

MUSIC AND MUSICIANS

"ANY one who has had the chance to study Calve at close range cannot fail to recognize that she has the soul of a tragedienne, rather than the vanities of a prima donna," said an old friend of the French soprano the other day.

"Calve has the temperament of a great actress and the comprehension of a master of stage technique. In the old days she used to be much amused at the dramatic absurdities of some of the old style operas. Until Mascagni wrote 'Cavalleria Rusticana,' Mascagni, 'La Navarrese,' and Leoncavallo 'Pagliacci,' the dramatic unities had not been strictly observed; in fact, it was Calve's intense appreciation of the tragic Santuzza in 'Cavalleria' that inspired Mascagni's 'Navarrese.' This was first produced about eight years ago in New York, and the very first rehearsal came near being the swan song of the fiery Calve."

"The tragedy inspired her, and she plunged into the rehearsal with all the enthusiasm of her French temperament. The others in the cast, Bauermeister, Plancon, Durfiche and others sat comfortably down near the footlights and contented themselves with humming the score softly.

"Why do you not sing?" inquired Calve breathlessly. They explained quite leisurely that their voices were never "up" until late in the afternoon and they were saving them.

Calve flew out of the Metropolitan in one of her famous rages, she declared that she would never again attempt to sing with those soulless beings. "Never will I sing again," she declared; "when Mascagni writes a musical tragedy in which one must live, they don't think it even worth while to rehearse. No, I shall never sing with them. I shall return to France and become an actress and never, never sing with them again."

However, when the great opera was produced a month or two later, it was Calve and only Calve who created the mood of a great singer and a temperamental and transitory. They are merely the color and adornment of her artistic nature.

A musical event of note that is to come off on the evening of March 9 in Denver, is of special interest in this city, in that the pianist of the occasion is to be Prof. J. J. McClellan. He has been especially invited by the management of the Denver Symphony Orchestra association to appear, with the full symphony orchestra, and he will play the great A minor piano concerto by Grieg. The Denver musicians anticipate with pleasure the coming of Salt Lake artist. The symphony orchestra does not give more than four or five concerts in a season, and their performances always excite great interest.

A song service will be given tomorrow evening at the Twenty-first ward chapel by Prof. Chas. Kent and two of his pupils. Following is the program:

Anthem.....Twenty-first ward choir.
Aria....."But the Lord is Mindful" (St. Paul).....Mendelssohn.
Chas. Kent.
"The Day is Ended".....Bartlett with violin obligato.
Miss Katharine and Eddie Fitzpatrick.
"My Faith in Thee".....Wells.
Chas. Kent.
"Influence of Music," President Hugh J. Cannon.
"The Lost Chord".....Sullivan.
Chas. Kent.
Duet, "I Will Magnify Thee," Miss Edna Morris and Mr. Kent.
"I Know That My Redeemer Lives," Mr. Kent and the choir.

The entire local musical profession, irrespective of age, race, color or previous condition of servitude, arises as one individual to extend the glad musical mitt to Prof. Thomas Radcliffe, the veteran organist of the First Congregational church, on having won the \$100 prize. The congratulations, by phone and by letter, but particularly by phone, have made it necessary for some member of the family to remain almost permanently at the instrument to receive the messages.

A Lowell school teacher named Carlson so closely resembles Arthur Shepherd that he is frequently mistaken for him on the street. The two met Thursday afternoon for the first time, and exchanged the compliments of the day, over the matter.

The Monday Musical club will meet next Monday evening, in Miss Sharp's studio, Constitution building. The coming of the state, the interest in the city who wish them success in their move.

Miss Ruth A. Wilson will be the soprano soloist tomorrow morning, in the Unitarian church.

The sale of talking machines and records continues to cause remark in the Christmas trade. Immediately after but now it has sprung up again, and is increasing, with the Salt Lake market pretty well cleaned up. The best machines are selling now at \$100 each, and they carry all the latest improvements.

