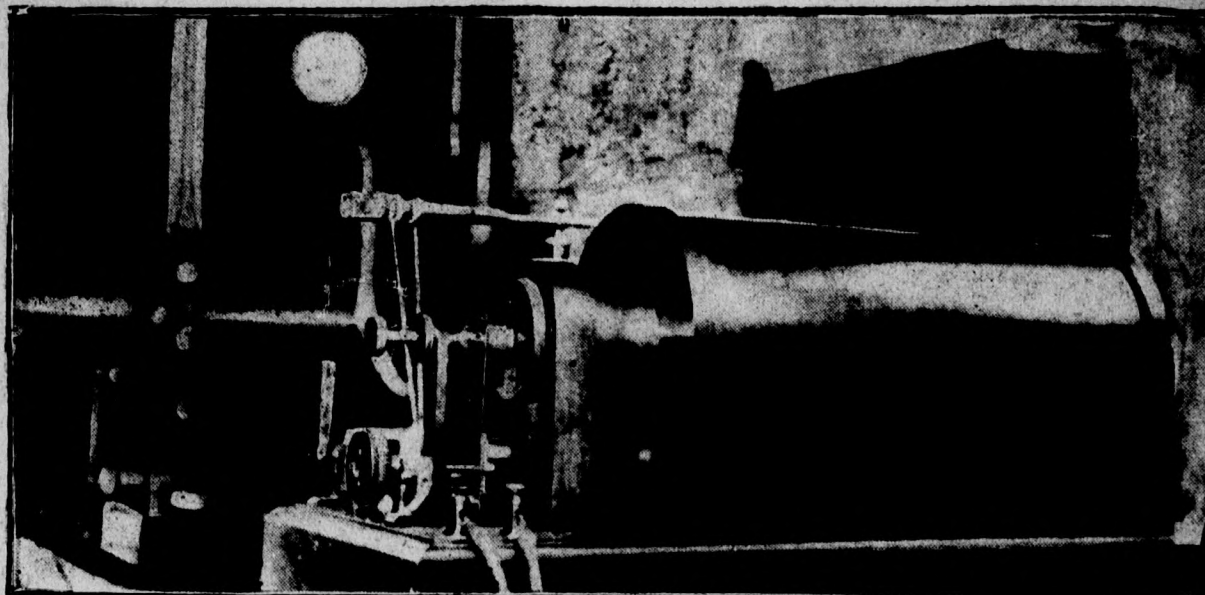
From NEW YORK COMMERCIAL ADVERTISER  
Address  
Date JAN 28 1902

It not infrequently happens that a man or woman who possesses some one talent to an uncommon degree is also endowed by nature in another direction. This dual ability is just revealed in the case of Mr. John Philip Sousa, who, after having won for himself a reputation as a writer of stirring and spirited march music, has now made his debut in the literary world. The Bowen-Merrill Company has just published a romantic novel by Mr. Sousa, entitled "The Fifth String," illustrated by Mr. Howard Chandler Christy. As the title implies, this is a musical novel, and has for its theme the story of a remarkable violin.

# Ocean Liners in a Wire

How the Kaiser Wilhelm, the Lucania, the Etruria  
Messages Mixed in the Longest Conversation

Amusing Episode in the Devel



## Sending Apparatus on Kaiser Wilhelm

**G**OOD morning, how are you?"  
"Quite well, thanks."  
"Please ask Nantucket to  
at up."

Thus spoke two ocean liners sixty  
les apart, racing through the water  
a twenty-two-knot clip. It was  
the beginning of the longest wireless  
conversation ever held.

The duration of this talk was seven-  
two hours, during which thousands  
words and messages were projected  
to the air and captured by Marconi  
reivers.

On the morning of Saturday, Dec. 14, the  
hard steamer Lucania left New York for  
Europe. Three hours after she sailed the great  
an leviathan, Kaiser Wilhelm der Grosse, also  
out from this port.

The speed of the Lucania is twenty knots an  
hour; that of the Kaiser twenty-two knots.  
Both ships are equipped with the Marconi wire-  
less plants.

Far aft on the boatdeck of the Kaiser is a small,  
bare, shantylike house. Though occupying an  
inconspicuous position, crowded in among the  
superstructure of the great ship, the little house  
in reality is one of the most important positions  
on the vessel.

It contains the Marconi sending and receiving

operator at German naval stations before entering  
the employ of the North German Lloyd Company.

Herr Kroncke has described, especially for the  
Sunday World, the remarkable three-day conver-  
sation between the Lucania and the Kaiser Wil-  
helm der Grosse.

BY GEORGE KRONCKE,

Wireless Operator on the Kaiser Wilhelm der Grosse

**T**HE Kaiser and the Lucania were at varying dis-  
tances apart while the ships were in communi-  
cation with each other for a period of three  
days. This distance ranged from twenty to ninety  
miles.

The wireless messages received on both ships were  
plainly made out; there were no mistaken readings  
or blunders of any kind. The conditions were perfect  
for our purposes.

Once during the sending of the messages the vessels  
passed through fog banks. I had heard it said that  
fog would prevent the sending of messages, owing to  
its absorption of the oscillations.

Our recent experiment proved, however, that the  
Marconi system is extremely valuable in a fog. This  
is a point well worth  
demonstrating.

I am of opinion that fog  
is, in fact, an aid to the  
sending of wireless mes-  
sages. The atmosphere  
when damp and full of fog



# A Weird Love Tragedy

## the March King

### Edward Chandler Christy.

to the  
ch at  
m to  
e

ged instru-  
both. They  
n so had it  
he hundreds

ned into a  
riend of the  
red's father.  
d distinctly  
he musician.  
r and after-

ty he went  
ever difficult



"Do not play to-night—study, study!"

And as the result of her pleading—  
"Facing Mildred, whose color was heightened by the intensity of her emotion, he began softly to play. His fingers sought the string of death. The audience listened with breathless interest. The composition

was weirdly and strangely fascinating. \*  
"Suddenly the audience was startled by the snapping of a string. The violin and bow dropped from the nerveless hands of the player. He fell helpless to the stage."







messages of a 72 hours talk.

On this day the Kaiser's position. It was latitude 44 degrees 12 minutes, longitude 53 degrees 1 minute. We kept in communication all day of Dec. 16, the fog not interfering at all with the messages.

Next morning, Dec. 17, we began calling the Lucania about 7.30 o'clock. We found that that vessel was then from eighty to eighty-five miles astern. The signals were, however, perfectly good. On this day, when the two ships were about ninety miles apart, the signals came in very strong, but after that as the distance increased the signals became indistinct.

We lost the Lucania on Dec. 17, after a conversation which had been kept up for nearly three days. Throughout that time the signals had been coming perfectly.

One or two messages had to be repeated, but otherwise there was no serious trouble. At times we would lose a word here and there, but this was due more to the individual mannerisms of the operators than to any defects in our instruments.

MARCONI ON THE LATEST TEST OF WIRELESS TELEGRAPHY.

(BY WILLIAM MARCONI.)

I AM pleased that the recent wireless tests between the Kaiser and the Lucania were so successful. At the same time I am not surprised. It is but natural and what I expected.

I hope before many years have passed that all ships, both steam and sailing vessels, will be using wireless telegraphy. There is no reason why all vessels should not use it.

I am going to England now for the purpose of establishing a wireless plant that will put that country in communication with America. This should be an accomplished fact before many months have passed.

There are already thirty-two wireless telegraph stations in existence, and before another year has passed there will be a number of others in active operation.

Though I believe all ships should have the wireless system, I am going abroad in a non-wireless boat. I shall get more rest that way.

About midnight I left the wire.

Next morning was Sunday, Dec. 15.

At 8 o'clock, as I stepped into the Marconi signal-house, the instrument said:

"Good morning. How are you?" It was a message from "L. A."—Lucania.

The Lucania had picked us up again and was ready for a big talk.

I greeted the operator, asking if the signals were good. We experimented a little while, adjusting our instruments so as to suit the distance. We were now about thirty-six miles apart.

When everything was in good working order the captain and some of the officers of the Kaiser came to the signal-room and began sending messages to the Lucania.

One of the first messages from the Lucania to the Kaiser was this:

"The officers of the Lucania invite the officers of the Kaiser Wilhelm der Grosse to come over to church this morning. It was Sunday, and we all appreciated the joke."

The captain of the Lucania sent the captain of the Kaiser a private message and it was answered by Capt. Hogeman, of the latter ship.

It seems that messages sent from the lightship were reaching out into space and dipping into the conversation going on between the Lucania and the Etruria.

I sent the message from the Kaiser, as requested by the Lucania, and then the Etruria and Lucania began talking again.

After having been instructed to stand by my apparatus, I knew that the Lucania would call me up when she was ready, and so I did not try to send anything to her that afternoon. About 9.45 that night, however, I called up the Nantucket lightship, which was about sixty miles away. I said:

"Can you send some messages ashore for the Kaiser?"

The Nantucket people answered "Yes." Previous to this time there had been posted in the dining-room of the Kaiser a notice from the Marconi International Marine Communication Company reading:

"Passengers wishing to send telegrams will please provide for the purpose."

A number of passengers availed themselves of this service, and I soon began sending messages of various kinds to the Nantucket lightship.

These telegrams were paid for by the passengers at the rate of 12 cents a word, this being exclusive of land charges.

The messages were sent from the Nantucket ship

BREAKING IN THE WIRELESS CONVERSATION. THE KAISER WILHELM DER GROSSE TO THE LUCANIA. TELL NANTUCKET LIGHTSHIP TO SHUT UP—THE KAISER WILHELM.

Tell Nantucket Lightship to Shut Up—The Kaiser Wilhelm.

OVER TO CHURCH  
S M O R N I N G  
BY OFFICERS OF THE LUCANIA TO OFFICERS OF THE KAISER  
WHEN SHIPS WERE SIXTY MILES APART ON SUNDAY MORNING, DEC. 15.

Instead I received this message from them: "Stand by your instrument. We will talk to you later."

I stood by the receiver. Presently I heard the Lucania sending out the message "E. A.—E. A.—E. A." They were calling the Etruria.

The Etruria was about forty miles away from the Lucania to the south of the Nantucket light and was about from Europe.

Doubtless the Lucania—outbound, like ourselves—wished to give some message to the Etruria before the latter vessel got out of range of the wireless signals.

The Lucania and Etruria began talking to each other. I could tell just what they were saying, as my receiving apparatus was in splendid condition and was working that was going on in the atmosphere.

Nothing seemed to be interfering with the conversation between the Etruria and Lucania. Then I received this message: "The Nantucket lightship to shut up."

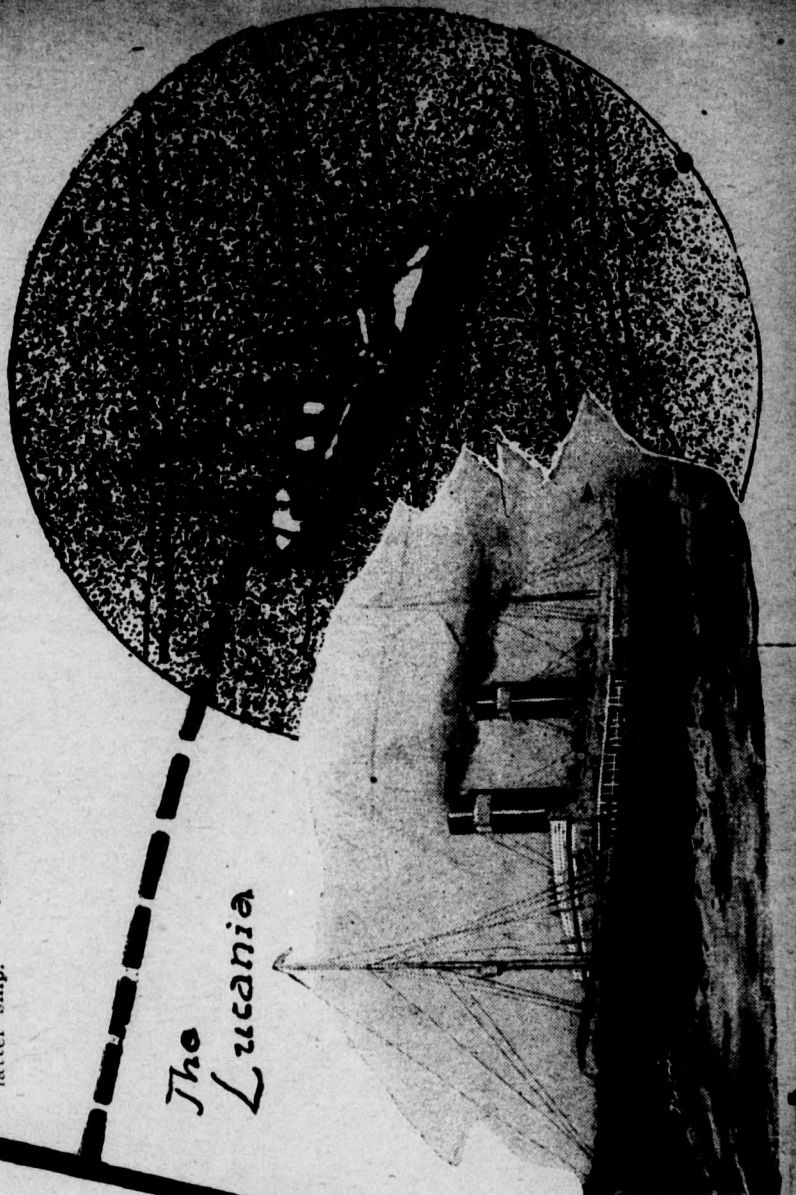
to the shore, thus reaching their destination. I talked to the Nantucket ship for about an hour and a half.

We were now too far from the lightship to send any more messages. Strange to relate, however, though I could send no more messages to the lightship I could read the lightship messages which were being sent ashore from Nantucket.

We were about eighty miles away, or perhaps ninety by this time.

Shortly after we stopped talking to Nantucket the Etruria picked us up. She had been talking to the Lucania up to this time. The Etruria was about thirty miles away from us when she began talking.

Of course, all my communicants were out of sight. The Lucania was sixty miles away, the Etruria thirty and the Nantucket lightship eighty or ninety. Still the signals were clear and easily distinguishable.



The Lucania



The difficulty was that Miss Wallace was a soul the greatest, did not move her.

"I never hear a pianist," she tells Diotti, "however great and famous, but I see the little cream-colored hammers within the piano bobbing up and down like acrobatic brownies. . . . And I so long to hear. I marvel at the invention of the composer and the skill of the player, but there I cease."

Their acquaintance had developed with some pre-  
ciousness, for Mr. Sousa goes on:

"He looked at her intently. She was standing before him, not a block of chiselled ice, but a beautiful, breathing woman. He offered her his arm and together they made their way to the drawing-room."

"Perhaps some day one will come who can sing a song of perfect love in perfect tones and your soul will be attuned to his melody."

"Perhaps—and good-night," she softly said.

The next evening the violinist made his first appearance and won an enormous success. One did not respond to his music, "a lace-framed vision in white."

"It was she who since he had met her the night before held his very soul in thrall."

Miss Wallace sent the violinist no word of congratulation, and in despair he wailed:

"I am not great enough for her. I am but a man; her consort should be a god. Her soul, untouched by human passion or human skill, demands the power of godlike genius to arouse it."

So strong, indeed, was the young violinist's infatuation, so deep his despair, that he tried heroic measures.

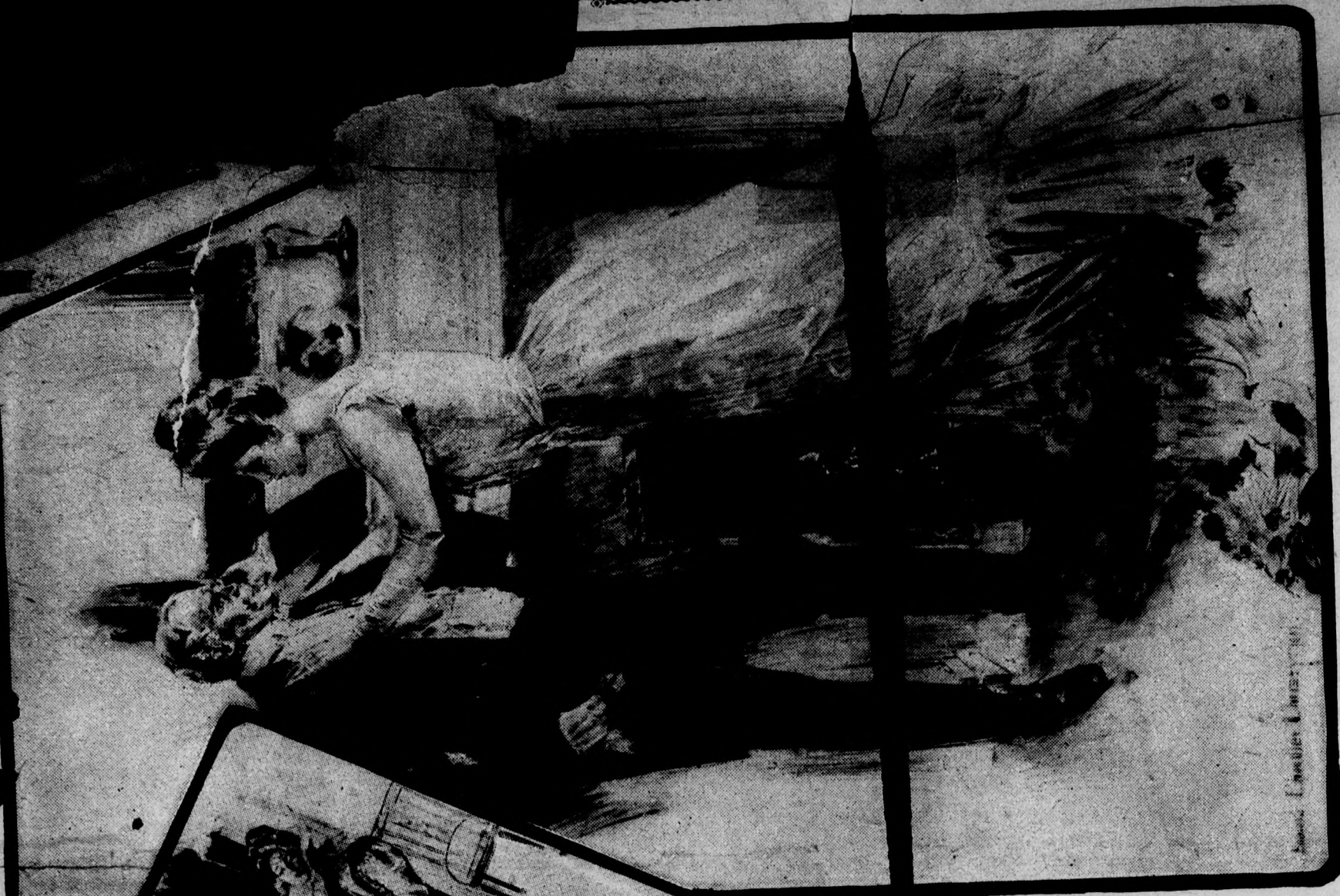
was that of one evidently conversant with the usages of good society.

"Allow me," said the stranger, taking a card from his case and handing it to the musician, who read, who played 'Satan,' and in the lower left-hand corner, 'Prince of Darkness.'

"I came at your behest, actuated entirely by kindness of heart," said Satan.

"I have heard of you before," knowingly spoke the violinist, nodding his head sadly.

"No doubt you have (smilingly). My reputation, which has suffered at the hands of irresponsible people, is not of the best and places me at times in



"Uncle Sanders said you would not play upon it."

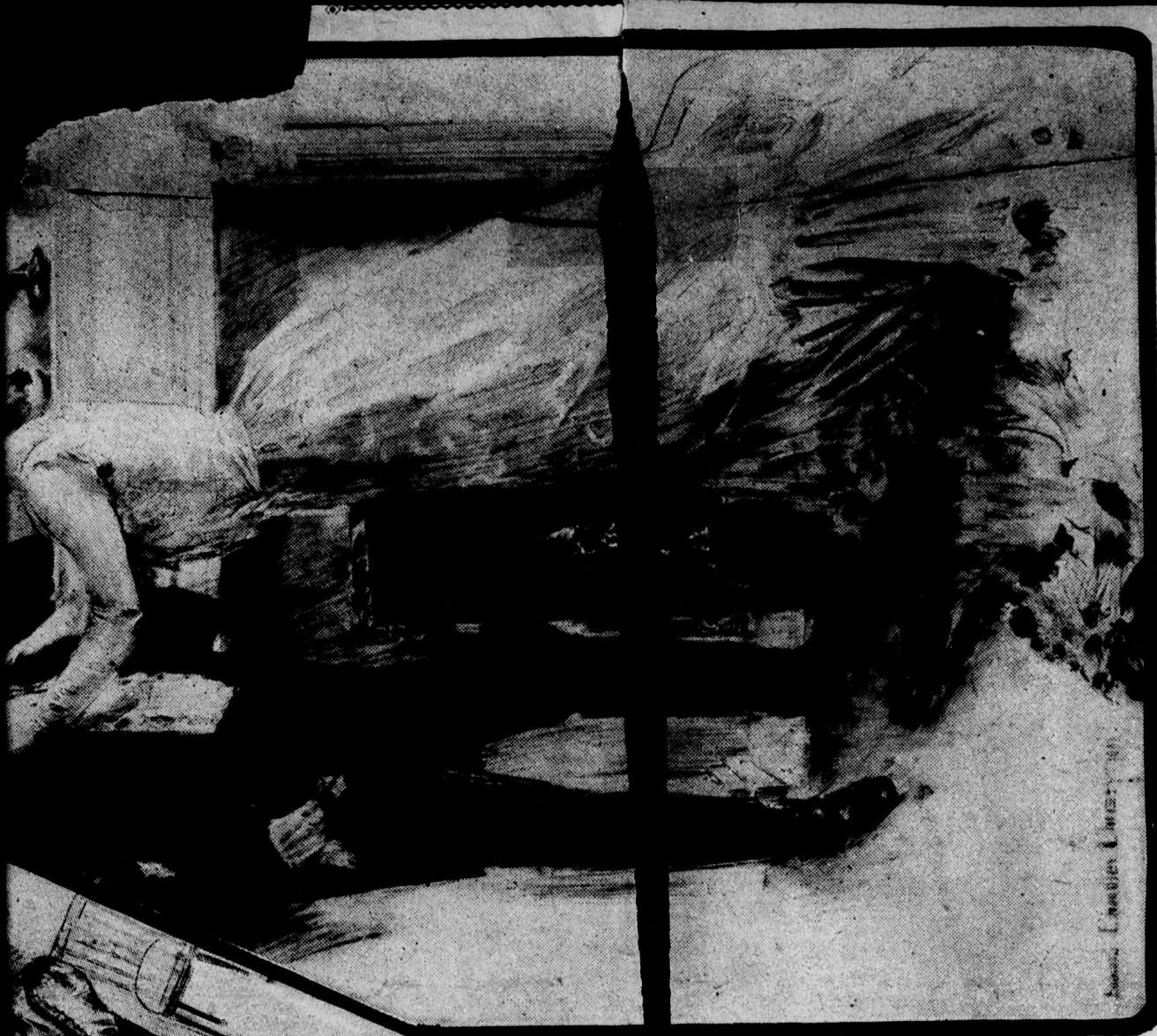
made up of the extra lengths of the other four the composition, he steadily avoided one string." And the old man recalls a story of Paganini, who, having won a lady's heart by composing a love scene for two strings, never played again on the two



Wallace sent the violinist no word of congratulation, and in despair he wailed:  
 "I am not great enough for her. I am but a man; her consort should be a god. Her soul, untouched by human passion or human skill, demands the power of godlike genius to arouse it."  
 So strong, indeed, was the young violinist's infatuation, so deep his despair, that he tried heroic meas-



● "An old man bearing a violin came into the room."



● "Uncle Sanders said you would not play upon it."

made up of the extra lengths of the other four strings. To cut it off would destroy the others, and then pity, hope, love and joy would cease to exist in the soul of the violin.

"The fifth string was added after an unfortunate episode in the Garden of Eden in which I was somewhat concerned. It is wrapped with strands of hair from the first mother of man."

Of course Diotti succumbed, and the tempter went his way. In an amazingly short time the musician, with the dangerous new possession from which he hoped so much, was back in New York and permitting his manager to announce an important concert.

And as the night came and Diotti played the Mephistophelian prediction was more than fulfilled, for Mildred Wallace listened and "revelled in the glory of a new-found emotion." She "looked into his eyes, and he knew he had struck the chord responsive in her soul."

Both, indeed, understood the miracle that had been wrought, for when he called upon her the next day she greeted him with, "My heart has found its melody."

He, kneeling, like Sir Gareth of old, said, "The song and the singer are yours forever."

"The magic of his music had changed her very being. The breath of love was in her soul, the vision eternity."

the composition, he steadily avoided one string." And the old man recalls a story of Paganini, who, having won a lady's heart by composing a love scene for two strings, never played again on the two strings except for her.

"Perhaps the string that's mute upon Diotti's violin is mute for some such reason," he suggested.

Henceforth Mildred was devoured by one desire—to force Diotti to play upon the silent string, that she might know no other woman controlled its silence. Even Uncle Sanders's death from having played on the mysterious violin while Diotti was sleeping did not suggest the truth to her. And dead Uncle Sanders could not reveal the mystery of the fifth string.

The night of Diotti's last concert came. In vain Mildred besought him to remove the fifth string. Just before the concert began she examined the instrument more closely than she had ever done before and saw that it was made of hair.

"Uncle Sanders said you would not play upon it for me. He told me it was wrapped with a woman's hair, the hair of the woman you love. I will watch to-night when you play. If you do not use that string we part forever."

Sadly then he asked, "And if I do play and it?" "I am yours forever—your thought, your vision, your eternity."



Address

Date

JAN 26 1902



JOHN  
PHILIP  
SOUSA

Story and Illustration Copyrighted by the Bowen-Merrill Company, 1902.

THE first drawing-room that he entered in America, Diotti, the world-famous Italian violinist, met and fell desperately in love with Miss Mildred Wallace, the "beauty in white."

Diotti is the hero and Mildred Wallace the heroine of a remarkable romance called "The Fifth String" that has just been issued from the press, the author of which is John Philip Sousa, the famous musician. Probably Mr. Sousa, in common with all other musicians, has known hours of longing for that string or its equivalent—that magic quality in an instrument which should make expression a thousand times more effectual, more intense.

But it is equally certain that Mr. Sousa is the first musician to develop a story from this interesting theme. At all events the fifth string to his violin was what Angelo Diotti, who appeared to have everything one could wish for, came, without knowing it, to long for.

ures, and went, without losing any time, to the Bahama Islands. And when the evening came for his next concert "Diotti had disappeared as completely as though the earth had swallowed him."

His flight had been the outcome of an interesting conversation with Miss Wallace in which she had said:

"If ever a man comes who can awaken my heart, frankly and honestly I will confess it."

"Perhaps such a one lives," suggested Diotti, "but has yet to reach the height to win you—your"—

"Speak it," she said; "to win my love!"

After which a voice within him had said to the young man:

"Do not play to-night. Study! study! Perhaps in the full fruition of your genius your music, like the warm western wind to the harp, may bring life to her soul."

So Diotti went to the Bahamas. Study, however, failed to bring him the magical skill he had dreamed of. And one day matters came to such a pass that he dashed his violin upon the floor and cried out in the agony of despair:

"It is of no use. If the God of heaven will not aid me, I ask the prince of darkness to come."

The following interview accounts for the "fifth string."

"A tall, rather spare but well-made and handsome man appeared at the door of the hut. His manner

was, and went, without losing any time, to the Bahama Islands. And when the evening came for his next concert "Diotti had disappeared as completely as though the earth had swallowed him."

His flight had been the outcome of an interesting conversation with Miss Wallace in which she had said:

"If ever a man comes who can awaken my heart, frankly and honestly I will confess it."

"Perhaps such a one lives," suggested Diotti, "but has yet to reach the height to win you—your"—

"Speak it," she said; "to win my love!"

After which a voice within him had said to the young man:

"Do not play to-night. Study! study! Perhaps in the full fruition of your genius your music, like the warm western wind to the harp, may bring life to her soul."

So Diotti went to the Bahamas. Study, however, failed to bring him the magical skill he had dreamed of. And one day matters came to such a pass that he dashed his violin upon the floor and cried out in the agony of despair:

"It is of no use. If the God of heaven will not aid me, I ask the prince of darkness to come."

The following interview accounts for the "fifth string."

"A tall, rather spare but well-made and handsome man appeared at the door of the hut. His manner

# The FIFTH STRING

## By Sousa

### Illustrations by How

The Fatal Gift of Mephistopheles by Which  
Violinist Won a Woman's Love, but Which  
Last Aroused Her Jealousy and Forced  
Prove His Constancy by Death

of love was dancing in her eyes." For a time it seemed as if the five-ment had brought complete happiness were divinely content, or would have not occurred to Mildred to be jealous of women who admired her lover. This little spark of jealousy was flame later by Uncle Sanders, an old family, who had been appealed to by Mr. Wallace, returning from Europe, disapproved of her entanglement with Uncle Sanders listens to Diotti's playful comments to Mildred: "I noted with what marvellous from one string to the other. But."

ures, and went, without losing any time, to the Bahama Islands. And when the evening came for his next concert "Diotti had disappeared as completely as though the earth had swallowed him."

His flight had been the outcome of an interesting conversation with Miss Wallace in which she had said:



SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 1, 1902.

THE NORTH AMERICAN, PHILADELPHIA.

## SOUSA'S WEIRD, TRAGIC NOVEL, ENTITLED "THE FIFTH STRING"

By Albert E. Hunt

JOHN PHILIP SOUSA, Novelist, if you please. Yes, the March King, like a monarch of remoter times, is seeking new fields for conquest. He has written a book—and had it published, too. Not an abstruse treatise on phrase and timbre, rhythm and counterpoint, but a romance—a real, human, throbbing love story.

Of course, there is music in it. Indeed, the theme is essentially musical. That was to have been expected. But it isn't at all technical. There is no display of professional learning—no lecturing—and there is plenty of plot; so much of it that the reading, when once you begin, is a continuous passage from the title page to finish.

In the first place, it is a weird and tragic tale—the last thing in the world you would have expected from the pen that has set the whole world whistling. It is almost Poe-esque. At the same time, it is altogether and undeniably original.

### *The Fifth is Death*

"The Fifth String" is the title. There is a Tuscan violinist, Diotti, who comes to America and falls in love with a beautiful woman who is apparently barren of all emotional feeling. His marvelous playing, which sets the populace mad with enthusiasm, leaves her unmoved. Diotti believes that somewhere in his violin is hidden the message that could awaken her, but he seeks it in vain. It is evident that a force beyond the power of man is needed.

Eventually, in despair, he calls upon the devil for aid. The response, as usual, is prompt. Satan appears with a violin. It has five strings. Four of them are Pity, Hope, Love and Joy. The fifth is Death. This string is made up of the extra lengths of the other four, and it is woven from a strand of the hair of the "first mother of man," who brought death into the world.

With the four strings, Satan tells him, he may conquer the world, "and more—win a woman's love," but to play upon the fifth means instant death. Yet, to cut it off would mean the destruction of the others—of pity, hope, love and joy, "which end in death, and through death are born again."

### *An Obvious Moral*

With this instrument of infernal magic Diotti awakes the love of his lady, but with it a jealousy that drives her to the extremes of feeling, and finally urges him to sweep the fifth string with his bow and end all.

The moral is obvious; but isn't it a strange one to come from one of Sousa's lively optimism? Isn't it at striking vari-

ance with his swinging, rollicking music? One wonders how he came to write it.

I asked him yesterday. He was doubled up in a big arm chair in his room at the Walton, his legs tucked under him, tailor fashion. There was a cigar in his hand, and he used it like a baton, to emphasize his points.

### *Music's Hypnotism*

"The idea of the story has been in my mind quite a little while," he said in that soft, almost boyish voice that is not so familiar as the voice of his melodic muse. "Every musician, I suppose, has the dream side of music in his nature. I don't know whether the listeners are ever awestricken by a composition, but I do know that the composer, while drawing out his themes and melodies, is often in something like a hypnotic state."

"That's the way it was with this story. I dug it out of my head, and it's as much mine as the nose on my face. I got to work on it at Manhattan Beach last summer, and it came like an inspiration. I didn't have the slightest trouble with it, but I worked at it very carefully, and was at it up to the fall."

"Where did you get your curious heroine?"

"Oh," said Sousa, with a glow behind the gold-rimmed glasses. "She's a composite. She is absolutely American, you understand, and I know the American girls. I think I know as many as any man and I love them all." He laughed.

"Let me read my description of her." He did so, with an enthusiasm in his own work which was delightful to see—a sort of impersonal enthusiasm without a shade of vainglory in it.

### *Dangerous for the Woman*

"There. The methods of thought in music and literature are much the same, I guess. I lived with these people of mine all summer—in imagination, you know—and I got to know them so well that they just put themselves into type."

I bethought me of a lure to get him to talk on a world-old and universally new problem.

"Apropos of your story," I said, "do you think it wise for persons of highly artistic temperament to marry?"

"Well, it's dangerous for the woman if she's too sentimental and loves the man too well. Dangerous for her happiness, I mean. It's as hard for her to separate the professional from the domestic. A man before the public, whether he's actor, writer, musician or minister, is not admired for what he is, but for what he does. A woman of that kind doesn't understand this, and she resents it, or, if she doesn't, it means continual explanations, which make for unhappiness just as much.

"The artistic temperament is all right. It's human. Of course, if it makes a man love himself too much there's trouble, but he would make a woman unhappy if he were a store clerk."

### *Temptations Everywhere*

"How about the alleged temptations of the stage?"

"Temptations—rot!" and he puffed a cloud of derision. "There are no more temptations than anywhere else, and the life is no more irrational. I can go into any cafe at night in any big city in the world and pick out all kinds of people. The tainted ones in our profession are tainted before they come into it."

"Now, I don't mean that my profession is better than every other, but it's no worse. In fact, I think that it's the one of all least open to censure. In nearly every other walk of life the people who follow it are of one strata of society. The drama includes every strata. You can find on the same stage a daughter of a rich man and a daughter of a poor man side by side—a girl brought up in high society and another from the slums."

"It is foolish and dangerous for any one to find fault with the drama. I heard a minister preach against it once. His words were altogether untrue, founded on ignorance. That same week a girl of 19 called at my house. She had a voice and wanted to go on the stage. She was the daughter of this minister, and he couldn't make enough to support her. She went on the stage and became one of its ornaments, for she was a beautiful character."

### *Harping Upon "the Fifth String"*

"Are you going to write any more books?" I asked, when we had exhausted the other topic.

"Yes, indeed; I'm going to write about my boyhood days."

This brought him back to "The Fifth String," and presently he was harping upon it with delicious naivete. That is the only word. I had him read the passages he liked best, and always he would look up and say:

"Now, how do you like that? Did I bring out that point?" or "I think that's pretty good; don't you?"

It is a "pretty good" book. Read it. There is good philosophy and good feeling in it. And it is not all gloomy. There's a passage, for instance, in which Sousa shows expert knowledge of the chemistry of a "hot toddy." He is human, as he said.

All the time we were together he was so rapt, heart and soul, in the book that he was "out" to every card that came up. I was not at the concert last night, but I'm satisfied that he played a couple of chapters of "The Fifth String."



## SOUSA'S MUSICAL NOVEL.

John Philip Sousa has written much in a musical way—but *The Fifth String* is his first published story.

In the choice of his subject, as the title indicates, Mr. Sousa has remained faithful to his art, and the great public that has learned to love him for the marches he has made will be as delighted with his pen as with his baton.

*The Fifth String* is an odd fancy; a strange mixing of the real and the unreal, of the modern and the mythological, of the possible and the impossible. It has a strong and clearly defined plot, which shows in its treatment the author's artistically sensitive temperament and his tremendous dramatic power. It is the story of a marvellous violin, of a wonderful love and of a strange temptation.

A cover, especially designed, and six full-page illustrations by Howard Chandler Christy.

ishing  
first  
es.



ILLUSTRATION FROM "THE FIFTH STRING," BY JOHN PHILIP SOUSA.  
COPYRIGHTED, 1902, BY THE BOWEN-MERRILL COMPANY.

New York Herald  
Sat Feb 1st 1902

## BANDMASTER . . . . . Turns Novelist

John Philip Sousa's novel, "The Fifth String" (Bowen-Merrill Company, Indianapolis), is interesting as the attempt of a master in one form of art to express himself in another.

It cannot be said that his literature rivals his music. He will long be remembered as Sousa, the bandmaster. He will soon be forgotten as Sousa, the novelist.

The romance is a musical one, and its best passages narrate the success of an Italian violinist in present day America. A mediaeval Satan injects himself into the story. Past and present meet with a jar. The discords are not harmonized. The eerie atmosphere which should surround a tale of diablerie is not secured.

Angiolo Diotto, the hero, on the eve of his widely heralded first performance in New York meets his fate in the person of Miss Mildred Wallace. She is present at the concert. The audience goes wild with enthusiasm, but she remains cold and impassive. Heartbroken, the violinist rushes to her house next day.

"You were not affected in the least?" he asks.

Very coldly she answered, "Not in the least"; then, fearlessly, like a princess in the Palace of Truth:—"If ever a man comes who can awaken my heart, frankly and honestly I will confess it."

She will do more, as appears from her next avowal:—

"No drooping Clytie could be more constant than I to him who strikes the chord that is responsive in my soul."

Angiolo straightaway flees to an island in the Bahamas. He will perfect himself in his art. Satan appears and tempts him to accept a magic violin. This violin has a fifth string, which Satan describes as the string of death. Whoso plays on it will die.

"The fifth string," he explains, "was added after an unfortunate episode in the Garden of Eden, in which I was somewhat concerned. It is wrapped with strands of hair from the first mother of man."

Of course with this violin Angiolo captures Mildred's heart. But the woman's hair on the fifth string awakens her jealous suspicions. Suspicion becomes certainty when he refuses to play on the string. At last he does as she bids and falls dead before a vast audience.



Telegraph  
SS PHILADELPHIA  
JAN 25 1902

John Philip Sousa, the composer and band master, has written a story—a story of love and of a wonderful violin. All the intensity, all the blitheness, all the delicacy, all the unique dramatic power of the soul that gave the world its premier marches, floods this passionate romance. The key of the story finds origin in the extra key on the violin, a new theme comes into the range of the instrument, a new theme comes into literature. Mr. Sousa has called his book "The Fifth String." Howard Chandler Christy has set the characters before the eyes bewitchingly.

From Republican  
Address Denver, Col.  
Date JAN 26 1902

"The grandest of the arts is music, and the next is literature." For years the musicians, John Philip Sousa. And now he comes before us in a new light—as an author. Mr. Sousa's new story, "The Fifth String," has an individuality. The inventive genius that has thrilled the world with his stirring strains has offered it now a unique romance, a story strong, true, dramatic, filled with love and musical enchantment.

YORK, 1884.



## SOUSA'S MUSICAL NOVEL.

John Philip Sousa has written much in a musical way—but *The Fifth String* is his first published story.

In the choice of his subject, as the title indicates, Mr. Sousa has remained faithful to his art, and the great public that has learned to love him for the marches he has made will be as delighted with his pen as with his baton.

*The Fifth String* is an odd fancy; a strange mixing of the real and the unreal, of the modern and the mythological, of the possible and the impossible. It has a strong and clearly defined plot, which shows in its treatment the author's artistically sensitive temperament and his tremendous dramatic power. It is the story of a marvellous violin, of a wonderful love and of a strange temptation.

A cover, especially designed, and six full-page illustrations by Howard Chandler Christy serve to give the distinguishing decorative embellishments that this first novel by Mr. Sousa so richly deserves.



ILLUSTRATION FROM "THE FIFTH STRING," BY JOHN PHILIP SOUSA.  
COPYRIGHTED, 1902, BY THE BOWEN-MERRILL COMPANY.

Martin Mullen, formerly the Class A champion amateur billiardist, defeated W. H. Sigourney, of San Francisco, at the Knickerbocker Athletic Club last night, by a score of 450 to 221. The winner went out in twenty.

**MARTIN MULLEN CUE WINNER**

Howard A. Colby for leading honors.

Eugene Van Schaak will meet in the semi-final round, and the winner will then play progress several weeks. M. B. Zeigler and of the squares.

"No drooping Clytie could be more constant than I to him who strikes the chord that is responsive in my soul."

Angiolo straightaway flees to an island in the Bahamas. He will perfect himself in his art. Satan appears and tempts him to accept a magic violin. This violin has a fifth string, which Satan describes as the string of death. Whoso plays on it will die.

"The fifth string," he explains, "was added after an unfortunate episode in the Garden of Eden, in which I was somewhat concerned. It is wrapped with strands of hair from the first mother of man."

Of course with this violin Angiolo captures Mildred's heart. But the woman's hair on the fifth string awakens her jealous suspicions. Suspicion becomes certainty when he refuses to play on the string. At last he does as she bids and falls dead before a vast audience.

Telegraph

PHILADELPHIA, Pa.

JAN 25 1902

John Philip Sousa, the composer and band master, has written a story—a story of love and of a wonderful violin. All the intensity, all the blitheness, all the delicacy, all the unique dramatic power of the soul that gave the world its premier marches, floods this passionate romance. The key of the story finds origin in the extra key on the violin, a new theme comes into the range of the instrument, a new theme comes into literature. Mr. Sousa has called his book "The Fifth String." Howard Chandler Christy has set the characters before the eyes bewitchingly.

From Republican

Address Denver, Col.

Date JAN 26 1902

"The grandest of the arts is music, and the next is literature." For years the world has recognized as one of the master musicians, John Philip Sousa. And now he comes before us in a new light—as an author. Mr. Sousa's new story, "The Fifth String," has an individuality. The inventive genius that has thrilled the world with his stirring strains has offered it now a unique romance, a story strong, true, dramatic, filled with love and musical enchantment.

YORK, 1884.



# The Latest

## SOUSA DESERTS MUSIC— TEMPORARILY—FOR FICTION

composer, has written a novelette, "The Fifth String," as the tale is called, is published by the Bowen-Merrill Company and characteristically illustrated by Howard Chandler Christy.

In the first chapter one learns that "the coming of Diotti to America had awakened more than usual interest in the man and his work. His marvellous success as violinist in the leading capitals of Europe, together with many brilliant contributions to the literature of his instrument, had long been favorably commented on by the critics of the old world. Many stories of his struggles and his triumphs had found their way across the ocean and had been read and reread with interest.

"Therefore, when Mr. Henry Perkins, the well known impresario, announced with an air of conscious pride and pardonable enthusiasm that he had secured Diotti for a 'limited' number of concerts, Perkins' friends assured that wideawake gentleman that his foresight amounted to positive genius, and they predicted an unparalleled success for his star."

Unfortunately, however, for Mr. Henry Perkins and the violinist himself, the presence of the impresario had failed to take into account the peculiar taste of Miss Mildred Wallace, the only child of one of New York's prominent bankers. But for that Mr. Sousa's diverting tale could not well have been written. The meeting between the two occurred at one of Mrs. Llewellyn's receptions, where Mildred, it seems, "moved slowly from between the blue tinted portieres and stood for the instant a perfect embodiment of radiant womanhood, silhouetted against the silken drapery." But the lady failed to be impressed by the violinist's music. A subsequent sojourn in the conservatory failed to impress her. He learned, though, that she had studied drawing, had painted Niagara, then saw Niagara again and destroyed her work. Commendable as this doubtless was, the episode stands in the story only as a covert criticism of the quality of Diotti's playing. After that no one will be surprised to learn that Diotti's first appearance in public left Mildred as cold as at Mrs. Llewellyn's reception. In vain, we learn—

"He lifted his bow, tenderly placing it on the strings. Faintly came the first measures of the theme. The melody, noble, limpid and beautiful, floated in dreamy sway over the vast auditorium, and seemed to cast a mystic glamor over the player. As the final note of the first movement was dying away, the audience, awakening from its delicious trance, broke forth into spontaneous bravos,

"Mildred Wallace, scrutinizing the programme, merely drew her wrap closer about her shoulders and sat more erect. At the end of the concerto the applause was generous enough to satisfy the most exacting virtuoso. Diotti unquestionably had scored the greatest triumph of his career. But the lady in the box had remained silent and unaffected throughout."

Equally vain were the next day's enthusiastic press notices, and Perkins' jubilant assurance that they would turn 'em away at the box office the next night. But when his "turn" came at the Academy, Diotti was not to be found; he had disappeared as completely as though the earth had swallowed him. Happily, we learn a little later on that "when Diotti left New York so precipitately he took passage on a coast line steamer sailing for the Bahama Islands. Once there, he leased a small cay, one of a group off the main land, and lived alone and unattended, save for the weekly visits of an old fisherman and his son, who brought supplies of provisions from the town miles away. His dwelling place, surrounded with palmetto trees, was little more than a rough shelter. Diotti arose at daylight, and after a simple repast betook himself to practice. Hour after hour he would let his muse run riot with his fingers. Lovingly he wooed the strings with plaintive song, then conquering and triumphant would be his theme." But again in vain. Day after day he toiled, but got no nearer the realization of the thing he desired—"a vague dream of melody more beautiful than ever man had heard." At this juncture he, very injudiciously, as the outcome proved, cried out in his despair:—

"It is of no use! If the God of heaven will not aid me, I ask the prince of darkness to come."

"A tall, rather spare, but well-made and handsome man appeared at the door of the hut. His manner was that of one evidently conversant with the usages of good society."

"I beg pardon," said the musician, surprised and visibly nettled at the intrusion, and then with forced politeness he asked:—"To whom am I indebted for this unexpected visit?"

"Allow me," said the stranger, taking a card from his case and handing it to the musician, who read:—"Satan," and, in the lower left-hand corner, "Prince of Darkness."

"I am the Prince," said the stranger, bowing low.

"There was no hint of the pavement-made ruler in the information he gave, but rather of the desire of one gentleman to set another

right at the beginning. The musician assumed a position of open-mouthed wonder, gazing steadily at the visitor.

"Satan?" he whispered hoarsely.

"You need help and advice," said the visitor, his voice sounding like that of a disciple of the healing art, and implying that he had thoroughly diagnosed the case."

Futile was Diotti's attempt to repulse his visitor, and when the latter had explained that it was not the violinist, but his violin, that was at fault, of course the artist was won. The result was that he was provided with a unique violin—one of a sort that collectors in general are doubtless unfamiliar with. One of its peculiarities was that it had a fifth string. Questioned concerning this—

"That," said Mephistopheles, solemnly, and with no pretence of sophistry, "is the string of death, and he who plays upon it dies at once."

"The—string—of—death!" repeated the violinist almost inaudibly.

"Yes, the string of death," Satan repeated, "and he who plays upon it dies at once. But," he added cheerfully, "that need not worry you. I noticed a marvellous facility in your arm work. Your staccato and spiccato are wonderful. Every form of bowing appears child's play to you. It will be easy for you to avoid touching the string."

"Why avoid it? Can it not be cut off?"

"Ah, that's the rub. If you examine the violin closely you will find that the string of death is made up of the extra lengths of the other four strings. To cut it off would destroy the others, and then pity, hope, love

and joy would cease to exist in the soul of the violinist."

Further investigation revealed the fact that the fifth string was black and odd looking.

"What it is wrapped with?" eagerly inquired Diotti, examining the death string with microscopic care.

"The fifth string was added after an unfortunate episode in the Garden of Eden, in which I was somewhat concerned," said Satan, soberly. "It is wrapped with strands of hair from the first mother of man." Impressively then he offered the violin to Diotti.

"I dare not take it," said the perplexed musician, "it's from"—

"Yes, it is directly from there, but I brought it from heaven when I—I left," said the fallen angel, with remorse in his voice."

Thus armed, Diotti came back to New York and to the mystified and disconsolate Perkins. That his success was even more pronounced than before goes without the saying. Even Mildred Wallace was melted. She came, "extending her hands. He took them almost reverently. She looked into his eyes, and he knew he had struck the chord responsive in her soul."

But the lady couldn't be satisfied with that. She was curious about that fifth string. She even questioned its dire portent, and insisted that he make use of it. He did, and then we learn that Mildred was wrong and the devil was right.

"Suddenly," the story goes, "the audience was startled by the snapping of a string; the violin and bow dropped from the nerveless hands of the player. He fell helpless to the stage."





ONE OF CHRISTY'S ILLUSTRATIONS TO SOUSA'S "THE FIFTH STRING"

Telegram  
Portland, Me

JAN 26 1902

"The grandest of the arts is music, and the next is literature." For years the world has recognized as one of the master musicians, John Philip Sousa. And now he comes before us in a new light—as an author. Mr. Sousa's new story, "The Fifth String," has an individuality. The inventive genius that has thrilled the world with his

Times Union Citizen  
Jacksonville, Fla.

JAN 26 1902

The grandest of the arts is music, and the next is literature." For years the world has recognized as one of the master musicians, John Philip Sousa. And now he comes before us in a new light—as an author. Mr. Sousa's new story, "The Fifth String," has an individuality. The inventive genius that has thrilled the world with his stirring strains has offered now an

K, 1884.

American  
Nashville, Tenn

JAN 27 1902

John Philip Sousa, known from pole to pole, from sunrise to sunset as the March King, has written a story—a story of love and of a wonderful violin. All the intensity, all the blitheness, all the delicacy, all the unique dramatic power of the soul that gave the world its premier marches, floods this passionate romance. The key of the story finds origin in the extra key on the violin, a new theme comes into the range of the instrument, a new theme comes into literature. Mr. Sousa has called his book "The Fifth String." Howard Chandler Christy has set the characters before the eyes bewitchingly.

Journal  
Indianapolis, Ind

JAN 27 1902

John Philip Sousa, the musician, has written a story—a story of love and of a wonderful violin. The key of the story finds origin in the extra key on the violin, a new theme comes into the range of the instrument, a new theme comes into literature. Mr. Sousa has called his book "The Fifth String." Howard Chandler Christy has set the characters before the eyes bewitchingly. The Bowen-Merrill Company are the publishers.

om  
dress  
te

JAN 27 1902

Bandmaster Sousa jumped the fence bounding the musical world and has landed in the literary field. His first production is a novel, "The Fifth String," and he has other things in mind.

PUBLISHED: L

CAPITAL

om  
dress

IOWA PRESS COMMENT

Eldera Herald: As a novelist, Bandmaster Sousa will now toot his own horn. Blowing has made a number of recent novels financial if not literary successes, and when it comes to blowing Sousa is certainly a leader.  
Winnebago Summit: Among the bills

NEWS

n  
ress

John Philip Sousa's Book.

Uncle Sanders, a character in John Philip Sousa's novel, "The Fifth String," was a very shrewd man of the world, and, although a confirmed bachelor, had a clear insight into men's and women's hearts. Some of his observations seem especially apt:  
"You can get at a man's income," he would say, "but not at his heart."  
"Love without money won't travel as far as money without love."  
"In the chrysalis state of girlhood, a parent arranges all the details of his daughter's future. 'I shall not allow her to fall in love until she is 23,' says the fond parent. 'I shall not allow her to marry until she is 26,' says the fond parent. 'The man she marries will be the one I approve, and then she will live happy ever after,' concludes the fond parent.

1884.

"Deluded parent! false prophet!" anarchist, all laws, finally the daughter, are you go

1884.

PHILADELPHIA, PA

FEB 1 1902

The "March King" has written much in a musical way, but "The Fifth String" is his first published story. In the choice of his subject, as the title indicates, Mr. Sousa has remained faithful to his art, and the great public, that has learned to love him for the marches he has made, is likely to be as delighted with his pen as with his baton. "The Fifth String" is an odd fancy, a strange mixing of the real and the unreal, of the modern and the mythological, of the possible and the impossible. It has a strong and clearly defined plot, which shows in its treatment the author's artistically sensitive temperament and his tremendous dramatic power. It is the story of a marvelous violin, of a wonderful love and of a strange temptation. A cover especially designed and six full page illustrations by Howard Chandler Christy serve to give distinguishing decorative embellishments.

RK, 1884.

1884.





ONE OF CHRISTY'S ILLUSTRATIONS TO SOUSA'S "THE FIFTH STRING"

Telegram  
Portland, Me.

JAN 26 1902

"The grandest of the arts is music, and the next is literature." For years the world has recognized as one of the master musicians, John Philip Sousa. And now he comes before us in a new light—as an author. Mr. Sousa's new story, "The Fifth String," has an individuality. The inventive genius that has thrilled the world with his music is now offered now an

1884.

Times Union Citizen  
Jacksonville, Fla.

JAN 26 1902

The grandest of the arts is music, and the next is literature." For years the world has recognized as one of the master musicians, John Philip Sousa. And now he comes before us in a new light—as an author. Mr. Sousa's new story, "The Fifth String," has an individuality. The inventive genius that has thrilled the world with his stirring strains has offered now a unique romance, a story of true, dramatic, filled with love and musical enchantment. The Bowen-Merrill Company, January, 1902.

K, 1884.

American  
Nashville, Tenn.

JAN 27 1902

John Philip Sousa, known from pole to pole, from sunrise to sunset as the March King, has written a story—a story of love and of a wonderful violin. All the intensity, all the blitheness, all the delicacy, all the unique dramatic power of the soul that gave the world its premier marches, floods this passionate romance. The key of the story finds origin in the extra key on the violin, a new theme comes into the range of the instrument, a new theme comes into literature. Mr. Sousa has called his book "The Fifth String." Howard Chandler Christy has set the characters before the eyes bewitchingly.

Journal  
Indianapolis, Ind.

JAN 27 1902

John Philip Sousa, the musician, has written a story—a story of love and of a wonderful violin. The key of the story finds origin in the extra key on the violin, a new theme comes into the range of the instrument, a new theme comes into literature. Mr. Sousa has called his book "The Fifth String." Howard Chandler Christy has set the characters before the eyes bewitchingly. The Bowen-Merrill Company are the publishers.

om  
dress  
te

JAN 27 1902

Bandmaster Sousa jumped the fence bounding the musical world and has landed in the literary field. His first production is a novel, "The Fifth String," and he has other things in mind.

ABLISHED: L

CAPITAL

om  
dress  
to  
IOWA PRESS COMMENT

Eldera Herald: As a novelist, Bandmaster Sousa will now toot his own horn. Blowing has made a number of recent novels financial if not literary successes, and when it comes to blowing Sousa is certainly a leader.

Winnebago Summit: Among the bills

NEWS

ress  
JAN 29 1902

John Philip Sousa's Book.

Uncle Sanders, a character in John Philip Sousa's novel, "The Fifth String," was a very shrewd man of the world, and, although a confirmed bachelor, had a clear insight into men's and women's hearts. Some of his observations seem especially apt:

1884.

"You can get at a man's income," he would say, "but not at his heart."

"Love without money won't travel as far as money without love."

"In the chrysalis state of girlhood, a parent arranges all the details of his daughter's future. 'I shall not allow her to fall in love until she is 23,' says the fond parent. 'I shall not allow her to marry until she is 26,' says the fond parent. 'The man she marries will be the one I approve, and then she will live happy ever after,' concludes the fond parent."

"Deluded parent! false prophet! The anarchist, Love, steps in and disdains all laws, rules and regulations. When finally the father confronts the defying daughter, she calmly says: 'Well, what are you going to do about it?'"

1884.

of his subject, as the title indicates, Mr. Sousa has remained faithful to his art, and the great public, that has learned to love him for the marches he has made, is likely to be as delighted with his pen as with his baton. "The Fifth String" is an odd fancy, a strange mixing of the real and the unreal, of the modern and the mythological, of the possible and the impossible. It has a strong and clearly defined plot, which shows in its treatment the author's artistically sensitive temperament and his tremendous dramatic power. It is the story of a marvelous violin, of a wonderful love and of a strange temptation. A cover especially designed and six full page illustrations by Howard Chandler Christy serve to give distinguishing decorative embellishments.

RK, 1884.

1884.



Inter-Ocean.

ess

OK 10300.

JAN 27 1902



om

Record

dress

ddress

PHILADELPHIA, PA

ate

JAN 31 1902

NEW YORK WORLD

FEB 1

1902

**THE FIFTH STRING.** By John Philip Sousa. (The Bowen-Merrill Company.)  
In the elaborate synopsis of this story, which was a literary feature of The World of last Sunday, the admirers of Sousa, the bandmaster and "March King," found ample proof that Sousa, the romancist, is also a man of talent and imagination. Perhaps we must now speak and think of him as the many-sided Sousa.

"The Fifth String" is the tragedy of a violin which first won a woman's heart and then broke a man's. Of course the instrument was furnished by His Malevolent Majesty Satan. It had a fifth string, to play upon which was death. That string was wound with a woman's black hair. It stirred the jealousy of the other woman, to whom had been whispered the story of Paganini reserving two strings sacred to an early love. "Play for me on that string!" cried Mistress Jealousy. And the artist played and died.

If one choose to find it so, there is evidence that this story—a sketch of the Edgar Poe school—is not a recent writing by Mr. Sousa. A great violinist is represented as playing in New York's Academy of Music. A man who forgets to buy his concert tickets rides downtown in a 'bus which passes the Academy block. All this savors of old days, while nothing tells us that the story is purposely dated back. But possibly, if this evidence points true, it will rather sharpen than dull the general interest in the little book. Do we not know our conductor-composer-librettist with sufficient appreciation as he is to enjoy a legitimate page of successful former endeavor?

#### Sousa's Love Fantasy of the Magic "Fifth String."

Sousa, the March King (who, by the way, will be heard at the Academy of Music to-night and to-morrow afternoon), has written much in a musical way, but "The Fifth String" is his first published story (Bowen-Merrill). In the choice of his subject, as the title indicates, Sousa has remained faithful to his art, and the great public will no doubt be curious to learn if he is as clever and picturesque with his pen as with his baton. "The Fifth String" is an odd fancy; a strange mixing of the real and the unreal. It is the story of a marvelous violin, of a wonderful love and of a strange temptation.

Angelo Diotti is a mysterious young violinist who possesses a magic violin of peculiar construction. It has an extra string placed along its middle, rising higher than the rest, and of a glossy blackness. The secret of this fifth string torments Mildred Wallace. The master of the bow has awakened love in her heart at last, but she finds the mysterious string to be woven of a woman's hair. "It is the hair of the woman you love," she declares to him, and he dares not play upon it at her command, for he knows that it holds something of awe to him in his life and art. He is master of all chords but that. At last the drunken uncle of Mildred solves the problem in a ghastly fashion. "The terrible power of the instrument dawned upon Angelo in all its force. Often he had played on the strings telling of pity, hope, love and joy, but now, for the first time, he realized what that fifth string meant." It proved to be the string of death, and in the tragic end—the supreme test of love—Angelo plays upon this bitter-sweet string, which snaps with his life-thread.

Advertiser.

BOSTON, MASS.

ress

e

JAN 29 1902

(By Ferris Greenslet.)

#### FICTION.

**THE FIFTH STRING.** By J. P. Sousa. Illus. by H. C. Christy. Indianapolis. The Bowen-Merrill Co. 1902.

**HOMESPUN:** A Study of Simple Folk. By Annie S. Swan (Mrs. Bennett-Smith). New York. Dutton. 1901.

**THE COLOR OF HIS SOUL.** By Zoe A. Norris. New York. Funk & Wagnalls. 1902.

1884.

Mr. J. P. Sousa's *The Fifth String* has been widely heralded as "a passionate romance." It turns out to be a short and slight tale, a study in rather obvious symbolism, which by dint of a judicious make-up has been fattened into a book. The story is of Angelo Diotti, an Italian violinist starring in America. He is described by Mr. Sousa and depicted by Mr. Christy as a hyacinthine, soulful person. He is a tolerable performer and very acceptable to the feminine portion of his audiences. But he is still far from content with his art. To him there appears the Devil, civil and fair-spoken and carefully groomed. From his satanic majesty Diotti receives a fifth string for his violin, wrapped in woman's hair. While this is on his instrument his playing shall be full of the incommunicable woe of humanity. But if ever his bow touch this string he shall surely die. Finally his lady love, moved by jealousy of the woman's hair, urges him to play upon the portentous string; he objects, but finally yields. When he has done so he speedily and dolorously dies. As symbolical melodrama this is not bad; but the author's literary manner tends toward the rococo and half-baked.

Mrs. Burnett Smith's *Homespun* is purports to be, a conscientious study of the life of single folk. It will duly excite the reader, and there what too much of Ian MacLaren composition. But it is an honest work. It is moving, in miniature, *Crabbe* is moving. *Color of His Soul*, by Mrs. Zoe A. Norris is another work appearing with the same publisher, which is a story of a young man's life.

Newspaper Cutting Bureau in the World.

Address

Date

John Philip Sousa has written much in a musical way—but *The Fifth String* is his first published story.

In the choice of his subject, as the title indicates, Mr. Sousa has remained faithful to his art, and the great public that has learned to love him for the marches he has made will be as delighted with his pen as with his baton.

*The Fifth String* is an odd fancy; a strange mixing of the real and the unreal, of the modern and the mythological, of the possible and the impossible. It has a strong and clearly defined plot, which shows in its treatment the author's artistically sensitive temperament and his tremendous dramatic power. It is the story of a marvellous violin, of a wonderful love and of a strange temptation.

A cover, especially designed, and six full-page illustrations by Howard Chandler Christy serve to give the distinguishing decorative embellishments that this first novel by Mr. Sousa so richly deserves.

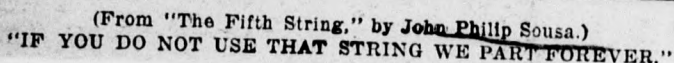
1884.



**ess**

**RELIANCE**

JAN 27 1902



Press

BOSTON, MA 02115

e

JAN 29 1902

(By Ferris Greenslet.)

**FICTION.**

THE FIFTH STRING. By J. P. Sousa. Illus. by H. C. Christy. Indianapolis. The Bowen-Merrill Co. 1902.

**HOMESPUN:** A Study of Simple Folk. By Annie S. Swan (Mrs. Bennett-Smith). New York. Dutton. 1901.

THE COLOR OF HIS SOUL. By Zoe A. Norris. New York. Funk & Wagnalls. 1902.

1884.

Mr. J. P. Sousa's The Fifth String has been widely heralded as "a passionate romance." It turns out to be a short and slight tale, a study in rather obvious symbolism, which by dint of a judicious make-up has been fattened into a book. The story is of Angelo Diotti, an Italian violinist starring in America. He is described by Mr. Sousa and depicted by Mr. Christy as a hyacinthine, soulful person. He is a tolerable performer and very acceptable to the feminine portion of his audiences. But he is still far from content with his art. To him there appears the Devil, civil and fair-spoken and carefully groomed. From his satanic majesty Diotti receives a fifth string for his violin, wrapped in woman's hair. While this is on his instrument his playing shall be full of the incommunicable woe of humanity. But if ever his bow touch this string he shall surely die. Finally his lady love, moved by jealousy of the woman's hair, urges him to play upon the portentous string; he objects, but finally yields. When he has done so he speedily and dolorously dies. As symbolical melodrama this is not bad; but the author's literary manner tends toward the rococo and half-baked, baked.

Mrs. Burnett Smith's *Homespun* is what it purports to be, a conscientious study of the life of single folk. It will not unduly excite the reader, and there is somewhat too much of Ian MacLaren in its composition. But it is an honest piece of work. It is moving, in *minimis*, as Crabbe is moving.

"The Color of His Soul," by Mrs. Zoe Norris, is another work appearing with a fanfare of brazen trumpeting. It is a robustious story of newspaperdom and la vie de Boheme in New York. The hero, the color of whose soul is in question, has that distressing thing in creative literature, "timely interest," in that he is the disciple of that western professor whose deplorable ideas on marriage have recently made him bulk large in the public eye. The story as a whole is a good piece of journalism, but how hardly shall "a good piece of journalism" be enduring literature. It may concern the reader to know that the color of his soul proves to be black, shot through with streaks of yellow.

1. The first step is to identify the problem. This involves understanding the current situation and the goals that need to be achieved.

sty serve to give the narrative embellishments that this first novel by Mr. Sousa so richly deserves.



## DAILY BOOK REVIEW

## BANDMASTER SOUSA WRITES A FANCIFUL NOVELETTE OF GOOD IMAGINATION AND INTEREST

John Philip Sousa, bandmaster and composer, has temporarily shifted his leader's baton to grasp the pen. In short, Mr. Sousa has written a novelette. In synchronous harmony with the author's natural tastes and work, the story has a violinist for its central figure, and the title, "The Fifth String," suggests a musical motive. But the virtuoso's fiddle is only the bridge for the theme. Like another Orpheus, he uses his violin to charm a heart to beat responsive to his own, and even as the Son of Calliope died for opposing the frenzied Maenads, Angelo Diotti dies at the jealous demand of a doubting woman.

Mr. Sousa's little tale is excellent. There is a marked capacity for story telling, and a fanciful conceit that reveals a good imaginative sense. The literary craftsmanship is only ordinary, and the dialogue has a halting and, at times, commonplace gait, but the narrative is interesting from its native strength and directness of purpose. There is no indication that Mr. Sousa is called to forsake music for the pen, but his essay into writing is decidedly creditable, and "The Fifth String" is certain to find many readers.

A short synopsis of the book is worth while: Angelo Diotti arrives in America to give a violin concert tour. He is young, handsome and glowing with the ardency of his art and his Tuscan temperament. His fame as a player has preceded him, and he is shown some social attention before his concert. At a reception he meets Mildred Wallace and falls in love with her on the spot. The girl has never experienced an emotion that has even ruffled the surface of her nature. On the night of his concert Diotti plays directly to her, and while the rest of the house acclaims him, she remains cold and unmoved by the harmony of his music. In despair he disappears from New York and goes to Bahama, with the intention of studying his instrument until he shall be able to draw from it such a concord of sweet sounds that Mildred's heart must awaken. His work leaves him so completely disheartened that one day in despair he cries out that he would make a compact with Satan himself if the Devil would but teach him to play so that he can win the girl's love. At the words Satan appears. The dialogue that ensues is the best in the story. Satan proves to be a thoroughly gentlemanly fellow, and by no means inclined to drive a hard bargain. He persuades Diotti to accept a violin from him, which, he assures the violinist, will give him his heart's desire. The violin has five strings. Four of the strings are attuned to pity, love, hope and joy, while the fifth and centre string is the string of death. Satan warns Diotti that if he ever plays on this middle string at that moment he will die. The fatal cord is wrapped around with a strand from the hair of Eve, and stands out black and prominent from the other strings.

The violinist returns to New York, the instrument fulfils Satan's promise, and Mildred loves. Her rich father opposes her marriage with a mere public player, and his partner succeeds in instilling jealous doubts into Mildred's mind over the string wrapped in hair. The old man carries Diotti home with him to spend the night, and while the musician sleeps, he takes the violin and plays upon it. The death string kills him, but the seeds of mistrust in the girl's mind flourish. She accuses Diotti of having a sweetheart in Italy and demands that he either cut the centre string out or play upon it, under penalty of their separation. He tries to reason with her in vain, and that evening, at a public concert, in response to her furious demands, he draws his bow across the hair-covered cord and dies.—The Bowen-Merrill Company.

## THE FIFTH STRING. By John Philip Sousa.

Mr. Sousa's first attempt in fiction may be best described as a sort of mediæval legend in a modern society setting. The central figure is a violinist, one of those phenomenal geniuses who sway their audience as they will, moving them alternately to tears and laughter, misery and joy. There is just one woman in the world whom his most inspired music cannot reach, for her heart is not yet awakened; and beside this failure his other triumphs seem as nothing, for she is the woman whom he loves. Like Faust, he invokes the devil's aid, in his despair, and receives in answer a magic violin, a strange, uncanny instrument, the strings of which are severally attuned to hope, love, pity and sorrow, while there is an extra string, the "fifth string," which is the string of death. It is formed from the ends of the other four, and inter-

woven with strands of a woman's hair. To remove it would destroy the instrument; to play upon it would bring death to the musician. The first time that she hears this magic instrument, the soul of the woman awakens, as the artist brings forth wondrous chords, never heard before, from the strings of hope, and pity, and love, his skilful fingers carefully shunning the fatal middle string. But with the dawn of love in her heart, there awakens also jealousy—jealousy of the unknown woman whose black hair forms the mysterious fifth string which the artist's fingers so carefully avoid. Insistently she urges him to play upon it, and eventually by her insistence brings about the tragedy which ends the story. (Indianapolis: The Bowen-Merrill Company.)

Post.

ess

H10200.

JAN 29 1902

## MR. SOUSA WIELDS THE PEN.

During the present epidemic of writing it is not surprising that so successful an entertainer of the populace as Mr. Sousa should be tempted to the pen. And in sooth the author of the "Washington Post March" has composed a fiction.

Not to seek literary fields too remote from the region wherein he reigns supreme, Mr. Sousa chooses for the theme of his first literary composition the relation of love to music. His tale is entitled "The Fifth String," and relates how his fictive Kubelik, one Angelo Diotti, having failed by ordinary means to move the stony heart of Mildred Wallace, accepts from "the Prince of Darkness" a wondrous violin with a fifth string. It would be unfair to the innumerable admirers of Mr. Sousa who will hasten to read "The Fifth String" to reveal the course of the tale or hint at its denouement. But something of the quality of the composition justly may be suggested by judicious quotation.

Thus a tempting glimpse of the fair heroine is had in the following:

"Yes," I cried, startled at her candor, "to win your love." Hope slowly rekindled within my breast, and then with half-closed eyes, and wooingly, she said:

"No drooping Clytie could be more constant than I to him who strikes the chord that is responsive in my soul."

The sympathetic reader will gather from this brief extract that it was up to Angelo, and accordingly, it may be hinted, he retired to "the Bahama Islands" to practice up. One day in a tumult of love and despair he dashed his violin to the ground and cried: "If the God of heaven will not aid me, I ask the Prince of Darkness to come."

A tall, rather spare but well-made man appeared at the door of the hut. His manner was that of one evidently conversant with the usages of good society.

"Allow me," said the stranger, taking a card from his case and handing it to the musician, who read: "Satan," and, in the lower left-hand corner, "Prince of Darkness."

The reader here should be warned against hastily inferring from the foregoing excerpt that "The Fifth String" is a satire. It is true one suspects Mr. Sousa of irony here and later when he puts into the mouth of a New York broker, suggestively named "Old Sands," the following prose poem:

The string is black and glossy as the tresses that fall in tangled skeins on the shoulders of the dreamy beauties of Tuscany. It may be an idle fancy, but if that string is not a woven strand from some woman's crowning glory, then I have no discernment.

This may be irony, but one concludes after a careful perusal of the whole work that its intent is quite earnest and direct.

Limitations of space prevent a more extended review of "The Fifth String," but enough has been revealed to induce the reader to hasten to the original.

Mr. Sousa's story has been put into most attractive uniform by its publishers. Howard Chandler Christy has given the book a number of wash-drawings in his popular manner, conceiving Angelo the hero impressively as a sort of composite of "Fra Elbertus" and William Jennings Bryan. (The Bowen-Merrill Company.)



Inter-Ocean  
CHICAGO  
JAN 27 1902

## BOOKS AND MEN WHO MAKE THEM

Sousa Changes Baton for Pen and  
Writes "The Fifth String."

BRIEF FOR SCHLEY

Graham's Misleading Version of  
Santiago Campaign.

New Edition of Chicago's Classic,  
"Wau-Bun"—Modern Social-  
ism in France.

Is the typewriter mightier than the trombone? That is what John Philip Sousa is trying to find out. Having soothed to subjection all civilized lands with his baton, he is now seeking new worlds to conquer with his pen. This week he will make his bow for the first time to the world of letters. He has written a novel and it is on the press. Its name is "The Fifth String."

Of course Sousa's theme is music—a story of a beautiful maiden and a handsome violinist and a wonderful violin. The handsome violinist comes to America on a concert tour. He meets the beautiful maiden, who is also Galatea still unwarmed to life. He loves at first sight. He plays to an immense audience, but particularly to a "lace-framed vision in white" in the second proscenium box. He scores the triumph of his career, but Galatea remains marble. He calls on her. She tells him that his music has not affected her in the least. The next night the audience awaits the violinist in vain; he is missing and his disappearance is the mystery of the hour. While New York and the rest of the world is wondering, the violinist is in the solitudes of the island of Bahama practicing night and day to master his art anew and produce music that will warm Galatea to life. One day in a tempest of despair he dashes his violin to pieces on the floor, exclaiming:

"It is of no use! If the God of heaven will not aid me, I ask the Prince of darkness to come."

Satan Calls on the Hero.

Of course Satan is not overlooking a chance like this, and a moment later a suave personage is presenting a card bearing the name "Satan, Prince of Darkness." The violinist is naturally somewhat agitated, but musters up courage to tell his caller to go way back and sit down. But Satan has not come to drive a bargain for a soul, he merely wants to present the violinist with a new violin, which he does. It bears no maker's name, and has five strings, otherwise it is an instrument warranted to warm the cockles of a virtuoso's heart. Naturally the violinist cannot keep his hands off it, and the instant he draws the bow across its strings he knows that with it he can warm Galatea to life.

New York gasps with surprise; the violinist has returned from the dead. He plays his five-stringed instrument. Next day he gets a note from her. He goes. She is Galatea no longer. She is alive to her finger

tips and she is no longer a marble. But she does not like men who add to Europe. He does not like men who add for money. But she is firm. Then they sow the seeds of jealousy in her heart. That fifth string is made of a woman's hair, and the bow never touches it, no matter how intricate the selection. Finally, tortured by jealousy, she exclaims:

"I will watch tonight when you play. If you do not use that string we part forever."

He goes back to the stage and plays on the fifth string. Climax!

Galatea Is Still Marble.

The extracts that follow will give a fair idea of Sousa's style. Here is an extract from a letter the violinist writes to his sister describing their interview after the first concert:

"And," I urged desperately, "you were not affected in the least?"

Very coldly she answered, "Not in the least;" and then fearlessly, like a princess in the Palace of Truth: "If ever a man comes who can awaken my heart, frankly and honestly I will confess it."

"Perhaps such a one lives," I said, "but has yet to reach the height to win your—your—"

"Speak it," she said, "to win my love!"

"Yes," I cried, startled at her candor, "to win your love." Hope slowly rekindled within my breast, and then with half-closed eyes, and wooingly, she said:

"No drooping Clytie could be more constant than I to him who strikes the chord that is responsive in my soul."

This is part of the chapter where Satan drops in on the violinist and gives him the five-stringed instrument:

"The little string was added after an unfortunate episode in the Garden of Eden, in which I was somewhat concerned," said Satan soberly. "It is wrapped with strands of hair from the first mother of man." Impressively then he offered the violin to Diotti.

"I dare not take it," said the perplexed musician; "it's from—"

"Yes, it is directly from there, but I brought it from heaven when I—I left," said the fallen angel, with remorse in his voice. "It was my constant companion there. But no one in my domain—not I, myself—can play upon it now, for it will respond neither to our longing for pity, hope, love, nor even death," and sadly and retrospectively Satan gazed into vacancy; then, after a long pause: "Try the instrument!"

Love and Jealousy.

This extract shows how they met after she has heard the music of Satan's violin:

Dressed in simple white, entrancingly in her youthful freshness, she entered, her face glowing with happiness, her eyes languorous and expressive. She hastened to him, offering both hands. He held them in a loving, tender grasp, and for a moment neither spoke. Then she, gazing clearly and fearlessly into his eyes, said: "My heart has found its melody!"

He, kneeling like Sir Gareth of old: "The song and the singer are yours forever."

She, bidding him arise: "And I forever yours." And wondering at her boldness, she added, "I know and feel that you love me—your eyes confirmed your love before you spoke." Then, convincingly and ingenuously, "I knew you loved me the moment we first met. Then I did not understand what that meant to you, now I do."

He drew her gently to him, and the motive of their happiness was defined in sweet confessions: "My love, my life—my life, my love."

Here is an extract handling a subject on which Sousa should be authority:

Day after day he came; they told their love, their hopes, their ambitions. She assumed absolute proprietorship in him. She gloried in her possession.

He was born into the world, nurtured in infancy, trained in childhood, for one express purpose—to be hers alone. Her ownership ranged from absolute despotism to humble slavery, and he was happy through it all.

One day she said: "Angelo, is it your purpose to follow your profession always?"

"Necessarily, it is my livelihood," he replied.

"But do you not think that after we stand at the altar, we never should be separated?"

"We will be together always," said he, holding her face between his palms, and looking with tender expression into her inquiring eyes.

"But I notice that women cluster around you after your concerts—and shake your hand longer than they should—and talk to you longer than they should—and go away looking self-satisfied," she replied, brokenly, much as a little girl tells of the theft of her doll.

"Nonsense," he said smiling, "that is all part of my profession; it is not me they care for, it is the music I give that makes them happy. In my playing, I achieve results out of the

common they admire me." And he smiled at the unwelcome tears.

"I know," she continued, "but lately, when we have loved each other, I cannot bear to see a woman near you. In my dreams again and again an indelible shadow mockingly comes and cries to me, 'he is not to be yours, he is to be mine.'"

Diotti flushed and drew her to him. "Darling," his voice was carrying conviction, "I am yours, you are mine, all in all, in life here and beyond." And as she sat dreaming after he had gone, she murmured petulantly, "I wish there were no other women in the world."

Here is where she gives her lover his choice whether to play on the fifth string or to lose her:

"Love me? Bah! And another woman's tresses sacred to you? Another woman's pledge sacred to you? I asked you to remove the string; you refused. I ask you now to play upon it; you refuse," and she paced the room like a caged tigress.

"I will watch you tonight when you play," she flashed. "If you do not use that string we part forever."

He stood before her and attempted to take her hand; she repulsed him savagely.

Sadly, then, he asked: "And if I do play upon it?"

"I am yours forever—yours through life—through eternity," she cried passionately.

The story, strictly speaking, is a novelette rather than a novel. Even with half a dozen or more full-page illustrations by Howard Chandler Christy, and tremendously wide margins, the book contains but 125 pages. The volume, by the way, is a credit to the publishers.

Let us hope that Sousa will hereafter wield baton and pen alternately. (Indianapolis: The Bowen-Merrill company.)

SUN

BALTIMORE, MD

"MARCH KING" COMES TODAY

Mr. Sousa's First Visit Since His  
Trip—His Novel.

John Philip Sousa and his celebrated band will come to Baltimore today for two concerts at Music Hall, under the management of Mr. Charles E. Ford. The concerts will begin at 3 and at 8.15 P. M. The band is accompanied by Maude Reese-Davies, soprano; Dorothy Hoyle, violinist, and Walter B. Rogers, cornetist.

This will be the March King's first appearance here since his now famous European tour. While abroad the American magician of music astonished and delighted critical audiences in the music centers of the Old World. As a special birthday offering to Queen Alexandra King Edward had Sousa's Band to play before the royal family, and the talented leader possesses some valuable and interesting souvenirs of the visit.

The afternoon program today will begin with the symphonic poem "Les Preludes." "What is life but a series of preludes to that unknown song whose initial solemn note is tolled by death?" is the theme, which is worked out with the soulfulness of Liszt. A suite, "Three Quotations," has been enthusiastically received this season. The valse, "Lovely Night," and "The Invincible Eagle" march are new. The solo numbers will be "The Volunteer," by Mr. Rogers; "Linda de Chamounix," by Miss Reese-Davies, and "Gypsy Dances," by Miss Hoyle.

The program at night will include another new Sousa composition and a new trombone solo, "Love's Enchantment." "Sweet Maidens Three" is a favorite with the leader and his audiences. Miss Hoyle's solo will be "Ziegounerwelsen," and that of Miss Reese-Davies an aria from "Traviata." The full program for both concerts was published in full in THE SUN last Sunday.

Of Mr. John Philip Sousa's new novel, "The Fifth String," the New York Mail and Express says:

The composer of marches has turned novelist, has set music to the rhythm of words. Mr. Sousa certainly betrays a quite unexpected vein of literary imagination, but his mastery of words does not equal his knowledge of the possibilities of notes. An Italian violinist—a virtuoso—on his first American tour



falls in love, at first sight, with a woman. She tells the maestro the "story of her life." The man that can awaken her heart, her soul, has never yet appeared. The Italian immediately aspires to be that man, but fails at his first concert. The Prince of Darkness finally helps him. He accepts from the tempter of man an instrument that will win him the love of the beautiful American—a violin of five strings, the fifth one of which, wrapped in the hair of the first mother of man, is the string of death; whoever touches it dies instantly. The other strings are those of pity, hope, love and joy. It is the instrument Satan himself played in heaven before the fall; the fifth string was added after it. He cannot play it now, for there is neither pity nor hope, love nor joy, for him, and he cannot die.

This is, it will be seen, a happy invention, in the spirit of Teutonic folk-lore. It is the idea of the story rather than its treatment that deserves consideration. The artist returns to New York with his cursed instrument, which does not fail to do its work of destruction.

The end of the tale the reader must find in the book itself, which, as already said, demonstrates that Mr. Sousa is the possessor of a vivid imagination, which unhappily as yet lacks a trained medium of literary expression. Mr. Christy furnishes illustrations such as we have come to expect from him—very graceful and telling, but with the same beautiful girl doing service once more under a different name.

ess NEW YORK JOURNAL

FEB 1 - 1902

## A Love Story by Sousa.

A Review of "The Fifth String," a Novel by the "March King." Published by the Bowen-Merrill Co.

MUCH as John Philip Sousa's martial music can stir the pulse and love; the outcome of it tragedy. A rouse enthusiasm, one cannot weired vein runs through the story, refrain from extending a feeling of ap- which is otherwise pervaded with an

Angelo Diotti is being entertained at a drawing room of a New York social leader and art patron on the evening preceding his American debut. He gains the reader's good will at once.

It is not to the "representative audience" before which he stands that the musician pours out his soul through his violin, but to a young woman within easy range of his eye, to whom music as such has never appealed, who can think of it only in connection with mechanical construction and a succession of elementary exercises.

Throughout the wonderfully melodious tones which have moved millions, she alone remains serene, unaffected.

Angelo Diotti returns to his dressing room sad and dejected, amid clamorous and sustained applause. In the same humor he receives the congratulatory expressions showered upon him, and concludes, in despair, "I am not great enough for her. I am but a man; her consort should be a god!"

Regardless of his professional engagements and the embarrassment his absence will cause, he leaves at once for the Bahamas, there to study and improve, in the hope of bringing forth such music as will rouse the dormant soul of Mildred Wallace. After much perseverance he realizes that he is achieving nothing. In a fit of depression he destroys his violin and calls upon the Prince of Darkness to aid him.

His unconscious appeal is answered by Satan himself, who loans formality to the scene by tendering his card. Alarmed and denying the proffered assistance, the musician is, nevertheless, interested in the assurance that his desire can be fulfilled.

The Prince of Darkness asserts that the fault lay, not in the musician, but in the instrument he has been using, and presents to him a magnificent violin of peculiar construction, one of which is a fifth string—the string of death.

Before a New York public he stands again. Again he receives the plaudits and compliments of a music-maddened people; Mildred Wallace among them.

"She looked into his eyes, and he knew he had struck the chord responsive in her soul."

Days of ideal happiness and love follow. Then objections and jealousies arise. To test his faithfulness, Mildred rigidly imposes upon Diotti an obligation of the fatal import of which he is fully aware.

To fail to comply with it means a living death. To fulfil it embodies a mystic hope. Unflinching he chooses, and despite the consequences feels well repaid.

"THE FIFTH STRING," by John Philip Sousa. The illustrations by Howard Chandler Christy. The Bowen-Merrill Company.



"If you do not play upon it we separate forever."

(An illustration by Howard Chandler Christy in "The Fifth String.")

and gratitude for the im- atmosphere of culture and lofty at-  
which directed his composition, tainment. Mr. Howard Chandler  
at least, into a new field. Christy has supplied the illustrations.



From *South AMERICAN*

Address

Date

# SOUSA'S WEIRD, TRAGIC NOVEL, ENTITLED "THE FIFTH STRING"

By Albert E. Hunt

ESTABLISH

JOHN PHILIP SOUSA, Novelist, if you please. Yes, the March King, like a monarch of remoter times, is seeking new fields for conquest. He has written a book—and had it published, too. Not an abstruse treatise on phrase and timbre, rhythm and counterpoint, but a romance—a real, human, throbbing love story.

Of course, there is music in it. Indeed, the theme is essentially musical. That was to have been expected. But it isn't at all technical. There is no display of professional learning—no lecturing—and there is plenty of plot; so much of it that the reading, when once you begin, is a continuous passage from the title page to finish.

In the first place, it is a weird and tragic tale—the last thing in the world you would have expected from the pen that has set the whole world whistling. It is almost Poe-esque. At the same time, it is altogether and undeniably original.

## The Fifth is Death

"The Fifth String" is the title. There is a Tuscan violinist, Diotti, who comes to America and falls in love with a beautiful woman who is apparently barren of all emotional feeling. His marvelous playing, which sets the populace mad with enthusiasm, leaves her unmoved. Diotti believes that somewhere in his violin is hidden the message that could awaken her, but he seeks it in vain. It is evident that a force beyond the power of man is needed.

Eventually, in despair, he calls upon the devil for aid. The response, as usual, is prompt. Satan appears with a violin. It has five strings. Four of them are Pity, Hope, Love and Joy. The fifth is Death. This string is made up of the extra lengths of the other four, and it is woven from a strand of the hair of the "first mother of man," who brought death into the world.

With the four strings, Satan tells him, he may conquer the world, "and more—win a woman's love," but to play upon the fifth means instant death. Yet, to cut it off would mean the destruction of the others—of pity, hope, love and joy, "which end in death, and through death are born again."

## An Obvious Moral

With this instrument of infernal magic Diotti awakes the love of his lady, but with it a jealousy that drives her to the extremes of feeling, and finally urges him to sweep the fifth string with his bow and end all.

The moral is obvious; but isn't it a strange one to come from one of Sousa's optimism? Isn't it at striking vari-

ance with his swinging, rollicking music? One wonders how he came to write it.

I asked him yesterday. He was doubled up in a big arm chair in his room at the Walton, his legs tucked under him, tailor fashion. There was a cigar in his hand, and he used it like a baton, to emphasize his points.

## Music's Hypnotism

"The idea of the story has been in my mind quite a little while," he said in that soft, almost boyish voice that is not so familiar as the voice of his melodic muse. "Every musician, I suppose, has the dream side of music in his nature. I don't know whether the listeners are ever awestricken by a composition, but I do know that the composer, while drawing out his themes and melodies, is often in something like a hypnotic state.

"That's the way it was with this story. I dug it out of my head, and it's as much mine as the nose on my face. I got to work on it at Manhattan Beach last summer, and it came like an inspiration. I didn't have the slightest trouble with it, but I worked at it very carefully, and was at it up to the fall."

"Where did you get your curious heroine?"

"Oh," said Sousa, with a glow behind the gold-rimmed glasses. "She's a composite. She is absolutely American, you understand, and I know the American girls. I think I know as many as any man and I love them all." He laughed. "Let me read my description of her." He did so, with an enthusiasm in his own work which was delightful to see—a sort of impersonal enthusiasm without a shade of vainglory in it.

## Dangerous for the Woman

"There. The methods of thought in music and literature are much the same, I guess. I lived with these people of mine all summer—in imagination, you know—and I got to know them so well that they just put themselves into type."

I bethought me of a lure to get him to talk on a world-old and universally new problem.

"Apropos of your story," I said, "do you think it wise for persons of highly artistic temperament to marry?"

"Well, it's dangerous for the woman if she's too sentimental and loves the man too well. Dangerous for her happiness, I mean. It's as hard for her to separate the professional from the domestic. A man before the public, whether he's actor, writer, musician or minister, is not admired for what he is, but for what he does. A woman of that kind doesn't understand this, and she resents it, or, if she doesn't, it means continual explanations, which make for unhappiness just as much.

"The artistic temperament is all right. It's human. Of course, if it makes a man love himself too much there's trouble, but he would make a woman unhappy. If he were a store clerk."

## Temptations Everywhere

"How about the alleged temptations of the stage?"

"Temptations—rot!" and he puffed a cloud of derision. "There are no more temptations than anywhere else, and the life is no more irrational. I can go into any cafe at night in any big city in the world and pick out all kinds of people. The tainted ones in our profession are tainted before they come into it.

"Now, I don't mean that my profession is better than every other, but it's no worse. In fact, I think that it's the one of all least open to censure. In nearly every other walk of life the people who follow it are of one strata of society. The drama includes every strata. You can find on the same stage a daughter of a rich man and a daughter of a poor man side by side—a girl brought up in high society and another from the slums.

"It is foolish and dangerous for any one to find fault with the drama. I heard a minister preach against it once. His words were altogether untrue, founded on ignorance. That same week a girl of 19 called at my house. She had a voice and wanted to go on the stage. She was the daughter of this minister, and he couldn't make enough to support her. She went on the stage and became one of its ornaments, for she was a beautiful character."

## Harping Upon "the Fifth String"

"Are you going to write any more books?" I asked, when we had exhausted the other topic.

"Yes, indeed; I'm going to write about my boyhood days."

This brought him back to "The Fifth String," and presently he was harping upon it with delicious naivete. That is the only word. I had him read the passages he liked best, and always he would look up and say:

"Now, how do you like that? Did I bring out that point?" or "I think that's pretty good; don't you?"

It is a "pretty good" book. Read it. There is good philosophy and good feeling in it. And it is not all gloomy. There's a passage, for instance, in which Sousa shows expert knowledge of the chemistry of a "hot toddy." He is human, as he said.

All the time we were together he was so rapt, heart and soul, in the book that he was "out" to every card that came up. I was not at the concert last night, but I'm satisfied that he played a couple of chapters of "The Fifth String."



from  
Address  
Date

Eagle  
BROOKLYN, N. Y.

FEB 1 1909

## "The Fifth String,"

a Fantasy,

By John Philip Sousa.

John Philip Sousa—Sousa, the "March King," as his admirers sometimes call him—has written a novel. Having won royal honors as the conductor of one of the best bands in the country, he essays achievement in the field of literature. As might be expected the result is striking. Sousa is more skilled in the technique of musical composition than in the writing of a novel; that is evidenced in the early pages of the book. But the lack of experience in fictional composition does not interfere with the originality of the novelist's conceptions, or mar the unusual quality of the plot. One can pardon a good many things in the way of execution if only there is freshness and novelty in the design.

Necessarily the background of Mr. Sousa's novel is musical. The title is "The Fifth String," which at once indicates that the story has something to do with a violin. Howard Chandler Christy has illustrated the

story. It is a tale of love and music. The publishers have... The story is not long. Passing the... piece we come upon the face of a playbill which gets forth that on the 12th of December, in the Academy of Music, will occur the first appearance in America of the renowned Tuscan violinist, Angelo Diotti, "assisted by artists of international reputation," the whole event being under the direction of "Mr. Henry Perkins." Perhaps people familiar with impressarios may recognize in this character a portrait. Angelo Diotti is the hero of the story. He is an artist of the first rank, glowing with enthusiasm, passionately devoted to his art, impressively full of Tuscan warmth and fire. His fame is international, his coming has been widely heralded and the story opens with a reception tendered by Mrs. Llewellyn, a social leader in New York, who had made Diotti's acquaintance abroad. At this reception, which occurs on the night preceding his first appearance, the violinist encounters the heroine, and it is in this fashion that she comes before him.

"During one of those sudden and unexplainable lulls that always occurs in general drawing room conversations, Diotti turned to Mrs. Llewellyn and whispered: 'Who is the charming young woman just entering?'"

"The beauty in white?"

"Yes, the beauty in white," softly echoing Mrs. Llewellyn's query. He leaned forward and with eager eyes gazed in admiration on the newcomer. He seemed hypnotized by the vision, which moved slowly from between the blue tinted portieres and stood for an instant a perfect embodiment of radiant womanhood, silhouetted against the silken draper."

"That is Miss Wallace, Miss Mildred Wallace, only child of one of New York's prominent bankers."

"She is beautiful—a queen by divine right," cried he, and then, with a mingling of impetuosity and importunity, entreated his hostess to present him.

And thus they met.  
It will be noted that our author has not departed from the received methods in bringing hero and heroine together. Nothing could be more commonplace. But wait.

Of course the violinist falls deeply in love with the fair Mildred within the first half hour of their acquaintance. Equally, of course, he finds her cold and unimpressible; love has never even so much as scratched the surface of her marble heart. She is skeptical, even cynical, measuring the performance always by the stature of the ideal and finding the results dwarfish and misshapen.

"Surely you have been stirred by the wonders man has accomplished in music's realm?" Diotti ventured.

"I never have been." She spoke sadly and reflectively.

"But does not the passion laden theme of a master or the marvelous feeling of a player awaken your emotions?" persisted he.

She stood leaning lightly against a pillar by the fountain. "I never hear a pianist, however great and famous, but I see the little cream colored hammers within the piano bobbing up and down like acrobatic brownies. I never hear the plaudits of the crowd for the artist and watch him return to bow his thanks but I mentally demand that these little acrobats, each resting on an individual pedestal, and weary from his efforts shall appear to receive a share of the applause."

To no one but a musician could such an odd fancy ever occur. There are other fancies in the development of the plot that would never appeal to one with whom music was not a second nature.

Mildred occupies a box at the first performance on the following evening, and although the great audience crowding the Academy is fairly swept off from its feet by Diotti's playing, she is unmoved. He notes her passivity—is deeper in love than ever, and plays, as it were, directly at her, but without effect. Disappointment deep and sorrow profound fill his soul. "Diotti unquestionably had scored the greatest triumph of his career. But the lady in the box had remained silent and unaffected throughout... The mighty cheers that came from floor and galleries struck upon his ear like the echoes of mocking demons."

When the evening for the next performance came round—the next night but one—Diotti, the great violinist, was missing. The man who had scored so marvelous a triumph, who had compelled the praise of even the most exacting critics, could not be traced, nor was

mystery of his disappearance explainable. He had simply vanished and his evasion was a nine days' wonder. What had happened?

Then comes a chapter which is made up of a letter supposed to be written by Diotti to his only sister in far away Tuscany, that she may not be alarmed by the stories of his disappearance. He tells her how he called upon Miss Wallace the day following that triumphant evening in the Academy, how he found her cold and unmoved and absolutely unaffected. Great as was his performance, it was only art; it did not reach the depths of her soul, but she tells him: "No drooping Clytie could be more constant than I to him who strikes the chord that is responsive in my soul." He leaves her, goes out into the night and a voice tells him not to play but to study. So he flees to one of the little islands of the Bahamas and there works with the very desperation of love to increase his power of expression and intensify feeling. But seemingly he can accomplish nothing more than he has already done. Days and weeks pass, and finally in an excess of despair he hurls his violin, a

superb Strad, to the floor, shattering it to a hopeless wreck.

"Extending his arms he cried, in the agony of despair: 'It is of no use! If the God of heaven will not aid me, I ask the prince of darkness to come.'"

Just here is where the unusual quality of Mr. Sousa's story begins to be apparent. The invocation quoted is hardly uttered when a handsome and courtly stranger appears at the door of the little hut and presents his card. It bears the inscription "Satan," and in the corner "Prince of Darkness." The interview that follows is not modeled along the usual lines. The visitor is quite ready to help; he offers the disconsolate musician a violin, but he does not accompany the tender with any hints as to the consideration usually exacted for accommodations from that quarter. Nothing so vulgar or commonplace. He simply tenders the violin, informs Diotti casually that it is one he brought from the realms of light, what time he was expelled therefrom, and that the instrument is a great favorite. Upon examination Diotti finds this curious feature about it—there is a fifth string, which runs over the middle of the bridge. The other four



"FATHER, I WILL OBEY YOU IMPLICITLY."

Copyright, 1908, by the John Philip Sousa Company.

Illustrated by Howard Chandler Christy.



...two on each side. The four strings are the string of Hope, the string of Love. The fifth string is the string of Death. Another peculiarity is that the strings are continuous, one running into the other, terminating in the fifth string—pity, hope, joy, love—all ending in death. Still another peculiarity is that the fifth string is wrapped with a woman's hair—glossy tresses. The visitor informs the violinist that it is the hair of Eve, the mother of mankind.

Naturally, Diotti is disinclined to accept the gift or loan of so strange an instrument, but the visitor tempts him with his love for the fair Mildred. Only by the music which he can evoke from this violin can he hope to awake the responsive chord in her soul. He is so passionately, so despairingly in love that he finally yields, especially as conditions are attached. He is cautioned simply that he must not play upon the fifth string. That is Death.

