

MUSIC AND MUSICIANS

THE testimonial in the tabernacle, June 10, by leading musicians of the city, is the principal topic in a musical way now being discussed. From all indications it will be a demonstration that demonstrates and a testimonial that testifies. The aim of the committee will be to make it an entirely popular affair; for that reason the admission charge will be kept down to 25 cents, and with the fine program provided, this ought to fill the great auditorium.

A Boston dispatch contains the interesting information that Miss Florence Jepperson, a Provo girl, has just secured a pronounced success as a pianist at a New England conservatory of music. Miss Jepperson is considered one of the stars of the institution.

Musical August Kaiser of the Twenty-ninth infantry band, has purchased his discharge from the service of Uncle Sam, and will engage in commercial pursuits in Salt Lake. Kaiser was formerly drum major of the Twenty-seventh infantry band.

The Orpheum orchestra during the summer stock season will be under the direction of Alfred Masterman and will comprise the following musicians: Alfred Masterman, first violin; William Flashman, flute; Gounod Erickson, clarinet; Carl Mollerup, cornet; Ed Kimball, piano; and Chris Jepperson, bass.

Willard Youngdale will have charge of the Lagoon orchestra this season. He and Harry Green will play violin; Harry Green, first violin; Willard Youngdale, second violin; O. M. Witzell, third violin; Frank Merrill, piano; Del Beezley, drums.

The San Carlo Opera company was unable to present "La Boheme" in Boston because of the adverse criticism which the Corried Opera company held from the composer and owner of the copyright as to Boston and a number of other cities. As arrangements could not be made with the Corried people, the San Carlo company was forced to substitute another opera.

J. F. Salyer and A. M. Benham, two traveling musicians who were in this city recently, heard the tabernacle organ while here, and have just written from Los Angeles expressing their highest appreciation of the great instrument and the mastery with which it was handled. Mr. Benham says he has heard most of the great organs and organists in Europe and America, and states that he never before heard such beautiful musical effects. He congratulated the residents of Salt Lake City on being permitted to hear such a great organ so skillfully handled.

The music in the First Methodist church tomorrow morning, will be largely patriotic, and the annual musical services of the G. A. R. are to be held there. Mr. Dougall will sing the "Star Spangled Banner," and Miss Edna Edwards will sing "Without a Stain," while the hymns will be national in character. It is expected that the Twenty-ninth infantry band will be on hand to play the hymns with the organ. Mr. Kimball, the organist, will play a religious march as the prelude, the "Berceuse" from Jodelin as the offertory, and a postlude by Cappel.

Prof. W. C. Clive will have charge of the music at Wamandere this season. He will sing "The Star Spangled Banner," and Miss Edna Edwards will sing "Without a Stain," while the hymns will be national in character.

Held took 20 musicians with him on Thursday's excursion to the M. & M. association to Utah county, and gave the citizens of the towns visited some very good music.

At tomorrow morning's 8 o'clock mass in St. Mary's a children's choir of 40 voices will furnish the music. A large number of children are to take part in the communion services to be held at that time. At the 11 o'clock service the choir will sing Leysens' mass in D, with Anna Benham and Miss Fitzpatrick sopranos, Emily Clowes and Rosemary Holland contraltos, A. J. De Quenne, tenor, and George Soffe, J. W. Connors, P. East basses. Miss Ryan will sing the offertory, and Miss Ryan and Mr. Goulet are to sing Gauré's "Crucifix."

The inmates of the state prison will be given a musical treat on the morning of Decoration day, by a select choir under the direction of Miss Nora Gleason.

Mrs. W. A. Wetzel will leave July 1 for a summer vacation at Portland, Or., with her brother, Dr. Cumming, and his family.