Prof. Wetzel is very much pleased at the success of the music section in the program of the music society's association the current week. The interest in music, he finds, is extending all over the state, and the papers and vocal and instrumental performances during the present meetings evidence very satisfactory progress. Even more will be the year's meeting, and in fact, each year will note a step in advance.

The Orpheum musicians say the music that is being done better without a piano than with one, in the new theater; and the piano is being dispensed with in favor of the eastern plans of amusement.

Mrs. King has got out for her pupils some very artistic hand painted calendars.



MADAME EMMA CALVE.
Who Appears With Her Company at the Tabernacle on Friday Evening Next.

Each with a musical motif painted thereon, suitable to the individuality of the pupil.

The musical union will meet tomorrow, to act on proposed rules which will make attendance at the funerals of deceased members compulsory; other special business will be transacted.

A reception was given last Saturday evening, in Chicago, by Mrs. Fox, in honor of Miss Agatha Berkhoel of this city. Many prominent local musicians were present, including members of the Chicago orchestra. Miss Berkhoel sang a selection from Lehmann's "Siegfried," and a group of Brahms' songs, with Italy ob'vato. On Monday evening City Atty. and Mrs. J. F. Smolenski of Chicago gave a musicale in honor of the Salt Lake visitor, in which Miss Berkhoel acquitted herself with credit as a soloist.

The educational musicale which was to have been held in the Y. M. C. A. Jan. 4, has been postponed until the evening of the 26th inst.

SHARPS and FLATS.

"Parsifal" will be given four performances at the Metropolitan opera house on Jan. 11, 18 and 25, and Feb. 22.

When Patti sang the other day in London, the reviewers for the first time dared to hint that her voice had lost its bloom and that the audience was distinctly cold.

The Lillian Blauvelt Opera company has just been incorporated in New York with a capital of \$55,000. The directors named are F. C. Whitney and J. J. Keating of New York and W. F. Fendleton of Brooklyn.

Haydn's complete works are to be published by Breitkopf & Hartel, and a committee of distinguished Austrian composers has been chosen to edit them, including Mandyczewski, the erudite editor of Schubert.

London has received with great satisfaction the songs of Victor Harris, who is a graduate of the school of Anton Seldi, practically speaking, having often held his baton. Mr. Harris' "The Hills of Skye" is particularly liked in London.

Robert V. Brain, a nine-year-old musician of Springfield, Mass., has just composed an operette entitled "The Land of Flowers." Master Brain is a son of Robert D. Brain, director of the conservatory of music in the Grand opera house, Springfield.

Victor Capoul, the French tenor and teacher, has written the libretto of an opera called "Le Clown," for which the music has been composed by M. de Camondo. It will be presented at the Theater Sarah Bernhardt in Paris next spring, with Geraldine Farrar and Renaud in the principal parts.

Miss Emily Carew, a sister of Mrs. Roosevelt, is visiting at the White House. She is an artist as well as a musician and spends much time in Italy and Switzerland. She will superintend the musical education of Miss Ethel Roosevelt, who is the one musical member of the Roosevelt family.

Two scholarships within two weeks of each other is more than most young singers can show to their credit. Miss Evelyn Hazel Parrells of Boston, however, not only secured a vocal scholarship at the New England conservatory, but less than two weeks later was admitted to Mr. Corried's Grand Opera school in New York.

America possesses a boy of talent in Hans Barth, who made his appearance in concert in New York last month. The boy is not an infant prodigy, though he is only 14; he is a musical genius, in whom music is the natural result of inborn talent. There is nothing prodigious about him—he is just a boy endowed with extraordinary ability to play the piano.

Heinrich Corried has conferred three free admissions to the performance of the Metropolitan Opera House, New York, for this season, upon three students of the Master School of Vocal Music, namely Miss Margaret Allen, of Burlington, Vt.; Miss Irene L. Weed, of Brooklyn, and Miss Mary Frances Gardner, of Manhattan, on the strength of their scholarship last season.

Muriel Foster, the English contralto, it is announced, will return to America in February for a third consecutive season, to sing a number of concerts.

oratorio performances and song recitals under the management of Henry Wolfson, remaining in this country until after the Cincinnati festival in May. Miss Foster is at present singing in the important fall festivals of England.