This interview is managed very simply and without any of the gruesome concomitants that are supposed to environ any commerce with the Prince of Darkness. Diotti hastens back to New York. Again he stands before a great audience and this time plays on the violin with the fifth string. From the other four he invokes the very spirit of pity, of hope, of joy, and finally of love, but he draws no note from the fifth string. The great audience bursts into thunders of frantic applause. Mildred is among those who listen; the chord responsive to her soul has been struck; her love for Diotti becomes as passionate as his for her. It is a dream of soul entwining with soul. Her father, the hard headed, practical banker, is opposed to any idea of his daughter marrying "a fiddler." She says she will obey his request when he can name any reasonable objection; she knows Diotti as the noblest of men, and he seems all that her loving fancy paints him.

How does it end? Well, you had better read the story; it would not be fair to anticipate, but the novelist displays a clever knowledge of the human heart and its passions in the way the denouement of the tale is worked out.

Pity, Hope, Joy, Love—all end in Death. How is it when some other one of the Master Passions intervenes? What happens? The story tells.

It is a daring thing at this age of the world to bring the supernatural into the machinery of a novel of modern life. The great merit of Sousa's venture is that he has rightly apprehended the only way in which it could be successfully employed. "The Fifth String" is an extravaganza; and yet, somehow, it does not seem quite a fairy tale as you read. The psychology which lies behind the central conception, the fatalism of the idea takes hold of you, and you lose sight of the crudities of construction. It is the most original plot presented in any novel for a long time. (The Bowen-Merrill Company, Indianapolis, cloth, 12mo, \$1.50.)

## SOUSA WRITES INTENSE NOVEL

"The Fifth String" Is a Musical Romance by the  
March King.

THE HERO IS A KUBELIK

Tale Introduces the Faust Idea  
and the Heroine Is a  
Society Girl.

It seems that, nowadays, no man who attains to fame is really satisfied unless he can crown his achievements by placing his name on the title page of a book. Kings and soldiers, inventors and actors—all are tasting the sweets of authorship. And now comes to sue for literary success John Philip Sousa, whose title of "March King," bestowed upon him by some musical critics and by many billboard posters, has not brought him supreme contentment.

Naturally Mr. Sousa would make music the theme of his story, but he has succeeded in telling a tale that is most original and fantastic. His literary style is not at all like his music. He has chosen a minor key. He has woven his plot about a poetic concert. Mr. Sousa calls his story "The Fifth String." This fifth string belongs to the violin that is given to the hero by Satan. On this wonderful instrument the G string stands for pity, the third string for hope, the A is the tone of love, while the E string gives forth songs of joy. The fifth string passes down the middle of the bridge between the others. It is covered with black hair; it is the string of death. It is composed of the extra lengths of the other four strings, and to cut it would destroy all, for then pity, hope, love and joy would cease to exist in the soul of the violin. So long as this little string is not struck, the performer is safe, but when this is played upon, life passes out of the musician's body.

Around this odd fancy, Mr. Sousa has developed a queer little romance in which Diotti, a famous violinist of Tuscany, is the hero. Diotti is young, handsome and one of the most famous artists of his time. He comes to New York under the management of Perkins, the famous impresario. On the evening before his first concert, Mrs. Llewellyn, a social leader, gives a reception at which she introduces Miss Wallace, daughter of a New York banker, to Diotti. The girl's rare beauty fascinates him. They wander into the conservatory where they engage in a stilled conversation about happiness and the soul. Mildred lets him know that nothing touches her, that she is superior to emotion. She declares that she painted Niagara and destroyed the picture because it seemed to be a smear of paint, which doubtless it was, for Mildred is a young woman without enthusiasm. She then explains that when she hears a great pianist she always thinks of the little cream colored hammers within the piano bobbing up and down like acrobatic brownies. This, of course, is rather discouraging to Diotti. The author closes the interview in this way:

"He looked at her intently. She was standing before him, not a block of chiseled ice, but a beautiful, breathing woman. He offered her his arm and together they made their way to the drawing-room."

"Perhaps, some day, one will come who can sing a song of perfect love in perfect tones, and your soul will be attuned to his melody."

"Perhaps—and, good night," she softly said, leaving his arm and joining her friends, who accompanied her to the carriage."

Diotti, who on this occasion plays on an ordinary violin, makes a great sensation. Sitting alone in a box he notices Mildred Wallace. He plays to her and to her alone, but she is unmoved. After the concert he leaves the theater quickly and, throwing himself upon his bed, "almost sobs in his thoughts." "I am not great enough for her. I am but a man. I am but a man." When the date of the next concert arrives, it is discovered that Diotti has mysteriously disappeared. His manager is frantic. They search in vain for him. He has fled to the island of Bahama, where he is determined to stay and to work until he can appeal to the soul of the woman with whom he has fallen in love. One day he becomes discouraged and in a frenzy of despair he dashes the violin to the ground, where it lies a hopeless wreck. In his grief he calls upon the prince of darkness to aid him.

Satan instantly appears, bringing with him the wonderful violin with the fifth string. Diotti tries the instrument by drawing his bow over the string of joy. While he plays it the devil is sad. Satan exclaims that it is many, many years since he heard that string of joy. Diotti is enthusiastic. He declares that with the new

violin he can conquer the world. "Are you more to you than the world," the tempter says, "a woman's love?" And then, holding the violin aloft, the artist cries, exultingly, "I am more to you than the world, although death and oblivion lurk ever near thee."

Diotti hastens back to New York, and again appears in concert. Mildred Wallace is in her box. He plays a great concert, always avoiding the string of death. He plays and grows under the melody rose, playing love's triumph with wondrous sweetness and pulsating rhythm. Mildred, her face flushed with excitement, a heavenly fire in her eyes and in an attitude of supplication, revealed the story of a new-found emotion. She goes to find the scenes to tell the story of how the music has touched her, and early the next day she summons Diotti to her. This is the beginning of a happy romance, which might have ended happily if it had not been for the return of the bank. The business from the city has enabled his daughter to cultivate the society of the famous violinist.

Wallace starts to his daughter's instruction, and consults old Sanders, a lifelong friend. Sanders meets Diotti at dinner, and guesses that there is some mystery about the violin. He discovers the fifth string after he has done his best to arouse the feeling of jealousy in the heart of the girl who has been carried away by the wonderful music of the strange instrument. Old Sanders takes the artist home with him that night, and persuades him to stay until morning. After Diotti has gone to bed old Sanders, who once prided himself upon his fiddling, brings down the violin to examine it. He takes it up and plays upon it, strikes the fifth string and dies in his chair. It is thus that Diotti knows that the string of death is indeed what Satan has declared it to be.

On the occasion of Diotti's last appearance in New York he is made sad by the recollection of old Sanders' death. Before the concert he goes to call on Mildred, who asks him if it is really true that his violin is not like other instruments of its kind. Hesitatingly he confesses that the violin has an extra string. The girl begs him to remove the string, and when he refuses she cries out that she believes he loves another woman, and that the fifth string binds them together. After they part Mildred determines to go to the theater and to see her fiancé before he plays. She is sitting in the dressing room when he comes in. She asks him to let her examine the instrument, and when she discovers that the fifth string is made of hair she becomes uncontrollably jealous. She demands that he play on the string, and declares that if he doesn't use it at the concert they must part forever. The call boy announces Diotti's turn, and he leads Mildred to a seat at the entrance of the stage. He played only on the string of pity, and when he leaves the stage Mildred declares that he had refused her wish that he did not touch the fifth string. He returns to respond to an encore, and this is the way the story ends:

"Suddenly the audience was startled by the snapping of a string; the violin and bow dropped from the nerveless hands of the player. He fell helpless to the stage."

"Mildred rushed to him, crying, 'Angelo, Angelo, what is it? What has happened?' Bending over him, she gently raised his head and showered unrestrained kisses upon his lips, oblivious of all save her lover."

"Speak! Speak!" she implored. "A faint smile illumined his face; he gazed with ineffable tenderness into her weeping eyes, then slowly closed his own, as if in a slumber."

The conception of the story is certainly clever and the tale is told without any unnecessary verbiage. It has an old-fashioned floridness of language that is unusual in this day. The plot is one that a Frenchman would handle adroitly, but Mr. Sousa has at times shown that his workmanship is clumsy. He has not always stopped at the right place, and he has made some of the conversations absurd. The book should have a wide sale, for the reason that it is unique in its way and because Mr. Sousa has thousands of admirers. "The Fifth String" will appeal to romantic young women, and it is especially timely in view of the present Kubelik-madness. Mechanically the book is one of the most artistic that the Bowen-Merrill company has published. The finest paper is used and Howard Chandler Christy has supplied the illustrations, which are in his best style. The cover design by F. A. Pearson is most attractive.

The Fifth String. By John Philip Sousa. Indianapolis: Bowen-Merrill.



# THE LITERARY WORLD

Edited by Lucian L. Knight

The versatile John Philip Sousa has taken the public very much by surprise by suddenly revealing himself in the character of a novelist.

**"THE FIFTH STRING"**  
By John Philip Sousa

We knew the bandmaster, the "Washington Post" man, and the author of "El Capitan" and other operas of the two-step school, but a new and unsuspected Sousa appears in "The Fifth String," published by the Bowen-Merrill company, of Indianapolis, Ind., with pictures by Howard Chandler Christy. As might be inferred, both from the name of the author and from the title of his book, "The Fifth String" is a musical novel. A fifth string is about as useful to a violinist as a fifth wheel to a coach, and perhaps the fiddlers, like the coachmen, have their proverb on the subject. The fifth string in the story was dangerous, as well as useless. The celebrated Tuscan violinist, Angelo Diotti, whose name has not appeared, so far as is known, in any of Mr. Sousa's concerts, came over to the United States for a concert tour, and even before his debut fell in love with a Christy girl named Mildred Wallace. The rest of the audience groveled before him, even as before the boy wonder, Jan Kubelik, but she remained cold, and 'twas as naught. Even in the midst of his new fame, the young Tuscan disappeared, to the wonder of the world and of his manager. He had made his way to the Bermudas, where he practiced in desperation for a strain that should, that must, move her heart. When he failed to better his efforts, he dashed his beautiful Strad to fragments on the floor, which promptly opened to let a dark gentleman with a goatee rise from the depths, bringing with him a wonderful violin, irresistible to any hearer, and peculiar in that between the two upper and the two lower strings there was a fifth. The G string, said the dark gentleman, meant pity; the D, hope; the A, love, and the E, joy. But between hope and love came the black string, which was death to whoever played on it. There is usually a string to our dark friend's gifts; this one had five. But Diotti had a good wrist and a clever technic, and stood in no danger of hitting the wrong string till she took it into her head that there was a secret about that mysterious black string which a wife ought to know, and insisted that he should play on it at his next concert. The violinist brings out a heart-searching tone from the black string and falls dead on the concert platform.

Has the composer of "El Capitan" and "The Charlatan" given us here a subtle and mystic symbolism? Is this black string of death inextricably woven of the strands of pity, hope, love and joy, the fatal chord on which every artist must play who hopes to succeed in his art? The fifth string was made from a tress of the hair of Eve after the unfortunate episode in the garden. The parable here lies very

near the surface. They do say that young Kubelik's sagacious press agents are even now looking for some strands of that same material to add a fifth string to his fine Guarnerius. Unrequited love—that is the one note they find missing. But to return to Mr. Sousa's parable, it may be recalled that Daudet has put a similar idea into his story of the man who coined blood for drachmas. Daudet did the thing rather better, to be sure, but then he knew that he could not have conceived "Stars and Stripes Forever" half as well. (Bowen-Merrill Company, Indianapolis.)

om

Address

ate

Sousa has written a novel entitled "The Fifth String." Looks as if the lost chord had been found.

1884.

om

Address

ate

John Philip Sousa, the band leader, is so puffed up over the success of his tour through Europe that, rumor has it, he is to write a book. He evidently regards it as an easier route to fame than by marches.

From

Address

Date

Sousa, the band master, is writing a novel. The Eldora Herald says: "Blowing has made a number of recent novels financial if not literary successes, and when it comes to blowing Sousa is certainly a leader."

NEW YORK, 1884.

From

Address

Date

Mr. Sousa has written a novel and he is the reputed author of many poems. He has also written operas. An all around man is John Phillip Sousa.

NEW YORK, 1884.

*Chronicle Telegraph*

ess

PITTSBURG, PA

JAN 31 1902

**THE FIFTH STRING.** By John Philip Sousa. Indianapolis: The Brown-Merrill Co. Pittsburgh: J. R. Weidn & Co.

Mr. Sousa is a man of extraordinary versatility. Nothing to which he sets his hand and his mind seems to come amiss. Composer, musical director, traveler, he now comes before the public in a new role in this elegant little volume. The story deals with a famous violinist, Diotti, the virtuoso, who created a furore in all the capitals of Europe. Coming to America he was received with all that eclat which is tendered here to a prodigy of the season. Diotti at a reception given by Mrs. Llewellyn meets his fate in the person of the radiantly beautiful Mildred Wallace, the only child of one of New York's prominent bankers. The plot is unhackneyed, the story is admirably told, while all the characters in the tale are true to experience and unconventionally interesting. If Mr. Sousa did no more than to feel his ground in the depths of fiction in this brief story, he is amply rewarded. At the same time we have no hesitation in saying that with his large knowledge of life and his spirited style the author will one day produce a novel of merit and popularity. "The Fifth String" gives sufficient indication of imaginative originality and literary ability. There are great possibilities in the musical world for romantic developments in fiction.

**THE RAGTIME NOVELIST.**

To the Paris exposition went John Phillip on a mission; to cut some Yankee capers and to take the town by storm.

He played his latest ragtime, all his choicest march jagtime, and if the papers tell the truth his greeting was quite warm.

He played before the kaiser, who they say is vastly wiser than all the learned professors of every school and clime;

And this great and only critic, both didactic, analytic, said: "Es gibt gar nicht bessers! Ausgezeichnet ist 'ragtime'!"

As he cautiously glanced headward, when he played before King Edward, he caught a wink of pleasure as it left the royal eye;

And he swelled up with ambition, having thus performed his mission, and for fame in greater measure he concluded he would try.

Having conquered all the critics with his ragtime metaphysics, he has shelved his marchy marches, and I'm sure they'll not be missed;

And with pen instead of baton (he can hardly keep his hat on) he begins to make us tired as a ragtime novelist.

—R. Wagner O'Leary in the Chicago Tribune.



from *Globe Democrat*  
Address *St Louis, Mo.*  
Date *FEB 1 1902*

### The March King's Romance.

"The Fifth String," by John Philip Sousa (Bowen-Merrill company, Indianapolis.)  
The most interesting thing about this novelette is that "The march king" wrote it. It is a readable story, and can be finished in an hour or two, but it is not great literature. The theme is not strikingly original, being but a variation of the "Faust" legend and others that, in one form or another, seem to be the common heritage of all peoples. Sousa has modernized it and given it a new setting. The tale concerns one Diotti, a Tuscan violinist, who comes to America and wins a sensational success on his first New York appearance. This Diotti is a fine gentleman as well as a great musician. Prior to his concert he met Mildred Wallace, daughter of a millionaire banker, and instantly fell in love with her. In conversation he discovers her to be a young woman of great mental charm, but with dormant emotions. She has never been moved in her soul by music or anything else; but she longs to be, and declares: "No drooping Clytie could be more constant than I to him who strikes the chord that is responsive in my soul." Diotti plays to her, but she alone of all the great audience is unmoved, and he is in despair. Thinking he needs still more study, he suddenly disappears, and next turns up on Bahama, where he lives in solitude, striving for artistic perfection. He is dissatisfied with his progress, and, dashing his violin to pieces, cries: "If God in heaven will not aid me, I will ask the prince of darkness to come." Immediately the devil, in the guise of a polished gentleman, appears and offers his assistance. His satanic majesty has a wonderful violin, with which he says the girl's soul can be moved and her heart won. Diotti is reluctant to accept a violin that came from hell; but Satan informs him that the instrument came originally from heaven, though no one had been able to play it since the fall. Diotti finally accepts the gift. A peculiarity of the violin is that it has a fifth string, wrapped with black hair, which Satan says came from the head of Mother Eve. The four normal strings are for the expression of pity, hope, joy and love; but the fifth is the string of death, and all the others are branches from it. Whoever plays upon the black string must die instantly; but Diotti is so expert that he can play on all the others and avoid touching this one. He takes the gift, returns to the world and gains Mildred's love as well as unexampled popular triumphs. A meddling old friend of Mildred's family surreptitiously plays the instrument, and immediately dies; but not before he had sowed in her mind the seeds of suspicion regarding that fifth string. She grows jealous and demands that he play upon it; and he finally does so, meeting the fate prescribed. The essential difference between this story and similar legends wherein the devil is involved is that there is no bargaining for the violinist's soul; no exaction of any promise whatsoever. The devil seems merely to have had a fit of generosity. The theme is sufficiently weird. Had a Robert Louis Stevenson, or an equal master of the uncanny developed it, the result would have been a powerful story. But Mr. Sousa has merely told the tale as a thousand other writers might have. The book is prettily printed, and has several excellent illustrations by Howard Chandler Christy.

"The grandest of the arts is music, and the next is literature." For years the world has recognized as one of the master musicians, John Philip Sousa. And now he comes before us in a new light—as an author. Mr. Sousa's new story, "The Fifth String," has an individuality. The inventive genius that has thrilled the world with his stirring strains has offered it now a unique romance, a story strong, filled with love and musical enchantment.

from *Times*  
Address *Seattle Wash.*  
Date *FEB 1 1902*

"The grandest of the arts is music, and the next is literature." For years the world has recognized as one of the master musicians, John Philip Sousa. And now he comes before us in a new light—as an author. Mr. Sousa's new story, "The Fifth String," has an individuality. The inventive genius that has thrilled the world with his stirring strains has offered it now a unique romance, a story strong, true, dramatic, filled with love and musical enchantment.

from *PHILADELPHIA PA.*  
Date *FEB 1 - 1902*

### A Novel, "The Fifth String," by John Philip Sousa.\*

A violinist of fame and great European favor comes to America for the first time, earns a triumph on his first appearance in New York city, meets and loves a young woman who is in his first audience, and learns that his playing has not affected her—that she regards it as lacking in something subliminal. He woos, but is told that the man who can reach her soul is the one who can reach her heart. Determined to make all past achievements as nothing, he suddenly and without warning throws up his engagement, and goes away to the Bahamas, where he tries to bring new melodies from his beloved instrument. But he can do nothing that satisfies him, and, in a fit of despair, he smashes the violin, and calls on the Devil to aid him. The latter responds with surprising alacrity, and presents the musician with a violin of five strings, the middle one of which, the string of Death, is not to be touched under any circumstances. The other strings represent Pity, Love, Hope and Joy; and the artist finds that they respond gloriously. The fifth string, the Prince explains, is made up of the extra lengths of the other four, and is wrapped with strands of hair from Eve herself.

The violinist returns to New York, reappears in public, is more successful than ever, and wins the love of the one woman who matters. Her father objects to a union with a musician, and asks an old, tried, trusted and cynical employe to help him break the match. The old fellow observes the fifth string, notes that it is wrapped with a woman's hair, arouses the girl's jealousy, and bids her know it is a custom abroad to wrap a string with the hair of one's beloved and never play upon it when absent from her. She begs him to use the string; she brooks no refusal, telling him that he must consider her lost to him forever if he refuses; and, despairing of persuading her, he pulls the bow across the string in public and falls lifeless to the stage. Incidentally, the old employe whose suspicions were aroused by the fifth string has tried the violin, used the fatal string and died.

Mr. Sousa has told his story in a very commonplace manner, without much imagination or invention, and with little skill. Here and there is a flash of fancy, but the expression of it all is not inspiring. The book has been dressed handsomely by the Bowen-Merrills, with some of Mr. Christy's familiar illustrations, which are always graceful if always the same in general effect. The cover design is a very handsome and striking combination of green, gold, and just a touch of red.

from *JOURNAL*  
Address *LEWISTON, ME.*

### SOUSA AS A NOVELIST.

John Philip Sousa's power with the baton has been universally acknowledged. What he could do with the pen was not as well known, but there is no longer any excuse or ignorance on that point, for Mr. Sousa has written a story. The superiority of the pen over the sword has fallen into an adage. It remained to be seen whether the baton could beat the pen—no pun intended. Apparently it can.

"The Fifth String," published by the Bowen-Merrill Co., Indianapolis, is a novel that for brevity might be the soul of wit. A little chant d'armour it is, not a great orchestral suite or a resounding Tschai-kowsky symphony, according to the Chicago Record-Herald's way of putting it. The old theme of a man's selling his soul to the devil for a temporal reward is improved upon anew. The elements of the story are a famous violinist, a lovely lady, "not icy, but superior," a bargain

with Satan, and then the world-old discovery that "the dead are there, and her guests are in hell." She was a banker's daughter, an aspiring artist he. They met, they looked, he loved, but she remained immobile. No man and no art had ever moved her soul. An exceeding great guerdon—namely, herself—she promised the violinist should he perform that miracle. He hid himself away, to give himself to the task of perfecting his art. Through more marvelous playing than ever before heard he hoped to attain his reward. One day, in an uncontrollable fit of passion and despair, he dashed his violin to the floor and besought hell's aid, since heaven seemed pitiless.

An abrupt intrusion here occurred. "A tall, rather spare, but well-made and handsome man appeared at the door of the hut. His manner was that of one evidently conversant with the usages of good society. 'Allow me,' said the stranger, taking a card from his case and handing it to the musician, who read 'Satan,' and in the lower left-hand corner, 'Prince of Darkness.' The musician besought him to follow the advice currently given to obnoxious intruders; but was beguiled by a proposition the prince laid before him. They struck a bargain, equally creditable to both the party of the first part and the party of the second part. One laid down the terms, the other accepted them. There was no trickery or chicanery about the whole transaction.

Mr. Sousa writes with vim and go, and if with no depth of psychological insight, with more story-telling ability than many of our violently aphoristic novelists evince. This novelette is a dashing improvisation—a fan-

tasy, to be sure, but quite original. The particular form and penalties of the devil's gift and the misconception that leads the heroine to precipitate the catastrophe are Sousa's own.

Mr. Christy's illustrations add to the beauty of the book. His figures, as usual, wear irreproachable evening dress, a striking esque pose and a stony gaze.

Newspaper Cutting Bureau in the World.

from *Booker Newsdealer*  
Address *New York City*  
Date *Feb 1902*

### A Novel in March-Time.

John Philip Sousa, the bandmaster, has found time between concerts, composition and transatlantic tours to devote himself to literary work, and a novel from his pen entitled "The Fifth String; or, the Story of the Mysterious Violin," has just made its appearance. Mr. Sousa has enlisted the aid of Howard Chandler Christy, who has done the illustrating.



From *Globe Democrat*  
Address *St Louis, Mo.*  
Date *FEB 1 1902*

### The March King's Romance.

"The Fifth String," by John Philip Sousa (Bowen-Merrill company, Indianapolis.)  
The most interesting thing about this novelette is that "the march king" wrote it. It is a readable story, and can be finished in an hour or two, but it is not great literature. The theme is not strikingly original, being but a variation of the "Faust" legend and others that, in one form or another, seem to be the common heritage of all peoples. Sousa has modernized it and given it a new setting. The tale concerns one Diotti, a Tuscan violinist, who comes to America and wins a sensational success on his first New York appearance. This Diotti is a fine gentleman as well as a great musician. Prior to his concert he met Mildred Wallace, daughter of a millionaire banker, and instantly fell in love with her. In conversation he discovers her to be a young woman of great mental charm, but with dormant emotions. She has never been moved in her soul by music or anything else; but she longs to be, and declares: "No drooping Clytie could be more constant than I to him who strikes the chord that is responsive in my soul." Diotti plays to her, but she alone of all the great audience is unmoved, and he is in despair. Thinking he needs still more study, he suddenly disappears, and next turns up on Bahama, where he lives in solitude, striving for artistic perfection. He is dissatisfied with his progress, and, dashing his violin to pieces, cries: "If God in heaven will not aid me, I will ask the prince of darkness to come." Immediately the devil, in the guise of a polished gentleman, appears and offers his assistance. His satanic majesty has a wonderful violin, with which he says the girl's soul can be moved and her heart won. Diotti is reluctant to accept a violin that came from hell; but Satan informs him that the instrument came originally from heaven, though no one had been able to play it since the fall. Diotti finally accepts the gift. A peculiarity of the violin is that it has a fifth string, wrapped with black hair, which Satan says came from the head of Mother Eve. The four normal strings are for the expression of pity, hope, joy and love; but the fifth is the string of death, and all the others are the branches from it. Whoever plays upon the black string must die instantly; but Diotti is so expert that he can play on all the others and avoid touching this one. He takes the gift, returns to the world and gains Mildred's love as well as unexampled popular triumphs. A meddling old friend of Mildred's family surreptitiously plays of the instrument, and immediately dies; but not before he had sowed in her mind the seeds of suspicion regarding that fifth string. She grows jealous and demands that he play upon it; and he finally does so, meeting the fate prescribed. The essential difference between this story and similar legends wherein the devil is involved is that there is no bargaining for the violinist's soul; no exaction of any promise whatever. The devil seems merely to have had a fit of generosity. The theme is sufficiently weird. Had a Robert Louis Stevenson, or an equal master of the uncanny device, developed it, the result would have been a powerful story. But Mr. Sousa has merely told the tale as a thousand other writers might have. The book is prettily printed, and has several excellent illustrations by Howard Chandler Christy.

"The grandest of the arts is music, and the next is literature." For years the world has recognized as one of the master musicians, John Philip Sousa. And now he comes before us in a new light—as an author. Mr. Sousa's new story, "The Fifth String," has an individuality. The inventive genius that thrilled the world with his stirring strains has offered it now a unique romance, a story strong, filled with love and musical enchantment.

*Times*  
*Seattle Wash.*  
FEB 1 1902

"The grandest of the arts is music, and the next is literature." For years the world has recognized as one of the master musicians, John Philip Sousa. And now he comes before us in a new light—as an author. Mr. Sousa's new story, "The Fifth String," has an individuality. The inventive genius that has thrilled the world with his stirring strains has offered it now a unique romance, a story strong, true, dramatic, filled with love and musical enchantment.

*TIME*  
*PHILADELPHIA PA.*  
FEB 1 - 1902

### A Novel, "The Fifth String," by John Philip Sousa.\*

A violinist of fame and great European favor comes to America for the first time, earns a triumph on his first appearance in New York city, meets and loves a young woman who is in his first audience, and learns that his playing has not affected her—that she regards it as lacking in something subliminal. He woos, but is told that the man who can reach her soul is the one who can reach her heart. Determined to make all past achievements as nothing, he suddenly and without warning throws up his engagement, and goes away to the Bahamas, where he tries to bring new melodies from his beloved instrument. But he can do nothing that satisfies him, and, in a fit of despair, he smashes the violin, and calls on the Devil to aid him. The latter responds with surprising alacrity, and presents the musician with a violin of five strings, the middle one of which, the string of Death, is not to be touched under any circumstances. The other strings represent Pity, Love, Hope and Joy; and the artist finds that they respond gloriously. The fifth string, the Prince explains, is made up of the extra lengths of the other four, and is wrapped with strands of hair from Eve herself.

The violinist returns to New York, reappears in public, is more successful than ever, and wins the love of the one woman who matters. Her father objects to a union with a musician, and asks an old, tried, trusted and cynical employe to help him break the match. The old fellow observes the fifth string, notes that it is wrapped with a woman's hair, arouses the girl's jealousy, and bids her know it is a custom abroad to wrap a string with the hair of one's beloved, and never play upon it when absent from her. She begs him to use the string; she brooks no refusal, telling him that he must consider her lost to him forever if he refuses; and, despairing of persuading her, he pulls the bow across the string in public and falls lifeless to the stage. Incidentally, the old employe whose suspicions were aroused by the fifth string has tried the violin, used the fatal string, and died.

Mr. Sousa has told his story in a very commonplace manner, without much imagination or invention, and with little skill. Here and there is a flash of fancy; but the expression of it all is not inspiring. The book has been dressed handsomely by the Bowen-Merrills, with some of Mr. Christy's familiar illustrations, which are always graceful if always the same in general effect. The cover design is a very handsome and striking combination of green, gold, and just a touch of red.

om *JOURNAL*  
Address *LEWISTON, ME.*

**SOUSA AS A NOVELIST.**  
John Philip Sousa's power with the baton has been universally acknowledged. What he could do with the pen was not as well known, but there is no longer any excuse or ignorance on that point, for Mr. Sousa has written a story. The superiority of the pen over the sword has fallen into an adage. It remained to be seen whether the baton could beat the pen—no pun intended. Apparently it can.

"The Fifth String," published by the Bowen-Merrill Co., Indianapolis, is a novel that for brevity might be the soul of wit. A little chant d'armour it is, not a great orchestral suite or a resounding Tschai-kowsky symphony, according to the Chicago Record-Herald's way of putting it. The old theme of a man's selling his soul to the devil for a temporal reward is improvised upon anew. The elements of the story are a famous violinist, a lovely lady, "not icy, but superior," a bargain

with Satan, and then the world-old discovery that "the dead are there, and her guests are in hell." She was a banker's daughter, an aspiring artist he. They met, they looked, he loved, but she remained immobile. No man and no art had ever moved her soul. An exceeding great guerdon—namely, herself—she promised the violinist should he perform that miracle. He hid himself away, to give himself to the task of perfecting his art. Through more marvelous playing than ever before heard he hoped to attain his reward. One day, in an uncontrollable fit of passion and despair, he dashed his violin to the floor and besought hell's aid, since heaven seemed pitiless.

An abrupt intrusion here occurred. "A tall, rather spare, but well-made and handsome man appeared at the door of the hut. His manner was that of one evidently conversant with the usages of good society. 'Allow me,' said the stranger, taking a card from his case and handing it to the musician, who read 'Satan,' and in the lower left-hand corner, 'Prince of Darkness.' The musician besought him to follow the advice currently given to obnoxious intruders, but was beguiled by a proposition the prince laid before him. They struck a bargain, equally creditable to both the party of the first part and the party of the second part. One laid down the terms, the other accepted them. There was no trickery or chicanery about the whole transaction.

Mr. Sousa writes with vim and go, and if with no depth of psychological insight, with more story-telling ability than many of our violently aphoristic novelists evince. This novelette is a dashing improvisation—a fan-

tastic, to be sure, but quite original. The particular form and penalties of the devil's gift and the misconception that leads the heroine to precipitate the catastrophe are Sousa's own.

Mr. Christy's illustrations add to the beauty of the book. His figures, as usual, wear irreproachable evening dress, a statuesque pose and a stony gaze.

between  
transatlantic tours to devote  
literary work, and a novel  
pen entitled "The Fifth String;  
story of the Mysterious Violin,"  
just made its appearance. Mr.  
has enlisted the aid of Howar  
dler Christy, who has done the il  
strating.



# THE LITERARY WORLD

Edited by Lucian L. Knight

The versatile John Philip Sousa has taken the public very much by surprise by suddenly revealing himself in the character of a novelist.

## "THE FIFTH STRING"

By John Philip Sousa

We knew the bandmaster, the "Washington Post" man, and the author of "El Capitan" and other operas of the two-step school, but a new

and unsuspected Sousa appears in "The Fifth String," published by the Bowen-Merrill company, of Indianapolis, Ind., with pictures by Howard Chandler Christy. As might be inferred, both from the name of the author and from the title of his book, "The Fifth String" is a musical novel. A fifth string is about as useful to a violinist as a fifth wheel to a coach, and perhaps the fiddlers, like the coachmen, have their proverb on the subject. The fifth string in the story was dangerous, as well as useless. The celebrated Tuscan violinist, Angelo Diotti, whose name has not appeared, so far as is known, in any of Mr. Sousa's concerts, came over to the United States for a concert tour, and even before his debut fell in love with a Christy girl named Mildred Wallace. The rest of the audience groveled before him, even as before the boy wonder, Jan Kubelik, but she remained cold, and 'twas as naught. Even in the midst of his new fame, the young Tuscan disappeared, to the wonder of the world and of his manager. He had made his way to the Bermudas, where he practiced in desperation for a strain that should, that must, move her heart. When he failed to better his efforts, he dashed his beautiful Strad to fragments on the floor, which promptly opened to let a dark gentleman with a goatee rise from the depths, bringing with him a wonderful violin, irresistible to any hearer, and peculiar in that between the two upper and the two lower strings there was a fifth. The G string, said the dark gentleman, meant pity; the D, hope; the A, love, and the E, joy. But between hope and love came the black string, which was death to whoever played on it. There is usually a string to our dark friend's gifts; this one had five. But Diotti had a good wrist and a clever technic, and stood in no danger of hitting the wrong string till she took it into her head that there was a secret about that mysterious black string which a wife ought to know, and insisted that he should play on it at his next concert. The violinist brings out a heart-searching tone from the black string and falls dead on the concert platform.

Has the composer of "El Capitan" and "The Charlatan" given us here a subtle and mystic symbolism? Is this black string of death inextricably woven of the strands of pity, hope, love and joy, the fatal chord on which every artist must play who hopes to succeed in his art? The fifth string was made from a tress of the hair of Eve after the unfortunate episode in the garden. The parable here lies very

near the surface. They do say that young Kubelik's sagacious press agents are even now looking for some strands of that same material to add a fifth string to his fine Guarnerius. Unrequited love—that is the one note they find missing. But to return to Mr. Sousa's parable, it may be recalled that Daudet has put a similar idea into his story of the man who coined his blood for drachmas. Daudet did the thing rather better, to be sure, but then it is likely that he could not have conceived "Stars and Stripes Forever" half so well. (Bowen-Merrill Company, Indianapolis.)

om

Address

ite

Sousa has written a novel entitled "The Fifth String." Looks as if the lost chord had been found.

1884.

om

Address

ite

John Philip Sousa, the band leader, is so puffed up over the success of his tour through Europe that, rumor has it, he is to write a book. He evidently regards it as an easier route to fame than by marches.

From

Address

Date

Sousa, the band master, is writing a novel. The Eldora Herald says: "Blowing has made a number of recent novels financial if not literary successes, and when it comes to blowing Sousa is certainly a leader."

YORK, 1884.

From

Address

Date

Mr. Sousa has written a novel and he is the reputed author of many poems. He has also written operas. An all around man is John Phillip Sousa.

1881. NEW YORK, 1884.

Chronicle Telegraph

ess

PITTSBURG, PA

JAN 31 1902

THE FIFTH STRING. By John Philip Sousa. Indianapolis: The Brown-Merrill Co. Pittsburgh: J. R. Weldin & Co.

Mr. Sousa is a man of extraordinary versatility. Nothing to which he sets his hand and his mind seems to come amiss. Composer, musical director, traveler, he now comes before the public in a new role in this elegant little volume. The story deals with a famous violinist, Diotti, the virtuoso, who created a furor in all the capitals of Europe. Coming to America he was received with all that eclat which is tendered here to a prodigy of the season. Diotti at a reception given by Mrs. Llewellyn meets his fate in the person of the radiantly beautiful Mildred Wallace, the only child of one of New York's prominent bankers. The plot is unhackneyed, the story is admirably told, while all the characters in the tale are true to experience and unconventionally interesting. If Mr. Sousa did no more than to feel his ground in the depths of fiction in this brief story, he is amply rewarded. At the same time we have no hesitation in saying that with his large knowledge of life and his spirited style the author will one day produce a novel of merit and popularity. "The Fifth String" gives sufficient indication of imaginative originality and literary ability. There are great possibilities in the musical world for romantic developments in fiction.

84.

## THE RAGTIME NOVELIST.

To the Paris exposition went John Philip on a mission; to cut some Yankee capers and to take the town by storm.

He played his latest ragtime, all his choicest marchy jagtime, and if the papers tell the truth his greeting was quite warm.

He played before the kaiser, who they say is vastly wiser than all the learned professors of every school and clime;

And this great and only critic, both didactic, analytic, said: "Es gibt gar nicht bessers! Ausgezeichnet ist 'ragtime'!"

As he cautiously glanced headward, when he played before King Edward, he caught a wink of pleasure as it left the royal eye;

And he swelled up with ambition, having thus performed his mission, and for fame in greater measure he concluded he would try.

Having conquered all the critics with his ragtime metaphysics, he has shelved his marchy marches, and I'm sure they'll not be missed;

And with pen instead of baton (he can hardly keep his hat on) he begins to make us tired as a ragtime novelist.

—R. Wagner O'Leary in the Chicago Tribune.



# SOUSA'S WEIRD, TRAGIC NOVEL, ENTITLED "THE FIFTH STRING"

By Albert E. Hunt

JOHN PHILIP SOUSA, Novelist, if you please. Yes, the March King, like a monarch of remoter times, is seeking new fields for conquest. He has written a book—and had it published, too. Not an abstruse treatise on phrase and timbre, rhythm and counterpoint, but a romance—a real, human, throbbing love story.

Of course, there is music in it. Indeed, the theme is essentially musical. That was to have been expected. But it isn't at all technical. There is no display of professional learning—no lecturing—and there is plenty of plot; so much of it that the reading, when once you begin, is a continuous passage from the title page to finish.

In the first place, it is a weird and tragic tale—the last thing in the world you would have expected from the pen that has set the whole world whistling. It is almost Poe-esque. At the same time, it is altogether and undeniably original.

## *The Fifth is Death*

"The Fifth String" is the title. There is a Tuscan violinist, Diotti, who comes to America and falls in love with a beautiful woman who is apparently barren of all emotional feeling. His marvelous playing, which sets the populace mad with enthusiasm, leaves her unmoved. Diotti believes that somewhere in his violin is hidden the message that could awaken her, but he seeks it in vain. It is evident that a force beyond the power of man is needed.

Eventually, in despair, he calls upon the devil for aid. The response, as usual, is prompt. Satan appears with a violin. It has five strings. Four of them are Pity, Hope, Love and Joy. The fifth is Death. This string is made up of the extra lengths of the other four, and it is woven from a strand of the hair of the "first mother of man," who brought death into the world.

With the four strings, Satan tells him, he may conquer the world, "and more—win a woman's love," but to play upon the fifth means instant death. Yet, to cut it off would mean the destruction of the others—of pity, hope, love and joy, "which end in death, and through death are born again."

## *An Obvious Moral*

With this instrument of infernal magic Diotti awakes the love of his lady, but with it a jealousy that drives her to the extremes of feeling, and finally urges him to sweep the fifth string with his bow and end all.

The moral is obvious; but isn't it a strange one to come from one of Sousa's lively optimism? Isn't it at striking vari-

ance with his swinging, rollicking music? One wonders how he came to write it.

I asked him yesterday. He was doubled up in a big arm chair in his room at the Walton, his legs tucked under him, tailor fashion. There was a cigar in his hand, and he used it like a baton, to emphasize his points.

## *Music's Hypnotism*

"The idea of the story has been in my mind quite a little while," he said in that soft, almost boyish voice that is not so familiar as the voice of his melodic muse. "Every musician, I suppose, has the dream side of music in his nature. I don't know whether the listeners are ever awestricken by a composition, but I do know that the composer, while drawing out his themes and melodies, is often in something like a hypnotic state.

"That's the way it was with this story. I dug it out of my head, and it's as much mine as the nose on my face. I got to work on it at Manhattan Beach last summer, and it came like an inspiration. I didn't have the slightest trouble with it, but I worked at it very carefully, and was at it up to the fall."

"Where did you get your curious heroine?"

"Oh," said Sousa, with a glow behind the gold-rimmed glasses. "She's a composite. She is absolutely American, you understand, and I know the American girls. I think I know as many as any man and I love them all." He laughed.

"Let me read my description of her." He did so, with an enthusiasm in his own work which was delightful to see—a sort of impersonal enthusiasm without a shade of vainglory in it.

## *Dangerous for the Woman*

"There. The methods of thought in music and literature are much the same, I guess. I lived with these people of mine all summer—in imagination, you know—and I got to know them so well that they just put themselves into type."

I bethought me of a lure to get him to talk on a world-old and universally new problem.

"Apropos of your story," I said, "do you think it wise for persons of highly artistic temperament to marry?"

"Well, it's dangerous for the woman if she's too sentimental and loves the man too well. Dangerous for her happiness, I mean. It's as hard for her to separate the professional from the domestic. A man before the public, whether he's actor, writer, musician or minister, is not admired for what he is, but for what he does. A woman of that kind doesn't understand this, and she resents it, or, if she doesn't, it means continual explanations, which make for unhappiness just as much.

"The artistic temperament is all right. It's human. Of course, if it makes a man love himself too much there's trouble, but he would make a woman unhappy if he were a store clerk."

## *Temptations Everywhere*

"How about the alleged temptations of the stage?"

"Temptations—rot!" and he puffed a cloud of derision. "There are no more temptations than anywhere else, and the life is no more irrational. I can go into any cafe at night in any big city in the world and pick out all kinds of people. The tainted ones in our profession are tainted before they come into it.

"Now, I don't mean that my profession is better than every other, but it's no worse. In fact, I think that it's the one of all least open to censure. In nearly every other walk of life the people who follow it are of one strata of society. The drama includes every strata. You can find on the same stage a daughter of a rich man and a daughter of a poor man side by side—a girl brought up in high society and another from the slums.

"It is foolish and dangerous for any one to find fault with the drama. I heard a minister preach against it once. His words were altogether untrue, founded on ignorance. That same week a girl of 19 called at my house. She had a voice and wanted to go on the stage. She was the daughter of this minister, and he couldn't make enough to support her. She went on the stage and became one of its ornaments, for she was a beautiful character."

## *Harping Upon "the Fifth String"*

"Are you going to write any more books?" I asked, when we had exhausted the other topic.

"Yes, indeed; I'm going to write about my boyhood days."

This brought him back to "The Fifth String," and presently he was harping upon it with delicious naivete. That is the only word. I had him read the passages he liked best, and always he would look up and say:

"Now, how do you like that? Did I bring out that point?" or "I think that's pretty good; don't you?"

It is a "pretty good" book. Read it. There is good philosophy and good feeling in it. And it is not all gloomy. There's a passage, for instance, in which Sousa shows expert knowledge of the chemistry of a "hot toddy." He is human, as he said.

All the time we were together he was so rapt, heart and soul, in the book that he was "out" to every card that came up. I was not at the concert last night, but I'm satisfied that he played a couple of chapters of "The Fifth String."

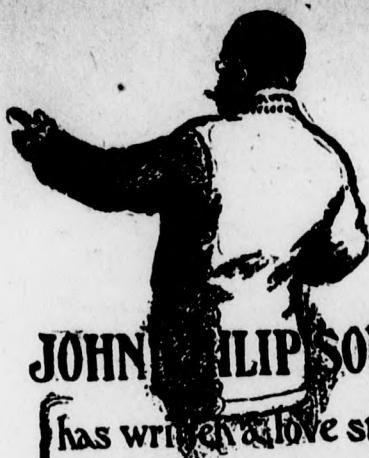




ONE OF HOWARD CHANDLER CHRISTY'S DRAWINGS IN BANDMASTER JOHN PHILIP SOUSA'S INTERESTING NOVELETTE, "THE FIFTH STRING." THE BOOK HAS A NUMBER OF THESE ILLUSTRATIONS, ALL IN MR. CHRISTY'S BEST STYLE.



PUBLICATIONS.



JOHN PHILIP SOUSA

has written a love story

**The Fifth String**

WITH PICTURES BY

HOWARD CHANDLER CHRISTY.

The "MARCH KING" has written much in a musical way, but "The Fifth String" is his first published story. In the choice of his subject, as the title indicates, Mr. Sousa has remained faithful to his art, and the great public, that has learned to love him for the marches he has made, will be as delighted with his pen as with his baton.

"The Fifth String" has a strong and clearly defined plot, which shows in its treatment the author's artistically sensitive temperament and his tremendous dramatic power. It is a story of a marvelous violin, of a wonderful love, and of a strange temptation.

With six full-page illustrations by Howard Chandler Christy. Price \$1.25.

THE BOWEN-MERRILL COMPANY,  
Publishers, Indianapolis.

Sousa, the great bandmaster, has turned novelist, and his first romance, "The Fifth String," was published this week by the Bowen-Merrill com-



DR. W. HORATIO BROWN.

Organist at Christ Church.

pany of Indianapolis. The book gives the love story of a great violinist and a beautiful American girl, and has six full page illustrations by Howard Chandler Christy. Although this is Sousa's first novel, he has already written a number of magazine articles and verses.

Newspaper Cutting Bureau in the World.

FINES

HERALD

rom

address

DALLAS, TEX.

ate

FEB 1

It is pleasing to observe that King Edward is not inclined to assume superior airs because of his acquaintance with Bandmaster Sousa. Such distinction would have quite turned the head of many men.

1884.

From

OBSERVER  
CINCINNATI, O.

Address

Date

FEB 1 1902

FROM writing music to writing a book is something of a step, but John Philip Sousa, the most popular bandmaster this country has ever known has accomplished it without straining a note. He has finished a novel entitled "The Fifth String" which will probably have a large sale. The pictures are by Howard Chandler Christy, an Ohio man, by the way, who is rapidly pushing Charles Dana Gibson aside in popular favor.

Yes, it has already been said, dear reader, that the volume

will probably strike a popular chord: otherwise I would say it

m

LEDGER

dress

BIRMINGHAM, ALA.

John Philip Sousa, not satisfied with playing his marches in Berlin within hearing of Emperor William and escaping without life imprisonment, has now inflicted a piece of fiddle fiction on the long-suffering American public, according to a New York paragraphist. It is called "The Fifth String," this addition to the equipment being not the string on which he hopes to get the reader, but a demoniac death-dealing cord made from the tresses of Mother Eve, or some defunct female who perished from the plague or pestilence. Raff astonished the musical world by making castanets of skulls and cross-bones, but Sousa goes one better with a dead woman's hair.

1884.

IN THE FOYER.



# The Fifth String

A Strikingly Weird  
Musical Novel

By JOHN PHILIP SOUSA.



One of Howard Chandler Christy's Illustrations  
for "The Fifth String"

John Philip Sousa, who has come to be known as "The March King," and whose stirring music is, perhaps, more familiar in American homes than that of any other composer, makes his debut as a novelist with a striking musical story which he calls "The Fifth String." It is a story that can be read in a short sitting, and such is its charm that the reader is likely to become interested in its opening pages and to decline to lay it down unfinished. The story deals with a famous violinist, Diotti, a Tuscan, whose success in the capitals of Europe, together with many brilliant contributions to the literature of his instrument, had long been favorably commented on by the critics of the old world. Engaged for a special American tour, his coming was heralded far and wide and much was expected from him. On the night preceding Diotti's debut in New York he was the guest of honor at a reception given by Mrs. Llewellyn, and here it was that he met "the beauty in white," Mildred Wallace, only child of one of New York's prominent bankers. He falls in love with her and straightway seeks for some way to win her. He tells her that nothing in the world is so beautiful as the sound of his violin, and that the secret of his success is in the fifth string.

But there she ceases. Diotti replies to her:

"Perhaps some day one will come who will sing a song of perfect love in perfect tones, and your soul will be attuned to the melody."

"Perhaps—and good night," she said, and left him.

At the concert that followed Diotti won a splendid triumph, but Mildred sat in a corner and heard his playing, unmoved. The audience cheered itself frantic, the newspapers went into ecstasies over him, but the one figure he desired to impress was indifferent. He resolved he was not a great enough man; that it was his art that had failed.

The next morning the country was startled by the disappearance of Diotti. He was nowhere to be found and audi-

ences were disappointed, the impressario was wild, the police could find no clew. As for Diotti he had exiled himself to one of the islands of the Bahama group and there he worked and worked trying to perfect his art. He writes to his sister explaining his strange course; tells her of the love that has come into his life and says:

A voice within me cried: "Do not play tonight. Study! study! Perhaps in the full fruition of your genius your music, like the warm western wind to the harp, may bring life to her soul." I fled, and I am here. I am delving deeper and deeper into the mysteries of my art, and I pray God each hour that He may place within my grasp the wondrous music His blessed angels sing, for the soul of her I love is attuned to the harmonies of heaven.

Tolling for weeks he still sees himself far from his goal, and at last in despair one day he breaks his violin and implores help. At once the devil appears to him and presents him with a strange violin, an instrument with a fifth string. As the visitor explains the instrument he says:

"This string," pointing to the G, "is the string of pity; this one," referring to the third, "is the string of hope; this," plunking the A, "is attuned to love, while this one, the E string, gives forth sounds of joy." "But that extra string?" interrupted Diotti, designating the middle one on the violin, a vague foreboding came within him.

How, after that, he was to play, and doubtless Diotti accepts the wonderful instrument; how he returns to America, plays before the public and wins his love with his music, the novelist must be allowed to tell. Suffice to say the string of death, wound about with the hair of women, accomplishes its purpose, and no good comes to the man who takes the violin from the devil.

The end of the story is pure tragedy, brought about by that overweening curiosity which has so often proved fatal to woman's happiness ever since the time of Bluebeard. The tale is direct, poetic and interesting, showing fine feeling and vivid imagination.

The book is one of the handsomest ever issued by the Bowen-Merrill Company. Printed on fine paper in large, clear type, it has a brilliant cover design, and contains several notable illustrations.

Howard Chandler Christy.

From

CITIZEN.

Address

Date

SOUSA TURNS NOVELIST

Famous Bandmaster Is the Author  
of a Romantic Story.

Those to whom the name of John Philip Sousa is familiar—and they are legion—usually associate it with some popular musical composition or as the director of the famous band of which he has been so long the central figure. But Mr. Sousa has other claims to fame. It is in the field of literature. Mr. Sousa has just published a romantic love story, "The Fifth String."

Mr. Sousa's place in the musical world is, however, second to none. As



JOHN PHILIP SOUSA.

the composer of "Liberty Bell," "Washington Post," "High School Cadets" and other marches he is known in every city and town in the land.

John Philip Sousa is about forty-eight years of age and made his first success as the musical director of the United States Marine band. For twelve years he filled that position, during which time the band gained a world-wide reputation. He left the Marine band in 1892 to take charge of the present organization, known as Sousa's band, which has had phenomenal success, both in this country and Europe.

SS

Free Press  
Burlington Vt.  
FEB 6 1902

"The grandest of the arts is music, and the next is literature." For years the world has recognized as one of the master musicians, John Philip Sousa. And now he comes before us in a new light as an author. Mr. Sousa's new story, "The Fifth String," has an individuality. The novel is a masterpiece that has thrilled the world with his stirring strains has offered it now an unique romance. The Bowen-Merrill Co., publishers, New York and Boston, J. Shanley & Co.



From *Banner*  
Address *Nashville, Tenn.*  
Date *FEB 1 - 1902*

From *JOURNAL*  
Address *Minneapolis*  
Date *FEB 1 - 1902*

*OREGONIAN*  
*PORTLAND ORE.*  
*1902*

### "The Fifth String."

John Phillip Sousa, well-known as the composer of popular music with a style distinctly his own, and also appreciated as a band master of high merit, has made an unexpected advent in literature. He has written a story with the title given, displayed originality of thought and the style and conception manifest a delicacy and deftness not common with those who first essay to write stories. It suggests the author's vocation in that it is a story of music and a musician. The hero is a renowned Tuscan violinist, Angelo Diotti. Before his first public appearance in America he is tendered a reception by Mrs. Llewellyn, a society woman, in New York. Here he meets and loves Mildred Wallace, only child of a prominent New York banker. She tells him she has never been moved by the art of man in painting or music. His aspiration from that moment is to touch the chord that her soul will respond to. He watches her closely when he makes his first appearance, and though he receives thunder of applause and the commendation and praise of all the critics they were as nothing to him for he feels his art inadequate since it has failed to touch her whom he loves.

Instead of filling his engagement as expected, the next night he mysteriously disappears and when next we hear of him he is in the Bahama Islands, where he seeks to perfect himself "and lovingly he wooed the strings with plaintive song." But still he fails to find what he lacks.

Extending his arms he cried in the agony of despair, "If the God of heaven will not aid me, I ask the prince of darkness to come," whereupon a very gentlemanly Satan appears. The visitor does not proceed to make the usual proposition for the purchase of his soul but persuades him to take a violin which has five strings. The fifth string is the string

of death. It must be avoided in playing, for who touches it must die. It is made up of the extra lengths of the other strings. To cut it off would destroy the others, and then pity, hope, love and joy would cease to exist in the soul of the violin. The string of death is wrapped with a woman's hair—that of the mother Eve. Armed with this Diotti goes back to New York and at last reaches the soul of Mildred Wallace.

All goes smooth for a while till her father returns from abroad and is much disturbed by his daughter's entanglement with this "fiddling fellow." To him musicians are "drones—the barnacles of society." He consults Mr. Sanders, who has been a life-long friend of the family. Sanders in watching the violinist discovers the fifth string and tells Mildred of it and arouses her jealousy by creating the superstition that Diotti has dedicated this string to his love for a Tuscan whom he had promised never to touch it. Sanders invites Diotti to spend the night with him and while his guest sleeps he takes the violin and plays on the death string. He is found dead in his chair by Diotti.

Mildred has changed to Diotti and finally tells him of the jealousy Sanders has roused in her heart about the fifth string. He tries to change the current of her thought, but she says:

"I will watch to-night when you play. If you do not use that string, we part forever."

Sadly then he asked: "And if I do play upon it."

"I am yours forever—yours through life—through eternity," she cried passionately.

That night he played magnificently but she was not satisfied. When he left the stage she reproached him saying, "You did not touch that string; you refuse my wish?"

Diotti returned to the stage. Facing Mildred he began softly to play. His fingers sought the string of death. The audience listened with breathless interest. The composition was weirdly and strangely fascinating.

Suddenly the audience was startled by the snapping of a string; the violin and bow dropped from the nerveless hands of the player. He fell helpless to the stage.

The book is handsomely illustrated by Howard Chanler Christy and has a very attractive binding with a unique cover design. The olive ground with raised gilt letters and a suggestion of red fruit, forbidden fruit, we suppose, has a very striking effect. (The Bowen-Merrill Company, Indianapolis.)

### New Books

*The Fifth String.* By John Phillip Sousa. Illustrated by Howard C. Christy. Indianapolis: The Bowen-Merrill company.

1884.

The maestro who has through his quivering baton drawn the manifold music tones, tender and plaintive, stormy and passionate, triumphant and despondent, from orchestral brass and flutes and violins, with mystic voices and the lilt of falling water, has shown in this book that he can write a love story of no little power. In brief, a great foreign violinist comes to New York and plays his audiences wild with emotion under his wonderful manipulations. Only one person is unmoved,—a beauty of the first order with whom Diotti fell in love at first sight. He fails to excite her emotion; leaves his engagements and flees to a lonely southern island and practices to perfect himself that he may win the lady's attention. In despair he breaks his violin. And here the maestro adapts the old legend. The devil appears suddenly and, after much effort, tempts him to accept a violin with five strings, the fifth string being the death string, which, if touched by the player, would mean death for him. The other four strings were deliciously potential to move to joy or sorrow and thrill the heart. This was too strong a temptation for Diotti. He accepted the violin with the fifth string curse and returned to New York and renews his engagement, bringing vast audiences to his feet by the emotional force of his playing. The lady was won, but the tragedy-making fifth string ultimately accomplished its deadly work and Sousa is at his best describing the outcome. Sousa deposits many of his weird imaginings in the little story. In a musical atmosphere and his nature vibrant with the concord of sweet sounds and swayed by all the influences of "the heavenly maid," Sousa puts some of his soul of music into this his first published romance. No doubt he can give us another.

YORK, 1884.

**Sousa a Novelist Now.**  
John Phillip Sousa, the bandmaster, has found time between his concerts, compositions and transatlantic tours to devote himself to literary work, and a novel from his pen entitled "The Fifth String; or, the Story of the Mysterious Violin," will soon make its appearance. Mr. Sou-

has enlisted the aid of Howard Chanler Christy, who has done the illustrating.

1884.

A New Arrival.

From *Herald*  
Address *Baltimore, Md*  
Date *FEB 2 - 1902*

Even John Phillip Sousa, the sinuous bandmaster, is going to try his hand at fiction. He has written and some time before long will publish a novel called "The Fifth String." As may be supposed from the title, the story is musical. The publishers say that it is "strong, true, dramatic, filled with love and musical enchantment."



JOHN PHILIP SOUSA.



Journal  
Louisville, Ky  
FEB 1 1902

## THE FIFTH STRING.

By JOHN PHILIP SOUSA.

1884.

It is a well known fact that successful genius has in its composition a strange streak of desire to excel in some art rather than the one by which fame comes. A new development of this has come to light in a small work of fiction by John Philip Sousa, the March King, published by the Bowen-Merrill Company, of Indianapolis. This dainty book bears the title of "The Fifth String," and has as a hero a musical genius, such a violinist as is Kubelik and others of his kind. The story occupies but little more than 124 small pages and is one with a strong undercurrent. It is artistically written and delightful in its ease of style. There are a few sentences that are almost epigrammatic and in it is voiced that corroding skepticism that is attacking the youth of the present day and well expressed in the words of Mildred Wallace about music

"I never hear a pianist, however great and famous, but I see the little cream colored hammers within the piano bobbing up and down like acrobatic brownies. I never hear the plaudits of the crowd for the artist and watch him return to bow his thanks but I mentally demand that these little acrobats each resting on an individual pedestal and weary from his efforts, shall appear to receive his share of the applause."

"When I listen to a great singer," continued this world-defying skeptic, "trilling like a thrush, scampering over the scales, I see a clumsy lot of ah, ah, ahs, awkwardly, uncertainty ambling up the gamut, saying, 'Were it not for us she could not sing thus—give us our meed of praise.'"

Diotti, the great violinist, cannot move her by his finest strains and despairs. He leaves his engagements and flies to the Bahamas. There he makes a compact with the devil and receives a marvelous violin with "The Fifth String" of the tale. The playing of this string means death. Diotti returns to the world and plays for Miss Wallace. His exquisite strains upon it win her heart, but afterward, from a vain jealousy, she demands of him that he play upon the fifth string, which means his last strain. He cannot refuse her and dies.

The little tale is weird, is suggestive and artistic. It cannot fail to pass gently through the hands of the critics and to add to the laurels of America's March King.

THE FIFTH STRING. By John Philip Sousa. Published by the Bowen-Merrill Company, Indianapolis, Ind.

Address

Date

Eng.

John Philip Sousa has written a novel, "The Fifth String." If it proves as popular as several of his marches John won't need to worry where his vacation money is coming from next summer.

OK, 1884.

from Dispatch  
address Columbus, O  
FEB 1 - 1902

Seeking for more worlds to conquer, John Philip Sousa has for a moment left the domain of musical composition and leadership and written a novelette entitled "The Fifth String." It is a little tale of love and music and diabolie. The first person to walk upon the stage is Diotti, a famous violinist from sunny Italy. He has come to America for a tour and is at a reception given in his honor on the night of his first appearance. The second figure is that of Mildred Wallace, a young woman radiantly beautiful, with whom the violinist falls in love on sight. He begs an introduction to her and their conversation but deepens his passion. He hears him play at the concert, but, though all the others in the audience go wild over his music, she remains unmoved. He is disconcerted by his allure to arouse her interest and on the night of the second concert, has disappeared. In a letter to his sister it is disclosed that he went to the Bahama islands to study and perfect himself in his art so that he may move his woman whom he loves. He practices and practices, but fails and, in his distress, summons the evil one to his aid. Satan appears and presents him with a violin which has five strings. The fifth string is that of leath; it is not to be used but is necessary to the exquisite music that may be obtained from the others; to use the string means immediate death. With this new instrument Diotti returns to New York, wins even greater popular applause and, better still, succeeds in touching the spirit of the woman he loves. She sends for him and warmly congratulates him. He tells her that he loves her and she accepts his love. But she has a practical father to reckon with. He scorns this "fiddler" and sets about the task of preventing the marriage. He calls to his aid a faithful servitor, Sanders, who discovers the fifth string and, telling Mildred about it, arouses her curiosity and her jealousy, for the fifth string is a string of hair—a woman's hair. Here the tragedy begins, but the particular nature of it must be left to the reader to find out for himself. The theme is, of course, not a new one, but its application is interesting and will be appreciated though the literary art is not of the best. The pictures are by Howard Chandler Christy; 12mo., cloth; 125 pages. The Bowen-Merrill company, Indianapolis.

ate

FEB 2 - 1902

It not infrequently happens that a man or woman who possesses some one talent to an uncommon degree is also endowed by nature in another direction. This dual ability is just revealed in the case of Mr. John Philip Sousa, who, after having won for himself a reputation as a writer of stirring and spirited march music, has now made his debut in the literary world. The Bowen-Merrill Company has just published a romantic novel by Mr. Sousa, entitled "The Fifth String," illustrated by Mr. Howard Chandler Christy. As the title implies, this is a musical novel, and has for its theme the story of a remarkable violin.

Telegram  
Worcester, Mass  
FEB 2 1902

"The fifth string," by John Philip Sousa, the march king, is one of the latest books published by the Bowen-Merrill Co. of Indianapolis. Mr. Sousa's venture into literature is a short love story and tells of a wonderful violin with an extra string, which means death to the one who plays on it. The artist, Diotti, falls in love with an American girl, and finds that his music does not interest her. He leaves the country at once for the Bahamas, and there receives the violin, which has wonderful tone properties and the extra string, with its perpetual menace of death. Satan is the donor of the violin, and attaches no conditions to his gift. The violin wins the esteem of the beautiful American, who is told that Diotti never plays the fifth string because of a promise to another woman. Jealousy leads the woman to ask the artist to use the fatal string just after another had come to his death through ignorantly touching it. The plot does not explain just why the artist could not tell his fiancée his secret,

OK, 1884.

and is also rather unconvincing in other respects. The artist luckless plays on the fifth string, after in vain begging to be let off, and drops dead. The book is handsomely illustrated by Howard Chandler Christy.

Newspaper Cutting Bureau in the World.

m

dress

e

FEB 3 - 1902

Miscellaneous Books in Prose and Verse—Brief Literary Notes.

It is said that every person of any ambition at all has a novel in his head which he intends to produce sooner or later; that eventually the remarkable man or woman will be not the one who has produced a novel, but the one who has not. The public has hitherto associated John Philip Sousa with the baton. It was not known that he could wield the pen successfully. To the surprise of all he has written a dainty novelette which every lover of his music will read with pleasure and at the same time will admit that the gifted composer has more than one talent.

"The Fifth String," by John Philip Sousa (the Bowen-Merrill Company, Indianapolis), is the love story of a wonderful violinist, Diotti, who is willing to risk his life, not to say his soul, for the sake of a woman. Wonderful as his power is, his music does not waken emotion in the heart of the lady. She frankly tells him that she never hears a pianist, however great and famous, but she sees the little cream-colored hammers within the piano bobbing up and down like acrobatic Brownies. She never hears the plaudits of the crowd for the artist but she mentally demands that these little acrobats shall appear to receive a part of the applause.

The artist is in despair. The enthusiasm of the public does not satisfy. He wants the lady's love. He betakes himself to the solitude of the Bahamas and vainly woos the string for the love music that shall prove triumphant. At last in agony he exclaims: "It is of no use! If the God of heaven will not aid me I ask the prince of darkness to come!" And he comes. Satan begins apologetically, says that his reputation has suffered at the hands of irresponsible people, but that he is beginning to live it down. He tells Diotti that the trouble is with the violin; that he will furnish him with a better one. He then explains the peculiarity of the new violin. One string is that of pity, one is hope, another love and another joy. There is an extra string. It is the string of death. Whoever touches it dies at once. Satan tells him he need have no fear. His marvelous skill can easily avoid it. To cut it out would destroy all the others. It is wrapped with strands of hair from the head of the first mother of man.

The violin fulfills its mission. The lovely woman's heart is a victim of joy.



# **CORRECTION**



THE FOLLOWING PAGE (S)  
HAVE BEEN REFILMED TO  
INSURE LEGIBILITY.



Journal  
Louisville, Ky  
FEB 1 1902

## THE FIFTH STRING.

By JOHN PHILIP SOUSA.

1884.

It is a well known fact that successful genius has in its composition a strange streak of desire to excel in some art rather than the one by which fame comes. A new development of this has come to light in a small work of fiction by John Philip Sousa, the March King, published by the Bowen-Merrill Company, of Indianapolis. This dainty book bears the title of "The Fifth String," and has as a hero a musical genius, such a violinist as is Kubelik and others of his kind. The story occupies but little more than 124 small pages and is one with a strong undercurrent. It is artistically written and delightful in its ease of style. There are a few sentences that are almost epigrammatic and in it is voiced that corroding skepticism that is attacking the youth of the present day and well expressed in the words of Mildred Wallace about music

"I never hear a pianist, however great and famous, but I see the little cream colored hammers within the piano bobbing up and down like acrobatic brownies. I never hear the plaudits of the crowd for the artist and watch him return to bow his thanks but I mentally demand that these little acrobats each resting on an individual pedestal and weary from his efforts, shall appear to receive his share of the applause."

"When I listen to a great singer," continued this world-defying skeptic, "trilling like a thrush, scampering over the scales, I see a clumsy lot of ah, ah, ah, awkwardly, uncertainty ambling up the gamut, saying, 'Were it not for us she could not sing thus—give us our meed of praise.'"

Diotti, the great violinist, cannot move her by his finest strains and despairs. He leaves his engagements and flies to the Bahamas. There he makes a compact with the devil and receives a marvelous violin with "The Fifth String" of the tale. The playing of this string means death. Diotti returns to the world and plays for Miss Wallace. His exquisite strains upon it win her heart, but afterward, from a vain jealousy, she demands of him that he play upon the fifth string, which means his last strain. He cannot refuse her and dies.

The little tale is weird, is suggestive and artistic. It cannot fail to pass gently through the hands of the critics and to add to the laurels of America's March King.

THE FIFTH STRING. By John Philip Sousa. Published by the Bowen-Merrill Company, Indianapolis, Ind.

Address

Date

Eng.

John Philip Sousa has written a novel, "The Fifth String." If it proves as popular as several of his marches John won't need to worry where his vacation money is coming from next summer.

OK, 1884.

from Dispatch  
address Columbus, O  
date FEB 1 - 1902  
from Telegram  
address Worcester, Mass  
date FEB 2 1902

Seeking for more worlds to conquer, John Philip Sousa has for a moment left the domain of musical composition and leadership and written a novelette entitled "The Fifth String." It is a little tale of love and music and diabolie. The first person to walk upon the stage is Diotti, a famous violinist from sunny Italy. He has come to America for a tour and is at a reception given in his honor on the night of his first appearance. The second figure is that of Mildred Wallace, a young woman radiantly beautiful, with whom the violinist falls in love on sight. He begs an introduction to her and their conversation but deepens his passion. He hears him play at the concert, but, though all the others in the audience go wild over his music, she remains unmoved. He is disconcerted by his failure to arouse her interest and on the night of the second concert, has disappeared. In a letter to his sister it is disclosed that he went to the Bahama islands to study and perfect himself in his art so that he may move his woman whom he loves. He practices and practices, but fails and, in his distress, summons the evil one to his aid. Satan appears and presents him with a violin which has five strings. The fifth string is that of death; it is not to be used but is necessary to the exquisite music that may be obtained from the others; to use the string means immediate death. With this new instrument Diotti returns to New York, wins even greater popular applause and, better still, succeeds in touching the spirit of the woman he loves. She sends for him and warmly congratulates him. He tells her that he loves her and she accepts his love. But she has a practical father to reckon with. He scorns this "fiddler" and sets about the task of preventing the marriage. He calls to his aid a faithful servitor, Sanders, who discovers the fifth string and, telling Mildred about it, arouses her curiosity and her jealousy, for the fifth string is a string of hair—a woman's hair. Here the tragedy begins, but the particular nature of it must be left to the reader to find out for himself. The theme is, of course, not a new one, but its application is interesting and will be appreciated though the literary art is not of the best. The pictures are by Howard Chandler Christy; 12mo., cloth; 125 pages. The Bowen-Merrill company, Indianapolis.

from Hawk-Eye  
address Burlington, Iowa  
date FEB 2 - 1902

It not infrequently happens that a man or woman who possesses some one talent to an uncommon degree is also endowed by nature in another direction. This dual ability is just revealed in the case of Mr. John Philip Sousa, who, after having won for himself a reputation as a writer of stirring and spirited march music, has now made his debut in the literary world. The Bowen-Merrill Company has just published a romantic novel by Mr. Sousa, entitled "The Fifth String," illustrated by Mr. Howard Chandler Christy. As the title implies, this is a musical novel, and has for its theme the story of a remarkable violin.

"The fifth string," by John Philip Sousa, the march king, is one of the latest books published by the Bowen-Merrill Co. of Indianapolis. Mr. Sousa's venture into literature is a short love story and tells of a wonderful violin with an extra string, which means death to the one who plays on it. The artist, Diotti, falls in love with an American girl, and finds that his music does not interest her. He leaves the country at once for the Bahamas, and there receives the violin, which has wonderful tone properties and the extra string, with its perpetual menace of death. Satan is the donor of the violin, and attaches no conditions to his gift. The violin wins the esteem of the beautiful American, who is told that Diotti never plays the fifth string because of a promise to another woman. Jealousy leads the woman to ask the artist to use the fatal string just after another had come to his death through ignorantly touching it.

The plot does not explain just why the artist could not tell his fiancée his secret,

and is also rather unconvincing in other respects. The artist luckless plays on the fifth string, after in vain begging to be let off, and drops dead. The book is handsomely illustrated by Howard Chandler Christy.

Newspaper Cutting Bureau in the World.

from Chronicle  
address CHICAGO,  
date FEB 3 - 1902

## Miscellaneous Books in Prose and Verse—Brief Literary Notes.

It is said that every person of any ambition at all has a novel in his head which he intends to produce sooner or later; that eventually the remarkable man or woman will be not the one who has produced a novel, but the one who has not. The public has hitherto associated John Philip Sousa with the baton. It was not known that he could wield the pen successfully. To the surprise of all he has written a dainty novelette which every lover of his music will read with pleasure and at the same time will admit that the gifted composer has more than one talent.

"The Fifth String," by John Philip Sousa (the Bowen-Merrill Company, Indianapolis), is the love story of a wonderful violinist, Diotti, who is willing to risk his life, not to say his soul, for the sake of a woman. Wonderful as his power, is his music does not waken emotion in the heart of the lady. She frankly tells him that she never hears a pianist, however great and famous, but she sees the little cream-colored hammers within the piano bobbing up and down like acrobatic brownies. She never hears the plaudits of the crowd for the artist but she mentally demands that these little acrobats shall appear to receive a part of the applause.

The artist is in despair. The enthusiasm of the public does not satisfy. He wants the lady's love. He betakes himself to the solitude of the Bahamas and vainly wooes the string for the love music that shall prove triumphant. At last in agony he exclaims: "It is of no use! If the God of heaven will not aid me I ask the prince of darkness to come!" And he comes. Satan begins apologetically, says that his reputation has suffered at the hands of irresponsible people, but that he is beginning to live it down. He tells Diotti that the trouble is with the violin; that he will furnish him with a better one. He then explains the peculiarity of the new violin. One string is that of pity, one is hope, another love and another joy. There is an extra string. It is the string of death. Whoever touches it dies at once. Satan tells him he need have no fear. His marvelous skill can easily avoid it. To cut it out would destroy all the others. It is wrapped with strands of hair from the head of the first mother of man.

The violin fulfills its mission. The lovely woman dies. The heart is a mass of joy.

which she has inherited. "Signor Diotti, jealousy is a more universal passion than love itself. Environment may develop our character, influence our tastes and even soften our features, but heredity determines the intensity of the two leading passions, love and jealousy." He begs Diotti to marry another. He says to him: "You are a dangerous man for a jealous woman-to-love. You are not a cloistered monk; you are a man before the public. You win the admiration of many. Some women do not hesitate to show their preference."

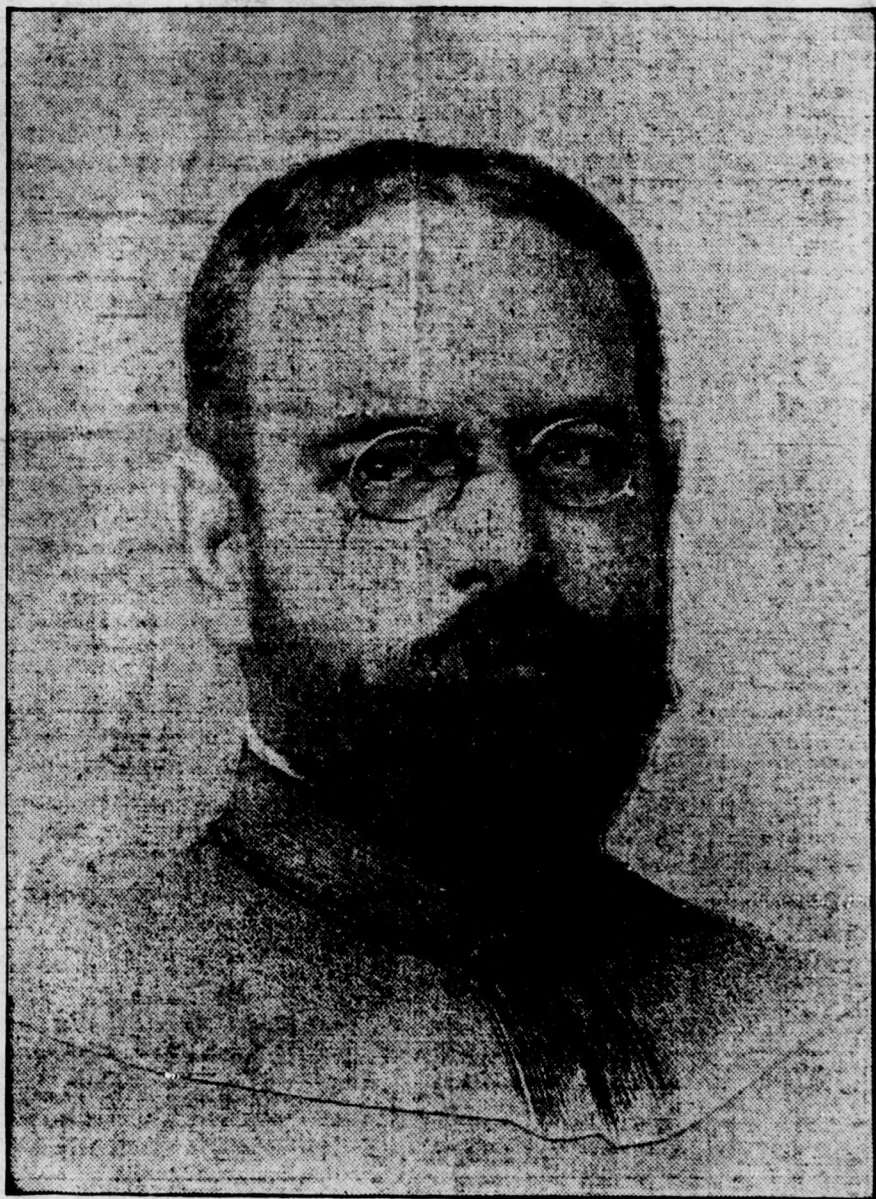
How the latent jealousy was aroused by that singular fifth string and how the same string proved the death of the artist when the lady insisted that he should evoke music from it for her sake is told in a delightful way, as if the violin and not the pen told the story.

The elegant and stately figures in Howard Chandler Christy's illustrations are in harmony with the general tone and character of the book. The Bowen-Merrill Company have done their part toward giving the novelette the artistic form it deserves.



CLUBS

## A ROMANCE BY SOUSA.



### The March King Makes His Advent as a Novelist.

The fact that John Philip Sousa has written a novel will be, to many people, almost, if not quite, as interesting as the novel itself. There are a great many surprising things about Sousa, but somehow or other nobody had happened to think of him in the light of a writer of fiction. Perhaps it was because a man who can do one thing

amazingly well is apt to think he has done enough for the world without trying to excel in any other line. Still, there are plenty of examples of the general law that brain power counts, in whatever direction it may be expended, and it appears that the March King was destined to furnish another.

"The Fifth String," as the book is

called, is not voluminous, but it is very dainty. The illustrations are by Howard Chandler Christy, the cover design is quaintly exquisite, and the publishers seem to have exhausted their skill in the way of binding and letter-press. It is one of the most attractive books of the season. All this one notes before reading a word. But it is in the reading that the real surprise begins.

Candidly, if this book had appeared anonymously, without any particular announcement, and without its very taking garb, it would have stood a chance of being one of the successes of the season. It is a romance of striking originality and power, and while the technical tricks of construction and style are conspicuously absent, it is the more convincing for that very reason. It is a new thing. It is unexpected. It is vivid and forceful, and more than all, it is fine. There is a delicacy in the conception which hints that the soul of the writer went into it. It reads not only like a story, but like a book which has a story. Whether it has or not, only Mr. Sousa can tell.

It would be stealing the delight of the book to outline the plot in anything like its fulness, but the hero is a young Italian violinist, who, on his first tour in America, meets a beautiful American girl, with whom he falls desperately in love. She confesses to him that she longs to feel the power of his music, but cannot, and that should he be able to touch her heart with his playing he will not only win her love, but free her soul from the strange lethargy in which it is held. By an undreamed of chance he comes into possession of the violin with "the fifth string," and through its means succeeds in awakening her to the power of his music and his love. The strange, almost grotesque tragedy which follows is handled with a daring and a delicacy which remind one of a Paganini solo played by a genius of the violin. The tale is full of music. It is the power of music translated into the terms of fiction. Sousa has done in fiction very much what Lanier did in poetry; he has told his story in an alien tongue—the tongue of the romance writer—while keeping still the charm and the power of the musician. It is this which makes the originality and the strength of his notion; it is this which makes one overlook all crudities—for such there are in the details—and think only of the weirdness of the situation and the passion of the romance. There has hardly been in American fiction so strange a mingling of the romantic and the realistic, the commonplace, everyday world, and the wildest fancy, as may be found in this little story of a violinist and his love. Not the least of its charms is the purity and nobility of the conception. It is the violin-voice in literature. It is likely to bring its author much added fame; but whether it does or not, he may well be glad that it is written. (Indianapolis: The Bowen-Merrill Company.)



m *Blade*  
ress *Toledo, O.*  
e *FEB 1 - 1902*

**A NOVEL BY THE "MARCH KING."**

John Philip Sousa, the "March King," has just made his debut into the literary field through the medium of a novel entitled, *The Fifth String*. His book is a tale of love and of a wonderful violin, the key of the story finding origin in the extra string of the violin.

Mr. Sousa's hero is Angelo Diotti, a renowned Tuscan violinist, who, on the occasion of his first introduction to New York society, falls desperately in love with a beautiful young woman named Mildred Wallace. Mildred is like a marble statue. Her emotions have never been thrilled by the art of mortal man,

the floor and cries in the agony of despair:

"It is of no use! If the God of heaven will not aid me, I ask the prince of darkness to come!"

His request is no sooner spoken than it is granted. His Satanic Majesty appears, and, taking a card from his case, hands it to the musician, who reads: "Satan," and in the lower left hand corner, "The Prince of Darkness."

Diotti is not yet lost, and he struggles against the evil one's offers of assistance, but finally succumbs to his blandishments and accepts the violin with the fatal fifth string. To sweep this

m *State Register*  
ress *Springfield, Ill.*  
e *FEB - 3 1902*

For years the world has recognized John Philip Sousa, one of its master musicians. He now appears before us in a new light as an author, in a weird love story just published by the Bowen-Merrill company of Indianapolis. Mr. Sousa's new story, *"The Fifth String,"* 1884. has an individuality. The inventive genius that has thrilled the world with his stirring strains has offered it now an unique romance, a story strong dramatic, filled with love and musical enchantment. Angelo Diotti, the hero, is represented as a world-famous Italian violinist, who, engaged for a season's performances in this country meets at a drawing room in New York Mildred Wallace, a "beauty in white" with whom he at first sight falls desperately in love. But he is unable to touch her heart or stir her emotions by his personal attractiveness or by the skill and fervor of his art. In despair—after his first public appearance, at which he captures his audience and satisfies the critics, but during which Mildred Wallace, who occupies a box sits unmoved and apparently indifferent to the artist and his art—Diotti flees to the Bahama Islands, where he devotes himself to seeking greater power of reaching the human soul through the enchanting strains of his instrument. Failing to satisfy himself, he dashes his instrument, a rare Stradavarius, to the floor, where it lies at his foot a wreck. At this moment Mephistopheles appears, and offers him a violin which he represents as one he used himself, before he took his departure over the battlements of the celestial city. The peculiarity of this instrument was its "Fifth String," which gives the title to the story. There was no conditions asked or given for the acceptance of this instrument, but Diotti was assured that with its divine music he could win any woman's love. The key of the story finds origin in this extra string on the violin, and with it a new theme comes into the range of the instrument, and a new theme comes into literature. How the artist returned to New York, again appeared before the public and exhibited greater dramatic power, softened the apparently impregnable heart of the woman he loved, how her jealousy was aroused by the "Fifth String," which was covered with a woman's hair, and how the artist proved his constancy, even to death, are woven with intensity and delicacy into the unique and passionate romance.

The story is illustrated by Howard Chandler Christy, who has set the characters before the eye bewitchingly.



"I SEE EACH IVORY KEY BOBBING UP AND DOWN."  
—From *The Fifth String*. Copyright, The Bowen-Merrill Co.

though she longs to be moved. Concerning her coldness she says, while leaning lightly against a pillar by a fountain: "I never hear a pianist, however great and famous, but I see the little cream-colored hammers within the piano bobbing up and down like acrobatic brownies. I never hear the plaudits of the crowd for the artist and watch him return to bow his thanks, but I mentally demand that these little acrobats, each resting on an individual pedestal, and weary from his efforts, shall appear to receive a share of the applause."

When I listen to a great singer, trilling like a thrush, scampering over the scales, I see a clumsy lot of ah, ah, ah, awkwardly, uncertainly ambling up and down the scale. Were it not for us

with his bow means death to the player. After selling his soul to the devil for the love of a woman, the violinist returns to New York and his distracted manager. His glorious music touches the responsive chord in the soul of Miss Wallace and she becomes his "drooping Clytie." For a time, life is a dream of bliss to the lovers; the trouble begins with the young woman's mother-of-fact father discovers the condition of affairs. He calls in consultation a family friend, a meddlesome old gentleman, who cunningly proceeds to sow the seeds of discord. Soon the fifth string begins to get in its deadly work. Jealousy and suspicion goad the heroine into forcing her lover to play on the fatal string. The result is a tragedy, and the death of the hero.

When I listen to a great singer, trilling like a thrush, scampering over the scales, I see a clumsy lot of ah, ah, ah, awkwardly, uncertainly ambling up and down the scale. Were it not for us

When I listen to a great singer, trilling like a thrush, scampering over the scales, I see a clumsy lot of ah, ah, ah, awkwardly, uncertainly ambling up and down the scale. Were it not for us

When I listen to a great singer, trilling like a thrush, scampering over the scales, I see a clumsy lot of ah, ah, ah, awkwardly, uncertainly ambling up and down the scale. Were it not for us

m *Argonaut*  
ress *San Francisco, Cal.*  
e *FEB 3 1902*

John Philip Sousa, the popular "March King," has written a story of a wonderful violin, which he calls "The Fifth String."



Newspaper Cutting Bureau in the World.

From

SENTINEL

Address

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

# "The Fifth String"



Copyright, 1902, by The Bowen-Merrill Co.

"I see each ivory key bobbing up and down."



# SOUSA'S WEIRD, TRAGIC NOVEL, ENTITLED "THE FIFTH STRING"

(By Albert E. Hunt.)

John Philip Sousa, novelist, if you please. Yes, the March King, like a monarch of remoter times, is seeking new fields for conquest. He has written a book—and had it published, too. Not an abstruse treatise on phrase and timbre, rhythm and counterpoint, but a romance—a real, human, throbbing love story.

Of course, there is music in it. Indeed, the theme is essentially musical. That was to have been expected. But it isn't at all technical. There is no display of professional learning—no lecturing—and there is plenty of plot; so much of it that the reading, when once you begin, is a continuous passage from the title page to finish.

In the first place, it is a weird and tragic tale—the last thing in the world you would have expected from the pen that has set the whole world whistling. It is almost Poe-esque. At the same time, it is altogether and undeniably original.

## THE FIFTH IS DEATH.

"The Fifth String" is the title. There is a Tuscan violinist, Diotti, who comes to America and falls in love with a beautiful woman who is apparently barren of all emotional feeling. His marvelous playing, which sets the populace mad with enthusiasm, leaves her unmoved. Diotti believes that somewhere in his violin is hidden the message that could awaken her, but he seeks it in vain. It is evident that a force beyond the power of man is needed.

Eventually, in despair, he calls upon the devil for aid. The response, as usual, is prompt. Satan appears with a violin. It has five strings. Four of them are Pity, Hope, Love and Joy. The fifth is Death. This string is made up of the extra lengths of the other four, and it is woven from a strand of the hair of the "first mother of man," who brought death into the world.

With the four strings, Satan tells him he may conquer the world, "and more—win a woman's love," but to play upon the fifth means instant death. Yet, to cut it off would mean the destruction of the others—of pity, hope, love and joy, "which end in death, and through death are born again."

## AN OBVIOUS MORAL.

With this instrument of infernal magic Diotti awakes the love of his lady, but with it a jealousy that drives her to the extremes of feeling, and finally urges him to sweep the fifth string with his bow and end all.

The moral is obvious; but isn't it a strange one to come from one of Sousa's lively optimism? Isn't it at striking variance with his swinging, rollicking music? One wonders how he came to write it.

I asked him yesterday. He was

doubled up in a big armchair in his room at the Walton, his legs tucked under him, tailor fashion. There was a cigar in his hand, and he used it like a baton, to emphasize his points.

## MUSIC'S HYPNOTISM.

"The idea of the story has been in my mind quite a little while," he said in that soft, almost boyish voice that is not so familiar as the voice of his melodic muse. "Every musician, I suppose, has the dream side of music in his nature. I don't know whether the listeners are ever awe-stricken by a composition, but I do know that the composer, while drawing out his themes and melodies, is often in something like a hypnotic state.

"That's the way it was with this story. I dug it out of my head, and it's as much mine as the nose on my face. I got to work on it at Manhattan Beach last summer, and it came like an inspiration. I didn't have the slightest trouble with it, but I worked at it very carefully, and was at it up to the fall."

"Where did you get your curious heroine?"

"Oh," said Sousa, with a glow behind the gold-rimmed glasses. "She's a composite. She is absolutely American, you understand, and I know the American girls. I think I know as many as any man and I love them all." He laughed.

"Let me read my description of her." He did so, with an enthusiasm in his own work which was delightful to see—a sort of impersonal enthusiasm without a shade of vainglory in it.

## DANGEROUS FOR THE WOMAN.

"There. The methods of thought in music and literature are much the same I guess. I lived with these people of mine all summer—in imagination, you know—and I got to know them so well that they just put themselves into type."

I bethought me of a lure to get him to talk on a world-old and universally new problem.

"Apropos of your story," I said, "do you think it wise for persons of highly artistic temperament to marry?"

"Well, it's dangerous for the woman if she's too sentimental and loves the man too well. Dangerous for her happiness, I mean. It's as hard for her to separate the professional from the domestic. A man before the public, whether he's actor, writer, musician or minister, is not admired for what he is, but for what he does. A woman of that kind doesn't understand this, and she resents it, or, if she doesn't, it means continual explanations, which make for unhappiness just as much.

"The artistic temperament is all right. It's human. Of course, if it makes a man love himself too much there's trouble, but he would make a woman unhappy if he were a store clerk."

## TEMPTATIONS EVERYWHERE.

"How about the alleged temptations of the stage?"

"Temptations—rot!" and he puffed a cloud of derision. "There are no more temptations than anywhere else, and the life is no more irrational. I can go into any cafe at night in any big city in the world, and pick out all kinds of people. The tainted ones in our profession are tainted before they come into it.

"Now, I don't mean that my profession is better than every other, but it's no worse. In fact, I think that it's the one of all least open to censure. In nearly every other walk of life the people who follow it are of one strata. You can find on the same stage a daughter of a rich man and a daughter of a poor man side by side—a girl brought up in high society and another from the slums.

"It is foolish and dangerous for any one to find fault with the drama. I heard a minister preach against it once. His words were altogether untrue, founded on ignorance. That same week a girl of 19 called at my house. She had a voice and wanted to go on the stage. She was the daughter of this minister, and he couldn't make enough to support her. She went on the stage and became one of its ornaments, for she was a beautiful character."

## HARPING UPON "FIFTH STRING."

"Are you going to write any more books?" I asked, when we had exhausted the other topic.

"Yes, indeed; I'm going to write about my boyhood days."

This brought him back to "The Fifth String," and presently he was harping upon it with delicious naivete. That is the only word. I had him read the passages he liked best, and always he would look up and say:

"Now, how do you like that? Did I bring out that point?" or "I think that's pretty good; don't you?"

It is a "pretty good" book. Read it. There is good philosophy and good feeling in it. And it is not all gloomy. There's a passage, for instance, in

which Sousa shows expert knowledge of the chemistry of a "hot toddy." He is human, as he said.

All the time we were together he was so rapt, heart and soul, in the book that he was "out" to every card that came up. I was not at the concert last night, but I'm satisfied that he played a couple of chapters of "The Fifth String."

from *American*  
address *Nashville Tenn.*  
FEB 3 - 1902

JOHN PHILIP SOUSA, master of melody, has made use of the intervals between baton-waving and composing to write a book. In its plot music plays the important part, which is as it should be, for the man who would write a novel should know his music on scene and not go blundering about with properties that are strange. But if, being accustomed to Sousa's "waltz time" method of music, you expect something of the same sort in his book, you are to be disappointed. Gentle and passionate by turns, the story moves the deeper sentiments rather than the surface ones of laughter and keen enjoyment. There is a feeling of complete satisfaction following its perusal, but it is that sort of satisfaction which comes from seeing a finely-acted tragedy. There is nothing morbid about the book, however; it is simple an earnest tale, told in an original, bizarre way, and it is safe to predict a wide reading for it by those who prefer something that will endure.

Mr. Sousa's book is called "The Fifth String," and its hero is Angelo Diotti, young, handsome and ardent, who comes from Tuscany to America to give a violin concert tour. His fame as a player has preceded him, and he is shown some social attention before his concert. At a reception he meets Mildred Wallace and falls in love with her on the spot. The girl has never experienced an emotion that has even ruffled the surface of her nature. On the night of his concert Diotti plays directly to her, and while the rest of the house acclaims him, she remains cold and unmoved by the harmony of his music. In despair he disappears from New York and goes to Bahama, with the intention of studying his instrument until he shall be able to draw from it such a concord of sweet sounds that Mildred's heart must awaken. His work leaves him so completely disheartened that one day in despair he cries out that he would make a compact with Satan himself if the devil would but teach him to play so that he can win the girl's love. At the words Satan appears. The dialogue that ensues is the best in the story. Satan proves to be a thoroughly gentlemanly fellow, and by no means inclined to drive a hard bargain. He persuades Diotti to accept a violin from him, which, he assures the violinist, will give him his heart's desire. The violin has five strings. Four of the strings are attuned to pity, love, hope and joy, while the fifth and center string is the string of death. Satan warns Diotti that if he ever plays on this middle string at that moment he will die. The fatal cord is wrapped around with a strand from the hair of Eve, and stands out black and prominent from the other strings. The violinist returns to New York, the instrument fulfills Satan's promise, and Mildred loves. Her rich father opposes her marriage with a mere public player, and his partner succeeds in instilling jealous doubts into Mildred's mind over the string wrapped in hair. The old man carries Diotti home with him to spend the night, and while the musician sleeps, he takes the violin and plays upon it. The death string kills him, but the seeds of mistrust in the girl's mind flourish. She accuses Diotti of having a sweetheart in Italy and demands that he either cut the center string out or play upon it, under penalty of their separation. He tries to reason with her in vain, and that evening, at a public concert, in response to her furious demands, he draws his bow across the hair-covered cord and dies.

Mr. Sousa's heroine is a very clever bit of work in the line of developing the female character. As we have said, she is introduced as a girl of calm and emotionless character; but Diotti's love changes all this, as this extract shows: "Day after day he came; they told their love, their hopes, their ambitions. She assumed absolute proprietorship in him. She gloried in her possession. "He was born into the world, nurtured in infancy, trained in childhood, for one express purpose—to be hers alone. Her ownership ranged from absolute despotism to humble slavery, and he was happy through it all. "One day she said: 'Angelo, is it your purpose to follow your profession always?' "Necessarily, it is my livelihood," he replied. "But do you not think that after we stand at the altar, we never should be separated?" "We will be together always," said he, holding her face between his palms, and looking with tender expression into her inquiring eyes. "But I notice that women cluster around you after your concerts—and shake your hand longer than they should—and talk to you longer than they should—and go away looking self-satisfied," she replied, brokenly, much as a little girl tells of the theft of her doll. "Nonsense," he said smiling, "that is all part of my profession; it is not me they care for, it is the music I give that makes them happy. If, in my playing, I achieve results out of the common they admire me," and he kissed away the unwelcome tears. "I know," she continued, "but lately, since we have loved each other, I cannot bear to see a woman near you. In my dreams again and again an indelible shadow mockingly comes and cries to me, 'he is not to be yours, he is to be mine.'" "Diotti flushed and drew her to him. "Darling," his voice was carrying conviction, "I am yours, you are mine, all in all, in life here and beyond." And as she sat dreaming after he had gone, she murmured petulantly, "I wish there were no other women in the world."

"And in the scene where she gives her lover his choice whether to play on the fifth string or to lose her: "Love me? Bah! And another woman's tresses sacred to you? Another woman's pledge sacred to you? I asked you to remove the string; you refused. I ask you now to play upon it; you refuse," and she paced the room like a caged tigress. "I will watch you to-night when you play," she flashed. "If you do not use that string we part forever." "He stood before her and attempted to take her hand; she repulsed him savagely. "Sadly, then, he asked: 'And if I do play upon it?' "I am yours forever—yours through life—through eternity," she cried passionately. The "Fifth String," mechanically, is a notable book. Howard Chandler Christy's illustrations are the most beautiful examples of this great artist's work; and a design by G. Alden Pierson is stamped upon an especial cloth cover of superior finish. (The Bowen-Merrill Company, Indianapolis, publishers.)



## SOUSA AS AN AUTHOR.

The Bandmaster's First Venture in the Field of Fiction Has Just Been Published.

84.

Bandmaster John Philip Sousa has written a book, or, more properly speaking, a story published in book form, and, in the language of the day, it is now up to the public to discover any valid reason Mr. Sousa may have for assuming the responsibility of authorship in this form.

Fresh from the press of the Bowen-Merrill Company, the march king's first published story is presented in a neat cloth binding and with an eye-catching cover design. "The Fifth String" is the title, and a curiosity-stimulating title it is, because the story relates to the fifth string of a violin and no one knows better than the author of the story that all normal, properly equipped violins have only four strings.

The story deals with a strenuous love theme, in fact, there is nothing else but an ardent intensity of feeling between a Tuscan violinist, a genius of the highest order, who comes to America to add to his fame and fortune, and the charming daughter of a New York banker. A book of 125 pages, with large type and wide margins, the story is brief, compared to the novel of average size, but Mr. Sousa has not taxed the patience of the reader with detail in character drawing, analysis of motive or description. He gets to the heart of his subject at once and in general form his story might be likened to a tone poem dominated by the emotional ecstasy of intense feeling.

On page one the hero is introduced. He meets the heroine on page four and page five finds them wandering into the conservatory, maintaining a conversation in this strain:

"A desire for happiness is our common heritage," he was saying in his richly melodious voice.

"But to define what constitutes happiness

is very difficult," she replied.

"Not necessarily," he went on; "if the motive is clearly within our grasp, the attainment is possible."

"For example?" she asked.

"The miser is happy when he hoards his gold; the philanthropist when he distributes his. The attainment is identical, but the motives are antipodal."

"Then one possessing sufficient motives could be happy without end?" she suggested doubtfully.

"That is my theory. The Niobe of old had happiness within her power."

Gradually this conversation grows more personal and leads up to his remark:

"Perhaps, some day, one will come who can sing a song of perfect love in perfect tones, and your soul will be attuned to his melody."

"Perhaps—and good night," she softly said, leaving his arm and joining her friends, who accompanied her to the carriage.