Prof. W. A. Wetzel will leave shortly after the close of school for his old home at Farmer City, Ill., where he will take a needed rest, take his wife, Mrs. Wetzel, and their children, and will also take with him a large number of children who are to take part in the communion services to be held at that time. At the 11 o'clock service the choir will sing Leysens' mass in D, with Anna Benham and Miss Fitzpatrick sopranos, Emily Clowes and Rosemary Holland contraltos, A. J. De Quenne, tenor, and George Soffe, J. W. Connors, P. East basses. Miss Ryan will sing the offertory, and Miss Ryan and Mr. Goulet are to sing Gauré's "Crucifix."

Walter S. Arnold, manager of the Postal Telegraph company in East North and formerly a resident of Butte, Green River and Rawlins, has written a story based on the now famous Brownsville raid. The story is said to be a fine appeal to American patriotism and competent critics say the music is substantial and well written.

SHARPS AND FLATS.

It is definitely announced by her managers that Fay Templeton will retire from the stage at the conclusion of her engagement at the Grand Opera House on May 15.

The young violinist Franz von Verney, who failed two or three years ago, to make a deep impression in this country, has returned to the stage.



JULIA MARLOWE IN LONDON.

American theatergoers need no introduction to one of America's foremost exponents of high dramatic art, for wherever the name of Shakespeare is heard it seems almost synonymous with that of Julia Marlowe. Associated with E. H. Sothern in plays where the heroine of the "Immortal Bard" are brought into great prominence, Miss Marlowe has charmed great audiences from coast to coast in the United States and has now gone to that splendid actor to London, where she is essaying those and lighter fictional personalities for the benefit of a critical British public, playing opposite to Mr. Sothern in all of her productions.

after temporary withdrawal from public life.

Florence Easton, one of the cleverest English singing prima donnas who interpreted so effectively the name part in "Madam Butterfly" in Salt Lake, together with Francis Macdonald, who divided honors with Joseph Sheehan in the tenor role, will sail for Germany this week from Montreal.

Miss Winifred Lee Wendell is the latest western playright to bid for metropolitan honors. Miss Wendell has submitted to Henry W. Savage a light opera, "The Merry Man," that will probably have a production the coming season. This young writer was formerly a Detroit newspaper woman, but is now connected with the publishing house of Doubleday, Page & Co.

De Wolf Hopper appeared at the Belasco Theater, Washington, last week in "Wang and Happiness." Of his performance the Post said: "Mr. Hopper's role remains one of his greatest successes. He invests it with a drollery which is irresistibly funny. His song, 'The Man With an Elephant on His Hands,' and the scenes of his unconventional wooing of the widow, Florence, were enthusiastically applauded. He was, of course, compelled to recite that time-honored classic of the diamond, 'Casey at the Bat.'"

One of the best criticisms on "Salome" is that of Friedrich Holman: "Salome is not a dramatist and 'Salome' proves this. Wagner's method of musical expression, which is developed out of strong, natural, and healthy feelings, intelligible to all, has been applied by Strauss to a drama which calls for an entirely different musical style. The trouble with Strauss is that he lacks originality. Wagner's art of deriving from simple triads motives and themes which stand for all eternity, as if created by nature, that Strauss lacks more completely than Wagner's other."

Eleven Hundred Tickets Sold on First Day

The Careless testimonial at the tabernacle promises to be a huge affair. At the recent meeting of the general boards of the Improvement associations, whose annual conference will be held June 7, 8 and 9, it was decided to purchase 600 tickets for the concert, and to extend them to the visiting guests with the compliments of the board.

At the recent meeting of the committee having the details in hand, it was decided that the disposition of tickets should be largely placed in the hands of local choirs throughout Liberty, Ensign, Pioneer, Salt Lake and Granite stakes, as it was felt that choir leaders and singers generally, more than any other class, know the debt of obligation the community was under to Prof. Careless. The Eighteenth ward choir pledged itself to sell 60 tickets, which makes 1,100 booked on the first day.