The eminent pianist and teacher, William H. Sherwood of Chicago, is always speaking words of encouragement for American music. He believes that Americans are worthy of respectful recognition, not only as composers, but as singers and virtuosi. He also considers the stream of young musical students.

WILLIAM H. FOSTER, THE OLDEST MEMBER OF THE TABERNACLE CHOIR, AND WIFE.



MR. AND MRS. FOSTER SOON AFTER THEIR MARRIAGE.



MR. AND MRS. FOSTER AS THEY LOOK TODAY.

To have been a member of the Tabernacle choir longer than any other person—53 years, since 1853—is the distinction enjoyed by William H. Foster, familiarly known as "Billy" Foster, by his more intimate friends. To have passed the fiftieth milestone of wedded life is a further distinction that has just come to himself and the companion who has traveled by his side in sunshine and shadow for the whole of that period. In some respects their lives have been unique, in all they have been interesting and happy.

Mr. Foster was a member of the historic Nauvoo brass band under William Pitt. The Mark Croxall and Quadrille bands were also pioneer musical organizations with which he was actively connected. In the latter band were Dan Olsen, Mark Croxall, Joseph Lamb, Joshua H. Blagley and others, who made music on many a festive occasion at the Social hall and other places of public and private amusement. It is no overstatement of fact to say that thousands have danced to the strains of the fiddle, a picture of which is seen in his hands in the old time picture herewith reproduced. And at the old folk gatherings today no music is more highly appreciated than that which is made by this same instrument in the hands of the old man, who is now 73 years of age. He is now 73 years of age, and his fingers are still nimble enough to play the fiddle as well as the piano.

dents going abroad diminishing, owing to improvement in home conditions of study.

A new opera by d'Albert, the pianist, has lately been tried at Prague. "Fluto Solo" is the title, and it is a light comedy in which Frederick the Great, as crown prince of Prussia, and his marriage to a father are the chief characters. The music, according to the Vienna newspapers, has charm and sense of character, and in it d'Albert has played prettily and decorously with old eighteenth century forms.

The symphonic poem by Hugo Kaun, formerly of Milwaukee but now of Germany, does not seem to have met with favor in Chicago. The Chicago Chronicle speaks of it as one of the most complicated orchestral pieces to be found in modern musical literature, but finds that if it has humor—it is called a humorous—it is like the laughter of the gods, too profound to be understood by mortals.

Max Reger, who was once on the point of rewriting Bach's organ works, and who was only dissuaded from this because kind friends took him to one side and labored with him earnestly and at length, has been attacked savagely by the German critics, among whom he has few friends. One of them described the work as "a carnival of hitherto unimagined harmonies, and a grotesque collection of unusual effects."

Cosima Wagner has confided to Mr. Stock, the conductor of the Chicago orchestra, the manuscript of an early composition of Wagner's for male chorus which was written for the ceremonies when Weber's body was brought back to Germany from England for re-burial. The piece, called "At Weber's Grave," and still unpublished, had never been scored for orchestra, and Mr. Stock is now scoring it for wind instruments, harp and drums. His orchestra and choir will perform it next month.

A "Salon of Music" is a new idea in Paris. Musical compositions will be exhibited like paintings. But as they require to be heard, not seen, the scores will not be placed for inspection on tables, but played by an orchestra during the hours of the salon. A jury will examine all works sent in, and choose the best for exhibition. These will then be performed in rotation. When the list is exhausted the orchestra will begin all over again. During the hours of the exhibition some performance of music, unpublished and hitherto unheard anywhere else, will always be proceeding.