Within the scope of this first brief chapter the author suggests the motive for his story. The place of meeting was at a reception the night before the violinist Diotti's debut. When, at his concert, he notes the presence of the beautiful Miss Wallace, whom he had met the evening before, he is filled with a desire to reach her heart through the power of his genius and witchery of his art. But although the multitude are enraptured and he scores a great hit, she is unmoved. And so this violin genius, desperately infatuated, loses his head and, disappointed at his failure to awaken the soul of his fair charmer, he disappears. He turns up on the Island of Bahama, where in despairing mood he invokes the aid of Satan, who responds to the call and gives him a wonderful violin with five strings. Just why it was necessary to go so far from New York to find Satan does not appear. The violin with the extra string has wonderful power. The extra string is in the middle and must not be played upon under any circumstances, as the result would be fatal. In their possibilities of tonal expression the other four strings are the incarnation of pity, hope, joy and love.

Diotti returns to New York and becomes a conquering hero in the eyes of the girl he loves, besides commanding as before the enthusiastic admiration of the crowd. Papa objects to the match, but Mildred is devoted to herself, until her curiosity is aroused regarding her lover's violin. Why is there a fifth string? Possibly (as suggested by an amiable friend of papa's, who is trying to break up the match), it is made of hair from the head of a former object of the violinist's affection. Mildred keeps up her questioning a la Elsa in "Lohengrin" to the point of insisting that Diotti shall play upon the fifth string or forfeit his claim to her affection.

The story makes no pretense to literary quality, is quite commonplace in its fictional aspect, and on the whole is quite absurd. One could hardly suspect that Mr. Sousa would write such a story. Those who wish him well will never advise him, on the strength of it, to desert musical composition to devote himself to literature. The book is cleverly illustrated by Howard Chandler Christy.



"IF YOU DO NOT PLAY UPON IT, WE SEPARATE FOREVER."  
(From "The Fifth String.")

Newspaper Cutting Bureau in the World.

From

Address

Date

from **TRIPLEX BUREAU**  
Address **ATLANTA, GA.**

### Musical Love Story.

John Phillip Sousa, the March King, has written a story—a story of love and of a wonderful violin. The key of the story finds origin in the extra key on the violin, a new theme comes into the range of the instrument, a new theme comes into literature. Mr. Sousa has called his book "The Fifth String." Howard Chandler Christy has illustrated the book.

Sousa, the great band master, has written a novel, "The Fifth String," a tale of a magic violin. Persons who think of him only as a musician and a composer are not aware that he is a writer of prose and verse of high order.

ORK, 1884

POST

FEB 6

POINTS ABOUT PEOPLE.

Sousa has turned novelist, his first romance, which he has named "The Fifth String," being a musical love story of a great violinist and a beautiful American girl, a magic violin and its secret.



POST  
rom  
address  
ate

#### SOUSA'S NOVEL.

What the Bandmaster Has to Say About It.

(A. E. Hunt, in Philadelphia North American.)

John Philip Sousa, novelist, if you please. Yes, the march king, like a monarch of remoter times, is seeking new fields for conquest. He has written a book—and had it published, too. Not an abstruse treatise on phrase and timber, rhythm and counterpoint, but a romance—a real, human, throbbing love story.

Of course, there is music in it. Indeed, the theme is essentially musical. That was to have been expected. But it isn't at all technical. There is no display of professional learning—no lecturing—and there is plenty of plot; so much of it that the reading, when once you begin, is a continuous passage from the title page to the end.

In the first place, it is a weird and tragic tale—the last thing in the world you would have expected from the pen that has set the whole world whistling. It is almost Poe-esque. At the same time, it is altogether and undeniably original.

I asked him recently. He was doubled up in a big arm chair in his room at the Walton, his legs tucked under him, tailor fashion. There was a cigar in his hand, and he used it like a baton, to emphasize his points.

"The idea of the story has been in my mind quite a little while," he said in that soft, almost boyish voice that is not so familiar as the voice of his melodic muse. "Every musician, I suppose, has the dream side of music in his nature. I don't know whether the listeners are ever awestricken by a composition, but I do know that the composer, while drawing out his themes and melodies, is often in something like a hypnotic state.

"That's the way it was with this story. I dug it out of my head, and it's as much mine as the nose on my face. I got to work on it at Manhattan Beach last summer, and it came like an inspiration. I didn't have the slightest trouble with it, but I worked at it very carefully, and was it up to the fall."

"Where did you get your curious heroine?"

"Oh," said Sousa, with a glow behind his gold-rimmed glasses. "She's a composite. She is absolutely American, you understand, and I know the American girl. I think I know as many as any."

Free Press  
Detroit Mich  
FEB - 8 1902

#### THE FIFTH STRING.

"The Fifth String" is a fanciful musical romance by John Philip Sousa, the celebrated bandmaster. The story is so light and airy, the manner of its telling so graceful and charming that we will not deprive its prospective readers of even a fraction of their joy and appreciation by hinting at the characters or the plot. Suffice to say that it turns upon man's devotion to the woman he loves and her unreasonable jealousy, and that few will grudge the hour spent upon it. The volume itself is very prettily made, having fine paper and wide margins, beautifully clear print and illustrations by Howard Chandler Christy. "The Fifth String" is one of the handsomest books the Bowen-Merrill company of Indianapolis has put out in some time, and it certainly appeals to the

AK, 1884.

SUN

LEWISTON, ME

WILLIAM MORRIS.

Mr. Sousa's first attempt in fiction may be best described as a sort of mediaeval legend in a modern society setting. The central figure is a violinist, one of those phenomenal geniuses who

sway their audience as they will, moving them alternately to tears and laughter, misery and joy. There is just one woman in the world whom his most inspired music cannot reach, for her heart is not yet awakened; and beside this failure his other triumphs seem as nothing, for she is the woman whom he loves. Like Faust, he invokes the devil's aid, in his despair, and receives in answer a magic violin, a strange, uncanny instrument, the strings of which are severally attuned to hope, love, pity and sorrow, while there is an extra string, the "fifth string," which is the string of death. It is formed from the ends of the other four, and interwoven with strands of a woman's hair. To remove it would destroy the instrument; to play upon it would bring death to the musician. The first time that she hears this magic instrument, the soul of the woman awakens, as the artist brings forth wondrous chords, never heard before, from the strings of hope, and pity, and love; his skilful fingers carefully shunning the fatal middle string. But with the dawn of love in her heart, there awakens also jealousy—jealousy of the unknown woman whose black hair forms the mysterious fifth string which the artist's fingers so carefully avoid. Insistently she urges him to play upon it and eventually by her insistence brings about the tragedy which ends the story. (Indianapolis: The Bowen-Merrill Company.)

ISS

Milwaukee Wis  
FEB - 8 1902

John Philip Sousa—in hoc signo vinces. This is evidently the spirit in which the publishers are advertising the short story entitled "The Fifth String," by that eminent bandmaster and composer of popular marches. Because a man by the judicious effort in one direction attains to financial success, his name is thought one to conjure by in whatever he may set his hand to, and he is thought to have nothing to do but reach forth his hand to gather literary laurels to add to his musical crown. The story in question might "pass in a crowd," as the common phrase goes, that is, it might be accepted and even win a minor prize in some periodical, but there is absolutely nothing about it to warrant its pretentious setting forth. It deals with the rather trite theme of his satanic majesty and the forfeit soul, brought down to date. It is handsomely printed in bold-face type on thick paper, well illustrated by Howard Chandler Christy, padded out, as it were, to form a book that would otherwise be but a leaflet. For those who buy a book for the title and appearance the volume is very attractive. The making of the book is very creditable to the publishers, the Bowen-Merrill Company, Indianapolis.

Newspaper Cutting Bureau in the World.

News  
Baltimore Md  
Feb 5 - 1902

John Philip Sousa, the popular composer and orchestra leader, has written a musical romance called "The Fifth String." The hero of its pages is, as one might expect, a musician. His name is Diotti, and the instrument by which he wins the plaudits of the public is the violin. Diotti falls in love at first sight with a Miss Mildred Wallace, "only child of one of New York's prominent bankers," and a young woman of particularly skeptical views concerning art and its achievements. Here is a part of the conversation that takes place between the two on their first meeting:

#### THE "MARCH KING" AS NOVELIST.

"Still, man, has won the admiration of man by his achievements," he said. "Alas! for me," she sighed; "I have not felt it." "Surely you have been stirred by the wonders man has accomplished in music's realm?" Diotti ventured. "I never have been." She spoke sadly and reflectively.

"But does not the passion-laden theme of a master, or the marvelous feeling of a player awaken your emotions?" persisted he.

"She stood leaning lightly against a pillar by the fountain. 'I never hear a pianist, however great and famous, but see the little cream-colored hammers within the piano bobbing up and down like acrobatic brownies. I never hear the plaudits of the crowd for the artist and watch him return to bow his thanks, but I mentally demand that these little acrobats, each resting on an individual pedestal, and weary from his efforts, shall appear to receive a share of the applause.'"

Surely Miss Mildred Wallace, "only child of one of New York's prominent bankers," proved herself to be a very discouraging person for a musician to fall in love with, and one is not greatly surprised that Diotti, in despair of winning this emotional young person by ordinary means, listens, like Faust, to the temptations of the Evil One. "The Fifth String" reminds one a little of certain of the "Weird Tales" by that fantastical German, Ernest Theodore Wilhelm Hoffman. The book is agreeably illustrated by Howard Chandler Christy. (The Bowen-Merrill Company, Indianapolis.)

E. A. U. VALENTINE.

The First Established and Most Complete Newspaper Cutting Bureau in the World.

Address

SOUSA IN A NEW ROLE.  
New York, Feb. 8.—John Philip Sousa's musical novel, "The Fifth String," is taken by his admirers as another proof of the leader-composer's versatility. It has just been published in book form. Illustrated by Howard Chandler Christy, it is an attractive volume—the unique cover preparing the reader for the unusual character of the contents. A weird mixture of latter-day existence with interesting mythology, "The Fifth String" is the natural product of its author's artistic temperament. The plot, which is drawn sharply, yet mellowed by an absorbing undercurrent of mysticism, deals with a wonderful violin, a mighty passion and a temptation so strange as in itself almost to constitute the leit motif. Mr. Christy's illustrations embrace six full-page drawings in the text.



rom  
address  
ate

POST

SOUSA'S NOVEL.

What the Bandmaster Has to Say About It.

(A. E. Hunt, in Philadelphia North American.)

John Philip Sousa, novelist, if you please. Yes, the march king, like a monarch of remoter times, is seeking new fields for conquest. He has written a book—and had it published, too. Not an abstruse treatise on phrase and timber, rhythm and counterpoint, but a romance—a real, human, throbbing love story.

Of course, there is music in it. Indeed, the theme is essentially musical. That was to have been expected. But it isn't at all technical. There is no display of professional learning—no lecturing—and there is plenty of plot; so much of it that the reading, when once you begin, is a continuous passage from the title page to finish.

In the first place, it is a weird and tragic tale—the last thing in the world you would have expected from the pen that has set the whole world whistling. It is almost Poe-esque. At the same time, it is altogether and undeniably original.

I asked him recently. He was doubled up in a big arm chair in his room at the Walton, his legs tucked under him, tailor fashion. There was a cigar in his hand, and he used it like a baton, to emphasize his points.

"The idea of the story has been in my mind quite a little while," he said in that soft, almost boyish voice that is not so familiar as the voice of his melodic muse. "Every musician, I suppose, has the dream side of music in his nature. I don't know whether the listeners are ever awestricken by a composition, but I do know that the composer, while drawing out his themes and melodies, is often in something like a hypnotic state.

"That's the way it was with this story. I dug it out of my head, and it's as much mine as the nose on my face. I got to work on it at Manhattan Beach last summer, and it came like an inspiration. I didn't have the slightest trouble with it, but I worked at it very carefully, and was it up to the fall."

"Where did you get your curious heroine?"

"Oh," said Sousa, with a glow behind his gold-rimmed glasses. "She's a composite. She is absolutely American, you understand, and I know the American girls. I think I know as many as any man and love them all." He laughed.

"Let me read my description of her." He did so, with an enthusiasm in his own work which was delightful to see—a sort of impersonal enthusiasm without a shade of vainglory in it.

the celebrated bandmaster... so light and airy, the manner of... so graceful and charming... will not deprive its prospective... of even a fraction of their joy... appreciation by hinting at the characters or the plot. Suffice to say that it turns upon man's devotion to the woman he loves and her unreasonable jealousy, and that few will grudge the hour spent upon it. The volume itself is very prettily made, having fine paper and wide margins, beautifully clear print and illustrations by Howard Chandler Christy. "The Fifth String" is one of the handsomest books the Bowen-Merrill company of Indianapolis has put out in some time and it certainly appeals to the...

K. 1884.

SUN

LEWISTON, ME

WILLIAM MORRIS.

Mr. Sousa's first attempt in fiction may be best described as a sort of mediaeval legend in a modern society setting. The central figure is a violinist, one of those phenomenal geniuses who sway their audience as they will, moving them alternately to tears and laughter, misery and joy. There is just one woman in the world whom his most inspired music cannot reach, for her heart is not yet awakened; and beside this failure his other triumphs seem as nothing, for she is the woman whom he loves. Like Faust, he invokes the devil's aid, in his despair, and receives in answer a magic violin, a strange, uncanny instrument, the strings of which are severally attuned to hope, love, pity and sorrow, while there is an extra string, the "fifth string," which is the string of death. It is formed from the ends of the other four, and interwoven with strands of a woman's hair. To remove it would destroy the instrument; to play upon it would bring death to the musician. The first time that she hears this magic instrument, the soul of the woman awakens, as the artist brings forth wondrous chords, never heard before, from the strings of hope, and pity, and love; his skilful fingers carefully shunning the fatal middle string. But with the dawn of love in her heart, there awakens also jealousy—jealousy of the unknown woman whose black hair forms the mysterious fifth string which the artist's fingers so carefully avoid. Insistently she urges him to play upon it, and eventually by her insistence brings about the tragedy which ends the story. (Indianapolis: The Bowen-Merrill Company.)

ess

Mason  
Milwaukee, Wis

FEB - 8 1902

John Philip Sousa—in hoc signo vinces. This is evidently the spirit in which the publishers are advertising the short story entitled "The Fifth String," by that eminent bandmaster and composer of popular marches. Because a man by the judicious effort in one direction attains to financial success, his name is thought one to conjure by in whatever he may set his hand to, and he is thought to have nothing to do but reach forth his hand to gather literary laurels to add to his musical crown. The story in question might "pass in a crowd," as the common phrase goes, that is, it might be accepted and even win a minor prize in some periodical, but there is absolutely nothing about it to warrant its pretentious setting forth. It deals with the rather trite theme of his satanic majesty and the forfeit soul, brought down to date. It is handsomely printed in bold-face type on thick paper, well illustrated by Howard Chandler Christy, padded out, as it were, to form a book that would otherwise be but a leaflet. For those who buy a book for the title and appearance the volume is very attractive. The making of the book is very creditable to the publishers, the Bowen-Merrill Company, Indianapolis.

Newspaper Cutting Bureau in the World.

News  
Baltimore Ind.  
Feb 5 1902

John Philip Sousa, the popular composer and orchestra leader, has written a musical romance called "The Fifth String." The hero of its pages is, as one might expect, a musician. His name is Diotti, and the instrument by which he wins the plaudits of the public is the violin. Diotti falls in love at first sight with a Miss Mildred Wallace, "only child of one of New York's prominent bankers," and a young woman of particularly skeptical views concerning art and its achievements. Here is a part of the conversation that takes place between the two on their first meeting:

THE "MARCH KING" AS NOVELIST.

"Still, man, has won the admiration of man by his achievements," he said. "Alas! for me," she sighed; "I have not felt it."

"Surely you have been stirred by the wonders man has accomplished in music's realm?" Diotti ventured. "I never have been." She spoke sadly and reflectively.

"But does not the passion-laden theme of a master, or the marvelous feeling of a player awaken your emotions?" persisted he.

"She stood leaning lightly against a pillar by the fountain. 'I never hear a pianist, however great and famous, but see the little cream-colored hammers within the piano bobbing up and down like acrobatic brownies. I never hear the plaudits of the crowd for the artist and watch him return to bow his thanks, but I mentally demand that these little acrobats, each resting on an individual pedestal, and weary from his efforts, shall appear to receive a share of the applause.'"

Surely Miss Mildred Wallace, "only child of one of New York's prominent bankers," proved herself to be a very discouraging person for a musician to fall in love with, and one is not greatly surprised that Diotti, in despair of winning this emotional young person by ordinary means, listens, like Faust, to the temptations of the Evil One. "The Fifth String" reminds one a little of certain of the "Weird Tales" by that fantastical German, Ernest Theodore Wilhelm Hoffman. The book is agreeably illustrated by Howard Chandler Christy. (The Bowen-Merrill Company, Indianapolis.)

E. A. U. VALENTINE.

The First Established and Most Complete Newspaper Cutting Bureau in the World.

Address

BY MISS LOTTUS.

SOUSA IN A NEW ROLE. New York, Feb. 8.—John Philip Sousa's musical novel, "The Fifth String," is taken by his admirers as another proof of the leader-composer's versatility. It has just been published in book form. Illustrated by Howard Chandler Christy, it is an attractive volume—the unique cover preparing the reader for the unusual character of the contents. A weird mixture of latter-day existence with interesting mythology, "The Fifth String" is the natural product of its author's artistic temperament. The plot, which is drawn sharply, yet mellowed by an absorbing undercurrent of mysticism, deals with a wonderful violin, a mighty passion and a temptation so strange as in itself almost to constitute the leit motif. Mr. Christy's illustrations embrace six full-page drawings in ink and color.



STAR

ress

# NOVELS BY NEW HANDS.

John Phillip Sousa, the March King, in popular parlance, just returned from a triumphal tour of European courts and countries, has been seeking for another ring of laurel to deck his brow, and has entered the courts of literature with a romance, "The Fifth String."



SOUSA.

The new book is really a fantasia, with a world-renowned violinist as the hero, and Lucifer, the Prince of Darkness, one of the characters necessary to the development of the drama. It was with the violin which his friend from the underworld had brought with him from Heaven above, that the violinist won the maiden's heart; the fifth string on that violin was made from the hair of the lady who lived in the Garden of Eden.

"The Fifth String" is published by the Bowen-Merrill company, Indianapolis. Mention should be made of the very attractive cover, which was designed by G. Alden Pierson.

m Transcript  
BOSTON, MASS.  
ress  
e FEB 5 1902

## The Fifth String

John Phillip Sousa is a man of inexhaustible energy. Not content with an almost world-wide fame as a musician and composer of marches, he attempted some years ago the score of an opera. Led on by his success in this venture, he next applied himself to the writing of both the libretto and the music to a comic opera called "The Bride Elect," and therewith gained the renewed approval of the populace. At last he comes forward in the proud guise of an author, his story being the romance of a few months in the life of a distinguished violinist who falls madly in love with an American girl during his first American tour. This violinist, Diotti by name, is as handsome as a Greek god and withal a wonderful musician. But his playing has not sufficient soul to satisfy the girl who has stricken him. She is present at his first

concert, and although the great audience waxes wild over him she sits unmoved and refuses to applaud. When the hour for the next concert comes, the violinist has vanished. Thereupon the scene of the story is shifted to one of the Bahama Islands, where the disconsolate Diotti is seeking through uninterrupted practice to increase his mastery of the violin to the point where his playing will enthrall the girl of his heart. Weeks pass, and he can see no progress. Finally, dashing the violin to the floor, he exclaims: "It is of no use! If the God of heaven will not aid me, I ask the prince of darkness to come." Whereupon a "tall, rather spare, but well-made and handsome man appeared at the door." The reader soon learns that this gentleman is none other than Satan himself. He brings forth a wonderful violin which is equipped with a fifth string, "the string of death." If but touched for an instant with the bow, the player dies. But Diotti takes the risk, and returning to civilization, woos and wins the maiden through the influence of the skill given him by the magic violin. But there is death in the string! The outcome of the tale we leave to those who read Mr. Sousa's romance. They will find it well worth the reading.

For a first piece of fiction—if indeed it be Mr. Sousa's first—"The Fifth String" is certainly an excellent piece of work. Its author naturally has not a complete control of his art. He evolves an imaginative and weird plot, but he does not always handle it with skill. The real and unreal frequently mix in incongruous proportions and with too sudden violence. The naive introduction of Satan, to which we have referred, is an instance of Mr. Sousa's weakness and of a deficiency in his sense of humor. The appearance of Satan should be impressive; instead, it is comic. Mr. Sousa's literary style is, moreover, rather ungainly and his occasional reflections are somewhat superficial. But all these faults are of such minor quality that they give evidence of a growing ability in Mr. Sousa's literary work. If he keeps on writing there is no rashness in predicting that his second story will be better than his first.

The illustrations to "The Fifth String" are by Howard Chandler Christy, and the volume is published by The Bowen-Merrill Company of Indianapolis.

From Spy  
Address Worcester, Mass.  
Date FEB -9 1902

THE FIFTH STRING.  
By John Phillip Sousa.  
(Bowen-Merrill Co.)

There are few men better known than John Phillip Sousa, as he is the typical bandmaster. Wherever his marches are known, Sousa's name is a household word. His face and figure are familiar to millions of people in this country and abroad. It is natural, therefore, when a man of his attainments in his own peculiar field turns to a field of literature that more than ordinary attention should be given his first book.

This is a short novel. Fortunately he has not strayed too far from the familiar field of music. As the title suggests the story is founded upon some ancient tale about a fifth string to a violin.

A wonderful violinist comes from Europe and wins a pronounced success in New York. He falls in love with a beautiful American girl who is not touched by his wonderful music. Her heart has never responded to the master passion. The violinist gets from her a declaration that he who wins her soul by music shall win her love. He suddenly disappears, leaving his engagements unfulfilled, his manager in despair. He studies to achieve greater skill.

Satan is cleverly introduced to furnish the violinist the wonderful instrument with the fifth string which is bound with a woman's hair and to play upon which is to invite sudden death. A meddlesome visitor plays upon this deadly string and is found a corpse with the violin in his hand. The wonderful violin and the skill of the musician had brought to the violinist the love of the woman that he coveted, but the meddlesome person, whose death was caused by his curiosity about the violin, had inspired in the girl a jealousy and she demands that her lover play upon the deadly string. He finally yields.

TIME  
FEB 9 1902

atheist and egotist.

"THE FIFTH STRING." By John Phillip Sousa.

This pretty little volume from the press is the first novel by the "March King," and tells of the passion of a famous Tuscan violinist for an American girl and the means he took of winning her love. The tale is a fanciful one, and the ending is not wholly unexpected by the reader. Mr. Christy has furnished the illustrations, which are in his familiar style.

"THE PHANTOM CARAVAN." By Cordelia Powell Odenheimer.

In this publication the reader is taken by the author into the great unknown, and there hears from their lips the life stories of those who have long since left the flesh, yet were intimately associated in their different earthly lives; the whole being a connected narrative, with an ending that is as dramatic as it is unexpected.

rom HERALD  
Address AUGUSTA, GA.  
Date FEB 2 1902

John Phillip Sousa has written a novel called "The Fifth String." He ought to leave all the stringing to the advance agent.

John Phillip Sousa's story, "The Fifth String," for which Christy has drawn the illustrations, is proving a success.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.  
FEB 9 1902

## The Fifth String

JOHN PHILIP SOUSA has an international reputation as a composer and conductor of a famous band.

His marches were known to the Filipinos when not a corporal's guard in this country had any definite idea where the Philippines were located. He has recently returned from a trip abroad where he played before King Edward and was decorated. One would suppose that music had charms enough to keep him busy, but such is not the case. He has gone in for literature and the result is a novel called "The Fifth String," and is published by the Bowen-Merrill Company.

We must say that it is original to a certain extent and that it is interesting even if not conclusive. The plot deals with a foreign violinist who came to this country for dollars and fame, but who fell in love with a society woman; the latter did not reciprocate. So the violinist suddenly disappeared and went off into the Bahamas to live a lonely life. One day he called on the devil to aid him, and his Satanic Majesty appeared in person dressed as a gentleman of good breeding, and in fact rather putting the artist to shame on points of etiquette. He gave the artist a five-stringed violin. The fifth string was in the middle and was wound with the hair of Mother Eve.



STAR.

ress

NOVELS BY NEW HANDS.

John Philip Sousa, the March King, in popular parlance, just returned from a triumphal tour of European courts and countries, has been seeking for another ring of laurel to deck his brow, and has entered the courts of literature with a romance, "The Fifth String."



SOUSA.

The new book is really a fantasia, with a world-renowned violinist as the hero, and Lucifer, the Prince of Darkness, one of the characters necessary to the development of the drama. It was with the violin which his friend from the underworld had brought with him from Heaven above, that the violinist won the maiden's heart; the fifth string on that violin was made from the hair of the lady who lived in the Garden of Eden.

"The Fifth String" is published by the Bowen-Merrill company, Indianapolis. Mention should be made of the very attractive cover, which was designed by G. Alden Pierson.

m Transcript  
BOSTON, MASS.  
ress  
e FEB 5 1902

From  
Address Worcester, Mass  
Date FEB -9 1902

The Fifth String

John Philip Sousa is a man of inexhaustible energy. Not content with an almost world-wide fame as a musician and composer of marches, he attempted some years ago the score of an opera. Led on by his success in this venture, he next applied himself to the writing of both the libretto and the music to a comic opera called "The Bride Elect," and therewith gained the renewed approval of the populace. At last he comes forward in the proud guise of an author, his story being the romance of a few months in the life of a distinguished violinist who falls madly in love with an American girl during his first American tour. This violinist, Diotti by name, is as handsome as a Greek god and withal a wonderful musician. But his playing has not sufficient soul to satisfy the girl who has stricken him. She is present at his first

concert, and although the great audience waxes wild over him she sits unmoved and refuses to applaud. When the hour for the next concert comes, the violinist has vanished. Thereupon the scene of the story is shifted to one of the Bahama Islands, where the disconsolate Diotti is seeking through uninterrupted practice to increase his mastery of the violin to the point where his playing will enthrall the girl of his heart. Weeks pass, and he can see no progress. Finally, dashing the violin to the floor, he exclaims: "It is of no use! If the God of heaven will not aid me, I ask the prince of darkness to come." Whereupon a "tall, rather spare, but well-made and handsome man appeared at the door." The reader soon learns that this gentleman is none other than Satan himself. He brings forth a wonderful violin which is equipped with a fifth string, "the string of death." If but touched for an instant with the bow, the player dies. But Diotti takes the risk, and returning to civilization, woos and wins the maiden through the influence of the skill given him by the magic violin. But there is death in the string! The outcome of the tale we leave to those who read Mr. Sousa's romance. They will find it well worth the reading.

For a first piece of fiction—if indeed it be Mr. Sousa's first—"The Fifth String" is certainly an excellent piece of work. Its author naturally has not a complete control of his art. He evolves an imaginative and weird plot, but he does not always handle it with skill. The real and unreal frequently mix in incongruous proportions and with too sudden violence. The naive introduction of Satan, to which we have referred, is an instance of Mr. Sousa's weakness and of a deficiency in his sense of humor. The appearance of Satan should be impressive; instead, it is comic. Mr. Sousa's literary style is, moreover, rather ungainly and his occasional reflections are somewhat superficial. But all these faults are of such minor quality that they give evidence of a growing ability in Mr. Sousa's literary work. If he keeps on writing there is no rashness in predicting that his second story will be better than his first.

The illustrations to "The Fifth String" are by Howard Chandler Christy, and the volume is published by The Bowen-Merrill Company of Indianapolis.

THE FIFTH STRING.  
By John Philip Sousa.  
(Bowen-Merrill Co.)

There are few men better known than John Philip Sousa, as he is the typical bandmaster. Wherever his marches are known, Sousa's name is a household word. His face and figure are familiar to millions of people in this country and abroad. It is natural, therefore, when a man of his attainments in his own peculiar field turns to a field of literature that more than ordinary attention should be given his first book.

This is a short novel. Fortunately he has not strayed too far from the familiar field of music. As the title suggests the story is founded upon some ancient tale about a fifth string to a violin.

A wonderful violinist comes from Europe and wins a pronounced success in New York. He falls in love with a beautiful American girl who is not touched by his wonderful music. Her heart has never responded to the master passion. The violinist gets from her a declaration that he who wins her soul by music shall win her love. He

suddenly disappears, leaving his engagements unfulfilled, his manager in despair. He studies to achieve greater skill.

Satan is cleverly introduced to furnish the violinist the wonderful instrument with the fifth string which is bound with a woman's hair and to play upon which is to invite sudden death. A meddlesome visitor plays upon this deadly string and is found a corpse with the violin in his hand. The wonderful violin and the skill of the musician had brought to the violinist the love of the woman that he coveted, but the meddlesome person, whose death was caused by his curiosity about the violin, had inspired in the girl a jealousy and she demands that her lover play upon the deadly string. He finally yields to her request and his death follows.

The story has a German tone and is like a folk story in many ways, but is bright and fascinating in spite of the sad ending. Sousa has shown some skill as an author and an excellent command of English. The story proves the possession of considerable literary ability.

John Philip Sousa's story, "The Fifth String," for which Christy has drawn the illustrations, is proving a success in the field of lighter literature. It is published by The Bowen-Merrill Company, Indianapolis.

His marches were known to Filipinos when not a corporal in this country had any definite idea where the Philippines were located. He has recently returned from a trip abroad where he played before King Edward and was decorated. One would suppose that music had charms enough to keep him busy, but such is not the case. He has gone in for literature and the result is a novel called "The Fifth String," and is published by the Bowen-Merrill Company.

We must say that it is original to a certain extent and that it is interesting even if not conclusive. The plot deals with a foreign violinist who came to this country for dollars and fame, but who fell in love with a society woman; the latter did not reciprocate. So the violinist suddenly disappeared and went off into the Bahamas to live a lonely life. One day he called on the devil to aid him, and his Satanic Majesty appeared in person dressed as a gentleman of good breeding, and in fact rather putting the artist to shame on points of etiquette. He gave the artist a five-stringed violin. The fifth string was in the middle and was wound with the hair of Mother Eve.

rom  
Address  
Date

John Philip Sousa has written a novel called "The Fifth String." He ought to leave all the stringing to the advance agent.

"THE PHANTOM CARAVAN." By Cordelia Powell Odenheimer.

In this publication the reader is taken by the author into the great unknown, and there hears from their lips the life stories of those who have long since left the flesh, yet were intimately associated in their different earthly lives; the whole being a connected narrative, with an ending that is as dramatic as it is unexpected.



NEWS  
NEWARK, N.J.  
1907

# John Philip Sousa's "The Fifth String."



1884.

"Father, I will obey you implicitly."

One of Howard Chandler Christy's illustrations in John Philip Sousa's story, "The Fifth String." a photograph by permission. Copyright.



**A** CURIOUS mixture of mysticism and modernity is to be found in "The Fifth String," by John Philip Sousa. Mr. Sousa, in this, his first work as an author, turns naturally to a musical motif, and he has written a book quite capable in itself of attracting attention. Of course, a great many people will read it because it is written by Mr. Sousa, while there will be natural curiosity to see what the "March King" has accomplished in another field than that where he has won such renown. It is not too much to say that this curiosity will be well repaid, for Mr. Sousa has produced an original and, in many respects, an interesting story.

The chief criticism which will be passed upon "The Fifth String" is that the line of demarcation between New York activities of the present day and romance of a decidedly mediaeval flavor is not drawn with sufficient art. Such opposite sides to a tale should merge almost imperceptibly one into the other. This is not the case

in "The Fifth String." It is with rather of a shock to the sensibilities that we find the hero of the story, the young Tuscan violinist, Diotti, holding converse with his Satanic majesty in quite commonplace fashion. It is perfectly allowable that a strain of the unknowable should enter a story, but the occasion should be such a one that it does not appear to be far-fetched. The idea of a mortal receiving help from the Prince of Darkness to attain a mortal ambition is by no means a new one, but its treatment should be of a most artistic kind in order not to offend the sensibilities.

The story is brief—in fact, it might be fitted for a magazine narrative—and the interest is well sustained throughout, although the denouement is only too evident after Diotti receives the gift of the magic violin, which has a fifth string—death—in addition to the strings of pity, hope, joy and love. The heroine of the tale is a beautiful New York girl, whose coldness the foreign artist at first attempts unavailingly to melt. There are characteristic glimpses of the impresario and of the

New York business man, the father of the heroine, who had other ideas for his daughter than to have her become the bride of a musician. A melodramatic touch is the fatal fingering of the violin by the old clerk, who seeks to break off the relations between Diotti and the object of the violinist's affection. Mr. Sousa's meaning is not quite clear in regard to the mysterious mark on the old clerk's neck, which looks suspicious to the coroner. Does he mean to hint at any violence? It is seemingly impossible, and yet the words are written.

The story as a whole may be viewed allegorically, and perhaps it is more satisfying than any other way of looking at it. Possibly this was the idea in Mr. Sousa's mind, but, if so, he has hardly made it quite evident to the casual reader.

The letter press of the little volume is in excellent taste, and there are several artistic illustrations by Howard Chandler Christy.

"The Fifth String," by John Philip Sousa. The Bowen-Merrill Co., Indianapolis.

...he replied that "it was the string of death, and he who played upon it died at once." He added: "The fifth string was added after an unfortunate episode in the Garden of Eden, in which I was somewhat concerned; and it is wrapped with strands of hair from the first Mother of Man." Finally, Diotti accepts the dangerous gift, and returns to New York where within twenty-four hours he again advertises his second concert. This time, the subject of the artist's final movement was love; and Mildred, who was present, revelled in the glory of a new-found emotion.

The lovers meet frequently and exchange the most passionate vows. Mildred, however, confesses that she is madly jealous of the countless attentions that Diotti receives from the queens of New York society, and he has great difficulty in calming her presentiments of coming evil. Meanwhile, the banker is furious at the notion of his daughter's marrying a violinist, and calls in the aid of an old friend, Mr. Sanders, to break off the engagement. The latter gentleman, who has once been a "country fiddler," examines, on the sly, Diotti's violin, and discovers that "the fifth string" is covered with the black, glossy tresses of a woman. "Ask him to play on that string," said the old man to Mildred, "and I'll wager he'll refuse." In a fit of jealousy Mildred makes the request, and Diotti naturally refuses to play on the "string of death." One night Mr. Sanders, when the musician is asleep, got hold of the magic instrument, drew the bow across the middle string, and instantly fell dead. We must hasten to the denouement. Diotti, now engaged to be married, is to give his last concert, and the jealous Mildred said to him: "I will watch to-night when you play; and if you do not use that string we part forever." The call-boy announced Diotti's turn. During his performance a string snapped; violin and bow dropped from the nerveless hands of the player, and he fell dead on the stage. "The fifth string" had proved fatal to two men, and would probably be the cause of a loving woman's death.



From

Address

Date

Star

Montreal, Can.

FEB - 8 1902

THE FIFTH STRING. BY JOHN PHILIP SOUSA. ILLUSTRATED BY H. C. CHRISTY. (INDIANAPOLIS: THE BOWEN-MERRILL CO. PRICE \$1.25.)

If we are correctly informed the well known musical director, Sousa, wrote both the libretto and music of "The Bride Elect," but with this exception he has hitherto been unknown to the literary world. He now makes his entry into the realm of fiction with a fantastic short novel which reminds us of Hoffman's "Strange Stories." It is hard to find adjectives that will describe the book aptly, for, when we have said that it is whimsical, romantic, eccentric, extravagant, rhapsodical, preternatural, and grotesque, we have given only a vague and indefinite idea of the volume, and must reveal the "motif" of the plot to satisfy the curiosity of our readers. The hero of "The Fifth String" is Angelo Diotti, a famous violinist, born in St. Casciano, a small town in Tuscany. He has had marvellous success in all the leading capitals of Europe, and on December 12th, is to make his debut at the Academy of Music, New York, under the direction of a well known impresario. On the night preceding his first public appearance in America, he is introduced, at a reception given by Mrs. Llewellyn, a social leader, to Miss Mildred Wallace, the only child of one of New York's prominent bankers. He falls hopelessly in love with her at first sight; and, after wandering into the conservatory, they indulge in some high-flown conversation as to what constitutes happiness. Most of it seems stilted and unnatural, and Diotti's last words to the society belle are as follows: "Perhaps, some day, one will come who can sing a song of perfect love in perfect tones, and your soul will be attuned to his melody." The concert came off as advertised, and the Tuscan violinist scored the greatest triumph of his whole career, but Mildred, the solitary occupant of the second proscenium box, remained silent and unaffected throughout the solo—immovable and serene—a mere face-framed vision in white. He had persuaded himself that she could not be insensible to his genius, and when he recognized that he had utterly failed to arouse a spark of enthusiasm in her apparently cold nature, he gave way to despair, and silently thought: "Her soul untouched by human passion or human skill, demands the power of God-like genius to arouse it." But we must be brief in our summary of the story. When the evening of Signor Diotti's second concert, on December 14th, arrived, the great artist had disappeared as completely as though the earth had swallowed him, and the money of the would-be audience had to be refunded at the box office. When Diotti left New York so precipitately, he took passage at once on a coast line steamer sailing for the Bahama Islands. Thence he wrote to his sister Francesca in Italy, and we transcribe the last words of this letter, penned in his strange impassioned style: "I led, and I am here. I am delving deeper and deeper into the mysteries of my art, and pray God each hour that He may place within my grasp the wondrous music His blessed angels sing, for the soul of her I love is attuned to the harmonies of Heaven." One day when he had failed to realize his vague dream of melody more beautiful than ever man had heard, he dashed his violin to the ground in an uncontrollable outburst of grief and anger, and it lay there a hopeless wreck. In an agony he cried: "If Heaven will not help me, I ask the Prince of Darkness to come." Suddenly a tall handsome man appeared at the door of the musician's hut, took a card from his case, and handed it to Diotti, who read "Satan," and at the lower left hand corner "Prince of Darkness." The Prince then informed him that his failure in the case of Mildred was owing to his beloved Stradivarius not being a suitable instrument and offered him a

violin of unsurpassed beauty in every respect. He explained to him that four of the strings were devoted respectively to pity,

ORK, 1884



JOHN PHILIP SOUSA,  
The Musician-Author.

THE FIFTH STRING. By John Philip Sousa. 12mo.; cloth; pp. 125. Indianapolis, Ind.: The Bowen-Merrill Company, publishers.

The reputation of Mr. Sousa has been gained as the leader of a band, not as a writer of fiction, or, in fact, of any kind of literature. It is, therefore, with a certain surprise that one finds his name printed on the title-page of this little book, which the publishers have made extremely attractive in covers of olive and gold, and for which Mr. Howard Chandler Christy has drawn a number of characteristic full-page illustrations. "The Fifth String" is a musical story, with a violinist for hero, and only three or four other personages in it, among them a beautiful and somewhat blase American girl. The motive of the story is adapted from the Faust legend; Satan tempts the musician by offering him a violin which has the property of winning the love of women for its owner, and thus enables Diotti to play his way into Mildred Wallace's heart. But the violin has a fifth string, woven of the hair of Eve, and whoever plays on that string dies instantly. Mildred's curiosity, aroused by the fact that her lover, even in the utmost ecstasy of his work, never touches the fatal string, makes it a condition of her constancy that he should utilize it also. He does so, knowing the consequences, and expires in her arms. This is a simple theme, but it is made very interesting, and serves incidentally to exploit Mr. Sousa's musical ideas, most of the conversations introducing comments on the musical art. The book is a dainty and charming souvenir, which will be valued chiefly by the lover of music, and by him mainly for its identification with a name already noted among band leaders.



om *Sunny South*  
dres *Atlanta, Ga*

ite.....  
FEB 8 1902

The versatile John Philip Sousa has taken the public very much by surprise by suddenly revealing himself in the character of a novelist.

#### "THE FIFTH STRING"

By  
John Philip  
Sousa

We knew the bandmaster, the "Washington Post" man, and the author of "El Capitan" and other operas of the two-step school, but a new

and unsuspected Sousa appears in "The Fifth String," published by the Bowen-Merrill company, of Indianapolis, Ind., with pictures by Howard Chandler Christy. As might be inferred, both from the name of the author and from the title of his book, "The Fifth String" is a musical novel. A fifth string is about as useful to a violinist as a fifth wheel to a coach, and perhaps the fiddlers, like the coachmen, have their proverb on the subject. The fifth string in the story was dangerous, as well as useless. The celebrated Tuscan violinist, Angelo Diotti, whose name has not appeared, so far as is known, in any of Mr. Sousa's concerts, came over to the United States for a concert tour, and even before his debut fell in love with a Christy girl named Mildred Wallace. The rest of the audience groveled before him, even as before the boy wonder, Jan Kubelik, but she remained cold, and 'twas as naught. Even in the midst of his new fame, the young Tuscan disappeared, to the wonder of the world and of his manager. He had made his way to the Bermudas, where he practiced in desperation for a strain that should, that must, move her heart. When he failed to better his efforts, he dashed his beautiful Strad to fragments on the floor, which promptly opened to let a dark gentleman with a goatee rise from the depths, bringing with him a wonderful violin, irresistible to any hearer, and peculiar in that between the two upper and the two lower strings there was a fifth. The G string, said the dark gentleman, meant pity; the D, hope; the A, love, and the E, joy. But between hope and love came the black string, which was death to whoever played on it. There is usually a string to our dark friend's gifts; this one had five. But Diotti had a good wrist and a clever technic, and stood in no danger of hitting the wrong string till she took it into her head that there was a secret about that mysterious black string which a wife ought to know, and insisted that he should play on it at his next concert. The violinist brings out a heart-searching tone from the black string and falls dead on the concert platform.

Has the composer of "El Capitan" and "The Charlatan" given us here a subtle and mystic symbolism? Is this black string of death inextricably woven of the strands of pity, hope, love and joy, the fatal chord on which every artist must play who hopes to succeed in his art? The fifth string was made from a tress of the hair of Eve after the unfortunate episode in the garden. The parable here lies very

near the surface. They do say that young Kubelik's sagacious press agents are even now looking for some strands of that same material to add a fifth string to his fine Guarnerius. Unrequited love—that is the one note they find missing. But to return to Mr. Sousa's parable, it may be recalled that Daudet has put a similar idea into his story of the man who coined his blood for drachmas. Daudet did the thing rather better, to be sure, but then it is likely that he could not have conducted "Stars and Stripes Forever" half so well. (Bowen-Merrill Company, Indianapolis.)



John Philip Sousa, who has written a novel

ing bureau in the World.  
NEW TRIBUNE

FEB 9 1902

#### SOUSA HAS WRITTEN A NOVEL.

Sousa has turned novelist as well as composer. In fact, his first romance, which he has named "The Fifth String" will be published this week by the Bowen-Merrill company of Indianapolis. This book, which is a musical love story of a great violinist and a beautiful American girl, a magic violin and its secret was written last summer at Manhattan beach. It will be a handsome book with six full page illustrations by Howard Chandler Christy. Sousa has already written many magazine articles and verse, as well as one complete comic opera libretto and the lyrics of two others, so he has served some literary apprenticeship before attempting a complete romance. Should "The Fifth String" be favorably received, it would doubtless encourage Mr. Sousa to put on paper his long contemplated "Pipetown Stories," based on incidents of his boyhood in the navy

Newspaper Culling Bureau in the World.

om

dress

ate

FEB - 9 1902

The Indianapolis publishers, The Bowen-Merrill Co., have just issued a story by that March king, John Philip Sousa. The title of the book is "The Fifth String." The story is a brief one, occupying only about 125 pages, but it is as charming in its way as is the music which has made Sousa's reputation an international one. The story is one of a remarkable violin and of a wonderful love. The Republican does not care to take away from any of its readers any of the pleasures that will be theirs on reading this book. It will, therefore, not tell the story. It is a pretty one and well worth the reading. The illustrations are by Howard Chandler Christy and are beautiful examples of the work of this artist. The book is handsomely made, the cloth of the covers being of superior finish. Upon the front cover there is stamped a design in gold by G. Alde Pierson. The whole book, both in its make-up and its contents, is a dainty one. It will doubtless find a warm welcome by lovers of literature and of music alike.



SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 8, 1902.

THE FIFTH STRING. BY JOHN PHILIP SOUSA. ILLUSTRATED BY H. C. CHRISTY. (INDIANAPOLIS: THE BOWEN-MERRILL CO. PRICE \$1.25.)

If we are correctly informed the well known musical director, Sousa, wrote both the libretto and music of "The Bride Elect," but with this exception he has hitherto been unknown to the literary world. He now makes his entry into the realm of fiction with a fantastic short novel which reminds us of Hoffman's "Strange Stories." It is hard to find adjectives that will describe the book aptly, for, when we have said that it is whimsical, romantic, eccentric, extravagant, rhapsodical, preternatural, and grotesque, we have given only a vague and indefinite idea of the volume, and must reveal the "motif" of the plot to satisfy the curiosity of our readers. The hero of "The Fifth String" is Angelo Diotti, a famous violinist, born in St. Casciano, a small town in Tuscany. He has had marvellous success in all the leading capitals of Europe, and on December 12th, is to make his debut at the Academy of Music, New York, under the direction of a well known impresario. On the night preceding his first public appearance in America, he is introduced, at a reception given by Mrs. Llewellyn, a social leader, to Miss Mildred Wallace, the only child of one of New York's prominent bankers. He falls hopelessly in love with her at first sight; and, after wandering into the conservatory, they indulge in some high-flown conversation as to what constitutes happiness. Most of it seems stilted and unnatural, and Diotti's last words to the society belle are as follows: "Perhaps, some day, one will come who can sing a song of perfect love in perfect tones, and your soul will be attuned to his melody." The concert came off as advertised, and the Tuscan violinist scored the greatest triumph of his whole career, but Mildred, the solitary occupant of the second proscenium box, remained silent and unaffected throughout the solo—immovable and serene—a mere lace-framed vision in white. He had persuaded himself that she could not be insensible to his genius, and when he recognized that he had utterly failed to arouse a spark of enthusiasm in her apparently cold nature, he gave way to despair, and silently thought: "Her soul untouched by human passion or human skill, demands the power of God-like genius to arouse it." But we must be brief in our summary of the story. When the evening of Signor Diotti's second concert, on December 14th, arrived, the great artist had disappeared as completely as though the earth had swallowed him, and the money of the would-be audience had to be refunded at the box office. When Diotti left New York so precipitately, he took passage at once on a coast line steamer sailing for the Bahama Islands. Thence he wrote to his sister Francesca in Italy, and we transcribe the last words of this letter, penned in his strange impassioned style: "I fled, and I am here. I am delving deeper and deeper into the mysteries of my art, and I pray God each hour that He may place within my grasp the wondrous music His blessed angels sing, for the soul of her I love is attuned to the harmonies of Heaven." One day when he had failed to realize his vague dream of melody more beautiful than ever man had heard, he dashed his violin to the ground in an uncontrollable outburst of grief and anger, and it lay there a hopeless wreck. In an agony he cried: "If Heaven will not help me, I ask the Prince of Darkness to come." Suddenly a tall handsome man appeared at the door of the musician's hut, took a card from his case, and handed it to Diotti, who read "Satan," and in the lower left hand corner "Prince of Darkness." The Prince then informed him that his failure in the case of Mildred was owing to his beloved Stradivarius not being a suitable instrument and offered him a

violin of unsurpassed beauty in every respect. He explained to him that four of the strings were devoted respectively to pity, hope, love and joy, and on being asked what a fifth string (the middle one on the violin) meant, he replied that "it was the string of death, and he who played upon it died at once." He added: "The fifth string was added after an unfortunate episode in the Garden of Eden, in which I was somewhat concerned; and it is wrapped with strands of hair from the first Mother of Man." Finally, Diotti accepts the dangerous gift, and returns to New York where within twenty-four hours he again advertises his second concert. This time, the subject of the artist's final movement was love; and Mildred, who was present, revelled in the glory of a new-found emotion.

The lovers meet frequently and exchange the most passionate vows. Mildred, however, confesses that she is madly jealous of the countless attentions that Diotti receives from the queens of New York society, and he has great difficulty in calming her presentiments of coming evil. Meanwhile, the banker is furious at the notion of his daughter's marrying a violinist, and calls in the aid of an old friend, Mr. Sanders, to break off the engagement. The latter gentleman, who has once been a "country fiddler," examines, on the sly, Diotti's violin, and discovers that "the fifth string" is covered with the black, glossy tresses of a woman. "Ask him to play on that string," said the old man to Mildred, "and I'll wager he'll refuse." In a fit of jealousy Mildred makes the request, and Diotti naturally refuses to play on the "string of death." One night Mr. Sanders, when the musician is asleep, got hold of the magic instrument, drew the bow across the middle string, and instantly fell dead. We must hasten to the denouement. Diotti, now engaged to be married, is to give his last concert, and the jealous Mildred said to him: "I will watch to-night when you play; and if you do not use that string we part forever." The call-boy announced Diotti's turn. During his performance a string snapped; violin and bow dropped from the nerveless hands of the player, and he fell dead on the stage. "The fifth string" had proved fatal to two men, and would probably be the cause of a loving woman's death.

Free PRESS  
Milwaukee Wis  
FEB - 9 1902

Sousa's Musical Novel.

John Philip Sousa has written much in a musical way—but "The Fifth String" is his first published story. In the choice of his subject, as the title indicates, Mr. Sousa has remained faithful to his art, and the great public that has learned to love him for the marches he has made will be as delighted with his pen as with his baton.

"The Fifth String" is an odd fancy; a strange mixture of the real and the unreal, of the modern and the mythological, of the possible and the impossible. It has a strong and clearly defined plot, which shows in its treatment the author's artistically sensitive temperament and his tremendous dramatic power. It is the story of a marvelous violin, of a wonderful love and of a strange temptation.

A cover, especially designed, and six full-page illustrations by Howard Chandler Christy serve to give the distinguishing decorative embellishments that this first novel by Mr. Sousa so richly deserves.—New York Commercial Advertiser.

om Democrat & Chronicle  
ldress Rochester, N.Y.  
te FEB - 9 1902

John Philip Sousa, known from pole to pole, from sunrise to sunset as the March King, has written a story—a story of love and of a wonderful violin. The key of the story finds origin in an extra string on the violin, a new theme comes into the range of the instrument, a new theme comes into literature. Mr. Sousa has called his book "The Fifth String." Howard Chandler Christy has set the characters before the eyes bewitchingly. Bowen-Merrill Company are the publishers.

1884.

rom  
address  
ate

Sousa as Novelist.

"John Philip Sousa, the band master and composer, is taking a rest from two steps and has written a novel called, 'The Fifth String,' which is being well received by the critics," said a personal acquaintance of the musician.

"Mr. Sousa inherits literary taste. One of his Portuguese ancestors on his father's side was a great poet and his father was a man of letters. 'The Fifth String' is a story of a wonderful violin and of a remarkable love. If the composer succeeds as well financially with his bookmaking as he has done with his march making he will get into the millionaire class before he is ten years older."

NEWS

ST. PAUL, MINN.

FEB 12 1902

SS

People who are disposed to find fault have a kick coming on John Philip Sousa's novel. It is not written in

4.

m  
dress  
e

CHICAGO.

FEB 12 1902

John Philip Sousa "the march king," has written a story—a story of love and of a wonderful violin. "The Fifth String" he calls it, and the fifth string on this strange instrument, according to this weird fancy, is the string of death. The others—pity, hope, love and joy, may be played upon, but to touch the fifth means instant death. The master's playing on this violin (which, sad to relate, has been borrowed from the prince of darkness) awakens the love of a cold and beautiful woman, but in the end works to his own undoing. It is delicate and romantic in its tone, and the artistic illustrations by Christy give it a special charm. ("The Fifth String," by John Philip Sousa. The Bowen-Merrill Company, Indianapolis.)

1884.



Tribune

CHICAGO

FEB 10 1902

SS

### A Conductor's Novelette.

"The Fifth String." By John Phillip Sousa. The Bowen-Merrill company. The pen is mightier than the baton. Mr. John Phillip Sousa, "the march King," has laid down his favorite instrument to take up one with which he is not so familiar. He has written a book. It is called "The Fifth String," and it is a story with a violinist for a hero. This sounds encouraging and timely, too, considering the furore, social and musical, at present being created by young Mr. Kubelik, to whom, by the way, Mr. Christy's pictures of Sousa's hero bear some resemblance.

But Diotti, the violinist of Sousa's novelette, is of Tuscan birth, and he is supposed to bring to his art all the passion and fire of his countryman. He comes to America after setting Europe on fire, and he is managed by Henry Perkins, an impresario of the windy type now seldom seen in this country. The week preceding the opening concert, Diotti was the center of a number of social events, at one of which, a reception given by Mrs. Llewellyn, he meets his fate.

During one of those sudden and unexplainable lulls that always occur in general drawing-room conversations, Diotti turned to Mrs. Llewellyn and whispered: "Who's the charming young woman just entering?"

"The beauty in white?" . . . He leaned forward and with eager eyes gazed in admiration at the newcomer.

It was Mildred Wallace, the "only child of one of New York's prominent bankers," as his friend explained to him.

"She is beautiful—a queen by divine right," cried he, and then, with a mingling of impetuosity and importunity, entreated his hostess to present him.

And thus they met.

Mrs. Llewellyn's chef, we are told, had an international reputation. "O, remember, you music-fed ascetic, many—aye, very many—regard the transition from Tschalkowsky to terrapin, from Beethoven to Burgundy, with hearts aflame with anticipatory joy—and Mrs. Llewellyn's dining-room was crowded." Then follows a scene between Diotti and Mildred.

"A desire for happiness is our common heritage," he was saying, in his richly melodious voice.

"But to define what constitutes happiness is different," she replied.

"Not necessarily," he went on; "if the motive is clearly within our grasp the attainment is possible."

"For example?" she asked.

"The miser is happy when he hoards his gold; the philanthropist when he distributes his. The attainment is identical, but the motives are antipodal."

Which is not so bad for a Tuscan violinist. They then go on fencing with fate; he becoming more and more in love with her, and she coldly speculative. The scene ends after she has said that no performer has ever made her forget his art:

"Perhaps some day one will come who can sing a song of perfect love in perfect tones, and your soul will be attuned to his melody."

"Perhaps—and good night."

The concert comes, and he plays for her alone. The house is 212 degrees Fahrenheit, all but Mildred in the left upper proscenium box (without a chaperone) alone. She registers 18 degrees below zero. Nothing he plays moves her. He is overwhelmed by the laudations of the audience, by the fulsome adulation of the press, but he cares only for her praise, and he doesn't get it. He calls next day and is snubbed. Then he disappears, to the mystery of the world and the financial loss of Perkins. He goes alone to what Mr. Sousa calls the Island of Bahama, and broods alone in a hut. To him, after he has smashed his violin and asked the Prince of darkness to come, appears Satan. He produces a violin of wonderful beauty. He explains that his "reputation has suffered at the hands of irresponsible people. But I am beginning to live it down." He tells Diotti that the G string of this violin is the string of pity, the third is the string of hope, the A is attuned to love, and the E gives forth sounds of joy. With this violin he can have anything he wants; even Mildred's love. There is a fifth string of black hair, which he tells him is the string of death, and to touch it is to depart this life instantly. Diotti advises cutting it out—in both senses of the word, but Satan says it is so connected with the others that to cut it out would be to destroy the instrument.

Diotti goes to New York with the baton violin and sets them crazy. Even Mildred melts and invites him to the house. Her father, the gentleman of the overdraft and discount, will not stand for Diotti. He returns Diotti's draft on Mildred's affections marked "N. F.—No funds." But Uncle Saunders, who fiddled when he was young, gets the stern banker to invite Diotti to the house to look him over. He comes with his violin. Uncle Saunders wants to play "Rosalie, the Prairie Flower" on it, but Diotti won't listen either to the tune or the proposition. "Aha!" says Uncle Saunders. "What's that extra string?" Diotti refuses to answer. Saunders and Mildred imagine things. They conclude that the hair is from the head of some Tuscan sweetheart. Uncle Saunders gets Diotti that night to go home with him from Mildred's. He mixes up toddies and puts Diotti to bed. Then he plays "Rosalie the Prairie Flower" on the violin, black string and all, and meets his deserved fate. Diotti wakes up when the Coroner and the blue wagon are backing up to take away all that is left of Uncle Saunders.

Mildred later in the week asks Diotti about the string. He evades the question, but says he must not play upon it. She commands him to do so at the next concert, or all will be over bechune them. He plays, skipping

the black string, she watching jealously in the wings. She sends him back on the stage.

Suddenly the audience was startled by the snapping of a string; the violin and bow dropped from the nerveless hands of the player. He fell helpless to the stage.

Mildred rushed to him, crying: "Angelo, Angelo, what is it? What has happened?" Bending over him, she gently raised his head and showered unrestrained kisses upon his lips, oblivious of all save her lover.

"Speak! Speak!" she implored. A faint smile illumined his face, he gazed with ineffable tenderness into her weeping eyes, then slowly closed his own as if in slumber.

The Bowen-Merrill company has produced Mr. Sousa's maiden literary effort in handsome shape, and Mr. Christy's illustrations help out the text.

404 HERALD

ress

### Sousa and His Band.

"There are bands and bands but not one in this country or Europe holds the concert stage like Sousa's," said a well-known musician.

"John Phillip Sousa is not only a great band master but he is one of the kindest and most helpful of men. He is not jealous of any rival but on the other hand never loses a chance to speak a good word for a brother leader."

"And another good thing about Sousa is his readiness to take up and play music by local composers without reputation and advertise it by putting it on his programme. He told me of a case in St. Louis. A musician there wrote a meritorious little piece and asked him to use it. 'All right,' said Sousa. 'I will be glad to do it.'"

"And what will you expect me to pay you, in case I make money out of my composition?" the composer asked. "Nothing at all," was Sousa's answer. And Mr. Sousa said to me that the last time he heard from the St. Louis man he reported his profits at \$500. This money was realized by the sale of piano copies. 'I popularized the piece,' said Sousa, 'and the composer reaped the benefit. And I was delighted that I was able to give this fellow a lift.'"

"Many similar instances might be cited. All musical directors are not so generous."

Newspaper Cutting Bureau in the

COURIER

om

ldress

te

FEB 10 1902

### LITERARY NOTES

#### Sousa's New Book

John Phillip Sousa, the popular musician and composer, has turned his attention from the musical world for an instant, and leaned toward the literary. He has not altogether deserted his first love, however even for the brief moment, as is shown by the title of the story he has just given to the public. "The Fifth String" will have one of the largest sales of the year. Mr. Sousa's name alone would insure that, but coupled with that of Howard Chandler Christy, who is the illustrator, the magnetic power is doubled. But without the illustrations, without the author's name on the title page, "The Fifth String" would miss its way.

It is a pathetic little love story, in which the hero knowingly sacrifices his life to prove his devotion to the woman he loves. Angelo Diotti, a Tuscan violinist, of international reputation, comes to America for the first time and falls in love with the one woman who fails to appreciate his art. To her, annihilation of one's identity seems impossible and the wonders man has accomplished fails to stir her. So when Diotti, with the world at his feet, turns to her for praise he finds her silent and unaffected. He calls upon God in heaven on the prince of darkness to aid him in gaining her admiration and love. His satanic majesty responds as in the fairy tale of old and presents him with a violin that will accomplish his desired ends. He explains that the strings to be played on are the human emotions: pity, hope, love and joy; but unlike all other violins there is a fifth string—the ring of death and he who plays upon dies. It is made up of the extra lengths of the other four and is wrapped with strands of hair from the head of Eve. Diotti accepts the instrument through it wins the love that costs him his life. The old, old serpent, jealousy, creeps in when Mildred sees the ring wound with the woman's hair and commands him to play upon it. He refuses until she threatens that all will be at an end between them. He yields and at the end of the composition the string snaps and he falls lifeless to the floor.

Mr. Sousa wields the pen with as deft a touch as he does the baton, and the American public is justly proud of her versatile genius.

(The Bowen-Merrill Co., Indianapolis. Cloth. Illustrated.)

Ten cents' investment in a Courier "want" may be the beginning of business success.

OBSERVER

UTICA, N. Y.

FEB 15 1902

rom

Address

Date

The Story of "The Fifth String" by John Phillip Sousa



From

Address

Date

Post  
Washington, D. C.  
FEB - 9 1902

# The "Fifth String," a Musician's Tragic Romance, from the Pen of John Philip Sousa, the March King.

YORK, 188

THE FIFTH STRING. John Philip Sousa. Bowen Merrill Co.

THERE has always been a tendency on the part of aesthetic minds to assert a fellowship between the fine arts. It has latterly been carried rather far, and practical persons are apt to cavil at its more pronounced manifestations; they could tolerate talk about the color of sounds and the harmony of colors, but they refuse to regard a Gothic cathedral as an oratorio in stone, or Mr. Henry Irving's left leg as a poem. They have even ventured to smile at the alleged conversation between Ralph Waldo Emerson and Miss Margaret Fuller, at a performance by Fanny Ellsler, the great dancer of that generation. After contemplating the lady's evolutions for a while, Mr. Emerson was moved to bend over to Miss Fuller and murmur in her ear: "Margaret, this is poetry!" To which Miss Fuller, who would never allow even Emerson to fly higher than herself, immediately responded, "Ralph, this is religion!" It is not recorded whether or not Miss Ellsler overheard these comments; all she did, at all events, was to go on dancing.

Extravagancies aside, however, serious philosophy does not deny that there may be something in the theory that all art is in its essence one, and that the several so-called fine arts are but so many varying manifestations of the one impulse. The universe may be regarded as consisting, broadly speaking, of man and nature; they are allied, but not identical; in nature is found the constituents of man, but unco-ordinated; it is the dotty-bag, so to say, from whose materials man is formed. But the spirit of man recognizes in nature his inchoate self, and feels the impulse to bring this inchoateness into human order; and the result is art. If he works with blocks of stone or with wood, the result is architecture; if with bronze or marble, sculpture; if with colors, painting; if with sound, music; and if he employs words or language, poetry or romance. These are natural things so disposed as to vibrate to human impulses; in the aggregate they represent the emotions of man's spirit. And it is not an arbitrary or violent attitude of the mind which regards the terminology of these several manifestations as being within limits mutually interchangeable.

Moreover, although the cultivation of any one art usually monopolizes the energies and capacities of any single artist, it often happens that a man of exceptional genius is an artist in various kinds. Michael Angelo Buonarroti, for example, was architect, painter, sculptor, and poet, and Leonardo da Vinci was not only many kinds of an artist, but he was a skilled mechanic and inventor, and could, in fact, do anything that was called for. Aristotle, too, seems to have been a universal genius; Robert Browning had, at least, a strong desire to become a painter, though it must be admitted that his success in that direction was not commensurate with his good will. Many other instances more or less striking might be adduced, and in our own day we have Mr. Hopkinson Smith, who paints, writes, models, and is a practical engineer, not to mention other accomplishments. It seems probable that custom is largely to blame for the fact that the majority of artists stick each one to his last, instead of branching out into various modes of artistic expression; they neglect to do things because they have not realized that well fitted they are for the feat. It would be reasonable to expect that a good artist would be apt to succeed as

a story writer, and as a matter of fact, we constantly meet with illustrations of a successful combination of this kind in the magazines. It is a convenience, if not always an advantage, for a man to be able to make the pictures for his own narratives. There have also been cases of musicians writing stories, but for some reason they have been less common. Indeed, it must be admitted that the ordinary run of musicians have not been considered remarkable for intellectual capacities in other lines. The practice of their music, and the growing of their hair seems to have exhausted their energies.

Yet a great composer, dealing, as habitually he does, with the most sublime conceptions, should be able to embody some of those conceptions in the form of romance; one even wonders how they can help doing so. Every literary man must often have felt, when listening to good music, especially orchestral, an inspiration to literary activity to which he is ordinarily a stranger. The harmonies and melodies that flow into his ears take form before his mental vision, and arrange themselves in artistic sequences and culminations. The emotions which are awakened in him press to declare themselves in the actions and collisions of a human drama. If he could but set down on paper, at this moment (he thinks) the ideas that throng his brain, a noble poem or a winning story would be the result. But nothing is more fleeting than an artistic mood; and by the time the man of letters reaches his study, the glow has passed away, and he can do nothing. With the composer, however, the case should be somewhat different; the power of conceiving lofty and significant combinations of sounds is constantly with him; and we would expect the impulse and the power to express these conceptions otherwise than by musical notation would likewise be present. If the Kreutzer Sonata could move Tolstoi to write his famous story, why might not the composer of the Sonata be similarly inspired to embody such a theme in language?

All one can say is, that it does not often happen; but it does happen occasionally, and we have the pleasure of noting an example of it to-day. Among the musicians and composers of this country none is better known or more justly popular than John Philip Sousa; he fills with us the place occupied in Germany by Strauss; without him, a summer at a watering place would seem dreary and barren; and it is difficult to imagine how we ever contrived to march until Sousa set the measure for us. From the time he first came into public notice through the achievements of his genius, he has been generally regarded as secure at the summit of his profession; and, as everybody knows, his vogue in Europe is not less general and emphatic than it is here. Meanwhile, nobody was at the pains to inquire whether musical composition and the ability to lead a great orchestra were all that Sousa could do; and Sousa, with characteristic reticence and modesty, chose to keep the secret of his other gifts to himself. But the other gifts were there; and in due season they have at last betrayed themselves. He has written and published a romance; it bears the title of "The Fifth String," and is brought out by the well-known Indianapolis firm of Bowen-Merrill. To further enhance its attractiveness, it has been illustrated by no less able an artist than Howard Chandler Christy, whose feminine types are as well known as those of Dana Gibson. He has done some of his best work for the little volume; and though the tale is good enough by itself, the pictures have the

rare merit of not injuring our conceptions of the characters.

The volume is as pretty as it is little; the tale is short—brief as woman's love, and as delightful while it lasts. It might easily have been expanded to quadruple its present dimensions; but the author has had the rare self-command to use an economy of language as severe as is consistent with complete expression. He had a good central idea to begin with; in working it out, he has employed the simplest method imaginable, and has gone straight to his point with the fewest possible circumlocutions and side issues. There is no subplot; there is just the plain story; it interests and moves us all the way through, and leads up to an entirely artistic and satisfactory conclusion.

The story is, to be sure, a tragedy, but tragedies, properly handled, are not less agreeable and satisfactory than comedies. Besides, the consistently romantic texture of the tale avoids the dreariness and depression that generally accompany a so-called realistic tragic drama. It is half a fairy-story; and we may recognize in it a symbolic meaning of such catholic artistic application that our sympathy with the particular protagonists does not seriously affect our equanimity. There is, as has been intimated, an element of supernatural machinery involved; and here one might expect that a writer unaccustomed to handle literary subjects would be most likely to go astray. He would imagine that it was incumbent upon him to prepare an elaborate mis-en-scene for his miracle, and perhaps a not less elaborate explanation afterward, to placate the prejudices of those readers who are wont to protest that the supernatural is impossible. But Mr. Sousa is caught in neither of these traps. Nothing could be more straightforward and naive than the way in which he brings his Prince of Darkness upon the scene, with the violin of mystery in his hand.

Following the same principle, the lovers are brought into contact with an entire absence of factitious ceremony, and the situation out of which the action of the tale is to be deduced is stated at once and in the most unambiguous terms. The events succeed one another logically, though always with sufficient surprise to keep the reader interested; when the moment arrives for the heroine to explain the conditions under which the hero may hope to win her love, she does so without fuss or affectation; and when her love has been won, she surrenders with the same frank simplicity. Then comes the inevitable sinister complication, contrived with the most obvious materials, and the most natural consequences; and finally, the denouement is wrought out with the nicest discrimination, involving each of the dramatis personae in his or her characteristic vein. When we close the book, we perceive that all the material employed has been exhausted, and that the only artistic issue legitimately possible has been attained.

In short, as an example of structure, the story is to be seriously and emphatically commended. Errors were so easy, even for a practiced hand, that one is continually gratified to note how they are avoided. Seldom has a better illustration been presented of how one art may train its professor for the right exercise of another. Any one who needs to be apprised that Mr. Sousa's musical compositions are thoroughly artistic need only read this tale to be convinced. He will find there the same succinctness, strength of motive, and rapid development that are so notable in his musical scores. If the author has many other such plots in his portfolio, he may safely count upon maintaining the

new reputation which "The Fifth String" is likely to give him.

In respect of the portrayal of character, Mr. Sousa comes off well, though there is no unusual excellence in that direction. For that matter, where the lines of structure are so strong, insistence upon character is unnecessary, and might even prove a hindrance to the swift evolution of the drama. The persons are sharply defined and their functions indicated, and thereafter are left to themselves. Of the three individuals chiefly concerned in the action, the heroine is the most original. She has ever been insensible to music, or to the appeals of art in any form. But her insensibility is due, not to any defect in herself, but on the contrary to a capacity for appreciation so exquisite that nothing that human genius affords has hitherto been fine or powerful enough to move her. Her soul is pitched so high, to use a musical term, that only vibrations the most ethereal and pure can elicit a response from it. Yet, on the merely human side, she is prone to frailty, and the passion of jealousy proves her no more than mortal, and shuts the gates of Paradise that were so nearly opened for her lover and herself. But this calamity is artistically justified by the corresponding sin on her lover's part; for he, in order to win her, stoops to a bargain with evil which fatally compromises his otherwise lofty and stainless character. The temptation was terrible, appealing as it did, and always must in such cases, to what seemed the highest and most justifiable cravings of his nature; but the results of his yielding to it were of course only the more disastrous. The evil thread in his otherwise honorable conduct proves in the sequel the undoing both of his mistress and of himself, but by a fine touch an element of self-sacrifice is mingled with it at the last which reconciles us to the tragedy. The great audience which had assembled to applaud his triumph sees him die at the moment of his highest fame, by the very means which had helped him to that eminence.

Fine also is the conception which shows the violinist, while engaging at every moment of his artistic career the sympathies that wait on pity, hope, love, and joy, his hand continually trembling on the verge of that fifth string of death which is waiting to annihilate the lovely fabric reared by its companions. Death lurks silently in the midst of the symphony of life; it seems forever mute; but the time must come when it will find utterance, and its word will be final. There is the implication that its music is yet more beautiful than that of the others—too beautiful, indeed, for mortality; he who elicits it must thenceforth dwell in a higher sphere. The mortal artist perishes; but only after he has illustrated the immortal transcendence of his art.

It is not to be expected, of course, that Mr. Sousa, in this first essay of his literary proficiency, should have mastered the subtleties of literary style and all the magic that can be conveyed by words. It is remarkable rather that he has so seldom shown any straining after superfine effects. The introductory conversations between the hero and heroine are a trifle stilted and orphic, but as the writer warms to his work he adopts a simpler and more natural style.

Humor is not entirely absent from some of the episodes, but it is used with great restraint and much good taste. On the other hand—and this will be a great merit for readers unfamiliar with the technicalities of music—there is but the very slightest indulgence in musical terms and idiosyncrasies. The author has frankly turned from the one art to the other, and has mingled the characteristics of the twain only so far as either may enhance the other's beauty and significance. There is music in his book, but such only as may properly belong to sound and acceptable literature.



The First Established and Most Complete  
Newspaper Cutting Bureau in the World.

From

Address

Date

Sousa's new novel, "The Fifth String," is the story of a violin whose fifth and fatal string is made of the hair of Eve. The other strings are pity, hope, love and joy. Satan played upon these in Heaven. The fifth was added after his fall.

ORK, 1884.

President

From

Address

Date

American  
Baltimore, Md

FEB 15 1902

A Story by Sousa.

John Philip Sousa, march king, bandmaster and monarch of melody—if we are to believe his artistic posters—has also branched out into the pleasant fields of literary effort. His maiden offering comes in a very handsomely gotten up story, called "The Fifth String." It is a tale that can be assimilated with pleasure in a short while—a good story to take up and finish in one evening—and is one of the sort that is generally finished before the book is laid down. The story deals with a famous Tuscan violinist, Diotti, who falls in love with an American girl, who cannot appreciate music as she would. She listens to his marvelous playing unmoved, while great audiences go into ecstasies over his wondrous rendition of melody. From this point the story dips into metaphysics and psychological veins, and leads in a weirdly entertaining strain to the tragic close. There is much poetry in the telling of the tale, and it is a distinct credit to Mr. Sousa's creative and imaginative faculties. It is beautifully illustrated by Howard Chandler Christy. Published by the Bowen-Merrill Company, and for sale at all book stores.

ORK, 1884.

From

Address

Date

NEW YORK TRIBUNE

WEEKLY

REVIEW

FEB 15 1902

More fantasticality confronts us when we take up "The Fifth String" (Bowen-Merrill Company), by Mr. John Philip Sousa. There is a violinist in the book, a renowned Tuscan, yclept Angelo Diotti. He comes to America to play, and falls in love with a beautiful but icy maiden, whose heart she lets him know can never be his until, by the magic of his art, he strikes a responsive chord within it. He finds the task one of extreme difficulty until his Satanic majesty appears upon the scene and provides him with a violin from which it is easy to draw more soul searching strains than ever were heard before. Unfortunately, the devil adds a string to the instrument which has fatal properties. Angelo succeeds in persuading the icy maiden aforesaid to smile upon his suit; but her curiosity is aroused about the deadly string, and the violinist plays upon it only to fall lifeless at her feet. It is a feeble performance. Mr. Sousa would better stick to his band.

94.

From

Address

Date

Life

BROOKLYN, N. Y.

Feb 15, 1902

Sousa's Musical Story. "A T last," I said to myself, as I picked up John Philip Sousa's book, "The Fifth String" (Bowen-Merrill Co.), "we have the great musical novel which so many persons have threatened to write." The characters turn out to be Signor Angelo Diotti, a Tuscan violinist of great European renown; Miss Mildred Wallace, the daughter of a New York banker, whom Diotti meets the night before his New York debut; and the Devil. Now, Mildred is skeptical and cynical towards the art of music—is moved by the mechanics, not by the spirit of the instrument or of the soul of the voice. Mr. Diotti, on the other hand, falls madly in love with her, and finds her "not a block of ice, but a beautiful, breathing woman." "Perhaps,"

he replies to her flippant cynicism—"Perhaps, some day, one will come who will sing a song of perfect love in perfect tones, and your soul will be attuned to its melody."

The day comes, but how and why it would be unfair to the reader to reveal. Here is where, as usual, our old friend the Devil gets in his perfect work. The supernatural element in the story is weird indeed.

One curious feature of the author's style is his use of what may perhaps be called musico-gastronomic figures. "Oh, remember, you music-fed ascetic," he cries, "many, aye, very many, regard the transition from Tschaiikowsky to terrapin, from Beethoven to burgundy, with hearts aflame with anticipatory joy." And again: "When the worker in the vineyard of music or the drama offers his choicest tokay to the public, that fickle coquette may turn to the more ordinary and less succulent concord. And the worker and the public itself know not why." John Philip would seem to be something of a gourmet.

PENDENNIS.

From

Address

Date

NEW YORK TRIBUNE

FEB 16 1902

More fantasticality confronts us when we take up "The Fifth String," by Mr. John Philip Sousa. There is a violinist in the book, a renowned Tuscan, yclept Angelo Diotti. He comes to America to play, and falls in love with a beautiful but icy maiden, whose heart, she lets him know, can never be his until, by the magic of his art, he strikes a responsive chord within it. He finds the task one of extreme difficulty until his Satanic majesty appears upon the scene and provides him with a violin from which it is easy to draw more soul searching strains than ever were heard before. Unfortunately, the devil adds a string to the instrument which has fatal properties. Angelo succeeds in persuading the icy maiden aforesaid to smile upon his suit; but her curiosity is aroused about the deadly string, and the violinist plays upon it only to fall lifeless at her feet. It is a feeble performance. Mr. Sousa would better stick to his band.

Newspaper Cutting Bureau in the World.

From

Address

Date

Post Express

Rochester, N. Y.

FEB 15 1902

"The Fifth String," a romantic novel by John Philip Sousa, the well known band leader and composer, was published this week by the Bowen-Merrill company. It is the story of a remarkable violin and of a wonderful love. Howard Chandler Christy has illustrated it, and the cover design was made by G. Alden Pierson.

ORK, 18



The First Established and Most Complete  
Newspaper Cutting Bureau in the World.

From

Address

Date

Sousa's new novel, "The Fifth String," is the story of a violin whose fifth and fatal string is made of the hair of Eve. The other strings are pity, hope, love and joy. Satan played upon these in Heaven. The fifth was added after his fall.

ORK, 1884.

President

From

Address

Date

American  
Baltimore, Md

FEB 15 1902

A Story by Sousa.

John Philip Sousa, march king, bandmaster and monarch of melody—if we are to believe his artistic posters—has also branched out into the pleasant fields of literary effort. His maiden offering comes in a very handsomely gotten up story, called "The Fifth String." It is a tale that can be assimilated with pleasure in a short while—a good story to take up and finish in one evening—and is one of the sort that is generally finished before the book is laid down. The story deals with a famous Tuscan violinist, Diotti, who falls in love with an American girl, who cannot appreciate music as she would. She listens to his marvelous playing unmoved, while great audiences go into ecstasies over his wondrous rendition of melody. From this point the story dips into metaphysics and psychological veins, and leads in a weirdly entertaining strain to the tragic close. There is much poetry in the telling of the tale, and it is a distinct credit to Mr. Sousa's creative and imaginative faculties. It is beautifully illustrated by Howard Chandler Christy. Published by the Bowen-Merrill Company, and for sale at all book stores.

ORK, 1884.

From NEW YORK TRIBUNE

Address

Date

WEEKLY

REVIEW

FEB 15 1902

More fantasticality confronts us when we take up "The Fifth String" (Bowen-Merrill Company), by Mr. John Philip Sousa. There is a violinist in the book, a renowned Tuscan, yclept Angelo Diotti. He comes to America to play, and falls in love with a beautiful but icy maiden, whose heart she lets him know can never be his until, by the magic of his art, he strikes a responsive chord within it. He finds the task one of extreme difficulty until his Satanic majesty appears upon the scene and provides him with a violin from which it is easy to draw more soul searching strains than ever were heard before. Unfortunately, the devil adds a string to the instrument which has fatal properties. Angelo succeeds in persuading the icy maiden aforesaid to smile upon his suit; but her curiosity is aroused about the deadly string, and the violinist plays upon it only to fall lifeless at her feet. It is a feeble performance. Mr. Sousa would better stick to his band.

From

Address

Date

NEW YORK TRIBUNE

FEB 16 1902

More fantasticality confronts us when we take up "The Fifth String," by Mr. John Philip Sousa. There is a violinist in the book, a renowned Tuscan, yclept Angelo Diotti. He comes to America to play, and falls in love with a beautiful but icy maiden, whose heart, she lets him know, can never be his until, by the magic of his art, he strikes a responsive chord within it. He finds the task one of extreme difficulty until his Satanic majesty appears upon the scene and provides him with a violin from which it is easy to draw more soul searching strains than ever were heard before. Unfortunately, the devil adds a string to the instrument which has fatal properties. Angelo succeeds in persuading the icy maiden aforesaid to smile upon his suit; but her curiosity is aroused about the deadly string, and the violinist plays upon it only to fall lifeless at her feet. It is a feeble performance. Mr. Sousa would better stick to his band.

Sousa's Musical Story.

"At last," I said to myself, as I picked up John Philip Sousa's book, "The Fifth String" (Bowen-Merrill Co.), "we have the great musical novel which so many persons have threatened to write." The characters turn out to be Signor Angelo Diotti, a Tuscan violinist of great European renown; Miss Mildred Wallace, the daughter of a New York banker, whom Diotti meets the night before his New York debut; and the Devil. Now, Mildred is skeptical and cynical towards the art of music—is moved by the mechanics, not by the spirit of the instrument or of the soul of the voice. Mr. Diotti, on the other hand, falls madly in love with her, and finds her "not a block of ice, but a beautiful, breathing woman." "Perhaps,"

he replies to her flippant cynicism—"Perhaps, some day, one will come who will sing a song of perfect love in perfect tones, and your soul will be attuned to its melody."

The day comes, but how and why it would be unfair to the reader to reveal. Here is where, as usual, our old friend the Devil gets in his perfect work. The supernatural element in the story is weird indeed.

One curious feature of the author's style is his use of what may perhaps be called musico-gastronomic figures. "Oh, remember, you music-fed ascetic," he cries, "many, aye, very many, regard the transition from Tschaiakowsky to terrapin, from Beethoven to burgundy, with hearts aflame with anticipatory joy." And again: "When the worker in the vineyard of music or the drama offers his choicest tokay to the public, that fickle coquette may turn to the more ordinary and less succulent concord. And the worker and the public itself know not why." John Philip would seem to be something of a gourmet.

PENDENNIS.

Week by the

is the story of a

a wonderful

ty has been

was made

ORK, 18



## CHRISTY DRAWING FROM "THE FIFTH STRING"

as such he will attract attention to his book, whatever the merits of the story may be. Looking upon the novel as curiosity usually is an unjust attitude, but is one that invariably held when a man who has become inseparably identified with a particular branch of art makes an endeavor in another. Toward Mr. Sousa the public is not unfair in considering his novel the product of diversion. He is a much better bandmaster than a novelist; indeed, an excellent bandmaster and a poor novelist.

Everybody assumed upon the announcement of his book that the story would be musical in its subject. The author has simply combined the ideas of two operas, "Faust" and "Lohengrin," with modern setting. But in his bald treatment he has lost the mystic beauty which surrounds the old legends in the opera and left the absurdities of the action.

In the first part, Diotti, the violinist, is Faust, and Mildred is Marguerite. Meeting him at a reception she arouses his love, but tells him that no man has ever been able to touch her heart with his playing, and that she is ready to surrender to the first who does. Diotti, too, fails to move her. Then, despairing, he exiles himself on an island to study for the genius to reach Mildred's heart. There to him appears Satan, in answer to a call uttered in an outburst of temper. Satan has the power with which this Faust can win his 20th century Marguerite, a peculiar violin possessing superhuman influence, and he would have Diotti accept it, the danger of the instrument being a fifth string that brings instant death to whoever plays upon it. In the end Diotti yields and wins Mildred. Faust and Marguerite leave here to make way for Elsa and Lohengrin. Mr. Sousa's handling of the meeting of Satan and Diotti sounds like burlesque and much inclines the reader to laugh.

When Mildred's father learns of her engagement he consults and plans with Sanders, his business adviser, for her to play Ortrud. Readily the adviser falls into the trap, and easily he succeeds in arousing Mildred's jealousy at that fifth string. Diotti pleads, Mildred insists, and in the sadness of his knowledge, he obeys, only to die.

The poverty of style and utter incapacity to instill the charm of the mystical, without which the plot becomes ridiculous, into the story, spoil Mr. Sousa's effort.

Christy's charming illustrations and other excellences form an attractive piece of bookmaking.

"The Fifth String." By John Phillip Sousa. Indianapolis. Bowen Merrill Company.



Press *Kress*  
 PHILADELPHIA, PA

FEB 15 1902

he Fifth String," It is not surpris-  
 ing that for his first  
 by essay in fiction  
 John Philip Sousa. John Philip Sousa  
 should choose a  
 musical theme. "The Fifth String"  
 (Bowen-Merrill Company, Indianapolis) K, 1884.  
 is the story of a violinist who is driven  
 by love to make the ancient pact with  
 the devil and to suffer the ancient pen-  
 alty. Angelo Diotti's skill is unrivaled;  
 his technique is unmatched, but the  
 young Tuscan virtuoso lacks that ele-  
 ment of personal sympathy without  
 which any art is but tinkling brass and  
 sounding cymbal. When he comes to  
 America he falls in love with a good  
 and beautiful girl, but this young lady re-  
 fuses to be moved either by his music or  
 his passion because of that one great  
 lack. Accordingly, Diotti seeks the seclu-  
 sion of Bahama and, throwing up his pro-  
 fessional engagements, devotes his whole  
 soul to the eradication of his musical  
 and emotional fault. At first his labor is  
 but vain, and one day he despairingly  
 calls upon the Devil to help him. His  
 Satanic Majesty responds to the prayer  
 with a promptitude which must awaken  
 envy among the powers of good. He pre-  
 sents Diotti with a new violin, the four  
 strings of which represent the four  
 great emotions. But the Devil's instru-  
 ment has a fifth string, upon which the  
 cunning musician must not play. That,  
 wrapped with a strand from the hair  
 of Eve, is the string of death. Diotti  
 returns to New York a perfect violinist.  
 He wins the heart of his Mildred and  
 all is about to end happily when it is

pointed out to the girl that musicians  
 often leave home with a fifth string to  
 their violins wrapped with a bit of their  
 lady-love's hair, and that what seems  
 like such a string is on Diotti's instru-  
 ment. "Try him," says this counselor,  
 "if he refuses to use the string, then  
 you may know that his heart is really  
 given elsewhere." The counselor him-  
 self strikes the string in private and  
 falls dead. Mildred insists that Diotti  
 use the string at his next concert and  
 when he is forced to yield he, too, meets  
 death. The story, as will be seen even  
 by this outline sketch, is well conceived  
 of its kind. One would like to be able  
 to say that it is equally well written,  
 but such is not the case. However, it is  
 a short tale, well printed, and illustrated  
 by Mr. Howard Chandler Christy in that  
 manner of his so "loved" by the gentler  
 sex, and the text shows enough of prom-  
 ise to make us hope for better things  
 from Mr. Sousa in the future, should he  
 choose to try his skill at fiction again.

om *Gouris*  
 address *Buffalo, N.Y.*  
 ate FEB 16 1902

**J** OHN PHILIP SOUSA, under his  
 later aspect of whiter and  
 romancer, has added a fresh leaf  
 to his laurels. "The Fifth  
 String," a musical romance, with  
 charming illustrations by Howard  
 Chandler Christy, seems an apt and  
 natural outgrowth from the art of the  
 musical composer to the art of letters.  
 The book is an allegorical romance, in  
 which the natural and supernatural are  
 interwoven harmoniously and the mod-  
 ern love story serves as a graceful  
 framework for the author's fantasy.  
 If by this legend of "The Fifth  
 String," we are led to believe that only  
 through the bitterness of death can the  
 fullness of life find expression, we are  
 yet somewhat comforted that in this  
 case at least, cold-eyed Philosophy  
 over-reached herself, and fell, the first  
 victim.  
 The book is prettily bound and well  
 printed. It is published by the Bowen-  
 Merrill Company, Indianapolis.

From *Herald*  
 Address *Baltimore, Md*  
 Date FEB 16 1902



CHRISTY DRAWING FROM "THE FIFTH STRING"  
 (Bowen-Merrill Company)

### SOUSA'S NOVEL

**J** OHN PHILIP SOUSA in the public mind is the band-  
 master, whatever else he may try to do. If he should  
 ride a horse in the Brooklyn handicap, he would not  
 be a jockey, but the bandmaster for some reason playing  
 jockey; if he delivered a temperance lecture, he would still  
 be the bandmaster at play. And so, now that he has written  
 a short novel, he is the bandmaster toying with a pen, and





From Gazette  
Address PITTSBURGH,  
Date FEB 16 1902

From Citizen  
Address CHUCKLE, A. A.  
Date FEB 16 1902

# John Philip Sousa Has Written a Romance

"THE FIFTH STRING." By John Philip Sousa. Indianapolis: Bowen-Merrill Company. Pittsburgh: J. R. Weidn & Co. Price, \$1.25.

THE fiction disease is spreading at an alarming rate. No rank of life seems immune. Your tailor may blossom forth some morning as the author of a new novel, and you will recognize yourself in one of its characters, perhaps as the impecunious and dilatory swell. Your barber, as he rasps your chin, may be making a mental note that you are just of the build and complexion for the heavy villain in the romance he is weaving. Your preacher, your lawyer, your family physician may be making copy of you. Even your relatives cannot be trusted. Also beware of the cook and the charwoman.

The latest to enter the ranks of fiction writers is John Philip Sousa, the march king. He has produced a romance called "The Fifth String." It vibrates between Bulwer-Lytton and F. Anstey. It is not a discreditable piece of work, and Mr. Sousa will be readily pardoned if he promises not to transgress again.

Satan is one of the characters. Mr. Sousa's Satan is very different from Milton's, and roars as gently as any sucking dove. He is "a tall, rather spare, but well-made and handsome man, whose manner is that of one evidently conversant with the usages of good society." His card reads "Satan," and in the lower left-hand corner, "Prince of Darkness."

Impresario Perkins has brought to America Angelo Diotti, the great Italian violinist. On the evening before his first concert Diotti attends a reception and falls head over heels in love with one of the fair guests. May this be a warning to other impresarios to keep their rare song-birds and such well caged. Gentus let loose is a dangerous thing.

Well, Angelo Diotti falls head over heels in love with the beautiful Mildred Wallace, who is a rich banker's daughter. Angelo talks exquisite moonshine to her, but she remains an iceberg. This lovely disciple of Schopenhauer, everlastingly bored, fairly divides the honors with Mr. Sousa's Mephistopheles.

"Surely you have been stirred by the wonders man has accomplished in music's realm?" Diotti ventured.

"I never have been." She spoke sadly and reflectively.

"But does not the passion-laden theme of a master, or the marvelous feeling of a player awaken your emotions?" persisted he.

"I never hear a pianist, however great and famous, but I see the little cream-colored hammers within the piano bobbing up and down like acrobatic brownies. I never hear the plaudits of the crowd for the artist and watch him return to bow his thanks but I mentally demand that these little acrobats shall appear to receive a share of the applause."

Angelo's wonderful playing falls to broken love in her heart, and he disappears just before the second concert. Poor Per-

kins has to refund the money paid by the audience. No one can find a trace of the violinist.

He has gone to the Bahamas to practice—certainly a commendable move for any owners of musical instruments who don't play them well enough. But Angelo can't improve, and in despair dashes his

violin to pieces. Then in despair he calls upon the Prince of Darkness, and enter Satan. A suave, genteel, obliging Satan! No sulphurous smells, nor lurid flames, nor other infernal manifestations.

Satan has a wonderful violin, which he offers to Angelo. "This string," pointing to the G, "is the string of pity; this one," referring to the third, "is the string of hope; this," plunking the A, "is attuned to love; while this one, the E string, gives forth sounds of joy."

"But that extra string?" interrupted Diotti.

"That is the string of death, and he who plays upon it dies at once. But that need not worry you. I noticed a marvelous facility in your arm work. It will be easy for you to avoid touching the string."

"What is it wrapped with?" inquired Diotti. "The four strings are beautifully white and transparent, but this one is black and odd-looking."

"The fifth string was added after an unfortunate episode in the Garden of Eden, in which I was somewhat concerned," said Satan soberly. "It is wrapped with strands of hair from the first mother of man."

Thus we incidentally learn that Eve had black hair. The wonderful violin has another peculiarity. The fifth string can't be cut off, for it is made up of the extra lengths of the four other strings. To cut it would destroy the others, and then pity, hope, love and joy would cease to exist in the soul of the violin. "Like life itself—pity, hope, love, joy end in death, and through death they are born again."

Diotti accepts the five-stringed violin, returns to New York, causing Perkins' heart to rejoice, and at his first concert melts the heart of his adamantine Dulcinea. She puts his picture on the piano and on her chiffonier and in numerous other places about the house, and he calls on her thirty-two times—and then her papa, a banker with no music in his soul, returns from Europe.

The banker and his confidential man, old Sanders, take counsel how to cure Mildred of her infatuation for the fiddler. Old Sanders in the role of the serpent insinuates to her that the fifth string is wound with the tresses of some Italian sweetheart, and that Angelo will not play on that string because of a vow or promise made to her. Jealous Mildred demands that he play upon that string, or they part; so he plays and falls dead on the concert stage. Quite like Lohengrin and Elsa!

If told au grand sérieux this fantastic little tale would easily become absurd. Mr. Sousa has mingled just enough humor to escape this—like the clever prestidigitateur who causes both mirth and mystery. The story is in Anstey's vein, rather than in Bulwer's. But the style! The style is all the march king's own! It is sonorous, stately, rhythmic—a march in words, a triumphal procession of tramping vocables. It isn't a bad style, and hardly a good style—but it's Sousa's very own, a sort of brass band style.

John Philip Sousa, known from pole to pole, from sunrise to sunset as the March King, has written a story—a story of love and of a wonderful violin. All the intensity, all the blitheness, all the delicacy, all the unique dramatic power of the soul that gave the world its premier marches, floods this passionable romance. The key of the story finds origin in the extra key on the violin, a new theme comes into the range of the instrument, a new theme comes into literature. Mr. Sousa has called his book "The Fifth String." Howard Chandler Christy has set the characters before the eyes bewitchingly.

1884.





**"IF YOU DO NOT PLAY UPON IT WE SEPARATE." (By Christy.)**

poetry or romance. These are natural things so disposed as to vibrate to human impulses; in the aggregate they represent the emotions of man's spirit. And it is not an arbitrary or violent attitude of the mind which regards the terminology of these several manifestations as being within limits mutually interchangeable.

Moreover, although the cultivation of any one art usually monopolizes the energies and capacities of any single artist, it often happens that a man of exceptional genius is an artist in various kinds. Michael Angelo Buonarroti, for example, was architect, painter, sculptor and poet; and Leonardo da Vinci was not only many kinds of an artist, but he was a skilled mechanic and inventor, and could, in fact, do anything that was called for. Aristotle, too, seems to have been a universal genius; Robert Browning had, at least, a strong desire to become a painter, though it must be admitted that his success in that direction was not commensurate with his good will. Many other instances more or less striking might be adduced; and in our own day we have Mr. Hopkinson Smith, who paints, writes, models and is a practical engineer, not to mention other accomplishments. It seems probable that custom is largely to blame for the fact that the majority of artists stick each one to his last, instead of branching out into various modes of aesthetic expression; they neglect to do more things because they have not realized how well fitted they are for the feat. It would appear reasonable to expect that a good painter would be apt to succeed as a story writer; and as a matter of fact, we constantly meet with illustra-

he fills with us the place occupied in Germany by Strauss; without him, a summer at a watering-place would seem dreary and barren; and it is difficult to imagine how we ever contrived to march until Sousa set the measure for us. From the time he first came into public notice through the achievements of his genius, he has been generally regarded as secure at the summit of his profession; and, as everybody knows, his vogue in Europe is not less general and emphatic than it is here. Meanwhile, nobody was at the pains to inquire whether musical composition and the ability to lead a great orchestra were all that Sousa could do; and Sousa, with characteristic reticence and modesty, chose to keep the secret of his other gifts to himself. But the other gifts were there; and in due season they have at last betrayed themselves. He has written and published a romance; it bears the title of "The Fifth String," and is brought out by the well-known Indianapolis firm of Bowen-Merrill. To further enhance its attractiveness, it has been illustrated by no less able an artist than Howard Chandler Christy, whose feminine types are as well known as those of Dana Gibson. He has done some of his best work for the little volume; and though the tale is good enough by itself, the pictures have the rare merit of not injuring our conceptions of the characters.

The volume is as pretty as it is little; the tale is short—brief as woman's love, and as delightful while it lasts. It might easily have been expanded to quadruple its present dimensions; but the author has had the rare self-command to use an



From North American  
Address PHILADELPHIA, PA  
Date FEB 9 1902

# "The Fifth String,"

## a Musician's Tragic Romance,

by John Phillip Sousa

354.

THE FIFTH STRING—John Phillip Sousa—  
Bowen Merrill Co.

HERE has always been a tendency on the part of aesthetic minds to assert a fellowship between the fine arts. It has latterly been carried rather far, and practical persons are apt to cavil at its more pronounced manifestations; they could tolerate talk about the color of sounds and the harmony of colors, but they refuse to regard a Gothic cathedral as an oratorio in stone, or Mr. Henry Irving's left leg as a poem. They have even ventured to smile at the alleged conversation between Ralph Waldo Emerson and Miss Margaret Fuller, at a performance by Fanny Ellsler, the great dancer of that generation. After contemplating the lady's evolutions for a while, Mr. Emerson was moved to bend over to Miss Fuller and murmur in her ear, "Margaret, this is poetry!" To which Miss Fuller, who would never allow even Emerson to fly higher than herself, immediately responded, "Ralph, this is religion!" It is not recorded whether or not Miss Ellsler overheard these comments; all she did, at all events, was to go on dancing.