The program for the event has been made up, and will be distinctly high class in its character. In addition to several hymns by Prof. Careless, to be rendered by the tabernacle choir, and conducted by the composer, Mr. W. E. Weihe will give a violin solo, having deferred his departure for the east solely for this purpose. J. J. McClellan and Arthur Shepherd will render an organ and piano duet, and Prof. McClellan will give an organ number alone; Willard Andelin will come up from the south especially to sing a bass solo, and Emma Adams, soprano, will be the lady soloist of the occasion. Messrs. Pyper, Whitney, Eusein and Spencer, former pupils of Prof. Careless, will render a number, and the evening will conclude with a big finale by the tabernacle choir and the recent Spring Festival chorus combined. Prof. Careless will be in the audience, and the general committee invite all members of the Festival chorus to join with the choir in rendering this number.

This Salt Lake symphony orchestra rendered its services to ease the concert could be given on a Sunday evening, the only night in the week when the members were free. The committee, however, found this impracticable.

It is thought that many choir and singers in outside stakes will desire to testify their appreciation of Prof. Careless' services by purchasing tickets. The committee will make acknowledgment of any such subscriptions, which should be addressed to George D. Pyper, secretary Careless Concert committee.

A Visit to the Home of Maude Adams.

NOT long ago it was my good fortune to stand in the room where four walls were the first ever to know how his owner was to interpret the role of Peter Pan.

I may not tell where I found the house. But from the spot where I stood I could easily see at a distance the front of the new city library at Fifth avenue, New York. It seemed a quiet, subdued section of residences, a sort of detached house, with a coterie of people who were not so much interested in the world as in the world of books.

It is a street midway between the Broadway and the city hall, and I should have called the library. I had a flight of stairs leading to the upper part of the house and was dimly lit by what at first seemed an ordinary heavy study lamp, but its age and curious design attracted another glance and I saw it really to be an ancient Danesman candlestick fitted up as an electric light.

The space between the stairway had been followed out for bookshelves. There were three or four of these. Two or three books of reference lay on the floor as if their owner had just been sitting there with them in pursuit of some needed point, free from all intruding eyes.

But through the door in front of me I could see into a larger room, which also held books and which I afterwards learned was called the book room.

But why this collection in the front hall? I thought I looked it over again. The three-volume "Life of St. Augustine," Chesterton's "Life of Browning," Moulton's "Ancient Greek Drama," and so on—only that the owner's catholicity of taste until in the very scope and multitude of the volumes, I saw the career of an omnivorous reader. The book room had simply overflowed into the front hall.

The step that brought me into the book room itself was charming in its results. I knew it at once for the owner's main work room. It was impressively individual and complete, with character as a fine thing. It spoke eloquently of four things—simplicity, earnestness, industry, and mental alertness. I could not resist the temptation to enter and to see this room was to know her.

It was midday when I called and the mistress of the house had not yet returned from the theater. I had ample leisure to observe the room—its walls, its other rooms as she, who is its inspiring spirit, is unlike all other personalities. Books and books and books; the cheerful crackling of an open fire; the comforts of a great deep, softly cushioned crimson divan; the solitude of the place; a sense of companionship and of cheer.

All the details of furnishing or decorating seemed to speak to me. A Danesman blaze, a quiet and evanescent lot of ancient Egyptian stone, an illuminated medieval Madonna, a crucifix from some wayside Italian shrine—these things sent one's heart on a pilgrimage through the ages to the end of the earth. But a charming oil painting brought me back to the present, the comfortable sense of books and the softness of fresh roses held it a willing prisoner in the now and here.

I looked at my case in a great chair where books and books and books were piled. The dust and smoke and the newness of work-day New York seemed very far away from the silence, the quietude of evening, the softness of a cheerful fire crackling on the hearth. A cheerful fire crackling on the hearth, on the top of which some clever artisan had fashioned in raised iron letters this very spirit of the place:

"Old Books to Read,
Old Wood to Burn,
Old Friends to Love."

There was a strange charm in allowing the whole multitude of fancies to come whispering about one's head. The entire house was silent, one could well imagine how perfectly here might the career of the day go to sleep and leave one to watch a joyous feeling of disengagement.