The artists of the Metropolitan Opera House were the guests of Heinrich Corried at a beefsteak dinner given at Reisenveber's New York City, on Christmas eve. Mr. Corried, arrayed in a white apron, helped serve the steak, mutton chops and the imported beer. There was an alleged piano present and when the opera house forces were increased by those of the Irving Place theater the fun began. When there were cries for Corried, Corried introduced a dainty trio. When they wanted more of the trio, he had Burgstaller sing. When they wanted more of Burgstaller, he moved the barrels out of the way and danced a classical cuedance to the tune of "Everybody Works but Father." When the negro trio sang "Massa's in the Col. Col. Ground," Caruso, Dippel, Knote and Burgstaller made it a sextette, and when the crowd demanded an encore, they sang "Just Spend Y' Time a-lovin' Me, it's a pie-a-nie to two." It was an historic occasion.

The Pathetic Death of Emma Abbott in Salt Lake.



EMMA ABBOTT.
The Popular Prima Donna Who Died in Salt Lake Fifteen Years Ago Yesterday, January 5.

This picture shows Miss Abbott as she looked in the "Mad Scene" from "Hamlet," it is from one of her latest and best photographs and was copied for the Saturday "News" by Johnson. At the request of her family it was used in the Dramatic Mirror at the time of her death.

In Salt Lake, Emma died, fifteen years ago yesterday, Emma Abbott, at that time the most famous and most beloved of American prima donnas. Her demise was as sudden and unexpected as the news thereof was shocking. The end came in the Templeton building, then one of the city's leading hotels.

For days the brave little woman had been in a life and death struggle with an attack of pneumonia which two years before, that very week, had claimed her husband in Denver. Every art of medical science, every attention of modern nursing, every touch of tender hands and hope of loving hearts had proved futile. Her soul burst its bounds, her voice was stifled and death lay upon her, one of the sweetest flowers of all the field of womanhood, like an untimely frost. When the sad message went forth from the chamber of mourning, heads bowed, eyes dimmed and lips were mute. To the writer, then a young reporter on the "Evening Staff," her manager, Mr. Pratt, said with tears unbidden and unsuppressed welled from his eyes:

"A better, purer woman never walked on this earth. She has been with us eleven years and a more harmonious and happy family than ours never trod the boards of an amusement hall in any country. I am terribly broken down at her unexpected taking away."

Miss Abbott had been seriously ill for five days only. On Monday, December 29, she formally opened the Ogden Opera house in the theater of that city. The house was barely completed and the walls were yet damp from the newly applied plaster. But the star's dressing room was made as comfortable as possible by drugging the walls with cotton, covering the windows with blankets. It was also well heated. However, during the evening one of the windows was accidentally opened and a gust of cold air rushed into the room. Mr. Foster, who had not been well for days and in a few moments she was seized with a terrible chill. But summoning all her strength she threw it off and the play went on.

She was given a royal reception by the great audience, among which were many Salt Lakeers. Tripping to the footlights she made a neat and telling speech as follows:

"Dear friends, I may say, very dear friends, I thank you from the bottom of my heart for your more than warm welcome. I have long wished to visit your city, but now that I find myself in your beautiful temple of art, I am astonished and delighted at what I see. It has been my good fortune to open opera houses in many cities, but never have I sung in one more magnificent, more elaborate than this. I am happy to be with you, and, hoping that it may not be the last time, I will close by saying with Juliet, 'May but a little, and I will come again.'"

The day following, her company presented "The Bohemian Girl" and "Martha" at a matinee and night performance, and on the third sang her famous song, "The Last Rose of Summer," scoring a marked triumph in its rendition. On returning to her hotel after the night performance she had a consuming fever and drank freely of ice cold milk which she continued to take in large draughts, for the reason that she said it appeared to cool her blood better than anything else. The next day she came to Salt Lake to fill an engagement at the Theater. Her condition was anything but promising and her manager implored her to remain at home and there nurse herself under the care of a physician. But she replied firmly:

"No, I will not disappoint these people again. The last time I was here I was ill and there must be no repetition now. My voice was not good then and I must redeem myself tonight. It will not do for me to forego this performance, but I am so ill—so ill."