Extravagancies aside, however, serious philosophy does not deny that there may be something in the theory that all art is in its essence one, and that the several so-called fine arts are but so many varying manifestations of the one impulse. The universe may be regarded as consisting, broadly speaking, of man and nature; they are allied, but not identical; in nature is found the constituents of man, but uncoordinated; it is the dotty-bag, so to say, from whose materials man is formed. But the spirit of man recognizes in nature his inchoate self, and feels the impulse to bring this inchoateness into human order; and the result is art. If he works with blocks of stone or with wood, the result is architecture; if with bronze or marble, sculpture; if with colors, painting; if with sound, music; and if he employs words or language,

tions of a successful combination of this kind in the magazines. It is a convenience, if not always an advantage, for a man to be able to make the pictures for his own narratives. There have also been cases of musicians writing stories, but for some reason they have been less common. Indeed, it must be admitted that the ordinary run of musicians have not been considered remarkable for intellectual capacities in other lines. The practice of their music, and the growing of their hair, seems to have exhausted their energies.

Yet a great composer, dealing, as habitually he does, with the most sublime conceptions, should be able to embody some of those conceptions in the form of romance; one even wonders how they can help doing so. Every literary man must often have felt, when listening to good music, especially orchestral, an inspiration to literary activity to which he is ordinarily a stranger. The harmonies and melodies that flow into his ears take form before his mental vision, and arrange themselves in artistic sequences and culminations. The emotions which are awakened in him, press to declare themselves in the actions and collisions of a human drama. If he could but get down on paper, at this moment (he thinks) the ideas that throng his brain, a noble poem or a winning story would be the result. But nothing is more fleeting than an artistic mood; and by the time the man of letters reaches his study, the glow has passed away, and he can do nothing. With the composer, however, the case should be somewhat different; the power of conceiving lofty and significant combinations of sounds is constantly with him; and we would expect the impulse and the power to express these conceptions otherwise than by musical notation would likewise be present. If the Kreutzer Sonata could move Tolstoy to write his famous story, why might not the composer of the Sonata be similarly inspired to embody such a theme in language?

All one can say is, that it does not often happen; but it does happen occasionally, and we have the pleasure of noting an example of it to-day. Among the musicians and composers of this country none is better known or more justly popular than John Phillip Sousa;





economy of language as severe as is consistent with complete expression. He had a good central idea to begin with; in working it out, he has employed the simplest method imaginable, and has gone straight to his point with the fewest possible circumlocutions and side-issues. There is no sub-plot; there is just the plain story; it interests and moves us all the way through, and leads up to an entirely artistic and satisfactory conclusion.

The story is, to be sure, a tragedy; but tragedies, properly handled, are not less agreeable and satisfactory than comedies. Besides, the consistently romantic texture of the tale avoids the dreariness and depression that generally accompany a so-called realistic tragic drama. It is half a fairy-story; and we may recognize in it a symbolic meaning of such catholic artistic application that our sympathy with the particular protagonists does not seriously affect our equanimity. There is, as has been intimated, an element of supernatural machinery involved; and here one might expect that a writer unaccustomed to handle literary subjects would be most likely to go astray. He would imagine that it was incumbent upon him to prepare an elaborate mis-en-scene for his miracle, and perhaps a not less elaborate explanation, afterwards, to placate the prejudices of those readers who are wont to protest that the supernatural is impossible. But Mr. Sousa is caught in neither of these traps. Nothing could be more straightforward and naive than the way in which he brings his Prince of Darkness upon the scene, with the violin of mystery in his hand.

Following the same principle, the lovers are brought into contact with an entire absence of factitious ceremony, and the situation out of which the action of the tale is to be educed is stated at once and in the most unambiguous terms. The events succeed one another logically, though always with sufficient surprise to keep the reader interested; when the moment arrives for the heroine to explain


For that matter, where the lines of structure are so strong, insistence upon character is unnecessary, and might even prove a hindrance to the swift evolution of the drama. The persons are sharply defined, and their functions indicated, and thereafter are left to themselves. Of the three individuals chiefly concerned in the action, the heroine is the most original. She has ever been insensible to music, or to the appeals of art in any form. But her insensibility is due, not to any defect in herself, but on the contrary to a capacity for appreciation so exquisite that nothing that human genius affords has hitherto been fine or powerful enough to move her. Her soul is pitched so high, to use a musical term, that only vibrations the most ethereal and pure can elicit a response from it. Yet, on the merely human side, she is prone to frailty, and the passion of jealousy proves her no more than mortal and shuts the gates.

There were so many open doors to herself. But the calamity is all justified by the corresponding action on her lover's part; for he, in order to win her, stoops to a bargain with evil which fatally compromises his otherwise lofty and stainless character. The temptation was terrible, appealing as it did, and always must in such cases, to what seemed the highest and most justifiable cravings of his nature; but the results of his yielding to it were of course only the more disastrous. The evil thread in his otherwise honorable conduct proves in the sequel the undoing both of his mistress and of himself, but by a fine touch an element of self-sacrifice is mingled with it at the last which reconciles us to the tragedy. The great audience which had assembled to applaud his triumph sees him die at the moment of his highest fame, by the very means which had helped him to that eminence.

Fine also is the conception which shows the violinist, while engaging at every moment of his artistic career the sympathies that wait on pity, hope, love and joy, his hand continually trembling on the verge of that fifth string of death which is waiting to annihilate the lovely fabric







### THE LONE OCCUPANT OF THE BOX. (Drawing by Christy.)

the conditions under which the hero may hope to win her love, she does so without fuss or affectation; and when her love has been won, she surrenders with the same frank simplicity. Then comes the inevitable sinister complication, contrived with the most obvious materials and the most natural consequence; and finally, the denouement is wrought out with the nicest discrimination, involving each of the dramatis personae in his or her characteristic vein. When we close the book, we perceive that all the material employed has been exhausted, and that the only artistic issue legitimately possible has been attained.

In short, as an example of structure, the story is to be seriously and emphatically commended. Errors were so easy, even for a practiced hand, that one is continually gratified to note how they are avoided. Seldom has a better illustration been presented of how one art may train its professor for the right exercise of another. Any one who needs to be apprised that Mr. Sousa's musical compositions are thoroughly artistic, need only read this tale to be convinced. He will find there the same succinctness, strength of motive, and rapid development that are so notable in his musical scores. If the author has many other such plots in his portfolio, he may safely count upon maintaining the new reputation which "The Fifth String" is likely to give him.

In respect of the portrayal of character, Mr. Sousa comes off well, though there is no unusual excellence in that direction.

reared by its companions. Death lurks silently in the midst of the symphony of life; it seems forever mute; but the time must come when it will find utterance, and its word will be final. There is the implication that its music is yet more beautiful than that of the others—too beautiful, indeed, for mortality; he who elicits it must thenceforth dwell in a higher sphere. The mortal artist perishes; but only after he has illustrated the immortal transcendency of his art.

It is not to be expected, of course, that Mr. Sousa, in this first essay of his literary proficiency, should have mastered the subtleties of literary style and all the magic that can be conveyed by words. It is remarkable rather that he has so seldom shown any straining after superfluous effects. The introductory conversation between the hero and heroine are a trifle stilted and orphic, but as the writer warms to his work he adopts a simpler and more natural style.

Humor is not entirely absent from some of the episodes, but it is used with great restraint and much good taste. On the other hand—and this will be a great merit for readers unfamiliar with the technicalities of music—there is but the very slightest indulgence in musical terms and idiosyncrasies. The author has frankly turned from the one art to the other, and has mingled the characteristics of the twain only so far as either may enhance the other's beauty and significance. There is music in his book, but such only as may properly belong to sound and acceptable literature.



again until after her aunt died, which happened at a time that 'Lias was in port. 'Lias had been a frequent visitor at the home of her aunt. He had always loved Annette, but without any hope of winning her for his wife, until the time of her desolation. His sympathy for her forlorn condition won her gratitude and she consented to marry him. Her marriage was one of bondage; for while she knew her husband to be worthy, her life was gradually becoming unendurable.

The story runs along this line through a whole season of wind and weather, sea and land, work and play, wherein a woman's nature, at once delicate and strong, is betrayed by force of circumstance into a cruel environment. The innocent cause of her unhappiness gives himself up with rapturous content to the joy of a possession which has never for one moment been his. The young wife lives with her husband's mother during 'Lias's absence on fishing trips. The husband's devotion to his wife is a source of great irritation to the mother, who, with a mother's jealous love for her son and a woman's penetration, sees that Annette is merely trying to do a wife's duty instead of giving the devotion which the mother feels is her son's due. The whole village knows the story of Annette's indifference to her husband, for the mother cannot conceal her indignation at her son's wife for not considering it good fortune to have won so admirable a husband.

So eager is the husband to gratify the slightest wish of his wife that in the midst of a terrible storm he rigs up a boat to go across the bay in order that he may get Annette a string of amber beads which her French taste has caused her to covet.

When the villagers heard that he has put to sea in such threatening weather—to risk his life that his wife's vanity might be gratified—they prophesy dire results. During the day the wind rises and the furious waves swell into mountains of tossing green water. Occasional whispers of uneasiness about her husband reach Annette's ears while she is among the guests at the reception which is held for the benefit of the little church. It is the general hope that while 'Lias would be able to cross the bay he will not be mad enough to risk returning in a small boat in the furious sea.

But Elias takes all risks, and when they





"FATHER, I OBEY YOU IMPLICITLY." (Drawing by Howard Chandler Christy.)



The Sentinel

Wilmington, Feb. 21/1902

## STRONG STORY OF ISLAND FOLK

"Lias's Wife" Proves a Well-  
Told Tale by Martha  
Baker Dunn.

### SOUSA'S NOVEL PRAISED

H. C. Chatfield-Taylor Is at Work  
on a Romance Called "The  
Crimson Wing."

"Lias's Wife" is a pretty story of life on an island off the coast of Maine. It is written by Martha Baker Dunn, who has more than usual talent as a author of fiction. The book contains beautiful bits of description of the scenes and inhabitants of this little part of the world, so shut off from the centers of civilization that the story of its daily life seemed to write itself into an idyl or pastoral.

A young minister, Morris King, while not the hero, is one of the chief characters in the story. He has come down to the island from the city, in order that he might forget himself in looking after the needs of others. He has no deliberate sin with which to reproach himself. His temptation has been an involuntary one, upon which he turned his back as soon as he recognized his danger. He has all the courage of youth and inexperience, and feels sure of himself, of his place in the world and of what he means to do with his life. The inhabitants of the island regard the young man as one who has much to learn. They display few complexities of character, but they belong to a type strongly influenced by the sort of religion which has only one arbitrary standard of righteousness—that which it has established itself.

Through the daily religious discussions, church socials and prayer meetings, the story of "Lias's Wife" is revealed. This young woman, who finds herself out of harmony with her surroundings, supplies the problem without which even the most simple story of human life seems to be incomplete.

Annette Lanier is of French descent and she adapts herself with difficulty to the Puritanical connections and beliefs of the family into which she had married—not because of love, but because of loneliness. When her aunt died, a year or two before she married Lias, she was alone in the world, a young and beautiful girl without a single friend to guide her hapless life. Young as she was, she had learned something of love before she had met the man who became her husband. She lived with her aunt off the coast of Maine, where she rarely saw anybody but sailors who put into port from time to time while on fishing trips.

One season a yacht, with a gay party aboard, remained a few weeks in the picturesque little cove where Lias's wife was born. Among them was a young man who soon became to her—the lord of the Far Away Isles. The yacht lay over for a week. Sometimes they took rambles together; sometimes they rode to the distant islands together; and in the evening he talked about the great world, while she sat in the dusk and listened. He did not make love to her, but when

Lias was in port, Lias had been a frequent visitor at the home of her aunt. He had always loved Annette, but without any hope of winning her for his wife, until the time of her desolation. His sympathy for her forlorn condition won her gratitude and she consented to marry him. Her marriage was one of bondage; for while she knew her husband to be worthy, her life was gradually becoming unendurable.

The story runs along this line through a whole season of wind and weather, sea and land, work and play, wherein a woman's nature, at once delicate and strong, is betrayed by force of circumstance into a cruel environment. The innocent cause of her unhappiness gives himself up with rapturous content to the joy of a possession which has never for one moment been his. The young wife lives with her husband's mother during Lias's absence on fishing trips. The husband's devotion to his wife is a source of great irritation to the mother, who, with a mother's jealous love for her son and a woman's penetration, sees that Annette is merely trying to do a wife's duty instead of giving the devotion which the mother feels is her son's due. The whole village knows the story of Annette's indifference to her husband, for the mother cannot conceal her indignation at her son's wife for not considering it good fortune to have won so admirable a husband.

So eager is the husband to gratify the slightest wish of his wife that in the midst of a terrible storm he rigs up a boat to go across the bay in order that he may get Annette a string of amber beads which her French taste has caused her to covet.

When the villagers heard that he has put to sea in such threatening weather—to risk his life that his wife's vanity might be gratified—they prophesy dire results. During the day the wind rises and the furlous waves swell into mountains of tossing green water. Occasional whispers of uneasiness about her husband reach Annette's ears, but she is among the guests at the reception which is held for the benefit of the church. It is the general hope that

pick him up on the shore they find, clasped close in his hand, the amber necklace—the last thing of which he has thought. The incidents following this tragedy are pathetic. The regret of the young wife and the agony of the tearless mother show how joy and sorrow, struggle and defeat, all weave themselves into the fabric of human life. Little else is left for the heroine who is no longer "Lias's wife." The remaining two or three chapters are devoted to untangling the threads of a tangled life. The lord of the Far Away Isles again comes to port, and as his yacht sways on the restless tide he sees love beckon to him.

"Lias's Wife." By Martha Baker Dunn.  
Boston: L. C. Page & Co.

## THE WILKES-BARRE RECORD

4

FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 21, 1902.

### NOTE and COMMENT

John Philip Sousa's musical novelette, "The Fifth String," has already gained a considerable vogue. The reviewers have given him all sorts of comments, most of them inclining to favor. The theme is absolutely unusual and not to be taken literally any more than Amos Judd and stories of such unreal character. But the "Fifth String" points some incidental morals and the story as a whole only partially conceals a significant meaning. It is Mr. Sousa's first attempt at novel writing, but the book shows a fertility of invention, a wealth of words and a keen character analysis that promise mighty interesting work of this kind in the future when he can take the precious moments here and there from his baton and his scores. "The Fifth String" has to do with an enchanted violin which comes into the hands of a marvelously talented Italian violinist, playing a series of concerts in America. He has fallen deeply in love with an American girl, whose heart remains untouched until, yielding to the promptings of the Prince of Darkness, the violinist avails himself of the wonderful instrument. The tones from it awaken the girl's heart, but the penalty follows just as a penalty follows many attempts to employ other than natural agencies in human endeavor.

The story, taken as a whole, is a little sombre, but in detail it is bright and full of delicious humor. Mr. Sousa all these years has surveyed mankind with extensive view and in the book he has sketched a theatrical impressario, a modern American girl, a sordid, aged, weather beaten old confidential clerk in a beguiling way. The character of the young violinist has received the most endearing touches. Here was a young man who trusted men, who "believed that good is universal and evil accidental." In fact, those who revel in book types of character will find in "The Fifth String" some new pictures to awaken their interest and chain their attention. Some of the brightest touches are temptingly quotable if there were space to quote—the midnight brewing of a hot toddy; the heartless commercialism of the impressario against the artistic longing of the artist; the wily cunning of the confidential clerk; the practical, cold attitude of a wealthy banker as to the virtuoso's value in the world; the deeply significant but delightfully framed conversational sparring between the artist and the devil, in which the artist comes out on top—all these are by no means the

ultimate fate of "The Fifth String" shall be, it reveals an inventive genius and ability to analyze men and motives, a gift of suggesting much while saying little, a catholicity that can suddenly throw the atmosphere of humor around a sombre situation and an exotic fancy, not only in the invention of circumstance, but also in word framing—that promise much for future efforts of this character from the great conductor and composer.

The book is published by the great firm of Bowen-Merrill Co. of Indianapolis and is a charming creation. It is a small octavo, bound in ribbed cloth with gold lettering, and is illustrated handsomely by Howard Chandler Christy.

It is obtainable here at the Boston Store book counter.

at one jump, with some of their time, or who think that narrative alone has been his aim will fail of entertainment except for the moment. Those who love analysis and character types and an irresistible and ever assertive humor and the shifter, subtler shades of motive in men's actions will be beguiled far beyond the last cover of the book. Whatever the



From **AMERICAN**  
Address **CHICAGO**  
Date **FEB 1 1907**

# ♣ Sousa, the March King, Writes a Book. ♣

"Oh, That Mine Enemy Would Write a Book."

## "The Fifth String," a novelette telling of a musician's love, by the famous bandmaster and composer, that has aroused much comment. Copyrighted 1902, and published by the Bowen-Merrill Company.

(Two chapters from "The Fifth String" which are favorites of the author.)



THE sun was high in the heavens when the violinist awoke. A great weight had been lifted from his heart; he had passed from darkness into dawn. A messenger brought him this note:

"My Dear Signor Diotti—I am at home this afternoon and shall be delighted to see you and return my thanks for the exquisite pleasure you gave me last evening. Sincerely, MILDRED WALLACE."

The messenger returned with this reply:

"My Dear Miss Wallace—I will call at 3 to-day."

He watched the hour drag from 11 to 12, then counted.

Into a language I could understand; I felt my frame pervaded by a glow. That seemed to thaw my marble into flesh. Its cold, hard substance throbbled with active life. My limbs grew supple, and I moved—I lived! Lived in the ecstasy of a new-born life! Lived in the love of him that fashioned me! Lived in a thousand tangled thoughts of hope.

Day after day he came; they told their love, their hopes, their ambitions. She assumed absolute proprietorship in him. She gloried in her possession. He was born into the world, nurtured in infancy, trained in childhood and matured into manhood for a ship ranged from absolute despotism to humble slavery and he was happy through it all.

One day she said: "Angelo, is it your purpose to follow your profession always?"

"Necessarily, it is my livelihood," he replied.

"I will wait for a more opportune time to tell him," she thought.

In the scheme of Diotti's appearance in New York there were to be two more concerts. One was to be given that evening. Mildred coaxed her father to accompany her to hear the violinist. Mr. Wallace was not fond of music; he had been knocked out of him on the farm up in Vermont, when he was a boy. He would apologetically explain, and besides he had the old Puritanical abhorrence of stage people—putting them all in one class—as pimps who danced or played or talked for an idle and unthinking public.

So it was with the thought of a wasted evening that he accompanied Mildred to the concert.

The entertainment was a repetition of the others Diotti had given, and at the end Mildred said to her father: "Come, I want to congratulate Signor Diotti in person."

"That is entirely unnecessary," he replied.

"It is my desire," and the girl led the unwilling parent back of the scene and into Diotti's dressing room.

Mildred introduced Diotti to her father, who after a few commonplace lapses into silence. The daughter's enthusiastic interest in Diotti's performance and her tender solicitude for his weariness after the efforts of the evening quickly attracted the attention of Mr. Wallace and irritated him exceedingly.

When father and daughter were seated in their carriage and were hurriedly driving home, he said: "Mildred, I prefer that you have as little to say to that man as possible."

"What do you object to in him?" she asked.

"Everything. Of what use is a man who dawdles away his time on a fiddle? Of what benefit is he to mankind? Do fiddlers build cities? Do they delve into the earth for precious metals? Do they sow the seed and harvest the grain? No, no; they are drones—the barnacles of society."

"Father, how can you advance such an argument? Music's votaries offer no apologies for their art. The husbandman places the grain within the breast of Mother Earth for man's material welfare; God places music in the heart of man for his spiritual development. In man's Spring time, his bridal day, music means joy. In man's Winter time, his burial day, music means comfort. The heaven-born muse has added to the happiness of the world. Diotti is a great genius. His art brings rest and tranquility to the wearied and despairing," and she did not speak again until they had reached the house.

The lights were turned low when father and daughter went into the drawing room. Mr. Wallace felt that he had failed to convince Mildred of the utter worthlessness of fiddlers, big or little, and as one dissatisfied with the outcome of a contest re-entered the lists.

"He has visited you?"

"Yes, father."

"Often?"

"Yes, father."



"Pray why?" was anxiously asked.

The old man shifted his position and assumed a confidential tone and attitude: "Signor Diotti, jealousy is a more universal passion than love itself. Envyment may develop our characters, influence our tastes and even soften our features, but heredity determines the intensity of the two leading passions, love and jealousy. Mildred's mother was a beautiful woman, but consumed with an overpowering jealousy of her husband. It was because she loved him. The body-

The two men took off their overcoats and went into the sitting room. A pile of logs burned brightly in the fire-place. The old man threw another on the burning fire. Next he went to the sideboard and brought forth the various ingredients for the toddy.

"How do you like America?" said the elder with commonplace indifference as he crunched a lump of sugar in the bottom of the glass, dissolving the particles with a few drops of water.

"Very much, indeed," said the Tuscan, with the air of a man who had answered the question before.

"I sincerely pity Mildred if ever she falls in love," remained silent.

"She is an American," repeated Diotti, forgetting himself for the instant.

"Let me see if I can guess her name," said old Sanders. "It's—it's Mildred Wallace!" and his manner suggested a child solving a riddle.

The violinist, about to speak, checked himself and remained silent.

"I sincerely pity Mildred if ever she falls in love," fervently cried the guest.

"Is she a Tuscan?" asked old Sanders, slyly.

"She is an angel!" impetuously answered the violinist.

"Then she is an American!" said the old man gaily.

"She is an American," repeated Diotti, forgetting himself for the instant.

"Let me see if I can guess her name," said old Sanders. "It's—it's Mildred Wallace!" and his manner suggested a child solving a riddle.

The violinist, about to speak, checked himself and remained silent.

"The nectar of the gods pales into nothingness when compared with a toddy such as I make," said he, "Am-lantily."

"Then she is an American!" said the old man gaily.

"She is an American," repeated Diotti, forgetting himself for the instant.

"Let me see if I can guess her name," said old Sanders. "It's—it's Mildred Wallace!" and his manner suggested a child solving a riddle.

The violinist, about to speak, checked himself and remained silent.

"I sincerely pity Mildred if ever she falls in love," fervently cried the guest.

"Is she a Tuscan?" asked old Sanders, slyly.

"She is an angel!" impetuously answered the violinist.

"Then she is an American!" said the old man gaily.

"She is an American," repeated Diotti, forgetting himself for the instant.

"Let me see if I can guess her name," said old Sanders. "It's—it's Mildred Wallace!" and his manner suggested a child solving a riddle.

The violinist, about to speak, checked himself and remained silent.

"The nectar of the gods pales into nothingness when compared with a toddy such as I make," said he, "Am-lantily."

"Then she is an American!" said the old man gaily.

"She is an American," repeated Diotti, forgetting himself for the instant.

"Let me see if I can guess her name," said old Sanders. "It's—it's Mildred Wallace!" and his manner suggested a child solving a riddle.

The violinist, about to speak, checked himself and remained silent.

"I sincerely pity Mildred if ever she falls in love," fervently cried the guest.

"Is she a Tuscan?" asked old Sanders, slyly.

"She is an angel!" impetuously answered the violinist.

"Then she is an American!" said the old man gaily.

"She is an American," repeated Diotti, forgetting himself for the instant.

"Let me see if I can guess her name," said old Sanders. "It's—it's Mildred Wallace!" and his manner suggested a child solving a riddle.

The violinist, about to speak, checked himself and remained silent.





went into the drawing room. Mr. Wallace felt that he had failed to convince Mildred of the utter worthlessness of fiddlers, but a little, and as one dissatisfied with the outcome of a contest re-entered the lists.

"He has visited you?"

"Yes, father."

"Often?"

"Yes, father," spoke calmly.

"Often?" louder and more imperiously repeated the father, as if there must be some mistake.

"Quite often," and she sat down, knowing the catechizing would be likely to continue for some minutes.

"How many times, do you think?"

She rose, walked into the hallway; took the card basket from the table, returned and seated herself beside her father, emptying its contents into her lap. She picked up a card, looked at it, and said, "Angelo Diotti," and she called the name of the fiddler who had visited her.

"Angelo Diotti," she continued, repeating it for a minute. Then looking at her father: "He has called thirty-two times: there are thirty-one cards here and on one occasion he forgot his card case."

"Thirty-two!" said the father, rising angrily and pacing the floor.

"Yes, thirty-two. I remember all of them distinctly."

Her father came over to her, half coaxingly, half seriously. "Mildred, I wish his visits to cease; people will imagine there is a romantic attachment between you."

"There is, father," out it came, "he loves me and I love him."

"What!" shouted Mr. Wallace, and then severely, "this must cease immediately."

She rose quietly and led her father over to the mantel. Placing a hand on each of his shoulders she said:

"Father, I will obey you implicitly if you can name a reasonable objection to the man I love. But you can not. I love him with my whole soul. I love him for the nobility of his character and because there is none other in the world for him, or for me."

When Diotti and old Sanders left the house they walked rapidly down Fifth avenue. It was after 11 and the streets were bare of pedestrians, but blinking-eyed cabs came up the avenue, looking at a distance like a trail of Megatheriums gliding through the darkness. The piercing wind made the men hasten their steps, the old man by a semi-rotary motion keeping up with the longer strides and measured tread of the younger.

When they reached Fourteenth street the elder said: "I live but a block from here," pointing eastward: "what do you say to a hot toddy? It will warm the cockles of your heart; come over to my house and I'll mix you the best drink in New York."

The younger thought the suggestion a good one and they turned toward the house of old Sanders.

It was a neat, red brick, two-story house, well in from the street, off the line of the more pretentious buildings on either side. As the old man opened the iron gate the police officer on the beat passed; he peered into the faces of the men, and recognizing Sanders, said, "Tough night, sir."

"Very," replied the addressed.

"All good old gentlemen should be in bed at this hour," said the officer, lifting one foot after the other in an effort to keep warm, and in so doing showing little tertiorean grace.

"It's only the shank of the evening, officer," replied the old man as he fumbled with the latch key and finally opened the door. The two men entered and the officer passed on.

Every man has a tad. One will tell you he sees nothing in billiards or pool or golf or tennis, but will grow enthusiastic over the scientific possibilities of mumble-

## THE LONE OCCUPANT OF THE BOX.

From "The Fifth String."

ed the minutes to 1, and from that time until he left the hotel each second was tabulated in his mind. Arriving at her residence, he was ushered into the drawing room. It was fragrant with the perfume of violets, and he stood gazing at her portrait expectant of her coming.

Dressed in simple white, entrancing in her youthful freshness, she entered, her face glowing with happiness, her eyes languorous and expressive. She hastened to him, offering both hands. He held them in a loving, tender grasp, and for a moment neither spoke. Then she, gazing clearly and fearlessly into his eyes, said: "My heart has found its melody!"

He, kneeling like Sir Gareth of old: "The song and the singer are yours forever."

She, bidding him arise: "And I forever yours." And, wondering at her boldness, she added, "I know and feel that you love me—your eyes confirmed your love before you spoke." Then, convincingly and ingenuously, "I knew you loved me the moment we first met. Then I did not understand what that meant to you, now I do."

He drew her gently to him, and the motive of their happiness was defined in sweet confessions: "My love, my life—My love."

The magic of his music had changed her very being. The breath of love was in her soul, the vision of love was dancing in her eyes. The child of marble, like the statue of old, had come to life.

And not long since

I was a cold, dull stone! I recollect

That by some means I knew that I was stone;

That was the first dull gleam of consciousness;

I became conscious of a chilly self,

A cold, immovable identity.

I knew that I was stone, and knew no more!

Then, by an imperceptible advance,

Came the dim evidence of outer things,

Seen—darkly and imperfectly—yet seen:

That walls surrounding me and I alone.

That pedestal—that curtain—then a voice

That called on Galatea! At that word,

Which seemed to shake my marble to the core,

That which was dim before came evident.

Sounds that had hummed around me, indistinct,

Vague, meaningless—seemed to resolve themselves

## "FATHER, I'LL OBEY YOU IMPLICITLY."

From "The Fifth String."

"Great country for girls!" said Sanders, pouring a liberal quantity of Old Tom gin in the glass and placing it where it gradually would get warm. I have seen her mother suffer the keenest anguish because Mr. Wallace fondled the child. She thought the child had robbed her of her husband's love.

"Men don't amount to much here, women run everything," retorted the elder, while he repeated the process of preparing the sugar and gin in the second glass. The kettle began to sing.

"That's music for you," chuckled the old man, raising the lid to see if the water had boiled sufficiently. "Do you know I think a dinner horn and a singing kettle beat a symphony all hollow for real down-right melody," and he lifted the kettle from the fire-place.

Diotti smiled. With mathematical accuracy the old man filled the two tumblers with boiling water.

"Try that," handing a glass of the toddy to Diotti; "you will find it all right," and the old man drew an armchair toward the fire-place, smacking his lips in anticipation.

The violinist placed his chair closer to the fire and he always would be her ideal," and the accent old Sanders placed on always left no doubt of his belief.

"Why should doubt and jealousy enter her life?" said the violinist, falling into the personal character of the discussion despite himself.

"My dear sir, from what I observed to-night she loves you. You are a dangerous man for a jealous woman to love. You are not a cloistered monk, you are a man before the public; you win the admiration of many; some women do not hesitate to show you their preference. To a woman like Mildred that would be torture; she could not and would not separate the professional artist from the lover or husband."

And Diotti, remembering Mildred's words, could not refute the old man's statements.

"If you had known her mother as I did," continued the old man, realizing his argument, "you would see the impression on the violinist, 'you would see the agony in store for the daughter if she married a man such as you, a public servant, a public favorite.'"

"I would live my life not to excite her suspicions or jealousy," said the artist, with boyish enthusiasm and simplicity.

"Foolish fellow," retorted Sanders, skeptically. "Women imagine, they don't reason. A scented note unopened on the dressing table can cause more unhappiness to your wife than the loss of his country to a king. My advice to you is: do not marry; but if you must, choose one who is more interested in your gastronomic felicity than in your marital constancy."

Diotti was silent. He was pondering the words of his host. Instead of seeing in Mildred a possible jealous woman, causing mental misery, he appeared a woman of single-hearted devotion. He felt: "To be loved by such a one is bliss beyond the dreams of this world."

"To the one I love and who loves me, God bless her!"



rom

ddress

ate

*Herald*  
*San Jose, Cal*  
**FEB - 8 1902**

# SOUSA AS A NOVELIST.

Famous Conductor and Composer  
Writes a Novelette.

John Philip Sousa's power with the baton has been universally acknowledged. What he could do with the pen

was not as well known, but there is no longer any excuse for ignorance on that point, for Mr. Sousa has written a story. The superiority of the pen over the sword has fallen into an adage. It remained to be seen whether the baton could beat the pen—no pun intended. Apparently it can.

"The Fifth String" is a novel that for brevity might be the soul of wit. A little chant d'amour it is, not a great orchestral suite or a resounding Tchaikowsky symphony. The old theme of a man's selling his soul to the devil for a temporal reward is improvised upon anew. The elements of the story are a famous violinist, a lovely lady, "not icy, but superior," a bargain with satan, and then the world-old discovery that "the dead are there, and her guests are in hell." She was a banker's daughter, an aspiring artist he. They met, they looked, he loved, but she remained immobile. No man and no art had ever moved her soul. An exceedingly great guerdon—namely, herself—she promised the violinist should he perform that miracle. He hid himself away, to give himself to the task of perfecting his art. Through more marvelous playing than ever before heard he hoped to attain his reward. One day, in an uncontrollable fit of passion and despair, he dashed his violin to the floor and besought hell's aid, since heaven seemed pitiless.

An abrupt intrusion here occurred. "A tall rather spare, but well-made and handsome man appeared at the door of the hut. His manner was that of one evidently conversant with the usages of good society." A cruel thrust, Mr. Sousa, "Allow me," said the stranger, taking a card from his case and handing it to the musician, who read 'Satan,' and in the lower left-hand corner, 'Prince of Darkness.' The musician besought him to follow the advice currently given to obnoxious intruders, but was beguiled by a proposition the prince laid before him. They struck a bargain equally creditable to both the party of the first part and the party of the second part. One laid down the terms, the other accepted them. There was no trickery or chicanery about the whole transaction.

Mr. Sousa writes with vim and go, and if with no depth of psychological insight, with more story-telling ability than many of our violently aphoristic novelists evince. This novelette is a dashing improvisation—a fantasia, to be sure, but quite original. The particular form and penalties of the devil's gift and the misconception that leads the heroine to precipitate the catastrophe are Sousa's own.

Mr. Christy's illustrations add to the beauty of the beauty of the book. His figures, as usual, wear irreproachable evening dress, a statuesque pose and a stony gaze.—The Bowen-Merrill company, Indianapolis.

Newspaper Cutting Bureau

om

ddress

ate

*State Register*  
*Des Moines Iowa*  
**Feb. 16, 1902**

world of literature, and, judging from his first effort, he is to make a fair success. His first book, just now published by the Bowen-Merrill Company, of Indianapolis, is called "The Fifth String." The keynote of the story is love, but the outcome is tragedy. A violinist of fame and great European favor comes to America for the first time, earns a triumph on his first appearance in New York city, meets and loves a young woman who is in his first audience, and learns that his playing has not affected her. He woes, but is told that the man who can reach her soul is the one who can reach her heart. Determined to make all past achievements as nothing, he suddenly throws up his engagement, and goes away to the Bahamas, where he tries to bring new melodies from his beloved instrument. But he can do nothing that satisfies him, and, in a fit of despair, he smashes the violin, and calls on the Devil to aid him. The latter responds with surprising alacrity, and presents the musician with a violin of five strings, the middle one of which, the string of Death, is not to be touched under any circumstances. The other strings represent Pity, Love, Hope and Joy; and the artist finds that they respond gloriously. The fifth string, the Prince explains, is made up of the extra lengths of the other four, and is wrapped with strands of hair from Eve herself. The violinist returns to New York, reappears in public, is more successful than ever, and wins the love of the one woman who matters. Her father objects to a union with a musician, and asks an old, tried, trusted and cynical employe to help break the match. The old fellow

## AUTHOR AND MUSICIAN.



JOHN PHILIP SOUSA HAS WRITTEN A LOVE STORY.

From

Address

Date

*Record Herald*  
**CHICAGO**  
**FEB 11 1902**

John Philip Sousa's story, "The Fifth String," seems in a fair way to bring him fame in a new quarter. The "march king's" maiden effort as a novelist is not a great work, but it is entirely creditable to him, and it deserves the popular attention it is attracting.

Newspaper

rom

Address

Date

**WEEKLY LEDGER.**

**WEEKLY**

**FEB 13 1902**

John Philip Sousa has written a book. The less said about it the better for John Philip. He should stick to his baton.

ESTABLISHED: LONDON, 1881. NEW YORK.



From *Herald*  
Address *San Jose, Cal*  
Date *FEB - 8 1902*

Newspaper Cutting Bureau  
From *State Register*  
Address *Des Moines Iowa*  
Date *Feb. 16 1902*

From *Record Herald*  
Address *CHICAGO*  
Date *FEB 10 1902*

**SOUSA AS A NOVELIST.**

**Famous Conductor and Composer  
Writes a Novelette.**

John Philip Sousa's power with the baton has been universally acknowledged. What he could do with the pen was not as well known, but there is no longer any excuse for ignorance on that point, for Mr. Sousa has written a story. The superiority of the pen over the sword has fallen into an adage. It remained to be seen whether the baton could beat the pen—no pun intended. Apparently it can.

"The Fifth String" is a novel that for brevity might be the soul of wit. A little chant d'amour it is, not a great orchestral suite or a resounding Tchaikowsky symphony. The old theme of a man's selling his soul to the devil for a temporal reward is improvised upon anew. The elements of the story are a famous violinist, a lovely lady, "not icy, but superior," a bargain with satan, and then the world-old discovery that "the dead are there, and her guests are in hell." She was a banker's daughter, an aspiring artist he. They met, they looked, he loved, but she remained immobile. No man and no art had ever moved her soul. An exceedingly great guerdon—namely, herself—she promised the violinist should he perform that miracle. He hid himself away, to give himself to the task of perfecting his art. Through more marvelous playing than ever before heard he hoped to attain his reward. One day, in an uncontrollable fit of passion and despair, he dashed his violin to the floor and besought hell's aid, since heaven seemed pitiless.

An abrupt intrusion here occurred. "A tall rather spare, but well-made and handsome man, dressed at the door of the hotel, came in. And now John Philip Sousa, the greatest of one of all band leaders, and the greatest of all usages march composers, is to try his hand in the thrust, Mr. Sousa, said the stranger, taking a card from his case and handing it to the musician, who read 'Satan,' and in the lower left-hand corner, 'Prince of Darkness.' The musician besought him to follow the advice currently given to obnoxious intruders, but was beguiled by a proposition the prince laid before him. They struck a bargain equally creditable to both the party of the first part and the party of the second part. One laid down the terms, the other accepted them. There was no trickery or chicanery about the whole transaction.

Mr. Sousa writes with vim and go, and if with no depth of psychological insight, with more story-telling ability than many of our violently aphoristic novellists evince. This novelette is a dashing improvisation—a fantasia, to be sure, but quite original. The particular form and penalties of the devil's gift and the misconception that leads the heroine to precipitate the catastrophe are Sousa's own.

Mr. Christy's illustrations add to the beauty of the beauty of the book. His figures, as usual, wear irreproachable evening dress, a statuesque pose and a stony gaze.—The Bowen-Merrill company, Indianapolis.

world of literature, and, judging from his first effort, he is to make a fair success. His first book, just now published by the Bowen-Merrill Company, of Indianapolis, is called "The Fifth String." The keynote of the story is love, but the outcome is tragedy. A violinist of fame and great European favor comes to America for the first time, earns a triumph on his first appearance in New York city, meets and loves a young woman who is in his first audience, and learns that his playing has not affected her. He woes, but is told that the man who can reach her soul is the one who can reach her heart. Determined to make all past achievements as nothing, he suddenly throws up his engagement, and goes away to the Bahamas, where he tries to bring new melodies from his beloved instrument. But he can do nothing that satisfies him, and, in a fit of despair, he smashes the violin, and calls on the Devil to aid him. The latter responds with surprising alacrity, and presents the musician with a violin of five strings, the middle one of which, the string of Death, is not to be touched under any circumstances. The other strings represent Pity, Love, Hope and Joy; and the artist finds that they respond gloriously. The fifth string, the Prince explains, is made up of the extra lengths of the other four, and is wrapped with strands of hair from Eve herself. The violinist returns to New York, reappears in public, is more successful than ever, and wins the love of the one woman who matters. Her father objects to a union with a musician, and asks an old, tried, trusted and cynical employe to help break the match. The old fellow observes the fifth string, notes that it is wrapped with a woman's hair, arouses the girl's jealousy, and bids her know it is a custom abroad to wrap a string with the hair of one's beloved, and never play upon it when absent from her. She begs him to use the string; she brooks no refusal, telling him that he must consider her lost to him forever if he refuses; and, despairing of persuading her, he pulls the bow across the string in public and falls lifeless to the stage. Incidentally, the old employe whose suspicions were aroused by the fifth string has tried the violin, used the fatal string, and died. The book is beautifully illustrated by Howard Chandler Christy, and is a gem as a book.

John Philip Sousa's story, "The Fifth String," seems in a fair way to bring him fame in a new quarter. The "march king's" maiden effort as a novelist is not a great work, but it is entirely creditable to him, and it deserves the popular attention it is attracting.

Newspaper  
From *WEEKLY LEDGER*  
Address  
Date *FEB 13 1902*

John Philip Sousa has written a book. The less said about it the better for John Philip. He should stick to his baton.  
ESTABLISHED: LONDON, 1881. NEW YORK.

of other medicinal preparations taken according to instructions account of its mild action, therefore recommended; LIVERITA does not nauseate; LIVERITA will increase the function of the Liver to increase the man torpid bowels and will increase the function of the Liver to increase the man



JOHN PHILIP SOUSA HAS WRITTEN A LOVE STORY.



From Times  
Address Los Angeles, Cal  
Date FEB 9 1902

# FICTION.

## A Novel by the "March King."

AN ADVANCE copy of a new book has been received, which will awaken popular interest. John Philip Sousa, who is known on both sides of the Atlantic for his stirring music, has, in this romantic novel of "The Fifth String," told of a remarkable violin, and a wonderful love.

Since the days of Elizabeth Sheppard (E. Berger,) and her "Charles Ancherster" and "Counterparts," which gave so great an incentive to musical enthusiasm, and which placed an unfading garland on the shrine of Mendelssohn, there have been various attempts to explain the language of tone.

Jessie Fothergill's "The First Violin," was widely read for its pictures of German medieval life. Korolenko, in his "Blind Musician," told how the boy's hearing became the center of mental activity. Bulwer in his "Zanoni" described "a sense of hearing, which the vulgar know not." Shorthouse, in his "A Teacher of the Violin," told of tidings of a world outside the realm of common ken. Kate Elizabeth Sharp, in her story of "The Dominant Seventh," used for a prelude the words of Schopenhauer, concerning the tonic chord and the chord of the seventh, one which he called "the chord of rest and calmness," the other, that of "unrest, longing, and striving." In Juliette Austin's "Ein Stradivarius," in George Sand's "Consuelo," and numerous more recent publications, the music-loving public has sought to find in terrestrial language the interpretation of celestial exaltation, and felt a sudden largesse of joy when words or phrases were like preludes to remembered melodies.

Sousa's story, though modern in the telling, has a medieval atmosphere. Mildred Wallace, the heroine, the daughter of a wealthy banker, had been educated in a sophisticated social life and was cold to the influences of art, which failed to touch her heart or awaken enthusiasm. When Diotti played the violin, although her presence was his soul's inspiration, and he swayed the vast auditorium, he failed to win her sympathy. The mood in which Diotti destroyed his Stradivarius is followed by a new, mysterious chapter, in which he came into possession of a violin of mystic quality. One is told little of the materials used in producing the acoustic properties of this violin. "The G was said to be the string of pity, the D the string of hope, the A attuned to love, while the E string, gave forth sounds of joy." The four strings were beautifully white, but the fifth string was added "after the unfortunate episode in the Garden of Eden. It was wrapped with strands of hair from the first mother of man." The violin had been the companion of Satan before his fall from heaven, and would no longer at his touch "respond to pity, hope, love, joy, or even death." The young Diotti found in the new instrument the expression of his profoundest sentiments, and the voice of the violin told the secrets of his heart to the maid of his dreams. But all too soon the mystery that brooded about the silent string haunted the mind of Mildred. She wished to know its history and purpose, and all the labyrinths of its Orphean power, and how it came into the possession of her Burgundian lover. Here, although the story is original in its conception, one is reminded of Psyche with her lamp, seeking to know the face of Eros; of Elsa's fatal questioning to learn the name of Lohengrin, and many a struggle told in the old myths, which time has softened, of the desire to understand the silence of the string of Thanatos, as of the life-giving streams of sweetness and power.

The mood of the maid, who found the barrier of silence between herself and the heart she most loved is a glimpse of the common lot, since there are chambers in every soul which no human companionship can enter. Just what the author meant will interest many readers. Zangwill said in the February Lippincott:

"What a dark world—who knows?  
Ours to inhabit is,  
One touch and what a strange  
Glory might burst on us!  
What a hid universe,  
Do we sport carelessly,  
Blindly upon the verge  
Of an Apocalypse?"

As the story of "The Fifth String" develops, one is reminded of another Burgundian hero, Siegfried, whose death Kriemhild compassed in ignorance. Mildred wished to know the mystery of the violin. The hero's final surrender seems to have the very mystery of the farewell of Lohengrin, although the conception is one of original power for Diotti unlike Faust had made no compact with secret forces. At the bidding of Mildred, "The player told with the wondrous power of despair, of hope and of faith.

Sunshine crept into the hearts of all as he pictured the promise of an eternal day, higher and higher, softer and softer, grew the theme, until it echoed, as if it were afar in the realm of light, and floating over the waves of a golden sea." The tones had floated from the measureless spaces, for the player's hand had sought the strings of Death.

The book will undoubtedly have a wide vogue, and many interpretations can but follow a reading of a story in which even the reserves and reticences of the violin are shown with significant touch, in which, feels the dual power of its two-fold life. The novel is illustrated by Howard Chandler Christy, with fine samples of artistic work. The cover design is by G. A. Peirson.

[The Fifth String. By John Philip Sousa. The Book Company, Indianapolis.]

From Town Topics  
Address New York City  
Date FEB 13 1902

## THE GIRL WHO PAINTED NIAGARA AND HYPNOTIZED A FIDDLER

AS to Diotti's position in the world, we are left in no doubt at all. In the two initial paragraphs of his story we are told that this violinist had enjoyed marvelous success "in the leading capitals of Europe," and "was a favorite at half the courts of Europe." Before going further we may breathe a wonder at the modesty of that "half the courts of Europe." This is not the hand of Corelli, nor yet of "Dick" Davis; the "half" reveals a mere amateur. Such of us as have been suckled on the strong milk that your true Corellian dispenses may throw the story of Diotti aside at this half-hearted phrase about the courts of Europe. Yet I would counsel patience. A mere amateur cannot be expected to plunge at the very outset into the thickest of bombast. Patience, then, and let us view the great Diotti once more. He had but scarce landed on these shores; he was at a reception in this town of New York, when he felt himself being hypnotized by a vision in white. The vision was Miss Wallace, the only child of a prominent New York banker. Before he knew who she was he called her merely a "charming young woman;" after he had learned that she was the real thing in heiresses he called her, at once, quick as a flash, "a queen by divine right." These musicians are so impulsive, you know. A little later in the evening, after Diotti had allowed himself to sup on the concoctions of a chef who had "an international reputation" (again, alas! that touch of the amateur, for the hardened provider of literature for the Gibsons and Christys to illustrate would never have introduced a chef who had not cooked for at least one king), he began a conversation with Miss Wallace. Now it is well known that your famous musician never condescends to small talk, or to Shakespeare and the musical glasses, or even to discussions of himself. No; the sort of thing our long-haired idols choose for conservatory conversation is like this, as in the case of Diotti and his vision in white:

"A desire for happiness is our common heritage."

That was Diotti's opening. Miss Wallace took it, jumped at it. In another minute they were giving definitions of happiness, quoting Niobe and her tears, and, in fine, putting up a very nice article of just the sort of thing that people invariably say to each other within a few moments after they have been introduced. This is a rapid age, and if we cannot argue about the immortality of the soul in the breath after hearing our vis-à-vis's name pronounced, we might as well admit that we are slow and only feel at home in Philadelphia. Diotti and Miss Wallace had not been talking for more than a few moments when she began to tell him what kind of a girl she was. "I painted Niagara," she admits, with a burst of confidential humility. Her friends saw the picture and praised it. She saw Niagara again, and destroyed the picture. Yet whatever her friends or herself may have said or done afterward cannot spoil the one lovely fact that Miss Wallace painted Niagara. There, in a flash, you have her as she lives and breathes; she was the perfection of ideal womanhood, the only child of a banker, the radiantly appareled giantess according to Christy, Gibson et al., and—she had painted Niagara. We are not Americans for nothing; even when we have a hint of the amateur about us we make up for it in some gigantic way or other. The heroines of Europe may paint china and do tatting, but our American heroines—they paint, when they paint at all, Niagara. You can see at once that nothing ordinary was to be expected of Miss Wallace. Any girl who could paint Niagara was not to be put into the category of the common or garden type that goes to matinees and longs to be taken for a member of the "Florodora" sextette. If Diotti, with his hair, and his seven feet of stature, given him by grace of the illustrator, and his conservatory conversation about happiness, Niobe, and such soulfulnesses, thought he was going to win Miss Wallace at the drop of the handkerchief, he was vastly mistaken. No girl who does not shrink from painting Niagara is going to be won in a walk. Diotti captured all the rest of New York with his violin, but Miss Wallace refused to wilt. In all the bouquet of mash-notes that came his way after his debut, there was not a line from Miss Wallace. Whereupon Diotti, mindful that Miss Wallace had painted Niagara, and that a girl who had the nerve to paint Niagara was the one in the world for him, determined to astonish the town. He did. He disappeared. While an audience clamored to get its money back he was on his way to the Bahamas. The Bahamas have a noble reputation climatically; Mr. Bliss Carman has sung most musically of them, but it remained for Mr. John Philip Sousa, the author of "The Fifth String," to discover the Bahamas as one of the favorite haunts of His Satanic Majesty. While Diotti is still wondering how he can win the girl who painted Niagara, the devil appears to him, offers him on the usual trade basis a violin that has, besides the regular equipment, a fifth string, to touch which means death. After that, Mr. Sousa's story is merely ordinary. Diotti returns, newly empowered to enchant by this magic instrument; he wins Miss Wallace, but not her father. Her jealousy is aroused; she is urged to demand that he play on the fifth string or else confess that he holds that string sacred to "another woman." He does play on it—and

dies. But never again do we get the fine touch with which Mr. Sousa gives us Miss Wallace painting Niagara, nor yet do any of the later conversations of Diotti and Miss Wallace approach their first one for splendid bombast. Mr. Sousa has done pretty well; he has evidently seen at once that Corelli and Davis are the proper models for popular fiction; and popularity, after all, is what, in music and all else, Mr. Sousa is admittedly after. But he still has a thing or two to learn. The Niagara note in "The Fifth String" is well enough, but he must cultivate a more courageous use of superlatives; he must not shrink at only "half the courts of Europe." Then, in time, and with practice, Mr. Sousa may come to be as adequate an accompanist to the sketches of Christy as any of them. There is surely no loftier ambition possible for any American writer of fiction than to be considered worthy the illustrations of Gibson or Christy. Mr. Sousa has reached that goal at the outset. As I say, I do not think he quite deserves his luck; but—he has time, and no mere writer will attempt to compete with him. His luck is already enviable; Mr. Christy has not even grudged him the gem of his studio, his tiger-skin rug. What a noble rug that is, and how hard it has to work! The Christy sketch that has not that rug in it may really be considered spurious; the rug is blown in the bottle of the real article. From the Christy rug, from the girl who painted Niagara, and from Diotti, the favorite of half the courts of Europe, I take my leave with genuine regret. What would become of American letters if it were not for the occasional new blood that comes to it from the concert-room, the stage, the theatre, the pulpit?



A NOVEL BY SOUSA.

With the publication of "The Fifth String," John Philip Sousa, known the world over for his success in the world of music, enters the literary field. His publishers have seconded his efforts admirably by giving an artistic setting

for this, his first story, and Howard Chandler Christy has prepared six drawings in his usual captivating style that make beautiful illustrations.

Of the story it may be said that Mr. Sousa has given us something with an original note in it and he has made it of a strength to hold the attention throughout. On the first page we are introduced to one of the master violinists who has had the European world at his feet. He makes his bow in New York, but in spite of his triumph is unable to stir a young woman whom he has seen only to love desperately. She will never marry any man who cannot move her to the depths by the power of music. Diotti leaves New York, visits the Bahamas, there to study until the power comes to him. But he realizes his failure and smashes his Stradivarius, and calls upon the unseen to help him. The evil one approaches and gives him a violin with five strings. He warns him not to touch the fifth string—it is certain death. Diotti takes the instrument and begins to play and realizes that with this instrument he can win the woman of his heart. He goes back to New York and soon has the great city at his feet. Not only that but Mildred Wallace promises to become his wife. It is noticed that the violinist avoids one of the strings, and a crafty old man creates suspicion in the girl's mind by mentioning the fact. The old man himself plays the violin, touches the fifth string and breathes his last. Mildred Wallace asks her lover to play on the fatal string and the musician promises to do so at his next great concert. This brings the story to its climax. This is approached in a manner to keep well the secret as to the actual significance of the strange string, which Satan has told Diotti is "wrapped with strands of hair from the first mother of man." In this climax and in other parts of the story Mr. Sousa has given evidence of considerable dramatic power, but in the general characteristics one feels that he is more enjoyable at the head of an orchestra than as a story teller. However, he has written a pretty story and one, we believe, that will have a wide reading for the next few months. We give here a short extract from one of the scenes, showing the violinist's triumph after returning from the Bahamas with the instrument of death:

As he came upon the stage that night the lights were turned low, and naught but the shadowy outlines of player and violin were seen. His reception by the audience was not enthusiastic. They evidently remembered the disappointment caused by his unexpected disappearance, but this unfriendly attitude soon gave way to evidence of kinder feelings.

Mildred was there, more beautiful than ever, and to gain her love Diotti would have bartered his soul that moment.

The first movement of the suite was entitled "Pity" and the music flowed like melodious tears. A subdued sob rose and fell with the sadness of the theme.

Mildred's eyes were moistened as she fixed them on the lone figure of the player.

Now the theme of pity changed to hope. The next movement depicted joy. As the virtuoso's fingers darted here and there, his music seemed the very laughter of fairy voices, the earth looked roses and sunshine, and Mildred, relaxing her position and leaning forward in the box, with lips slightly parted, was the picture of eager happiness.

The final movement came. Its subject was love. The introduction depicted the Arcadian beauty of the resting place, love-lit eyes sought each other, and a great peace flooded over the hearts of all. Grand and grander the melody rose, voicing love's triumphs with wondrous sweetness and palpitating rhythm.

As the violinist concluded his performance an oppressive silence pervaded the house, then the audience, wild with excitement, burst into thunders of applause.

Mildred Wallace came, extending her hands. He took them almost reverently. She looked into his eyes, and he knew he had struck the chord responsive in her soul.

"The Fifth String. By John Philip Sousa. Published by the Bowen-Merrill Company, Indianapolis, Ind. Sold by C. Prince & Son and T. H. Law-

John Philip Sousa's novel, "The Fifth String," is all about one Angelo Diotti, a violin virtuoso. He is pictured by Mr. Howard Chandler Christy, who supplies the book with illustrations to match Mr. Sousa's glowing prose, as a tall young man with the name of Ysaye and the classic features of Seidl. Angelo moves thousands by his playing, but he cannot move Mildred, the girl of his adoration. In despair he cuts his engagements, without injuring his throat, leaves his manager in the lurch, and vanishes after the fashion of the lately-known Mr. Sieveking. He goes to the Bahamas to study.

But Angelo accomplishes nothing, and in despair he smashes his violin and says "The Devil." Like a well-trained valet the gentleman appears at his elbow and offers him a magnificent violin of peculiar construction. It has a fifth string—the string of death. Satan explains to him that the fifth string would lead him to the realization of his desires.

"You're stringing me," exclaims Angelo sceptically; but Satan soothingly assures him that he is unstrung, and leaves the violin in his hand.

Again Angelo stands before a New York

audience—this time probably under another manager. Mildred is in the audience. "She looked into his eyes, and he knew he had struck the chord responsive in her soul." Quick curtain, red lights. Ain't it lovely?

rom

Address

ate

Subscription, \$5 per month.

SOUSA'S FIRST NOVEL.

John Philip Sousa, known from pole to pole, from sunrise to sunset as the March King, has written a story—a story of love and of a wonderful violin. All the intensity, all the blitheness, all the delicacy, all the unique dramatic power of the soul that gave the world its premier marches—floods this passionate romance. The key of the story finds origin in the extra string on the violin, a new theme comes into the range of the instrument, a new theme comes into literature. Mr. Sousa has called his book, "The Fifth String." Howard Chandler Christy has set the characters before the eyes bewitchingly in the six full page pictures which he has drawn from the story.

newspaper Cutting Bureau

Republican  
Bedford, Rapidstown  
Feb. 16/02

John Philip Sousa, known from pole to pole, from sunrise to sunset as the March King, has written a story—a story of love and of a wonderful violin. All the intensity, all the blitheness, all the delicacy, all the unique dramatic power of the soul that gave the world its premier marches, floods this passionate romance. The key of the story finds origin in the extra key on the violin, a new theme comes into the range of the instrument, a new theme comes into literature. Mr. Sousa has called his book "The Fifth String." Howard Chandler Christy has set the characters before the eyes bewitchingly.

A Fantastic Tale.

THE FIFTH STRING. By John Philip Sousa. Illustrated by Howard Chandler Christy. The Bowen-Merrill Co., Indianapolis.

ARK. 1884

Naturally this is a musical story. It is not so much a story as a phantasy. The greatest violinist of his time comes to America. He is to play in New York, and on the evening before the first concert he is present at a reception, where he sees the most beautiful woman in the world. He falls in love with her on the spot. In their talk she says she has never been really moved by music or any other achievement of man, and at his first concert she is almost the only one who remains unmoved. The next day he calls on her and she says she was not affected in the least, but adds: "If ever a man comes who can awaken my heart, frankly and honestly I will confess it." Thereupon the violinist, Angelo Diotti, decides that the fault is all in himself; he is not great enough for her, and he must study. He was to play again that night, but he does not appear. No one knows what has become of him. In fact he has gone off secretly to the Bahamas to study until he can make an impression on Mildred Wallace. He works enormously, but he does not feel that he is finding the way to compel her affection. Then he utters the old wish for the help of the devil if he can get no other, and thereupon a gentleman enters and presents a card bearing the inscription, "Satan," and "In the lower left-hand corner, 'Prince of Darkness.'" Diotti refuses to have anything to do with him, but in comes an old man with a violin. It is beautifully made, but it has a fifth string. The Prince of Darkness explains that the G string is the string of pity, and the other strings in the usual places are those of hope, love and joy. But the fifth string is the string of death. Whoever plays on it dies at once. It cannot be cut out because it is made of the extra-lengths of the other four, and cutting it would destroy the others, "and then pity, hope, love and joy would cease to exist in the soul of the violin." The fifth string is black, and Satan says it "was added after an unfortunate episode in the Garden of Eden in which I was somewhat concerned. It is wrapped with strands of hair from the first mother of man."

In the end Diotti takes the violin and goes back to New York. He plays again and this time Miss Wallace is moved. She calls on him in his dressing room and admits it as frankly as she had said she would. But her father, who has millions, objects to her having anything to do with a fiddler, and he and an old friend of his plan some way to separate them. The friend thinks he can do so by appealing to the young woman's jealousy, of which she has already given indications. He takes Diotti home with him, meaning to study him. He has noticed that the violin has a fifth string and that this is not used, but he has not been allowed to examine it. He is a violin player himself, and an opportunity later to try the



m. *Express*  
ress *Los Angeles Cal.*  
e *FEB 15 1902*

### "The Fifth String"

Whatever one may think about John Philip Sousa as a musician, about the swinging cadences of his marches and the two-steps that echo upon the streets and in the ballrooms of two continents, there can be no two opinions about his first romance, "The Fifth String."

The book is without artistic or literary merit, but it has a love theme, the principal elements of which are the marvelous, the supernatural. The story is told irrespective of the restrictions and limitations of form and the conventions of the law. It is romance, but it is not art.

"The Fifth String" is a mysterious "string of death," upon a violin given by the "Prince of Darkness" to Angelo Diotti, an Italian violinist of international reputation, who, at his initial appearance in New York finds that city at his feet. Here he meets Mildred, a beautiful society girl with potent charms; the meeting is thus described:

He was handsome, with the olive-tinted warmth of his southern home, fairly tall, straight-limbed and lithe, a picture of poetic grace. His face was the face of a man who believed implicitly, who trusted without reserve, who felt that good was universal and evil accidental. As the music grew louder and the orchestra approached the peroration of the preface of the coming solo, the violinist raised his head slowly. Suddenly his eyes met the gaze of the solitary occupant of the second proscenium box. His face flushed. He looked inquiringly, almost appealingly, at her. She sat immovable and serene, a lace-framed vision in white. It was she who, since he had met her, only the night before, held his very soul in thrall.

And now Sousa resorts to a medieval atmosphere. The girl who is impervious to ordinary music, must be won by music with a mystic quality—thus he has recourse to the "Prince of Darkness," Mephistopheles, to bring a violin from Hades, one which in that domain cannot be played upon, for it will respond neither to longings for pity, hope, love, joy, nor even death.

"The fifth string," Satan soberly explains, "was added after an unfortunate episode in the garden of Eden in which I was somewhat concerned. It is wrapped with the strands of hair from the first mother of man." This is the string of Death.

This violin, placed in the hands of Diotti by Satan himself is to conquer the world. "Aye, more to you than the world," says the tempter, "a woman's love." Holding the violin aloft Diotti cries exultingly, "Henceforth thou art mine, though death and oblivion lurk even near thee."

Eventually, through the mystic music of the violin, Mildred is won and she "revels in the glory of a new-found emotion." But later, as Elsa lost Lohengrin through her fatal questioning, so Mildred, through a passionate desire to know the mystery of the fifth string, brings about the tragic end of her lover, which end is thus portrayed:

Facing Mildred, whose color was heightened by the intensity of her emotions, Diotti began softly to play. His fingers sought the "string of death." The audience listened with breathless interest. The composition was weirdly and strangely fascinating. The player told of wondrous power, of despair, of hope and faith; sunshine crept into the hearts of all as he pictured the promise of an eternal day; higher and higher, softer and softer grew the theme until it echoed as if it were afar in the realms of light and floating over the waves of a golden sea. Suddenly the audience was startled by the snapping of a string—

The nerveless hands drop the violin and bow, for the player's hand has touched the string of death, has opened his eyes upon the mystery of the fifth string.

In this book are seen glimpses of the emotional potency of tone. The fantastic story is eminently characteristic of the author's emotional nature in its first effort under the spell of literary romanticism. The book is delightfully illustrated by Howard Chandler Christy. The cover designs by G. Alden Pierson. ("The Fifth String." By John Philip Sousa. The Bowen-Merrill company, Indianapolis.)

1884.

### SOUSA TURNS NOVELIST.

Famous Bandmaster Is the Author of a Romantic Story.

Those to whom the name of John Philip Sousa is familiar—and they are legion—usually associate it with some popular musical composition or as the director of the famous band of which he has been so long the central figure. But Mr. Sousa has other claims to fame. It is in the field of literature. Mr. Sousa has just published a romantic love story, "The Fifth String."

Mr. Sousa's place in the musical world is, however, second to none. As



JOHN PHILIP SOUSA.

the composer of "Liberty Bell," "Washington Post," "High School Cadets" and other marches he is known in every city and town in the land.

John Philip Sousa is about forty-eight years of age and made his first success as the musical director of the United States Marine band. For twelve years he filled that position, during which time the band gained a world-wide reputation. He left the Marine band in 1892 to take charge of the present organization, known as Sousa's band, which has had phenomenal success, both in this country and Europe.

Character is perfectly well educated will. Novella.

*TIME*

m. *Los Angeles Cal.*  
ress *FEB 16 1902*  
e

Sousa's new book is said to be without artistic or literary merit. In other words, it can hardly expect to beat the band.

The Rock Island road will also take PUBLISHED: LONDON, 1881. NEW YORK, 1

m. *EXPRESS*  
ress *SAN ANTONIO, TEX.*

### THE MARCH KING.

Since his first appearance in this city John Philip Sousa has earned the right

to place two new and imposing titles after his name, to wit, "M. V. O." (member Victorian Order), by the grace of King Edward VII., and "Officer d'Academie Francaise," by the appointment of the French Government. These distinctions were accorded the American musician because of his eminence in his profession and the success he has achieved in the European world of music.

Many will doubtless be interested in the announcement that Sousa has turned novelist as well as composer. In fact, his first romance, which he has named "The Fifth String," is published by the Bowen-Merrill Company of Indianapolis. This book, which is a musical love story of a great violinist and a beautiful American girl, a magic violin and its secret, was written last summer at Manhattan Beach. It will be a handsome book, with six full page illustrations by Howard Chandler Christy. Should "The Fifth String" be favorably received, it will doubtless encourage Mr. Sousa to put

marches, bretto, on five lyric year inclu America, eight mo years Sov around th

on paper his long contemplated "Pipetown Stories," based on incidents of his boyhood in Washington. Few people have any idea of the enormous amount of work Sousa has done since he left Washington, but it is a matter of statistics that he has given 4098 concerts in 563 different towns of America and Europe in nine and a half years, involving travel equal to ten times the circumference of the globe. In addition to that he has composed four comic operas, ten famous

ewspaper Cutting Bureau

n. *COMMERCIAL APPEAL*

### AMUSEMENTS.

Manager Gray, of the Lyceum Theater, is in the thick of his best attractions. He has made the present week eventful at the Lyceum, and it is not yet ended. As a spice of variety he last night presented John Philip Sousa and his band. One concert only was given. It was characteristic and filled the lower part of the theater and mezzanine floor with an admiring throng. It was the first appearance of the march king since his eventful European tour. He wore the decorations gained abroad, and the Victorian emblem attracted attention at once.

John Philip Sousa occupies a position in the musical world which he carved out himself. King Edward VII. called him out of his band, and shaking hands with him, said: "You have the ideal military band." This compliment has been voiced repeatedly elsewhere. As a player and composer of marches Sousa is pre-eminent. His performance last night was still a further vindication of this. He was at his best, and the inclement weather affected his efforts but slightly.

Most men of sensitive temperaments are affected by the weather as is the barometer. Sousa is an exception. He entered with spirit into his evening's programme and played it with enthusiasm. There are devotees to Sousa who are firmly persuaded that the world will never produce another such director, and they are as faithful in their allegiance as it is possible to be. Others share this admiration, and the audience last night was as a result most cordial. Sousa presented a number of new selections, and convincingly showed the superior qualities of his great band.



Express.  
Lester Hunt, Ind. Press  
Feb. 17/02

LEADER

DES MOINES IOWA

FEB. 18 1902

#### SOUSA WRITES A NOVEL.

##### Great Bandmaster Turns His Attention to Literature.

Washington Post: Since his last appearance in his native city John Philip Sousa has earned the right to place two new and imposing titles after his name, to-wit: "M. V. O. (Member Victorian Order), by the grace of King Edward VII., and "Officer of Academic Francaise," by the appointment of the French government. These distinctions were accorded the American musician because of his eminence in his profession and the success he has achieved in the European world of music; but it may be said with a certainty that Sousa's head is unturned by the prosperity and honors that have come to him since he resigned the leadership of the Marine band not quite ten years ago. Having returned from England, "The March King" is already engaged upon his winter tour, and comes to Washington soon for regular concert.

Col. George Frederic Hinton, who is Mr. Sousa's representative in all his tours, has recently returned from London, and is pardonably enthusiastic over the British success of Sousa and his band.

"One of the notable features of our European tour has been the extraordinary popularity of 'The Washington Post March,' which shows no sign of abatement on the other side. Mr. Sousa had to play it at every concert, and the origin of its name excited much interest; in fact, he had to tell the story of the christening of this world-famous composition to every reporter who interviewed him. Nothing created more astonishment than the composer's statement that he received only \$5 for a march that has sold millions of copies.

"Washingtonians will doubtless be interested in the announcement that Sousa has turned novelist as well as composer. In fact, his first romance, which he has named 'The Fifth String,' will be published this week by the Bowen-Merrill company of Indianapolis. This book, which is a musical love story of a great violinist and a beautiful American girl, a magic violin and its secret, was written last summer at Manhattan Beach. It will be a handsome book with six full page illustrations by Howard Chandler Christy. Sousa has already written a number of magazine articles and verse, as well as one complete comic opera libretto and the lyrics of two others, so he has served some literary apprenticeship before attempting a complete romance. Should 'The Fifth String' be favorably received, it will doubtless encourage Mr. Sousa to put on paper his long contemplated 'Pipetown Stories,' based on incidents of his boyhood in the navy yard section of Washington.

"Few people have any idea of the enormous amount of work Sousa has done since he left Washington, but it is a matter of statistics that he has given 4,093 concerts in 563 different towns of America and Europe in nine and a half years, involving travel equal to ten times the circumference of the globe. In addition to that he has composed four comic operas, ten famous marches, three orchestra suites, one libretto, one novel, and a number of fugitive lyrics. His plans for the current year include ten months of concerts in America, after which he will make an eight months' European tour. In two years Sousa proposes to take his band around the world.

"When Sousa made his first European tour in 1900," continued Colonel Hinton, "we met in Bremen the band of the Second naval division at Wilhelmshaven, which Prince Henry is to bring to the United States on the imperial yacht Hohenzollern. The band had been engaged by another management in Bremen to play in opposition to our concerts, it being one of the most popular of all the German bands. Indeed, it is so great a favorite with the emperor that it is attached to the Hohenzollern on all its cruises. The leader is, or was, at that time, anyway, Kappelmeister Wohlbier, and he took occasion to pay his respects to Mr. Sousa and expressed great admiration for the American band after hearing part of our concert. Mr. Sousa repaid the compliment by listening to the last part of the German band's concert later in the evening. It was Herr Wohlbier who told Mr. Sousa that the German emperor's favorite march is 'Semper Fidelis,' which Sousa wrote for the review march of the Marine Corps, and the emperor always asked for it on the Hohenzollern. This German band will be interesting not only because of its selection to represent the German service bands, but also because of the fact that it is the bandmaster of the Hohenzollern."

THE FIFTH STRING BY JOHN PHILIP SOUSA. The illustrations by Howard Chandler Christy. Indianapolis. The Bowen-Merrill company.

John Philip Sousa, the master of music, who has filled the ear and the memory of so many with bright and joyous music has turned from writing scores to romance, for he has written a story, of which the Bowen-Merrill company have thought well enough to bring out in beautiful form. Though he turns from one art to another, he is still the musician, the story being of a musician and an idealization of the violin. The romance will leave the impression that here is a caprice, a mystery that Sousa might well work into some strange, elusive music, different from the usual cheerful compositions, in which violins, viols and flutes would sing and whisper and murmur of exultation and despair.

"The Fifth String" is set in a modern atmosphere, the time is the present and the scene, New York, and yet without strain or abrupt transition, there is introduced a legend of medievalism, from Faust or some old German tragedy as it were. Mr. Sousa's story is not long, but a few chapters briefly on a remarkable theme, which might inspire many more chapters for each end of the romance but the author has a story to tell and tells it directly. The incidents are novel and the plot original, easily grasped and not soon to be forgotten, and perhaps in it, for the musical enthusiast are suggestions and ideals of music that will elude the superficial or amateur in music.

The hero is the renowned Tuscan violinist, Angilo Diotti, who has come to America to repeat the triumphs of Europe. As is the custom, with the famous artists he was introduced in society and met a lovely woman, a Miss Wallace, who seemed at once the one perfect, lovely woman, but though the attraction was mutual, there was a bar between them. The heroine was cold, she had never been touched by music. She saw the form but never had felt the soul of music. Either she or the music she had heard were at fault. When Diotti playing as he never had played before, at his first New York concert, saw that amid the most tumultuous applause, she, alone, was unmoved and unresponsive, he felt that he was not great enough to her.

He cancelled his engagements and hurried away to a quiet retreat to study and study until he had found the secret of his art which would touch that lofty soul, as he thought. He seemed to fail in all his attempts, and one day exclaimed, "It is of no use! If the God of heaven will not aid me, I ask the prince of darkness to come." The result may be guessed. The dark prince did come, but in genteel, modern guise and bearing a magic violin, the strings of which were attuned to hope, love, pity and sorrow, but it had a fifth string, in the center, wrapped in a woman's hair. It was the string of death, and though it gave to the instrument its marvellous tone and spirit, to touch it with bow or finger meant death. He returned to fill his broken engagements and after the first performance, at which his music was very wonderful, Mildred Wallace came to him and as he looked into her eyes "he knew he had struck the chord responsive in her soul."

Mildred saw in time that he never touched the black fifth string, and that it was twined with a woman's hair, and the element of jealousy became "the rift in the lute" and led up to the tragedy which ended all.

Other characters are introduced, the manager, with a vein of humor, the obstinate father who did not like artist fellows, and the serviceable old friend of the family, Sanders, who set out to break the relation between Diotti and Mildred. He is very well drawn, with a slight mephistophelian touch, and in trying to jangle a harmony he was the first victim to the Fifth String.

Mr. Sousa's story which is a diversionary divergence may not rank high as a literary performance, but it is of interest, original and attractive for its association with the popular, great maestro.

As intimated it has been produced in pretty bookmakers style, with fine, artistic illustrations, six of full page, by Howard Chandler Christy, and those who are anxious to hear John Philip Sousa's latest music, doubtless will be curious to read his first little novel, "The Fifth String."

DISPATCH.

#### SOUSA TURNS NOVELIST.

Famous Bandmaster Is the Author of a Romantic Story.

Those to whom the name of John Philip Sousa is familiar—and they are legion—usually associate it with some popular musical composition or as the director of the famous band of which he has been so long the central figure. But Mr. Sousa has other claims to fame. It is in the field of literature. Mr. Sousa has just published a romantic love story, "The Fifth String."

Mr. Sousa's place in the musical world is, however, second to none. As



JOHN PHILIP SOUSA.

the composer of "Liberty Bell," "Washington Post," "High School Cadets" and other marches he is known in every city and town in the land.

John Philip Sousa is about forty-eight years of age and made his first success as the musical director of the United States Marine band. For twelve years he filled that position, during which time the band gained a world-wide reputation. He left the Marine band in 1892 to take charge of the present organization, known as Sousa's band, which has had phenomenal success, both in this country and Europe.

Mail Empire  
Toronto Can.  
Feb. 22/02

One of the latest books which is being advertised in New York is a novel by John Philip Sousa, the well-known band leader and composer. It is a musical romance over the euphonious title "The Fifth String," the story of a remarkable violin and a wonderful love. It was published by the Bowen-Merrill Company early this month and I believe that Howard Chandler Christy has done the illustrations.



m  
ress  
te  
FEB 22 1902

THE FIFTH STRING. By John Philip Sousa. Illustrations by Howard Chandler Christy. Indianapolis: The Bowen-Merrill Company.

Mr. Sousa's thorough familiarity with music has naturally drawn him in this, his first story, into the treatment of a distinctly musical motive. The product is interesting apart from the effect of the personal equation upon the reader. It has a dash of the occult, a strong suggestion of the melodrama and a well-defined love theme. The Faust-like plot is by no means unpleasant in its familiarity. A young, successful violinist conceives a desperate love for a beautiful American woman, but falls to win her affections. In his despair he flees the city, breaking his engagements, and seeks the solitude of a West Indian island, where he hopes to find inspiration for such perfection of musical expression as shall enable him to move his inamorata to love. A satanic gift, with the usual conditions, puts success in his way, and love follows, succeeded by tragedy. The climax is somewhat delayed by a subordinate and apparently useless demonstration of the "fifth string." In literary finish and deftness of structural touch this story marks the fact that Mr. Sousa is by no means confined to the orchestral baton as a medium of expression of the first quality.

1884.

om  
ldress  
REPUBLICAN  
BRANTON, PA.

John Philip Sousa's new book, "The Fifth String," is in our hands—a weird, improbable tale of love, written in a fluent and dashing style. The plot is analogous to that of Goethe's "Faust," the hero, Angelo Diotti, being a young Tuscan violinist, who destroys a beautiful Stradivarius to accept a violin given him by the Prince of Darkness. The new instrument contains a fifth string—the string of death, made of the strands of hair from the first mother of man. Diotti sets out to win the love of a New York beauty, whose heart he had failed to capture by the music from his Stradivarius. The new

violin, however, has the desired effect; his end is gained, and the lovers are happy.

But the green-eyed monster necessarily appears on the scene.

The lady demands an explanation of the fifth string; Diotti refuses—finally, upon it.

From  
HERALD

Address  
DULUTH, MINN.

Date

"The grandest of the arts is music and the next is literature." For the world has recognized as one of the master musicians, John Philip Sousa. And now he comes before us in a new light—as an author. Mr. Sousa's new story, "The Fifth String," has an individuality. The inventive genius that has thrilled the world with his stirring strains has offered it now an unique romance, a story strong, true, dramatic, filled with love and musical enchantment. There is a weird fascination given to this story by the important part played by the Evil One. Angelo Diotto, a Tuscan violinist of remarkable powers, comes to America and falls in love, at first sight, with a beautiful American girl, wealthy and cultured, but seemingly wholly unimpressible. He carries his audiences captive by his music—all save Mildred, who remains impassive and unmoved by his most exquisite passages. She longs for some one, as she confesses, who can strike a chord to which her soul will respond; but Diotto has not yet struck it. In despair he flees from New York, and in the Bahamas meets the Evil One, who offers him a violin, with a fifth string, guaranteed in his hands to win the woman whom he loves. But the fifth string is the string of Death, and on it no violinist will play more than once. Diotto accepts the gift, hurries back to New York and finds that he is now able to sway every chord in Mildred's soul. She loves him; but a sordid father and his confident plan to defeat the work of Cupid. She is made to believe that the fifth string is covered with the hair of some Tuscan rival in Diotto's love. When he refuses to play on it, her jealousy sees in this act confirmation of her suspicions. She declares that if he does not play on that string at his next performance she is lost to him forever. He plays, but pays the penalty, sinking in death as the sweetest notes violin ever gave forth sound over an enraptured audience, but with Mildred's arms around him—an embrace for which he gave up his soul. Converted into an opera, the composition would rival in attractive power almost anything ever placed upon the stage. Mechanically the book has been made notable by the publishers, the Bowen-Merrill Company, Indianapolis. Howard Chandler Christy's illustrations are the most beautiful examples of this great artist's work, and a design by G. Alden Peirson is stamped upon the special cloth of the superior edition.

News  
Buffalo, N. Y.  
FEB 23 1902

### "The Fifth String."

John Philip Sousa, the most popular of living band masters, is in a new role as the author of a book. His novelette "The Fifth String" is a composition very different from anything Mr. Sousa has hitherto attempted, yet it has in it something of the qualities that have made Sousa and the organization dominated by him world-famous. There is a mingling of the ancient and supernatural with the familiar and modern that only a poet or a musician should attempt and it is much to Mr. Sousa's credit that in uncompromising black type, which is much less flexible as a means of emotional expression than strains of music, he has told his story, a story of passion and mystery, with distinct success. It is the romance of a musician and a lover which he tells—a brilliant young Tuscan, Diotti, who thrills New York with his violin, and counts it all loss because he has failed to thrill a brilliant New York beauty. In despair he breaks his concert engagement and flees to the Bahamas, there to wrestle with his art till it shall yield him the power to command the blessing he craves. He breaks down under the strain and then Satan, the real "son of the morning," steps on the scene and tempts him with a gift of a violin which shall rouse every passion in the human heart. But this violin which we are told Satan brought with him when he was exiled from Paradise, is equipped with an extra string—a string that invokes death and on which no one ever plays but once. It is made of the tresses of Mother Eve. With this violin Diotti wins his love, and then her commonplace father and his friends arouse her jealousy and the mysterious violin is made to serve as a means of separating them. To the inflamed mind of the girl it is a souvenir of a Tuscan maiden. She pleads with him to tell its story and when he refuses challenges him to play on the mysterious fifth string—the "string of death." It is the string of death to him and the tale ends a tragedy. It is a modest little story, simple enough in its scheme but exquisite in detail. The poetic charm is never lost. Mr. Sousa holds his reader as he holds his hearers, and they are ready at the close for an encore. The passionate love of the musician for his art is a veritable atmosphere. It permeates all. Whether Mr. Sousa could write another story or a different story can only be guessed, but whether or no, he has written a charming tale here—worthy of a master in another art than the one that has given him fame. The Bowen Merrill Company are the publishers. They have set Mr. Sousa's story in a handsome little volume with good illustrations.

18

PRK. 186

ess  
FEB 22 1902

### PHILOSOPHY OF UNCLE SANDERS.

Uncle Sanders, a character in John Philip Sousa's novel, "The Fifth String," was a very shrewd man of the world, and, although a confirmed bachelor, had a clear insight into men's and women's hearts. Some of his observations seem especially apt: "You can get at a man's income," he would say, "but not at his heart." "Love without money won't travel as far as money without love." "In the chrysalis state of girlhood, a parent arranges all the details of his daughter's future. 'I shall not allow her to fall in love until she is twenty-three,' says the fond parent. 'I shall not allow her to marry until she is twenty-six,' says the fond parent. 'The man she marries will be the one I approve, and then she will live happy ever after,' concluded the fond parent. "Deluded parent! false prophet! The anarchist, Love, steps in and disdains all laws, rules and regulations. When finally the father confronts the defying daughter, she calmly says: 'Well, what are you going to do about it?'"

188



m  
dress  
te  
FEB 22 1902

om  
address  
REPUBLICAN  
CRANTON, PA.

News  
Buffalo, N. Y.  
FEB 23 1902

THE FIFTH STRING. By John Philip Sousa. Illustrations by Howard Chandler Christy. Indianapolis: The Bowen-Merrill Company.

Mr. Sousa's thorough familiarity with music has naturally drawn him in this, his first story, into the treatment of a distinctly musical motive. The product is interesting apart from the effect of the personal equation upon the reader. It has a dash of the occult, a strong suggestion of the melodrama and a well-defined love theme. The Faust-like plot is by no means unpleasant in its familiarity. A young, successful violinist conceives a desperate love for a beautiful American woman, but he flees the city, breaking his engagements, and seeks the solitude of a West Indian island, where he hopes to find inspiration for such perfection of musical expression as shall enable him to move his inamorata to love. A satanic gift, with the usual conditions, puts success in his way, and love follows, succeeded by tragedy. The climax is somewhat delayed by a subordinate and apparently useless demonstration of the "fifth string." In literary finish and deftness of structural touch this story marks the fact that Mr. Sousa is by no means confined to the orchestral baton as a medium of expression of the first quality.

John Philip Sousa's new book, "The Fifth String," is in our hands—a weird, improbable tale of love, written in a fluent and dashing style. The plot is analogous to that of Goethe's "Faust," the hero, Angelo Diotti, being a young Tuscan violinist, who destroys a beautiful Stradivarius to accept a violin given him by the Prince of Darkness. The new instrument contains a fifth string—the string of death, made of the strands of hair from the first mother of man. Diotti sets out to win the love of a New York beauty, whose heart he had failed to capture by the music from his Stradivarius. The new

violin, however, has the desired effect; his end is gained, and the lovers are happy.

But the green-eyed monster necessarily appears on the scene.

The lady demands an explanation of the fifth string; Diotti refuses—finally, she entreats of him to play upon it; he consents, touches the string—and dies.

Mr. Sousa had better stick to composing and conducting popular marches—literature is evidently not his forte.

"The Fifth String."

John Philip Sousa, the most popular of living band masters, is in a new role as the author of a book. His novelette "The Fifth String" is a composition very different from anything Mr. Sousa has hitherto attempted, yet it has in it something of the qualities that have made Sousa and the organization dominated by him world-famous. There is a mingling of the ancient and supernatural with the familiar and modern that only a poet or a musician should attempt and it is much to Mr. Sousa's credit that in uncompromising black type, which is much less flexible as a means of emotional expression than strains of music, he has told his story, a story of passion and mystery, with distinct success. It is the romance of a musician and a lover which he tells—a brilliant young Tuscan, Diotti, who thrills New York with his violin, and counts it all loss because he has failed to thrill a brilliant New York beauty. In despair he breaks his concert engagement and flees to the Bahamas, there to wrestle with his art till it shall yield him the power to command the blessing he craves. He breaks down under the strain and then Satan, the real "son of the morning," steps on the scene and tempts him with a gift of a violin which shall rouse every passion in the human heart. But this violin which we are told Satan brought with him when he was exiled from Paradise, is equipped with an extra string—a string that invokes death and on which no one ever plays but once. It is made of the tresses of Mother Eve. With this violin Diotti wins his love, and then her commonplace father and his friends arouse her jealousy and the mysterious violin is made to serve as a means of separating them. To the inflamed mind of the girl it is a souvenir of a Tuscan maiden. She pleads with him to tell its story and when he refuses challenges him to play on the mysterious fifth string—the "string of death." It is the string of death to him and the tale ends a tragedy. It is a modest little story, simple enough in its scheme but exquisite in detail. The poetic charm is never lost. Mr. Sousa holds his reader as he holds his hearers, and they are ready at the close for an encore. The passionate love of the musician for his art is a veritable atmosphere. It permeates all. Whether Mr. Sousa could write another story or a different story can only be guessed, but whether or no, he has written a charming tale here—worthy of a master in another art than the one that has given him fame. The Bowen Merrill Company are the publishers. They have set Mr. Sousa's story in a handsome little volume with good illustrations.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.  
FEB 22 1902

#### PHILOSOPHY OF UNCLE SANDERS.

Uncle Sanders, a character in John Philip Sousa's novel, "The Fifth String," was a very shrewd man of the world, and, although a confirmed bachelor, had a clear insight into men's and women's hearts. Some of his observations seem especially apt:

"You can get at a man's income," he would say, "but not at his heart."

"Love without money won't travel as far as money without love."

"In the chrysalis state of girlhood, a parent arranges all the details of his daughter's future. 'I shall not allow her to fall in love until she is twenty-three,' says the fond parent. 'I shall not allow her to marry until she is twenty-six,' says the fond parent. 'The man she marries will be the one I approve, and then she will live happy ever after,' concluded the fond parent. 'Deluded parent! false prophet! The anarchist, Love, steps in and disdains all laws, rules and regulations. When finally the father confronts the defying daughter, she calmly says: 'Well, what are you going to do about it?'

...You can see by this that my life has been no skeleton at the feast. I have had my share of love and life, and I am now in the enjoyment of the best of health.

plan to defeat the work of Cupid. She is made to believe that the fifth string is covered with the hair of some Tuscan rival in Diotti's love. When he refuses to play on it, her jealousy sees in this got confirmation of her suspicions. She declares that if he does not play on that string at his next performance she is lost to him forever. He plays, but pays the penalty, sinking in death as the sweetest notes violin ever gave forth sound over an enraptured audience, but with Mildred's arms around him—an embrace for which he gave up his soul. Converted into an opera, the composition would rival in attractive power almost anything ever placed upon the stage. Mechanically the book has been made notable by the publishers, the Bowen-Merrill Company, Indianapolis. Howard Chandler Christy's illustrations are the most beautiful examples of this great artist's work, and a design by G. Alden Peterson is stamped upon an especial cloth cover of superior quality.



# NEW BOOKS



JOHN PHILIP SOUSA.

## The Fifth String

"The Fifth String," the new musical love story by John Philip Sousa, has the most original plot presented in any novel for a long time.—Brooklyn Eagle.

All the passions of the soul—joy, hope, love, pity—march to the measure of Mr. Sousa's clever fancy

in his love story "The Fifth String."—Indianapolis News.

Illustrated by Howard Chandler Christy—a charming book—price \$1.25.

## "My Lady Peggy"

"Ah Me! Dear Lady Peggy—Sweet Lady Peggy—Winsome Lady Peggy: you are so lovable with all your gentle faults, so charming in your pique and so adorable in your troubles."—N. Y. World.

"A heroine almost too charming to be true is Peggy, and it were a churlish reader who is not at the end of the first chapter, prostrate before her red slippers."—Washington Post. Finely illustrated and bound, \$1.25 net.



Illustrations from "My Lady Peggy Goes to Town."

We have ALL the new books.

**FOLTZ & HARDY**  
PHONE 54 6 SOUTH TEJON

Journal : **Daily Mail**  
Date : **27 FEB. 1902**  
Adresse : **32, Carmelite Street-Londres E. C.**  
Signé :

MR. SOUSA AS NOVELIST.  
Mr. Sousa, the March King, has written a novel called "The Fifth String," which deals with the adventures of a wonderful violin.

Mr. Winston Churchill

Newspaper Cutting Bureau in

From

Address

Date

For years the world has recognized as one of the master musicians John Philip Sousa. And now he comes before us in a new light—as an author. Mr. Sousa's new story, The Fifth String, has an individuality. The inventive genius that has thrilled the world with his stirring strains has offered it now an unique romance, which is reviewed elsewhere.

From

Address

Date

In the Fifth String John Philip Sousa has shown a vein of poetry and imagination that is inseparable from the character of a true musician. The hero, a famous violinist, meets a lady at a reception and falls in love with her. He plays for her, but finds her unresponsive. In despair he determines to retire from the world and practice until perfected in his art he wins her love. Satan tempts him with a violin having a fifth string, to play upon which means death. Returning to the world he wins the lady and they are happy for a time until she is prompted to ask him to play upon the extra string. In so doing he yields his life for love. A pretty story which though not so smoothly written as it might be, shows decided creative power and poetic imagery. Illustrated by Howard Chandler Christy. Decorated cloth; gilt top; uncut edges. Price \$1.25. The Bowen-Merrill Company, Indianapolis.

On the whole this appears to be a pretty good season for the literary aspirant, who, occasionally, as in the case of John Philip Sousa, the author of "The Fifth String," has won fame in other fields. A certain publishing house, in fact, contemplates a series of novels by "new" authors. One of the books just issued by a writer who is considered to be a "rising star" by his publishers is "Hester Blair" (C. M. Clark & Co.) by William Henry Carson, a New York lawyer. The book is in the familiar lines of the New England drama and whatever it may have of "human interest" has very little merit from the literary standpoint. The plot is pitifully weak, and the character delineation, with one exception, and that not marked, is poor.



Journal  
FEB - 8 1902

#### SOUSA'S LITERARY DEBUT

"The Fifth String," by John Philip Sousa. Illustrations by Howard Chandler Christy. (Published by the Bowen-Merrill company, Indianapolis.)

Sousa, "the March King," America's premier bandmaster, has stepped into the field of letters, and his first effort is one he need not feel at all ashamed of. "The Fifth String," just issued in attractive form by the Bowen-Merrill company of Indianapolis, would attract attention from any author, and bearing the name of the man who has given us such delightful popular music it has a double interest.

"The Fifth String" deals with a Tuscan violinist of world renown and a beautiful American girl of high ideals who has been ardently wooed by many, but who has never been moved to a feeling even of slight interest. The violinist falls violently in love with her and a story of keen interest is woven about them.

"The Fifth String" relates to an extra string on the violin of the new master—a violin he receives from Satan, the four regular strings being used to depict joy, hope, pity, and love. The fifth or extra string is the string of death, and he who plays upon it meets death instantly. He who plays upon the other four is guaranteed success in love and all earthly undertakings. With it the master wins over the love of the fair American, but there is a touch of tragedy at the end. The idea is evidently borrowed from "Faust," but the story is excellently told, and it is to be hoped it will meet with sufficient popular success to encourage Mr. Sousa to give the world something more than music from his pen.

The illustrations are beautifully done and add much to the attractiveness of the volume.

Newspaper Cutting Bureau

MINNAPOLIS MINN.

FEB - 9 1902

John Philip Sousa, the famous composer and band director, not content with the honors he has won in the musical world, has entered the literary field. His venture in the new line is a little book entitled "The Fifth String," a story of love and a violin. While Mr. Sousa's book will not make any stir in the literary world, it is entertaining reading and has one thing in its favor, in that it does not show a deplorable ignorance of music, as do the majority of books in which the art is given a place. The theme of the story is quite original and Mr. Sousa has worked it out in an interesting and altogether probable manner.

Angelo Diotte, a famous violinist, comes to America and scores a distinct triumph at his first appearance, but fails to touch the heart of the fair American with whom he has fallen in love. He mysteriously disappears, going to the island of Bahama to work and perfect his art until he has attained the heights that will touch the chords of the maiden's heart. In despair he one day threw his violin on the floor and the magnificent instrument is wrecked.

Diotte, like Faust, receives aid from Satan, who gives the musician a violin whose melody will win the heart of the woman he loves. This violin has a fifth string, black in color because it is wrapped, Satan says, with strands of air from the first mother of man. It has woven his story around a string, which is called the string of death, for he who plays upon it meets death. The book is handsomely illustrated. Bowen-Merrill Co., Indianapolis, N. C.

Age Herald  
Birmingham, Ala.  
FEB - 9 1902

Telegram  
Providence, R.I.  
FEB 23 1902

John Philip Sousa, the "March King," has written much in a musical way, but "The Fifth String" is his first published story. In the choice of his subject, as the title indicates, Mr. Sousa has remained faithful to his art, and the great public, that has learned to love him for the marches he has made, will be as delighted with his pen as with his baton. "The Fifth String" is an odd fancy, a strange mixing of the real and the unreal. It has a strong and clearly defined plot and tells of a marvelous violin, of a wonderful love, of a strange temptation and of what came of them all. The fatal gift of Mephistopheles by which the violinist won a woman's love, but which at last aroused her jealousy and forced him to prone his constancy is one of the most unique themes in fiction which in its treatment proves the author's artistically sensitive temperament and his tremendous dramatic power. A cover, especially designed, and six full page illustrations by Howard Chandler Christy, serve to give the distinguishing decorative embellishments that this first book by Mr. Sousa so richly deserves.

John Philip Sousa, known from pole to pole, from sunrise to sunset as the March King, has written a story—a story of love and of a wonderful violin. All the intensity, all the blitheness, all the delicacy, all the unique dramatic power of the soul that gave the world its premier marches—finds this passionate romance. The key of the story finds origin in the extra string on the violin, a new theme comes into the range of the instrument, a new theme comes into literature. Mr. Sousa has called his book, "The Fifth String." Howard Chandler Christy has set the characters before the eyes bewitchingly in the six full page pictures which he has drawn from the story.

Book & Newsdealer

New York City

FEB - 1902

#### A Novel in March-Time.

John Philip Sousa, the bandmaster, has found time between concerts, composition and transatlantic tours to devote himself to literary work, and a novel from his pen entitled "The Fifth String," or, the Story of the Mysterious Violin, has just made its appearance. Mr. Sousa has enlisted the aid of Howard Chandler Christy, who has done the illustrating.

of deepest woe.—The Fifth String.

PUBLISHED: LONDON, 1881. NEW YORK, 1884.

The First Established and Most Complete Newspaper Cutting Bureau in the World.

Newspaper Cutting Bureau in the World.

REPUBLICAN

CEDAR RAPIDS, IOWA

Address

ate

Reviewing "The Fifth String," Ian Hawthorne says: "Mr. Sousa has a good central idea to begin with; working it out he has employed simplest method imaginable, and gone straight to the point with fewest circumlocutions and side issues. No sub-plot, there is just the story; but it interests us and moves all the way through, and leads up an entirely artistic and satisfying conclusion. In 'The Fifth String' is to be found the same succinctness, strength of motive, and rapid development that are so notable in his musical scores."

From Book News  
Address PHILADELPHIA, PA  
Date MAR - 1902

"Love without money won't travel Fifth String."

LONDON, 1881. NEW YORK, 1884.



Journal  
FEB - 8 1902

#### SOUSA'S LITERARY DEBUT

"The Fifth String," by John Philip Sousa.  
Illustrations by Howard Chandler Christy.  
(Published by the Bowen-Merrill company, Indianapolis.)

Sousa, "the March King," America's premier bandmaster, has stepped into the field of letters, and his first effort is one he need not feel at all ashamed of. "The Fifth String," just issued in attractive form by the Bowen-Merrill company of Indianapolis, would attract attention from any author, and bearing the name of the man who has given us such delightful popular music it has a double interest.

"The Fifth String" deals with a Tuscan violinist of world renown and a beautiful American girl of high ideals who has been ardently wooed by many, but who has never been moved to a feeling even of slight interest. The violinist falls violently in love with her and a story of keen interest is woven about them.

"The Fifth String" relates to an extra string on the violin of the new master—a violin he receives from Satan, the four regular strings being used to depict joy, hope, pity, and love. The fifth or extra string is the string of death, and he who plays upon it meets death instantly. He who plays upon the other four is guaranteed success in love and all earthly undertakings. With it the master wins over the love of the fair American, but there is a touch of tragedy at the end. The idea is evidently borrowed from "Faust," but the story is excellently told, and it is to be hoped it will meet with sufficient popular success to encourage Mr. Sousa to give the world something more than music from his pen.

The illustrations are beautifully done and add much to the attractiveness of the volume.

Newspaper Cutting Bureau

Minneapolis Tribune  
FEB - 9 1902

John Philip Sousa, the famous composer and band director, not content with the honors he has won in the musical world, has entered the literary field. His venture in the new line is a little book entitled "The Fifth String," a story of love and a violin. While Mr. Sousa's book will not make any stir in the literary world, it is entertaining reading and has one thing in its favor, in that it does not show a deplorable ignorance of music, as do the majority of books in which the art is given a place. The theme of the story is quite original and Mr. Sousa has worked it out in an interesting and altogether probable manner.

Angelo Diotte, a famous violinist, comes to America and scores a distinct triumph at his first appearance, but fails to touch the heart of the fair American with whom he has fallen in love. He mysteriously disappears, going to the island of Bahama to work and perfect his art until he has attained the heights that will touch the chords of the maiden's heart. In despair he one day threw his violin on the floor and the magnificent instrument is wrecked.

Diotte, like Faust, receives aid from Satan, who gives the musician a violin whose melody will win the heart of the woman he loves. This violin has a fifth string, black in color because it is wrapped, Satan says, with strands of air from the first mother of man. He has woven his story around a string, which is called the string of death, for he who plays upon it meets death. The book is handsomely illustrated.  
Bowen-Merrill Co., Indianapolis, N. H. Indianapolis.