It was here that "Peter Pan" had been created and the whole spirit and atmosphere of the play imagined forth. Before these burning coals and within this perfect quiet and simplicity must have easily been recalled the stories of the great world and the great things of the world, the whole world of fairyland, the whole world of ancient and modern pirates, Indians, crocodiles, and wolves, cives and sprites could not but come flitting before fancy's eye and the leaping flames of the fireplace.

Even as I started I thought for a moment that they were making their way up the chimney, and I thought above, until closer scrutiny proved them to be toy animals—a wolf, a lion and a dog, with an abbreviated tail, and a monkey with a long tail, and a gift of some enthusiastic youthful admirer.

I had taken up the book nearest me as I opened the French wall table. It was a first edition copy of Lewis Carroll's "Alice in Wonderland." Along one wide margin had been written these words by a hand seemingly impatient to have wished the chapter would take impress of itself upon the pages:

"It is as easily possible to recognize the child who has brought up on the humor of Lewis Carroll, from one who has not, as to know instantly another in whom the power of imagination is more deeply implanted. A sense of the sweetness and comforting beauty of her children, who have today perfected by his subtle methods and finer understanding of the child mind."

On a chair close by, in an open portfolio, lay an unpublished manuscript or a letter, which made me feel keenly

like an intruder and was a silent witness of how few such as I ever came into the house.

But I chose rather to examine the curious looking sofa in which I was sitting. There was about it enough to make it seem like an old friend. At any rate it brought back to me the impression felt once in an antique shop in the French quarter of New Orleans.

The shop man was deploring of selling me any old family plate or "genuinely Rochambau awards," and coaxed me into sitting on it, as if it were a piece of furniture, and he described as being made of rose wood. It too, had delicate arms like the one on which I now sat and, also, uncomfortable looking spindle legs, such as now, as then, I suddenly felt myself too large and bulky for it and decided to stand.

I was surrounded on three sides by bookshelves which, covered to foot or more above my shoulders. There was the same diversity of taste here that I had noticed about the books in the hall way.

Just behind at the end of the sofa and easily taken down by one who could read while reclining, was a remarkably convenient set of volumes on Egypt, ancient and modern. There were books on the Khedive, on the building of the celebrated dam at Assuan, and on the excavations of the great Egyptian and Egyptian excavations. Most of them were bedecked along their margins by curious little notes in ink, and some of the shelves were by the hand of their owner.

The set of shelves at the opposite end was entirely given to Shakespeare and his contemporaries. I seemed to me the openness of mind which would so freely accept shelf room to such established authorities as Ward, Pevsner, and the like, and at the same time to the haphazardness of Jackman who for one Shakespearean note, which is obvious, has a genius for offering them, which is all wrong.

There looked most inviting space for pictures because of the great allowance made for books. But whatever each bit of the wall held, took one far away, as I did by Thacker Bell over the seas to strange lands.

In one space was a glimpse of Egypt, and the dark east in the form of a fine engraving of the Temple of the Sun, built by Solomon for his wife who was a worshiper of Hathor.

But to look opposite was to feel something of the sense of a group of cathedral altars carefully selected so as to indicate the fine structural lines which result in the sense of Gothic.

All these objects were so many tokens of one who lives life best when, like Peter Pan, with a wiggle of her shoulders she becomes a buoyant traveler among unknown people in lands beyond the seas.

But by now twilight had descended completely from the east—and the book room was enshrouded in darkness except for the spot of light beneath the light as if Thacker Bell were on guard. From somewhere about the house came the sound of a clock striking the hour which my own watch told me was six. My hostess had not come but my time was up.

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"She excelled in the gradations, in those subtle passages from one tone to another which expressed the vicissitudes of passion. No one ever so thoroughly understood the art of music acting—the art of listening perfectly, and yet acting with one's whole person, while another character is speaking. Her career as a singer of piano and harp, and a very striking or extraordinary beauty. But in her were united Nature's finest beauties—of heart and of mind."