The opera was "Ernani" and here, of course, the part of Elvira. A splendid audience was present, and a perfect ovation was accorded her efforts, though she had been fairly carried from her dressing room through the wings of the stage. To those who assisted and remonstrated with her she simply said: "In a few minutes the look of agony passed from her face and she was succeeded by an expression of composure and marked beauty. Her portrayal of Elvira was an animated one, and she sang magnificently. At the close of the act Manager Pratt, who sat in a box, left the stage and went behind the scenes, where she had fallen prostrate. Dr. Pinkerton was summoned and after a brief examination pronounced her alarmingly ill. Of his visit Dr. Pinkerton says:

"I reached the Theater just before the second act. She complained of a terrible pain in the left side, and informed me that she had a very bad chill in the afternoon. Her respirations were 40 per minute, pulse 120, temperature 104.5. I advised her to have her manager at once acquaint the audience with the fact that she was seriously ill, and that she be promptly taken to her hotel. This she persistently refused to do, saying she must sing that night. The people who witnessed that performance will probably never forget her sufferings, as it was apparent to all that she was dangerously sick."

When the sick pleadings of Dr. Pinkerton with her manager failed to persuade her to "ring down" for the evening, the doctor did all in his power to brace her for her work and arrest the progress of the disease. A bottle of champagne was brought and given to her by the teapost, and when theater closed that evening, while aware that she was far from well, not one in the audience dreamed that their favorite songstress had sunk her last note on earth.

On Thursday her condition had become worse and when the physicians called to see her she said with a smile, in an expression familiar to theatrical folk when they refer to future dates, "Well, doctor, I think I am booked."

"Booked for where?" the doctor inquired.

"For Paradise, doctor."

The doctor admonished her that she must not talk in that strain and not to thus give up the fight as it would be the more difficult to restore her to health.

"That is all right doctor, but I shall sing my next song in Paradise. I am not afraid to die, doctor, I am not afraid to die."

On Friday she complained of racking pains and showed symptoms of delirium. On Saturday she refused to sign a check to be sent to her parents as she never failed to remit them a goodly amount on that day. She had to be supported into the bath, and to her private secretary, Mr. Considine, and others she said:

"That is the last check I will ever sign."

When remonstrated with she sweetly replied, "Yes, Dan, THAT IS MY LAST and its for my dear old father."

And then remembering that her husband was in the city, she continued to mutter, "And tomorrow will be Sunday; tomorrow will be Sunday."

Dr. Pinkerton realized that the final summons was not far off, and inquired if there were any business matters she wished to transact and she responded feebly:

"I would like, if it were God's will, to live another year. I want to see my dear husband's monument completed. Then, too, during the coming year I had hoped to build a home for my family, where all might come together and where, when I was old, I might retire. Then there is my new opera; I was having it written especially for my company and myself, and I would like so much to have it put on. These three things I have greatly desired, doctor, but if it is God's will I am willing to die."

"On Monday," she said, "the company will go on—will go on—and I must wait here." Indicating that she still had hopes of recovery.

On Monday morning the Grim Reaper gathered and her life's sheet. Before her soul took its flight, says Miss Martin, her biographer, she "asked for the company—all—all—Every member responded, and as they filed the hall and doorway, might could be heard but sobbs of anguish. Michelsena, Pruetto, Frederick, McCormack and Considine, broke down, and cried like children; while the weeping of the ladies formed a sad accompaniment. The sound of her crying reached the ears of her whom they all so tenderly loved, so deeply mourned, and with an effort to look at each she rallied for an instant, and said distinctly: "I'm not afraid."

And then the curtain fell at the end of life's drama.

All Salt Lake mourned with the stricken ones and extended their sympathies, and sent many beautiful tributes to the death chamber, where, in the Templeton hotel, in the little parlor, the company held its own private funeral service. The company sang three or four selections, the last, "Home Sweet Home," which was sobbed more than sung.

Miss Abbott's body was taken to Chicago where she was born just 36 years before and buried at the side of R. I. Wetherell, the husband whom she loved so sincerely and whom she wedded in a foreign land. The discourse her remains was reached by Prof. David Swing and the concourse in attendance was one of the largest ever seen at a funeral in the World's Fair City.

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