Age Herald  
Birmingham, Ala.  
FEB - 9 1902

Telegram  
Providence, R.I.  
FEB 23 1902

John Philip Sousa, the "March King," has written much in a musical way, but "The Fifth String" is his first published story. In the choice of his subject, as the title indicates, Mr. Sousa has remained faithful to his art, and the great public, that has learned to love him for the marches he has made, will be as delighted with his pen as with his baton. "The Fifth String" is an odd fancy, a strange mixing of the real and the unreal. It has a strong and clearly defined plot and tells of a marvelous violin, of a wonderful love, of a strange temptation and of what came of them all. The fatal gift of Mephistopheles by which the violinist won a woman's love, but which at last aroused her jealousy and forced him to prone his constancy is one of the most unique themes in fiction which in its treatment proves the author's artistically sensitive temperament and his tremendous dramatic power. A cover, especially designed, and six full page illustrations by Howard Chandler Christy, serve to give the distinguishing decorative embellishments that this first book by Mr. Sousa so richly deserves.

John Philip Sousa, known from pole to pole, from sunrise to sunset as the March King, has written a story—a story of love and of a wonderful violin. All the intensity, all the blitheness, all the delicacy, all the unique dramatic power of the soul that gave the world its premier marches—floods this passionate romance. The key of the story finds origin in the extra string on the violin, a new theme comes into the range of the instrument, a new theme comes into literature. Mr. Sousa has called his book, "The Fifth String." Howard Chandler Christy has set the characters before the eyes bewitchingly in the six full page pictures which he has drawn from the story.

Book News  
PHILADELPHIA, PA.  
MAR - - 1902

Book & Newsdealer  
New York City  
FEB - 1902

of deepest woe.—The Fifth String.

PUBLISHED: LONDON, 1881. NEW YORK, 1884.

#### A Novel in March-Time.

John Philip Sousa, the bandmaster, has found time between concerts, composition and transatlantic tours to devote himself to literary work, and a novel from his pen entitled "The Fifth String" or, the Story of the Mysterious Violin, has just made its appearance. Mr. Sousa has enlisted the aid of Howard Chandler Christy, who has done the illustrating.

Sousa has written a novel. Now it's up to Ruddy Kipling to organize a brass band.

Newspaper Cutting Bureau in the World.

om  
ddress  
ate

Reviewing "The Fifth String," Julian Hawthorne says: "Mr. Sousa had a good central idea to begin with; in working it out he has employed the simplest method imaginable, and has gone straight to the point with the fewest circumlocutions and side issues. No sub-plot, there is just the plain story; but it interests us and moves us all the way through, and leads up to an entirely artistic and satisfying conclusion. In 'The Fifth String' is to be found the same succinctness, strength of motive, and rapid development that are so notable in his musical scores."

Book News  
PHILADELPHIA, PA.  
MAR - - 1902

at money won't travel

LONDON, 1881. NEW YORK, 1884.



**SHED:**

"Fifth String," a musical interpretation; an article on "Fox Hunting a Century Ago," and comments on some academy pictures and Philadelphia artists. Ample space is devoted to the art, the music, the sports, the society, the finance of Philadelphia life and interests, which are of broad scope and far-reaching.

This, the first number of Quaker Quality, is very delightful, even in these days of the highest excellence in periodical literature. As there is no doubt that future numbers will equal, perhaps excel, this one, we both predict and hope a brilliant, successful career for the new magazine. To Wilmington people it will have a special interest by reason of the fact that its editor is Mr. J. Barton Cheyney, formerly of Every Evening and recently of the Ladies' Home Journal.

1901 is now far enough away for the statistician to get in his work on last year's output of books and to give us some definite figures on the "richest and most active period in the annals of the publishing business ever known in this country." To be exact, there were published in this country last year 8,141 volumes in all branches of literature. In 1900 only 6,356 books were published here, and that year was far and away ahead of any previous record. If the proportion of increase keeps—but what's the use of figuring it out? We shall continue to have more books than we can read and very likely the worst punishment that could be inflicted on us would be to be compelled to read a small part of them. Just at present there are renewed signs of activity among the publishers. The period of philosophical and religious books extends generally up to March first, but some of the enterprising pub-

John Philip Sousa comes before the public in a new light—as an author. Mr. Sousa's new story, "The Fifth String," has an individuality. The inventive genius that has thrilled the world with his stirring strains, has offered it now an unique romance, a story strong, true, dramatic, filled with love and musical enchantment.

The eighth is

From

**Address**

Date \_\_\_\_\_

FEB 23 1902

lishers take advantage of the scarcity of new novels at this time and bring out books ahead of the regular season. A love story by John Philip Sousa, entitled "The Fifth String," is one of the first to appear. Of course, a number of the best selling books of last fall are keeping up in popularity and a very few of those published late in the year are beginning to attract wider attention. Of this class, the conspicuous example is "The House With the Green Shutters," by George Douglas (Brown), a book which reached a sale of 10,000 copies in England in an astonishingly short space of time. The fact that the story is the first long work of the author doubtless brought it more into prominence than would have otherwise happened. In this country its sale is just beginning. The curious thing about the book is that there is no love element, no hero, no heroine, and yet it has a power that grips one, even though he disagree with the author's view of things as he has written it. The next work of Mr. Brown will doubtless be worth while waiting for.

Now and then we hear of an old newspaper cutting bureau continuing to exist. **First Established and Most Complete Newspaper Cutting Bureau in the World.**

from COURIER JOURNAL

Address ..... LODISVILLE, KY

Date ..... MAR 1 1902

**The Plot of  
Mr. Sousa's  
Recent Work of  
Fiction.**

central idea to begin with and in working it he has employed the simplest method possible and gone straight to the point with little circumlocution and side issues." This should be a strong hint to other writers of fiction who are, to speak mildly, given to the love of plots that are hidden in labyrinths and which actually weary the reader to unravel. In Mr. Sousa's literary method there is the same strong and simple handling that characterizes his musical compositions.

From Center

Address New York City

**Date**

MAR - 1902

*The Fifth String* is a novelette written by John Philip Sousa, leader of the famous band that bears his name. The hero of the story is a violinist, and it is a quaint, weird tale of love and death, carrying a moral that is interwoven and suggested but not expressed in set terms. The plot is original, and the style is good.

Times

Seattle Wash  
MAR 2 1909

Reviewing "The Fifth String," Julian Hawthorne says: "Mr. Sousa had a good central idea to begin with; in working it out he has employed the simplest method imaginable, and has gone straight to the point with the fewest circumlocutions and side issues. No sub-plot, there is just the plain story; but it interests us and moves us all the way through, and leads up to an entirely artistic and satisfying conclusion. In 'The Fifth String' is to be found the same succinctness, strength of motive and rapid development that are so notable in 84  
1 scores."

More fantastically conceived, confronts us when we take up the "Fifth String," by John Philip Sousa. There is a violinist in the book, a renowned Tuscan, yeolept Angelo Diotti. He comes to America to play, and falls in love with a beautiful but icy maiden, whose heart, she lets him know, can never be his until, by the magic of his art, he strikes a responsive chord within it. He finds the task one of extreme difficulty until his Santanic majesty appears upon the scene and provides him with a violin from which it is easy to draw more soul searching strains than ever were heard before. Unfortunately, the devil adds a string to the instrument which has fatal properties. Diotti succeeds in persuading the icy maiden aforesaid, to smile upon his suit; but her curiosity is aroused about the deadly string, and the violinist plays upon it only to fall lifeless at her feet. It is a feeble performance. Mr. Sousa would better stick



SS

FEB 25 1902

### CURRENT LITERATURE.

SHED: The Quaker Quality deserves a warm welcome in the periodical world into which it made its bow last Saturday, in Philadelphia. In its first issue it makes good the promise given in the editorial of "a weekly magazine that represents every seventh day the social, literary and general progress of the community and its contributing territory." It is primarily a periodical for Philadelphians, but as the "contributing territory" is of large extent and of varied interests, there is ample assurance of its being conducted on broad lines and of every effort being made by the management to satisfy its patrons. The magazine is of convenient size and the illustrations are of a high typographical excellence. A portrait of Mrs. Frederic Thurston Mason, a charming Philadelphia society woman, adorns the front cover. There are also portraits of Prince Henry, Miss Roosevelt, Sousa, Mrs. Patrick Campbell, Anna Held and E. M. Holland. One page is taken up with engravings of the various rooms in the home of Edmund D. Lewis, 20 South Twenty-second street, Philadelphia, and another is adorned with views of the Upland Hunt Club-house. The literary value of Quaker Quality is very satisfying. Besides two or three clever short stories there is a sketch of Prince Henry; Sousa's

"Fifth String," a musical interpretation; an article on "Fox Hunting a Century Ago," and comments on some academy pictures and Philadelphia artists. Ample space is devoted to the art, the music, the sports, the society, the finance of Philadelphia life and interests, which are of broad scope and far-reaching.

This, the first number of Quaker Quality, is very delightful, even in these days of the highest excellence in periodical literature. As there is no doubt that future numbers will equal, perhaps excel, this one, we both predict and hope a brilliant, successful career for the new magazine. To Wilmington people it will have a special interest by reason of the fact that its editor is Mr. J. Barton Cheyney, formerly of Every Evening and recently of the Ladies' Home Journal.

1901 is now far enough away for the statistician to get in his work on last year's output of books and to give us some definite figures on the "richest and most active period in the annals of the publishing business ever known in this country." To be exact, there were published in this country last year 8,141 volumes in all branches of literature. In 1900 only 6,356 books were published here, and that year was far and away ahead of any previous record. If the proportion of increase keeps—but what's the use of figuring it out? We shall continue to have more books than we can read and very likely the worst punishment that could be inflicted on us would be to be compelled to read a small part of them. Just at present there are renewed signs of activity among the publishers. The period of philosophical and religious books extends generally up to March first, but some of the enterprising pub-

GLOBE  
TORONTO, CAN.  
MAR 1 1902

John Philip Sousa comes before the public in a new light—as an author. Mr. Sousa's new story, "The Fifth String," has an individuality. The inventive genius that has thrilled the world with his stirring strains, has offered it now an unique romance, a story strong, true, dramatic, filled with love and musical enchantment.

The eighth

From

Address

Date

News

Savannah Ga

FEB 23 1902

lishers take advantage of the scarcity of new novels at this time and bring out books ahead of the regular season. A love story by John Philip Sousa, entitled "The Fifth String," is one of the first to appear. Of course, a number of the best selling books of last fall are keeping up in popularity and a very few of those published late in the year are beginning to attract wider attention. Of this class, the conspicuous example is "The House With the Green Shutters," by George Douglas (Brown), a book which reached a sale of 10,000 copies in England in an astonishingly short space of time. The fact that the story is the first long work of the author doubtless brought it more into prominence than would have otherwise happened. In this country its sale is just beginning. The curious thing about the book is that there is no love element, no hero, no heroine, and yet it has a power that grips one, even though he disagree with the author's view of things as he has written it. The next work of Mr. Brown will doubtless be worth while waiting for.

Now and then we hear of an old novel going into another edition. "Ben-Hur" continues to be translated into various unheard-of tongues, as well as to in-

From COURIER JOURNAL

Address LOUISVILLE, KY

Date MAR 1 1902

The Plot of Mr. Sousa's Recent Work of Fiction.

central idea to begin with and in working it he has employed the simplest method possible and gone straight to the point with little circumlocution and side issues." This should be a strong hint to other writers of fiction who are, to speak mildly, given to the love of plots that are hidden in labyrinths and which actually weary the reader to unravel. In Mr. Sousa's literary method there is the same strong and simple handling that characterizes his musical compositions.

From

Address

Date

Criticism

New York City

MAR - 1902

The Fifth String is a novelette written by John Philip Sousa, leader of the famous band that bears his name. The hero of the story is a violinist, and it is a quaint, weird tale of love and death, carrying a moral that is interwoven and suggested but not expressed in set terms. The plot is original, and the style is good.

Reviewing "The Fifth String," Julian Hawthorne says: "Mr. Sousa had a good central idea to begin with; in working it out he has employed the simplest method imaginable, and has gone straight to the point with the fewest circumlocutions and side issues. No sub-plot, there is just the plain story; but it interests us and moves us all the way through, and leads up to an entirely artistic and satisfying conclusion. In 'The Fifth String' is to be found the same succinctness, strength of motive and rapid development that are so notable in scores."

Times  
Seattle Wash  
MAR 2 1902

con-  
the "Fifth  
Sousa. There  
a renowned  
Diotti. He comes  
and falls in love  
but icy maiden, whose  
him know, can never be  
by the magic of his art, he  
strikes a responsive chord within it.  
He finds the task one of extreme difficulty until his Santanic majesty appears upon the scene and provides him with a violin from which it is easy to draw more soul searching strains than ever were heard before. Unfortunately, the devil adds a string to the instrument which has fatal properties. He succeeds in persuading the icy maiden aforesaid, to smile upon his suit; but her curiosity is aroused about the deadly string, and the violinist plays upon it only to fall lifeless at her feet. It is a feeble performance. Mr. Sousa would better stick



From Book News  
Address PHILADELPHIA, PA.  
Date MAR - - 1902

John Philip Sousa as an Author

547

coloring, with just a slight haze of mystery to blend and soften out the lines and angles and immerge the whole in a shimmering maze of fine, indefinite tints. It is a vignette in pastel; not an impressive painting wrought in oil; and its daintiness is refreshing to contemplate. Little of plot, no complication, the space of an hour suffices to

peruse it, yet that hour must needs be one of unalloyed pleasure to the fastidious reader who is looking for entertainment appalled almost faultlessly.

Passion, tender, vibratory, stimulating; pathos, deep, subtle, and inspiring; true Love in all its sheltered dignity; calm Death in all its awesome



IF YOU DO NOT PLAY ON IT WE SEPARATE FOREVER  
From "The Fifth String"

over.





HE TOOK HER HAND REVERENTLY

From "The Fifth String"

### JOHN PHILIP SOUSA AS AN AUTHOR.\*

With "The Fifth String" a delightfully grateful and poetic romance, Mr. John Philip Sousa makes his bow and enters the charmed circle of American author-ship.

The musician instinct in the man shows a new development and words

\*"The Fifth String." by John Philip Sousa

have become the medium of expression for a gentler, more ethereal passion than that expressed in the racy, vivacious notes which are usually identified with the genius of the "March King."

The book is small and by no means powerful; merely a pleasant little idyl, full of simplicity, grace, and pure sentiment; picturesque and delicate in



Newspaper Cutting Bureau in the World.

From

*Literary News*

Address

Date

*New York City*

# ry News

in summer, ad umbram, under some shady tree,  
Be tedious to wres.

MAR - 1902

VOL. XXIII.

MARCH, 1902.

No. 3



From "The Fifth String."

Copyright, 1902, by The Bowen-Merrill Co

"IF YOU DO NOT PLAY IT WE SEPARATE FOREVER."

## The Fifth String.

AMONG the musicians and composers of this country none is better known or more justly popular than John Philip Sousa; he fills with us the place occupied in Germany by Strauss; without him, a summer at a watering-place would seem dreary and barren; and it is difficult to imagine how we ever contrived to march until Sousa set the measure for us. From the first time he came into public notice through the achievements of his genius, he has been generally regarded as secure at the summit of his profession; and, as everybody knows, his vogue in Europe is not less general and emphatic than it is here. Meanwhile, nobody was at the pains to inquire whether musical composition and the ability to lead a great orchestra were all that Sousa could do; and Sousa, with characteristic reticence and modesty, chose to keep the secret

of his other gifts to himself. But the other gifts were there; and in due season they have at last betrayed themselves. He has written and published a romance; it bears the title of "The Fifth String." To further enhance its attractiveness, it has been illustrated by no less able an artist than Howard Chandler Christy. He has done some of his best work for the little volume; and though the tale is good enough by itself, the pictures have the rare merit of not injuring our conceptions of the characters.

The volume is as pretty as it is little; the tale is short—brief as woman's love, and as delightful while it lasts. It might easily have been expanded to quadruple its present dimensions; but the author has had the rare self-command to use an economy of language as severe as is consistent with complete ex-



From MIRRO  
Address WASHINGTON, D.C.  
Date MAR 1 1902

A truth fast assuming epigrammatic solidity is this—having won fame, write a book, build a counting house, and spend your days in ease. Mr. John Philip Sousa, he of the magic baton, has taken to literature, and, assisted by the Bowen-Merrill Company as publishers, and Mr. Howard Christy as illustrator, has tendered us a rare treat. This treat is named "The Fifth String." It really seems quite selfish of John Philip to trespass into the field of letters, having squeezed from this juicy world quite enough of fame for one man. He ought to be satisfied. Considering the fact, however, that most literary aspirants have an irresistible inspiration to expound upon the subjects of which they know the least, we experience a thrill of gratitude to Mr. Sousa for talking shop. Mr. Sousa has a nice little plot, and expatiates upon it with the evident determination to keep cheerful, and endure to the bitter end.

Angelo Diotti, leading man, a Tuscan violinist, enthuses New York with his virtuoso abilities, but fails by his art to awaken the soul of the leading lady, a modern Galatea, and a beautiful society girl. A vulgar impresario is introduced, also a most fetching presentiment in the flesh of his most Satanic Majesty, Prince Mephisto, gotten up to the limit in incongruous modern toggery, and toying with a delicious pair of mustachios. The Prince jauntily presents his card to Angelo, also a violin, whose four strings, with respective capabilities for strains of pity, hope, joy and love supposedly run the gamut of all human emotions. We presume John Philip has never stumbled upon those most dominant chords of the human heart—doubt, tor-

ture and despair. The fifth string is the string of Death, upon which one may not play, economically tied from the remnants of the others, and fancifully bound with long hair-strands from the head of mother Eve. Mephisto mentions having been present at the celebrated little conjugal disturbance in Eden, where the lady is supposed to have given him a bunch of her hair as a souvenir of the occasion. If this is true, it illuminates a new and touching sentimentality in the character of Eve, and establishes a time-honored precedent for sentimental femininity of today.

With this supernatural instrument, Diotti awakens Galatea, *alias* Mildred Holland, wins her love, her passion, her jealousy, because of which last he is forced to play the fifth string. He promptly demises in a most touching manner. If poor Galatea had only known it was Eve's hair she could scarcely have been jealous of one so barren of attractions, because so well on in years. As has been said, John Philip tries to be cheerful. He introduces several humorisms, shabby from over usage, but of a good old standard make. His commingling of the impressively unreal with the prosaic and fluffy might cause smiles sometimes, if we did not remember that John Philip means so well. We feel he has worked hard, and try to palliate the meagerness of his literary adaptabilities.

Mr. Sousa's little scheme is all right, but he should have contented himself with presenting it in the language of his *real* art, in which we gladly acknowledge his supremacy, and should realize that every man can not, from sheer force of determination, evolve from himself the genius of grace, originality, and depths required in our modern writers any more easily than every man can, from the same impetus, make of himself a John Philip Sousa.

[The above are on sale at the book stall in Woodward & Lothrop's.]

—The Reviewer.

ress BROOKLYN, N. Y.

om World Herald

Idress Omaha, Neb.

te MAR 2 - 1902

ress Omaha, Neb.  
Mar - 1902

**THE FIFTH STRING.** John Philip Sousa. Illustrated by Howard Chandler Christy. Indianapolis: The Bowen-Merrill Company.

John Philip Sousa, to whom the plaudits of a multitude of music-lovers are no novelty, is in the enviable position of the new writer, whose work has been received with heartily expressed approval by the reading world. There is one encouraging characteristic common among Americans. We are quick to express our appreciation of whatever gives us pleasure, and we frankly and readily acknowledge the pleasure

1884.

John Philip Sousa has scored a decided success in his "Fifth String," a musical romance written with all the delicate sentiment of a poet. The fifth string in the story was dangerous, as well as useless. The celebrated Tuscan violinist, Angelo Diotti, whose name has not appeared, so far as is known, in any of Mr. Sousa's concerts, came over to the United States for a concert tour, and even before his debut fell in love with a girl named Mildred Wallace. The rest of the audience groveled before him, even as before the boy wonder, Jan Kubelik, but she remained cold, and 'twas as naught. Even in the midst of his new fame, the young Tuscan disappeared, to the wonder of the world and of his manager. He had made his way to the Bermudas, where he practiced in desperation for a strain that should, that must, move her heart. When he failed to better his efforts he dashed his beautiful Strad to fragments on the floor, which promptly opened to let a dark gentleman with a goatee rise from the depths, bringing with him a wonderful violin, irresistible to any hearer, and peculiar in that between the two upper and the two lower strings there was a fifth. The G string, said the dark gentleman, meant the A. love, and the

1884.

Mr. Sousa's very original and readable story has given us.

It is a story that it is difficult to criticize at length without revealing its plot, and as its plot is its strong point, it is manifestly unfair to spoil the enjoyment of those who have not as yet read it by premature revelations.

Very naturally, the theme is musical, and we may readily conceive that it is not at all unlikely that the plot was suggested to the popular leader by the vision of some beautiful box occupant, listening unmoved to the melting strains evoked at his command.

The story, while purely fanciful in that his satanic majesty is introduced as an embodied character, is dramatically real, nor is it without ethical value, the terrible force of jealousy and its death-dealing power over all that makes life worth living—pity, hope, joy, love—being most forcibly pictured.

There are crudities in the book, but these are slight, and in the interest in the tale which holds the reader from the first line to the last they are overlooked or forgotten, and the universally expressed hope is that Mr. Sousa will not keep us waiting long for a second story, provided he can agree to present as novel and readable a one as his first.

JENNY YOUNG CHANDLER

From STANDARD

Address INDIANAPOLIS, IN.

Date MAR 2 1902

The advantage of a name widely known has an extremely apt illustration in the case of Sousa, who, after several years of extraordinary popularity as a band master, recently blossomed forth as an author. Though the Bowen-Merrill Company have only had "The Fifth String" on the market for a few weeks, the book is attaining a wide sale. A Philadelphia paper this week publishes lists of the most popular books at fifteen libraries and book stores. Four of these show "The Fifth String" selling in first place, while the book is also included in the list of books given in each of three others.

ORK, 1884.

John Philip Sousa, the march king, has entered the field of fiction. His first attempt is a love story, "The Fifth String," and is published by The Bowen-Merrill Co.

**SOUSA TALKS OF HIS BOOK**  
Technical Objections of Some of the Critics Do Not Worry the Author.

John Philip Sousa was at the Dellone yesterday. When seen by a reporter the bandmaster was taking the silk wrapper from a cigar. "These cigars," said Sousa, "were sent me by Francisco E. Tonseca of Cuba. He makes all the cigars I smoke and occasionally remembers my weakness by sending me something like this." The cigars were enclosed in beautifully carved wood made in the shape of a book. "I am particularly enthusiastic now," he continued, "over the success of my book. It was issued in January and has had a wonderful sale. The critics have been very kind to me, though some have objected and pointed out the places where 'The Fifth String' is weak. The majority of those condemning the book said that I had not analyzed my characters sufficiently. I believe I have. I had a story to tell and I tried to tell it as entertainingly as I could and kept away from technicality. I am gratified with the way in which the book is being received."



## Sousa's Novel

THE NEW novel by John Philip Sousa, "The March King," is really a short story. You can read it in an hour or so. The theme is treated simply, and with few variations. The author jumps right in, at the start; and steps when he gets through. There is no padding.

The fundamental idea of the story is an old one—as old as Faust and all its predecessors. A musician meets a girl whom he loves, but who seems insensible to any ordinary methods of approach. He despairs of affecting her. Instead of desisting he for not appreciating his art—and here he differs from most musical geniuses—he despises himself for not being able to attain her ideal. He flees from a profitable engagement and goes off by himself and practises. He cannot find the trouble. In a fit of despair, Satan appears to him and tells him that his trouble is not with his art, but with his instrument—his violin is not of the right sort. His curiosity is aroused, and he wants to know what is the right instrument. Satan thereupon produces a fiddle that is a miracle. There are four strings, of Pity, Hope, Joy and Love, and a fifth string which Satan tells him is Death. It is made up of the extra lengths of the other four, and is woven of the hair of Mother Eve. If the player touches it in using, he dies at once; but the other strings are so wonderful in tone that no human being can remain untouched by the music that is drawn from them by a master.

Of course Diotti (for that is the musician's name) takes the violin, and equally of course he touches with its music the woman he loves. But she is profoundly jealous; and a mischief-making friend of hers suggests that there is a mystery about the instrument, and that the fifth string is woven from the hair of some Tuscan maid that Diotti has loved.

We are not going to tell the denouement, but let the reader find it out for himself. It is ingenious, and the tale is worth reading. Whether there is any allegorical meaning to it we leave also for the reader—we have not time to study it out if there is one. We close with an entertaining account by Albert E. Hunt in the Philadelphia North American of an interview with Sousa about his book:

"One wonders how he came to write it."

"I asked him yesterday. He was leant up in a big arm chair in his room at the Walton, his legs tucked under him, tailor fashion. There was a cigar in his hand, and he used it like a baton, to emphasize his points.

"The idea of the story has been in my mind quite a while," he said in that soft, almost boyish voice that is not so familiar as the voice of his melodic muse. "Every musician, I suppose, has the dream side of music in his nature. I don't know whether the listeners are ever awe-stricken by a composition, but I do know that the composer, while drawing out his themes and melodies, is often in something like a hypnotic state.

"That's the way it was with this story. I dug it out of my head, and it's as much mine as the nose on my face. I got to work on it at Manhattan Beach last summer, and it came like an inspiration. I didn't have the slightest trouble with it, but I was afraid it was too good. I was afraid it was too good."

"What did you say to your hero?"

"Oh," said Sousa, with a glow behind the gold-rimmed glasses. "She's a composite. She is absolutely American, you understand, and I know the American girls. I think I know as many as any man and I love them all." He laughed.

"Let me read my description of her."

He did so, with an enthusiasm in his own work which was delightful to see—a sort of impersonal enthusiasm without a shade of vainglory in it.

"There. The methods of thought in music and literature are much the same, I guess. I lived with these people of mine all summer—in imagination, you know—and I got to know them so well that they just put themselves into type."

I bethought me of a lure to get him to talk on a world-old and universally new problem.

"Apropos of your story," I said, "do you think it wise for persons of highly artistic temperament to marry?"

"Well, it's dangerous for the woman if she's too sentimental and loves the man too well. Dangerous for her happiness, I mean. It's as hard for her to separate the professional from the domestic. A man before the public, whether he's actor, writer, musician or minister, is not admired for what he is, but for what he does. A woman of that kind doesn't understand this, and she resents it, or, if she doesn't, it means continual explanations, which make for unhappiness just as much.

"The artistic temperament is all right. It's human. Of course, if it makes a man love himself too much there's trouble, but he would make a woman unhappy if he were a store clerk."

"How about the alleged temptations of the stage?"

"Temptations—rot!" and he puffed a cloud of derision. "There are no more temptations than anywhere else, and the life is not more irrational. I can go into any cafe at night in any big city in the world and pick out all kinds of people. The tainted ones in our profession are tainted before they come into it.

"Now, I don't mean that my profession is better than any other, but it's no worse. In fact, I think that it's the one of all least open to censure. In nearly every other walk of life the people who follow it are of one strata of society. You can find on the same stage a daughter of a rich man and a daughter of a poor man side by side—a girl brought up in high society and another from the slums.

"It is foolish and dangerous for any one to find fault with the drama. I heard a minister preach against it once. His words were altogether untrue, founded on ignorance. That same week a girl of 19 called at my house. She had a voice and wanted to be a singer."

sages he liked best, and always he would look up and say:  
"Now, how do you like that? Did I bring out that point?" or "I think that's pretty good; don't you?"

om Times  
address 1300  
**SOUSA TURNS NOVELIST.**

Famous Bandmaster Is the Author of a Romantic Story.

Those to whom the name of John Philip Sousa is familiar—and they are legion—usually associate it with some popular musical composition or as the director of the famous band of which he has been so long the central figure. But Mr. Sousa has other claims to fame. It is in the field of literature. Mr. Sousa has just published a romantic love story, "The Fifth String."

Mr. Sousa's place in the musical world is, however, second to none. As



JOHN PHILIP SOUSA.

the composer of "Liberty Bell," "Washington Post," "High School Cadets" and other marches he is known in every city and town in the land.

John Philip Sousa is about forty-eight years of age and made his first success as the musical director of the United States Marine band. For twelve years he filled that position, during which time the band gained a world-wide reputation. He left the Marine band in 1892 to take charge of the present organization, known as Sousa's band, which has had phenomenal success, both in this country and Europe.

## SOUSA AS AN AUTHOR

FAMOUS BAND LEADER ELATED OVER SUCCESS OF BOOK. YORK, 1884.

Will Write Sketch of His Boyhood Days, Interwoven With Narrative Depicting Washington Life-Composing March for King Edward.

"Yes, I have achieved quite a literary triumph," said John Philip Sousa at the Union depot this morning. He emphasized "quite" in repeating the newspaper man's remarks of congratulation. The famous bandmaster talks earnestly but in a matter of fact way about his musical successes, for he has become inured to the adulation of an admiring people in this regard. But at the mention of his literary efforts, he beams brightly and waxes enthusiastic at once. It is but recently that Mr. Sousa made his debut in the world of letters. His novel "The Fifth String," a compact, but pretty romance, with, however, a tragic conclusion, has been out only long enough to fairly claim the attention of the book reviewers. This critical class has sounded "The Fifth String," and the majority have found it full of literary melody and merit. Some of course, have picked it sharply in a sort of resentful, there's-no-necessity-for-you spirit.

"Generally speaking the book has been a remarkable success," went on Mr. Sousa. "It is not long—only 125 pages—and I have tried to give it the dynamic force that I give my marches. My musician is not the cold-blooded, mechanical kind but the intense sort. The American girl of the story, I believe to be truly typical. Our American girls can be very sedate and sensible as well as frivolous and I believe them to be jealous. This emotion is strongly brought out in 'The Fifth String.'"

"Have you any other literary work in contemplation?" was asked.

"Yes," responded the band leader and book writer. "I have two ideas which I have been nursing and talking baby-talk to for some time. I propose writing a sketch of my boyhood days in Washington. I was born there, you know. If the newspaper men had not known it, the fact that his vita-vis was the composer of "The Washington Post," was enough to give him the right to claim that place as his natal city.

"I saw many types there," continued Mr. Sousa, "and I observed them closely. I think I can weave my knowledge of Washington life and something about my early career there into an interesting narrative. If this work proves as great a success as my first, I will follow it up with my third idea, which I do not just now care to speak of."

"Your musical compositions, what of them?" was suggested.

"My next march will be written for the king of England. The name? Why, I will leave that to his majesty, inasmuch as it is to be dedicated to him."

"Have you any more operas in mind?"

"Yes, I have promised to write the score of a new comic opera, but am waiting for Charley Klein to send me the libretto. Klein wrote the book for 'The Charlatan' and 'El Capitan.' He is a very clever writer. His latest success is 'The Royal Rogue,' in which Jefferson de Angellis is playing. I don't think much of the musical comedy class of productions, and hope Klein will make his libretto follow the established lines of comic opera. Yes, the book of an opera must be written first, in order that the music may be in the proper vein or atmosphere."

Mr. Sousa is as handsome and debonair as always. Yet, as has been said of him, probably no man works more indefatigably. In the past eleven years his band has traversed this continent about twenty times. Two concerts a day, with long railroad trips between them, are not unusual. Yesterday the band played a matinee at Norfolk, Neb., and was in Sioux City last night. A special train took the organization to Fort Dodge for a matinee today, and this evening a concert will be given in Des Moines.

"Of course, I take care of myself," commented Mr. Sousa, in explaining his good health. "I do not dissipate, for I find pleasure enough in other ways, chiefly in my music."

The European tour of Mr. Sousa and his band was one long triumph. He may go back there this fall, but has not decided. If he does not he will go to California, doubtless stopping in Sioux City en route. "Sioux City has always been good to us," said he.

There is a delightful air of politeness exhibited by both the band leader and the members of the organization. As a musician meets or accosts the leader, each tips his hat.

"It looks easy enough when an advance man is sitting out in front watching the people file into the show," said Mr. Hart, ahead of "Coon Hollow," as he chatted with friends at the Grand last night, "but the advance man has his troubles, too. For instance, when he goes into some of these one night stands he has to post his own bills. Take it on a cold frosty morning and then he begins to feel that life is not all one rose dream."

The hotels in some of the smaller towns are also not of the best in the world. Sleeping in a cold room where the frost is on the counterpane and the snow is on the floor is not conducive to pleasant thoughts, and soggy pancakes and cold steak, though alligatory leather, are other discomforts that beset the way. But the latter must go with the sweet, and we do the best we can out in the rural districts and try to make up for when we get to the cities and can enjoy all the comforts of a good hotel."



her. Instead of despising her for not appreciating his art—and here he differs from most musical geniuses—he despises himself for not being able to attain her ideal. He flees from a profitable engagement and goes off by himself and practises. He cannot find the trouble. In a fit of despair, Satan appears to him and tells him that his trouble is not with his art, but with his instrument—his violin is not of the right sort. His curiosity is aroused, and he wants to know what is the right instrument. Satan thereupon produces a fiddle that is a miracle. There are four strings, of Pity, Hope, Joy and Love, and a fifth string which Satan tells him is Death. It is made up of the extra lengths of the other four, and is woven of the hair of Mother Eve. If the player touches it in using, he dies at once; but the other strings are so wonderful in tone that no human being can remain untouched by the music that is drawn from them by a master.

Of course Diotti (for that is the musician's name) takes the violin, and equally of course he touches with its music the woman he loves. But she is profoundly jealous; and a mischief-making friend of hers suggests that there is a mystery about the instrument, and that the fifth string is woven from the hair of some Tuscan maid that Diotti has loved.

We are not going to tell the denouement, but let the reader find it out for herself. It is ingenious, and the tale is worth reading. Whether there is any allegorical meaning to it we leave also for the reader—we have not time to study it out if there is one. We close with an entertaining account by Albert E. Hunt in the Philadelphia North American of an interview with Sousa about his book:

"One wonders how he came to write it. I asked him yesterday. He was doubled up in a big arm chair in his room at the Walton, his legs tucked under him, tailor fashion. There was a cigar in his hand, and he used it like a baton, to emphasize his points.

"The idea of the story has been in my mind quite a while," he said in that soft, almost boyish voice that is not so familiar as the voice of his melodic muse. "Every musician, I suppose, has the dream side of music in his nature. I don't know whether the listeners are ever awe-stricken by a composition, but I do know that the composer, while drawing out his themes and melodies, is often in something like a hypnotic state.

"That's the way it was with this story. I dug it out of my head, and it's as much mine as the nose on my face. I got to work on it at Manhattan Beach last summer, and it came like an inspiration. I didn't have the slightest trouble with it, but I worked at it very carefully, and was at it up to the last.

"Where did you get your hero's heroism?"

"Oh," said Sousa, with a glow behind the gold-rimmed glasses. "She's a composite. She is absolutely American, you understand, and I know the American girls. I think I know as many as any man and I love them all." He laughed.

"Let me read my description of her." He did so, with an enthusiasm in his own work which was delightful to see—a sort of impersonal enthusiasm without a shade of vainglory in it.

"There. The methods of thought in music and literature are much the same, I guess. I lived with these people of mine all summer—in imagination, you know—and I got to know them so well that they just put themselves into type."

I bethought me of a lure to get him to talk on a world-old and universally new problem.

"Apropos of your story," I said, "do you think it wise for persons of highly artistic temperament to marry?"

"Well, it's dangerous for the woman if she's too sentimental and loves the man too well. Dangerous for her happiness, I mean. It's as hard for her to separate the professional from the domestic. A man before the public, whether he's actor, writer, musician or minister, is not admired for what he is, but for what he does. A woman of that kind doesn't understand this, and she resents it, or, if she doesn't, it means continual explanations, which make for unhappiness just as much.

"The artistic temperament is all right. It's human. Of course, if it makes a man love himself too much there's trouble, but he would make a woman unhappy if he were a store clerk."

"How about the alleged temptations of the stage?"

"Temptations—rot!" and he puffed a cloud of derision. "There are no more temptations than anywhere else, and the life is not more irrational. I can go into any cafe at night in any big city in the world and pick out all kinds of people. The tainted ones in our profession are tainted before they come into it.

"Now, I don't mean that my profession is better than any other, but it's no worse. In fact, I think that it's the one of all least open to censure. In nearly every other walk of life the people who follow it are of one strata of society. You can find on the same stage a daughter of a rich man and a daughter of a poor man side by side—a girl brought up in high society and another from the slums.

"It is foolish and dangerous for any one to find fault with the drama. I heard a minister preach against it once. His words were altogether untrue, founded on ignorance. That same week a girl of 19 called at my house. She had a voice and wanted to go on the stage. She was the daughter of this minister, and he couldn't make enough to support her. She went on the stage and became one of its ornaments, for she was a beautiful character."

"Are you going to write any more books?" I asked, when we had exhausted the other topic.

"Yes, indeed; I'm going to write about my boyhood days."

This brought him back to "The Fifth String," and presently he was harping upon it with delicious naivete. That is the only word. I had him read the pas-

address

## SOUSA TURNS NOVELIST.

Famous Bandmaster Is the Author of a Romantic Story.

Those to whom the name of John Philip Sousa is familiar—and they are legion—usually associate it with some popular musical composition or as the director of the famous band of which he has been so long the central figure. But Mr. Sousa has other claims to fame. It is in the field of literature, Mr. Sousa has just published a romantic love story, "The Fifth String."

Mr. Sousa's place in the musical world is, however, second to none. As



JOHN PHILIP SOUSA.

the composer of "Liberty Bell," "Washington Post," "High School Cadets" and other marches he is known in every city and town in the land.

John Philip Sousa is about forty-eight years of age and made his first success as the musical director of the United States Marine band. For twelve years he filled that position, during which time the band gained a worldwide reputation. He left the Marine band in 1892 to take charge of the present organization, known as Sousa's band, which has had phenomenal success, both in this country and Europe.

Beams Over Book's Success.

this morning. He emphasized "quite" in repeating the newspaper man's remarks of congratulation.

The famous bandmaster talks earnestly but in a matter of fact way about his musical successes, for he has become inured to the adulation of an admiring people in this regard. But at the mention of his literary efforts, he beams brightly and waxes enthusiastic at once. It is but recently that Mr. Sousa made his debut in the world of letters. His novel "The Fifth String," a compact, but pretty romance, with, however, a tragic conclusion, has been out only long enough to fairly claim the attention of the book reviewers. This critical class has sounded "The Fifth String," and the majority have found it full of literary melody and merit. Some of course, have picked it sharply in a sort of resentful, there's-no-necessity-for-you spirit.

"Generally speaking the book has been a remarkable success," went on Mr. Sousa. "It is not long—only 125 pages—and I have tried to give it the dynamic force that I give my marches.

Will Write Boyhood Sketch.

My musician is not the cold-blooded, mechanical kind but the intense sort. The American girl of the story, I believe to be truly typical. Our American girls can be very sedate and sensible as well as frivolous and I believe them to be jealous. This emotion is strongly brought out in "The Fifth String."

"Have you any other literary work in contemplation?" was asked.

"Yes," responded the band leader and book writer. "I have two ideas which I have been nursing and talking baby-talk to for some time. I propose writing a sketch of my boyhood days in Washington. I was born there, you know. If the newspaper man had not known it, the fact that his vis-a-vis was the composer of "The Washington Post," was enough to give him the right to claim that place as his natal city.

"I saw many types there," continued Mr. Sousa, "and I observed them closely. I think I can weave my knowledge of Washington life and something about my early career there into an interesting narrative. If this work proves as great a success as my first, I will follow it up with my third idea, which I do not just now care to speak of."

Writing March for King Edward.

"Your musical compositions, what of them?" was suggested.

"My next march will be written for the king of England. The name? Why, I will leave that to his majesty, inasmuch as it is to be dedicated to him."

"Have you any more operas in mind?"

"Yes, I have promised to write the score of a new comic opera, but am waiting for Charley Klein to send me the libretto. Klein wrote the book for 'The Charlatan' and 'El Capitan.' He is a very clever writer. His latest success is 'The Royal Rogue,' in which Jefferson de Angells is playing. I don't think much of the musical comedy class of productions, and hope Klein will make his libretto follow the established lines of comic opera. Yes, the book of an opera must be written first, in order that the music may be in the proper vein or atmosphere."

Mr. Sousa is as handsome and debonair as always. Yet, as has been said of him, probably no man works more indefatigably.

Works Hard But Keeps Healthy.

In the past eleven years his band has traversed this continent about twenty times. Two concerts a day, with long railroad trips between them, are not unusual. Yesterday the band played a matinee at Norfolk, Neb., and was in Sioux City last night. A special train took the organization to Fort Dodge for a matinee today, and this evening a concert will be given in Des Moines.

"Of course, I take care of myself," commented Mr. Sousa, in explaining his good health. "I do not dissipate, for I find pleasure enough in other ways, chiefly in my music."

The European tour of Mr. Sousa and his band was one long triumph. He may go back there this fall, but has not decided. If he does not he will go to California, doubtless stopping in Sioux City en route. "Sioux City has always been good to us," said he.

There is a delightful air of politeness exhibited by both the band leader and the members of the organization. As the musician meets or accosts the leader, each tips his hat.

"It looks easy enough when an advance man is sitting out in front watching the people file into the show," said Mr. Hart, ahead of "Coon Hollow," as he chatted with

Theatrical Advance Man's Griefs.

friends at the Grand last night, "but the advance man has his troubles, too. For instance, when he goes into some of these one night stands he has to post his own bills. Take it on a cold, frosty morning and then he begins to feel that life is not all one rose-dream."

"The hotels in some of the smaller towns are also not of the best in the world. Sleeping in a cold room where the frost is on the counterpane and the snow is on the floor is not conducive to pleasant thoughts, an oggy pancakes and cold steak, tough alligator leather, are other discomforts that beset the way. But the better must go with the sweet, and we do the best we can out in the rural districts and try to make up for it when we get to the cities and can enjoy all the comforts of a good hotel."



om *See*  
Address *Omaha Neb*  
Date *Mar 7 1902*

"The grandest of the arts is music and the next is literature." For years the world has recognized as one of the master musicians John Philip Sousa. And now he comes before us in a new light—as an author. Mr. Sousa's new story, "The Fifth String," has an individuality. The inventive genius that has thrilled the world with his stirring strains, has offered it now an unique romance, a story strong, true, dramatic, filled with love and musical enchantment. 1884.

#### Newspaper Cutting Bureau in the World.

From *Enterprise*  
Address *Omaha, Neb*  
Date *Mar 7 1902*

Sousa has written a novel. Now it's

om *Enterprise*  
Address *Omaha, Neb*  
Date *Mar 7 1902*

John Philip Sousa has scored a decided success in his "Fifth String," a musical romance written with all the delicate sentiment of a poet. The fifth string in the story was dangerous, as well as useless. The celebrated Tuscan violinist, Angelo Diotti, whose name has not appeared, so far as is known, in any of Mr. Sousa's concerts, came over to the United States for a concert tour, and even before his debut fell in love with a girl named Mildred Wallace. The rest of the audience groveled before him even as before the boy wonder, Jan Kubelik, but she remained cold, and 'twas as naught. Even in the midst of his new fame, the young Tuscan disappeared, to the wonder of the world and of his manager. He had made his way to the Bermudas, where he practiced in desperation for a strain that should, that must, move her heart. When he failed to better his efforts he dashed his beautiful Strad to fragments on the floor, which which promptly opened to let a dark gentleman with a goatee rise from the depths, bringing with him a wonderful violin, irresistible to any hearer, and peculiar in that between the two upper and the two lower strings there was a fifth. The G string said the dark gentleman, meant pity; the D, hope; the A, love; and the E, joy. But between the hope and love there came the black string, which was death to whoever played on it. There is usually a string to our dark friend's gifts; this one had five. But Diotti had a good wrist and a clever technique, and stood in no danger of hitting the wrong string till she took it into her head that there was a secret about that mysterious black string which a wife ought to know, and instead that he should play on it at his next concert. The violin brings out a heart-searching tone from the black string and falls dead on a concert platform. (Bowen-Merrill)

om *Herald*  
Address *Rochester N.Y.*  
Date *MAR 7 1902*  
om *Telegram*  
Address *Portland, Me.*

#### Sousa in Romance.

THE FIFTH STRING. A Musical Romance. By John Philip Sousa. 12mo. cloth, gilt top, illustrated; \$1.50. Indianapolis: The Bowen-Merrill Company; Rochester: Scrantom, Wetmore & Co.

One inclined to the use of hyperbole would put this production down as prose fantasie. He would not attempt to dissociate the march king from his beloved proclivity. And so, in a novel—a poem in prose—a something which rises to the importance of a fugue—we have the only Sousa attempting to solve with music, "sphere-descended maid," a problem which has puzzled men from time immemorial—the way to a woman's heart.

Mr. Sousa's heroine is of the hardly hard. No man has ever moved her to emotion, and if the violinist can, she is his for the asking. So, the violinist uses all the art of which he is capable, but to no avail. Then he seeks other aid, and the Power of Darkness comes at his call. He proved to be another Faust, and a bargain is made. What is it all?

Angelo Diotti is a mysterious young violinist who possesses a magic violin of peculiar construction. It has an extra string placed along its middle, rising higher than the rest, and of a glossy blackness. The secret of this fifth string torments Mildred Wallace. The master of the bow has awakened love in her heart at last, but she finds the mysterious string to be woven of a woman's hair. "It is the hair of the woman you love," she declares to him, and he dares not play upon it at her command, for he knows that it holds something of awe to him in his life and art. He is master of all chords but that. At last the drunken uncle of Mildred solves the problem in a ghastly fashion. "The terrible power of the instrument dawned upon Angelo in all its force. Often he had played on the strings telling of pity, hope, love and joy, but now, for the first time, he realized what that fifth string meant." It proved to be the string of death, and in the tragic end—the supreme test of love—Angelo plays upon this bitter-sweet string, which snaps with his life-thread.

MAR 9 - 1902

Reviewing "The Fifth String," Julian

Hawthorne says: "Mr. Sousa has a good central idea to begin with; in working it out he has employed the simplest method imaginable, and has gone straight to the point with the fewest circumlocutions and side issues. No sub-plot, there is just the plain story; but it interests us and moves us all the way through, and leads up to an entirely artistic and satisfying conclusion. In 'The Fifth String' is to be found the same succinctness, strength of motive, and rapid development that are so notable in his musical scores."—The Bowen-Merrill Co. 1884.

om *Oregonian*  
Address *Portland, Ore*  
Date *MAR - 9 1902*

Reviewing "The Fifth String," Julian Hawthorne says: "Mr. Sousa had a good central idea to begin with; in working it out he has employed the simplest method imaginable, and has gone straight to the point with the fewest circumlocutions and side issues. No sub-plot, there is just the plain story; but it interests us and moves us all the way through, and leads up to an entirely artistic and satisfying conclusion. In 'The Fifth String' is to be found the same succinctness, strength of motive and rapid development that are so notable in his musical scores."

Commercial Appeal  
Memphis, Tenn.  
MAR - 9 1902

#### THE FIFTH STRING.

This is a novelette by John Philip Sousa, and no doubt will be widely read out of curiosity. Those who have heard Sousa's band—and who has not?—will naturally wish to read it.

Newspaper Cutting Bureau in the World.

From *Sat. Eve. Post*  
Address *Phila. Pa.*  
Date *Mar 8 1902*

Newspaper Cutting Bureau in the World.  
From *Sat. Eve. Post*  
Address *Phila. Pa.*  
Date *Mar 8 1902*

In connection with the versatility of Mr. John Philip Sousa, the bandmaster, who has just published The Fifth String, a love story in which Satan himself figures as a help for the dispirited lover, it is interesting to note that Mr. Sousa is not the only one who appears on the stage who has a literary bent toward the supernatural, for Mr. Richard Mansfield a few years ago published a book of fairy tales, entitled Blown Away.

John Philip Sousa has written a short, weird tale, entitled "The Fifth String" (Bowen Merrill Co., of Indianapolis), in which he tells the love story of a musical genius, who, unable to win the affections of his obdurate mistress, enters into the compact with the Evil One, and is given a violin of supernatural power, whose exquisite strains soften her proud heart. The violin has an additional string, however, which means death to him who draws his bow across it. Of course, the imperious lady love demands to hear it, and her devoted one, unable to refuse her, gives up his life. The book seems to be receiving kindly treatment at the hands of the critics.

YORK, 1884



om  
address  
date

1902  
Omaha Neb  
Mar 7 1902

"The grandest of the arts is music and the next is literature." For years the world has recognized as one of the master musicians John Philip Sousa. And now he comes before us in a new light—as an author. Mr. Sousa's new story, "The Fifth String," has an individuality. The inventive genius that has thrilled the world with his stirring strains, has offered it now an unique romance, a story strong, true, dramatic, filled with love and musical enchantment.

1884.

Newspaper Cutting Bureau in the World.

From

Address

Date

Sousa has written a novel. Now it's up to Ruddy Kipling to organize a brass band.

With some people it is easier to die

fifth string as well as useless. The celebrated Tuscan violinist, Angelo Diotti, whose name has not appeared, so far as is known, in any of Mr. Sousa's concerts, came over to the United States for a concert tour, and even before his debut fell in love with a girl named Mildred Wallace. The rest of the audience groveled before him even as before the boy wonder, Jan Kubelik, but she remained cold, and 'twas as naught. Even in the midst of his new fame, the young Tuscan disappeared, to the wonder of the world and of his manager. He had made his way to the Bermudas, where he practiced in desperation for a strain that should, that must, move her heart. When he failed to better his efforts he dashed his beautiful Strad to fragments on the floor, which which promptly opened to let a dark gentleman with a goatee rise from the depths, bringing with him a wonderful violin, irresistible to any hearer, and peculiar in that between the two upper and the two lower strings there was a fifth. The G string said the dark gentleman, meant pity; the D, hope; the A, love; and the E, joy. But between the hope and love there came the black string, which was death to whoever played on it. There is usually a string to our dark friend's gifts; this one had five. But Diotti had a good wrist and a clever technique, and stood in no danger of hitting the wrong string till she took it into her head that there was a secret about that mysterious black string which a wife ought to know, and instead that he should play on it at his next concert. The violin brings out a heart-searching tone from the black string and falls dead on a concert platform. (Bowen-Merrill

om  
address  
date

Herald  
Rochester, N.Y.  
MAR 7 1902  
Telegram  
Portland, Me.

#### Sousa in Romance.

THE FIFTH STRING. A Musical Romance. By John Philip Sousa. 12mo, cloth, gilt top, illustrated; \$1.50. Indianapolis: The Bowen-Merrill Company; Rochester: Scrantom, Wetmore & Co.

One inclined to the use of hyperbole would put this production down as prose fantasie. He would not attempt to dissociate the march king from his beloved proclivity. And so, in a novel—a poem in prose—a something which rises to the importance of a fugue—we have the only Sousa attempting to solve with music, "sphere-descended maid," a problem which has puzzled men from time immemorial—the way to a woman's heart.

Mr. Sousa's heroine is of the hardly hard. No man has ever moved her to emotion, and if the violinist can, she is his for the asking. So, the violinist uses all the art of which he is capable, but to no avail. Then he seeks other aid, and the Power of Darkness comes at his call. He proved to be another Faust, and a bargain is made. What is it all?

Angelo Diotti is a mysterious young violinist who possesses a magic violin of peculiar construction. It has an extra string placed along its middle, rising higher than the rest, and of a glossy blackness. The secret of this fifth string torments Mildred Wallace. The master of the bow has awakened love in her heart at last, but she finds the mysterious string to be woven of a woman's hair. "It is the hair of the woman you love," she declares to him, and he dares not play upon it at her command, for he knows that it holds something of awe to him in his life and art. He is master of all chords but that. At last the drunken uncle of Mildred solves the problem in a ghastly fashion. "The terrible power of the instrument dawned upon Angelo in all its force. Often he had played on the strings telling of pity, hope, love and joy, but now, for the first time, he realized what that fifth string meant." It proved to be the string of death, and in the tragic end—the supreme test of love—Angelo plays upon this bitter-sweet string, which snaps with his life-thread.

MAR 9 - 1902

Reviewing "The Fifth String," Julian

Hawthorne says: "Mr. Sousa has a good central idea to begin with; in working it out he has employed the simplest method imaginable, and has gone straight to the point with the fewest circumlocutions and side issues. No sub-plot, there is just the plain story; but it interests us and moves us all the way through, and leads up to an entirely artistic and satisfying conclusion. In 'The Fifth String' is to be found the same succinctness, strength of motive, and rapid development that are so notable in his musical scores."—The Bowen-Merrill Co.

om

Address

ite

MAR - 9 1902

Reviewing "The Fifth String," Julian Hawthorne says: "Mr. Sousa had a good central idea to begin with, in working it out he has employed the simplest method imaginable, and has gone straight to the point with the fewest circumlocutions and side issues. No sub-plot, there is just the plain story; but it interests us and moves us all the way through, and leads up to an entirely artistic and satisfying conclusion. In 'The Fifth String' is to be found the same succinctness, strength of motive and rapid development that are so notable in his musical scores."

Commercial Appeal  
Memphis, Tenn.  
MAR - 9 1902

#### THE FIFTH STRING.

This is a novelette by John Philip Sousa, and no doubt will be widely read out of curiosity. Those who have heard Sousa's band—and who has not?—will naturally wish to know how he acquires himself as a writer. The story shows a rather unexpected skill in composition, but it hardly rises above mediocrity. After perusing it one is inclined to say to the writer: "Now go back to your orchestra." Published by the Bowen-Merrill Company of Indianapolis.

Newspaper Cutting Bureau in the World.

Sat. Eve. Post  
Phila. Pa.  
Mar 8 - 1902

In connection with the versatility of Mr. John Philip Sousa, the bandmaster, who has just published The Fifth String, a love story in which Satan himself figures as a help for the dispirited lover, it is interesting to note that Mr. Sousa is not the only one who appears on the stage who has a literary bent toward the supernatural, for Mr. Richard Mansfield a few years ago published a book of fairy tales, entitled Blown Away.

de  
it. Of course, the imperious lady love demands to hear it, and her devoted one, unable to refuse her, gives up his life. The book seems to be receiving kindly treatment at the hands of the critics.



rom  
address  
date

## SOUSA AS AN AUTHOR

FAMOUS BAND LEADER ELATED  
OVER SUCCESS OF BOOK.

K, 1884.

Will Write Sketch of His Boyhood  
Days, Interwoven With Narrative  
Depicting Washington Life—Compos-  
ing March for King Edward.

"Yes, I have achieved quite a liter-  
ary triumph," said John Philip Sousa  
at the Union depot this morning. He  
emphasized "quite" in repeating the  
newspaper man's remarks of congrat-  
ulation. The famous bandmaster talks  
earnestly but in a matter of fact way  
about his musical successes, for he has  
become inured to the adulation of an  
admiring people in this regard. But at  
the mention of his literary efforts, he  
beams brightly and waxes enthusiastic  
at once. It is but recently that Mr.  
Sousa made his debut in the world of  
letters. His novel "The Fifth String,"  
a compact, but pretty romance, with  
however, a tragic conclusion, has been  
out only long enough to fairly claim  
the attention of the book reviewers.  
This critical class has sounded "The  
Fifth String," and the majority have  
found it full of literary melody and  
merit. Some of course, have picked  
it sharply in a sort of resentful, there's-  
no-necessity-for-you spirit.

"Generally speaking the book has  
been a remarkable success," went on  
Mr. Sousa. "It is not long—only 125  
pages—and I have tried to give it the  
dynamic force that I give my marches.  
My musician is not the cold-blooded,  
mechanical kind but the intense sort.  
The American girl of the story, I be-  
lieve to be truly typical. Our Amer-  
ican girls can be very sedate and sensi-  
ble as well as frivolous and I believe  
them to be jealous. This emotion is  
strongly brought out in 'The Fifth  
String.'

"Have you any other literary work in  
contemplation?" was asked.

"Yes," responded the band leader  
and book writer. "I have two ideas  
which I have been nursing and talking  
baby-talk to for some time. I suppose  
writing a sketch of my boyhood days  
in Washington. I was born there, you  
know." If the newspaper man had not  
known it, the fact that his vis-a-vis was  
the composer of "The Washington  
Post," was enough to give him the  
right to claim that place as his natal  
city.

"I saw many types there," continued  
Mr. Sousa, "and I observed them close-  
ly. I think I can weave my knowl-  
edge of Washington life and something  
about my early career there into an  
interesting narrative. If this work  
proves as great a success as my first  
I will follow it up with my third idea,  
which I do not just now care to speak  
of."

"Your musical compositions, what of  
them?" was suggested.

"My next march will be written for  
the king of England. The name? Why,  
I will leave that to his majesty, inas-  
much as it is to be dedicated to him."

"Have you any more operas in  
mind?"

"Yes, I have promised to write the  
score of a new comic opera, but am  
waiting for Charley Klein to send me  
the libretto. Klein wrote the book for  
'The Charlatan' and 'El Capitan.' He  
is a very clever writer. His latest suc-  
cess is 'The Royal Rogue,' in which  
Jefferson de Angelis is playing.

rom  
address  
date

### Sousa's Literary Venture.

The most interesting thing about "The  
Fifth String" is the name of John Philip  
Sousa on the title-page. It is that which twists  
the strings of one's imagination up to a keen  
anticipatory pitch, only to have them cruelly  
scraped by the un-rosined bow of the story.

the story is bad, a tragedy so tragic that  
as amusing; sweet love so sweet that it  
oys. It is probable that a brown-eyed, soft-  
aired sweet thing of sixteen, hysterical over  
an unrequited adoration for her first matinee  
hero, would weep to the intention of the au-  
thor of this most serious tragedy. But even  
she, it is feared, will gasp at some of the sal-  
tatory feats required of the imagination. It  
is not the mere improbability of everything,  
however, that damns the book. There have  
been improbable plots before that passed with-  
out quibble. It is rather the amazing serious-  
ness and carefulness of John Philip, the chaste

From  
Address  
Date

John Philip Sousa has scored a de-  
cided success in his "Fifth String," a  
musical romance written with all the  
delicate sentiment of a poet. The  
fifth string in the story was dangerous,  
as well as useless. The celebrated  
Tuscan violinist, Angelo Diotti, whose  
name has not appeared, so far as is  
known, in any of Mr. Sousa's con-  
certs, came over to the United States  
for a concert tour, and even before his  
debut fell in love with a girl named  
Mildred Wallace. The rest of the aud-  
ience groveled before him even as be-  
fore the boy wonder, Jan Kubelik, but  
she remained cold, and 'twas as naught  
Even in the midst of his new fame,  
the young Tuscan disappeared, to the  
wonder of the world and of his man-  
ager. He had made his way to the  
Bermudas, where he practiced in des-  
peration for a strain that should, that  
must, move her heart. When he failed  
to better his efforts he dashed his  
beautiful Strad to fragments on the  
floor, which which promptly opened to  
let a dark gentleman with a goatee  
rise from the depths, bringing with  
him a wonderful violin, irresistible to  
any hearer, and peculiar in that be-  
tween the two upper and the two lower  
strings there was a fifth. The G string  
said the dark gentleman, meant pity;  
the D, hope; the A, love; and the E,  
joy. But between the hope and love  
there came the black string, which  
was death to whoever played on it.  
There is usually a string to our dark  
friend's gifts; this one had five. But  
Diotti had a good wrist and a clever  
technique, and stood in no danger of  
hitting the wrong string till she took  
it into her head that there was a se-  
cret about that mysterious black  
string which a wife ought to know,  
and instead that he should play on it  
at his next concert. The violinist  
brings out a heart-searching tone from  
the black string and falls dead on the  
platform. (Bowen-Merrill Co.)

ORK, 1884.

From  
Address  
Date

"The Fifth String." By John Philip Sou-  
sa, Indianapolis: The Bowen-Merrill  
Company. \$1.25.

"The Fifth String," by John Philip  
Sousa, is a quaint medley of fact and fan-  
tasy. The reader who has the habit of  
anticipating the unfolding of a story re-  
ceives a rude jar at about the third chap-  
ter, where the tale suddenly leaves the  
world of possibilities, and allegory be-  
gins. The story is intensely interesting,  
and it is safe to assert that the reader  
will not lay it aside until it has been  
read from cover to cover. It is a pretty  
read from cover to cover.

YORK, 1884.

Newspaper Cutting Bureau in the World.

Life  
Address  
Date

From John Philip Sousa's Washington Post  
March to his novel, "The Fifth String," is a step  
from the relatively sublime to the totally ridicu-  
lous. We sincerely hope that Mr. Sousa will

return to the composition of two-steps. (The  
Bowen-Merrill Company, Indianapolis.)

J. B. Kerfoot.

BEACON.

WICHITA, KAN.

John Philip Sousa has proven himself  
to be an author as well as a composer,  
and a dainty little book, "The Fifth  
String," from his pen now is to be had.  
It is handsomely illustrated by Howard  
Chandler Christy.

POST INTELLIGENCER.  
SEATTLE, WASH.

MAR 16 1902

"The Fifth String," by John Phillip  
Sousa, is not so good a novel as the  
Washington Post is a march. How-  
ever, it takes a great genius to be pre-  
eminent in all the arts. Mr. Sousa's tale  
is about a violinist whose playing melted  
all hearts, save that of the damsel whom  
alone he was interested in melting. He  
accordingly made a little bargain with  
the devil, whereby he obtained a violin

1884.

with a fifth string—the string of death—  
whose music would melt even a Muir-  
cler of a girl. However, in playing  
on it, he must be careful not to touch  
the fifth string, or his life will pay the  
penalty. The girl notices that he never  
touches it, and adopts the theory that  
the string is wrapped with the hair from  
the head of a dead or lost love, whom  
he had promised not to play upon it. She  
emptily demands that he do so, and he  
complies with her request and dies on  
stage to slow music, lowered lights  
and a shower of unrestrained kisses from  
the unreasonable damsel who implores  
him to "speak! speak!"

"The Fifth String." By John Phillip  
Sousa. The Bowen-Merrill Co. \$1. For  
Lowman & Hanford.)



rom  
address  
date

REPUBLICAN

CEDAR RAPIDS IOWA  
MAR 9 1902

## SOUSA AS AN AUTHOR

FAMOUS BAND LEADER ELATED OVER SUCCESS OF BOOK. K, 1884.

Will Write Sketch of His Boyhood Days, Interwoven With Narrative Depicting Washington Life—Composing March for King Edward.

"Yes, I have achieved quite a literary triumph," said John Phillip Sousa at the Union depot this morning. He emphasized "quite" in repeating the newspaper man's remarks of congratulation. The famous bandmaster talks earnestly but in a matter of fact way about his musical successes, for he has become inured to the adulation of an admiring people in this regard. But at the mention of his literary efforts, he beams brightly and waxes enthusiastic at once. It is but recently that Mr. Sousa made his debut in the world of letters. His novel "The Fifth String," a compact, but pretty romance, with however, a tragic conclusion, has been out only long enough to fairly claim the attention of the book reviewers. This critical class has sounded "The Fifth String," and the majority have found it full of literary melody and merit. Some of course, have picked it sharply in a sort of resentful, there's-no-necessity-for-you spirit.

"Generally speaking the book has been a remarkable success," went on Mr. Sousa. "It is not long—only 125 pages—and I have tried to give it the dynamic force that I give my marches. My musician is not the cold-blooded, mechanical kind but the intense sort. The American girl of the story, I believe to be truly typical. Our American girls can be very sedate and sensible as well as frivolous and I believe them to be jealous. This emotion is strongly brought out in 'The Fifth String.'"

"Have you any other literary work in contemplation?" was asked.

"Yes," responded the band leader and book writer. "I have two ideas which I have been nursing and talking baby-talk to for some time. I suppose writing a sketch of my boyhood days in Washington. I was born there, you know." If the newspaper man had not known it, the fact that his vis-a-vis was the composer of "The Washington Post," was enough to give him the right to claim that place as his natal

rom  
address  
date

Argonaut  
San Francisco Cal  
Mar 10 - 1902

### Sousa's Literary Venture.

The most interesting thing about "The Fifth String" is the name of John Phillip Sousa on the title-page. It is that which twists the strings of one's imagination up to a keen anticipatory pitch, only to have them cruelly scraped by the un-rosined bow of the story.

the story is bad, a tragedy so tragic that is amusing; sweet love so sweet that it oys. It is probable that a brown-eyed, soft-voiced sweet thing of sixteen, hysterical over an unrequited adoration for her first matinee hero, would weep to the intention of the author of this most serious tragedy. But even she, it is feared, will gasp at some of the salutory feats required of the imagination. It is not the mere improbability of everything, however, that damns the book. There have been improbable plots before that passed without quibble. It is rather the amazing seriousness and carefulness of John Phillip, the chaste atmosphere of pure euphemism that pervades every line. Nobody asks in the story, they "entreat." Flowers do not blossom, but "bloom." The clock does not strike, but rather "sounds the midnight hour."

Here and there in the volume there are touches supposedly humorous, which rouse a fleeting smile, but the book as a whole is of purely ephemeral interest. Howard Chandler Christy's drawings of the hero and heroine are normally good, and are liberally scattered through the chapters.

Published by the Bowen-Merrill Company, Indianapolis; price, \$1.50.

BEACON.

WICHITA, KAN.

John Phillip Sousa has proven himself to be an author as well as a composer, and a dainty little book, "The Fifth String," from his pen now is to be had. It is handsomely illustrated by Howard Chandler Christy.

m POST INTELLIGENCER  
dress SEATTLE, WASH.

MAR 16 1902

"The Fifth String," by John Phillip Sousa, is not so good a novel as the "Washington Post" is a march. However, it takes a great genius to be pre-eminent in all the arts. Mr. Sousa's tale is about a violinist whose playing melted all hearts, save that of the damsel whom alone he was interested in melting. He accordingly made a little bargain with the devil, whereby he obtained a violin with a fifth string—the string of death—whose music would melt even a Muir glacier of a girl. However, in playing upon it, he must be careful not to touch the fifth string, or his life will pay the penalty. The girl notices that he never touches it, and adopts the theory that the string is wrapped with the hair from the head of a dead or lost love, whom he had promised not to play upon it. She promptly demands that he do so, and he complies with her request and dies on the stage to slow music, lowered lights and a shower of unrestrained kisses from the unreasonable damsel who implores him to "speak! speak!"

1884.

"The Fifth String." By John Phillip Sousa. The Bowen-Merrill Co. \$1. For sale by Lowman & Hanford.)

from Globe  
Address St Louis, Mo.  
Date MAR 18 1902

"The Fifth String." By John Phillip Sousa. Indianapolis: The Bowen-Merrill Company. \$1.25.

"The Fifth String," by John Phillip Sousa, is a quaint medley of fact and fancy. The reader who has the habit of anticipating the unfolding of a story receives a rude jar at about the third chapter, where the tale suddenly leaves the world of possibilities, and allegory begins. The story is intensely interesting, and it is safe to assert that the reader will not lay it aside until it has been read from cover to cover. It is a pretty volume, with a splendid cover design, and is excellently illustrated by Howard Chandler Christy.

YORK, 1884.

let a dark gentleman with a goatee rise from the depths, bringing with him a wonderful violin, irresistible to any hearer, and peculiar in that between the two upper and the two lower strings there was a fifth. The G string said the dark gentleman, meant pity; the D, hope; the A, love; and the E, joy. But between the hope and love there came the black string, which was death to whoever played on it. There is usually a string to our dark friend's gifts; this one had five. But Diotti had a good wrist and a clever technique, and stood in no danger of hitting the wrong string till she took it into her head that there was a secret about that mysterious black string which a wife ought to know, and instead that he should play on it at his next concert. The violinist brings out a heart-searching tone from the black string and falls dead on the platform. (Bowen-Merrill Co.)

From John Phillip Sousa's Washington Post March to his novel, "The Fifth String," is a step from the relatively sublime to the totally ridiculous. We sincerely hope that Mr. Sousa will

return to the composition of two-steps. (The Bowen-Merrill Company, Indianapolis.)

J. B. Kerfoot.



n *Chronicle*  
ress *San Francisco, Cal.*

e FEB 23 1902

"The Fifth String."

Doubtless the many thousands have listened to the performances of John Philip Sousa's band will be interested in learning that the wielder of the baton has become an author of fiction. His subject, as natural, is a musical one, but it is out of the usual order and strange in its outlines. The title of "The Fifth String," which Mr. Sousa's literary effort bears, refers to a violin having one more than the ordinary number of chords of that instrument, presented by Satan himself to a love-lorn Italian musician in order to enable him to conquer the affections of a young American society woman of abnormally irresponsible temperament. Four of the strings of the instrument are attuned in supernatural degree to pity, hope, joy and love, but the fifth in compensation brings death to him who may draw his bow across its fatal chord. It is not to our purpose to more than indicate that this Satanic violin accomplishes all of the purposes for which it was brought from the infernal regions, and if the four strings raised the emotions of the fair American to amatory pitch, the fatal fifth, through her jealousy and imperiousness, was the cause of the sacrifice of his life by her Italian musician lover. The tale is fairly written and is artistically illustrated by Howard Chandler Christy. (Indianapolis: The Bowen-Merrill Company.)

1884.

Newspaper Cutting-Bureau in the world.

om *Pilgrim Teacher*  
ddress *BOSTON, MASS.*

ate APR - - 1902

*The Fifth String*, by John Philip Sousa, is the very strange story of a great violinist who failed to win the heart of the woman he loved until, almost against his will, he accepted help of which he was ashamed, and used means of which he dared not tell, — a strange violin with a fifth string, — the string of death, on which no man who played could live. But from the other strings of this violin sang forth the music of heaven, for it had dwelt in heaven before the angels fell, and with it the violinist could touch the hearts that music had never touched before, and with it he won her love. But the song of the love not fairly won ended in sorrow, on the string of death. The introduction of Satan "up to date" is ineffective because we see so plainly that the author does not believe in the actual existence of this very orthodox Satan. For the sake of the story he ought not to have let us find it out. The real devil of the tale is cunning "old Sanders," with his uncanny power and his "parchment-bound cranium," — for which expression we owe Mr. Sousa a debt of gratitude. The little story will be widely read because of America's cordial feeling for its author and because of its own strange interest. [Bowen-Merrill Co. pp. 125. \$1.50.]

Newspaper Cutting Bureau

From *Herald*  
Address *Los Angeles, Cal.*  
Date MAR 23 1902

"The Fifth String"

The name of John Philip Sousa appears as the author on the title page of this book. Probably very few of those who have admired him as a composer, leader and musician have dreamed that he possessed literary talent. But the name is there.

The story hangs on a violin placed in mortal hands by the Evil One. The instrument has five strings and the fifth string is the string of death; whoever plays on it dies. Diotti, the violinist, came to America and won many triumphs; but with all his skill, he could not touch the heart of Mildred Wallace. Then the devil came and tempted him with the fifth string, and he fell. He could bring souls to his feet with the magic instrument, but whoever played on the fifth string must die. With this violin in his possession Diotti had no difficulty in winning Mildred's heart and they became engaged.

But alas! for woman's curiosity and jealousy.

Mildred was told that the fifth string was made of the hair of some other woman; and she insisted that her lover play on it. For a long time he refused, but she still insisted. It was in the concert hall and the great violinist had finished his first number and rejoined Mildred behind the scenes. Mildred rushed to him.

"You did not touch that string; you refuse my wish?" and the sounds of mighty applause without drowned his pleading voice.

"I told you if you refused me I was lost to you forever! Do you understand?"

Diotti returned slowly to the center of the stage and remained motionless until the audience subsided. Facing Mildred, whose color was heightened by the intensity of her emotion, he began softly to play. His fingers sought the string of Death. The audience listened with breathless interest. The composition was weird and strangely fascinating.

The player told with wondrous power of despair, of hope, of faith; sunshine crept into the hearts of all as he pictured the promise of an eternal day; higher and higher, softer and softer grew the theme until it echoed as if it were afar in the realms of light and floating over the waves of a golden sea. Suddenly the audience was startled by the snapping of a string; the violin and bow dropped from the nerveless hands of the player. He fell helpless to the stage.

Mildred rushed to him, crying: "Angelo, Angelo, what is it? What has happened?" Bending over him she gently raised his head and showered unrestrained kisses on his lips, oblivious of all save her lover.

"Speak! speak!" she implored.

A faint smile illumined his face; he gazed with ineffable tenderness into her eyes; then slowly closed his own as if in slumber.

All this is highly strenuous, if not something hysterical; and if there be a lovelorn maiden reader who is not shedding copious tears at this juncture, hard indeed is her heart. The theme or plot of the story is not new, but, speaking musically, it is a "variation." The book contains several characteristic illustrations by Howard Chandler Christy and is handsomely printed and bound.

THE FIFTH STRING. By John Philip Sousa. Cloth, 125 pages. Indianapolis: The Bowen-Merrill Co.



m  
 dress  
 te  
**MAR 1 1902**

**A Tragic Story by Mr. Sousa.**

Angelo Diotti, the hero in Mr. John Philip Sousa's story, "The Fifth String" (The Bowen-Merrill Company, Indianapolis), was naturally overcome by the splendid beauty of the heroine, Mildred Wallace, "only child of one of New York's prominent bankers." It is as pleasant for the reader as it was for the hero to meet with charms at once so radiant and so substantial. There is a picture of Mildred Wallace on the occasion of her first meeting with Diotti at one of Mrs. Llewellyn's receptions. At these justly celebrated receptions "one always heard the best singers and players of the season, and Epicurus's soul could rest in peace, for her chef had an international reputation." There was transcendent music after excellent food—a combination and an order that the judicious will approve. Mr. Sousa sagely reminds the "music-fed ascetic" that "many, aye, very many," like terrapin along with their Technikowsky and burgundy with their Beethoven. Dinner is popular, and "Mrs. Llewellyn's dining room was crowded."

The picture represents Miss Wallace at the moment when she was saying to Diotti: "I see each ivory key bobbing up and down." This remark was a confession. No musician had yet touched the soul of Mildred. When Paderewski played she watched the keys bob. Even her own achievements in art had not impressed her. "I studied drawing," she said to Diotti, "worked diligently and I hope intelligently, and yet I was quickly convinced that a counterfeit presentment of nature was puny and insignificant. I painted Niagara. My friends praised my effort. I saw Niagara again. I destroyed the picture."

Diotti shuddered for his own powers. He tried a little philosophy. "But you must be prepared to accept the limitations of man and his work," he said. She evinced an inability to be prepared. "Anni-

hilation of one's own identity in the moment is possible in nature's domain—never in man's," she said. "The resistless, never-ending rush of the waters, madly churning, pitilessly dashing against the rocks below the mighty roar of the loosened giant; that was Niagara. My picture seemed but a smear of paint."

Diotti turned from the subject of painting to his own art. "Surely you have been stirred by the wonders man has accomplished in music's realm," he said. "Does not the passion-laden theme of a master, or the marvellous feeling of a player awaken your emotions?" Alas! no, she only saw the keys bobbing up and down, and the next evening, when Diotti at the Academy "unquestionably scored the greatest triumph of his career," she sat quite unmoved in her box, and he gave himself over to despair. "Quickly he left the theatre and sought his hotel. A menacing cloud obscured the wintry moon. A clock sounded the midnight hour. He threw himself upon the bed and almost sobbed his thoughts, and their burden was: 'I am not great enough for her. I am but a man! I am but a man!'"

Now it is well-known that when a violinist is in a fix like this, the only thing for him to do is to accept assistance from the powers of darkness. It is an important part of the business of the Old Boy to be always on the lookout for artists who are in despair. Without notifying Mr. Perkins, his available manager, Diotti took ship for

In a great interest in my premiere, and socially everything was done to make me happy. Mrs. James Llewellyn, whom, you no doubt remember, we met in Florence the winter of 18—, immediately after I reached New York, arranged a reception for me, which was elegant in the extreme. But from that night dates my misery. You ask her name? Mildred Wallace. Tell me what she is like, I hear you say. Of graceful height, willowy and exquisitely moulded, not over 24, with the face of a Madonna; wondrous eyes of darkest blue, hair indescribable in its maze of tawny colors—in a word the perfection of womanhood. In half an hour I was her abject slave, and proud in my serfdom. When I returned to my hotel that evening I could not sleep. Her image ever was before me, elusive and shadowy. And yet we seemed to grow further and further apart—she nearer heaven, I nearer earth."

The letter goes on to describe Diotti's failure to move her at the concert, and a visit that he paid her the next day. It appears that she said to him: "If ever a man comes who can awaken my heart, frankly and honestly, I will confess it." He ventured: "Perhaps such a one lives, but has yet to reach the height to win your love. To this, 'with half-closed eyes and wooingly,' she answered: 'No drooping Clytie could be more constant than I to him who strikes the chord that is responsive in my soul.'"

Diotti took his leave. In his letter he says: "I went out into the gathering gloom. Her words haunted me. A strange feeling came over me. A voice within me cried: 'Do not play to-night. Study! Study! Perhaps in the full fruition of your genius your music, like the warm western wind to the harp, may bring life to her soul.' I fled, and I am here. I am delving deeper and deeper into the mysteries of my art, and I pray God each hour that He may place within my grasp the wondrous music His blessed angels sing, for the soul of her I love is attuned to the harmonies of heaven. Your affectionate brother Angelo, Island of Bahama, Jan. 2."

He leased a small island, where he lived alone, practising incessantly. Strenuously as he labored, however, he felt that he was still far from the supreme accomplishment necessary to reach the soul of Mildred Wallace. One day "he dashed the violin to the floor, where it lay a hopeless wreck." At this moment the Evil One presented himself. "You have been wasting time and energy," he said to Diotti. "The trouble lies not with you, but with the miserable violin you have been using." "It was a Stradivarius," returned Diotti, the tears welling from his eyes. "Makes no difference," said the devil, and with that he produced a violin with five strings.

Four of the strings were white, but the fifth string was black, and the devil told Diotti quite frankly that he would die at once if ever he played upon it. Diotti tried the instrument, avoiding, of course, the fifth string. He "placed the violin in position and drew the bow across the string of joy, improvising on it. Almost instantly the birds of the forest darted hither and thither, carolling forth in gladsome strains. Next the artist changed to the string of pity, and thoughts of the world's sorrows came over him like a pall." Here, surely, was the means to reach the soul of Mildred Wallace. "Holding the violin aloft he cried exultingly: 'Henceforth thou art mine, though death and oblivion lurk ever near thee!'" And with that he left the Bahamas and called on Mr. Perkins, who was glad enough to renew the distinguished concerts that had been so rudely interrupted.

was there, she beautiful, to gain her love Diotti would have bartered his soul that moment. The first movement of the suite was entitled 'Pity,' and the music flowed like melodious tears. A subdued sob rose and fell with the sadness of the theme. Mildred's eyes were moistened as she fixed them on the lone figure of the player. Now the theme of pity changed to hope, and hearts grew brighter under the spell. The next movement depicted joy. As the virtuoso's fingers darted here and there, his music seemed the very laughter of fairy voices, the earth looked roses and sunshine, and Mildred, relaxing her position and leaning forward in the box, with lips slightly parted, was the picture of eager happiness. The final movement came. Its subject was love. The introduction depicted the Arcadian beauty of the trysting place, love-lit eyes sought each other intuitively, and a great peace brooded over the hearts of all. Grand and grander the melody rose, voicing love's triumph with wondrous sweetness and palpitating rhythm. Mildred,

her face flushed with excitement, a heavenly light in her eyes and in an attitude of supplication, revelled in the glory of a new-found emotion." To Diotti's dressing room afterward "Mildred Wallace came, extending her hands. He took them almost reverently. She looked into his eyes, and he knew he had struck the chord responsive in her soul." It is hard to see how it all should have been the devil's work, but of course, that evil person is given to extremely devious and subtle ways.

There was the fifth string wound with the hair of Mother Eve, charged with death, and bound, the reader will divine, to excite Mildred Wallace's curiosity. Matters came to the point where she insisted upon his playing on the fifth string. "The call-boy announced Diotti's turn; the violinist led Mildred to a seat at the entrance of the stage. His appearance was the signal for prolonged and enthusiastic greeting from the enormous audience present. He was clearly the idol of the metropolis. The lights were lowered, a single calcium playing with its soft and silvery rays upon his face and shoulders. The expectant audience scarcely breathed as he began his theme. It was pity—pity moulded into a concord of beautiful sounds, and when he began the second movement it was but a continuation of the first; his fingers sought but one string, that of pity. Again he played, and once more pity stole from the violin. When he left the stage Mildred rushed to him. 'You did not touch that string; you refuse my wish?' and the sounds of mighty applause without drowned his pleading voice. 'I told you if you refused me I was lost to you forever! Do you understand?' Diotti returned slowly to the centre of the stage and remained motionless until the audience subsided. Facing Mildred whose color was heightened by the intensity of her emotion, he began softly to play. His fingers sought the string of Death. The audience listened with breathless interest. The composition was weirdly and strangely

fascinating. The player told with wondrous power of despair, of hope of faith; sunshine crept into the hearts of all as he pictured the promise of an eternal day; higher and higher, softer and softer grew the theme until it echoed as if it were afar in the realms of light and floating o'er the waves of a garden sea. Suddenly the audience was startled by the snapping of a string; the violin and bow dropped from the nerveless hands of the player. He fell helpless to the stage. Mildred rushed to him, crying, 'Angelo, Angelo, what is it? What has happened?' Bending over him, she raised his head and showered unconsciousness upon him. "Speak! Speak!" she implored. A faint smile illumined his face; he gazed with ineffable tenderness into her weeping eyes, then slowly closed his own as if in slumber."

It seems to us that the story was intended to be a rebuke to ladies who are unduly curious and insistent, as well as a warning against music of infernal manufacture.





BOWEN-MERRILL



# IN THE SPRING A YOUNG MAN'S FANCY LIGHTLY TURNS TO THOUGHTS OF LOVE STORIES

LOVE

AND  
MUSIC

LOVE

AND  
RELIGION

LOVE

AND  
THE PLAY

LOVE

AND  
POLITICS

THE  
**FIFTH STRING**

A Musical Love Story

BY JOHN PHILIP SOUSA

THE

**FIGHTING BISHOP STROLLERS**

THE

THE  
**13TH DISTRICT**

A Novel of Western Political Life



LOVE

AND  
MUSIC

LOVE

AND  
RELIGION

LOVE

AND  
THE PLAY

LOVE

AND  
POLITICS

## THE FIFTH STRING

A Musical Love Story  
By JOHN PHILIP SOUSA

"The Fifth String" is music—a story of a beautiful maiden, a handsome violinist, and a wonderful violin.

All the passions of the soul—joy, hope, love, pity—march to the measure of Mr. Sousa's clever fancy in the book. . . it has the most original plot presented in any novel for a long time. The elegant and stately figures in Howard Chandler Christy's illustrations serve to give the embellishments that this first novel by "The March King" so richly deserves.

The success of "The Fifth String" was instantaneous, and it is now in its fifth edition.

12mo. Illustrated by Howard Chandler Christy. Price, \$1.25.

## THE FIGHTING BISHOP

INS

Virile, forceful and original, "The Fighting Bishop" strikes the note of reality and is always interesting—intensely so at times. It is a page from real life, and the loves of two of the characters are skilfully and touchingly told.

There are many striking scenes in "The Fighting Bishop," as the description of the battle of Gettysburg; the marsh fire which the family fight at night; the political rally, and the draft riots in New York.

The heights and depths are those of power, and not the waverings of an uneven storyteller. While discussing religion, it does not preach.

12mo. Gilt top. Price, \$1.50.

## THE STROLLERS

A Story of Strolling Players  
By FREDERICK S. ASHAM

An American novel, the theme of which is an accurate account of a troupe of players making a circuit of the wilderness in the early '40s, on their way from New York to New Orleans, traveling by stage coach, carrying one wagon load of scenery, playing in town halls, taverns, barns, or whatnot.

The author has not drawn the cheap actor, in this delightful romance, but the old-fashioned, gifted, witty, and truly fascinating player—worthy members of the profession.

12mo. Illustrated by Harrison Fisher. Price, \$1.50.

## THE 13TH DISTRICT

A Novel of Western Political Life  
By BRAND WHITLOCK  
A critic says: "My only fear in commenting upon Mr. Whitlock's new novel, 'The 13th District,' is that I will be too enthusiastic."

"It is the Real Thing. As a political novel it is, in my opinion, far better than 'The Honorable Peter Stirling.'"

"The love story in it is very attractive. The heroine, Emily Harkness, is to me fine. The author's pictures of society life and society characters are as good as his political characters."

"I was very much impressed with the book, and should be glad to read it again, yet it is a novel without one duel in it."

12mo. Gilt top. Price, \$1.50.

## RECENT VOLUMES OF ESSAYS AND VERSE

### Forces in Fiction

A new volume of Essays  
By RICHARD BURTON

Pleasant and gracefully written, they treat of themes which interest a large number of people who like to think how effects are produced and who are interested in knowing why they like certain things and why certain fashions in literature come and go.

12mo. Gilt top. Price \$1.00 net.

### The Ship

### of Silence

By EDWARD UFFINGTON VALENTINE

It is especially gratifying to have Mr. Valentine's work collected in a volume of such taste and beauty as "The Ship of Silence." Seldom in recent years has there appeared a book of poems of such obvious literary quality. The book is dedicated to Mr. James Lane Allen, the novelist. —*Baltimore Herald*.

12mo, deckle edge paper, gilt top. \$1.20 net.

### Such Stuff as Dreams

By CHARLES E. RUSSELL

Not one of the poems, many of which have a considerable length, is without merit and distinction of its own. —*Chicago Record-Herald*.

Mr. Russell's poems have a significance beyond their achievement, which is considerable. He is a poet very much worth while, and his book is so strongly individual that his future utterances must be looked out for with unusual expectancy. —*Richard Le Gallienne in N. Y. Journal*.

Sq. 12mo. Gilt Top, uncut, \$2.00 net.

THE BOWEN-MERRILL COMPANY, PUBLISHERS



# THE FIFTH STRING

BY JOHN PHILIP SOUSA.

(Continued From Yesterday.)

(Synopsis of previous chapters—Diotto, a noted European violinist, has been engaged for a series of New York concerts under the management of Mr. Henry Perkins. At a reception given to the violinist by Mrs. Llewellyn, Diotto meets Mildred Wallace and falls in love with her. At Diotto's initial performance Miss Wallace sat in a prominent position in one of the boxes, and the violinist played almost entirely to her in an endeavor to rouse her praise or enthusiasm. He failed. The next day Perkins brought in a huge bunch of complimentary press notices, but Diotto was inconsolable and would not even look them over. In the afternoon Diotto called on Miss Wallace and was told by her that his music had not affected her in the least. He suggested that perhaps some one lived who could reach the height to win her love, to which she replied: "No drooping Clytie could be more constant than I to him who strikes the chord that is responsive in my soul." That night when the audience assembled for the second Diotti concert the violinist did not appear. Weeks after a letter to his sister revealed the fact that Diotto is studying in the Bahama Islands in the hope that some day he may be able to play well enough to strike the responsive chord to which Miss Wallace alluded. After many trials he threw down his violin and prayed for the prince of darkness to appear. Satan immediately answered the call and, knowing the troubles of Diotto offered the latter a marvelous violin of his own by means of which he declares it possible to win the love of the woman who has entranced him. Satan explained that the Five Strings were joy, pity, hope, love and death. The Fifth String is the string of death and is formed from the ends of the other strings. It is covered with strands of hair from the first mother of man. Diotto accepted the instrument and returned to New York, where he surprised his manager. Perkins at once arranged a concert and Mildred Wallace was again in the audience. Diotto played marvellously and at the conclusion Miss Wallace was one of the first to congratulate him. The next afternoon he called upon her and she confessed that he had touched the responsive chord and that henceforth she is his alone. Mr. Wallace returned home a few days later, and found pictures of Diotto scattered all over the house. He learned the state of his daughter's feelings, and immediately set about to bring the relations between Mildred and Diotto to an end. In this task he enlists Old Sanders, who has long been a book-keeper in Wallace's office, is enlisted. Sanders and Diotto were invited to dine at the Wallace home, where Sanders detected the fifth string and also noticed that the violinist never used it. He called Mildred's attention to the fact, and made her believe that the extra string was wound with the hair of some woman he loved, and for that reason it was silent. Diotto and Sanders leave together and wander up to Sanders' rooms. After a few hot toddies Diotto was persuaded to spend the night there on account of the storm. After he had retired Sanders became possessed with a desire to examine Diotto's violin. In doing so he touched the fifth string. Diotto, awakened by the music, rushed downstairs only to find Sanders a corpse.)

"Perhaps not," said the voice, "but if her love should wane how would you rekindle it? Without the violin you would be helpless."

"Is it not possible that, in this old man's death, all its fatal power has been expended?"

He went to the table and took the instrument from its place. "You won her for me; you have brought happiness and sunshine into my life. No! No! I can not, will not give you up," then placing the violin and bow in its case he locked it.

The day was breaking. In an hour the baker's boy came. Diotti went to the door, gave him a note addressed to Mr. Wallace and asked him to deliver it at once. The boy consented and drove rapidly away.

Within an hour Mr. Wallace arrived; Diotti told the story of the night. After the undertaker had taken charge of the body he found on the dead man's neck, just to the left of the chin, a dullish, black bruise which might have been caused by the pressing of some blunt instrument, or by a man's thumb. Considering it of much importance, he notified the coroner, who ordered an inquest.

At six o'clock that evening a jury was impaneled, and two hours later its verdict was reported.

## XIII.

On leaving the house of the dead man Diotti walked wearily to his hotel. In glaring type at every street corner he saw the announcement for Thursday evening, March thirty-first, of Angelo Diotti's last appearance: "Tonight I play for the last time," he murmured in a voice filled with deepest regret.

The feeling of exultation so common to artists who finally reach the goal of their ambition was wanting in Diotti this morning. He could not rid himself of the memory of Sanders' tragic death. The figure of the old man clutching the violin and staring with glassy eyes into the dying fire would not away.

When he reached the hotel he tried to rest, but his excited brain banished every thought of slumber. Restlessly he moved about the room, and finally dressing, he left the hotel for his daily call on Mildred. It was after five o'clock when he arrived. She received him coldly and without any mark of affection.

She had heard of Mr. Sanders' death; her father had sent word. "It shocked me greatly," she said, "but perhaps the old man is happier in a world far from strife and care. When we realize all the misery there is in this world we often wonder why we should care to live." Her tone was dependent, her face was drawn and blanched, and her eyes gave evidence of weeping.

Diotti divined that something beyond sympathy for old Sanders' sudden death racked her soul. He went toward her and lovingly taking her hands, bent low and pressed his lips to them; they were cold as marble.

"Darling," he said, "something has made you unhappy. What is it?"

"Tell me, Angelo, and truly, 'is your violin like other violins?'"

This unexpected question came so suddenly he could not control his agitation.

"Why do you ask?" he said.

"You must answer me directly!"

"No, Mildred; my violin is different from any other I have ever seen," this hesitatingly and with great effort at composure.

beauty and Diotti mutually pledging their love with their lives.

"Go," she said, pointing to the door, "go to the one who owns you, body and soul; then say that a foolish woman threw her heart at your feet and that you scorned it!" She sank to the sofa.

He went toward the door, and in a voice that sounded like the echo of despair, protested: "Mildred, I love you; love you a thousand times more than I do my life. If I should destroy the string, as you ask, love and hope would leave me forevermore. Death would not be robbed of its terror!" and with bowed head he went forth into the twilight.

She ran to the window and watched his retreating figure as he vanished. "Uncle Sanders was right; he loves another woman, and that string binds them together. He belongs to her!" Long and silently she stood by the window, gazing at the shadowing curtain of the coming night. At last her face softened. "Perhaps he does not love her now, but fears her vengeance. No, no; he is not a coward! I should have approached him differently; he is proud, and maybe he resented my imperative manner," and a thousand reasons why he should or should not have removed that string flashed through her mind.

"I will go early to the concert to-night and see him before he plays. Uncle Sanders said he did not touch that string when he played. Of course he will play on it for me, even if he will not cut it off, and then if he says he loves me, and only me, I will believe him. I want to believe him; I want to believe him," all this in a semi-hysterical way addressed to the violinist's portrait on the piano.

When she entered her carriage an hour later, telling the coachman to drive direct to the stage-door of the Academy, she appeared more fascinating than ever before.

She was sitting in his dressing-room waiting for him when he arrived. He had aged years in a day. His step was uncertain, his eyes were sunken and his hand trembled. His face brightened as she arose, and Mildred met in the center of the room. He lifted her hand and pressed a kiss upon it.

"Angelo, dear," she said in repentant tone; "I am sorry I pained you this afternoon; but I am jealous, so jealous of you."

"Jealous?" he said smilingly; "there is no need of jealousy in our lives; we love each other truly and only."

"That is just what I think, we will never doubt each other again, will we?"

"Never," he said solemnly.

He had placed his violin case on the table in the room. She went to it and tapped the top playfully; then suddenly said: "I am going to look at your violin, Angelo," and before he could interfere, she had taken the silken coverlet off and was examining the instrument closely.

"Sure enough, it has five strings; the middle one stands higher than the rest and is of glossy blackness. Uncle Sanders was right; it is a woman's hair!"

"Why is that string made of hair?" she asked, controlling her emotion.

"Only a fancy," he said, feigning indifference.

"Though you would not remove it at my wish this afternoon, Angelo; I know you will not refuse to play on it for me now."

He raised his hands in supplication. "Mildred! Mildred! Stop! do not ask it!"

"You refuse after I have come repentant, and confessing my doubts and fears? Uncle Sanders said you would not play upon it for me; he told me it was wrapped with a woman's hair, the hair of the woman you love."

"I swear to you, Mildred, that I love but you!"

"Love me? Bah! And another woman's tresses sacred to you? Another woman's pledge sacred to you I asked you to remove the string; you refused. I ask you now to play upon it; you refuse," and she paced the room like a caged tigress.

"I will watch tonight when you play," she flashed. "If you do not use that string we part forever."

He stood before her and attempted to take her hand; she repulsed him savagely.

Sadly then he asked: "And if I do play upon it?"

"I am yours forever—yours through life—through eternity," she cried passionately.

The call-boy announced Diotti's turn; the violinist led Mildred to a seat at the entrance of the stage. His appearance was the signal for prolonged and enthusiastic greeting from the enormous audience present. He clearly was the idol of the metropolis.



Wallace sat in a prominent position in one of the boxes, and the violinist played almost entirely to her in an endeavor to rouse her praise or enthusiasm. He failed. The next day Perkins brought in a huge bunch of complimentary press notices, but Diotto was inconsolable and would not even look them over. In the afternoon Diotto called on Miss Wallace and was told by her that his music had not affected her in the least. He suggested that perhaps some one lived who could reach the height to win her love, to which she replied: "No drooping Clytie could be more constant than I to him who strikes the chord that is responsive in my soul." That night when the audience assembled for the second Diotti concert the violinist did not appear. Weeks after a letter to his sister revealed the fact that Diotto is studying in the Bahama Islands in the hope that some day he may be able to play well enough to strike the responsive chord to which Miss Wallace alluded. After many trials he threw down his violin and prayed for the prince of darkness to appear. Satan immediately answered the call and, knowing the troubles of Diotto offered the latter a marvelous violin of his own by means of which he declares it possible to win the love of the woman who has entranced him. Satan explained that the Five Strings were joy, pity, hope, love and death. The Fifth String is the string of death and is formed from the ends of the other strings. It is covered with strands of hair from the first mother of man. Diotto accepted the instrument and returned to New York, where he surprised his manager. Perkins at once arranged a concert and Mildred Wallace was again in the audience. Diotto played marvellously and at the conclusion Miss Wallace was one of the first to congratulate him. The next afternoon he called upon her and she confessed that he had touched the responsive chord and that henceforth she is his alone. Mr. Wallace returned home a few days later, and found pictures of Diotto scattered all over the house. He learned the state of his daughter's feelings, and immediately set about to bring the relations between Mildred and Diotto to an end. In this task he enlists Old Sanders, who has long been a book-keeper in Wallace's office, is enlisted. Sanders and Diotto were invited to dine at the Wallace home, where Sanders detected the fifth string and also noticed that the violinist never used it. He called Mildred's attention to the fact, and made her believe that the extra string was wound with the hair of some woman he loved, and for that reason it was silent. Diotto and Sanders leave together and wander up to Sanders' rooms. After a few hot toddies Diotto was persuaded to spend the night there on account of the storm. After he had retired Sanders became possessed with a desire to examine Diotto's violin. In doing so he touched the fifth string. Diotto, awakened by the music, rushed downstairs only to find Sanders a corpse.)