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"She excelled in the gradations, in those subtle passages from one tone to another which expressed the vicissitudes of passion. No one ever so thoroughly understood the art of music acting—the art of listening perfectly, and yet acting with one's whole person, while another character is speaking. Her career as a singer of piano and harp, and a very striking or extraordinary beauty. But in her were united Nature's finest beauties—of heart and of mind."

In this passage as he wrote, Augustine Sainte Beuve has in mind the great French actress, Adrienne Le Couvreur, but I, as I read—Maude Adams.

There was a strange charm in allowing the whole multitude of fancies to come whispering about one's head. The entire house was silent, one could well imagine how perfectly here might the career of the day go to sleep and leave one to watch a joyous feeling of disengagement.

It was here that "Peter Pan" had been created and the whole spirit and atmosphere of the play imagined forth. Before these burning coals and within this perfect quiet and simplicity must have easily been recalled the stories of the great world and the great things of the world, the whole world of fairyland, the whole world of ancient and modern pirates, Indians, crocodiles, and wolves, cives and sprites could not but come flitting before fancy's eye and the leaping flames of the fireplace.

Even as I started I thought for a moment that they were making their way up the chimney, and I thought above, until closer scrutiny proved them to be toy animals—a wolf, a lion and a dog, with an abbreviated tail, and a monkey with a long tail, and a gift of some enthusiastic youthful admirer.

I had taken up the book nearest me as I opened the French wall table. It was a first edition copy of Lewis Carroll's "Alice in Wonderland." Along one wide margin had been written these words by a hand seemingly impatient to have wished the chapter would take impress of itself upon the pages:

"It is as easily possible to recognize the child who has brought up on the humor of Lewis Carroll, from one who has not, as to know instantly another in whom the power of imagination is more deeply implanted. A sense of the sweetness and comforting beauty of her children, who have today perfected by his subtle methods and finer understanding of the child mind."

On a chair close by, in an open portfolio, lay an unpublished manuscript or a letter, which made me feel keenly

like an intruder and was a silent witness of how few such as I ever came into the house.

But I chose rather to examine the curious looking sofa in which I was sitting. There was about it enough to make it seem like an old friend. At any rate it brought back to me the impression felt once in an antique shop in the French quarter of New Orleans.

The shop man was deploring of selling me any old family plate or "genuinely Rochambau awards," and coaxed me into sitting on it, as if it were a piece of furniture, and he described as being made of rose wood. It too, had delicate arms like the one on which I now sat and, also, uncomfortable looking spindle legs, such as now, as then, I suddenly felt myself too large and bulky for it and decided to stand.

I was surrounded on three sides by bookshelves which, covered to foot or more above my shoulders. There was the same diversity of taste here that I had noticed about the books in the hall way.

Just behind at the end of the sofa and easily taken down by one who could read while reclining, was a remarkably convenient set of volumes on Egypt, ancient and modern. There were books on the Khedive, on the building of the celebrated dam at Assuan, and on the excavations of the great Egyptian and Egyptian excavations. Most of them were bedecked along their margins by curious little notes in ink, and some of the shelves were by the hand of their owner.

The set of shelves at the opposite end was entirely given to Shakespeare and his contemporaries. I seemed to me the openness of mind which would so freely accept shelf room to such established authorities as Ward, Pevsner, and the like, and at the same time to the haphazardness of Jackman who for one Shakespearean note, which is obvious, has a genius for offering them, which is all wrong.

There looked most inviting space for pictures because of the great allowance made for books. But whatever each bit of the wall held, took one far away, as I did by Thacker Bell over the seas to strange lands.

In one space was a glimpse of Egypt, and the dark east in the form of a fine engraving of the Temple of the Sun, built by Solomon for his wife who was a worshiper of Hathor.

But to look opposite was to feel something of the sense of a group of cathedral altars carefully selected so as to indicate the fine structural lines which result in the sense of Gothic.

All these objects were so many tokens of one who lives life best when, like Peter Pan, with a wiggle of her shoulders she becomes a buoyant traveler among unknown people in lands beyond the seas.

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