"Perhaps not," said the voice, "but if her love should wane how would you rekindle it? Without the violin you would be helpless."

"Is it not possible that, in this old man's death, all its fatal power has been expended?"

He went to the table and took the instrument from its place. "You won her for me; you have brought happiness and sunshine into my life. No! No! I can not, will not give you up," then placing the violin and bow in its case he locked it.

The day was breaking. In an hour the baker's boy came. Diotti went to the door, gave him a note addressed to Mr. Wallace and asked him to deliver it at once. The boy consented and drove rapidly away.

Within an hour Mr. Wallace arrived; Diotti told the story of the night. After the undertaker had taken charge of the body he found on the dead man's neck, just to the left of the chin, a dullish, black, bruise which might have been caused by the pressing of some blunt instrument, or by a man's thumb. Considering it of much importance, he notified the coroner, who ordered an inquest.

At six o'clock that evening a jury was impaneled, and two hours later its verdict was reported.

### XIII.

On leaving the house of the dead man Diotti walked wearily to his hotel. In flaring type at every street corner he saw the announcement for Thursday evening, March thirty-first, of Angelo Diotti's last appearance: "Tonight I play for the last time," he murmured in a voice filled with deepest regret.

The feeling of exultation so common to artists who finally reach the goal of their ambition was wanting in Diotti this morning. He could not rid himself of the memory of Sanders' tragic death. The figure of the old man clutching the violin and staring with glassy eyes into the dying fire would not away.

When he reached the hotel he tried to rest, but his excited brain banished every thought of slumber. Restlessly he moved about the room, and finally dressing, he left the hotel for his daily call on Mildred. It was after five o'clock when he arrived. She received him coldly and without any mark of affection.

She had heard of Mr. Sanders' death; her father had sent word. "It shocked me greatly," she said, "but perhaps the old man is happier in a world far from strife and care. When we realize all the misery there is in this world we often wonder why we should care to live." Her tone was despondent, her face was drawn and blanched, and her eyes gave evidence of weeping.

Diotti divined that something beyond sympathy for old Sanders' sudden death racked her soul. He went toward her and lovingly taking her hands, bent low and pressed his lips to them; they were cold as marble.

"Darling," he said, "something has made you unhappy. What is it?"

"Tell me, Angelo, and truly, 'Is your violin like other violins?'"

This unexpected question came so suddenly he could not control his agitation.

"Why do you ask?" he said.

"You must answer me directly!"

"No, Mildred; my violin is different from any other I have ever seen," this hesitatingly and with great effort at composure.

"In what way is it different?" she almost demanded.

"It is peculiarly constructed; it has an extra string. But why this sudden interest in the violin? Let us talk of you, of me, of both, of our future," said he with enforced cheerfulness.

"No, we will talk of the violin. Of what use is the extra string?"

"None whatever," was the quick reply.

"Then why not cut it off?"

"No, no, Mildred; you do not understand," he cried; "I cannot do that."

"You cannot do it when I ask it?" she exclaimed.

"Oh, Mildred, do not ask me; I can not, cannot do it," and the face of the affrighted musician told plainer than words of the turmoil raging in his soul.

"You made me believe that I was the only one you loved," passionately she cried; "the only one; that your happiness was incomplete without me. You led me into the region of light only to make the darkness greater when I descended to earth again. I ask you to do a simple thing and you refuse; you refuse because another has commanded you."

"Mildred, Mildred; if you love me do not speak thus!"

And she, with imagination greater than reasoning power, at once saw a Tuscan

love you a thousand times more than I do my life. If I should destroy the string, as you ask, love and hope would leave me forevermore. Death would not be robbed of its terror!" and with bowed head he went forth into the twilight.

She ran to the window and watched his retreating figure as he vanished. "Uncle Sanders was right; he loves another woman, and that string binds them together. He belongs to her!" Long and silently she stood by the window, gazing at the shadowing curtain of the coming night. At last her face softened. "Perhaps he does not love her now, but fears her vengeance. No, no; he is not a coward! I should have approached him differently; he is proud, and maybe he resented my imperative manner," and a thousand reasons why he should or should not have removed that string flashed through her mind.

"I will go early to the concert tonight and see him before he plays. Uncle Sanders said he did not touch that string when he played. Of course he will play on it for me, even if he will not cut it off, and then if he says he loves me, and only me, I will believe him. I want to believe him; I want to believe him," all this in a semi-hysterical way addressed to the violinist's portrait on the piano.

When she entered her carriage an hour later, telling the coachman to drive direct to the stage-door of the Academy, she appeared more fascinating than ever before.

She was sitting in his dressing-room waiting for him when he arrived. He had aged years in a day. His step was uncertain, his eyes were sunken and his hand trembled. His face brightened as she arose, and Mildred met in the center of the room. He lifted her hand and pressed a kiss upon it.

"Angelo, dear," she said in repentant tone; "I am sorry I pained you this afternoon; but I am jealous, so jealous of you."

"Jealous?" he said smilingly; "there is no need of jealousy in our lives; we love each other truly and only."

"That is just what I think, we will never doubt each other again, will we?"

"Never," he said solemnly.

He had placed his violin case on the table in the room. She went to it and tapped the top playfully; then suddenly said: "I am going to look at your violin, Angelo," and before he could interfere, she had taken the silken coverlet off and was examining the instrument closely.

"Sure enough, it has five strings; the middle one stands higher than the rest and is of glossy blackness. Uncle Sanders was right; it is a woman's hair!"

"Why is that string made of hair?" she asked, controlling her emotion.

"Only a fancy," he said, feigning indifference.

"Though you would not remove it at my wish this afternoon, Angelo; I know you will not refuse to play on it for me now."

He raised his hands in supplication. "Mildred! Mildred! Stop! do not ask it!"

"You refuse after I have come repentant, and confessing my doubts and fears? Uncle Sanders said you would not play upon it for me; he told me it was wrapped with a woman's hair, the hair of the woman you love."

"I swear to you, Mildred, that I love but you!"

"Love me? Bah! And another woman's tresses sacred to you? Another woman's pledge sacred to you I asked, you to remove the string; you refused. I ask you now to play upon it; you refuse," and she paced the room like a caged tigress.

"I will watch tonight when you play," she flashed. "If you do not use that string we part forever."

He stood before her and attempted to take her hand; she repulsed him savagely.

Sadly then he asked: "And if I do play upon it?"

"I am yours forever—yours through life—through eternity," she cried passionately.

The call-boy announced Diotti's turn; the violinist led Mildred to a seat at the entrance of the stage. His appearance was the signal for prolonged and enthusiastic greeting from the enormous audience present. He clearly was the idol of the metropolis.



NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THE FIGHTING BISHOP



# The Fighting Bishop

A NEW NOVEL

The recital of the fortunes of a family in Northern Ohio before and during the civil war. "The author's sketch of the Bishop is a powerful bit of work, seemingly beyond the ability of most Americans who are trifling with fiction at the present time. \* \* \*

"The passionate old churchman towers among the characters of contemporary novels like a giant in pigmy land, and his faith and stout heart bear him supreme over disappointments and failures which would have wrecked ordinary natures. The struggle between his passionate nature and his parental love is magnificently portrayed by Mr. Hopkins, who has moments when he draws with master strokes."

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THE MARCH KING



# Sousa's LOVE STORY The Fifth String

"The grandest of the Arts is Music, and the next is Literature." For years the world has recognized as one of the master musicians John Philip Sousa. And now he comes before us in a new light—as an author.

The key of the story finds origin in the extra string on the violin—a new theme comes into the range of the instrument, a new theme comes into literature. Mr. Sousa has called his book "The Fifth String." Howard Chandler Christy has set the characters before the eyes bewitchingly in the six page pictures which he has drawn from the story.

BOWEN-MERRILL COMPANY PUBLISHERS

## SOUSA TALKS OF HIS BOOK

Technical Objections of Some of the Critics Do Not Worry the Author.

John Philip Sousa is stopping at the Dellone. When seen this morning by a reporter the bandmaster was taking the silk wrapper from a cigar. "These cigars," said Sousa, "were sent me by Francisco E. Tonseca of Cuba. He makes all the cigars I smoke and occasionally remembers my weakness by sending me something like this." The cigars were enclosed in beautifully carved wood made in the shape of a book.

"I am particularly enthusiastic now," he continued, "over the success of my book. It was issued in January and has had a wonderful sale. The critics have been very kind to me, though some have objected and pointed out the places where 'The Fifth String' is weak. The majority of those condemning the book said that I had not analyzed my characters sufficiently. I believe I have. I had a story to tell and I tried to tell it as entertainingly as I could and kept away from technicality. I am gratified with the way in which the book is being received."

Sousa spoke in the highest terms of the treatment accorded him in Europe. "The people there treated us royally and we thoroughly enjoyed the trip. I have just received several letters from there inquiring the date of our next visit. Some of our friends are disappointed that we are not to return for the coronation. That would be impossible, however. I intend to spend the fall in southern California and will not go to England until the first of the year. The people here are familiar with the members of the band. There has been no change made. Sometimes we find that a member cannot keep up with the procession and have to let him go, but on an average there are not more than three changes made in a year."

This morning the bandmaster received an elegant bouquet, the gift of a Nebraskan who numbered Sousa as a 12-year-old lad joining the Marine band, when both residents of New York. The donor said that he had watched Sousa's rise from an obscure musician to his present position with great pleasure.

DISPATCH

POST

ST. LOUIS, MO

MAR 21 1902

INDEPENDENT

New York City

### Sousa's Book.

Bandmaster Sousa's book, "The Fifth String," was written in march time and published in March time, yet it is not windy in spite of the author's reputation as a windjammer. This book is said to be full of "sharp" sayings, but some of them will fall "flat." You can baton that. It would be "bass" flattery to predict that the sales will approach the fortissimo stage or even pass the "forte" thousand mark. In fact, there appears to be a "bar" to its success, for it has a "string" attached to it—"The Fifth String." Sousa may be willing to "rest" on what he has done, but he will have to "blow his horn" if he hopes to hear the "melody" of money and the tintinnabulation of the coin. Yet the chapters are said to have a "harmonious air" about them, and the author has aspired to a lofty ideal. He would not piccolo one, tuba sure. That would violate all literary precedent. The "orchestration" of his ideas is acceptable. The book has been issued very appropriately, in "royal octavo" size, for did not this great octave runner play before royalty only recently? Mr. Sousa believes his admirers will "band" together and buy his book, and he hopes it will live like "The Stars and Stripes Forever."

The Fifth String. By John Philip Sousa. Indianapolis: The Bowen-Merrill Co.

Not content with being a composer and a musician, Mr. Sousa is ambitious to appear as a literary artist. But when a man's identity has been planned and fixed by Providence, it is not so easy to change it. In this story Mr. Sousa is still the musician, the virtuoso, who has exchanged his bow for a pen. His dramatic instinct is not literary, but musical. He hurries here to God, and there to Satan, without attaching his theme to either world; it is in the air, fantastic and irresponsible to the last—merely the written interpretation of a violin conceit. And the author's only art consists in producing a sort of musical analogy, in sentences. The illustrations are by Christy.

Sentinel

MAR 26 1902

King Edward VII, who has given John Philip Sousa permission to dedicate a march to him, received from the composer a copy of "The Fifth String," the novel that has caused so much comment, most of which is favorable.



NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THE FIGHTING BISHOP



# The Fighting Bishop

A NEW NOVEL

The recital of the fortunes of a family in Northern Ohio before and during the civil war. "The author's sketch of the Bishop is a powerful bit of work, seemingly beyond the ability of most Americans who are trifling with fiction at the present time. \* \* \*

"The passionate old churchman towers among the characters of contemporary novels like a giant in pigmy land, and his faith and stout heart bear him supreme over disappointments and failures which would have wrecked ordinary natures. The struggle between his passionate nature and his parental love is magnificently portrayed by Mr. Hopkins, who has moments when he draws with master strokes."

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THE MARCH KING



# Sousa's LOVE STORY The Fifth String

"The grandest of the Arts is Music, and the next is Literature." For years the world has recognized as one of the master musicians John Philip Sousa. And now he comes before us in a new light—as an author.

The key of the story finds origin in the extra string on the violin—a new theme comes into the range of the instrument, a new theme comes into literature. Mr. Sousa has called his book "The Fifth String." Howard Chandler Christy has set the characters before the eyes bewitchingly in the six page pictures which he has drawn from the story.

BOWEN-MERRILL COMPANY PUBLISHERS

DISPATCH

POST

ST. LOUIS, MO

MAR 21 1902

Sousa's Book.

Bandmaster Sousa's book, "The Fifth String," was written in march time and published in March time, yet it is not windy in spite of the author's reputation as a windjammer. This book is said to be full of "sharp" sayings, but some of them will fall "flat." You can baton that. It would be "bass" flattery to predict that the sales will approach the fortissimo stage or even pass the "forte" thousand mark. In fact, there appears to be a "bar" to its success, for it has a "string" attached to it—"The Fifth String." Sousa may be willing to "rest" on what he has done, but he will have to "blow his horn" if he hopes to hear the "melody" of money and the tintinnabulation of the coin. Yet the chapters are said to have a "harmonious air" about them, and the author has aspired to a lofty ideal. He would not piccolo one, tuba sure. That would violate all literary precedent. The "orchestration" of his ideas is acceptable. The book has been issued very appropriately, in "royal octave" size, for did not this great octave runner play before royalty only recently? Mr. Sousa believes his admirers will "band" together and buy his book, and he hopes it will live like "The Stars and Stripes Forever."

The Fifth String. By John Ph. dianapolis: The Bowen-Mer.

Not content with being a composer and a musician, Mr. Sousa is ambitious to appear as a literary artist. But when a man's identity has been planned and fixed by Providence, it is not so easy to change it. In this story Mr. Sousa is still the musician, the virtuoso, who has exchanged his bow for a pen. His dramatic instinct is not literary, but musical. He hurries here to God, and there to Satan, without attaching his theme to either world; it is in the air, fantastic and irresponsible to the last—merely the written interpretation of a violin conceit. And the author's only art consists in producing a sort of musical analogy, in sentences. The illustrations are by Christy.

## SOUSA TALKS OF HIS BOOK

Technical Objections of Some of the Critics Do Not Worry the Author.

John Philip Sousa is stopping at the Dellone. When seen this morning by a reporter the bandmaster was taking the silk wrapper from a cigar. "These cigars," said Sousa, "were sent me by Francisco E. Tonseca of Cuba. He makes all the cigars I smoke and occasionally remembers my weakness by sending me something like this." The cigars were enclosed in beautifully carved wood made in the shape of a book.

"I am particularly enthusiastic now," he continued, "over the success of my book. It was issued in January and has had a wonderful sale. The critics have been very kind to me, though some have objected and pointed out the places where 'The Fifth String' is weak. The majority of those condemning the book said that I had not analyzed my characters sufficiently. I believe I have. I had a story to tell and I tried to tell it as entertainingly as I could and kept away from technicality. I am gratified with the way in which the book is being received."

Sousa spoke in the highest terms of the treatment accorded him in Europe. "The people there treated us royally and we thoroughly enjoyed the trip. I have just received several letters from there inquiring the date of our next visit. Some of our friends are disappointed that we are not to return for the coronation. That would be impossible, however. I intend to spend the fall in southern California and will not go to England until the first of the year. The people here are familiar with the members of the band. There has been no change made. Sometimes we find that a member cannot keep up with the procession and have to let him go, but on an average there are not more than three changes made in a year."

This morning the bandmaster received an elegant bouquet, the gift of a Nebraskan who remembered Sousa as a 12-year-old lad just joining the Marine band, when both were residents of New York. The donor stated that he had watched Sousa's rise from an obscure musician to his present position with great pleasure.

King Edward VII, who has given John Philip Sousa permission to dedicate a march to him, received from the composer a copy of "The Fifth String," the novel that has caused so much comment, most of which is favorable.

MAR 26 1902



MAR 29 1902

## FICTION IN PUBLIC LIBRARIES.

The fisherman of the Arabian Nights who let the Afrite escape from the brass bottle, and then was at his wits' end to get the demon back again, finds a modern successor in Mr. Andrew Carnegie. Mr. Carnegie has sprinkled this broad land with public libraries, and has thus aided and abetted millions of people in forming the habit of buying and reading books. Reading, however, is like drinking: when once the masses fall victims of the habit, they may actually prefer Hall Caine to Scott, just as some prefer "Jersey lightning" to Scotch whiskey. So it is that Mr. Carnegie is partly to blame for the recent debauches in the 'Eternal City' and the 'Crisis,' for the thousands of intemperate who are rushing to buy copies or begging his librarians for a sip of the insidious poison.

A few days ago, when Mr. Carnegie felt his guilt weighing unusually heavy upon his conscience, he tried to charm his Afrite back into the bottle by uttering the following incantation: "If a man gives his fortune to endow libraries, he might do well to bar fiction less than three years old." Librarians, editors, clergymen, and authors who have watched Mr. Carnegie's efforts with sympathetic interest, have promptly come to his rescue with various suggestions, relevant and irrelevant. The severer moralists would rule out fiction altogether; others approve of the three-year limit; Mr. Herbert Putnam, Librarian of Congress, would make it one year; Mr. William E. Foster of the Providence Public Library would restrict the purchases of current fiction to, say, fifteen or twenty titles annually. Meanwhile our authors are running a neck-and-neck race to write, not the best, but the best selling novel, and the members of our suburban literary clubs are in sharp rivalry to establish records for reading the largest number of popular books.

Mr. Carnegie can, of course, marshal many strong arguments in his support. To yield to the prejudice of those who would buy no novels at all is, in the last analysis, to admit the contention that Trow's 'General Directory of the Boroughs of Manhattan and the Bronx,' with its 1,499 pages of useful facts, is better than 'Vanity Fair' as a means of sustaining and stimulating the soul. Laying aside such an extreme view, Mr. Carnegie is right in thinking that at the end of three years many of the poorest novels are as dead as those worthless products of the Minerva Press which Macaulay read with such avidity. For that matter, however, some of our highly praised fiction is so completely forgotten at the end of one year that it cannot die any deader; and Mr. Putnam's working rule would be almost as drastic as Mr. Carnegie's.

Librarians who wish to reach and elevate the rank and file will regard both dicta as hard sayings. They know that the man on the street will turn away in disgust if they offer him no fiction whatever published within a twelvemonth; that he will scout as utterly incredible the tale that there are men and women of fine literary taste who, content to have read one novel by Hall Caine and

one by Marie Corelli, remain unmoved by announcements of mammoth editions and of sales running into hundreds of thousands, unmoved by sandwich signs on Broadway, glaring pictures in the elevated station bill-boards, and poster type in the newspapers, unmoved even by printed interviews with the gifted authors and smart little anecdotes in literary supplements. Librarians are aware that if the man on the street believed the story about these superior stoics, he would simply thank God that he was no such Pharisee, and would renew his demand for John Philip Sousa's 'Fifth String.' Since our librarians cannot cater solely to the saving remnant, they will find a practicable compromise in Mr. Foster's idea of buying only a few of the best current novels.

The plan has the sanction of notable authority, for Mr. Foster is one of the eminently successful public librarians in America. He has so administered his trust that of his total circulation the proportion of fiction (including juvenile and adult, classic and current) has declined from .70+ in 1883 to .56+ in 1901. This result he has accomplished by making freely accessible a "standard library" of the best books in all literature, by publishing attractive lists of essays, biographies, and travels, and by seeing that the disappointed applicant for trash has a chance to draw something more entertaining. Thus he managed to buy only seventeen current novels in 1901, and at the same time to maintain the library at a high level of popularity and efficiency.

A Mr. Foster cannot be found in every city and town; but if a few thousand of the Carnegie librarians can keep their percentage of fiction down to .60, the question of purchasing new novels will solve itself. Candid observers will grant that with a smaller proportion of fic-

## The Fifth String

By John Philip Sousa. "The Fifth String" is a phantasm, a gem, and Mr. Sousa is to be congratulated on his versatility. It is a musical story, too, as the title indicates.

It is the story of Angelo Diotti, an Italian violinist, who has made for himself a reputation and comes to play before an American audience. At a reception he meets a girl—a woman—whom he loves at first sight. The night Diotti made his initial bow in New York his eyes met the gaze of a solitary occupant of the second presencium box.

He looked appealingly at her. It was Mildred Wallace, whom he had met the night before and who held his very soul in thrall. He lifted his bow. Faintly came the first measures of his theme. The melody, noble, limpid, beautiful, floated in dreamy sway over the vast auditorium. Mildred Wallace scrutinizing the program remained unmoved. Music lovers crowded to his dressing room, his triumph was great, but in vain he looked for a sign from her. He threw himself sobbing on the bed, the burden of his thoughts was, "I am not great enough for her; I am but a man."

Diotti disappeared. No one knew of his whereabouts. He went away to study, to become great, so great as to be worthy of this queen among women. One night becoming discouraged he exclaimed: "It is of no use. If the God of Heaven will not aid me, I ask the prince of darkness to come." Satan appeared to him in the guise of a handsome man. He had with him a violin containing five strings—one string pity, another hope, one attuned to love, another to joy, but the fifth string would bring death to the one who played on it. With this violin he would win the woman he loved. He returned to New York, his success was assured and Miss Wallace loved him. Her love, however, is largely mixed with jealousy. She notices he does not use the fifth string and thinking it is made of the hair of some woman whom he once loved, she insists on his playing on it, and he falls dead upon the stage. It is a clever book, a book such as would be created by the imagination of a musi-

cian. It will undoubtedly meet with a large and well deserved sale. It is handsomely illustrated by Howard Chandler Christy, and altogether is a delightful book to own.

The Brown-Merrill Company, Indianapolis, Ind.

The Fifth String By John Philip Sousa. Indianapolis. The Bowen-Merrill Company. Sousa, one of the princes of band masters, has not been popularly suspected of literary, as well as musical gifts, but that he possesses them just the same is clearly shown in this fascinating love story. No reader can lay it down after once becoming acquainted with its interesting characters. The illustrations, by Howard Chandler Christy, are vivid illustrations. The way in which this capital story has "caught on" is shown by the fact that five editions have already been called for.

The most peculiar incident of the past month is the apparent dearth of new books. But February and March are dull months among literary people as well as all others. A most striking and unexpected event is the publication of a book entitled "The Fifth String," written by the famous march king, John Philip Sousa, who proves to be about as charming a writer as he is a pleasing composer. The book is beautifully illustrated by Howard Chandler Christy. It is quite interesting. (Bowen-Merrill Co., Indianapolis.)

From

Address

Date

THE FIFTH STRING. By John Philip Sousa. Indianapolis: The Bowen-Merrill Company.

It is seldom that a bandmaster takes to himself the rôle of a story-teller, and for this reason Mr. Sousa's *The Fifth String* is of unique interest. The story is very slight, but the publishers have brought it out in a most attractive manner, with an artistic cover, and with a number of illustrations by the popular Howard Chandler Christy. As for the plot, well, it is not commonplace. There is something intensely romantic about a violin, especially about this violin, with its deadly fifth string. If it had not been for the help of Satan, Diotti, the Tuscan violinist, could not have won the love of Miss Wallace, a beautiful Christy girl. For it is Satan who brings to Diotti, in the far-away Island of Bahama, a violin with five strings: the string of pity, of hope, of love, of joy, of death. And wonderful is the music which Diotti brings forth. All New York is at his feet, and Miss Wallace is his. Her father, however, a practical man of millions, dislikes a "fiddler" as a prospective husband. Doubts are sown in the mind of the daughter, and through jealousy she compels

the violinist to play upon the fifth string. The result may be imagined. Mr. Sousa has done well, considering that story writing is not his calling, and he is very fortunate in having secured publishers who have made of his book a delight to look upon.

From

Address

Date

John Philip Sousa, who is alternating his musical with literary laurels, is preparing an account of his boyhood days in Washington.

The law to allow standing in New York



his Affitte back into the bottle by uttering the following incantation: "If a man gives his fortune to endow libraries, he might do well to bar fiction less than three years old." Librarians, editors, clergymen, and authors who have watched Mr. Carnegie's efforts with sympathetic interest, have promptly come to his rescue with various suggestions, relevant and irrelevant. The severer moralists would rule out fiction altogether; others approve of the three-year limit; Mr. Herbert Putnam, Librarian of Congress, would make it one year; Mr. William E. Foster of the Providence Public Library would restrict the purchases of current fiction to, say, fifteen or twenty titles annually. Meanwhile our authors are running a neck-and-neck race to write, not the best, but the best selling novel, and the members of our suburban literary clubs are in sharp rivalry to establish records for reading the largest number of popular books.

Mr. Carnegie can, of course, marshal many strong arguments in his support. To yield to the prejudice of those who would buy no novels at all is, in the last analysis, to admit the contention that Trow's 'General Directory of the Boroughs of Manhattan and the Bronx,' with its 1,499 pages of useful facts, is better than 'Vanity Fair' as a means of sustaining and stimulating the soul. Laying aside such an extreme view, Mr. Carnegie is right in thinking that at the end of three years many of the poorest novels are as dead as those worthless products of the Minerva Press which Macaulay read with such avidity. For that matter, however, some of our highly praised fiction is so completely forgotten at the end of one year that it cannot die any deader; and Mr. Putnam's working rule would be almost as drastic as Mr. Carnegie's.

Librarians who wish to reach and elevate the rank and file will regard both dicta as hard sayings. They know that the man on the street will turn away in disgust if they offer him no fiction whatever published within a twelvemonth; that he will scout as utterly incredible the tale that there are men and women of fine literary taste who, content to have read one novel by Hall Caine and

one by Marie Corelli, remain unmoved by announcements of mammoth editions and of sales running into hundreds of thousands, unmoved by sandwich signs on Broadway, glaring pictures in the elevated station bill-boards, and poster type in the newspapers, unmoved even by printed interviews with the gifted authors and smart little anecdotes in literary supplements. Librarians are aware that if the man on the street believed the story about these superior stoics, he would simply thank God that he was no such Pharisee, and would renew his demand for John Philip Sousa's 'Fifth String.' Since our librarians cannot cater solely to the saving remnant, they will find a practicable compromise in Mr. Foster's idea of buying only a few of the best current novels.

The plan has the sanction of notable authority, for Mr. Foster is one of the eminently successful public librarians in America. He has so administered his trust that of his total circulation the proportion of fiction (including juvenile and adult, classic and current) has declined from .70+ in 1883 to .56+ in 1901. This result he has accomplished by making freely accessible a "standard library" of the best books in all literature, by publishing attractive lists of essays, biographies, and travels, and by seeing that the disappointed applicant for trash has a chance to draw something more entertaining. Thus he managed to buy only seventeen current novels in 1901, and at the same time to maintain the library at a high level of popularity and efficiency.

A Mr. Foster cannot be found in every city and town; but if a few thousand of the Carnegie librarians can keep their percentage of fiction down to .60, the question of purchasing new novels will solve itself. Candid observers will grant that with a smaller proportion of fiction in circulation the library is likely to lose its character as a resort for young and old, an instrument for the education of all who can read.

But if the circulation of fiction rises to 70 per cent. of the total, there is no cause for alarm. A good novel is one of the best of books. From the days of Homer to those of Thomas Hardy, the story, which presents the concrete, individual man and woman, has rightly appealed more powerfully to all readers than the most brilliant generalizations of history and philosophy. Gibbon, whose 'Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire' is surely solid enough to suit the most exacting taste, declared, "The romance of 'Tom Jones,' that exquisite picture of human manners, will outlive the palace of the Escorial and the imperial eagle of the house of Austria." The poor novel, too, has its place in the divine economy. People who begin their literary education by reading the crudest of tales are likely to move steadily upward. The boy who is held thrall by 'Old King Brady,' or the 'Black Doctor's Plot,' and the girl who cries over 'Elsie Dinmore' will both live to profit by the 'Scarlet Letter,' 'Moll on the Floss,' 'A Tale of Two Cities,' and 'Vanity Fair.' If Mr. Carnegie helps such progress, he can feel that his millions are well spent.

One might become discouraged he exclaimed: "It is of no use. If the God of Heaven will not aid me, I ask the prince of darkness to come." Satan appeared to him in the guise of a handsome man. He had with him a violin containing five strings—one string pity, another hope, one attuned to love, another to joy, but the fifth string would bring death to the one who played on it. With this violin he would win the woman he loved. He returned to New York, his success was assured and Miss Wallace loved him. Her love, however, is largely mixed with jealousy. She notices he does not use the fifth string and thinking it is made of the hair of some woman whom he once loved, she insists on his playing on it, and he falls dead upon the stage. It is a clever book, a book such as would be created by the imagination of a musician.

It will undoubtedly meet with a large and well deserved sale. It is handsomely illustrated by Howard Chandler Christy, and altogether is a delightful book to own.  
The Brown-Merrill Company, Indianapolis, Ind.

*Herald*  
*Saratoga Spring*  
*Mar 31 1902*

The Fifth String By John Philip Sousa. Indianapolis. The Brown-Merrill Company. Sousa, one of the princes of band masters, has not been popularly suspected of literary, as well as musical gifts, but that he possesses them just the same is clearly shown in this fascinating love story. No reader can lay it down after once becoming acquainted with its interesting characters. The illustrations, by Howard Chandler Christy, are vivid illustrations. The way in which this capital story has "caught on" is shown by the fact that five editions have already been called for.

reason Mr. Sousa's *The Fifth String* is of unique interest. The story is very slight, but the publishers have brought it out in a most attractive manner, with an artistic cover, and with a number of illustrations by the popular Howard Chandler Christy. As for the plot, well, it is not commonplace. There is something intensely romantic about a violin, especially about this violin, with its deadly fifth string. If it had not been for the help of Satan, Diotti, the Tuscan violinist, could not have won the love of Miss Wallace, a beautiful Christy girl. For it is Satan who brings to Diotti, in the far-away Island of Bahama, a violin with five strings: the string of pity, of hope, of love, of joy, of death. And wonderful is the music which Diotti brings forth. All New York is at his feet, and Miss Wallace is his. Her father, however, a practical man of millions, dislikes a "fiddler" as a prospective husband. Doubts are sown in the mind of the daughter, and through jealousy she compels

the violinist to play upon the fifth string. The result may be imagined. Mr. Sousa has done well, considering that story writing is not his calling, and he is very fortunate in having secured publishers who have made of his book a delight to look upon.

From **AMERICAN**  
Address **BALTIMORE, MD.**  
Date **31 1902**

John Philip Sousa, who is alternating his musical with literary laurels, is preparing an account of his boyhood days in Washington.

The law to allow standing in New York



Mr. Sousa Writing More Stories.

With Sousa, the pen is fast becoming mightier than the baton. "The Fifth String" has sung to him of a new field of achievement, and, while two librettists are pleading with him to write the scores for their books, Sousa is planning to write books of his own.

His first literary work is still fresh from the press, and yet "The March King" has outlined the plots and completed the rough drafts of two other stories. With one of them he has gone further, and has written 6,000 words, which will stand as written with the last unimportant revisions before going into the printer's hand.

In the intermission that came in his evening concert at the Auditorium Wednesday, Sousa told in the simple, straightforward way that characterizes everything he does when he is not crooning his white gloved fingers or striking attitudes for an audience's entertainment, of the purposes that he hopes to accomplish.

"I'm at work on my second book. I know what I want to write, and I have the persons and scenes so clearly fixed in my mind that I don't believe I'll have any trouble in putting them on paper. The first story is of the life of two boys in Eastern Washington, beginning just after the Civil War. I was born in that section of the city, within six blocks of the Capitol. Perhaps you are not familiar enough with Washington to know that the people who lived in its eastern portion have the idea that it is just about the best spot in all the world. They tell the story that they wanted to build the Capitol there, but that the land was so valuable that the Government could not pay the price. That's the story. I don't say how true it is.

"Well, I know every foot of the ground. I've hunted over all the river marshes, and I am certain that I've killed 10,000 rail and snipe and ducks. I've fished the Potomac just as thoroughly, and I think

I can get the 'local color,' as you call it. The chief part of the story will deal with the life of a boy in those times and scenes. There'll be a love story, of course, and the book will end with the engagement of one of the boys. In order to make that possible there'll be two girls. I haven't decided on a name for the book, which will contain from 800,000 to 100,000 words. There were only about 17,000 words in 'The Fifth String,' so you see there's a good deal more work in this last undertaking. I've got about 6,000 words already written."

While Sousa did not admit it, it is more than probable that he will make use of one of the boyish figures to tell the earlier story of his own life.

"And the second story?" he asked, answering the question with a question.

"That's another violin story. Only this time it's a violin girl, and there's no string to it; that is, there's no unusual number of strings. I'm going to leave out the mystic and supernatural, but the story will end sadly. I haven't it all mapped out in my mind yet, but I have what you might call the scenario of the story definitely fixed.

"Mrs. Sousa didn't like my woman in 'The Fifth String.' She thought that she would repel, but I've known lots of women like her."

"Have you any plans for new operas?"

"Well, Morton, who wrote the music for 'San Toy,' has sent me a scenario for a new opera for which he wants me to furnish the score, but if I do any work of this kind soon I am already committed to Klein, with whom I did 'El Capitan.'

"I've got a twenty months' tour of England and the continent ahead of me, and my two stories are not going to be neglected, so my chance for composing scores for new operas is not immediate, at any rate. I don't know how the stories will pan out, but I can say that 'The Fifth String' was all mine, and they will be, too."

BANDMASTER SOUSA AS A NOVELIST.

His "Fifth String" Among the Best Selling Books of the Year, to Be Followed by a Character Story.

John Philip Sousa's first novel, "The Fifth String," has leaped into remarkable popularity, being already in its fifth edition, although published only six weeks ago. A leading literary review from its reports of the sales of bookstores and department stores, places "The Fifth String" at the head of the best-selling



JOHN PHILIP SOUSA.

books of the year. While Sousa's invasion of the field of fiction was a surprise to the general public, those who have followed the career of "the march king" closely were aware that he was a fluent and forceful writer on musical subjects.

"The Fifth string" was written last summer at Manhattan Beach. The idea had haunted Sousa for a long time, and he finally yielded to its influence and committed the story of the love and tragedy of the Tuscan violinist to paper. Two days before he sailed for Europe the romance was sold to the Bowen-Merrill Company, of Indianapolis, and the author saw no more of it until the completed work was placed in his hands a few weeks ago. He did not even have the satisfaction of reading the proofs of his first novel or of viewing the drawings of Christy to illustrate the story. It is an open secret that Sousa will soon busy himself with the preparation of a character story based on incidents and impressions of his boyhood, which he has tentatively named "The Pipe-down Stories."

As long ago as 1885 Sousa wrote a book of instruction for the trumpet and drum, which is the standard text-book on the subject to-day, and a few years later he published his remarkable collection of "The National, Patriotic and Typical Airs of All Lands," the most complete compilation of the kind in the world. His editorial work in the preparation of this book displayed much literary ability. About this time Sousa began to scribble verse, some of which found its way into the magazines. An early effort of this kind was "The Typical Tune of Zanzibar," which afterward was so tremendously popular as a topical song in "El Capitan." And, by the way, some two-thirds of the lyrics of this opera were written by the composer, who, with characteristic modesty, was putting his name on the bills as part author.

For a period of some ten years Sousa wrote and rewrote a comic opera libretto fitted to music of his own composition, and that effort had the distinguished honor of being refused by nearly every prominent manager in the country. Sousa was not discouraged, and rewrote the opera once again. This time it found favor and was finally produced as "The Bride-Elect." The public liked the work, but the critics scoffed at the idea of a composer-librettist. When his next opera, "The Charlatan," was written, Mr. Sousa contributed the lyrics anonymously, and a certain New York dramatic writer congratulated him upon his good sense in permitting a literary man write his new verses rather than attempt them himself. Such is the value of discriminating judgment!

His "Show Baby" song in "The Bride-Elect" is as dainty and sweet a lyric as can be found in any comic opera, while his "Goat Song," in the same opera, is an admirable example of the development of a humorous idea. Sousa's opinions on musical subjects are sought by publishers, and he has written some thoughtful essays on "Nationality in Music," "Governmental Subsidy of Art," etc.

Sousa and his band will give a concert at the Academy of Music on Tuesday night.

m dress te

SOUSA WRITING ANOTHER BOOK.

Flushed by the ease with which the critics let down his first effort at sustained literary composition, "The Fifth String," John Philip Sousa is writing another book, which he hopes to have on the presses by autumn.

The march composer will not yet say what the story is about or what its title is to be, but it is known the locale will be in Virginia and the theme very different from that of his maiden effort.



om  
dress COLORADO SPRINGS, COLO.  
e APR 6 1902

Address  
te APR 5 1902

# "THE FIFTH STRING."

"The Fifth String," by John Philip Sousa, Indianapolis; the Bowen Merrill Co., 12mo. \$1.25. For sale in Colorado Springs by Foltz & Hardy.

"The March King" has found a big plot and made a small story of it. Imagine a Greek tragedy, the Inferno of Dante or Flaubert's "Salambo," made into a dinky novelette, illustrated by a popular society artist, and you will have a mild idea of what Mr. Sousa has been guilty of in "The Fifth String."

A quotation from the book will easily illustrate the reviewer's point. Diotti, a famous violinist, fires the soul of all for whom he plays excepting the one girl whose soul he wants to fire. She remains cold, unmoved, confessing to him, however: "No drooping Clytie could be more constant than I to him who strikes the chord that is responsive

in my soul." Soon afterwards Diotti is approached by Mephistopheles who offers him a wonderful violin which will arouse the girl to warmth.

Then the devil, pointing to the instrument, asked: "Isn't it a beauty?"

The musician, eyeing it keenly, replied: "Yes, it is, but not the kind of a violin I play on."

"Oh, I see," carelessly observed the other, "you refer to that extra string."

"Yes," answered the puzzled violinist, examining it closely.

"Allow me to explain the peculiar characteristics of this magnificent instrument," said his Satanic majesty. "This string," pointing to the G, "is the string of pity; this one," referring to the third, "is the string of hope; this," plunking the A, "is attuned to love, while this one, the E string gives forth sounds of joy."

"You will observe," went on the visitor, noting the intense interest displayed by the violinist, "that the position of the string is the same as on any other violin and therefore will require no additional study on your part."

"But that extra string?" interrupted Diotti, designating the middle one on the violin, a vague foreboding rising within him.

"That," said Mephistopheles, solemnly, and with no pretense of sophistry, "is the string of death, and he who plays upon it dies at once."

Here we have a tremendous theme, for when the jealousy of the girl is aroused, thinking that the fifth string is wound from the hair of a sweetheart of Diotti's, she demands that he play on it, on penalty of their parting forever. Here we have the greatest passions of the human heart: pity, hope, love, joy, jealousy and death. The last, of course, cannot properly be called a passion, but its dramatic significance is entirely emotional.

It is the theme for a tragic opera; but instead Mr. Sousa has made out of it an insipid, disagreeable story. So miserable is the construction, so weak the treatment, that the reader, who anticipates the denouement from the beginning has no interest in seeing the story to an end. It is all one to him whether Diotti dies or not. A flagrant constructive fault lies in making a character essentially outside the story the instrument of arousing the girl's jealousy. It is as if in "Lohengrin" the herald instead of Ortrud had awakened Elsa's suspicions. The Mephistopheles of the story with his inane wit and intolerable slangy speech is an outrage on the traditions of literature. He is not the sophisticated, crafty, sneering, implacable figure which Goethe has given the world. He is a wretched, watery characterless imitation.

But is it not fitting with Mr. Sousa's personality that he should be the author of this book? His band is one of the finest musical organizations in the country, yet he prostitutes it to cater to the most superficial taste of the public, rendering vapid, silly, illegitimate music. And so, in the same way, instead of attempting to write a tragic opera, he

1884.

## A PEN BALLADE FROM SOUSA.

THE FIFTH STRING. By John Philip Sousa. Cloth, 7½ x 5½ inches, 125 pp. The Bowen-Merrill Company, Indianapolis.

IN these days when everybody writes, it is not surprising that John Philip Sousa, the energetic bandmaster, should make a plunge into literature and prove that he has "more than one string to his bow." "The Fifth String" is a musical romance with a strong love interest and a generous dash of the preternatural. His English and style are sufficiently commendable.



JOHN PHILIP SOUSA.

But it is a heavy undertaking to introduce the devil to one's readers convincingly, so that they take him seriously. The fault Mr. Sousa falls into is that he projects his Satanic majesty flippantly, and then quite gravely sets forth his potency.

A pushing impresario brings over a wonderful violinist, Angelo Diotti, who meets Mildred Walker, the limitlessly beautiful daughter of a banker, at a reception the evening preceding that of his debut at the Academy of Music. He falls in love with her even before he is introduced. Then Mr. Sousa puts an awful obstacle in the path of the young violinist. The lady has never been moved by music! She says to him, in her beautiful sincerity:

"I never hear a pianist, however great and famous, but I see the little cream-colored hammers within the piano bobbing up and down like acrobatic Brownies."

Angelo, of course, immediately reflected that she had not heard him play! When she did, it would not be to think of the very different sounds to which his violin strings were contributing when resident in their natural owners. But alas! while the Academy is yelling its delight over his masterly virtuosity, "Mildred Walker, scrutinizing the program, merely drew her wrap closer about her shoulders and sat more erect." Yet he had unquestionably scored the greatest triumph of his career. Could anything be worse!

Diotti bolts, and, flying to the Bahamas, leases a small cay and tries to learn to play the violin! He gets out of patience and, smashing his "Strad," cries on the prince of darkness to help him. This obliging individual promptly appears and presents his credentials: a visiting-card with "Satan" engraved on it and in the lower left-hand corner, "Prince of Darkness."

Satan gives him a violin possessing one dark string with two white ones on either side. He tells Diotti that this is "wrapped with strands of hair from the first mother of man, and that to play upon it is to die at once." He cheerfully adds that this need make no difference to so skilled a bow as Diotti.

Of course, Diotti takes it, and what happens one may discover by perusing Mr. Sousa's little book. If the opera-bouffe introduction of the Devil doesn't balk one, the rest is easy and rather interesting, altho the "Fifth String" has not a happy ending. How could such a string have!

From MIRROR.  
Address  
Date APR 5 1902

JOHN PHILIP SOUSA evidenced no falling off of his popularity in the crowded house which greeted his concert at the National Theater on Sunday night. I must say, however, that his break into the literary world by "The Fifth String" seems to have knocked a screw or two loose in the talented bandmaster's head, and I have yet to see any more idiotic, monkey antics on the part of any buffoon of comic opera than those which the audience was forced to absorb together with the band music at the concert in question. REGINALD DE KOVEN at his worst, in the BARNEY Tableaux, was away behind the distance flag with JOHN PHILIP on Sunday night. The March King tied himself into a harmony of knots which would have done credit to any contortionist in the business, posed and cake-walked up and down the stage, and struck statuesque attitudes until it was a guessing game whether you were looking at an imitation of YVETTE GUILBERT ANNA HELD or MAY IRWIN, or whether JOHN PHILIP had mixed a foolish powder.



# SOUSA'S BAND HEARD.

## Gave Only Concert in Brooklyn This Season Last Night.

It was a greeting and an adieu for Sousa and his band at the Academy of Music last night, when he gave the first and only concert this season in Brooklyn, and which was also announced as his last concert for two seasons here. The band will not hold forth at Manhattan Beach during the summer, having engaged to play at Atlantic City, and will be in Europe next season. A large audience enjoyed the music, enjoyed Mr. Sousa's characteristic poses, and manifested a kindly and enthusiastic interest in the efforts of the soloists, who were Maud Reese Davies, soprano; Dorothy Hoyle, violinist, and Arthur Pryor, the trombone soloist of the band.

In musical quality the programme was of more than ordinary excellence, and offered selections of standard music which, until recent years, were not supposed to be within the range of a military band's attainments. Liszt's symphonic poem, "Les Preludes," was the opening number, and this noble work was finely given. In the interpretation of this, Delibes' "Sylvia" suite, excerpts from Wagner's "Siegfried" theme, variations and carnival from Massenet's "Scenes in Naples," Mr. Sousa showed that there has been no departure from the high standard he has kept in mind for the attainment of his players. "The Night Owls," a new waltz by Ziehrer, "Dance of the Gnomes," a new composition by Cowen, and Mr. Sousa's "The Invincible Eagle" march were on the programme, but many other pieces were given in response to encores, and half a dozen of the bandmaster's most famous marches were added to the list, with "The Stars and Stripes Forever" seeming to lead the others in the approval of the audience. Miss Davies sang Arditi's "Love in Spring Time"; Miss Hoyle played Wienlawski's "Romance Sans Parole," Mr. Pryor's programme number was a composition of his own, "Love's Enchantment," and all three soloists were obliged to respond to hearty demands for extra pieces. Mr. Sousa and his band had reason to conclude that they continue to hold the admiration of many Brooklynites.

From **EXPRESS**

Address

**BUFFALO, N. Y.**

Date

**APR 8 1902**

It is announced that John Philip Sousa will write another novel. Why is it that when a man has made a success in any particular line of business, he almost invariably treats it merely as a means for breaking into literature?

**YORK, 1884.**

**PRESS**

From

Address

Date

become a great favorite.

John Philip Sousa, "the march king," recently took a dip into literature with a book called "The Fifth String" which has won much praise. It is now announced that he will put forth another volume which will be reminiscent of his boyhood days in Washington. "It will deal," he says, "with the adventures of two 'Pipetown' boys. I have already written a great deal of it and have the subject well in hand. I shall hope to do a great deal on it this summer, and it is possible that it will be finished before our European tour begins. At any rate the book will be out next year."

**YORK, 1884.**

n

ress

e

John Philip Sousa, having written one book and escaped without mutilation, is to write another. This time it will be a sort of novel autobiography.

**ABLISHED: LONDON. 1881. NEW YORK, 1884.**

Address

**NEW YORK PRESS**

te

**MAR 29 1902**

**JOHN PHILIP SOUSA**, who has played many a love story in his day, has at last written one—"The Fifth String." And it is one of strange interest and of a stranger character, although in small compass.

The subject of this love story, as is natural, considering its authorship, has to do with music. The story is, briefly, that of a great Italian violinist, Angelo Diotti, who, while giving a series of successful concerts in New York City, meets and immediately falls in love with a beautiful American girl, Mildred Wallace, the daughter of a rich banker. He soon discovers, greatly to his grief and sorrow, that neither he nor his music, which has always captured everybody else, can touch her heart in the slightest degree. As she herself says:

"I never hear a pianist, however great and famous, but I see the little cream-

colored hammers bobbing up and down like acrobats. I never hear the plaudits of the crowd for the artist and watch him return to his thanks but I mentally demand that these little acrobats, each resting on an individual pedestal, and weary from his efforts, shall appear to receive a share of the applause.

"When I listen to a great singer," continued this world-defying skeptic, "trilling like a thrush, scampering over the scales, I see a clumsy lot of ah, ah, ahs, awk-



**JOHN PHILIP SOUSA.**

wardly, uncertainly ambling up the gamut, saying, 'Were it not for us she could not sing thus—give us our meed of praise.'

This beautiful, not heartless, but apparently unaffectionate girl, becomes at once Diotti's ideal, possession of whom means absolute and interminable happiness, the loss of whom would mean worse than death. In despair at the futility of his efforts to touch her feelings, he suddenly disappears on the very eve of what is evidently to be the most successful concert of his tour, leaving his manager ignorant even as to whether he is alive or dead.

Actually, Diotti has gone in utter helplessness to the Bahamas, caring nothing for his great American successes past or future, mourning over the love that he fears will never be his.

At this point Mr. Sousa drops all semblance of realism and allows a wild musical imagination full play. Diotti, in despair of getting any help from the holler and more ethereal regions, calls upon the powers of darkness to aid him, and a very modern and up-to-date Satan immediately responds. The violinist has doubts followed by scruples, but these are dispelled one after another by the novel and promising proposition made to him by the Devil.

What this proposition is and all it involves it would hardly be fair to state. As much of Mr. Sousa's mystery as is possible shall be kept a mystery. But it is fair to state that satanic theme is distinctly original and effective, and it will appeal to the reader as strongly as it did to Diotti.

The violinist at once returned to New York, where, after seeing Mildred, he again took up his interrupted series of concerts, making a greater hit than ever before.

The result of the Devil's interference, the outcome of Diotti's great passion, must be left to Mr. Sousa to relate. The reader will find that he does it strikingly. The exigencies of the occasion and of the book demand a sensational finale, and they get it.

Although Mr. Sousa is as yet a new and untried writer of tales, he has not made a failure of his first. It has three of the best qualities in the world to recommend it, namely, originality, interest, and brevity. It has proved itself one of the successes of the season and will yet be widely read, both for its own sake and for that of its author.

It is not often that a reviewer takes it upon himself to remark upon a piece of bookmaking, but it is not beyond the point to state that "The Fifth String" is one of the most beautiful volumes of the season both in design and workmanship. The numerous illustrations by Christy illustrate, besides being very artistic pieces of work. (The Bowen-Merrill Company).

*News-Record  
Fort Smith Ark  
APR - 6 1902*

Most of the critics in reviewing "The Fifth String," deplore the fact that Bandmaster Sousa tried to write a novel.

**BLISH**



From Home Advocate  
 Address PHILADELPHIA, PA.  
 Date APR -- 1902

**SOUSA'S MUSIC-  
LOVE STORY.**

With a feeling of considerable curiosity and wonder, we picked up this first story of the famous march king, John Philip Sousa, expecting, we must confess, to find that he, like many another child of genius, had fallen victim to the god of self conceit. But we were pleasantly disappointed, for in place of filling the role of mourner at the downfall of a prominent man and artist, we are called upon to extend the hand of congratulation to Mr. Sousa for a story of some depth and decided skill.

"The Fifth String," (The Bowen-Merrill Company, Indianapolis. \$1.25), is the story of an imaginary master violinist, Angello Diotti, and his love for an American social queen. The girl, a Miss Wallace, is a woman of a thousand in her high ideals and sentiments, who until the coming of the Tuscan musician had not felt the magic touch of love. To the winning of this apparently unattainable princess of womanhood, Diotti, at once set his heart, only to meet with hopeless defeat and failure. His music, that had thrilled and moved thousands, failed to stir the object of his adoration, and in despair he rushed forth to the wilderness and study, that he might discover the secret chord of sympathy and love to her heart. At this stage of the story enters the Devil, who brings to our hero the magic violin, the violin of the fifth string.

"Allow me to explain the peculiar characteristics of this magnificent instrument," said his Satanic majesty. "This string," pointing to the G, "is the string of pity; this one," referring to the third, "is the string of hope; this," plunking the A, "is attuned to love, while this one, the E string, gives forth sounds of joy. The extra string is the string of death, and he who plays upon it dies at once." And now we have the plot to this singular story. It follows as a matter of course, as it always does in fiction and often in life, that the girl who has finally surrendered to the god of love and the magic violin, demands of her lover that he touch with his bow the fifth string, the string of death. Naturally he refuses, thus excites the girl's jealousy, and forced to choose between death and the loss of his love, he tragically touches the string of death and dies in the arms of his beloved.

It is a dramatic story, no doubt overdrawn and ridiculous in its impossibility, but, nevertheless, it is good enough to catch and hold one's undivided attention. The story is not one to live, but it is so strong and odd as to attract many readers, and the prominent position of the author before the public will make of it a great success. The extreme brevity of the story, and the fetching illustrations by Howard Chandler Christy, will materially assist in winning for Mr. Sousa additional plaudits and honors.

From Grubly Union  
 Address Sacramento, Cal  
 Date APR 11 1902

"The March King," John Philip Sousa, is winning success with his new novel, "The Fifth String." The musical story from whose advance sheets this magazine predicted success, is more than fulfilling the anticipations of its friends. The key of the story finds origin in the extra string on the violin. The theme of love and musical enchantment has been illustrated by Howard Chandler Christy, with six full-page pictures.

NEW YORK WORLD  
 APR 19 1902

**Books Most in Demand.**

It is interesting to know that a Western publishing house leads all competitors in the number of popular books called for at the public libraries of the country. A New York newspaper has compiled the report from the libraries in twenty of the principal cities, and shows that out of thirty books most in demand five are published by the Bowen-Merrill Company of Indianapolis. The five books were, "Lazarus," "My Lady Peggy Goes to Town," "The Puppet Crown," "Alice of Old Vincennes," and Sousa's "The Fifth String."

From COURIER  
 Address BOSTON, MASS.  
 Date APR 12 1902

PERSONAL POINTS: John Philip Sousa the March King, has written a book. It is a novel, entitled "The Fifth String," and is said to be written in two-four time, double-quick, fortissimo, explosivo.—Ella Wheeler Wilcox offers \$5,000 to anyone who will produce a paper containing the poem "Solitude," of which she claims to be the rightful author, or any lines from it, prior to its original publication in the N. Y. Sun, February, 1883. Charles Felton Pidgin, of "Quincy Adams Sawyer" fame, has recently stated that the poem was written in 1863, by an ex-convict and inmate of an insane asylum. Here's a nice tilt indeed! It would almost pay to strike off a special sheet and try to capture the prize.—Clinton Scollard, the gentle magazine poet, has written a novel. Another case of the "legit" jumping over into vaudeville. Now then for a red-handed story of adventure from the "flowery" pen of Eben E. Rexford.—"Cape Cod Ballads," by Joe Lincoln is already out, so I am informed privately. Mr. Lincoln will be well remembered by Bostonians for his excellent work on the L. A. W. Bulletin a few years ago.—"Rock-haven," by Charles Clark Munn, is already on the market.—There is an increased demand for the Edward Everett Hale books since his birthday celebration, which shows the good sense of the reading public.

Cambridge, Mass.

JOE CONE.

NEW YORK WORLD

APR 19 1902

"THE FIFTH STRING." The story of a violin over which his Satanic Majesty has cast a spell. A woman's heart is broken by the instrument's magic power. (The Bowen-Merrill Company.) ESTABLISHED: LONDON, 1881. "NEW YORK WORLD"

MAIL-EMPIRE

John Philip Sousa is probably the musician whose name is most prominently before the public on this side of the Atlantic. In addition to being the conductor of one of the finest bands in the world and a composer of marches, he has lately added to his fame by writing a most interesting novel called "The Fifth String," and which has created a great deal of comment, and which has received praise from some critics, and has been severely criticized by others. It is now in its fiftieth thousand. Sousa and his band made a great impression in England last autumn, and appeared before the King and Queen at Sandringham. They will appear in London on May 1st.

ADVERTISER  
 JOHN. N. Y.

John Philip Sousa, "the march king," recently took a dip into literature with a book called "The Fifth String" which has won much praise. It is now announced that he will put forth another volume which will be reminiscent of his boyhood days in Washington. "It will deal," he says, "with the adventures of two 'Pipetown' boys. I have already written a great deal of it and have the subject well in hand. I shall hope to do a great deal on it this summer, and it is possible that it will be finished before our European tour begins. At any rate the book will be out next year."



## THE FIFTH STRING.

A Novel by  
JOHN PHILIP SOUSA.

(BOWEN-TERRILL CO., Indianapolis, Ind., \$1.25.)

Sousa, the magician of melody and rhythm; Sousa, the sorcerer of enthusiasms and plaudits; now Sousa the romantic, is out with a book, and it proves to be an out and out romance, as the title indicates. "The Fifth String" is a musical novel, in which passion, a prerequisite quality for success in every phase of music life, be it fact or fable, is predominant. It is a tragedy of hearts, through the intervening instrumentality of an incantatory violin with a fifth string, wound with a woman's black hair. The fabled cabalistic spirit of Paganini and the sceptered power of His Malevolent Majesty, Satan, are the wardens of this Aladdinistic instrument. It is a strong, vigorous novel of power and melodramatic intensity, "a story of a marvelous violin, of a wonderful love, of a strange temptation, and what came of it all." —W. F. See.

Trow's "General Directory of the Boroughs of Manhattan and the Bronx," with its 1,400 pages of useful facts, is better than "Vanity Fair" as a means of sustaining and stimulating the soul. Laying aside such an extreme view, Mr. Carnegie is right in thinking that at the end of three years many of the poorest novels are as dead as those worthless products of the Minerva Press which Macaulay read with such avidity. For that matter, however, some of our highly praised fiction is so completely forgotten at the end of one year that it cannot die any dead; and Mr. Putnam's working rule would be almost as drastic as Mr. Carnegie's.

Librarians who wish to reach and elevate the rank and file will regard both dicta as hard sayings. They know that the man on the street will turn away in disgust if they offer him no fiction whatever published within a twelvemonth; that he will scout as utterly incredible the tale that there are men and women of fine literary taste who, content to have read one novel by Hall Caine and one by Marie Corelli, remain unmoved by announcements of mammoth editions and of sales running into hundreds of thousands, unmoved by sandwich signs on Broadway, glaring bill-boards, and poster type in the newspapers, unmoved even by printed interviews with the gifted authors and smart little anecdotes in literary supplements. Librarians are aware that if the man on the street believed the story about these superior stoics, he would simply thank God that he was no such Pharisee, and would renew his demand for John Philip Sousa's "Fifth String." Since our librarians cannot cater solely to the saving remnant, they will find a practicable compromise in Mr. Foster's idea of buying only a few of the best current novels.

The plan has the sanction of notable authority, for Mr. Foster is one of the eminently successful public librarians in America. He has so administered his trust that of his total circulation the proportion of fiction (including juvenile and adult, classic and current) has declined from 70 per cent. in 1883 to 56 per cent. in 1901. This result he has accomplished by making freely accessible a "standard library" of the best books in all literature, by publishing attractive lists of essays, biographies, and travels, and by seeing that the disappointed applicant for trash has a chance to draw something more entertaining. Thus he managed to buy only seventeen current novels in 1901, and at the same time to maintain the library at a high level of popularity and efficiency.

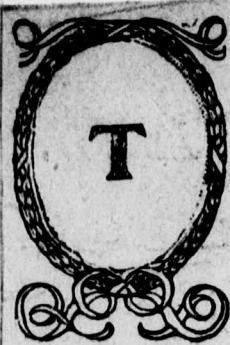
A Mr. Foster cannot be found in every city and town; but if a few thousand of the Carnegie librarians can keep their percentage of fiction down to 60 the question of purchasing new novels will solve itself. Candid observers will grant that with a smaller proportion of fiction in circulation the library is likely to lose its character as a resort for young and old, an instrument for the education of all who can read.

But if the circulation of fiction rises to 70 per cent. of the total, there is no cause for alarm. A good novel is one of the best of books. From the days of Homer to those of Thomas Hardy, the story, which presents the concrete, individual man and woman, has rightly appealed more powerfully to all readers than the most brilliant generalizations of history and philosophy. Gibbon, whose "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire" is surely solid enough to suit the most exacting taste, declared, "The romance of 'Tom Jones,' that exquisite picture of human manners, will outlive the palace of the Escurial and the imperial eagle of the house of Austria." The poor novel, too, has its place in the divine economy. People who begin their literary education by reading the crudest of tales are likely to move steadily upward. The boy who is held thrall by "Old King Brady," or the "Black Doctor's Plot," and the girl who cries over "Elsie Dinsmore" will both live to profit by "The Scarlet Letter," "Mill on the Floss," "A Tale of Two Cities," and "Vanity Fair." If Mr. Carnegie helps such progress, he can feel that his million-

ress

NEW YORK JOURNAL

APR 26 1902



HE Spring literature of 1902 is unusually attractive, whether considered from the viewpoint of the artist, the educator or the moralist.

One cannot run through the fifteen or twenty best books since

the birth of the present year without being convinced of the fact that the novel can be made the efficient instrument not only of the dissemination of knowledge, but of the proclamation of the principles of the highest ethics.

Take, for example, "The Fifth String," by the "March King," John Philip Sousa, and witness how Diotti's life was transfigured by the love of Mildred Wallace.

Before meeting this beautiful young woman the violinist, despite his passionate devotion to his art, was of the earth, earthy; but when Mildred's love shone in upon him he was born, as it were, into another and a holier existence, and could only exclaim: "To be loved by such a one is bliss beyond the dreams of this world!"

From

Address

Date

Fiction in  
Public Libraries

The fisherman of the Arabian Nights who let the Afrite escape from the brass bottle, and then was at his wits' end to get the demon back again, finds a modern successor in Mr. Andrew Carnegie, says the New York Evening Post. Mr. Carnegie has sprinkled this broad land with public libraries, and has thus aided and abetted millions of people in forming the habit of buying and reading books. Reading, however, is like drinking: when once the masses fall victims of the habit, they may actually prefer Had Caine to Scott, just as some prefer "Jersey Lightning" to Scotch whiskey. So it is that Mr. Carnegie is partly to blame for the recent debauches in the "Eternal City" and the "Crisis," for the thousands of intemperate who are rushing to buy copies or begging his librarians for a sip of the insidious poison.

A few days ago, when Mr. Carnegie felt his guilt weighing unusually heavy upon his conscience, he tried to charm his Afrite back into the bottle by uttering the following incantation: "If a man gives his fortune to endow libraries, he might do well to bar fiction less than three years old." Librarians, editors, clergymen, and authors who have watched Mr. Carnegie's efforts with sympathetic interest, have promptly come to his rescue with various suggestions, relevant and irrelevant. The severer moralists would rule out fiction altogether; others approve of the three-year limit; Mr. Herbert Putnam, librarian of Congress, would make it one year; Mr. William E. Foster, of the Providence Public Library, would restrict the purchases of current fiction to, say, fifteen or twenty titles annually. Meanwhile our authors are running a neck-and-neck race to write, not the best, but the best selling novel, and the members of our suburban literary clubs are in sharp rivalry to establish records for reading the largest number of popular books.

Mr. Carnegie can, of course, marshal many strong arguments in his support. To rule out the prejudice of those who would not have a novel in the last analysis, is to rule out the last

PROVIDENCE JOURNAL

MAY 11

elocutionary pupils of Miss Margaret Donahue.

## Musical Notes.

THIS is a review of a novel called "The Fifth String," by John Philip Sousa. The reviewer has not yet read the book, so he has the most essential qualification of the distinguished writers for the literary journals. Moreover he has the authority of the Literary Supplement of the New York Journal for asserting that the story is "pervaded with an atmosphere of culture and lofty attainment." Angelo Diotti is a virtuoso. He is pictured by Mr. Howard Chandler Christy, who supplies the book with illustrations to match Mr. Sousa's glowing prose, as a tall young man with the mane of Ysaye and the classic features of Seldi. Angelo moves thousands by his playing, but he cannot move Mildred, the girl of his adoration. In despair he cuts his engagements, leaving his manager in the lurch, and vanishes after the fashion of the lately known Mr. Sieveking. He goes to the Bahamas to study. Is Mr. Sousa advertising some new school of music there?

But Angelo accomplishes nothing, and in despair he smashes his violin and says "The Devil." Like a well-trained valet the gentleman appears at his elbow and offers him a magnificent violin of peculiar construction. It has a fifth string—the string of death. Satan explains to him that the fifth string would lead him to the realization of his desire. "You're stringing me," exclaims Angelo sceptically; but Satan, soothingly, assures him that he is unstrung, and leaves the violin in his hand.

Again Angelo stands before a New York audience—this time probably under another manager. Mildred is in the au-



MAY 6

Let all arise and sing.

John Phillip Sousa's first exploit in the field of romance is a small book which has been placed on the market at a price entirely out of proportion to its size or the moral to the tragedy if one may be drawn therefrom. The tale of "The Fifth String" may be briefly related: Angelo Diotti is a tall, dark-hued importation from Tuscany, who, as a violinist, can make Jan Kubelik look like a punctured dime. He comes to New York under the auspices of a mercenary theatrical manager, and makes a tremendous hit the first turn out of the box. Up to the time of his visit to New York he has never been in love, though women of wealth and beauty have applauded his genius, smiled upon him in his dressing room, and even gone so far as to hug and kiss him in the ecstasy of their delirium over the wonderful skill he has manifested in interpreting the musical compositions of the dead masters. At a delightful Kensington to which he is invited, Mr. Diotti is presented to one Mildred Wallace, a stately miss with blue eyes and red hair whose father has almost as much money as J. Pierpont Morgan. He shakes her hand and gets a shock equal to seven hundred volts of electricity. It is the happiest moment of his life. He induces her to sit by him in the northwest corner of the conservatory where he adroitly endeavors to ascertain where she stands on the question of music. She has listened for a whole evening to Paderewski, Scharwenka and Madam Zeisler, has gritted her teeth and stayed through the performances of Camilla Urso, Remenyi and Maximilian Dick, has endured the tortures of an entire season of grand opera, and never caught a sound which gave her a single thrill of ecstatic emotion or anything of the sort. But Mildred goes to hear Diotti play, and for her sake he does the stunt of his life. In the most difficult field of super-classical fiddling he is as much at home as a thirsty Dutchman in a beer garden, and the delighted audience responds to every number with thunders of applause louder and more prolonged than the tumult which once upon a time leveled the strong walls of the city of Jerico. Of all that vast audience, many of whom had paid six dollars for a front seat, Mildred Wallace alone was unmoved. She neither clapped her little hands nor volunteered a smile of approval to lighten the sad heart of the great virtuoso. New York was aflame the next day with the achievements of Diotti and his manager felt richer than Russell Sage. There were to be ten more performances and he knew there were no houses in America large enough to hold the audiences who would hike out to hear the gifted Tuscan. But Angelo was broken-hearted at his failure to touch with tender emotion the heart of the girl he loved, so when the time was at hand for his next night's performance, "he was not there, he was not there." A search from Five Points to Grammercy Park failed to reveal a trace of him, and his manager concluded he must have been murdered. Not so, however, he had simply slipped away to the island of Guam where he was determined to learn to play the fiddle right or never let it be known to anybody but his sister in Tuscany that he was in the game any longer. One day after he had practiced until his fingers were sore without making any apparent headway in

mastering emotional harmonies, in a fit of uncontrollable anger and disappointment, he smashed his fine old Stradivarius on the stone floor and invoked the very old devil to bring him a violin which would do the business he was seeking to accomplish. In about two minutes satan appeared and following him, an old salt bearing a violin with five strings, the fifth one in the center. Satan explained to Diotti that the four regular strings represented sorrow, joy, etc., but the fifth string was the string of death and he mustn't slam that in his playing, or he was a gone goose. He reluctantly accepted the gift, returned to New York and gave a recital which created even greater excitement than before, and so wrought upon the emotions of the girl he adored that she actually shed tears and fell desperately in love with him. But her father was dead against fiddlers, and he secured the services of a trusted old friend and fellow-skinner on the stock exchange to put up a job to break the engagement. So the old man came to the house and in a confidential talk with Mildred hinted that the fifth string of Diotti's fiddle was a braid of hair from the head of a lady love in the orient, and that the violinist did not dare to play upon that string. Mildred at once became jealous and, because her lover refused to explain why the fifth string was there, she gave him the alternative to either play on that string at his next concert or consider himself discarded as far as she was concerned. Upon her faithful pledge to be his for time and eternity if he did, as a fitting climax to the entertainment, he drew the bow across the fatal string and about two minutes thereafter died in her arms with a smile upon his lips and his pale face bathed in tears as sincere as they were copious and unrestrained. All of which leads us to remark that the biggest fool thing in this world is a fool story.

entry into the German navy.

Frederick Dan Huntington, bishop of the Protestant Episcopal diocese of central New York, now nearing his eighty-fourth birthday, asks for an assistant to relieve him of part of his duties. He has been bishop for thirty-three years.

Bandmaster Sousa's rather creepy story, "The Fifth String," has been a tremendous hit, but he is at work on another book. This time it is a history of his boyhood adventures in the form of a novel, and he hopes to have it finished before he leaves in the fall for his European tour.

Shelby Cullom has his little weaknesses, one being a desire to be considered spry and active on his feet. The other afternoon he was seen

The Mail and Empire,  
Toronto.

## Book Reviews.

THE FIFTH STRING. By John Phillip Sousa. With illustrations by Howard Chandler Christy. Toronto: McLeod and Allen.

A great public has learned to love John Phillip Sousa for the marches he has made, and the marches he has played, and most of all for his ready desire to speak the popular word in music: momentarily laying aside the baton for the pen, we have in the first fictional essay of the well-known conductor a little story that is not at all the kind of story which the student of Sousa and his methods will expect. Musical in its motive, as the title suggests, it is far from the calibre of the two-step, and there is not a chapter in which, true to the Sousa sentiment, one instinctively beats the swinging time; rather it is a sad refrain, like some short minor prelude leading only to Silence.

We have to do with the first appearance in America of the renowned Tuscan violinist, Angelo Diotti (under the direction of Mr. Henry Perkins), and the second appearance of Signor Diotti, which did not take place, owing to the mysterious disappearance of the artist.

Now there was a beautiful woman who dwelt like a princess in a palace of Truth, whose heart had never been touched, whose soul still slumbered, and who could be awakened by neither the love or the music of the young violinist.

"No drooping clytie could be more constant than I to him who strikes the chord that is responsive in my soul," she said, and a voice within him cried: "Do not play to-night. Study! Study! Perhaps in the full fruition of your genius your music, like the warm Western wind to the harp, may bring life to her soul."

So he fled out of the world to an island in the far-off seas and there delved deeper and deeper into the mysteries of his art, praying that God might place within his grasp the wondrous music which would sing her soul home to him.

And into the garden of his desolation came the devil. And the devil brought with him a certain hope, as he not infrequently does, also a violin, wonderfully made, which though directly from Hades was at one time the constant companion of the fallen angel. He conveyed by him from

The House with the Green Shutters, The Leopard Spots, and The Valley of Decision are deserving of mention on account of excellence of sale. The numerical order of the books which sold best last month is as follows:

- Audrey. By Mary Johnston. \$1.50.
- The Right of Way. By Gilbert Parker. \$1.50.
- The Thrall of Lief the Lucky. By Otilie Liliencrantz. \$1.50.
- The Crisis. By Winston Churchill. \$1.50.
- The Man from Glengarry. By Ralph Connor. \$1.50.
- Kate Bonnet. By F. R. Stockton. \$1.50.
- The House with Green Shutters. By Geo. Douglas. \$1.50.
- The Methods of Lady Walderhurst. By Frances H. Burnett. \$1.25.
- The Fifth String. By John Philip Sousa. \$1.25.



2/4/5/12

Lovely of contour, color, and outline, this was not like any other fiddle in the world.

The devil pointing to the instrument asked: "Isn't it a beauty?"

The musician, eying it keenly, replied: "Yes, it is, but not the kind of fiddle I play on."

"Oh! I see," carelessly observed the other, "you refer to the extra string."

"Yes," answered the puzzled violinist, examining it closely.

"Allow me to explain the peculiar characteristics of this magnificent instrument," said his Satanic Majesty. "This string," pointing to the G, "is the string of pity; this one," referring to third, "is the string of hope; this," plunking the A, "is attuned to love; while this one, the E string, gives forth sounds of joy."

"You will observe," went on the visitor, noting the intense interest displayed by the violinist, "that the position of the strings is the same as on any other violin and, therefore, will require no additional study on your part."

"But that extra string?" interrupted Diotti, designating the middle one on the violin, a vague foreboding rising within him.

"That," said Mephistopheles, solemnly, and with no pretence of sophistry, "is the string of—"

But I shall not tell you what it was; perhaps you know, who have looked into life long enough, the string that seems made up of the extra lengths of all the other four. To cut it off would destroy the others, and then pity, hope, love, and joy would cease to exist in the soul of the violin, and in the soul of life itself.

Diotti lifted the violin to position, and from its fragile body evoked an echo of the deepest passions in the world. But he was careful never to touch the fifth string with his bow.

And taking upon him the immortality of this heavenly violin he went back into the world to find his love.

And she was human, as most beautiful things are. She answered to the throbbing violin and to its master's voice; but evidently she was one of those who had not looked long enough into life to know the Fifth String; to feel the silent fifth string vibrate through all the chords of love and pity and hope and joy, to understand that because of it is their priceless beyond words.

She was a woman and, like Eve of

old, demanded the secret. Therefore, eternal Silence followed after.

paper cutting

Mail Empire  
In our own

MAY 24 1902

## Book Reviews

THE FIFTH STRING. By John Philip Sousa. With illustrations by Howard Chandler Christy. Toronto: McLeod and Allen.

A great public has learned to love John Philip Sousa for the marches he has made, and the marches he has played, and most of all for his ready desire to speak the popular word in music: momentarily laying aside the baton for the pen, we have in the first fictional essay of the well-known conductor a little story that is not at all the kind of story which the student of Sousa and his methods will expect. Musical in its motive, as the title suggests, it is far from the calibre of the two-step, and there is not a chapter in which, true to the Sousa sentiment, one instinctively beats the swinging time; rather it is a sad refrain, like some short minor prelude leading to a dance.

We have to do with the first appearance in America of the renowned Tuscan violinist, Angelo Diotti (under the direction of Mr. Henry Perkins), and the second appearance of Signor Diotti, which did not take place, owing to the mysterious disappearance of the artist.

Now there was a beautiful woman who dwelt like a princess in a palace of Truth, whose heart had never been touched, whose soul still slumbered, and who could be awakened by neither the love or the music of the young violinist.

"No drooping clytie could be more constant than I to him who strikes the chord that is responsive in my soul," she said, and a voice within him cried: "Do not play to-night. Study! Study! Perhaps in the full fruition of your genius your music, like the warm Western wind to the harp, may bring life to her soul."

So he fled out of the world to an island in the far-off seas and there delved deeper and deeper into the mysteries of his art, praying that God might place within his grasp the wondrous music which would sing her soul home to him.

And into the garden of his desolation came the devil. And the devil brought with him a certain hope, as he not infrequently does, also a violin, wonderfully made, which though directly from Hades was at one time the constant companion of the fallen angel, and conveyed by him from Heaven—when he left!

Lovely of contour, coloring and outline, this was not like any other fiddle in the world.

The devil pointing to the instrument asked: "Isn't it a beauty?"

The musician, eying it keenly, replied: "Yes, it is, but not the kind of fiddle I play on."

"Oh! I see," carelessly observed the other, "you refer to the extra string."

"Yes," answered the puzzled violinist, examining it closely.

"Allow me to explain the peculiar characteristics of this magnificent instrument," said his Satanic Majesty. "This string," pointing to the G, "is the string of pity; this one," referring to third, "is the string of hope; this," plunking the A, "is attuned to love; while this one, the E string, gives forth sounds of joy."

"You will observe," went on the visitor, noting the intense interest displayed by the violinist, "that the position of the strings is the same as on any other violin and, therefore, will require no additional study on your part."

"But that extra string?" interrupted Diotti, designating the middle one on the violin, a vague foreboding rising within him.

"That," said Mephistopheles, solemnly, and with no pretence of sophistry, "is the string of—"

But I shall not tell you what it was; perhaps you know, who have looked into life long enough, the string that seems made up of the extra lengths of all the other four. To cut it off would destroy the others, and then pity, hope, love, and joy would cease to exist in the soul of the violin, and in the soul of life itself.

Diotti lifted the violin to position, and from its fragile body evoked an echo of the deepest passions in the world. But he was careful never to touch the fifth string with his bow.

And taking upon him the immortality of this heavenly violin he went back into the world to find his love.

And she was human, as most beautiful things are. She answered to the throbbing violin and to its master's voice; but evidently she was one of those who had not looked long enough into life to know the Fifth String; to feel the silent fifth string vibrate through all the chords of love and pity and hope and joy, to understand that because of it is their priceless beyond words.

She was a woman and, like Eve of

old, demanded the secret. Therefore, eternal Silence followed after.

"The Fifth String," by John Phillip Sousa (Toronto: McLeod and Allen), is unique introduction of his Mephistophelian Majesty as one of its figures. He appears so naturally upon the scene on the invocation of the desperate hero and offers so characteristic a compromise in the situation that we are willing to take him once again on trust. None but a Satanic agency, it may be extenuated, could possibly cope with the frigid beauty of one of Mr. Howard Chandler Christy's heroines. His portraits of the "Beauty in White," Mildred Wallace, are equal to his well-known efforts and calculated to freeze the genial current of the blood of the uninitiated Angelo Diotti. He was a stranger and not so accustomed to them as American heroes. An angel from heaven, indeed, much less an unprepared violinist from Italy, might be disconcerted at the glance of a Christy heroine.

The tale has an allegorical meaning which may be interpreted to be that the man who awakens a woman's heart assumes a grave responsibility. Whether he is required to satisfy all her whimsies is another matter. The story also teaches the fatality of jealousy in love. Diotti meets his divinity at a New York reception on the eve of his first concert in the city. They converse in the lofty strain and on the intellectual level, of a High School debate on the subject of happiness.

"What if a soul lies dormant and will not arouse?" she asked.

"There are souls that have no motive low enough for earth, but only high enough for heaven," he said, with evident intention, looking almost directly at her.

"Then, one must come who speaks in nature's tongue," she continued.

"And the soul will then awake," he added, earnestly. . . . She was standing before him, not a block of chiseled ice, but a beautiful, breathing woman.

"Perhaps, some day, one will come who can sing a song of perfect love in perfect tones, and your soul will be attuned to his melody."

"Perhaps—and good night," she softly said, leaving his arm and joining her friends, who accompanied her to the carriage.

The farewell was apparently of a lingering nature.

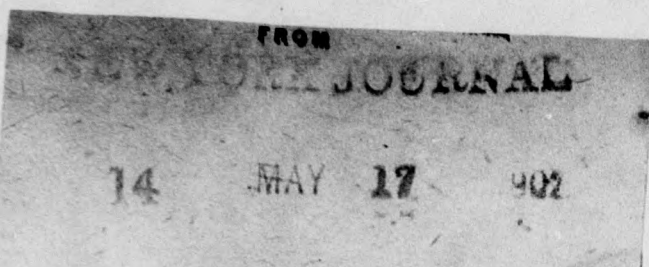
Naturally and manly, Diotti conceived himself to be the one who should come. The following night he addressed his efforts to her alone, hardly hearing the ovation of the "representative audience, distinguished alike for beauty, wealth and discernment." But her profile remained as Howard Chandler Christyish as ever, and, seeing her "draw her wrap more closely about her shoulders and sit more erect," he left the stage in despair, moaning: "I am not great enough for her. I am but a man. Her consort should be a god."

From a letter to his sister we learn that the violinist called on Mildred the following day, and asked her opinion of his performance. She replied calmly: "My opinion would not at all affect the almost unanimous verdict." "But you," he said, "were not affected in the least." "Not in the least," she answered coldly, adding, "If a man ever comes who can awaken my heart, frankly and honestly I will confess it. No drooping clytie could be more constant than I to him who strikes the chord that is responsive in my soul."



It was a species of challenge. Diotti fled from New York on the eve of his second concert, and the money was returned at the door. He sailed for the West Indies and leased an island, where he fiddled day after day and month after month in the hope of discovering the said "lost chord." At length one day in a rage he cast his instrument to the ground, crying: "It is of no use. If heaven will not aid me, I ask the prince of darkness to come." The West Indies being on the direct route to Hades, he had hardly spoken before a "handsome man appeared, whose manner was that of one evidently conversant with the usages of good society." He was received coyly by Diotti, who finally, however, consented to accept his aid and was presented with a violin having five strings. Satan explained that the "G" was the string of pity, "A" was attuned to love, "E" to joy and the third string to hope. The fifth string was jet black and strung in the middle. It was wrapped with the hair of Mother Eve and was named the string of death. None played but once upon it, and to cut it meant the destruction of the other strings, so cunningly were they entwined. Armed with this invincible gift, Diotti returned and touched the "chord responsive." Not the most exacting lover could have complained of the ardor of "her" surrender. Dressed in simple white, she hastened to him, offering both hands, and said, "My heart has found its melody." But, alas! she became jealous of that fifth string wrapped in a woman's hair. Crafty Uncle Sanders suggested to her an analogy with Paganini's violin, two of whose strings were kept sacred to the lady of his love. Mildred noticed that Diotti never played upon the fifth and demanded that he should do so. When he declined she became "like a caged tigress." It did not occur to him to "tell her why," and so the end is pathetic.

Mr. Sousa has had no fears about style. He has simply turned to his professional scrapbook and used the well-known terms and phrases he found there.



## The Most Popular Books.

THE following list, compiled from the reports of booksellers all over the United States, shows, in the order of their popularity, the twenty-three books that are in greatest demand.

"The Right of Way" heads the list, as it has headed all such lists since its publication. "The Crisis," which for a long time divided with "The Right of Way" the honor of the most popular novel of the day, has given way to Mary Johnston's new novel, "Audrey."

And, alas, for poor Kim! Kipling's novel, which for a few weeks after its appearance appeared in almost every list of the five or six most popular novels, has tumbled to the twentieth in the list, and even "The Valley of Decision," long-winded and tedious, takes precedence over it.

Three familiar names are missing from the list: "Eben Holden," "David Harum" and "The Helmet of Navarre" are no longer "the rage" of the day. Whether or not they will find a place in some future list of the popular books of the day is a problem that affords a great deal of food for interesting speculation.

"The Right of Way"—Parker. (Harper.)

"Audrey"—Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin.)

"The House with the Green Shutters"—Douglas. (McClure, Phillips.)

"The History of Sir Richard Calmady"—Malet. (Dodd, Mead.)

"The Crisis"—Churchill. (Macmillan.)

"The Fifth String"—Sousa. (Bowen-Merrill.)

"Lazarre"—Catherwood. (Bowen-

Merrill.)

"In the Fog"—Davis. (Russell.)

"The Valley of Decision"—Wharton. (Scribner.)

"Count Hannibal"—Weyman. (Longmans.)

"If I were King"—McCarthy. (Russell.)

"D'ri and I"—Bachelier. (Lothrop.)

"The Velvet Glove"—Merriman. (Dodd, Mead.)

"Kate Bonnet"—Stockton. (Appleton.)

"Ulysses"—Phillips. (Macmillan.)

"Graustark"—McCutcheon. (Stone.)

"Marletta"—Crawford. (Macmillan.)

"The Pines of Lory"—Mitchell. (Life Publishing Company.)

"Wolfville Days"—Lewis. (Stokes.)

"Kim"—Kipling. (Doubleday, Page.)

"The Eternal City"—Caine. (Appleton.)

"Cardigan"—Chambers. (Harper.)

"Let Not Man Put Asunder"—King. (Harper.)

From the same source comes the report of the following serious works that are finding a steady sale:

"The Life of R. L. Stevenson"—Balfour. (Scribner.)

"Up from Slavery"—Washington. (Doubleday, Page.)

"The Life of James Russell Lowell"—Scudder. (Houghton, Mifflin.)

"Lives of the Hunted"—Seton-Thompson. (Scribner.)

"Life Everlasting"—Fiske. (Houghton, Mifflin.)

"The Riddle of the Universe"—Haeckel. (Harper.)

UN, SATURDAY, MARCH 15, 1902.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.



THE MARCH KING



There are many striking scenes in

"The Fighting Bishop"

as the descriptions of the battle of Gettysburg and conflict on Little Round Top; the marsh fire which the family fight at night; the political rally; and the draft riots in New York.

In spite of this—and this will relieve most readers—"The Fighting Bishop" is not historical. The scenes are merely incidental. The book is the study of character as shown in action.

The author has handled many characters, all strong and individual, without confusion.—Hartford Times.

Fifth Edition Ready.

A LOVE STORY

BY

JOHN PHILIP SOUSA,

The

Fifth String.

The New York Times of March 1st, 1902, in its compiled report of books which sold best according to lists sent them from book and department stores in all the larger cities, places Sousa's Novel "The Fifth String" as the best selling book published this year.

Illustrated by

Howard Chandler Christy.



## THE MUSICAL LEADER.

### SOUSA AT THE METROPOLITAN.

Sousa, to whom each year brings new honors, plays to night at the Metropolitan. Never does he lose his magnetic hold upon the people. He is always the same smiling, cordial, genial Sousa, whom no honors, whether from the King of England or the President of the United States, can spoil. This wonderful poise is one-half his success; his sympathy and knowledge of the people is the other half. It does not sound very hard—but try it. I have just finished "The Fifth String," his novel. It is good reading, especially for a summer afternoon. It is like everything from his pen—interesting from the first line to the last.

FROM

RICHMOND, IND.

an actual loss of about \$18,000, including the damage done to her private car, and that she is entitled to compensation for the pain and suffering she endured as a result of the collision.—The Concert-Goer.

The success of Sousa's first novel, "The Fifth String" has been so great the publishers insist upon the "March King" writing a second romance. Busy as Mr. Sousa will be this summer, it is understood he will complete another book before fall.

The Buffalo (N. Y.) News states that Paul J. Cienanth, a musician and instructor of that city, has invented an

FROM

Yorktown

Sousa Writing a Novel.  
Bandmaster Sousa's rather creepy story, "The Fifth String," has not been a tremendous hit, but he is at work on another book. This time it is a history of his boyhood adventures in the form of a novel, and he hopes to have it finished before he leaves in the fall for his European tour.

DISPATCH

John Philip Sousa has written a book. Immediately a large number are curious to know what he has written. Mr. Sousa knew this; therefore his book. It was plainly a money-making venture. Mr. Sousa has not entered the literary lists.

The fact of Mr. Sousa writing a book is not without ethical interest. His venturing into the literary form of expression reveals the man's utter lack of a literary conscience, or, indeed, literary appreciation. The book is an abortion. To be sure, it is no worse than dozens of others are perpetrating daily, but Mr. Sousa is a man of a particular talent. In a sense he is an artist, and by attempting in a new and alien field of expression—not alien in spirit—to command admiration, he demeans his own art standing and the standing of his craft.

As to the book itself, since it is Mr. Sousa's, let us glance through it.

The cover is as elaborate and tastefully ornate as the famous bandmaster's uniform. It is printed upon heavy "glit top" paper, with uncut leaves, and has illustrations by Howard Chandler Christy. Dickens, Thackeray or poor, starving Goldsmith would have envied the material make-up.

Its title is "The Fifth String," and its characters and plot were evolved from a too frequent hearing of the opera "Faust," the realization of the limitations of a player upon any instrument, and especially the futility of the violinist's hope to realize his ambition.

The story is that of a young Tuscan violinist winning honors and fame in America, winning all, in fact, except the love of his heart's desire. His playing does not move her.

The artist leaves New York and its worshipping millions to study alone, that he may win her heart. The devil in conventional coat and with business air visits him, and presents him with an instrument with five strings. The four strings represent respectively pity, hope, love and joy. The fifth was the string of death.

Returning to New York, Diotti plays and wins his Mildred, and then, because she is jealous of a fancied rival, plays upon the fifth string and dies.

Of course, he dies in public. Mr. Sousa could not allow the hero of his heart to waste so dramatic and effective an occasion upon a private audience of mere friends and acquaintances.

The entire story is nauseous as to plot, and its written form would show its author to be a firm believer in the literary value of the society notices of his own concerts which have appeared in various metropolitan and provincial papers. If these do not represent literature to him, why has he copied them so exactly in his story? This is what he says:

"On the evening of December the twelfth, Diotti made his initial bow in New York, to an audience that completely filled every available space in the Academy of Music—a representative audience, distinguished alike for beauty, wealth and discernment."

But, if the paragraph had been submitted to a watchful editor, the "every" would not have been allowed to precede "available space."

Mr. Sousa's advent into "literature" is about as suitable as the proverbial bull's presence in a china shop.

Sousa. The Bowen-Merrill company, Indianapolis. The St. Paul Book & Stationery Co.)

## "THE FIFTH STRING."

Clever Criticism and Brief Review of Sousa's New Book by A. E. G.

While a review of Sousa's "Fifth String" is not the latest bit of book-news, the many who do not get first editions have a delightful hour to anticipate when this little story comes their way.

Sousa wrote it while in Europe, I am told. But his heart was certainly in America at the time—where it properly belongs.

He is working upon another story, I believe. It will have to be clever and unique if it equals the one recently brought out by the lucky Bowen Merrill people.

"The Fifth String" might have been the New York society girl who won the violinist's affection—if Sousa's imagination had not sought a more interesting subject: a fifth string for the violin. By its use the artist played himself into the girl's heart—and out of it. While the extra thread is not always necessary in instances of that sort, many a musical organization would be improved, if it could be applied invisibly.

However, though the story is impossible, it is as highly artistic, thanks to Christy, as it is thoroughly musicianly. And since we prefer the impossible in this age of unrest "The Fifth String" is unquestionably a literary gem.—A. E. G.



From *Cleveland Press*  
Address *St Paul, Minn*  
Date *FEB 22 1902*

CLEVELAND PRESS, OCT. 25, 1902.—PAGE 3.

Reviewing "The Fifth String," Julian Hawthorne says: "Mr. Sousa had a good central idea to begin with; in working it out he has employed the simplest method imaginable, and has gone straight to the point with the fewest circumlocutions and side issues. No subplot, there is just the plain story; but it interests us and moves us all the way through, and leads up to an entirely artistic and satisfying conclusion. In 'The Fifth String' is to be found the same succinctness, strength of motive and rapid development that are so notable in his musical scores."

CLEVELAND, O. PRESS

12 363 25 1902

PRODIGAL

## "THE FIFTH STRING," BY JOHN PHILIP SOUSA

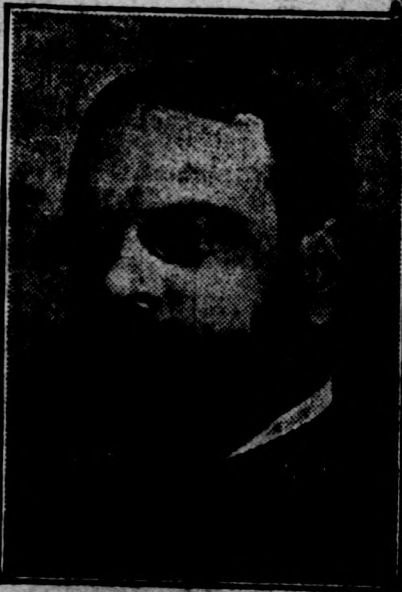
A Beautiful and Weird Love Story for "Cleveland Press" Readers.

John Philip Sousa has earned a world-wide reputation as a bandmaster and composer of march and operatic music. He gives promise of becoming equally as famous as a story writer. If his first effort, "The Fifth String," is a good criterion.

"The Fifth String" is a beautiful and weird love story of about 15,000 words. It is superbly illustrated by Howard Chandler Christy.

"The Cleveland Press" has purchased from the publishing house of the Bowen-Merrill Co., of Indianapolis, the exclusive rights, in northern Ohio, to "The Fifth String" and Christy's illustrations.

This splendid feature will be published serially in "The Press," BEGINNING WEDNESDAY, OCT. 29. A large installment will be published each day until the story is completed.



JOHN PHILIP SOUSA.

## "THE FIFTH STRING," BY JOHN PHILIP SOUSA

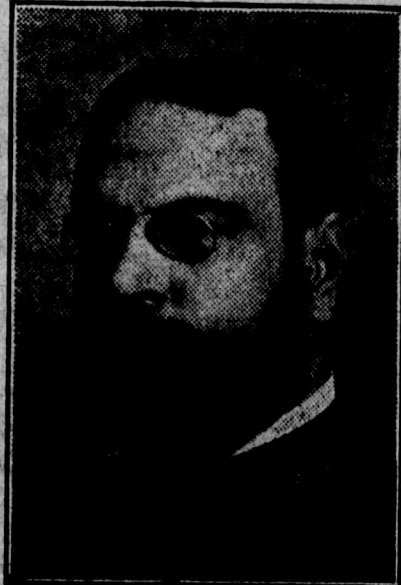
A Beautiful and Weird Love Story for "Cleveland Press" Readers.

John Philip Sousa has earned a world-wide reputation as a bandmaster and composer of march and operatic music. He gives promise of becoming equally as famous as a story writer. If his first effort, "The Fifth String," is a good criterion.

"The Fifth String" is a beautiful and weird love story of about 15,000 words. It is superbly illustrated by Howard Chandler Christy.

"The Cleveland Press" has purchased from the publishing house of the Bowen-Merrill Co., of Indianapolis, the exclusive rights, in northern Ohio, to "The Fifth String" and Christy's illustrations.

This splendid feature will be published serially in "The Press," BEGINNING WEDNESDAY, OCT. 29. A large installment will be published each day until the story is completed.



JOHN PHILIP SOUSA.

WINONA, MINN. HERALD.

20 1902

### New Books ... AT THE ... Public Library

THE FIFTH STRING, by John Philip Sousa.—This story by the great march master will interest those who care to know of the many sidedness of genius. In spite of numerous conversations which are almost too patently the exposition of the author's philosophy of life and in spite of the bizarre introduction of a highly bred but still sulphurous Lucifer into a society novelette, of Twentieth Century New York, the book holds the reader's interest because it depicts life and suffering graphically. It is not a great book, but it is worthy an unoccupied half-hour for those who are weary of the wizard world of fiction. It has been found that those who have seen the book have been very much interested.



From *Prinzer Press*  
Address *St Paul Minn*  
Date *FEB 22 1902*

CLEVELAND PRESS, OCT. 25, 1902.—PAGE 3.

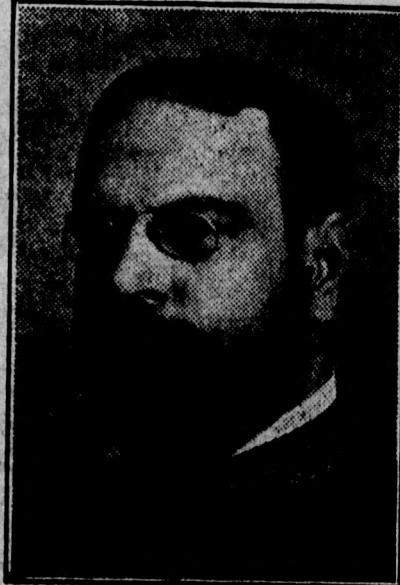
Reviewing "The Fifth String," Julian Hawthorne says: "Mr. Sousa had a good central idea to begin with; in working it out he has employed the simplest method imaginable, and has gone straight to the point with the fewest circumlocutions and side issues. No subplot, there is just the plain story; but it interests us and moves us all the way through, and leads up to an entirely artistic and satisfying conclusion. In 'The Fifth String' is to be found the same succinctness, strength of motive and rapid development that are so notable in his musical scores."

## "THE FIFTH STRING," BY JOHN PHILIP SOUSA

A Beautiful and Weird Love Story for "Cleveland Press" Readers.

John Philip Sousa has earned a world-wide reputation as a bandmaster and composer of march and operatic music. He gives promise of becoming equally as famous as a story writer. If his first effort, "The Fifth String," is a good criterion.

"The Fifth String" is a beautiful and weird love story of about 15,000 words. It is superbly illustrated by Howard Chandler Christy.



JOHN PHILIP SOUSA.

## "THE FIFTH STRING," BY JOHN PHILIP SOUSA

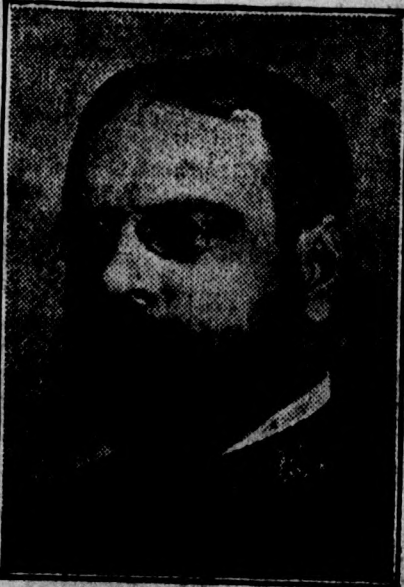
A Beautiful and Weird Love Story for "Cleveland Press" Readers.

John Philip Sousa has earned a world-wide reputation as a bandmaster and composer of march and operatic music. He gives promise of becoming equally as famous as a story writer. If his first effort, "The Fifth String," is a good criterion.

"The Fifth String" is a beautiful and weird love story of about 15,000 words. It is superbly illustrated by Howard Chandler Christy.

"The Cleveland Press" has purchased from the publishing house of the Bowe Merrill Co., of Indianapolis, the exclusive rights, in northern Ohio, to "The Fifth String" and Christy's illustrations.

This splendid feature will be published serially in "The Press," BEGINNING WEDNESDAY, OCT. 29. A large installment will be published each day until the story is completed.



JOHN PHILIP SOUSA.

Cleveland Press" purchased from the publishing house of the Bowe Merrill Co., of Indianapolis, the exclusive rights, in northern Ohio, to "The Fifth String" and Christy's illustrations. This splendid feature will be published serially in "The Press," BEGINNING WEDNESDAY, OCT. 29. A large installment will be published each day until the story is completed.

WINONA, MINN. HERALD.

*20 1902*

### New Books ... AT THE ... Public Library

THE FIFTH STRING, by John Philip Sousa.—This story by the great march master will interest those who care to know of the many sidedness of genius. In spite of numerous conversations which are almost too patently the exposition of the author's philosophy of life and in spite of the bizarre introduction of a highly bred but still sulphurous Lucifer into a society novelle, of Twentieth Century New York, the book holds the reader's interest because it depicts life and suffering graphically. It is not a great book, but it is worthy an unoccupied half-hour for we have all listened to the wizard violin and perhaps have seen fingers that have moved.



TON, O. NEWS  
10 MAY 20 1903  
The book is well printed, and bound in gray cloth, with a handsome design of Cavalry in colors. Published by Frederick Stokes company New York.

"The Fifth String" by John Phillip Sousa.

To those who heard the concert given by Sousa's band last week, a few words about his novel may be of interest. The scene of the story is New York, and opens with the debut of a great violinist, who wins the instant sympathy and support of his public. In the course of the story the great virtuoso falls deeply in love with a charming girl, who, however, is the only one of all his auditors who remains totally unmoved by his wonderful power.

In his despair and in response to his call for help from whatever source, Satan appears before his astonished eyes, and a curious compact is agreed upon, whereby the musician becomes the possessor of a wonderful violin, by which he is promised that he shall attain the desire of his heart. This instrument is remarkable in that it has five strings, one of which is the string of death, to touch which but once with his bow, means instant death to the player. Armed with this wonderful instrument the violinist returns to New York, and the interest of the story under such conditions may be surmised.

Handsomely bound, with illustrations by Howard Chandler Christy, this work

is published by the Bowen-Merrill Co., Indianapolis.

A book which will especially interest women has lately been issued by the H. B. Claflin company of New York. It is entitled "A Key to Wash Fabrics." It not only illustrates and describes the popular and exclusive fabrics to be used for the coming spring and summer, but also gives correct colored representations of the latest creations of the most famous European modistes imported for

DUNDEE ADVERTISER (Daily),

Dundee.

Wed. Jan 20 1903

## SOUSA AS A NOVELIST,

### THE BAND KING WRITES A TRAGIC TALE.

The presence in this country of the famous leader and composer lends additional interest to the publication in the February "Windsor Magazine" of a story from his pen. It is entitled "The Fifth String," and is provided with numerous artistic drawings by Howell Chandler Christy. The principal character is a young and marvellous violinist, who becomes the rage of the American musical public. At a reception given in his honour Angelo Diotti meets the lovely daughter of a wealthy banker. With her he falls in love. She is interested in the genius, but unresponsive to the supreme charm of his playing. She says—"I marvel at the invention of the composer and the skill of the player, but there I cease." When Diotti achieves his greatest triumph she remains silent. The violinist falls into despair. To himself he says—"I am but a man; her consort should be a god. Her soul, untouched by human passion or human skill, demands the power of godlike genius to arouse it." In his misery he dashes his violin to pieces, exclaiming—"It is of no use! If the God of Heaven will not aid me, I ask the Prince of Hell to come!"

Satan appears, and as a result Diotti is furnished with a new medium, a peculiarity of which is a fifth string. His Satanic Majesty explains that the G string is expressive of pity, the third string is indicative of hope, A string of love, and E of joy, and that the fifth is the string of death. He who plays upon it dies at once. The violinist marvels, but Satan shows him that the fifth string is made from the extra lengths of the other four strings, and that by cutting it pity, hope, love, and joy would cease. The peculiarity attaching to Diotti's new violin is noted by the lady of his passion, who conceives the jealous idea that the extra string is composed of the glossy hair of some rival in Tuscany. She asks, commands that he cut it from the violin. He confesses his love for her, but urges his inability to do as she wishes. "I will watch to-night when you play," she tells him. "If you do not use that string we part for ever."

At night, before a crowded and expectant audience, Diotti plays, divinely; but he leaves the fifth string untouched. Mildred sees him in an interval, and reminds him of her vow. He returns to the platform. His fingers sought

DAILY MAIL,  
Carmelite Street, E

Dated Jan 20 1903

### NEW NOVEL BY MR. SOUSA.

"The Fifth String" (Ward, Lock) is remarkable more for the versatility it displays on the part of its author than for any inherent merit.

Mr. John Philip Sousa, besides being the composer of some of the most captivating marches and the leader of quite the most stirring orchestra, finds time to write novels. The present one deals with the love and death of Angelo Diotti, a famous Italian violinist, who goes to New York, falls in love with a rich and beautiful American, and fails to touch her by his art until he plays on a five-stringed instrument sent him by the evil one.

The fifth string is the string of death. She notices that in his greatest triumphs he never plays upon it. The curiosity of Eve is awakened—she drives him to play upon it and he dies.

"STAR,"

Stonecutter Street, E.C.

Feb 2 1903

### SOUSA AND SATAN.

The February number of the "Windsor" contains a long story entitled "The Fifth String," by Sousa, who has clearly more than one string to his bow. Satan is one of the characters. He is "a tall, rather spare, but well-made and handsome man." Diotti, a violinist, is in love, but seeks in vain a melody that will melt his lady-love. He smashes his violin, and calls for the devil. Satan gives him a violin with five strings.

"Allow me to explain the peculiar characteristics of this magnificent instrument," said his Satanic Majesty. "This string," pointing to the G, "is the string of pity; this one," referring to the third, "is the string of hope; this," plunking the A, "is attuned to love, while this one, the E string, gives forth sounds of joy."

"You will observe," went on the visitor, noting the intense interest displayed by the violinist, "that the position of the strings is the same as on any other violin, and therefore will require no additional study on your part."

"But that extra string?" interrupted Diotti, designating the middle one on the violin, a vague foreboding rising within him.

"That," said Mephistopheles solemnly, and with no pretence of sophistry, "is the string of death, and he who plays upon it dies at once."

For the conclusion of the story see the "Windsor," which contains many other good stories and articles.

The Fifth String, by John Philip Sousa. Love, music, and bathos. The violin bestowed by the Prince of Darkness on Angelo Diotti was a dangerous instrument, for the fifth string was the string of death. Quite American, even to the spelling. Illustrated. (Ward, Lock. 7 1/2 x 5 1/2. Pp. 125. 5s.)

Best of Publication  
is dated

Jan 31-03

ing from W. A. L. & P. Pres

Dated Jan 20 1903

Press

### IS SOUSA AMONG THE NOVELISTS?

It would seem so, for the February "Windsor Magazine" contains a complete long story of musical life from his pen, finely illustrated by Howell Chandler Christy. It is an exciting yarn that the famous "Band King" has to tell, and it is told with much picturesqueness and force. The February "Windsor" also includes striking developments in S. R. Crockett's powerful new serial, "Strong Mac," and complete stories and articles by Ian Maclaren, B. Fletcher Robinson (a new adventure in the breathless "Trail of the Dead" series), Ernest E. Williams (trenchant as ever), Gambier Bolton, F.Z.S. (with some of his inimitable studies of animal life), and other notable specialists. The man or woman who cannot laugh over a fantasy, entitled "The Discovery of London," is indeed to be pitied. Altogether the February "Windsor" is a fine number, finely illustrated.



TON, O. NEWS  
10 MAY 20 1907  
The book is well printed, and bound in gray cloth, with a handsome design of Cavalry in colors. Published by Frederick Stokes company, New York.

"The Fifth String" by John Phillip Sousa.

To those who heard the concert given by Sousa's band last week, a few words about his novel may be of interest. The scene of the story is New York, and opens with the debut of a great violinist, who wins the instant sympathy and support of his public. In the course of the story the great virtuoso falls deeply in love with a charming girl, who, however, is the only one of all his auditors who remains totally unmoved by his wonderful power.

In his despair and in response to his call for help from whatever source, Satan appears before his astonished eyes, and a curious compact is agreed upon, whereby the musician becomes the possessor of a wonderful violin, by which he is promised that he shall attain the desire of his heart. This instrument is remarkable in that it has five strings, one of which is the string of death, to touch which but once with his bow, means instant death to the player. Armed with this wonderful instrument the violinist returns to New York, and the interest in the story under such conditions may be surmised.

Handsomely bound, with illustrations by Howard Chandler Christy, this work

is published by the Bowen-Merrill Co., Indianapolis.

A book which will especially interest women has lately been issued by the H. B. Claflin company of New York. It is entitled "A Key to Wash Fabrics." It not only illustrates and describes the popular and exclusive fabrics to be used for the coming spring and summer, but also gives correct colored representations of the latest creations of the most famous European modistes imported for

DUNDEE ADVERTISER (Daily),

Dundee.

Wed Jan 2 1907

## SOUSA AS A NOVELIST,

### THE BAND KING WRITES A TRAGIC TALE.

The presence in this country of the famous leader and composer lends additional interest to the publication in the February "Windsor Magazine" of a story from his pen. It is entitled "The Fifth String," and is provided with numerous artistic drawings by Howard Chandler Christy. The principal character is a young and marvellous violinist, who becomes the rage of the American musical public. At a reception given in his honour Angelo Diotti meets the lovely daughter of a wealthy banker. With her he falls in love. She is interested in the genius, but unresponsive to the supreme charm of his playing. She says—"I marvel at the invention of the composer and the skill of the player, but there I cease." When Diotti achieves his greatest triumph she remains silent. The violinist falls into despair. To himself he says—"I am but a man; her consort should be a god. Her soul, untouched by human passion or human skill, demands the power of godlike genius to arouse it." In his misery he dashes his violin to pieces, exclaiming—"It is of no use! If the God of Heaven will not aid me, I ask the Prince of Hell to come!"

Satan appears, and as a result Diotti is furnished with a new medium, a peculiarity of which is a fifth string. His Satanic Majesty explains that the G string is expressive of pity, the third string is indicative of hope, A sings of love, and E of joy, and that the fifth is the string of death. He who plays upon it dies at once. The violinist marvels, but Satan shows him that the fifth string is made from the extra lengths of the other four strings, and that by cutting it pity, hope, love, and joy would cease. The peculiarity attaching to Diotti's new violin is noted by the lady of his passion, who conceives the jealous idea that the extra string is composed of the glossy hair of some rival in Tuscany. She asks, commands that he cut it from the violin. He confesses his love for her, but urges his inability to do as she wishes. "I will watch to-night when you play," she tells him. "If you do not use that string we part for ever."

At night, before a crowded and expectant audience, Diotti plays, divinely; but he leaves the fifth string untouched. Mildred sees him in an interval, and reminds him of her vow. He returns to the platform. His fingers sought the string of death. The audience listened with breathless interest. The composition was weirdly and strangely fascinating. The player told with wondrous power of despair—of hope, of faith; sunshine crept into the hearts of all as he pictured the promise of an eternal day; higher and higher, softer and softer grew the theme until it echoed as if it were afar in the realms of light and floating o'er the waves of a golden sea. Suddenly the audience was startled by the snapping of a string; the violin and bow dropped from the nerveless hands of the player. He fell helpless to the stage. Mildred rushed to him, crying—Angelo, Angelo, what is it? What has happened? Bending over him, she gently raised his head and showered unrestrained kisses upon his lips, oblivious of all save her lover. Speak! Speak! she implored. A faint smile illumined his face; he gazed with ineffable tenderness into her weeping eyes, then slowly closed his own as if in slumber.

"STAR,"

Stonecutter Street, E.C.

Feb 2 1907

### SOUSA AND SATAN.

The February number of the "Windsor" contains a long story entitled "The Fifth String," by Sousa, who has clearly more than one string to his bow. Satan is one of the characters. He is "a tall, rather spare, but well-made and handsome man." Diotti, a violinist, is in love, but seeks in vain a melody that will melt his lady-love. He smashes his violin, and calls for the devil. Satan gives him a violin with five strings.

"Allow me to explain the peculiar characteristics of this magnificent instrument," said his Satanic Majesty. "This string," pointing to the G, "is the string of pity; this one," referring to the third, "is the string of hope; this," plunking the A, "is attuned to love, while this one, the E string, gives forth sounds of joy."

"You will observe," went on the visitor, noting the intense interest displayed by the violinist, "that the position of the strings is the same as on any other violin, and therefore will require no additional study on your part."

"But that extra string?" interrupted Diotti, designating the middle one on the violin, a vague foreboding rising within him.

"That," said Mephistopheles solemnly, and with no pretence of sophistry, "is the string of death, and he who plays upon it dies at once."

For the conclusion of the story see the "Windsor," which contains many other good stories and articles.

ling from Wallace & Press

Dated Jan 3 1907

Press

### IS SOUSA AMONG THE NOVELISTS?

It would seem so, for the February 'Windsor Magazine' contains a complete long story of musical life from his pen, finely illustrated by Howard Chandler Christy. It is an exciting yarn that the famous 'Band King' has to tell, and it is told with much picturesqueness and force. The February 'Windsor' also includes striking developments in S. R. Crockett's powerful new serial, 'Strong Mac,' and complete stories and articles by Ian Maclaren, B. Fletcher Robinson (a new adventure in the breathless 'Trail of the Dead' series), Ernest E. Williams (trenchant as ever), Gambier Bolton, F.Z.S. (with some of his inimitable studies of animal life), and other notable specialists. The man or woman who cannot laugh over a fantasy, entitled 'The Discovery of London,' is indeed to be pried. Altogether the February 'Windsor' is a fine number, finely illustrated.



Coming from the Association of Northern Whigs  
 Address of Publication Belfast  
 Issue Dated 31-1-03

## THE "MARCH KING" AS AN AUTHOR.

THE FIFTH STRING. By John Philip Sousa, "The March King." London: Ward, Lock, & Co., Ltd.

It falls to the lot of but few men in a generation to create for themselves renown in more than one direction. Sir Walter Scott did attain to high eminence first as a poet, then as a master of historic fiction; but somehow the poet has become merged in the pros- writer, and it is simply as a man of letters he is spoken of. John Philip Sousa has attained to an enviable position in the musical world, and is everywhere known as the "March King," and now he bids fair to create for himself a name in literature if we are to judge by the talent displayed in this, which we take to be his first work of fiction. The plot and materials for his story are drawn from the world of music—a world with which he is familiar, and consequently he is at home in the theme he has chosen. Angelo Diotti, a celebrated Tuscan violinist, on his first visit to America, falls deeply in love with a young American lady, Miss Mildred Wallace, but she does not respond to his passion. She confesses, that so far, in her life nothing in art, literature, or music has had the power to awaken her emotions, and hints that when her emotions have been stirred her heart may be reached. Diotti hopes his playing may accomplish this, but, though at his first concert he scored the greatest triumph of his career, "The lady in the box remained silent and unaffected throughout." The lover in his disappointment, as in his love, displays all the warmth and passion of his Italian nature. "I am not great enough for her," he cries; "I am but a man. I am but a man." He disappoints the audience gathered for his second concert, and betakes himself to a lonely island of the Bahamas, there to study, and if possible attain greater perfection. Here despair seizes him again; he dashes his violin to the floor, and in his agony cries out "It is of no use; if the God of heaven will not aid me, I ask the Power of Darkness to come." Here we find ourselves in an atmosphere of Goethe, a tall, handsome stranger appears at the door of the hut and presents his card—"Satan, Prince of Darkness." Though he has invoked his aid, Diotti declines his services, but the tempter is wileful, and, like the serpent in the Garden, is successful in beguiling. He presents Diotti with a new violin which has a fifth string. "Allow me to explain the peculiar characteristics of this magnificent instrument," said his Satanic majesty. "This," pointing to the "G," "is the string of pity, the third is the string of hope, 'A' is attuned to love, and 'E' gives forth sounds of joy, the fifth is described as the string of death, and he who plays on it dies at once. But," added Satan, cheerfully, "that need not worry you. I noticed a marvellous facility in your arm work. Your staccato and spiccato are wonderful. Every form of bowing appears child's play to you. It will be easy for you to avoid touching the string." The violinist suggests,

"Can it not be cut off?" and is told that is impossible, as the string of death is made up of extra lengths of the other four strings. "To cut it off would destroy the others, and then pity, hope, love, and joy would cease to exist in the soul of the violin." The tempter conquers, and with the strains of this wonderful violin Diotti touches the heart and wins the love of Mildred. All does not end here, however. There comes into the story an "Iago" quite as insinuating as "Othello's Ancient." Jealousy is created and fostered through the mystery of the fifth string, but the clever working out of the ingeniously constructed plot and its ending we must leave to the reader. The story is well and directly told, and the fine balance of contrast in characterisation is nicely maintained. The cleverly-drawn illustrations are by Howard Chandler Christy.

## "YORKSHIRE POST," Leeds.

Dated Feb 4 1903

Mr. John Phillip Sousa, the conductor of the famous American band, has taken to authorship, and Messrs. Ward, Lock, and Co. publish a weird and fantastical story from his pen entitled "The Fifth String." "The Fifth String" is, we suppose, to be accounted a parable. Diotti, the great violinist, arrives in New York from Tuscany to give a series of concerts, and on the eve of his debut falls hopelessly in love with the daughter of a millionaire banker. He relies upon his genius to effect a conquest. The lady, however, is unmoved by playing that sends artistic New York into ecstasies, and so the young violinist retires to the desert to perfect himself in his art. Then we have a modern version of "Faust." Mephistopheles appears and offers Diotto a violin with five strings and the assurance that if he uses this instrument he can subdue the most indifferent beast. The fifth string is Death, and those who touch it pay the penalty of death. Diotti conquers; the lady offers herself to him, but as we expect, feminine curiosity leads her to question him about the superfluous string. His reticence creates jealousy, and in the end at her command he plays on that string and dies in sight of his audience. There are possibilities of poetry in the idea; treated in Mr. Sousa's prose the effect is rather grotesque than otherwise. Mr. Sousa's music is the despair of musicians; it is, however, preferable to his excursus into the art of fiction.

## "PALL MALL GAZETTE," Charing Cross Road.

Dated Feb 5 1903

We are afraid that Mr. Sousa can hardly be congratulated on his adventure into the realms of fiction. "The Fifth String" (Ward, Lock) is distinctly a pretty, pleasant story, but there is little originality in the tale, which is the centre of the tale; and the story is rather in texture to bear the tragic end.



"FREE PRESS" (Daily),  
North Lindsay Street, Dundee.

Feb 4

1903

## "THE FIFTH STRING."

By JOHN PHILIP SOUSA.



IF YOU DO NOT PLAY UPON IT WE SEPARATE  
FOR EVER."

"This," said his Satanic Majesty, pointing to the G, "is the string of pity; this one," referring to the third, "is the string of hope; this," plunking the A, "is attuned to love; while this one, the E string, gives forth sounds of joy." "But the extra string?" queries Diotti, with the same curiosity that the reader feels. "That," said Mephistopheles, "is the string of death! He who plays upon it dies at once!" Such is the pretty poetic fancy round which Mr Sousa has woven a tale which materialists well certainly brand as "absurd." The scheme of the story is conventional enough. An Italian musician, greatest violinist of the age, falls in love with Mildred Wallace, a marvellously beautiful New York heiress. Nothing he can say, or even play, stirs her cold heart in the slightest. During a brief sojourn on the Island of Bahama he meets the Prince of the Lower Regions, who tempts him with the wonderful violin; then when he returns to New York Mildred immediately falls captive to the divine music from the mysterious instrument. Naturally enough the fifth string, which is never touched, becomes the source of much comment, and when Mildred finds out that it is woven of the strands of a woman's hair jealousy fires her proud nature. She dares Diotti to play upon it. The sequel is tragic, and in justice we must admit Mr Sousa works up to it in very fine style. The story is brief but bright, and its cover is quite a gem of artistic colouring and design.—London: Ward, Lock, Limited.

Mr. John Phillip Sousa, the conductor of the famous American band, has taken to authorship, and Messrs. Ward, Lock, and Co. publish a weird and fantastical story from his pen entitled "The Fifth String." "The Fifth String" is, we suppose, to be accounted a parable. Diotti, the great violinist, arrives in New York from Tuscany, to give a series of concerts, and on the eve of his debut falls hopelessly in love with the daughter of a millionaire banker. He relies upon his genius to effect a conquest. The lady, however, is unmoved by playing that sends artistic New York into ecstasies, and so the young violinist retires to the desert to perfect himself in his art. Then we have a modern version of "Faust." Mephistopheles appears and offers Diotti a violin with five strings and the assurance that if he uses this instrument he can subdue the most indifferent beast. The fifth string is Death, and those who touch it pay the penalty of death. Diotti conquers; the lady offers herself to him, but as we expect, feminine curiosity leads her to question him about the superfluous string. His reticence creates jealousy, and in the end at her command he plays on that string and dies in sight of his audience. There are possibilities of poetry in the idea; treated in Mr. Sousa's prose the effect is rather grotesque than otherwise. Mr. Sousa's music is the despair of musicians; it is, however, preferable to his excursus into the art of fiction.

the Groschman

blication

5-2-03

THE FIFTH STRING. By John Philip Sousa.  
London: Ward, Lock, & Co.

An unimpassioned American girl meets a famous Italian violinist at a New York crush. Angelo Diotti—for that is the gentleman's name—is smitten at first sight, and having obtained an introduction to Miss Wallace leads her to the conservatory and rushes the girl thus:—

"A desire for happiness is our common heritage," he was saying in his richly melodious voice.

"But to define what constitutes happiness is very difficult," she replied.

When all New York goes dotty over Diotti Miss Wallace remains as marble. So Diotti goes and buys a new instrument from the Prince of Darkness, who chances to be on holiday in the Bahamas. Now this violin has a fifth string, a middle one: and while the other four denote pity, hope, love, and joy, the fifth string means sudden Death to the man who plays on it. What follows is simple. Diotti wins his adored one's heart by means of the love string. Then she grows jealous, and following the evil example of Elsa in "Lohengrin," demands the secret of the mysterious fifth string, and insists upon her lover's playing upon it as a proof of his love. Diotti ascends the platform, he plays a despairing swan song, the string snaps, he falls dead, and Mildred is left lamenting. In this dramatic story the Devil and the Woman both get their due. With absolutely unreal people, and absolutely impossible situations, this story has the advantage of novelty; but it is the novelty of sheer absurdity.



Cutting from the *Family*  
Address of Publication *Feb 6 1903*  
Issue Dated

### The Windsor Magazine

contains a very interesting but somewhat sad story by Phillip Sousa. The general matter of the story has to do with the love affair of a great violinist. A great musician, whose technique is perfect and whose rendering of great masters is beyond praise, impresses all who hear him, save the bewitching lady who has won his heart. He retires disappointed to the Bahama Islands and there incidentally receives a visit from Satan and makes a secret contract with him. The devil hands him a violin which had been played in Paradise before the fall. There is one string, however, which is called the string of death. In New York he again meets the fair one. She requests that he plays on the fatal string if he would win her. He does so and dies. The moral, obvious, don't contract with evil, but why we should so constantly be treated to these sad episodes and evil designs is not quite so obvious. The whole plot suggests "Faust" in another dress though the story itself is well written and will have peculiar interest because of its author.

"BIRMINGHAM DAILY POST,"  
Birmingham.

Dated *Feb 6* 1903

### RECENT FICTION.

THE FIFTH STRING. By JOHN PHILIP SOUSA. (Ward, Lock.)

The so-called "Band King," Mr. John Philip Sousa has come forward in the character of author. His story has already appeared in the pages of a magazine. Naturally based on the theme of music, the action of the tale is laid in New York, where Diotti, a famous Tuscan violinist, creates a sensation by his marvellous manipulation of his instrument. At a reception prior to Diotti's first concert he meets Mildred Wallace, and falls in love with her. But Miss Wallace has never been stirred by the wonders man has accomplished in music's realm. Mildred attends Diotti's first concert, but, although he scores the greatest triumph of his career, she remains silent and unaffected. Diotti suddenly disappears, and attempts but cannot achieve, the success which he thinks will win Mildred's love. "It is of no use," he says, in despair. "If the God of Heaven will not aid me, ask the prince of darkness to come." Satan does come and persuades Diotti to accept a violin which has five strings. The first is the string of pity, another string of hope, another is attuned to love, and the fourth gives out sounds of joy, but the fifth is the string of death, and he who plays upon it dies once. Diotti plays again in New York, and strikes the chord responsive in Mildred's soul. She tells him she loves him, but her father objects to her marrying a fiddler, and a friend arouses her jealousy by suggestions about the fifth string. Mildred asks Diotti to play upon that string, and when he refuses she tells him, "I will watch to-night when you play. If you do not use that string we part for ever." At the concert he enhances his reputation, and then his finger seeks the string of death. He plays upon it, the string snaps suddenly, and Diotti falls dead. The story reminds one very much of Mephistopheles and Faust, but it is ingeniously constructed and admirably written. Melodramatic it may be, but it is marked by intensity of feeling and dramatic power, and the interest is so fascinating that it easily enchains attention to the end.

SCOTSMAN (Daily)

Edinburgh.

*Feb 6*

THE FIFTH STRING. By John Philip Sousa.  
London: Ward, Lock, & Co.

An unimpassioned American girl meets a famous Italian violinist at a New York crush. Angelo Diotti—for that is the gentleman's name—is smitten at first sight, and having obtained an introduction to Miss Wallace leads her to the conservatory where the girl thus:—

"A desire for happiness is our common heritage," he was saying in his richly melodious voice.

"But to define what constitutes happiness is very difficult," she replied.

When all New York was over Diotti Miss Wallace remains as before. So Diotti goes and buys a new instrument from the Prince of

Darkness, who chances to be on holiday in the Bahamas. Now this violin has a fifth string, a

middle one: and while the other four denote pity, hope, love, and joy, the fifth string means

sudden Death to the man who plays on it. What follows is simple. Diotti wins his adored

one's heart by means of the love string. Then she grows jealous, and following the evil

example of Elsa in "Lohengrin," demands the secret of the mysterious fifth string,

and insists upon her lover's playing upon it as a proof of his love. Diotti

ascends the platform, he plays a despairing

melody, and he falls dead, and

Telephone:

Cutting from

Dated

Address

### Sousa and His Band.

They gave an afternoon and evening concert in the Cambridge Hall on Tuesday last, no fewer than fourteen encore numbers being added to the programme. Miss Maud Powell's violin playing, always delightful, was a very pleasant relief.

### Sousa and Satan.

In the February number of the "Windsor" there is a story entitled "The Fifth String," by Sousa. We have also received the story in book form. Later on we will give it more detailed attention. Meanwhile, it may be mentioned that Satan is one of the characters. He is "a tall, rather spare, but well-made and handsome man." Diotti, a violinist is in love, but seeks in vain a melody that will melt his icy lady-love. He smashes his violin, and calls for the devil. Satan gives him a violin with five strings.

"Allow me to explain the peculiar characteristics of this magnificent instrument," said his Satanic Majesty. "This string," pointing to the G, "is the string of pity; this one," referring to the third, "is the string of hope; this," plucking the A, "is attuned to love, while this one, the E string, gives forth sounds of joy.

"You will observe," went on the visitor, noting the intense interest displayed by the violinist, "that the position of the strings is the same as on any other violin, and therefore will require no additional study on your part."

"But that extra string?" interrupted Diotti, designating the middle one on the violin, a vague forboding rising within him.

"That," said Mephistopheles solemnly, and with no pretence of sophistry, "is the string of death, and he who plays upon it dies at once."



Telephone:

## MR. SOUSA'S NEW BOOK.

The great bandmaster appears in an unaccustomed rôle. We do not know whether *The Fifth String*, by John Philip Sousa (Ward, Lock), is a first book, but if it is we can cordially express the hope that it will not be his last. Faults the book has in abundance, and yet the vivid power of narrative, the firm characterisation, and the humour which irradiates the whole, are sufficient to give distinction to what is, after all, a comparatively slight foundation of plot. Mr. Sousa introduces us to a young Tuscan violinist, named Angelo Diotti, who, in spite of his world-wide fame, fails to move by his playing the young American girl whom he loves. How he succeeds ultimately in moving her, indeed in making her respond to his adoring affection, it would not be fair to reveal; enough to say that he obtains, from a source for which Miss Corelli might claim patent rights, another violin possessing the fatal fifth string which gives the title to the story. Incidentally Mr. Sousa sketches a wonderful little picture of an impresario whom he calls Mr. Henry Perkins:—

Perkins called in the morning, Perkins was happy—Perkins was positively joyous, and Perkins was self-satisfied. The violinist had made a great hit. But Perkins, confiding in the white-coated dispenser who concocted his *matin Martini*, very dry, an hour before, said he regarded the success due as much to the management as to the artist. And Perkins believed it. Perkins usually took all the credit for a success, and with charming consistency placed all responsibility for failure on the shoulders of the hapless artist.

When Perkins entered Diotti's room he found the violinist heavy-eyed and dejected. "My dear Signor," he began, showing a large envelope bulging with newspaper clippings, "I have brought the notices. They are quite the limit, I assure you. Nothing like them ever heard before—all tuned in the same key, as you musical fellows would say," and Perkins cocked his eye.

Perkins enjoyed a glorious reputation with himself for bright sayings, which he always accompanied with a cock of the eye. The musician not showing any visible appreciation of the manager's metaphor, Perkins immediately proceeded to uncock his eye.

"Passed the box-office coming up," continued this voluble enlightener; "nothing left but a few seats in the top gallery. We'll stand them on their heads to-morrow night—see if we don't." Then he handed the bursting envelope of notices to Diotti, who listlessly put them on the table at his side.

The illustrations, which are by Mr. Howard Chandler Christy, appear to us to be of great merit. The heroine reminds us a little of the Gibson Girl with whom the United States is supposed to be populated, yet with a difference, for it

ASSOCIATION  
Church Bells

thing from the

Address of Publication

is dated

6-2-03

THE WINDSOR MAGAZINE.—John Philip Sousa, the famous band-king, contributes a complete long story of musical life, finely illustrated by Howard Chandler Christy. It is an exciting yarn and is told with much picturesqueness and force. The 'Windsor' also includes striking developments in S. R. Cockett's powerful new serial, 'Strong Mac,' and complete stories and articles by Ian MacLaren, B. Fletcher Robinson (a new adventure in the exciting 'Trail of the Dead' series), Ernest E. Williams (trenchant as ever), Gambier Bolton, F.Z.S. (with some of his inimitable studies of animal life), and other notable specialists. The man or woman who cannot laugh over a fantasy, entitled, 'The Discovery of London,' is indeed to be pitied.

GLASGOW (Daily),  
Buchanan Street, Glasgow.

1903

"The Fifth String." By John Philip Sousa.  
5s. (London: Ward, Lock & Co.)

The name of the "American Band King" on the title-page of a novel should, in itself, be enough to attract the reader, if only out of curiosity to see how the musical chef succeeds in what is to him the less familiar field of literature. But, apart from the personality of the author, "The Fifth String" has merit enough of its own to deserve success. As might be expected, it deals with the musician and his art. The general theme is the power of music over human emotion, and this theme the writer has embroidered with touches of imagination and mystery, working it out as a literary fantasia somewhat high-strung both in sentiment and expression, but distinctly attractive. It is short and compact enough, nevertheless, to get into side issues—need not be given enough of it to say that Diotti, the renowned Tuscan violinist, whose music, wonderful as it is, has failed to move the soul of the beautiful woman whom he loves, succeeds at last in winning her by the heart-touching strains he produces from an instrument with a very curious history. The "personage" who presented it to him had himself been wont to play it, in the abode of happiness, before he was sent "to another place." The violin, however, has a fifth string, which the artist is warned against touching, as it is the "string of death." His remarkable skill enables him, even in the most intricate music, to avoid this dread string, till Mildred

to the Birmingham Post

Publication

6-2-03

## RECENT FICTION.

THE FIFTH STRING. By JOHN PHILIP SOUSA. (Ward, Lock.)

The so-called "Band King," Mr. John Philip Sousa, has come forward in the character of author. The story has already appeared in the pages of a magazine. Naturally based on the theme of music, the action of the tale is laid in New York, where Diotti, a famous Tuscan violinist, creates a sensation by his marvellous manipulation of his instrument. At a reception prior to Diotti's first concert he meets Mildred Wallace, and falls in love with her. But Miss Wallace has never been stirred by the wonders man has accomplished in music's realm. Mildred attends Diotti's first concert, but, although he scores the greatest triumph of his career, she remains silent and unaffected. Diotti suddenly disappears, and attempts, but cannot achieve, the success which he thinks will win Mildred's love. "It is of no use," he says, in despair. "If the God of Heaven will not aid me, I ask the prince of darkness to come." Satan does come, and persuades Diotti to accept a violin which has a fifth string. The first is the string of pity, another the string of hope, another is attuned to love, and the fourth gives out sounds of joy, but the fifth is the string of death, and he who plays upon it dies at once. Diotti plays again in New York, and strikes the chord responsive in Mildred's soul. She tells him she loves him, but her father objects to her marrying a fiddler, and a friend arouses her jealousy by suggestions about the fifth string. Mildred asks Diotti to play upon that string, and when he refuses she tells him, "I will watch to-night when you play. If you do not use that string we part for ever." At the concert he enhances his reputation, and then his fingers seek the string of death. He plays upon it, the string snaps suddenly, and Diotti falls dead. The story reminds one very much of Mephistopheles and Faust, but it is ingeniously constructed and admirably written. Melodramatic it may be, but it is marked by intensity of feeling and dramatic power, and the interest is so fascinating that it easily enchains attention to the end.



Date: Feb 19 1903

Address:

## MR. SOUSA'S NEW BOOK.

The great bandmaster appears in an unaccustomed rôle. We do not know whether *The Fifth String*, by John Philip Sousa (Ward, Lock), is a first book, but if it is we can cordially express the hope that it will not be his last. Faults the book has in abundance, and yet the vivid power of narrative, the firm characterisation, and the humour which irradiates the whole, are sufficient to give distinction to what is, after all, a comparatively slight foundation of plot. Mr. Sousa introduces us to a young Tuscan violinist, named Angelo Diotti, who, in spite of his world-wide fame, fails to move by his playing the young American girl whom he loves. How he succeeds ultimately in moving her, indeed in making her respond to his adoring affection, it would not be fair to reveal; enough to say that he obtains, from a source for which Miss Corelli might claim patent rights, another violin possessing the fatal fifth string which gives the title to the story. Incidentally Mr. Sousa sketches a wonderful little picture of an impresario whom he calls Mr. Henry Perkins:—

Perkins called in the morning, Perkins was happy—Perkins was positively joyous, and Perkins was self-satisfied. The violinist had made a great hit. But Perkins, confiding in the white-coated dispenser who concocted his *matin Martini*, very dry, an hour before, said he regarded the success due as much to the management as to the artist. And Perkins believed it. Perkins usually took all the credit for a success, and with charming consistency placed all responsibility for failure on the shoulders of the hapless artist.

When Perkins entered Diotti's room he found the violinist heavy-eyed and dejected. "My dear Signor," he began, showing a large envelope bulging with newspaper clippings, "I have brought the notices. They are quite the limit, I assure you. Nothing like them ever heard before—all tuned in the same key, as you musical fellows would say," and Perkins cocked his eye.

Perkins enjoyed a glorious reputation with himself for bright sayings, which he always accompanied with a cock of the eye. The musician not showing any visible appreciation of the manager's metaphor, Perkins immediately proceeded to uncock his eye.

"Passed the box-office coming up," continued this voluble enlightener; "nothing left but a few seats in the top gallery. We'll stand them on their heads to-morrow night—see if we don't." Then he handed the bursting envelope of notices to Diotti, who listlessly put them on the table at his side.

The illustrations, which are by Mr. Howard Chandler Christy, appear to us to be of great merit. The heroine reminds us a little of the Gibson Girl with whom the United States is supposed to be populated, yet with a difference, for it would not be just to imply that Mr. Christy has slavishly imitated Gibson's work.

GLASGOW HERALD (Daily),  
Buchanan Street, Glasgow.

1903

"The Fifth String." By John Philip Sousa.  
5s. (London: Ward, Lock & Co.)

The name of the "American Band King" on the title-page of a novel should, in itself, be enough to attract the reader, if only out of curiosity to see how the musical chef succeeds in what is to him the less familiar field of literature. But, apart from the personality of the author, "The Fifth String" has merit enough of its own to deserve success. As might be expected, it deals with the musician and his art. The general theme is the power of music over human emotion, and this theme the writer has embroidered with touches of imagination and mystery, working it out as a literary fantasia somewhat high-strung both in sentiment and expression, but distinctly attractive. The story—it is short and compact enough, never getting into side issues—need not be given here. Enough of it to say that Diotti, the renowned Tuscan violinist, whose music, wonderful as it is, has failed to move the soul of the beautiful woman whom he loves, succeeds at last in winning her by the heart-touching strains he produces from an instrument with a very curious history. The "personage" who presented it to him had himself been wont to play it, in the abode of happiness, before he was sent "to another place." The violin, however, has a fifth string, which the artist is warned against touching, as it is the "string of death." His remarkable skill enables him, even in the most intricate music, to avoid this dread string, till Mildred, in her womanly curiosity and jealousy, insists that he should play on it. He does so, and in the midst of a weird and fascinating melody drops dead on the stage. The mere matter-of-fact story-reader may object to the elements of mystery and diablerie, but they are quite in keeping with the tone and spirit of the composition. To the admirers of Sousa the book will be a delightful memento of the musician, and even those who are not pronounced votaries of music will read it with appreciation and pleasure. It is charmingly produced by the publishers, and is illustrated by some clever drawings by Howard Chandler Christy.

and fifth string, which is the string of pity, another the string of hope, another is attuned to love, and the fourth gives out sounds of joy, but the fifth is the string of death, and he who plays upon it dies at once. Diotti plays again in New York, and strikes the chord responsive in Mildred's soul. She tells him she loves him, but her father objects to her marrying a fiddler, and a friend arouses her jealousy by suggestions about the fifth string. Mildred asks Diotti to play upon that string, and when he refuses she tells him, "I will watch to-night when you play. If you do not use that string we part for ever." At the concert he enhances his reputation, and then his fingers seek the string of death. He plays upon it, the string snaps suddenly, and Diotti falls dead. The story reminds one very much of Mephistopheles and Faust, but it is ingeniously constructed and admirably written. Melodramatic it may be, but it is marked by intensity of feeling and dramatic power, and the interest is so fascinating that it easily enchains attention to the end.

(as ever),  
Gordon, F.Z.S. (with some of his inimitable studies of animal life), and other notable specialists. The man or woman who cannot laugh over a fantasy, entitled, 'The Discovery of London,' is indeed to be pitied.



the *Glasgow Herald*  
publication  
L. 2. 1903

"The Fifth String." By John Philip Sousa.  
5s. (London: Ward, Lock & Co.)  
The name of the "American Band King" on the title-page of a novel should, in itself, be enough to attract the reader, if only out of curiosity to see how the musical chef succeeds in what is to him the less familiar field of literature. But, apart from the personality of the author, "The Fifth String" has merit enough of its own to deserve success. As might be expected, it deals with the musician and his art. The general theme is the power of music over human emotion, and this theme the writer has embroidered with touches of imagination and mystery, working it out as a literary fantasia somewhat high-strung both in sentiment and expression, but distinctly attractive. The story—it is short and compact enough, never running into side issues—need not be given here. It is enough of it to say that Diotti, "the renowned Tuscan violinist," whose music, wonderful as it is, has failed to move the soul of the beautiful woman whom he loves, succeeds at last in winning her by the heart-touching strains he produces from an instrument with a very curious history. The "personage" who presented it to him had himself been wont to play it, in the abode of happiness, before he was sent "to another place." The violin, however, has a fifth string, which the artist is warned against touching, as it is the "string of death." His remarkable skill enables him, even in the most intricate music, to avoid this dread string, till Mildred, in her womanly curiosity and jealousy, insists that he should play on it. He does so, and in the midst of a weird and fascinating melody drops dead on the stage. The mere matter-of-fact story-reader may object to the elements of mystery and diablerie, but they are quite in keeping with the tone and spirit of the composition. To the admirers of Sousa the book will be a delightful memento of the musician, and even those who are not pronounced votaries of music will read it with appreciation and pleasure. It is charmingly produced by the publishers, and is illustrated by some clever drawings by Howard Chandler Christy.

from *B. B. Seller*  
Dated *Feb 10* 1903  
*Warwick Lane*  
D. LONDON."

From Messrs. Ward, Lock and Co. —

*The Fifth String.* By John Philip Sousa. Illustrated by Howard Chandler Christy.—The plot of

*Western Mercury*  
Plymouth  
12-2-03

### IS SOUSA AMONG THE NOVELISTS?

It would seem so, for the February "Windsor Magazine" contains a complete long story of musical life from his pen, finely illustrated by Howard Chandler Christy. It is an exciting yarn that the famous "Band-King" has to tell, and it is told with much picturesqueness and force. The February "Windsor" also includes striking developments in S. R. Crockett's powerful new serial, "Strong Mac," and complete stories and articles by Ian Maclaren, B. Fletcher Robinson (a new adventure in the breathless "Trail of the Dead" series), Ernest E. Williams (trenchant as ever), Gambier Bolton, F.Z.S. (with some of his inimitable studies of animal life), and other notable specialists. The man or woman who cannot laugh over a fantasy, entitled, "The Discovery of London," is indeed to be pitied. Altogether the February "Windsor" is a fine number, finely illustrated.

coming from the *Court Circular*  
address of Publication  
Issue Dated *Feb* 1903

### MR. SOUSA'S NEW BOOK.

The great bandmaster appears in an unaccustomed rôle. We do not know whether *The Fifth String*, by John Philip Sousa (Ward, Lock), is a first book, but if it is we can cordially express the hope that it will not be his last. Faults the book has in abundance, and yet the vivid power of narrative, the firm characterisation, and the humour which irradiates the whole, are sufficient to give distinction to what is, after all, a comparatively slight foundation of plot. Mr. Sousa introduces us to a young Tuscan violinist, named Angelo Diotti, who, in spite of his world-wide fame, fails to move by his playing the young American girl whom he loves. How he succeeds ultimately in moving her, indeed in making her respond to his adoring affection, it would not be fair to reveal; enough to say that he obtains, from a source for which Miss Corelli might claim patent rights, another violin possessing the fatal fifth string which gives the title to the story. Incidentally Mr. Sousa sketches a wonderful little picture of an impresario whom he calls Mr. Henry Perkins:—

Perkins called in the morning, Perkins was happy-Perkins was positively joyous, and Perkins was self-satisfied. The violinist had made a great hit. But Perkins, confiding in the white-coated dispenser who concocted his *matin Martini*, very dry, an hour before, said he regarded the success due as much to the management as to the artist. And Perkins believed it. Perkins usually took all the credit for a success, and with charming consistency placed all responsibility for failure on the shoulders of the hapless artist.

When Perkins entered Diotti's room he found the violinist heavy-eyed and dejected. "My dear Signor," he began, showing a large envelope bulging with newspaper clippings, "I have brought the notices. They are quite the limit, I assure you. Nothing like them ever heard before—all tuned in the same key, as you musical fellows would say," and Perkins cocked his eye.

Perkins enjoyed a glorious reputation with himself for bright sayings, which he always accompanied with a cock of the eye. The musician not showing any visible appreciation of the manager's metaphor, Perkins immediately proceeded to uncock his eye.

"Passed the box-office coming up," continued this voluble enlightener; "nothing left but a few seats in the top gallery. We'll stand them on their heads to-morrow night—see if we don't." Then he handed the bursting envelope of notices to Diotti, who listlessly put them on the table at his side.

The illustrations, which are by Mr. Howard Chandler Christy, appear to us to be of great merit. The heroine re-

min *B. B. Seller* United  
Stats. for it  
wou  
imi  
lication *Feb* 1903  
ishly

From Messrs. Ward, Lock and Co. —

*The Fifth String.* By John Philip Sousa. Illustrated by Howard Chandler Christy.—The plot of Mr. Sousa's original if somewhat weird and "uncanny" story, turns upon a violin in which Satan presents to the musician Diotti, and of which the fifth string is the "string of death." Diotti is madly in love with Mildred W., and if he plays upon it "I am yours for ever," she says, "Yours through life—through eternity." Diotti, therefore, plays upon the string, and dies according to the conditions laid down by the Evil One. The slight tale shows that Mr. Sousa's violin has a literary as well as musical strings. Mr. Chandler's illustrations are, as always, exceedingly dainty and refined, and the book is beautifully presented.







1902

14. 2. 03

Many of the author's cynical remarks may, of course, be intended to be taken "cum grano," as they are evidently inspired by a desire to appear epigrammatical, or, to speak more correctly, "smart."

list  
Gi  
Published at

Many of the author's cynical remarks may, of course, be intended to be taken "*cum grano*," as they are evidently inspired by a desire to appear epigrammatical, or, to speak more correctly, "*smart*."



"MORNING LEADER,"

St. Bride Street, E.C.

7 2 13

1902

### The March King.

Curiosity at least should make many people open the pages of "The Fifth String" (London: Ward, Lock and Co. Price 5s.), for it is a romance by Sousa—the Sousa, the "March King." It is not often that a musician takes to literature, still less often does one write fiction, and rarest of all is the musician, who achieves himself as a romancer. Well, Sousa is not the exception, though his essay into the field of romance is a very creditable one, and as interesting as the work of such an interesting personality should be. It is like one of Hoffmann's tales in a modern setting; it is bizarre, if poetic in places. Briefly, its idea is that a highly-talented violinist falls deeply in love with a Yankee millionaire's daughter. He sees the imperfection of his art, because, though he charms the whole musical world, he fails to touch the soul of his beloved. To him comes Satan with a present in the shape of a violin with five strings.

"Allow me to explain the peculiar characteristics of this magnificent instrument," said his Satanic Majesty. "This string," pointing to the G, "is the string of pity; this one," referring to the third, "is the string of hope; this," plunking the A, "is attuned to love; while this one, the E string, gives forth sounds of joy."

Pretty is it not (but did you notice that horrid word "plunking")? And the fifth string? "Ah, that is the string of death, and he who plays upon it dies at once." You see the rest at a glance. The musician takes the violin, renews his artistic triumphs, but this time melts the frozen soul of his lady into at will, the emotions of pity, joy, and love. But she will not be satisfied till he plays the fifth string. So he plays it, and—

Association Ltd.  
Musical News

Publication

14 2 03

### Sousa as an Author.

Mr. Sousa, not, satisfied with his achievements in the musical world, longs for other fields of conquest. From Messrs. Ward, Lock, & Co., we have received a novel, "The Fifth String," written by the famous American conductor. This, as one infers from the title, touches on matters musical, and belongs to that immense class of sensational productions which deals with "creepy things." We cannot say that the book rises above the average plane of merit of works of this class, but it is interesting in that the author gives us some views of American impresarios and concert agents. Mr. Sousa should certainly be able to speak about this class of people as one having authority. Whether the pictures we get of them are meant to be exact or otherwise, the author is evidently not impressed by their virtues. One Mr. Perkins, a New York concert agent, is held up to ridicule throughout. The following brief extract will serve to show how this gentleman's attitude to a successful debutant is depicted:—

"Perkins called in the morning. Perkins was happy—Perkins was positively joyous, and Perkins was self-satisfied. The violinist had made a great hit. But Perkins, confiding in the white-coated dispenser who concocted his *martini*, very dry, an hour before, said he regarded the success due as much to the management as to the artist. Perkins believed it. Perkins usually took all the credit for a success, and with charming consistency placed all responsibility for failure on the shoulders of the hapless artist."

Many of the author's cynical remarks may, of course, be intended to be taken "cum grano," as they are evidently inspired by a desire to appear epigrammatical, or, to speak more correctly, "smart."

And truth to tell, Mr. Sousa's first fiction composition is hardly less stirring than his musical, and I doubt not I shall find plenty of customers for his musical love drama, "The Fifth String" (Ward, Lock, 5s.). The plot is exceedingly ingenious, and the writing, if American in style, contains some rare flashes of unexpected dry humour. The story is centred round a young Italian violinist, who is presented by the Prince of Darkness with a strange instrument, whose peculiar characteristics are thus explained by the donor:—

"This string," pointing to the G, "is the string of pity; this one," referring to the third, "is the string of hope; this," plunking the A, "is attuned to love; while this one, the E string, gives forth sounds of joy. . . ."

"But that extra string?" interrupted Diotti, designating the middle one on the violin, a vague foreboding rising within him.

"That," said Mephistopheles, solemnly, and with no pretence of sophistry, "is the string of death, and he who plays upon it dies at once. . . . I brought it from heaven when I—I left," said the fallen angel, with remorse in his voice. "It was my constant companion there. But no one in my domain—not I myself—can play upon it now, for it will respond neither to our longing for pity, hope, love, joy, nor even death."

After reluctantly trying the instrument and its four magical strings, the violinist exclaims: "With this instrument I can conquer the world!"

"Aye, more to you than the world," said the Tempter, "a woman's love."

A woman's love—to the despairing suitor there was one and only one in this wide, wide world, and her words, burning their way into his heart, had made this temptation possible: "No drooping Clytie could be more constant than I to him who strikes the chord that is responsive in my soul."

Holding the violin aloft, he cries, exultingly: "Henceforth thou art mine, though death and oblivion lurk ever near thee!"

How he wins the "one woman's" love therewith, and what comes of it, is a drama of no mean interest. The volume, dainty in appearance, is further embellished with many full-page illustrations, of the Gibson type, by Howard Chandler Christy.

sensational productions which deals with "creepy things." We cannot say that the book rises above the average plane of merit of works of this class, but it is interesting in that the author gives us some views of American impresarios and concert agents. Mr. Sousa should certainly be able to speak about this class of people as one having authority. Whether the pictures we get of them are meant to be exact or otherwise, the author is evidently not impressed by their virtues. One Mr. Perkins, a New York concert agent, is held up to ridicule throughout. The following brief extract will serve to show how this gentleman's attitude to a successful debutant is depicted:—

"Perkins called in the morning. Perkins was happy—Perkins was positively joyous, and Perkins was self-satisfied. The violinist had made a great hit. But Perkins, confiding in the white-coated dispenser who concocted his *martini*, very dry, an hour before, said he regarded the success due as much to the management as to the artist. Perkins believed it. Perkins usually took all the credit for a success, and with charming consistency placed all responsibility for failure on the shoulders of the hapless artist."

Many of the author's cynical remarks may, of course, be intended to be taken "cum grano," as they are evidently inspired by a desire to appear epigrammatical, or, to speak more correctly, "smart."



ting from

The Star  
2.2.03

hed at

### SOUSA AND SATAN.

The February number of the "Windsor" contains a long story entitled "The Fifth String," by Sousa, who has clearly more than one string to his bow. Satan is one of the characters. He is "a tall, rather spare, but well-made and handsome man." Diotti, a violinist, is in love, but seeks in vain a melody that will melt his icy lady-love. He smashes his violin, and calls for the devil. Satan gives him a violin with five strings.

"Allow me to explain the peculiar characteristics of this magnificent instrument," said his Satanic Majesty. "This string," pointing to the G, "is the string of pity; this one," referring to the third, "is the string of hope; this," plunking the A, "is attuned to love, while this one, the E string, gives forth sounds of joy."

"You will observe," went on the visitor, noting the intense interest displayed by the violinist, "that the position of the strings is the same as on any other violin, and therefore will require no additional study on your part."

"But that extra string?" interrupted Diotti, designating the middle one on the violin, a vague foreboding rising within him.

"That," said Mephistopheles solemnly, and with no pretence of sophistry, "is the string of death, and he who plays upon it dies at once."

For the conclusion of the story see the "Windsor," which contains many other good stories and articles.

TO DAY

February 18, 1903.

And truth to tell, Mr. Sousa's first fiction composition is hardly less stirring than his musical, and I doubt not I shall find plenty of customers for his musical love drama, "The Fifth String" (Ward, Lock, 5s.). The plot is exceedingly ingenious, and the writing, if American in style, contains some rare flashes of unexpected dry humour. The story is centred round a young Italian violinist, who is presented by the Prince of Darkness with a strange instrument, whose peculiar characteristics are thus explained by the donor:

"This string," pointing to the G, "is the string of pity; this one," referring to the third, "is the string of hope; this," plunking the A, "is attuned to love; while this one, the E string, gives forth sounds of joy."

"But that extra string?" interrupted Diotti, designating the middle one on the violin, a vague foreboding rising within him.

"That," said Mephistopheles, solemnly, and with no pretence of sophistry, "is the string of death, and he who plays upon it dies at once. . . . I brought it from heaven when I—I left," said the fallen angel, with remorse in his voice. "It was my constant companion there. But no one in my domain—not I myself—can play upon it now, for it will respond neither to our longing for pity, hope, love, joy, nor even death."

After reluctantly trying the instrument and its four magical strings, the violinist exclaims: "With this instrument I can conquer the world!"

"Aye, more to you than the world," said the Tempter. "A woman's love."

A woman's love—to the despairing suitor there was one and only one in this wide, wide world, and her words, burning their way into his heart, had made this temptation possible: "No drooping Clytie could be more constant than I to him who strikes the chord that is responsive in my soul."

Holding the violin aloft, he cries, exultingly: "Henceforth thou art mine, though death and oblivion lurk ever near thee!"

How he wins the "one woman's" love therewith, and what comes of it, is a drama of no mean interest. The volume, dainty in appearance, is further embellished with many full-page illustrations, of the Gibson type, by Howard Chandler Christy.

### MR. SOUSA AS A NOVELIST.

My readers will remember that some time ago I had the pleasure of noticing in this column the fact that, in addition to his undoubted musical genius, Mr. Sousa had turned his hand to literature.

The title of his first attempt as a novelist is 'THE FIFTH STRING.' The edition I had under notice at the time, the American edition, which I said then, and repeat now, is one of the prettiest books as a book, imaginable, and is a real pleasure to handle, its publishers are THE BOWEN-MERRILL COMPANY, Indianapolis, U.S.A., and redounds greatly to their credit. Well, since then, after attaining a huge success in America, it has just been issued by an English firm of publishers, Messrs. Ward, Lock & Co., and therefore it will be more accessible to English readers.

I have not seen the book in its English dress, but if it approaches the American edition, it is a book to buy.

With regard to the story itself, I may say that I have read it three times, and enjoyed it vastly at each reading, and those who have learned to love its author through the medium of his musical compositions, will be as delighted with his pen as with his baton.

It is a love story of remarkable dramatic power, and is one to buy and to read. So great has been Mr. Sousa's success in the field of romance that he is now under contract with his publishers to write another story, and I look forward with pleasurable anticipation to its coming my way.

Feb. 20th, 1903.

H. T.

### MR. SOUSA AS A NOVELIST.

My readers will remember that some time ago I had the pleasure of noticing in this column the fact that, in addition to his undoubted musical genius, Mr. Sousa had turned his hand to literature.

The title of his first attempt as a novelist is 'THE FIFTH STRING.' The edition I had under notice at the time, the American edition, which I said then, and repeat now, is one of the prettiest books, as a book, imaginable, and is a real pleasure to handle, its publishers are THE BOWEN-MERRILL COMPANY, Indianapolis, U.S.A., and redounds greatly to their credit. Well, since then, after attaining a huge success in America, it has just been issued by an English firm of publishers, Messrs. Ward, Lock & Co., and therefore it will be more accessible to English readers.

I have not seen the book in its English dress, but if it approaches the American edition, it is a book to buy.

With regard to the story itself, I may say that I have read it three times, and enjoyed it vastly at each reading, and those who have learned to love its author through the medium of his musical compositions, will be as delighted with his pen as with his baton.

It is a love story of remarkable dramatic power, and is one to buy and to read. So great has been Mr. Sousa's success in the field of romance that he is now under contract with his publishers to write another story, and I look forward with pleasurable anticipation to its coming my way.

Feb. 20th, 1903.

H. T.



*The Fifth String.* By John Philip Sousa.  
(Ward, Lock, and Co. 5s.)

The recent performances of Sousa's band in London will attract attention to any story from the hand of the gifted American conductor. But in *The Fifth String* he has chosen a sufficiently sensational theme to attract notice without adventitious aids. A violin fashioned by the devil himself and placed in the hands of the greatest violinist of his day should be bound to produce astonishing results. The weakness of the story is that the object to secure which the Prince of Darkness interposes seems hardly worth his interest in the matter. For the stony-hearted lady who cannot be moved by the finest efforts of a great performer, nor yet by his affection, is hardly sufficiently sympathetic to the reader for him to appreciate the putting forth of the powers of darkness in order to move her from her self-centred isolation. She proves, indeed, to have been feminine after all on the poorer, if not on the nobler side, for she can renounce her lover, even when he is backed up by all the forces of the supernatural, on the first faint suspicion of jealousy. Such a woman was hardly worth the trouble of a resort to unseen aids and powers of darkness. She was certainly not worth the life of the great performer, which was the measure of sacrifice she demanded. The 'fifth string' of this marvellous and terrible instrument holds in itself the doom of the player: it is the string of death. The story may, no doubt, be

from *det. my. id*  
6-3-03

*The Fifth String.* By John Philip Sousa.  
(Ward, Lock, and Co. 5s.)

The recent performances of Sousa's band in London will attract attention to any story from the hand of the gifted American conductor. But in *The Fifth String* he has chosen a sufficiently sensational theme to attract notice without adventitious aids. A violin fashioned by the devil himself and placed in the hands of the greatest violinist of his day should be bound to produce astonishing results. The weakness of the story is that the object to secure which the Prince of Darkness interposes seems hardly worth his interest in the matter. For the stony-hearted lady who cannot be moved by the finest efforts of a great performer, nor yet by his affection, is hardly sufficiently sympathetic to the reader for him to appreciate the putting forth of the powers of darkness in order to move her from her self-centred isolation. She proves, indeed, to have been feminine after all on the poorer, if not on the nobler side, for she can renounce her lover, even when he is backed up by all the forces of the supernatural, on the first faint suspicion of jealousy. Such a woman was hardly worth the trouble of a resort to unseen aids and powers of darkness. She was certainly not worth the life of the great performer, which was the measure of sacrifice she demanded. The 'fifth string' of this marvellous and terrible instrument holds in itself the doom of the player: it is the string of death. The story may, no doubt, be

*Literary World*  
March 6/03

*The Fifth String.* By John Philip Sousa.  
(Ward, Lock, and Co. 5s.)

The recent performances of Sousa's band in London will attract attention to any story from the hand of the gifted American conductor. But in *The Fifth String* he has chosen a sufficiently sensational theme to attract notice without adventitious aids. A violin fashioned by the devil himself and placed in the hands of the greatest violinist of his day should be bound to produce astonishing results. The weakness of the story is that the object to secure which the Prince of Darkness interposes seems hardly worth his interest in the matter. For the stony-hearted lady who cannot be moved by the finest efforts of a great performer, nor yet by his affection, is hardly sufficiently sympathetic to the reader for him to appreciate the putting forth of the powers of darkness in order to move her from her self-centred isolation. She proves, indeed, to have been feminine after all on the poorer, if not on the nobler side, for she can renounce her lover, even when he is backed up by all the forces of the supernatural, on the first faint suspicion of jealousy. Such a woman was hardly worth the trouble of a resort to unseen aids and powers of darkness. She was certainly not worth the life of the great performer, which was the measure of sacrifice she demanded. The 'fifth string' of this marvellous and terrible instrument holds in itself the doom of the player: it is the string of death. The story may, no doubt, be read as a parable, but we venture to hope that the strings of life and love and pity are not strung by the prince of the nether world.

JOHN PHILIP SOUSA evidently believes in having more than one string to his bow, for he has lately blossomed forth as a novelist, his work being entitled "The Fifth String." It is only natural, I suppose, that when a musician takes to novel-writing he should harp upon a cord more or less. Anyway, I hope the novel will not fall flat. Sousa doesn't want that banned, anyhow.

### "THE FIFTH STRING."

In the February number of the "Windsor" there is a story entitled "The Fifth String," by Sousa. We have also received the story in book form. Later on we will give it more detailed attention. Meanwhile, it may be mentioned that Satan is one of the characters. He is "a tall, rather spare, but well-made and handsome man." Diotti, a violinist, is in love, but seeks in vain a melody that will melt his icy lady-love. He smashes his violin, and calls for the devil. Satan gives him a violin with five strings. "Allow me to explain the peculiar characteristics of this magnificent instrument," said his Satanic Majesty. "This string," pointing to the G, "is the string of pity; this one," referring to the third, "is the string of hope; this," plucking the A, "is attuned to love, while this one, the E string, gives forth sounds of joy."

"You will observe," went on the visitor, noting the intense interest displayed by the violinist, "that the position of the strings is the same as on any other violin, and therefore will require no additional study on your part."

"But that extra string?" interrupted Diotti, designating the middle one on the violin, a vague foreboding rising within him.

"That," said Mephistopheles solemnly, and with no pretence at sophistry, "is the string of death, and he who plays upon it, dies at once."

D. LONDON.

*Victor Jones*  
*March* 1903  
*Charing Cross Road*



*The Fifth String.* By John Philip Sousa.  
(Ward, Lock, and Co. 5s.)

The recent performances of Sousa's band in London will attract attention to any story from the hand of the gifted American conductor. But in *The Fifth String* he has chosen a sufficiently sensational theme to attract notice without adventitious aids. A violin fashioned by the devil himself and placed in the hands of the greatest violinist of his day should be bound to produce astonishing results. The weakness of the story is that the object to secure which the Prince of Darkness interposes seems hardly worth his interest in the matter. For the stony-hearted lady who cannot be moved by the finest efforts of a great performer, nor yet by his affection, is hardly sufficiently sympathetic to the reader for him to appreciate the putting forth of the powers of darkness in order to move her from her self-centred isolation. She proves, indeed, to have been feminine after all on the poorer, if not on the nobler side, for she can renounce her lover, even when he is backed up by all the forces of the supernatural, on the first faint suspicion of jealousy. Such a woman was hardly worth the trouble of a resort to unseen aids and powers of darkness. She was certainly not worth the life of the great performer, which was the measure of sacrifice she demanded. The 'fifth string' of this marvellous and terrible instrument holds in itself the doom of the player: it is the string of death. The story may, no doubt, be read as a parable, but we venture to hope that the strings of life and love and pity are not strung by the prince of the nether world.

*The Fifth String.* By John Philip Sousa  
(Ward, Lock, and Co. 5s.)

The recent performances of Sousa's band in London will attract attention to any story from the hand of the gifted American conductor. But in *The Fifth String* he has chosen a sufficiently sensational theme to attract notice without adventitious aids. A violin fashioned by the devil himself and placed in the hands of the greatest violinist of his day should be bound to produce astonishing results. The weakness of the story is that the object to secure which the Prince of Darkness interposes seems hardly worth his interest in the matter. For the stony-hearted lady who cannot be moved by the finest efforts of a great performer, nor yet by his affection, is hardly sufficiently sympathetic to the reader for him to appreciate the putting forth of the powers of darkness in order to move her from her self-centred isolation. She proves, indeed, to have been feminine after all on the poorer, if not on the nobler side, for she can renounce her lover, even when he is backed up by all the forces of the supernatural, on the first faint suspicion of jealousy. Such a woman was hardly worth the trouble of a resort to unseen aids and powers of darkness. She was certainly not worth the life of the great performer, which was the measure of sacrifice she demanded. The 'fifth string' of this marvellous and terrible instrument holds in itself the doom of the player: it is the string of death. The story may, no doubt, be read as a parable, but we venture to hope that the strings of life and love and pity are not strung by the prince of the nether world.

JOHN PHILIP SOUSA evidently believes in having more than one string to his bow, for he has lately blossomed forth as a novelist, his work being entitled "The Fifth String." It is only natural, I suppose, that when a musician takes to novel-writing he should harp upon a cord more or less. Anyway, I hope the novel will not fall flat. Sousa doesn't want that banned, anyhow.

in book...  
detailed attention. mentioned that Satan is one of the characters. He is "a tall, rather spare, but well-made and handsome man." Diotti, a violinist, is in love, but seeks in vain a melody that will melt his icy lady-love. He smashes his violin, and calls for the devil. Satan gives him a violin with five strings. "Allow me to explain the peculiar characteristics of this magnificent instrument," said his Satanic Majesty. "This string," pointing to the G, "is the string of pity; this one," referring to the third, "is the string of hope; this," plucking the A, "is attuned to love, while this one, the E string, gives forth sounds of joy."

"You will observe," went on the visitor, noting the intense interest displayed by the violinist, "that the position of the strings is the same as on any other violin, and therefore will require no additional study on your part."

"But that extra string?" interrupted Diotti, designating the middle one on the violin, a vague foreboding rising within him.

"That," said Mephistopheles solemnly, and with no pretence at sophistry, "is the string of death, and he who plays upon it, dies at once."

Mr. Harland... note that the five stories making up this volume were written from twelve to fifteen years ago, by a young person trying its paces, and that he has printed them under pressure from his publishers. On the principle that it is ill tampering with another man's work, he says, I have made no changes, indeed by the standard

of the nether world.



Coming from the  
Address of Publication  
Issue Dated

Association of  
Daily Graphic  
From the  
of Publication  
ted  
10 - 3 - 03

## BOOKS OF THE DAY.

### A MUSICAL NOVEL.

THE FIFTH STRING. By J. P. SOUSA. (Ward, Lock.) 5s.

Diotti was a wonderful violinist who went from Tuscany to America, where, a la Kubelik, he paralysed the word-hunters, and was lionised. Unlike most virtuoso fiddlers, who know nothing of anything except fiddling, he "won the respect of the men by his observations on matters of international interest." He meets with a "beauty in white," and, not only is she a beauty in white, but, to pile up the fortissimo, Mr. Sousa has made her the "only child of one of New York's most prominent bankers." Being only child, she promised large profits, and accordingly Diotti was hypnotised by this "perfect embodiment of radiant womanhood silhouetted against the silken drapery." He speaks to the "radiant womanhood" in "a richly melodious voice," and the lady confesses her disappointments in the realisation of art: she had tried to paint Niagara and only made a smudge, the common lot. Here comes a picture of the pair in conversation, from which we conclude that the lady had her frock from Worth, and that Diotti liked his dress trousers with longitudinal creases. He makes no impression on the banker's "only child" and sole heiress, which must have seemed strange in a country where the women crowded round the platform to kiss the bottoms of Paderewski's trousers, and where Kubelik had to be rescued from female worshippers by strong policemen. So he flees to an island to practise, and, being discontented with his progress, smashes his Stradivari, as though that would bring him on more rapidly. The Devil appears and gives him a new fiddle with five strings; if he touches the fifth he dies; which is a slight drawback. But the quality of the fiddle is such that the playing of it will fetch the banker's only child. So at least the Evil One assures him, and Diotti accepts. He returns to New York, plays, conquers. Mildred promises to be his for ever and a day. She sees the fifth string, and insists that he shall play on it. He tries to beg off, but the "banker's only child" declines to give in. Diotti gracefully consents; plays and dies in public, on the stage. There Mr. Sousa pitilessly leaves us. What became of "the banker's only child" is unhappily and exasperatingly left to conjecture. There is not much of the novel, yet there is enough, quite enough; as much, in fact, as anybody is likely to want. We have seen worse novels, not often, it is true, but we have seen worse, and our years fall much short of fourscore. Mr. Sousa has ideas. The idea of the Devil appearing and promising something, for instance, is a capital idea. It has always been a capital idea, from the time it was first used in the Egyptian hieroglyphics to the present day. Possibly Mr. Sousa will see his way to the writing of more novels; at least we hope so, and that most ardently. For though Julius Caesar, according to the Latin Delectus, could read, write, and dictate at once, we have reason to believe that Mr. Sousa is only able to do one thing at a time, and if this be so, it follows that when he is writing novels he will not be composing music.

Sousa's novel of the "Fifth String" will be prepared for the stage by two artists, Dezso Nemes and Melitta Nemes. He is a Hungarian violinist, and she is a pianist, and was a pupil of Rubenstein. The dramatization will be presented at Newport. The couple are said to fit the characters of the hero violinist and the heroine of the book. The romantic meeting and marriage of these two artists in London a few years ago, where they were performing for royalty, resembles in a striking degree the story of the novel and it was this fact which suggested the dramatization, which it is said, is practically finished.

### A Musician's Romance.

Opening a novel by Mr. John Philip Sousa, we feel an instinctive premonition that it will deal with music, and that a musician—the very incarnate of all the sentiments and all the virtues—will be the hero of it. It does, in fact, transpire on the very first page of "The Fifth String" that a violinist is cast for the "beau role." His name is Diotti, and "he won the respect of the men by his observations on matters of international interest, and the admiration of the gentler sex by his chivalric estimate of women's influence in the world's progress." And yet he was not happy. There was one woman whose heart he could not move. So he threw up his engagements without notice, and retired to a lonely isle in the Bahama group. There the Enemy of Mankind appeared to him, and concluded a pact with him, as he did of old with Faust. The result was that Signor Diotti returned to New York, and won the affection of Miss Wallace, but paid the debt contracted to the Prince of Darkness by dying suddenly on the platform after a particularly triumphant thing.

There  
Christ  
(Ward

EASTERN DAILY PRESS,  
Norwich.

### SOME SOUSA STORIES.

"The March King" is the title by which John Philip Sousa is known throughout the length and breadth of the United States, as it is the one with which his name is associated on all the hoardings announcing his concerts. The title has been his any time this last dozen or fourteen years, and was really bestowed on him by musical trade journal, which, commenting on his characteristic work, remarked that he was as much the March King as Strauss was "The Waltz King." These marches were composed for the use of the United States Marine Band, of which he was conductor, but gradually they became known to the conductors of other bands, and in time their popularity was such that they began to achieve the distinction of being ground out of the peripatetic barrel organ. "The Gladiator" was the first which achieved this distinction, and Mr. Sousa has been heard to say that the happiest moment of his life up to that time was when he first heard the notes produced by the instrument which is invariably associated with Italians and monkeys.

When he began writing, a music publisher said to him one day, "I am willing to buy whatever you write, and will pay you 27 for each march." The terms were accepted, and that was all he got for the "Washington Post."

One of the most interesting things in connection with the conductor is the story of how he came by his name. It is said that on going to the United States, his luggage was labelled, "J. P. So, U.S.A." A Custom-house officer, not noticing the full stops, made one word of the letters, and Mr. Sousa adopted the idea and the name. The ingenuity of that story is only equalled by its lack of fact, for Sousa was born in Washington some five or six-and-forty years ago, whither his father had migrated from Portugal.

In 1880 the leadership of the United States Marine Band became vacant, and Sousa's father, without his son's knowledge, applied for the position for him. The application was successful, and for twelve years Sousa directed the band—which may be considered as practically attached to the household of the President, for it plays at all the functions at the White House—serving under five Presidents, Hayes, Garfield, Arthur, Cleveland, and Harrison. It was during the term of the last-named that he obtained permission to go on tour in the United States, and his success was so great that he resigned his position, and organised his own band in 1892. During the ten years which have elapsed since then he has visited 630 cities and towns in Europe and America, and given over 4500 concerts, for which purpose he has travelled 350,000 miles by land and sea. It is not without interest that the cost of the band is 235,000 a year.



## BOOKS OF THE DAY.

### A MUSICAL NOVEL.

**THE FIFTH STRING.** By J. P. SOUSA. (Ward, Lock.) 5s.

Diotti was a wonderful violinist who went from Tuscany to America, where, a la Kubelik, he paralysed the word-hunters, and was lionised. Unlike most virtuoso fiddlers, who know nothing of anything except fiddling, he "won the respect of the men by his observations on matters of international interest." He meets with a "beauty in white," and, not only is she a beauty in white, but, to pile up the fortissimo, Mr. Sousa has made her the "only child of one of New York's most prominent bankers." Being "only child" promised large profits, and accordingly Diotti was hypnotised by this "perfect embodiment of radiant womanhood silhouetted against the silken drapery." He speaks to the "radiant womanhood" in "a richly melodious voice," and the lady confesses her disappointments in the realisation of art: she had tried to paint Niagara and only made a smudge, the common lot. Here comes a picture of the pair in conversation, from which we conclude that the lady had her frock from Worth, and that Diotti liked his dress trousers with longitudinal creases. He makes no impression on the banker's "only child" and sole heiress, which must have seemed strange in a country where the women crowded round the platform to kiss the bottoms of Paderewski's trousers, and where Kubelik had to be rescued from female worshippers by strong policemen. So he flees to an island to practise, and, being discontented with his progress, smashes his Stradivari, as though that would bring him on more rapidly. The Devil appears and gives him a new fiddle with five strings; if he touches the fifth he dies; which is a slight drawback. But the quality of the fiddle is such that the playing of it will fetch the banker's only child. So at least the Evil One assures him, and Diotti accepts. He returns to New York, plays, conquers, Mildred promises to be his for ever and a day. She sees the fifth string, and insists that he shall play on it. He tries to beg off, but the "banker's only child" declines to give in. Diotti gracefully consents; plays and dies in public, on the stage. There Mr. Sousa pitilessly leaves us. What became of "the banker's only child"? is unhappily and exasperatingly left to conjecture. There is not much of the novel, yet there is enough, quite enough; as much, in fact, as anybody is likely to want. We have seen worse novels, not often, it is true, but we have seen worse, and our years fall much short of fourscore. Mr. Sousa has ideas. The idea of the Devil appearing and promising something, for instance, is a capital idea. It has always been a capital idea, from the time it was first used in the Egyptian hieroglyphics to the present day. Possibly Mr. Sousa will see his way to the writing of more novels; at least we hope so, and that most ardently. For though Julius Caesar, according to the Latin Delectus, could read, write, and dictate at once, we have reason to believe that Mr. Sousa is only able to do one thing at a time, and if this be so, it follows that when he is writing novels he will not be composing music.

Sousa's novel of the "Fifth String" will be prepared for the stage by two artists, Dezzo Nemes and Melitta Nemes. He is a Hungarian violinist, and she is a pianist, and was a pupil of Rubenstein. The dramatization will be presented at Newport. The couple are said to fit the characters of the hero violinist and the heroine of the book. The romantic meeting and marriage of these two artists in London a few years ago, where they were performing for royalty, resembles in a striking degree the story of the novel and it was this fact which suggested the dramatization, which it is said, is practically finished.

### A Musician's Romance.

Opening a novel by Mr. John Philip Sousa, we feel an instinctive premonition that it will deal with music, and that a musician—the very incarnate of all the sentiments and all the virtues—will be the hero of it. It does, in fact, transpire on the very first page of "The Fifth String" that a violinist is cast for the "beau role." His name is Diotti, and "he won the respect of the men by his observations on matters of international interest, and the admiration of the gentler sex by his chivalric estimate of women's influence in the world's progress." And yet he was not happy. There was one woman whose heart he could not move. So he threw up his engagements without notice, and retired to a lonely isle in the Bahama group. There the Enemy of Mankind appeared to him, and concluded a pact with him, as he did of old with Faust. The result was that Signor Diotti returned to New York, and won the affection of Miss Wallace, but paid the debt contracted to the Prince of Darkness by dying suddenly on the platform after a particularly triumphant performance. If people like this sort of thing, this is the sort of thing that they will like. There are excellent illustrations by Howard Chandler Christie. "The Fifth String," by John Philip Sousa. (Ward Lock.)

and L. one with which his hoardings announcing his concerts. has been his any time this last dozen or fourteen years, and was really bestowed on him by musical trade journal, which, commenting on his characteristic work, remarked that he was as much the March King as Strauss was "The Waltz King." These marches were composed for the use of the United States Marine Band, of which he was conductor, but gradually they became known to the conductors of other bands, and in time their popularity was such that they began to achieve the distinction of being ground out of the peripatetic barrel organ. "The Gladiator" was the first which achieved this distinction, and Mr. Sousa has been heard to say that the happiest moment of his life up to that time was when he first heard the notes produced by the instrument which is invariably associated with Italians and monkeys.

When he began writing, a music publisher said to him one day, "I am willing to buy whatever you write, and will pay you \$7 for each march." The terms were accepted, and that was all he got for the "Washington Post."

One of the most interesting things in connection with the conductor is the story of how he came by his name. It is said that on going to the United States, his luggage was labelled, "J. P. So, U.S.A." A Custom-house officer, not noticing the full stops, made one word of the letters, and Mr. Sousa adopted the idea and the name. The ingenuity of that story is only equalled by its lack of fact, for Sousa was born in Washington some five or six-and-forty years ago, whither his father had migrated from Portugal.

In 1880 the leadership of the United States Marine Band became vacant, and Sousa's father, without his son's knowledge, applied for the position for him. The application was successful, and for twelve years Sousa directed the band—which may be considered as practically attached to the household of the President, for it plays at all the functions at the White House—serving under five Presidents, Hayes, Garfield, Arthur, Cleveland, and Harrison. It was during the term of the last-named that he obtained permission to go on tour in the United States, and his success was so great that he resigned his position, and organised his own band in 1892. During the ten years which have elapsed since then he has visited 630 cities and towns in Europe and America, and given over 4500 concerts, for which purpose he has travelled 350,000 miles by land and sea. It is not without interest that the cost of the band is \$25,000 a year.



*Bristol Mercury*

25 2 03

"The Fifth String" (London: Ward, Lock, and Company) is a surprising book, in that it is from the pen of no other than John Philip Sousa, the famous composer of popular marches, and the still more famous conductor of a celebrated American band. Briefly told, the story is that of a Tuscan violin genius, who takes the American public by storm, but is himself held in bondage by a beautiful American woman. She alone, whom of all he would impress, fails to be moved by his exquisite art. In despair, he effects a dramatic disappearance, and, alone on a desolate island, tries to extract from his instrument a more effective strain. At this point the Devil intervenes, and presents him with a fiddle with five strings. The four strings are those of pity, hope, love, and joy; the added string, that of death—to touch it with the bow is to die. The gift is accepted, and Diotti returns with it to the concert platform. The cruel fair one is conquered, but in an evil moment demands to know the mystery of the fifth string. He refuses, and she assumes that it is sacred to some other woman, and banishes him until he will play upon it for her. Diotti's death follows, and the story ends. It would not be just to look for the extreme of literary polish in a work of this sort, and Mr Sousa betrays here and there a little inexperience. But Mr Sousa has shown clearly that he knows how to tell a striking story in nervous English, and has no reason to regret his excursion into what is presumably a less familiar field of art. His characters talk like things of flesh and blood, including even Satan, who, strictly speaking, should not. The little story has been very sumptuously produced by the publishers, and Mr Howard Chandler Christy has supplied illustrations of the very highest order of excellence.

**"DAILY GRAPHIC"**  
Strand, W.C.

ated ..... Jan 10 1903

**A Musician's Romance.**

Opening a novel by Mr. John Philip Sousa, we feel an instinctive premonition that it will deal with music, and that a musician—the very incarnation of all the sentiments and all the virtues—will be the hero of it. It does, in fact, transpire on the very first page of "The Fifth String" that a violinist is cast for the "beau role." His name is Diotti, and "he won the respect of the men by his observations on matters of international interest, and the admiration of the gentler sex by his chivalric estimate of women's influence in the world's progress." And yet he was not happy. There was one woman whose heart he could not move. So he threw up his engagements without notice, and retired to a lonely isle in the Bahamas group. There the Enemy of Mankind appeared to him, and concluded a pact with him, as he did of old with Faust. The result was that Signor Diotti returned to New York, and won the affection of Miss Wallace, but paid the debt contracted to the Prince of Darkness by dying suddenly on the platform after a particularly triumphant performance. If people like this sort of thing, this is the sort of thing that they will like. There are excellent illustrations by Howard Chandler Christy. "The Fifth String," by John Philip Sousa. (Ward, Lock.)

**The Daily Mail,**  
London: Hemmingsworth Buildings.

Issue dated Jan 28 1903

**NEW NOVEL BY MR. SOUSA.**

"The Fifth String" (Ward, Lock) is remarkable more for the versatility it discloses on the part of its author than for any inherent merit.

Mr. John Philip Sousa, besides being the composer of some of the most captivating marches and the leader of quite the most stirring orchestra, finds time to write novels. The present one deals with the love and death of Angelo Diotti, a famous Italian violinist, who goes to New York, falls in love with a rich and beautiful American, and fails to touch her by his art until he plays on a five-stringed instrument sent him by the evil one.

The fifth string is the string of death. She notices that in his greatest triumph, he never plays upon it. The curiosity of Eve is awakened—she drives him to play upon it and he dies.

**The Daily Telegraph,**

141, Fleet Street, London, E.C.

(Archibald Johnstone, Publisher.)

from issue dated Jan 30 1903

"The Fifth String" (Ward, Lock), by Mr. John Philip Sousa, the Band King, is much in keeping with the author's musical performances. It is smart, effective and sensational, and while by no means good writing it may still be recommended as a sufficiently engrossing tale. The hero, Diotti, is a wonderful violinist, who can fascinate by his art all but the girl whom he particularly wishes to enthrall. She is a lovely creature of a curiously cold and sceptical nature. The violinist leaves his triumphs of the concert-room in disgust, and retires to a lonely island of the Bahamas, there in solitude to practise his art until he can return to vanquish Mildred Wallace. To him, as he sits one day in despair, enters Satan, who offers him a violin which will enable him to achieve marvels. It has five strings, the fifth being the string of death; whoever plays on it dies. "The fifth string was added after an unfortunate episode in the Garden of Eden, in which I was somewhat concerned," says Satan; "it is wrapped with strands of hair from the first mother of man." Diotti accepts the violin, after demur, and with its aid awakens the love of the girl. But, by reason of the mysterious violin, she becomes inspired with a jealous suspicion, and at her command Diotti plays on the fifth string and dies.

**The Outlook,**

109, Fleet Street, E.C.

(Published by the Outlook Publishing Co.)

Cutting from issue dated Jan 31 1903

The Fifth String, by John Philip Sousa. Love, music, and bathos. The violin bestowed by the Prince of Darkness on Angelo Diotti was a dangerous instrument, for the fifth string was the string of death. Quite American, even to the spelling. Illustrated. (Ward, Lock. 7 1/2 x 5 1/2. 12s. 5s.)



## SOUSA AS A NOVELIST,

### THE BAND KING WRITES A TRAGIC TALE.

The presence in this country of the famous leader and composer lends additional interest to the publication in the February "Windsor Magazine" of a story from his pen. It is entitled "The Fifth String," and is provided with numerous artistic drawings by Howell Chandler Christy. The principal character is a young and marvellous violinist, who becomes the rage of the American musical public. At a reception given in his honour Angelo Diotti meets the lovely daughter of a wealthy banker. With her he falls in love. She is interested in the genius, but unresponsive to the supreme charm of his playing. She says—"I marvel at the invention of the composer and the skill of the player, but there I cease." When Diotti achieves his greatest triumph she remains silent. The violinist falls into despair. To himself he says—"I am but a man; her consort should be a god. Her soul, untouched by human passion or human skill, demands the power of godlike genius to arouse it." In his misery he dashes his violin to pieces, exclaiming—"It is of no use! If the God of Heaven will not aid me, I ask the Prince of Hell to come!"

Satan appears, and as a result Diotti is furnished with a new medium, a peculiarity of which is a fifth string. His Satanic Majesty explains that the G string is expressive of pity, the third string is indicative of love, the A string of love, and E of joy, and that the fifth is the string of death. He who plays upon it dies at once. The violinist marvels, but Satan shows him that the fifth string is made from extra lengths of the other four strings, and thus by cutting it pity, hope, love, and joy would cease. The peculiarity attaching to Diotti's new violin is noted by the lady of his passion, who conceives the jealous idea that the extra string is composed of the glossy hair of some rival in Tuscany. She asks, commands that he cut it from the violin. He confesses his love for her, but urges his inability to do as she wishes. "I will watch to-night when you play," she tells him. "If you do not use that string we part for ever."

At night, before a crowded and expectant audience, Diotti plays, divinely; but he leaves the fifth string untouched. Mildred sees him in an interval, and reminds him of her vow. He returns to the platform. His fingers sought the string of death. The audience listened with breathless interest. The composition was weirdly and strangely fascinating. The player told with wondrous power of despair—of hope, of faith; sunshine crept into the hearts of all as he pictured the promise of an eternal day; higher and higher, softer and softer grew the theme until it echoed as if it were afar in the realms of light and floating o'er the waves of a golden sea. Suddenly the audience was startled by the snapping of a string; the violin and bow dropped from the nerveless hands of the player. He fell helpless to the stage. Mildred rushed to him, crying—Angelo, Angelo, what is it? What has happened? Bending over him, she gently raised his head and showered unrestrained kisses upon his lips, obvious of all save her lover. Speak! Speak! she implored. A faint smile illumined his face; he gazed with ineffable tenderness into her weeping eyes, then slowly closed his own as if in slumber.

## THE "MARCH KING" AS AN AUTHOR.

THE FIFTH STRING. By John Philip Sousa. "The March King." London: Ward, Lock, & Co., Ltd.

It falls to the lot of but few men in a generation to create for themselves renown in more than one direction. Sir Walter Scott did attain to high eminence first as a poet, then as a master of historic fiction; but somehow the poet has become merged in the prose writer, and it is simply as a man of letters he is spoken of. John Philip Sousa has attained to an enviable position in the musical world, and is everywhere known as the "March King," and now he bids fair to create for himself a name in literature if we are to judge by the talent displayed in this, which we take to be his first work of fiction. The plot and materials for his story are drawn from the world of music—a world with which he is familiar, and consequently he is at home in the theme he has chosen. Angelo Diotti, a celebrated Tuscan violinist, on his first visit to America, falls deeply in love with a young American lady, Miss Mildred Wallace, but she does not respond to his passion. She confesses, that so far, in her life nothing in art, literature, or music has had the power to awaken her emotions, and hints that when her emotions have been stirred her heart may be reached. Diotti hopes his playing may accomplish this, but, though at his first concert he scored the greatest triumph of his career, "The lady in the box remained silent and unaffected throughout." The lover in his disappointment, as in his love, displays all the warmth and passion of his Italian nature. "I am not great enough for her," he cries; "I am but a man. I am but a man." He disappoints the audience gathered for his second concert, and betakes himself to a lonely island of the Bahamas, there to study, and if possible attain greater perfection. Here despair seizes him again; he dashes his violin to the floor, and in his agony cries out "It is of no use; if the God of heaven will not aid me, I ask the Power of Darkness to come." Here we find ourselves in an atmosphere of Goethe, a tall, handsome stranger appears at the door of the hut and presents his card—"Satan, Prince of Darkness." Though he has invoked his aid, Diotti declines his services, but the tempter is wileful, and, like the serpent in the Garden, is successful in beguiling. He presents Diotti with a new violin which has a fifth string. "Allow me to explain the peculiar characteristics of this magnificent instrument," said his Satanic majesty. "This," pointing to the "G," "is the string of pity, the third is the string of hope, 'A' is attuned to love, and 'E' gives forth sounds of joy, the fifth is described as the string of death, and he who plays on it dies at once. But," added Satan, cheerfully, "that need not worry you. I noticed a marvellous facility in your arm work. Your staccato and spiccato are wonderful. Every form of bowing appears child's play to you. It will be easy for you to avoid touching the string." The violinist suggests, "Can it not be cut off?" and is told that is impossible, as the string of death is made up of extra lengths of the other four strings. "To

cut it off would destroy the others, and then pity, hope, love, and joy would cease to exist in the soul of the violin." The tempter conquers, and with the strains of this wonderful violin Diotti touches the heart and wins the love of Mildred. All does not end here, however. There comes into the story an "Iago" quite as insinuating as "Othello's Ancient." Jealousy is created and fostered through the mystery of the fifth string, but the clever working out of the ingeniously constructed plot and its ending we must leave to the reader. The story is well and directly told, and the fine balance of contrast in characterisation is nicely maintained. The cleverly-drawn illustrations are by Howard Chandler Christy.

## The Star,

Star Building, Stonecutter Street, E

(John Britton Jones, Publisher.)

ing from issue dated Feb 2

## SOUSA AND SATAN.

The February number of the "Windsor" contains a long story entitled "The Fifth String," by Sousa, who has clearly more than one string to his bow. Satan is one of the characters. He is "a tall, rather spare, but well-made and handsome man." Diotti, a violinist, is in love, but seeks in vain a melody that will melt his icy lady-love. He smashes his violin, and calls for the devil. Satan gives him a violin with five strings.

"Allow me to explain the peculiar characteristics of this magnificent instrument," said his Satanic Majesty. "This string," pointing to the G, "is the string of pity; this one," referring to the third, "is the string of hope; this," plunking the A, "is attuned to love, while this one, the E string, gives forth sounds of joy."

"You will observe," went on the visitor, noting the intense interest displayed by the violinist, "that the position of the strings is the same as on any other violin, and therefore will require no additional study on your part."

"But that extra string?" interrupted Diotti, designating the middle one on the violin, a vague foreboding rising within him.

"That," said Mephistopheles solemnly, and with no pretence of apology,

m the Dated February 1903 Journal

From Messrs. Ward, Lock and Co. —

The Fifth String. By John Philip Sousa. Illustrated by Howard Chandler Christy.—The plot of Mr. Sousa's original if somewhat weird and "uncanny" story, turns upon a violin which Satan presents to the musician Diotti, and of which the fifth string is the "string of death." Diotti is madly in love with Mildred Wallace, and if he plays upon it "I am yours for ever," she says, "Yours through life—through eternity." Diotti, therefore, plays upon the string, and dies according to the conditions laid down by the Evil One. The slight tale shows that Mr. Sousa's violin has a literary as well as musical strings. Mr. Chandler's illustrations are, as always, exceedingly dainty and refined, and the book is beautifully presented.



The Dundee Advertiser  
Bank Street, Dundee  
(John Lewis & Co. Publishers.)  
from issue dated Jan 30

at 7, & 9, Victoria Street, London, W.  
first issue dated Jan 31 1901

## SOUSA AS A NOVELIST,

### THE BAND KING WRITES A TRAGIC TALE.

The presence in this country of the famous leader and composer lends additional interest to the publication in the February "Windsor Magazine" of a story from his pen. It is entitled "The Fifth String," and is provided with numerous artistic drawings by Howell Chandler Christy. The principal character is a young and marvellous violinist, who becomes the rage of the American musical public. At a reception given in his honour Angelo Diotti meets the lovely daughter of a wealthy banker. With her he falls in love. She is interested in the genius, but unresponsive to the supreme charm of his playing. She says—"I marvel at the invention of the composer and the skill of the player, but there I cease." When Diotti achieves his greatest triumph she remains silent. The violinist falls into despair. To himself he says—"I am but a man; her consort should be a god. Her soul, untouched by human passion or human skill, demands the power of godlike genius to arouse it." In his misery he dashes his violin to pieces, exclaiming—"It is of no use! If the God of Heaven will not aid me, I ask the Prince of Hell to come!"

Satan appears, and as a result Diotti is furnished with a new medium, a peculiarity of which is a fifth string. His Satanic Majesty explains that the G string is expressive of pity, the third string of hope, the A string of love, and E of joy, and that the fifth is the string of death. He who plays upon it dies at once. The violinist marvels, but Satan shows him that the fifth string is made from the extra lengths of the other four strings, and that by cutting it pity, hope, love, and joy would cease. The peculiarity attaching to Diotti's new violin is noted by the lady of his passion, who conceives the jealous idea that the extra string is composed of the glossy hair of some rival in Tuscany. She asks, commands that he cut it from the violin. He confesses his love for her, but urges his inability to do as she wishes. "I will watch to-night when you play," she tells him. "If you do not use that string we part for ever."

At night, before a crowded and expectant audience, Diotti plays, divinely; but he leaves the fifth string untouched. Mildred sees him in an interval, and reminds him of her vow. He returns to the platform. His fingers sought the string of death. The audience listened with breathless interest. The composition was weirdly and strangely fascinating. The player told with wondrous power of despair—of hope, of faith; sunshine crept into the hearts of all as he pictured the promise of an eternal day; higher and higher, softer and softer grew the theme until it echoed as if it were afar in the realms of light and floating o'er the waves of a golden sea. Suddenly the audience was startled by the snapping of a string; the violin and bow dropped from the nerveless hands of the player. He fell helpless to the stage. Mildred rushed to him, crying—Angelo, Angelo, what is it? What has happened? Bending over him, she gently raised his head and showered unrestrained kisses upon his lips, obvious of all save her lover. Speak! Speak! she implored. A faint smile illumined his face; he gazed with ineffable tenderness into her weeping eyes, then slowly closed his own as if in slumber."

## THE "MARCH KING" AS AN AUTHOR.

THE FIFTH STRING. By John Philip Sousa, "The March King." London: Ward, Lock, & Co., Ltd.

It falls to the lot of but few men in a generation to create for themselves renown in more than one direction. Sir Walter Scott did attain to high eminence first as a poet, then as a master of historic fiction; but somehow the poet has become merged in the prose writer, and it is simply as a man of letters he is spoken of. John Philip Sousa has attained to an enviable position in the musical world, and is everywhere known as the "March King," and now he bids fair to create for himself a name in literature if we are to judge by the talent displayed in this, which we take to be his first work of fiction. The plot and materials for his story are drawn from the world of music—a world with which he is familiar, and consequently he is at home in the theme he has chosen. Angelo Diotti, a celebrated Tuscan violinist, on his first visit to America, falls deeply in love with a young American lady, Miss Mildred Wallace, but she does not respond to his passion. She confesses, that so far, in her life nothing in art, literature, or music has had the power to awaken her emotions, and hints that when her emotions have been stirred her heart may be reached. Diotti hopes his playing may accomplish this, but, though at his first concert he scored the greatest triumph of his career, "The lady in the box remained silent and unaffected throughout." The lover in his disappointment, as in his love, displays all the warmth and passion of his Italian nature. "I am not great enough for her," he cries; "I am but a man. I am but a man." He disappoints the audience gathered for his second concert, and betakes himself to a lonely island of the Bahamas, there to study, and if possible attain greater perfection. Here despair seizes him again; he dashes his violin to the floor, and in his agony cries out "It is of no use; if the God of heaven will not aid me, I ask the Power of Darkness to come." Here we find ourselves in an atmosphere of Goethe, a tall, handsome stranger appears at the door of the hut and presents his card—"Satan, Prince of Darkness." Though he has invoked his aid, Diotti declines his services, but the tempter is wilful, and, like the serpent in the Garden, is successful in beguiling. He presents Diotti with a new violin which has a fifth string. "Allow me to explain the peculiar characteristics of this magnificent instrument," said his Satanic majesty. "This," pointing to the "G," "is the string of pity, the third is the string of hope, 'A' is attuned to love, and 'E' gives forth sounds of joy, the fifth is described as the string of death, and he who plays on it dies at once. But," added Satan, cheerfully, "that need not worry you. I noticed a marvellous facility in your arm work. Your staccato and spiccato are wonderful. Every form of bowing appears child's play to you. It will be easy for you to avoid touching the string." The violinist suggests, "Can it not be cut off?" and is told that is impossible, as the string of death is made up of extra lengths of the other four strings. "To

cut it off would destroy the others, and then pity, hope, love, and joy would cease to exist in the soul of the violin." The tempter conquers, and with the strains of this wonderful violin Diotti touches the heart and wins the love of Mildred. All does not end here, however. There comes into the story an "Iago" quite as insinuating as "Othello's Ancient." Jealousy is created and fostered through the mystery of the fifth string, but the clever working out of the ingeniously constructed plot and its ending we must leave to the reader. The story is well and directly told, and the fine balance of contrast in characterisation is nicely maintained. The cleverly-drawn illustrations are by Howard Chandler Christy.

## The Star,

Star Building, Stonecutter Street, E.

(John Britton Jones, Publisher.)

from issue dated Feb 3

## SOUSA AND SATAN.

The February number of the "Windsor" contains a long story entitled "The Fifth String," by Sousa, who has clearly more than one string to his bow. Satan is one of the characters. He is "a tall, rather spare," but well-made and handsome man." Diotti, a violinist, is in love, but seeks in vain a melody that will melt his icy lady-love. He smashes his violin, and calls for the devil. Satan gives him a violin with five strings.

"Allow me to explain the peculiar characteristics of this magnificent instrument," said his Satanic Majesty. "This string," pointing to the G, "is the string of pity; this one," referring to the third, "is the string of hope; this," plunking the A, "is attuned to love, while this one, the E string, gives forth sounds of joy."

"You will observe," went on the visitor, noting the intense interest displayed by the violinist, "that the position of the strings is the same as on any other violin, and therefore will require no additional study on your part."

"But that extra string?" interrupted Diotti, designating the middle one on the violin, a vague foreboding rising within him.

"That," said Mephistopheles solemnly, and with no pretence of sophistry, "is the string of death, and he who plays upon it dies at once."

For the conclusion of the story see the "Windsor," which contains many other good stories and articles.

prot of  
weird; and "un-  
which S tan pre-  
Diotti, and of which the fifth  
string of death." Diotti is madly in  
love with Mildred Wallace, and if he plays upon it  
"I am yours for ever," she says, "Yours through  
life—through eternity." Diotti, therefore, plays  
upon the string, and dies according to the con-  
ditions laid down by the Evil One. The slight  
tale shows that Mr. Sousa's violin has a literary  
as well as musical strings. Mr. Chandler's illu-  
strations are, as always, exceedingly dainty and re-  
fined, and the book is beautifully presented.



## Yorkshire Daily Post.

23, Albion Street, Leeds

T. C. Munn, Publisher.

g from issue dated Feb 4 1903

Mr. John Phillip Sousa, the conductor of the famous American band, has taken to authorship, and Messrs. Ward, Lock, and Co. publish a weird and fantastical story from his pen entitled "The Fifth String." "The Fifth String" is, we suppose, to be accounted a parable. Diotti, the great violinist, arrives in New York from Tuscany to give a series of concerts, and on the eve of his debut falls hopelessly in love with the daughter of a millionaire banker. He relies upon his genius to effect a conquest. The lady, however, is unmoved by playing that sends artistic New York into ecstasies, and so the young violinist retires to the desert to perfect himself in his art. Then we have a modern version of "Faust." Mephistopheles appears and offers Diotti a violin with five strings and the assurance that if he uses this instrument he can subdue the most indifferent beast. The fifth string is Death, and those who touch it pay the penalty of death. Diotti conquers; the lady offers herself to him, but as we expect, feminine curiosity leads her to question him about the superfluous string. His reticence creates jealousy, and in the end at her command he plays on that string and dies in sight of his audience. There are possibilities of poetry in the idea; treated in Mr. Sousa's prose the effect is rather grotesque than otherwise. Mr. Sousa's music is the despair of musicians; it is, however, preferable to his excursus into the art of fiction.

## The Dundee Courier.

141, North Lindsay Street, Dundee

(Published by W. & J. Thomson.)

g from issue dated Feb 4 1903

### "THE FIFTH STRING."

By JOHN PHILIP SOUSA.



"IF YOU DO NOT PLAY UPON IT WE SEPARATE FOR EVER."

"This," said his Satanic Majesty, pointing to the G, "is the string of pity; this one," referring to the third, "is the string of hope; this," plucking the A, "is attuned to love; while this one, the E string, gives forth sounds of joy." "But the extra string?" queries Diotti, with the same curiosity that the reader feels. "That," said Mephistopheles, "is the string of death! He who plays upon it dies at once!" Such is the pretty poetic fancy round which Mr Sousa has woven a tale which materialists well certainly brand as "absurd." The scheme of the story is conventional enough. An Italian musician, greatest violinist of the age, falls in love with Mildred Wallace, a marvellously beautiful New York heiress. Nothing he can say, or even play, stirs her cold heart in the slightest. During a brief sojourn on the Island of Bahama he meets the Prince of the Lower Regions, who tempts him with the wonderful violin; then when he returns to New York Mildred immediately falls captive to the divine music from the mysterious instrument. Naturally enough the fifth string, which is never touched, becomes the source of much comment, and when Mildred...

## The Scotsman.

30, Cockburn Street, Edinburgh.

(John Ritchie & Co., Publishers.)

ing from issue dated Feb 5 1903

THE FIFTH STRING. By John Philip Souza. London: Ward, Lock, & Co.

An unimpassioned American girl meets a famous Italian violinist at a New York crush. Angelo Diotti—for that is the gentleman's name—is smitten at first sight, and having obtained an introduction to Miss Wallace leads her to the conservatory and rushes the girl thus:—

"A desire for happiness is our common heritage," he was saying in his richly melodious voice.

"But to define what constitutes happiness is very difficult," she replied.

When all New York goes dotty over Diotti Miss Wallace remains as marble. So Diotti goes and buys a new instrument from the Prince of Darkness, who chances to be on holiday in the Bahamas. Now this violin has a fifth string, a middle one: and while the other four denote pity, hope, love, and joy, the fifth string means sudden Death to the man who plays on it. What follows is simple. Diotti wins his adored one's heart by means of the love string. Then she grows jealous, and following the evil example of Elsa in "Lohengrin," demands the secret of the mysterious fifth string, and insists upon her lover's playing upon it as a proof of his love. Diotti ascends the platform, he plays a despairing swan song, the string snaps, he falls dead, and Mildred is left lamenting. In this dramatic story the Devil and the Woman both get their due. With absolutely unreal people, and absolutely impossible situations, this story has the advantage of novelty; but it is the novelty of sheer absurdity.

## Pall Mall Gazette.

18, Charing Cross Road.

Cutting from issue dated Feb 5 1903

We are afraid that Mr. Sousa can hardly be congratulated on his adventure into the realms of fiction. "The Fifth String" (Ward, Lock) is distinctly a pretty, pleasant story, but there is little originality in the bargain with the devil, which is the centre of the tale; and the story is rather too slight in texture to bear the tragic shock of Diotti's death.



## Yorkshire Daily Post.

23, Albion Street, Leeds

T. C. Munro, Publisher.

from issue dated Feb 4 1903

Mr. John Phillip Sousa, the conductor of the famous American band, has taken to authorship, and Messrs. Ward, Lock, and Co. publish a weird and fantastical story from his pen entitled "The Fifth String." "The Fifth String" is, we suppose, to be accounted a parable. Diotti, the great violinist, arrives in New York from Tuscany to give a series of concerts, and on the eve of his debut falls hopelessly in love with the daughter of a millionaire banker. He relies upon his genius to effect a conquest. The lady, however, is unmoved by playing that sends artistic New York into ecstasies, and so the young violinist retires to the desert to perfect himself in his art. Then we have a modern version of "Faust." Mephistopheles appears and offers Diotti a violin with five strings and the assurance that if he uses this instrument he can subdue the most indifferent beast. The fifth string is Death, and those who touch it pay the penalty of death. Diotti conquers; the lady offers herself to him, but as we expect, feminine curiosity leads her to question him about the superfluous string. His reticence creates jealousy, and in the end at her command he plays on that string and dies in sight of his audience. There are possibilities of poetry in the idea; treated in Mr. Sousa's prose the effect is rather grotesque than otherwise. Mr. Sousa's music is the despair of musicians; it is, however, preferable to his excursus into the art of fiction.

## The Scotsman.

30, Cockburn Street, Edinburgh.

(John Ritchie & Co., Publishers.)

ing from issue dated Feb 5 1903

THE FIFTH STRING. By John Philip Souza.  
London: Ward, Lock, & Co.

An unimpassioned American girl meets a famous Italian violinist at a New York crush. Angelo Diotti—for that is the gentleman's name—is smitten at first sight, and having obtained an introduction to Miss Wallace leads her to the conservatory and rushes the girl thus:—

"A desire for happiness is our common heritage," he was saying in his richly melodious voice.

"But to define what constitutes happiness is very difficult," she replied.

When all New York goes dotty over Diotti Miss Wallace remains as marble. So Diotti goes and buys a new instrument from the Prince of Darkness, who chances to be on holiday in the Bahamas. Now this violin has a fifth string, a middle one: and while the other four denote pity, hope, love, and joy, the fifth string means sudden Death to the man who plays on it. What follows is simple. Diotti wins his adored one's heart by means of the love string. Then she grows jealous, and following the evil example of Elsa in "Lohengrin," demands the secret of the mysterious fifth string, and insists upon her lover's playing upon it as a proof of his love. Diotti ascends the platform, he plays a despairing swan song, the string snaps, he falls dead, and Mildred is left lamenting. In this dramatic story the Devil and the Woman both get their due. With absolutely unreal people, and absolutely impossible situations, this story has the advantage of novelty; but it is the novelty of sheer absurdity.

## The Dundee Courier.

104, North Lindsay Street, Dundee

(Published by W. & J. Thomson.)

from issue dated Feb 4 1903

### "THE FIFTH STRING."

By JOHN PHILIP SOUSA.



"IF YOU DO NOT PLAY UPON IT WE SEPARATE FOR EVER."

"This," said his Satanic Majesty, pointing to the G, "is the string of pity; this one," referring to the third, "is the string of hope; this," plucking the A, "is attuned to love; while this one, the E string, gives forth sounds of joy." "But the extra string?" queries Diotti, with the same curiosity that the reader feels. "That," said Mephistopheles, "is the string of death! He who plays upon it dies at once!" Such is the pretty poetic fancy round which Mr Sousa has woven a tale which materialists well certainly brand as "absurd." The scheme of the story is conventional enough. An Italian musician, greatest violinist of the age, falls in love with Mildred Wallace, a marvellously beautiful New York heiress. Nothing he can say, or even play, stirs her cold heart in the slightest. During a brief sojourn on the Island of Bahama he meets the Prince of the Lower Regions, who tempts him with the wonderful violin; then when he returns to New York Mildred immediately falls captive to the divine music from the mysterious instrument. Naturally enough the fifth string, which is never touched, becomes the source of much comment, and when Mildred finds out that it is woven of the strands of a woman's hair jealousy fires her proud nature. She dares Diotti to play upon it. The sequel is tragic, and in justice we must admit Mr Sousa works it to it in very fine style. The story is of but bright, and its cover is quite a gem of artistic colouring and design.—London: Ward, Lock, Limited.



**The Stage,**  
 25, Abchurch Lane, London, E.C. 4.  
 and M. C. ...  
 Date Feb 6 1903

Mr. John Philip Sousa has written a story. It is entitled "The Fifth String," and is published by Messrs. Ward, Lock, and Co., Limited, in book form, at five shillings, and it may be read in its entirety, along with many other contributions by popular writers, in the current issue of the *Windsor Magazine* for sixpence. From this it will be gathered that the story of "The Fifth String" is short. The theme is fantastic and weird enough to suit the most exacting lovers of that sort of thing, but although handled with some skill it hardly reveals Mr. Sousa as a novelist full-blown.

**Birmingham Post,**

38, New Street, Birmingham.

(Published by John Feeney & Co.)

From issue dated Feb 6 1903

**RECENT FICTION.**

**THE FIFTH STRING. By JOHN PHILIP SOUSA. (Ward, Lock.)**

The so-called "Band King," Mr. John Philip Sousa, has come forward in the character of author. The story has already appeared in the pages of a magazine. Naturally based on the theme of music, the action of the tale is laid in New York, where Diotti, a famous Tuscan violinist, creates a sensation by his marvelous manipulation of his instrument. At a reception prior to Diotti's first concert he meets Mildred Wallace, and falls in love with her. But Miss Wallace has never been stirred by the wonders man has accomplished in music's realm. Mildred attends Diotti's first concert, but, although he scores the greatest triumph of his career, she remains silent and unaffected. Diotti suddenly disappears, and attempts, but cannot achieve, the success which he thinks will win Mildred's love. "It is of no use," he says, in despair. "If the God of Heaven will not aid me, I ask the prince of darkness to come." Satan does come, and persuades Diotti to accept a violin which has a fifth string. The first is the string of pity, another the string of hope, another is attuned to love, and the fourth gives out sounds of joy, but the fifth is the string of death, and he who plays upon it dies at once. Diotti plays again in New York, and strikes the chord responsive in Mildred's soul. She tells him she loves him, but her father objects to her marrying a fiddler, and a friend arouses her jealousy by suggestions about the fifth string. Mildred asks Diotti to play upon that string, and when he refuses she tells him, "I will watch to-night when you play. If you do not use that string we part for ever." At the concert he enhances his reputation, and then his fingers seek the string of death. He plays upon it, the string snaps suddenly, and Diotti falls dead. The story reminds one very much of Mephistopheles and Faust, but it is ingeniously constructed and admirably written. Melodramatic it may be, but it is marked by intensity of feeling and dramatic power, and the interest is so fascinating that it easily enchains attention to the end.

Cutting from the *Church Bells*  
 Dated February 6 1903  
 Address of Journal

THE WINDSOR MAGAZINE.—John Philip Sousa, the famous band-king, contributes a complete long story of musical life, finely illustrated by Howell Chandler Christy. It is an exciting yarn and is told with much picturesqueness and force. The 'Windsor' also includes striking developments in S. R. Crockett's powerful new serial, 'Strong Mac,' and complete stories and articles by Ian Mac-laren, B. Fletcher Robinson (a new adventure in the exciting 'Trail of the Dead' series), Ernest E. Williams (trenchant as ever), Gambier Bolton, F.Z.S. (with some of his inimitable studies of animal life), and other notable specialists. The man or woman who cannot laugh over a fantasy, entitled, 'The Discovery of London,' is indeed to be pitied.

**Glasgow Herald,**

35 and 69, Buchanan Street, Glasgow.

(George Outram & Co. Publishers.)

From issue dated Feb 7 1903

"The Fifth String." By John Philip Sousa.  
 5s. (London: Ward, Lock & Co.)

The name of the "American Band King" on the title-page of a novel should, in itself, be enough to attract the reader, if only out of curiosity to see how the musical chef succeeds in what is to him the less familiar field of literature. But, apart from the personality of the author, "The Fifth String" has merit enough of its own to deserve success. As might be expected, it deals with the musician and his art. The general theme is the power of music over human emotion, and this theme the writer has embroidered with touches of imagination and mystery, working it out as a literary fantasia somewhat high-strung both in sentiment and expression, but distinctly attractive. The story—it is short and compact enough, never running into side issues—need not be given here. It is enough of it to say that Diotti, "the renowned Tuscan violinist," whose music, wonderful as it is, has failed to move the soul of the beautiful woman whom he loves, succeeds at last in winning her by the heart-touching strains he produces from an instrument with a very curious history. The "personage" who presented it to him had himself been wont to play it, in the abode of happiness, before he was sent "to another place." The violin, however, has a fifth string, which the artist is warned against touching, as it is the "string of death." His remarkable skill enables him, even in the most intricate music, to avoid this dread string, till Mildred, in her womanly curiosity and jealousy, insists that he should play on it. He does so, and in the midst of a weird and fascinating melody drops dead on the stage. The mere matter-of-fact story-reader may object to the elements of mystery and diablerie, but they are quite in keeping with the tone and spirit of the composition. To the admirers of Sousa the book is a gem.

Cutting from the *Pelican*  
 Dated February 7 1903  
 Address of Journal London

In his story "The Fifth String," in the February *Windsor Magazine*, Mr. Sousa, of Band renown, makes it somewhat clear that he conducts better than he writes. However, the number, including as it does articles by Ian Mac-laren, S. B. Crockett, Fletcher Robinson, and other well-known authors, is quite up to the usual high level one expects, and gets, in Messrs. Ward, Lock and Co.'s always excellent magazine.



**The Stage,**  
 11, Abchurch Lane, London, E.C. 4.  
 and M. C. ...  
 issue dated Feb 7 1903

Cutting from the **Church Bells**  
 Dated February 6 1903  
 Address of Journal

Mr. John Philip Sousa has written a story. It is entitled "The Fifth String," and is published by Messrs. Ward, Lock, and Co., Limited, in book form, at five shillings, and it may be read in its entirety, along with many other contributions by popular writers, in the current issue of the *Windsor Magazine* for sixpence. From this it will be gathered that the story of "The Fifth String" is short. The theme is fantastic and weird enough to suit the most exacting lovers of that sort of thing, but although handled with some skill it hardly reveals Mr. Sousa as a first full-blown.

THE WINDSOR MAGAZINE.—John Philip Sousa, the famous band-king, contributes a complete long story of musical life, finely illustrated by Howell Chandler Christy. It is an exciting yarn and is told with much picturesqueness and force. The 'Windsor' also includes striking developments in S. R. Crockett's powerful new serial, 'Strong Mac,' and complete stories and articles by Ian Mac-laren, B. Fletcher Robinson (a new adventure in the exciting 'Trail of the Dead' series), Ernest E. Williams (trenchant as ever), Gambier Bolton, F.Z.S. (with some of his inimitable studies of animal life), and other notable specialists. The man or woman who cannot laugh over a fantasy, entitled, 'The Discovery of London,' is indeed to be pitied.

**Glasgow Herald,**  
 35 and 69, Buchanan Street, Glasgow.  
 (George Outram & Co. Publishers.)  
 from issue dated Feb 7 1903

**Birmingham Post,**  
 38, New Street, Birmingham.  
 (Published by John Feeney & Co.)  
 from issue dated Feb 7 1903

# RECENT FICTION.

THE FIFTH STRING. By JOHN PHILIP SOUSA. (Ward, Lock.)

The so-called "Band King," Mr. John Philip Sousa, has come forward in the character of author. The story has already appeared in the pages of a magazine. Naturally based on the theme of music, the action of the tale is laid in New York, where Diotti, a famous Tuscan violinist, creates a sensation by his marvellous manipulation of his instrument. At a reception prior to Diotti's first concert he meets Mildred Wallace, and falls in love with her. But Miss Wallace has never been stirred by the wonders man has accomplished in music's realm. Mildred attends Diotti's first concert, but, although he scores the greatest triumph of his career, she remains silent and unaffected. Diotti suddenly disappears, and attempts, but cannot achieve, the success which he thinks will win Mildred's love. "It is of no use," he says, in despair. "If the God of Heaven will not aid me, I ask the prince of darkness to come." Satan does come, and persuades Diotti to accept a violin which has a fifth string. The first is the string of pity, another the string of hope, another is attuned to love, and the fourth gives out sounds of joy, but the fifth is the string of death, and he who plays upon it dies at once. Diotti plays again in New York, and strikes the chord responsive in Mildred's soul. She tells him she loves him, but her father objects to her marrying a fiddler, and a friend arouses her jealousy by suggestions about the fifth string. Mildred asks Diotti to play upon that string, and when he refuses she tells him, "I will watch to-night when you play. If you do not use that string we part for ever." At the concert he enhances his reputation, and then his fingers seek the string of death. He plays upon it, the string snaps suddenly, and Diotti falls dead. The story reminds one very much of Mephistopheles and Faust, but it is ingeniously constructed and admirably written. Melodramatic it may be, but it is marked by intensity of feeling and dramatic power, and the interest is so fascinating that it easily enchains attention to the end.

"The Fifth String." By John Philip Sousa.  
 5s. (London: Ward, Lock & Co.)  
 The name of the "American Band King" on the title-page of a novel should, in itself, be enough to attract the reader, if only out of curiosity to see how the musical chef succeeds in what is to him the less familiar field of literature. But, apart from the personality of the author, "The Fifth String" has merit enough of its own to deserve success. As might be expected, it deals with the musician and his art. The general theme is the power of music over human emotion, and this theme the writer has embroidered with touches of imagination and mystery, working it out as a literary fantasia somewhat high-strung both in sentiment and expression, but distinctly attractive. The story—it is short and compact enough, never running into side issues—need not be given here. It is enough of it to say that Diotti, "the renowned Tuscan violinist," whose music, wonderful as it is, has failed to move the soul of the beautiful woman whom he loves, succeeds at last in winning her by the heart-touching strains he produces from an instrument with a very curious history. The "personage" who presented it to him had himself been wont to play it, in the abode of happiness, before he was sent "to another place." The violin, however, has a fifth string, which the artist is warned against touching, as it is the "string of death." His remarkable skill enables him, even in the most intricate music, to avoid this dread string, till Mildred, in her womanly curiosity and jealousy, insists that he should play on it. He does so, and in the midst of a weird and fascinating melody drops dead on the stage. The more matter-of-fact story-reader may object to the elements of mystery and diablerie, but they are quite in keeping with the tone and spirit of the composition. To the admirers of Sousa the book will be a delightful memento of the musician, and even those who are not pronounced votaries of music will read it with appreciation and pleasure. It is charmingly produced by the publishers, and is illustrated by some clever drawings by Howard Chandler Christy.

son, and ...  
 usual high level ...  
 Lock and ...



## Court Circular,

218, Piccadilly, W.

(The Westminster Publishing Co., Publishers.)

Cutting from issue dated

Feb 7 1903

### MR. SOUSA'S NEW BOOK.

The great bandmaster appears in an unaccustomed rôle. We do not know whether *The Fifth String*, by John Philip Sousa (Ward, Lock), is a first book, but if it is we can cordially express the hope that it will not be his last. Faults the book has in abundance, and yet the vivid power of narrative, the firm characterisation, and the humour which irradiates the whole, are sufficient to give distinction to what is, after all, a comparatively slight foundation of plot. Mr. Sousa introduces us to a young Tuscan violinist, named Angelo Diotti, who, in spite of his world-wide fame, fails to move by his playing the young American girl whom he loves. How he succeeds ultimately in moving her, indeed in making her respond to his adoring affection, it would not be fair to reveal; enough to say that he obtains, from a source for which Miss Corelli might claim patent rights, another violin possessing the fatal fifth string which gives the title to the story. Incidentally Mr. Sousa sketches a wonderful little picture of an impresario whom he calls Mr. Henry Perkins:—

Perkins called in the morning, Perkins was happy—Perkins was positively joyous, and Perkins was self-satisfied. The violinist had made a great hit. But Perkins, confiding in the white-coated dispenser who concocted his *matin Martini*, very dry, an hour before, said he regarded the success due as much to the management as to the artist. And Perkins believed it. Perkins usually took all the credit for a success, and with charming consistency placed all responsibility for failure on the shoulders of the hapless artist.

When Perkins entered Diotti's room he found the violinist heavy-eyed and dejected. "My dear Signor," he began, showing a large envelope bulging with newspaper clippings, "I have brought the notices. They are quite the limit, I assure you. Nothing like them ever heard before—all tuned in the same key, as you musical fellows would say," and Perkins cocked his eye.

Perkins

### Musical Standard,

185, Fleet Street, E.C.

Cutting from issue dated

Feb 7 1903

#### Sousa and Satan.

In the February number of the "Windsor" there is a story entitled "The Fifth String," by Sousa. We have also received the story in book form. Later on we will give it more detailed attention. Meanwhile, it may be mentioned that Satan is one of the characters. He is "a tall, rather spare, but well-made and handsome man." Diotti, a violinist is in love, but seeks in vain a melody that will melt his icy lady-love. He smashes his violin, and calls for the devil. Satan gives him a violin with five strings.

"Allow me to explain the peculiar characteristics of this magnificent instrument," said his Satanic Majesty. "This string," pointing to the G, "is the string of pity; this one," referring to the third, "is the string of hope; this," plucking the A, "is attuned to love, while this one, the E string, gives forth sounds of joy.

"You will observe," went on the visitor, noting the intense interest displayed by the violinist, "that the position of the strings is the same as on any other violin, and therefore will require no additional study on your part."

"But that extra string?" interrupted Diotti, designating the middle one on the violin, a vague forboding rising within him.

"That," said Mephistopheles solemnly, and with no pretence of sophistry, "is the string of death, and he who plays upon it dies at once."

## Heath and Home,

10 & 11, Fetter Lane, E.C.

(Messrs. Beeton and Co., Publishers.)

Cutting from issue dated

Apr 7 1903

#### "THE FIFTH STRING."

Who better than Sousa understands this charm *par excellence* in marches, and holds the public in thrall with the irresistible entrain of the interpretations of his own and of other people's rhythmic measures? Ask any soldier or civilian with a grain of musical feeling what they think of "El Capitan," for instance." But here we have Sousa, in the *Windsor Magazine*, in quite another rôle for review. His story therein of "The Fifth String" is real and interesting as regards the struggling career of a great artist by one who knows and realises the hopes and fears, disappointments and successes with which a musician's life is constantly fraught. The catastrophe is alone unreal and bordering on the mystic; yet it is not incongruous. There are parallel "fifth" strings upon which stern Fate plays in the lives of mortals, and they lose their all like Diotti, Sousa's violinist.

## The Liverpool Daily Courier,

Victoria Street, Liverpool.

(C. Tinling & Co., Publishers.)

Cutting from issue dated

Apr 11 1903

With John Philip Sousa as a bandmaster

### Musical News

130, Fleet Street, E.C.

Cutting from issue dated

Feb 11 1903

#### Sousa as an Author.

Mr. Sousa, not satisfied with his achievements in the musical world, longs for other fields of conquest. From Messrs. Ward, Lock, & Co., we have received a novel, "The Fifth String," written by the famous American conductor. This, as one infers from the title, touches on matters musical, and belongs to that immense class of sensational productions which deals with "creepy things." We cannot say that the book rises above the average plane of merit of works of this class, but it is interesting in that the author gives us some views of American impresarios and concert agents. Mr. Sousa should certainly be able to speak about this class of people as one having authority. Whether the pictures we get of them are meant to be exact or otherwise, the author is evidently not impressed by their virtues. One Mr. Perkins, a New York concert agent, is held up to ridicule throughout. The following brief extract will serve to show how this gentleman's attitude to a successful debutant is depicted:—

"Perkins called in the morning. Perkins was happy—Perkins was positively joyous, and Perkins was self-satisfied. The violinist had made a great hit. But Perkins, confiding in the white-coated dispenser who concocted his *matin Martini*, very dry, an hour before, said he regarded the success due as much to the management as to the artist. And Perkins believed it. Perkins usually took all the credit for a success, and with charming consistency placed all responsibility for failure on the shoulders of the hapless artist."

Many of the author's cynical remarks may, of course, be intended to be taken "cum grano," as they are evidently inspired by a desire to appear epigrammatical, or, to speak more correctly, "smart."



## Court Circular,

213, Piccadilly, W.

(The Westminster Publishing Co., Publishers.)

Cutting from issue dated

Feb 7 1903

### MR. SOUSA'S NEW BOOK.

The great bandmaster appears in an unaccustomed rôle. We do not know whether *The Fifth String*, by John Philip Sousa (Ward, Lock), is a first book, but if it is we can cordially express the hope that it will not be his last. Faults the book has in abundance, and yet the vivid power of narrative, the firm characterisation, and the humour which irradiates the whole, are sufficient to give distinction to what is, after all, a comparatively slight foundation of plot. Mr. Sousa introduces us to a young Tuscan violinist, named Angelo Diotti, who, in spite of his world-wide fame, fails to move by his playing the young American girl whom he loves. How he succeeds ultimately in moving her, indeed in making her respond to his adoring affection, it would not be fair to reveal; enough to say that he obtains, from a source for which Miss Corelli might claim patent rights, another violin possessing the fatal fifth string which gives the title to the story. Incidentally Mr. Sousa sketches a wonderful little picture of an impresario whom he calls Mr. Henry Perkins:—

Perkins called in the morning, Perkins was happy—Perkins was positively joyous, and Perkins was self-satisfied. The violinist had made a great hit. But Perkins, confiding in the white-coated dispenser who concocted his *matin Martini*, very dry, an hour before, said he regarded the success due as much to the management as to the artist. And Perkins believed it. Perkins usually took all the credit for a success, and with charming consistency placed all responsibility for failure on the shoulders of the hapless artist.

When Perkins entered Diotti's room he found the violinist heavy-eyed and dejected. "My dear Signor," he began, showing a large envelope bulging with newspaper clippings, "I have brought the notices. They are quite the limit, I assure you. Nothing like them ever heard before—all tuned in the same key, as you musical fellows would say," and Perkins cocked his eye.

Perkins enjoyed a glorious reputation with himself for bright sayings, which he always accompanied with a cock of the eye. The musician not showing any visible appreciation of the manager's metaphor, Perkins immediately proceeded to uncock his eye.

"Passed the box-office coming up," continued this voluble enlightener; "nothing left but a few seats in the top gallery. We'll stand them on their heads to-morrow night—see if we don't." Then he handed the bursting envelope of notices to Diotti, who listlessly put them on the table at his side.

The illustrations, which are by Mr. Howard Chandler Christy, appear to us to be of great merit. The heroine reminds us a little of the Gibson Girl with whom the United States is supposed to be populated, yet with a difference, for it would not be just to imply that Mr. Christy has imitated Gibson's work.

## Hearth and Home,

10 & 11, Fetter Lane, E.C.

(Messrs. Repton and Co., Publishers.)

g from issue dated

Apr 7

1903

### "THE FIFTH STRING."

Who better than Sousa understands this charm *par excellence* in marches, and holds the public in thrall with the irresistible entrain of the interpretations of his own and of other people's rhythmic measures? Ask any soldier or civilian with a grain of musical feeling what they think of "El Capitan," for instance." But here we have Sousa, in the *Windsor Magazine*, in quite another rôle for review. His story therein of "The Fifth String" is real and interesting as regards the struggling career of a great artist by one who knows and realises the hopes and fears, disappointments and successes with which a musician's life is constantly fraught. The catastrophe is alone unreal and bordering on the mystic; yet it is not incongruous. There are parallel "fifth" strings upon which stern Fate plays in the lives of mortals, and they lose their all like Diotti, Sousa's violinist.

## The Liverpool Daily Courier,

Victoria Street, Liverpool.

(C. Tinling & Co., Publishers.)

cutting from issue dated

Apr 11 1903

With John Philip Sousa as a bandmaster we are all acquainted, but John Philip Sousa as a novelist comes as a surprise to most of us. Appropriately enough, in "The Fifth String" (Ward, Lock, and Co.), Mr. Sousa gives us a musical story. He borrows his principal idea from Goethe, and then works out his story on modern lines, with just sufficient sensationalism and tragedy to make it "go." Though not by any means a brilliant work from the literary point of view, "The Fifth String" is constructed on somewhat original lines, and is well worth reading. The author has wisely refrained from spinning out his story to inordinate length.

COMMENTS ON  
THE MUSICAL  
APPOINTMENT  
LONDON CONCERT  
THE TONIC SOL  
MISCELLANEOUS  
THE BACH CHOI

Extract  
tude to a

happy—  
shed.  
g in  
rtini,  
as  
kins

a success,  
responsibility for

Many of the remarks may, of course, be intended to be taken "cum grano," as they are evidently inspired by a desire to appear epigrammatical, or, to speak more correctly, "smart."

P.  
pl



Musical  
130, Fetter Lane, E.C.  
Coming from issue dated Feb 14 03

### Sousa as an Author.

Mr. Sousa, not satisfied with his achievements in the musical world, longs for other fields of conquest. From Messrs. Ward, Lock, & Co., we have received a novel, "The Fifth String," written by the famous American conductor. This, as one infers from the title, touches on matters musical, and belongs to that immense class of sensational productions which deals with "creepy things." We cannot say that the book rises above the average plane of merit of works of this class, but it is interesting in that the author gives us some views of American impresarios and concert agents. Mr. Sousa should certainly be able to speak about this class of people as one having authority. Whether the pictures we get of them are meant to be exact or otherwise, the author is evidently not impressed by their virtues. One Mr. Perkins, a New York concert agent, is held up to ridicule throughout. The following brief extract will serve to show how this gentleman's attitude to a successful debutant is depicted:—

"Perkins called in the morning. Perkins was happy—Perkins was positively joyous, and Perkins was self-satisfied. The violinist had made a great hit. But Perkins, confiding in the white coated dispenser who concocted his *matin Martini*, very dry, an hour before, said he regarded the success due as much to the management as to the artist. And Perkins believed it. Perkins usually took all the credit for a success, and with charming consistency placed all responsibility for failure on the shoulders of the hapless artist."

Many of the author's cynical remarks may, of course, be intended to be taken "cum grano," as they are evidently inspired by a desire to appear epigrammatical, or, to speak more correctly, "smart."

Coming from *Yo - Day*  
18 2 03  
shed at

And truth to tell, Mr. Sousa's first fiction composition is hardly less stirring than his musical, and I doubt not I shall find plenty of customers for his musical love drama, "The Fifth String" (Ward Lock, 5s.). The plot is exceedingly ingenious, and the writing, if American in style, contains some rare flashes of unexpected dry humour. The story is centred round a young Italian violinist, who is presented by the Prince of Darkness with a strange instrument, whose peculiar characteristics are thus explained by the donor:—

"This string," pointing to the G, "is the string of pity; this one," referring to the third, "is the string of hope; this," plunking the A, "is attuned to love; while this one, the E string, gives forth sounds of joy. . . ."

"But that extra string?" interrupted Diotti, designating the middle one on the violin, a vague foreboding rising within him.

"That," said Mephistopheles, solemnly, and with no pretence of sophistry, "is the string of death, and he who plays upon it dies at once. . . . I brought it from heaven when I—I left," said the fallen angel, with remorse in his voice. "It was my constant companion there. But no one in my domain—not I myself—can play upon it now, for it will respond neither to our longing for pity, hope, love, joy, nor even death."

After reluctantly trying the instrument and its four magical strings, the violinist exclaims: "With this instrument I can conquer the world!"

"Aye, more to you than the world," said the Tempter, "a woman's love."

A woman's love—to the despairing suitor there was one and only one in this wide, wide world, and her words, burning their way into his heart, had made this temptation possible: "No drop of my blood could be more constant than I to him who strikes the chord that is responsive in my soul."

Holding the violin aloft, he cries, exultingly: "Henceforth thou art mine, though death and oblivion lurk ever near thee!"

How he wins the "one woman's" love therewith, and what comes of it, is a drama of no mean interest. The volume, dainty in appearance, is further embellished with many full-page illustrations, of the Gibson type, by Howard Chandler Christy.

from the *Morning Leader*  
Dated February 13 1903  
at Journal

### The March King.

Curiosity at least should make many people open the pages of "The Fifth String" (London: Ward, Lock and Co. Price 5s.), for it is a romance by Sousa—the Sousa, the "March King." It is not often that a musician takes to literature, still less often does one write fiction, and rarest of all is the musician who achieves glory as a romancer. Well, Sousa is not the exception, though his essay into the field of romance is a very creditable one, and as interesting as the work of such an interesting personality should be. It is like one of Hoffmann's tales in a modern setting; it is bizarre, if poetic in places. Briefly, its idea is that a highly-talented violinist falls deeply in love with a Yankee millionaire's daughter. He sees the imperfection of his art, because, though he charms the whole musical world, he fails to touch the soul of his beloved. To him comes Satan with a present in the shape of a violin with five strings.

"Allow me to explain the peculiar characteristics of this magnificent instrument," said his Satanic Majesty. "This string," pointing to the G, "is the string of pity; this one," referring to the third, "is the string of hope; this," plunking the A, "is attuned to love; while this one, the E string, gives forth sounds of joy."

Pretty is it not (but did you notice that horrid word "plunking")? And the fifth string? "Ah, that is the string of death, and he who plays upon it dies at once." You see the rest at a glance. The musician takes the violin, renews his artistic triumphs, but this time melts the frozen soul of his lady into, at will, the emotions of pity, joy, and love. But she will not be satisfied till he plays the fifth string. So he plays it, and —

### The "Publisher's Circular," Fetter Lane, LONDON, E.C.

Dated *Sept 10* 1899

From the same. — "The Fifth String," by John Philip Sousa. Nowadays a man, more especially if he be an American, is not content to excel in one accomplishment alone, he must venture into unfrequented paths. We can scarcely say Mr. Sousa has written an exceptional novel, judged even by a moderate standard, but it has many attributes of smartness. The diction is bright and crisp: the situations have a theatrical colouring which is not without its effect, and the narrative generally goes with a swing that will greatly delight a certain section of readers. The book also has the assistance of some very effective illustrations.





"Let the shoemaker stick to his last, the peasant to his plough, and let the prince understand how to rule."

GOETHE.

OLD proverbs are somewhat out of favour nowadays—save when by the simple interchange of one word they may pass in this age of cheap wit for a specimen of the new humour—and, therefore, it would not greatly surprise me if many of my customers strongly disapproved of Goethe's exhortation to the shoemaker to stick to his last. This is an age of "progress" they say; consequently, no one should be content with his ordinary vocation. He should aim "higher," and so the peasant forsakes his plough for a stool in a City office, and the prince neglects the duties of government for the company, social and financial, of the millionaire. With mediocrities, in any class of life, this behaviour, in truth, is not astonishing; but when I note a man who is making, or has made, his mark in one particular vocation deliberately endeavouring to branch out in another, I know not whether to be more amused or sorry. The almost fatal facility of my younger contemporaries is to me a source of endless amazement. I see Mr. Max Beerbohm, who has a happy talent for drawing caricatures, persuading the readers of the *Saturday Review* that he is a dramatic critic; while Mr. Frank Richardson, one of the most brilliant of our young humorous writers, prides himself on his caricature sketches. And now John Philip Sousa, "March King," and America's proudest musical product, must throw down his *bâton* for a pen, to compose romances instead of melodies.

And truth to tell, Mr. Sousa's first fiction composition is hardly less stirring than his musical, and I doubt not I shall find plenty of customers for his musical love drama, "The Fifth String" (Ward, Lock, 5s.). The plot is exceedingly ingenious, and the writing, if American in style, contains some rare flashes of unexpected dry humour. The story is centred round a young Italian violinist, who is presented by the Prince of Darkness with a strange instrument, whose peculiar characteristics are thus explained by the donor:—

"This string," pointing to the G, "is the string of pity; this one," referring to the third, "is the string of hope; this," plunking the A, "is attuned to love; while this one, the E string, gives forth sounds of joy. . . ."

"But that extra string?" interrupted Diotti, designating the middle one on the violin, a vague foreboding rising within him.

"That," said Mephistopheles, solemnly, and with no pretence of sophistry, "is the string of death, and he who plays upon it dies at once. . . . I brought it from heaven when I—I left," said the fallen angel, with remorse in his voice. "It was my constant companion there. But no one in my domain—not I myself—can play upon it now, for it will respond neither to our longing for pity, hope, love, joy, nor even death."

After reluctantly trying the instrument and its four magical strings, the violinist exclaims: "With this instrument I can conquer the world!"

"Aye, more to you than the world," said the Tempter, "a woman's love."

A woman's love—to the despairing suitor there was one and only one in this wide, wide world, and her words, burning their way into his heart, had made this temptation possible: "No drooping Clytie could be more constant than I to him who strikes the chord that is responsive in my soul."

Holding the violin aloft, he cries, exultingly: "Henceforth thou art mine, though death and oblivion lurk ever near thee!"

How he wins the "one woman's" love therewith, and what comes of it, is a drama of no mean interest. The volume, dainty in appearance, is further embellished with many full-page illustrations, of the Gibson type, by Howard Chandler Christy.

## Court Circular.

13, Burleigh Street, Strand, W.C.

(The Westminster Publishing Co., Publishers.)

from issue dated.....Feb 7.....1903

## MR. SOUSA'S NEW BOOK.

The great bandmaster appears in an unaccustomed rôle. We do not know whether *The Fifth String*, by John Philip Sousa (Ward, Lock), is a first book, but if it is we can cordially express the hope that it will not be his last. Faults the book has in abundance, and yet the vivid power of narrative, the firm characterisation, and the humour which irradiates the whole, are sufficient to give distinction to what is, after all, a comparatively slight foundation of plot. Mr. Sousa introduces us to a young Tuscan violinist, named Angelo Diotti, who, in spite of his world-wide fame, fails to move by his playing the young American girl whom he loves. How he succeeds ultimately in moving her, indeed in making her respond to his adoring affection, it would not be fair to reveal; enough to say that he obtains, from a source for which Miss Corelli might claim patent rights, another violin possessing the fatal fifth string which gives the title to the story. Incidentally Mr. Sousa sketches a wonderful little picture of an impresario whom he calls Mr. Henry Perkins:—

Perkins called in the morning, Perkins was happy—Perkins was positively joyous, and Perkins was self-satisfied. The violinist had made a great hit. But Perkins, confiding in the white-coated dispenser who concocted his *matin Martini*, very dry, an hour before, said he regarded the success due as much to the management as to the artist. And Perkins believed it. Perkins usually took all the credit for a success, and with charming consistency placed all responsibility for failure on the shoulders of the hapless artist.

When Perkins entered Diotti's room he found the violinist heavy-eyed and dejected. "My dear Signor," he began, showing a large envelope bulging with newspaper clippings, "I have brought the notices. They are quite the limit, I assure you. Nothing like them ever heard before—all tuned in the same key, as you musical fellows would say," and Perkins cocked his eye.

Perkins enjoyed a glorious reputation with himself for bright sayings, which he always accompanied with a cock of the eye. The musician not showing any visible appreciation of the manager's metaphor, Perkins immediately proceeded to uncock his eye.

"Passed the box-office coming up," continued this voluble enlightener; "nothing left but a few seats in the top gallery. We'll stand them on their heads to-morrow night—see if we don't." Then he handed the bursting envelope of notices to Diotti, who listlessly put them on the table at his side.

The illustrations, which are by Mr. Howard Chandler Christy, appear to us to be of great merit. The heroine reminds us a little of the Gibson Girl with whom the United States is supposed to be populated, yet with a difference, for it would not be just to imply that Mr. Christy has slavishly imitated Gibson's work.

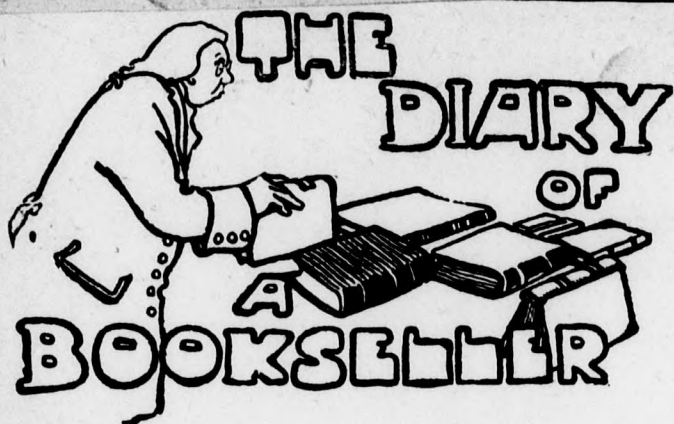


ting from the

Dated February

18 1903

ress of Journal



"Let the shoemaker stick to his last, the peasant to his plough, and let the prince understand how to rule"

GOETHE.

OLD proverbs are somewhat out of favour nowadays—save when by the simple interchange of one word they may pass in this age of cheap wit for a specimen of the new humour—and, therefore, it would not greatly surprise me if many of my customers strongly disapproved of Goethe's exhortation to the shoemaker to stick to his last. This is an age of "progress" they say; consequently, no one should be content with his ordinary vocation. He should aim "higher," and so the peasant forsakes his plough for a stool in a City office, and the prince neglects the duties of government for the company, social and financial, of the millionaire. With mediocrities, in any class of life, this behaviour, in truth, is not astonishing; but when I note a man who is making, or has made, his mark in one particular vocation deliberately endeavouring to branch out in another, I know not whether to be more amused or sorry. The almost fatal facility of my younger contemporaries is to me a source of endless amazement. I see Mr. Max Beerbohm, who has a happy talent for drawing caricatures, persuading the readers of the *Saturday Review* that he is a dramatic critic; while Mr. Frank Richardson, one of the most brilliant of our young humorous writers, prides himself on his caricature sketches. And now John Philip Sousa, "March King," and America's proudest musical product, must throw down his *bâton* for a pen, to compose romances instead of melodies.

And truth to tell, Mr. Sousa's first fiction composition is hardly less stirring than his musical, and I doubt not I shall find plenty of customers for his musical love drama, "The Fifth String" (Ward, Lock, 5s.). The plot is exceedingly ingenious, and the writing, if American in style, contains some rare flashes of unexpected dry humour. The story is centred round a young Italian violinist, who is presented by the Prince of Darkness with a strange instrument, whose peculiar characteristics are thus explained by the donor:—

"This string," pointing to the G, "is the string of pity; this one," referring to the third, "is the string of hope; this," plunking the A, "is attuned to love; while this one, the E string, gives forth sounds of joy."

"But that extra string?" interrupted Diotti, designating the middle one on the violin, a vague foreboding rising within him.

"That," said Mephistopheles, solemnly, and with no pretence of sophistry, "is the string of death, and he who plays upon it dies at once. . . . I brought it from heaven when I—I left," said the fallen angel, with remorse in his voice. "It was my constant companion there. But no one in my domain—not I myself—can play upon it now, for it will respond neither to our longing for pity, hope, love, joy, nor death."

After reluctantly trying the instrument and its four magical strings, the violinist exclaims: "With this instrument I can conquer the world!"

"Aye, more to you than the world," said the Tempter, "a woman's love."

A woman's love—to the despairing suitor there was one and only one in this wide, wide world, and her words, burning their way into his heart, had made this temptation possible: "No drooping Clytie could be more constant than I to him who strikes the chord that is responsive in my soul."

Holding the violin aloft, he cries, exultingly: "Henceforth thou art mine, though death and oblivion lurk ever near thee!"

How he wins the "one woman's" love therewith, and what comes of it, is a drama of no mean interest. The volume, dainty in appearance, is further embellished with many full page illustrations, of the Gibson type, by F. Chandler Christy.

## Publishers' Circular,

L. Dunstan's House, Fetter Lane, E.C.

(Published by Sampson, Low, & Co.)

om issue dated..... 11 Apr 1903

From the same. — "The Fifth String," by John Philip Sousa. Nowadays a man, more especially if he be an American, is not content to excel in one accomplishment alone, he must venture into unfrequented paths. We can scarcely say Mr. Sousa has written an exceptional novel, judged even by a moderate standard, but it has many attributes of smartness. The diction is bright and crisp: the situations have a theatrical colouring which is not without its effect, and the narrative generally goes with a swing that will greatly delight a certain section of readers. The book also has the assistance of some very effective illustrations.

ting from

Liverpool Courier

hed at

With John Philip Sousa as a band-master we are all acquainted, but John Philip Sousa as a novelist comes as a surprise to most of us. Appropriately enough

g from the

Liverpool Courier

of Publication

Dated

April 11-03

With John Philip Sousa as a band-master we are all acquainted, but John Philip Sousa as a novelist comes as a surprise to most of us. Appropriately enough, in "The Fifth String" (Ward, Lock, and Co.), Mr. Sousa gives us a musical story. He borrows his principal idea from Goethe, and then works out his story on modern lines, with just sufficient sensationalism and tragedy to make it "go." Though not by any means a brilliant work from the literary point of view, "The Fifth String" is constructed on somewhat original lines, and is well worth reading. The author has wisely refrained from spinning out his



ting from the

Dated February 18 1903

ress of Journal



"Let the shoemaker stick to his last, the peasant to his plough, and let the prince understand how to rule"

GOETHE.

OLD proverbs are somewhat out of favour nowadays—save when by the simple interchange of one word they may pass in this age of cheap wit for a specimen of the new humour—and, therefore, it would not greatly surprise me if many of my customers strongly disapproved of Goethe's exhortation to the shoemaker to stick to his last. This is an age of "progress" they say; consequently, no one should be content with his ordinary vocation. He should aim "higher," and so the peasant forsakes his plough for a stool in a City office, and the prince neglects the duties of government for the company, social and financial, of the millionaire. With mediocrities, in any class of life, this behaviour, in truth, is not astonishing; but when I note a man who is making, or has made, his mark in one particular vocation deliberately endeavouring to branch out in another, I know not whether to be more amused or sorry. The almost fatal facility of my younger contemporaries is to me a source of endless amazement. I see Mr. Max Beerbohm, who has a happy talent for drawing caricatures, persuading the readers of the *Saturday Review* that he is a dramatic critic; while Mr. Frank Richardson, one of the most brilliant of our young humorous writers, prides himself on his caricature sketches. And now John Philip Sousa, "March King," and America's proudest musical product, must throw down his *bâton* for a pen, to compose romances instead of melodies.

\* \* \*

And truth to tell, Mr. Sousa's first fiction composition is hardly less stirring than his musical, and I doubt not I shall find plenty of customers for his musical love drama, "The Fifth String" (Ward, Lock, 5s.). The plot is exceedingly ingenious, and the writing, if American in style, contains some rare flashes of unexpected dry humour. The story is centred round a young Italian violinist, who is presented by the Prince of Darkness with a strange instrument, whose peculiar characteristics are thus explained by the donor:—

"This string," pointing to the G, "is the string of pity; this one," referring to the third, "is the string of hope; this," plunking the A, "is attuned to love; while this one, the E string, gives forth sounds of joy."

"But that extra string?" interrupted Diotti, designating the middle one on the violin, a vague foreboding rising within him.

"That," said Mephistopheles, solemnly, and with no pretence of sophistry, "is the string of death, and he who plays upon it dies at once."

"I brought it from heaven when I—I left," said the fallen angel, with remorse in his voice.

"It was my constant companion there. But no one in my domain—not I myself—can play upon it now, for it will respond neither to our longing for pity, hope, love, joy, nor death."

After reluctantly trying the instrument and its four magical strings, the violinist exclaims: "With this instrument I can conquer the world!"

"Aye, more to you than the world," said the Tempter, "a woman's love."

A woman's love—to the despairing suitor there was one and only one in this wide, wide world, and her words, burning their way into his heart, had made this temptation possible: "No drooping Clytie could be more constant than I to him who strikes the chord that is responsive in my soul."

Holding the violin aloft, he cries, exultingly: "Henceforth thou art mine, though death and oblivion lurk ever near thee!"

How he wins the "one woman's" love therewith, and what comes of it, is a drama of no mean interest. The volume, dainty in appearance, is further embellished with many full-page illustrations, of the Gibson type, by Howard Chandler Christy.

## Publishers' Circular,

L. Dunstan's House, Fetter Lane, E.C.

(Published by Sampson, Low, & Co.)

om issue dated April 11 1903

From the same. — "The Fifth String," by John Philip Sousa. Nowadays a man, more especially if he be an American, is not content to excel in one accomplishment alone, he must venture into unfrequented paths. We can scarcely say Mr. Sousa has written an exceptional novel, judged even by a moderate standard, but it has many attributes of smartness. The diction is bright and crisp: the situations have a theatrical colouring which is not without its effect, and the narrative generally goes with a swing that will greatly delight a certain section of readers. The book also has the assistance of some very effective illustrations.

ting from

Liverpool Courier

11 Feb 1903

shed at

With John Philip Sousa as a band-master we are all acquainted, but John Philip Sousa as a novelist comes as a surprise to most of us. Appropriately enough, in "The Fifth String" (Ward, Lock, and Co.), Mr. Sousa gives us a musical story. He borrows his principal idea from Goethe, and then works out his story on modern lines, with just sufficient sensationalism and tragedy to make it "go." Though not by any means a brilliant work from the literary point of view, "The Fifth String" is constructed on somewhat original lines, and is well worth reading. The author has wisely refrained from spinning out his story to inordinate length.



Newspaper Cutting Bureau in the World.

Room

Address

Date

# The Housekeeper

*Housekeeper*

CHICAGO, ILL. MINN.

APR -- 1903

April, 1903

VOL. XXVI. NO. 6.

Copyright 1903 by the  
Housekeeper Corporation

Price 60 Cents Per Year

## The Romance of Angelo Diotti

BY JOHN PHILIP SOUSA

Copyright, 1902, by the Bowen-Merrill Co.

### CHAPTER VIII.

ONE day Mildred said: "Angelo, is it your purpose to follow your profession all your life?"

"Necessarily, it is my livelihood," he replied.

"But do you not think that after we stand at the altar, we never should be separated?"

"We will be together always," said he, holding her face between his palms, and looking with tender expression into her inquiring eyes.

"But I notice that women cluster around you after your concerts—and shake your hand longer than they should—and talk to you longer than they should—and go away looking self-satisfied!" she replied brookingly, much as a little girl tells of the theft of her doll.

"Nonsense," he said, smiling, "that is all part of my profession; it is not me they care for, it is the music I give that makes them happy. If, in my playing, I achieve results out of common, they admire me!" and he kissed away the unwelcome tears.

"I know," she continued, "but lately, since we have loved each other, I cannot bear to see a woman near you. In my dreams again and again an indefinable shadow mockingly comes and cries to me, 'he is not to be yours, he is to be mine.'"

Diotti flushed and drew her to him. "Darling," his voice carrying conviction, "I am yours, you are mine, all in all, in life here and beyond!" And as she sat dreaming after he had gone, she murmured petulantly, "I wish there were no other women in the world."

Her father was expected from Europe on the succeeding day's steamer. Mr. Wallace was a busy man. The various gigantic enterprises he served as president or director occupied most of his time. He had been absent in Europe for several months;

The entertainment was a repetition of the others Diotti had given, and at its end, Mildred said to her father: "Come, I want to congratulate Signor Diotti in person."

"That is entirely unnecessary," he replied. "It is my desire," and the girl led the unwilling parent back of the scenes and into Diotti's dressing-room.

Mildred introduced Diotti to her father, who, after a few commonplace, lapsed into silence. The daughter's enthusiastic interest in Diotti's performance and

into the earth for precious metals? Do they sow the seed and harvest the grain? No, no; they are drones—the barnacles of society."

"Father how can you advance such an argument? Music's votaries offer no apologies for their art. The husbandman places the grain within the breast of Mother Earth for man's material welfare; God places music in the heart of man for his spiritual development. In man's spring time, his bridal day, music means joy. In man's winter time, his burial day, music means comfort. The heaven-born muse has added to the happiness of the world. Diotti is a great genius. His art brings rest and tranquillity to the wearied and despairing," and she did not speak again until they had reached the house.

The lights were turned low when father and daughter went into the drawing-room. Mr. Wallace felt that he had failed to convince Mildred of the utter worthlessness of fiddlers, big or little, and as one dissatisfied with the outcome of a contest, re-entered the lists.

"He has visited you?"

"Yes, father."

"Often?"

"Yes, father," spoken calmly. "Often?" louder and more imperiously repeated the father, as if there must be some mistake.

"Quite often," and she sat down, knowing the catechizing would be likely to continue for some minutes.

"How many times, do you think?"

She rose, walked into the hallway; took the card basket from the table, returned and seated herself beside her father, emptying its contents into her lap. She picked up a card. It read "Angelo Diotti," and she called the name aloud. She took up another and again her lips voiced the beloved name. "Angelo Diotti," she continued, repeating at intervals for a minute. Then looking at her father,





longer than they should—and talk to you longer than they should—and go away looking self-satisfied!" she replied brookingly, much as a little girl tells of the theft of her doll.

"Nonsense," he said, smiling, "that is all part of my profession; it is not me they care for, it is the music I give that makes them happy. If, in my playing, I achieve results out of common, they admire me!" and he kissed away the unwelcome tears.

"I know," she continued, "but lately, since we have loved each other, I cannot bear to see a woman near you. In my dreams again and again an indefinable shadow mockingly comes and cries to me, 'he is not to be yours, he is to be mine.'"

Diotti flushed and drew her to him. "Darling," his voice carrying conviction, "I am yours, you are mine, all in all, in life here and beyond!" And as she sat dreaming after he had gone, she murmured petulantly, "I wish there were no other women in the world."

Her father was expected from Europe on the succeeding day's steamer. Mr. Wallace was a busy man. The various gigantic enterprises he served as president or director occupied most of his time. He had been absent in Europe for several months; Mildred was anxiously awaiting his return to tell him of her love.

When Mr. Wallace came to his residence the next morning, his daughter met him with a fond display of filial affection; they walked into the drawing-room, hand in hand; he saw a picture of the violinist on the piano. "Who's the handsome young fellow?" he asked, looking at the portrait with the satisfaction a man feels when he sees a splendid type of his own sex.

"That is Angelo Diotti, the famous violinist," she said, but she could not add another word. As they strolled through the rooms he noticed no less than three likenesses of the Tuscan. As they passed her room he saw still another on the chiffonier.

"Seems to me the house is running wild with photographs of that fiddler," he said.

For the first time in her life she was self-conscious: "I will wait for a more opportune time to tell him," she thought.

In the scheme of Diotti's appearance in New York there were to be two more concerts. One was to be given that evening.

Mildred coaxed her father to accompany her to hear the violinist. Mr. Wallace was not fond of music; "it had been knocked out of him on the farm up in Vermont, when he was a boy," he would apologetically explain, and besides he had the old puritanical abhorrence of stage people—putting them all in one class—as puppets who danced or played or talked for an idle and unthinking public.

So it was with the thought of an entirely wasted evening that he accompanied Mildred to the concert.



Copyright, 1902, by the Bowen-Merrill Co.

her tender solicitude for his weariness after the efforts of the evening, quickly attracted the attention of Mr. Wallace and irritated him exceedingly.

When father and daughter were seated in their carriage and were hurriedly driving home, he said: "Mildred, I prefer that you have as little to say to that man as possible."

"What do you object to in him?" she asked. "Everything. Of what use is a man who dawdles away his time on a fiddle; of what benefit is he to mankind? Do fiddlers build cities? Do they delve

again until they have reached the house.

The lights were turned low when father and daughter went into the drawing-room. Mr. Wallace felt that he had failed to convince Mildred of the utter worthlessness of fiddlers, big or little, and as one dissatisfied with the outcome of a contest, re-entered the lists.

"He has visited you?"

"Yes, father."

"Often?"

"Yes, father," spoken calmly. "Often?" louder and more imperiously repeated the father, as if there must be some mistake.

"Quite often," and she sat down, knowing the catechizing would be likely to continue for some minutes.

"How many times, do you think?"

She rose, walked into the hallway; took the card basket from the table, returned and seated herself beside her father, emptying its contents into her lap. She picked up a card. It read "Angelo Diotti," and she called the name aloud. She took up another and again her lips voiced the beloved name. "Angelo Diotti," she continued, repeating at intervals for a minute. Then looking at her father: "He has called thirty-two times; there are thirty-one cards here and on one occasion he forgot his card-case."

"Thirty-two!" said the father, rising angrily and pacing the floor.

"Yes, thirty-two. I remember all of them distinctly."

Her father came over to her, half coaxingly, half seriously. "Mildred, I wish his visits to cease; people will imagine there is a romantic attachment between you."

"There is, father," out it came, "he loves me and I love him."

"What!" shouted Mr. Wallace, and then severely, "this must cease immediately."

She rose quietly and led her father over to the mantel. Placing a hand on each of his shoulders she said:

"Father, I will obey you implicitly if you can name a reasonable objection to the man I love. But you cannot. I love him with my whole soul. I love him for the nobility of his character, and because there is none other in the world for him, nor for me."

## CHAPTER IX.

OLD SANDERS as boy and man had been in the employ of the banking and brokerage firm of Wallace Brothers for two generations. The firm gradually had advanced his position until now he was confidential adviser and general manager, besides having an interest in the profits of the business.

He enjoyed the friendship of Mr. Wallace, and had been a constant visitor at his house from the first



ing from the Association of Publishers Circular  
ss of Publication  
dated 11 4 03

From the same. — 'The Fifth String,' by John Philip Sousa. Nowadays a man, more especially if he be an American, is not content to excel in one accomplishment alone, he must venture into unfrequented paths. We can scarcely say Mr. Sousa has written an exceptional novel, judged even by a moderate standard, but it has many attributes of smartness. The diction is bright and crisp: the situations have a theatrical colouring which is not without its effect, and the narrative generally goes with a swing that will greatly delight a certain section of readers. The book also has the assistance of some very effective illustrations.

ing from the Association of Liverpool Courier  
ss of Publication  
dated 14 4 03

#### A STORY BY SOUSA.

Mr. John Philip Sousa, the "March King," contributes a very amusing article to the April number of "Pearson's Magazine" on his experiences as a bandmaster. Among many good stories is the following:—

"In my capacity of conductor of the United States Marine Band I naturally saw much of the social life of the White House, and was brought into more or less direct contact with all the executives under whom I had the honour of successively serving—Presidents Hayes, Garfield, Arthur, Cleveland, and Harrison. I found them all appreciative of music, and so quick to compliment the work of the band that I could hardly credit the popular story that General Grant knew only two tunes, one of which was "Yankee Doodle," and the other wasn't.

"I have known more than one President, relieved from the onerous duties of a great reception, to find rest by sitting quietly in the corner of a convenient room, and listening to the music.

"During Chester A. Arthur's administration, on the occasion of a State dinner, the President came to the door of the main lobby of the White-house where the Marine Band was always stationed, and, beckoning me to his side, asked me to play the 'Cachuca.' When I explained that we had not the music with us, but would be glad to include it on the next programme, the President looked

Cutting from Hearth & Home  
Dated April 9 1903  
Address Letter Lane

#### "THE FIFTH STRING."

Who better than Sousa understands this charm *par excellence* in marches, and holds the public in thrall with the irresistible entrain of the interpretations of his own and of other people's rhythmic measures? Ask any soldier or civilian with a grain of musical feeling what they think of "El Capitan," for instance." But here we have Sousa, in the *Windsor Magazine*, in quite another rôle for review. His story therein of "The Fifth String" is real and interesting as regards the struggling career of a great artist by one who knows and realises the hopes and fears, disappointments and successes with which a musician's life is constantly fraught. The catastrophe is alone unreal and bordering on the mystic; yet it is not incongruous. There are parallel "fifth" strings upon which stern Fate plays in the lives of mortals, and they lose their all like Diotti, Sousa's violinist.

ing from Liverpool Courier  
14 4 03  
ed at

#### A STORY BY SOUSA.

Mr. John Philip Sousa, the "March King," contributes a very amusing article to the April number of "Pearson's Magazine" on his experiences as a bandmaster. Among many good stories is the following:—

"In my capacity of conductor of the United States Marine Band I naturally saw much of the social life of the White House, and was brought into more or less direct contact with all the executives under whom I had the honour of successively serving—Presidents Hayes, Garfield, Arthur, Cleveland, and Harrison. I found them all appreciative of music, and so quick to compliment the work of the band that I could hardly credit the popular story that General Grant knew only two tunes, one of which was "Yankee Doodle," and the other wasn't.

"I have known more than one President, relieved from the onerous duties of a great reception, to find rest by sitting quietly in the corner of a convenient room, and listening to the music.

"During Chester A. Arthur's administration, on the occasion of a State dinner, the President came to the door of the main lobby of the White-house where the Marine Band was always stationed, and, beckoning me to his side, asked me to play the 'Cachuca.' When I explained that we had not the music with us, but would be glad to include it on the next programme, the President looked surprised, and remarked:

"Why, Sousa, I thought you could play anything. I am sure you can. Now, give us the 'Cachuca.'"

"This placed me in a predicament, as I did not wish the President to believe that the band was not at all times able to respond to his wishes. Fortunately one of the bandmen remembered the melody and I played it."

from the Hearth & Home  
of Publication  
dated April 9 03

#### "THE FIFTH STRING."

Who better than Sousa understands this charm *par excellence* in marches, and holds the public in thrall with the irresistible entrain of the interpretations of his own and of other people's rhythmic measures? Ask any soldier or civilian with a grain of musical feeling what they think of "El Capitan," for instance." But here we have Sousa, in the *Windsor Magazine*, in quite another rôle for review. His story therein of "The Fifth String" is real and interesting as regards the struggling career of a great artist by one who knows and realises the hopes and fears, disappointments and successes with which a musician's life is constantly fraught. The catastrophe is alone unreal and bordering on the mystic; yet it is not incongruous. There are parallel

Cutting from Hearth and Home  
te 9 4 03  
olished at

#### "THE FIFTH STRING."

Who better than Sousa understands this charm *par excellence* in marches, and holds the public in thrall with the irresistible entrain of the interpretations of his own and of other people's rhythmic measures? Ask any soldier or civilian with a grain of musical feeling what they think of "El Capitan," for instance." But here we have Sousa, in the *Windsor Magazine*, in quite another rôle for review. His story therein of "The Fifth String" is real and interesting as regards the struggling career of a great artist by one who knows and realises the hopes and fears, disappointments and successes with which a musician's life is constantly fraught. The catastrophe is alone unreal and bordering on the mystic; yet it is not incongruous. There are parallel "fifth" strings upon which stern Fate plays in the lives of mortals, and they lose their all like Diotti, Sousa's violinist.



ing from the Association of Publishers Circular  
 ss of Publication  
 : Dated 11 4 03

From the same. — 'The Fifth String,' by John Philip Sousa. Nowadays a man, more especially if he be an American, is not content to excel in one accomplishment alone, he must venture into unfrequented paths. We can scarcely say Mr. Sousa has written an exceptional novel, judged even by a moderate standard, but it has many attributes of smartness. The diction is bright and crisp: the situations have a theatrical colouring which is not without its effect, and the narrative generally goes with a swing that will greatly delight a certain section of readers. The book also has the assistance of some very effective illustrations.

ing from the Association of Liverpool Courier  
 ss of Publication  
 us Dated 14 4 03

#### A STORY BY SOUSA.

Mr. John Philip Sousa, the "March King," contributes a very amusing article to the April number of "Pearson's Magazine" on his experiences as a bandmaster. Among many good stories is the following:—

"In my capacity of conductor of the United States Marine Band I naturally saw much of the social life of the White House, and was brought into more or less direct contact with all the executives under whom I had the honour of successively serving—Presidents Hayes, Garfield, Arthur, Cleveland, and Harrison. I found them all appreciative of music, and so quick to compliment the work of the band that I could hardly credit the popular story that General Grant knew only two tunes, one of which was "Yankee Doodle," and the other wasn't.

"I have known more than one President, relieved from the onerous duties of a great reception, to find rest by sitting quietly in the corner of a convenient room, and listening to the music.

"During Chester A. Arthur's administration, on the occasion of a State dinner, the President came to the door of the main lobby of the White-house where the Marine Band was always stationed, and, beckoning me to his side, asked me to play the 'Cachuca.' When I explained that we had not the music with us, but would be glad to include it on the next programme, the President looked surprised, and remarked:

"Why, Sousa, I thought you could play anything. I am sure you can. Now, give us the 'Cachuca.'"

"This placed me in a predicament, as I did not wish the President to believe that the band was not at all times able to respond to his wishes. Fortunately one of the bandsmen remembered the melody and played it over softly to me on his cornet in a corner, and I hastily wrote out several parts for the leading instruments and told the rest of the band to vamp in the key of E flat. Then we played the 'Cachuca' to the entire satisfaction of Mr. Arthur, who came to the door and said: 'There, I knew you could play it.'"

ing from Liverpool Courier  
14 4 03  
 ed at

#### A STORY BY SOUSA.

Mr. John Philip Sousa, the "March King," contributes a very amusing article to the April number of "Pearson's Magazine" on his experiences as a bandmaster. Among many good stories is the following:—

"In my capacity of conductor of the United States Marine Band I naturally saw much of the social life of the White House, and was brought into more or less direct contact with all the executives under whom I had the honour of successively serving—Presidents Hayes, Garfield, Arthur, Cleveland, and Harrison. I found them all appreciative of music, and so quick to compliment the work of the band that I could hardly credit the popular story that General Grant knew only two tunes, one of which was "Yankee Doodle," and the other wasn't.

"I have known more than one President, relieved from the onerous duties of a great reception, to find rest by sitting quietly in the corner of a convenient room, and listening to the music.

"During Chester A. Arthur's administration, on the occasion of a State dinner, the President came to the door of the main lobby of the White-house where the Marine Band was always stationed, and, beckoning me to his side, asked me to play the 'Cachuca.' When I explained that we had not the music with us, but would be glad to include it on the next programme, the President looked surprised, and remarked:

"Why, Sousa, I thought you could play anything. I am sure you can. Now, give us the 'Cachuca.'"

"This placed me in a predicament, as I did not wish the President to believe that the band was not at all times able to respond to his wishes. Fortunately one of the bandsmen remembered the melody and played it over softly to me on his cornet in a corner, and I hastily wrote out several parts for the leading instruments and told the rest of the band to vamp in the key of E flat. Then we played the 'Cachuca' to the entire satisfaction of Mr. Arthur, who came to the door and said: 'There, I knew you could play it.'"

ing from the Hearth & Home  
 ss of Publication  
 dated April 9 03

#### "THE FIFTH STRING."

Who better than Sousa understands this charm *par excellence* in marches, and holds the public in thrall with the irresistible entrain of the interpretations of his own and of other people's rhythmic measures? Ask any soldier or civilian with a grain of musical feeling what they think of "El Capitan," for instance." But here we have Sousa, in the *Windsor Magazine*, in quite another rôle for review. His story therein of "The Fifth String" is real and interesting as regards the struggling career of a great artist by one who knows and realises the hopes and fears, disappointments and successes with which a musician's life is constantly fraught. The catastrophe is alone unreal and bordering on the mystic; yet it is not incongruous. There are parallel "fifth" strings upon which stern Fate plays in the lives of mortals, and they lose their all like Diotti, Sousa's violinist.

story therein of "The Fifth String" is real and interesting as regards the struggling career of a great artist by one who knows and realises the hopes and fears, disappointments and successes with which a musician's life is constantly fraught. The catastrophe is alone unreal and bordering on the mystic; yet it is not incongruous. There are parallel "fifth" strings upon which stern Fate plays in the lives of mortals, and they lose their all like Diotti, Sousa's violinist.



ing from the Association of Publishers Circular  
ss of Publication  
dated 11 4 03

From the same. — 'The Fifth String,' by John Philip Sousa. Nowadays a man, more especially if he be an American, is not content to excel in one accomplishment alone, he must venture into unfrequented paths. We can scarcely say Mr. Sousa has written an exceptional novel, judged even by a moderate standard, but it has many attributes of smartness. The diction is bright and crisp: the situations have a theatrical colouring which is not without its effect, and the narrative generally goes with a swing that will greatly delight a certain section of readers. The book also has the assistance of some very effective illustrations.

ing from the Association of Liverpool Courier  
ss of Publication  
dated 14 4 03

#### A STORY BY SOUSA.

Mr. John Philip Sousa, the "March King," contributes a very amusing article to the April number of "Pearson's Magazine" on his experiences as a bandmaster. Among many good stories is the following:—

"In my capacity of conductor of the United States Marine Band I naturally saw much of the social life of the White House, and was brought into more or less direct contact with all the executives under whom I had the honour of successively serving—Presidents Hayes, Garfield, Arthur, Cleveland, and Harrison. I found them all appreciative of music, and so quick to compliment the work of the band that I could hardly credit the popular story that General Grant knew only two tunes, one of which was "Yankee Doodle," and the other wasn't.

"I have known more than one President, relieved from the onerous duties of a great reception, to find rest by sitting quietly in the corner of a convenient room, and listening to the music.

"During Chester A. Arthur's administration, on the occasion of a State dinner, the President came to the door of the main lobby of the White-house where the Marine Band was always stationed, and, beckoning me to his side, asked me to play the 'Cachuca.' When I explained that we had not the music with us, but would be glad to include it on the next programme, the President looked surprised, and remarked:

"Why, Sousa, I thought you could play anything. I am sure you can. Now, give us the 'Cachuca.'"

"This placed me in a predicament, as I did not wish the President to believe that the band was not at all times able to respond to his wishes. Fortunately one of the bandsmen remembered the melody and played it over softly to me on his cornet in a corner, and I hastily wrote out several parts for the leading instruments and told the rest of the band to vamp in the key of E flat. Then we played the 'Cachuca' to the entire satisfaction of Mr. Arthur, who came to the door and said: 'There, I knew you could play it.'"

ing from Liverpool Courier  
ed at 14 4 03

#### A STORY BY SOUSA.

Mr. John Philip Sousa, the "March King," contributes a very amusing article to the April number of "Pearson's Magazine" on his experiences as a bandmaster. Among many good stories is the following:—

"In my capacity of conductor of the United States Marine Band I naturally saw much of the social life of the White House, and was brought into more or less direct contact with all the executives under whom I had the honour of successively serving—Presidents Hayes, Garfield, Arthur, Cleveland, and Harrison. I found them all appreciative of music, and so quick to compliment the work of the band that I could hardly credit the popular story that General Grant knew only two tunes, one of which was "Yankee Doodle," and the other wasn't.

"I have known more than one President, relieved from the onerous duties of a great reception, to find rest by sitting quietly in the corner of a convenient room, and listening to the music.

"During Chester A. Arthur's administration, on the occasion of a State dinner, the President came to the door of the main lobby of the White-house where the Marine Band was always stationed, and, beckoning me to his side, asked me to play the 'Cachuca.' When I explained that we had not the music with us, but would be glad to include it on the next programme, the President looked surprised, and remarked:

"Why, Sousa, I thought you could play anything. I am sure you can. Now, give us the 'Cachuca.'"

"This placed me in a predicament, as I did not wish the President to believe that the band was not at all times able to respond to his wishes. Fortunately one of the bandsmen remembered the melody and played it over softly to me on his cornet in a corner, and I hastily wrote out several parts for the leading instruments and told the rest of the band to vamp in the key of E flat. Then we played the 'Cachuca' to the entire satisfaction of Mr. Arthur, who came to the door and said: 'There, I knew you could play it.'"

knows and realises the  
successes with which a musician's life is  
The catastrophe is alone unreal and bordering on the  
mystic; yet it is not incongruous. There are parallel  
"fifth" strings upon which stern Fate plays in the lives of  
mortals, and they lose their all like Diotti, Sousa's violinist.

story therein of "The Fifth String"  
as regards the struggling career of a great artist by one who  
knows and realises the hopes and fears, disappointments and  
successes with which a musician's life is constantly fraught.  
The catastrophe is alone unreal and bordering on the  
mystic; yet it is not incongruous. There are parallel  
"fifth" strings upon which stern Fate plays in the lives of  
mortals, and they lose their all like Diotti, Sousa's violinist.







I.  
The coming of Diotti to America had awakened more than usual interest in the man and his work. His marvelous success as violinist in the leading capitals of Europe, together with many brilliant contributions to the literature of his instrument, had long been favorably commented on by the critics of the old world. Many stories of his struggles and his triumphs had found their way across the ocean and had been read and reread with interest.

Therefore, when Mr. Henry Perkins, the well-known impresario, announced with an air of conscious pride and pardonable enthusiasm that he had secured Diotti for a "limited" number of concerts, Perkins' friends assured that wide-awake gentleman that his foresight amounted to positive genius, and they predicted an unparalleled success for his star. On account of his wonderful ability as player, Diotti was a favorite at half the courts of Europe, and the astute Perkins enlarged upon this fact without regard for the feelings of the courts or the violinist.

On the night preceding Diotti's debut in New York, he was the center of attraction at a reception given by Mrs. Llewellyn, a social leader, and a devoted patron of the arts. The violinist made a deep impression on those fortunate enough to be near him during the evening. He won the respect of the men by his observations on matters of international interest, and the admiration of the gentler sex by his chivalric estimate of woman's influence in the world's progress, on which subject he talked with rarest good humor and delicately implied gallantry.

During one of those sudden and unexpected lulls that always occur in general drawing-room conversations, Diotti turned to Mrs. Llewellyn and whispered: "Who is the charming young woman just entering?"

"The beauty in white?"  
"Yes, the beauty in white," softly echoing Mrs. Llewellyn's query. He leaned forward and with eager eyes gazed in admiration at the newcomer. He seemed hypnotized by the vision, which moved slowly from between the blue-tinted portieres and stood for the instant, a perfect embodiment of radiant womanhood, silhouetted against the silken drapery.

"That is Miss Wallace, Miss Mildred Wallace, only child of one of New York's prominent bankers."

"She is beautiful—a queen by divine right," cried he, and then with a mingling of impetuosity and importunity, he treated his hostess to present him.

And thus they met.

Mrs. Llewellyn's entertainments were celebrated, and justly so. At her receptions one always heard the best singers and players of the season, and Epicurus' soul could rest in peace, for her chef had an international reputation. Oh, remember, you music-fied ascetic, many, aye, very many, regard the transition from Tchaikowsky to terrapin, from Beethoven to burgundy with hearts aflame with anticipatory joy—and Mrs. Llewellyn's dining-room was crowded.

Miss Wallace and Diotti had wandered into the conservatory. "A desire for happiness is our common heritage," he was saying in his richly melodious voice.

"But to define what constitutes happiness is very difficult," she replied.

"Not necessarily," he went on; "if the motive is clearly within our grasp, the attainment is possible."

"For example?" she asked.

"The miser is happy when he hoards his gold; the philanthropist when he distributes his. The attainment is identical, but the motives are antipodal."

"Then one possessing sufficient motives could be happy without end?" she suggested doubtfully.

"That is my theory. The Niobe of old had happiness within her power."

"The gods thought not," said she; "in their very pity they changed her into stone, and with streaming eyes she ever tells the story of her sorrow."

"But are her children weeping?" he asked.

"I think not. Happiness can bloom from the seeds of deepest woe," and in a tone almost reverential, he continued: "I remember a picture in one of our Italian galleries that always impressed me as the ideal image of maternal happiness. It is a painting of the Christ-mother standing by the body of the Crucified. Beauty was still hers, and the dress of grayish hue, nunlike in its simplicity, seemed more than royal robe. Her face, illumined as with a light from heaven, seemed inspired with this thought: 'They have killed Him—they have killed my son! Oh, God, I thank Thee that His suffering is at an end! And as I gazed at the holy face, another light seemed to change it by degrees from saddened motherhood to triumphant woman! Then came: 'He is not dead, He but sleeps; He will rise again, for He is the best beloved of the Father!'"

"Still, fate can rob us of our patrimony," she replied, after a pause.

"Not while life is here and eternity beyond," he said, reassuringly.

"What if a soul lies dormant and will not arouse?" she asked.

"There are souls that have no motive low enough for earth, but only high enough for heaven," he said, with evident intention, looking almost directly at her.

"Then one must come who speaks in nature's tongue," she continued.

"And the soul will then awake," he added earnestly.

"But is there such a one?" she asked.

"Perhaps," he almost whispered, his thought father to the wish.

"I am afraid not," she sighed. "I studied drawing, worked diligently and, I hope, intelligently, and yet I was quickly convinced that a counterfeit presentment of nature was puny and insignificant. I painted Niagara. My friends praised my effort. I saw Niagara again—I destroyed the picture."

"But you must be prepared to accept the limitations of man and his work," said the philosophical violinist.

"Annihilation of one's own identity in the moment is possible in nature's domain—never in man's. The restless, never-ending rush of the waters, madly churning, pitilessly dashing against the rocks below; the mighty roar of the loosened giant; that was Niagara. My picture seemed but a smear of paint."

"Still, man has won the admiration of man by his achievements," he said.

"Alas, for me," she sighed, "I have not felt it."

"Surely you have been stirred by the wonders man has accomplished in music's realm?" Diotti ventured.

"I never have been." She spoke sadly and reflectively.

"But does not the passion-laden theme of a master, or the marvelous feeling of a player awaken your emotions?" persisted he.

She stood leaning lightly against a pillar by the fountain. "I never hear a pianist, however great and famous, but I see the little cream-colored hammers within the piano bobbing up and down like acrobatic brownies. I never hear the plaudits of the crowd for the artist and watch him return to bow his thanks, but I mentally demand that these little acrobats, each resting on an individual pedestal, and weary from his efforts, shall appear to receive a share of the applause."

"When I listen to a great singer," continued this world-defying skeptic, "trilling like a thrush, scampering over the scales, I see a clumsy lot of ah, ah, ahs, awkwardly, uncertainly ambling up the gamut, saying, 'were it not for us we could not sing thus—give us our meed of praise!'"

woman. He offered her his arm and together they made their way to the drawing-room.

"Perhaps, some day, one will come who can sing a song of perfect love in perfect tones, and your soul will be attuned to his melody."

"Perhaps—and good night," she softly said, leaving his arm and joining her friends, who accompanied her to the carriage.

## II.

The intangible something that places the stamp of popular approval on one musical enterprise, while another equally artistic and as cleverly managed languishes in a condition of unindorsed greatness, remains one of the unsolved mysteries.

When a worker in the vineyard of music or the drama offers his choicest to the public, that fickle coquette may turn to the more ordinary and less succulent concord. And the worker and the public itself know not why.

It is true, Diotti's fame had preceded him, but it had preceded others and had been proof against financial disaster. All this preliminary, and it is but necessary to recall that on the evening of December the 12th Diotti made his initial bow in New York, to an audience that completely filled every available space in the Academy of Music—a representative audience, distinguished alike for beauty, wealth and discernment.

When the violinist appeared for his solo, he quietly acknowledged the cordial reception of the audience, and immediately proceeded with the business of the evening. At a slight nod from him the conductor rapped attention, then laughed the orchestra into the introduction of the concerto, Diotti's favorite, selected for the first number. As the violinist turned to the conductor he faced slightly to the left and in a direct line with the second proscenium box. His pose was admirable. He was handsome, with the olive-tinted warmth of his Southern home—fairly tall, straight-limbed and lithe—a picture of poetic grace. His was the face of a man who trusted without reserve, the manner of one who believed implicitly, feeling that good was universal and evil accidental.

As the music grew louder and the orchestra approached the peroration of the concerto, the coming solo, the violinist raised his head slowly. Suddenly his eyes met the gaze of the solitary occupant of the second proscenium box. His face flushed. He looked inquiringly, almost appealingly, at her. She sat immovable and serene, a face-framed vision in white.

It was she who, since he had met her, only the night before, held his very soul in thrall.

He lifted his bow, tenderly placing it on the strings. Faintly came the first measures of the theme. The melody, noble, limpid and beautiful, floated in dreamy sway over the vast auditorium, and seemed to cast a mystic glamour over the player. As the final note of the first movement was dying away, the audience, awakening from its delicious trance, broke forth into spontaneous bravos.

Mildred Wallace, scrutinizing the programme, merely drew her wrap closer about her shoulders and sat more erect. At the end of the concerto the applause was generous enough to satisfy the most exacting virtuoso. Diotti unquestionably had scored the greatest triumph of his career. But the lady in the box had remained silent and unaffected throughout.

The poor fellow had seen only her during the time he played, and the mighty cheers that came from floor and galleries struck upon his ear like the echoes of mocking demons. Leaving the stage he hurried to his dressing-room and sank into a chair. He had persuaded himself he should not be insensible to the music, but the dying away of his hopes, his dreams, were smoldering, and in his despair came the thought: "I am not great enough for her. I am but a man; her consort should be a god. Her soul, untouched by human passion or human skill, demands the power of godlike genius to arouse it."

Music lovers crowded into his dressing-room, enthusiastic in their praises. Cards conveying delicate compliments written in delicate cigraphy poured in upon him, but in vain he looked for some sign, some word from her.

Quickly he left the theater and sought his hotel.

A menacing cloud obscured the wintry moon. A clock sounded the midnight hour.

He threw himself upon the bed and almost sobbed his thoughts, and their burden was:

"I am not great enough for her. I am but a man. I am but a man!"

## III.

Perkins called in the morning. Perkins was happy—Perkins was positively joyous, and Perkins was self-satisfied. The violinist had made a great hit. But Perkins, confiding in the white-coated dispenser who concocted his matin Martini, very dry, an hour before, said he regarded the success due as much to the management as to the artist. And Perkins believed it. Perkins usually took all the credit for a success, and with charming consistency placed all responsibility for failure on the shoulders of the hapless artist.

When Perkins entered Diotti's room he found the violinist heavy-eyed and dejected. "My dear Signor," he began, showing a large envelope bulging with newspaper clippings, "I have brought the notices. They are quite the limit, I assure you. Nothing like them ever heard before—all tuned in the same key, as you musical fellows would say," and Perkins cocked his eye.

Perkins enjoyed a glorious reputation with himself for bright sayings, which he always accompanied with a cock of the eye. The musician not showing any visible appreciation of the manager's metaphor, Perkins immediately proceeded to uncock his eye.

"Passed the box office coming up," continued this voluble enlightener; "nothing left but a few seats in the top gallery. We'll stand them on their heads tomorrow night—see if we don't." Then he handed the bursting envelope of notices to Diotti, who listlessly put them on the table at his side.

"Too tired to read, eh?" said Perkins, and then with the advance-agent instinct strong within him he selected a clipping, and touching the violinist on the shoulder: "Let me read this one to you. It is by Herr Totenkeller. He is a hard nut to crack, but he did himself proud this time. Great critic when he wants to be."

Perkins cleared his throat and began: "Diotti combines tremendous feeling with equally tremendous technique. The entire audience was under the witchery of his art." Diotti slowly negated that statement with bowed head. "His tone is full, round and clear; his interpretation lends a story-telling charm to the music; for, while we drank deep at the fountain of exquisite melody, we saw sparkling within the waters the lights of Paradise. New York never has heard his equal. He stands alone, pre-eminent, an artistic giant."

"Now, that's what I call great," said the impresario, dramatically; "when you hit Totenkeller that way you are good for all kinds of money."

Perkins took his hat and cane and moved toward the door. The violinist arose and extended his hand wearily. "Good day," came simultaneously; then "I'm off. We'll turn 'em away tomorrow; see if we don't!" Whereupon Perkins left Diotti alone in his misery.

## IV.

It was the evening of the 14th. In front

of the Academy box office.

He was six blocks farther down town when he finished the article, only to find that it was a carefully worded advertisement for a new patent medicine, and of course he had not time to return. "Oh, well," said he, "I'll get them when I go up town tonight."

But he did not. So with fear in his heart and a red-faced woman on his arm he approached the box office. "Not a seat left," sounded to his henpecked ears like the concluding words of the black-robed judge; "and may the Lord have mercy upon your soul." But a reprieve came, for one of the aforesaid beacon lights of hope rushed forward, saying: "I have two goods seats, not far back, and only ten apiece." And the gentleman with fear in his heart and the red-faced woman on his arm passed in.

They saw the largest crowd in the history of the Academy. Every seat was occupied, every foot of standing room taken. Chairs were placed in the side aisles. The programmes announced that it was the second appearance in America of Angelo Diotti, the renowned Tuscan violinist.

The orchestra had perfunctorily ground out the overture to "Der Freischuetz," the baritone had stentorianly emitted "Dio Possente," the soprano was working her way through the closing measures of the mad scene from "Lucia," and Diotti was number four on the programme. The conductor stood beside his platform, ready to ascend as Diotti appeared.

The audience, every ready to act when those on the stage cease that occupation gave a splendid imitation of the historic last scene at the Tower of Babel. Having accomplished this to its evident satisfaction, the audience proceeded, like the closing phrase of the "Goetterdaemmerung" Dead March, to become exceedingly quiet—then expectant.

This expectancy lasted fully three minutes. Then there were some impatient handclappings. A few persons whispered: "Why is he late?" "Why doesn't he come?" "I wonder where Diotti is," and then came unmistakable signs of impatience. At its height Perkins appeared, hesitatingly. Nervous and jerky he walked to the center of the stage, and raised his hand begging silence. The audience was still.

"Ladies and gentlemen," he falteringly said, "Signor Diotti left his hotel at 7 o'clock and was driven to the Academy. The callboy rapped at his dressing-room, and not receiving a reply, opened the door to find the room empty. We have despatched searchers in every direction and have sent out a police alarm. We fear some accident has befallen the Signor. We ask your indulgence for the keen disappointment, and beg to say that your money will be refunded at the box-office."

Diotti had disappeared as completely as though the earth had swallowed him.

## V.

My Dearest Sister: You doubtless were exceedingly mystified and troubled over the report that was flashed to Europe regarding my sudden disappearance on the eve of my second concert in New York.

Fearing, sweet Francesca, that you might mourn me as dead, I sent the cablegram you received some weeks since, telling you to be of good heart and await my letter. To make my action thoroughly understood I must give you a record of what happened to me from the first day I arrived in America. I found a great interest manifested in my premiere, and socially everything was done to make me happy.

Mrs. James Llewellyn, whom, you no doubt remember, we met in Florence the Winter of 18—, immediately after I reached New York arranged a reception for me, which was elegant in the extreme. But from that night dates my misery.

You ask her name—Mildred Wallace. Tell me what she is like, I hear you say. Of graceful height, willowy and exquisitely molded, not over 24, with the face of a Madonna; wondrous eyes of darkest blue, hair indescribable in its maze of wavy color—in a word, the perfection of womanhood. In half an hour I was her abject slave, and proud in my serfdom. When I returned to the hotel that evening I could not sleep. Her image ever was before me, elusive and shadowy. And yet we seemed to grow farther and farther apart—she nearer heaven, I nearer earth.

The next evening I gave my first and what I fear may prove my last concert in America. The vision of my dreams was there, radiant in rarest beauty. Singularly enough, she was in the direct line of my vision while I played. I saw only her, played but for her, and cast my soul at her feet. She sat indifferent and silent. "Cold?" you say. No! No! Francesca, not cold; superior to my poor efforts. I realized my limitations. I questioned my genius. When I returned to bow my acknowledgments for the most generous applause I have ever received, there was no sign on her part that I had interested her, either through my talent or by appeal to her curiosity. I hoped against hope that some word might come from her, but I was doomed to disappointment.

The critics were fulsome in their praise and the public was lavish with its plaudits, but I was abjectly miserable. Another sleepless night and I was determined to see her. She received me most graciously, although I fear she thought my visit one of vanity—wounded vanity—and me petulant because of her lack of appreciation.

Oh, sister mine, I knew better. I knew my heart craved one word, however matter-of-fact, that would rekindle the hope that was dying within me.

Hesitatingly, and like a clumsy yokel, I blurted: "I have been wondering whether you cared for the performance I gave?"

"It certainly ought to make little difference to you," she replied; "the public was enthusiastic enough in its indorsement."

"But I want your opinion," I pleaded. "My opinion would not at all affect the almost unanimous verdict," she replied calmly.

"And," I urged desperately, "you were not affected in the least?"

Very coldly she answered, "Not in the least," and then fearlessly, like a Princess in the Palace of Truth: "If ever a man comes who can awaken my heart, frankly and honestly I will confess it."

"Perhaps such a one lives," I said, "but has yet to reach the height to win you—your—"

"Speak it," she said, "to win my love!"

"Yes," I cried, startled at her candor, "to win your love." Hope slowly rekindled within my breast, and then with half-closed eyes, and woefully, she said: "No drooping Clytie could be more constant than I to him who strikes the chord that is responsive in my soul."

Her emotion must have surprised her, but immediately she regained her placidity and reverted no more to the subject.

I went out into the gathering gloom. Her words haunted me. A strange feeling came over me. A voice within me cried: "Do not play tonight. Study! study! Perhaps in the full fruition of your genius your music, like the warm western wind to the harp, may bring life to her soul."

I fled, and I am here. I am delving deeper and deeper into the mysteries of my art, and I pray God each hour that He may place within my grasp the wondrous music His blessed angels sing, for the soul of her I love is attuned to the harmonies of heaven.

Your affectionate brother,

ANGELO.

Island of Bahama, January 2.

VI.

When Diotti left New York so precipitately he took passage on a coast line steamer sailing for the Bahama Islands.

But neither saw more beautiful theme. But neither saw more beautiful vague dream of a melody dwelt hauntingly than ever man had heard dwell hauntingly on the borders of his imagination, but ly on the borders of realization than when he was no nearer realization than when he began. As the day's work closed, he wearily placed the violin within its case, murmuring, "Not yet, not yet; I have not found it."

Days passed, weeks crept slowly on; still he worked, but always with the same result. One day, feverish and exhausted, he played on in monotone almost listless. His tired, overwrought brain denied a further response to his will. With fingers refused outburst of grief and an uncontrollable outburst of the floor, anger he dashed the violin to the floor, where it lay a hopeless wreck. Extending his arm he cried, in the agony of despair: "It is of no use! If the God of spair: 'It is of no use! I ask the prince heaven will not aid me, I ask the prince of darkness to come.'"

A tall, rather spare, but well-made and handsome man appeared at the door of the hut. His manner was that of one evidently conversant with the usages of good society.

"I beg pardon," said the musician, surprised and slightly nettled at the intrusion, and then with forced politeness he asked: "To whom am I indebted for this unexpected visit?"

"Allow me," said the stranger taking a card from his case and handing it to the musician, who read: "Satan," and in the lower left-hand corner, "Prince of Darkness."

"I am the Prince," said the stranger, bowing low.

There was no hint of the pavement-made ruler in the information he gave, but rather of the desire of one gentleman to set another right at the beginning. The musician assumed a position of open-mouthed wonder, gazing steadily at the visitor.

"Satan?" he whispered hoarsely.

"You need help and advice," said the visitor, his voice sounding like that of a disciple of the healing art, and implying that he had thoroughly diagnosed the case.

"No, no," cried the shuddering violinist; "go away. I do not need you."

"I regret I cannot accept that statement as gospel truth," said Satan, sarcastically, "for if ever a man needed help, you are that man."

"But not from you," replied Diotti.

"That statement is discredited also by your outburst of a few moments ago when you called upon me."

"I do not need you," reiterated the musician. "I will have none of you!" and he waved his arm toward the door, as if he desired the interview to end.

"I came at your behest, actuated entirely by kindness of heart," said Satan. Diotti laughed derisively, and Satan, showing just the slightest feeling at Diotti's behavior, said reprovingly: "If you will listen a moment, and not be so rude to an utter stranger, we may reach some conclusion to your benefit."

"Get thee behind—"

"I know exactly what you were about to say. Have no fears on that score. I have no demands to make and no impossible compacts to insist upon."

"I have heard of you before," knowingly spoke the violinist, nodding his head sadly.

"No doubt you have," smilingly. "My reputation, which has suffered at the hands of irresponsible people, is not of the best, and places me at times in awkward position. But I am beginning to live it down. The stranger looked contrition itself. "To prove my sincerity, desire to help you win her love," emphasizing her.

"How can you help me?"

"Very easily. You have been wasting time, energy and health in a wild desire to play better. The trouble lies not with you."

"Not with me?" interrupted the violinist, now thoroughly interested.

"The trouble lies not with you," repeated the visitor, "but with the miserable violin you have been using and have just destroyed," and he pointed to the shattered instrument.

Tears welled from the poor violinist's eyes as he gazed on the fragments of his beloved violin, the pieces lying scattered about as the result of his unfortunate anger.

"It was a Stradivarius," said Diotti, sadly.

"Had it been a Stradivarius, an Amati or a Guarnerius, or a host of others rolled into one, you would not have found in it the melody to win the heart of the woman you love. Get a better and more suitable instrument."

"Where is one?" earnestly interrogated Diotti, vaguely realizing that Satan knew.

"In my possession," Satan replied.

"She would hate me if she knew I had recourse to the powers of darkness to gain her love," bitterly interposed Diotti.

Satan, wincing at this uncompromising allusion to himself, replied rather warmly: "My dear sir, were it not for the fact that I feel in particularly good spirits this morning, I should resent your ill-timed remarks and leave you to end your miserable existence with rope or pistol," and Satan pantomimed both suicidal contingencies.

"Do you want the violin or not?"

"I might look at it," said Diotti, resolving mentally that he could go so far without harm.

"Very well," said Satan. He gave a long whistle.

An old man, bearing a violin case, came within the room. He bowed to the wondering Diotti, and proceeded to open the case. Taking the instrument out the old man fondled it with loving and tender solicitude, pointing out its many beauties—the exquisite blending of the curves, the evenness of the grain, the peculiar coloring, the lovely contour of the neck, the graceful outlines of the body, the scroll, rivaling the creations of the ancient sculptors, the solidity of the bridge and its elegantly carved heart, and, waxing exceedingly enthusiastic, holding up the instrument and looking at it as one does at a cluster of gems, he added, "the adjustment of the strings."

"That will do," interrupted Satan, taking the violin from the little man, who bowed low and ceremoniously took his departure. Then the devil, pointing to the instrument, asked: "Isn't it a beauty?"

The musician, eyeing it keenly, replied: "Yes, it is, but not the kind of violin I play on."

"Oh, I see," carelessly observed the other, "you refer to that extra string."

"Yes," answered the puzzled violinist, examining it closely.

"Allow me to explain the peculiar characteristics of this magnificent instrument," said his satanic majesty. "This string," pointing to the G, "is the string of pity; this one," referring to the third, A, "is the string of hope; this," plucking the A, "is attuned to love, while this one, the E, gives forth sounds of joy."

"You will observe," went on the visitor, noting the intense interest displayed by the violinist, "that the position of the strings is the same as on any other violin, and therefore will require no additional study on your part."

"But that extra string?" interrupted Diotti, designating the middle one on the violin, a vague foreboding rising within him.

"That," said Mephistopheles, solemnly, and with no pretense of sophistry, "is the string of death, and he who plays upon it dies at once."

"The string-of-death!" repeated the violinist almost inaudibly.

"Yes, the string of death," Satan repeated, "and he who plays upon it dies at once. But," he added cheerfully, "that need not worry you. I noticed a marvelous facility in your arm work."

"And," he added, "you are wonderful in your bowing, appears child's play to you. It will be easy for you to avoid touching the string."

(To be continued.)



from the Utterance  
of Publication  
ed July 11 B

The Fifth String. By John Philip Sousa.  
(Ward, Lock & Co.)—The title of this booklet  
might lead one to think that it had something  
to do with the old five-stringed treble viol, the  
old guitar-fiddle, or one with a sympathetic  
string after the manner of the Hardanger violin.  
But the story is of an instrument given by Satan  
—who, by the way, is said to have inspired  
Tartini by his playing—to a violinist, which con-  
ferred wonderful powers on the performer; to  
touch the extra string was death. The story  
is short and sensational, but it has no musical  
interest, and points no moral. It is adorned  
with good illustrations by Mr. Howard Chandler  
Christy.

---