

Music

ist, and Miss Edna Edwards, accompanist. There will also be two quartet numbers by Mrs. King, Miss Carol Evans, Miss Judith Evans and Miss Foster. The program is well selected.

Arthur Shepherd is doing so well with the First Presbyterian church that the members are speaking with assurance which casts a well-defined shadow of an approaching event of his stepping into the shoes of the late Professor Radcliffe as the church organist. Tomorrow will be his fourth Sunday, and all who attend the church seem to be well satisfied with his management of the big instrument.

Three prominent Australians visited the Lafayette school exhibit the other day, and seeing the specimens of musical score writing by the pupils, asked, "And do you have musical printing machines in this city?" They were surprised on being told that the scoring was by school children with nothing more than pen and ink.

SHARPS and FLATS.

Kubelik is to sail for Europe with his mistress on May 12.

Mrs. Nordica, Miss Nielsen and Henry Russell, the London manager, are nursing plans for an Italian opera company of their own to sing in various American cities, outside New York next season.

From all over the country come tidings in the press of benefit concert for the San Francisco sufferers, for which the public buys tickets and remains away. It is not in a concert going mood.

Madam Ashforth, the famous New York voice builder, and the teacher of Emma Lucy Gates, sailed for Europe during the week. She expects to visit Bayreuth, Paris and others of the great cities.

The Paris Grand Opera took in, during the year 1905, the sum of \$26,100, while the receipts at the opera company amounted to about \$42,000. If Paris can support two operas, why not New York?

Henry W. Savage has signed a contract with Harry Bulger for a term of years. Mr. Bulger will be seen in a new musical comedy by Messrs. John Kendrick Bangs, Vincent Bryan and Mendel Klein, which Mr. Savage will produce.

A procession of Italians, headed by a priest, the other day marched to a house of prayer, in which Verdi was born, knelt before it, and recited a prayer. Then they unveiled a simple monument erected to him by the grateful families, in which Verdi was born. Verdi had left an annuity in his last will.

The late Mrs. Theodore Sutro, who was identified with so many musical enterprises, wrote this in a letter, as her parting message to the world: "Music"

SALT LAKERS IN GOTHAM.

Special Correspondence.

NEW YORK, May 11.—It reads like a fairy tale, for it is only in fairy tales that princes and princesses are rescued from the clutches of a wicked world famous opera singer.

It is in a white recorded in real life. Saturday afternoon Miss Emma Lucy Gates had an appointment to sing for Wolfsohn, at his studio on East Seventeenth street. Among the many autographs who daily hear young aspirants for operatic work, Wolfsohn stands pre-eminently among the first, in fact he is a regular musical ear in his august exclusiveness, but Miss Gates' turn came, and she took the plunge with a fluttering heart. The "Rigoletto" aria was the piece selected. The great master, who had been listening patiently until the piece was finished, but before he could express approval or disapproval a thunderous sound of applause burst from an adjoining room, and the "Caro Nome," the famous baritone of the Metropolitan opera house, who had been reading in a side room, paying no attention to the manager's program, rushed up to Miss Gates, he enthusiastically congratulated her, and without any ceremony, sat down to the piano as the accompanist and, taking the music, went over, time and again, the entire aria, correcting here, praising there, in short, giving Miss Gates a good coaching, stopping every few moments to exclaim, "what purity of melody," "what a future," and many other expressions. At the finish, he begged her not to think of going to Europe, but to stay here. He pronounced her voice an exceptional dramatic soprano, and said that New York was the place for her to make her appearance. Wolfsohn at once tried to engage her, but Miss Gates said she was in the hands of her teacher, and would wait until she was entirely on her advice for the present.

The piano and song recital given on Thursday evening, May 3, in Carnegie Chamber Hall by Prof. Eugene Heffley proved to be an affair of most artistic merit. Miss Gates, who headed the program, is undoubtedly a coming great pianist, and her playing was so beautiful, and the entire affair, correcting here, praising there, in short, giving Miss Gates a good coaching, stopping every few moments to exclaim, "what purity of melody," "what a future," and many other expressions. At the finish, he begged her not to think of going to Europe, but to stay here. He pronounced her voice an exceptional dramatic soprano, and said that New York was the place for her to make her appearance. Wolfsohn at once tried to engage her, but Miss Gates said she was in the hands of her teacher, and would wait until she was entirely on her advice for the present.

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has been the cause of bringing me more happiness than anything else in the world. Therefore, I urge all young girls who would be as happy as I have been to encourage it in their homes."

Conrad's generous treatment of the unfortunate Metropolitan opera company singers who were overtaken by the San Francisco earthquake, continues to receive the admiration and commendation of the entire public. All members of the organization received their salaries in full to the end of the month, and all have been provided with new clothing and some ready cash.

Siegfried Wagner, according to a message from Bayreuth, has just finished a new opera, to be entitled "The Law of the Stars." The Opera House at Hamburg is to be selected for the first performance. Herr Wagner, it is stated, adheres in the new work to the realm of fairyland, and if his Bayreuth admirers are to be believed, "The Law of the Stars" is superior, both in orchestration and in dramatic vividness, to anything he has yet written.

The Cincinnati papers tell of the great disappointment of the musical festival audience at that city, in not being able to hear Louise Homer. It will be recalled that the announcement was made when she passed through Cincinnati, that she was en route to the San Francisco disaster. When she arrived in Chicago she was taken direct to a hospital for a surgical operation and there she remains, her contract with the Cincinnati festival having been of necessity, cancelled.

And now comes the news from over the sea that the members of the Royal Berlin Opera company and other European artists have been commanded under penalty of discharge from service, not to sing into any mechanical device whatever. It is claimed that the talking machines have served to decrease the desire of the public to hear them in concert, the assertion being made that for a complete record of a performance, a great artist heard indefinitely, and all, of course, without profit to the management.

It is well known that the German emperor dislikes modern music. He prefers Gluck to Wagner, and as for Richard Strauss, he is glad to have him as one of the royal composers, but thinks he is no sort of a composer. It is also well known in Berlin, at any rate, that the Kaiser never attends concerts, but that he has made an exception to this rule, by going to hear the Philharmonic chorus in Bach's B minor mass. He remained to the end, too, although it was given without cuts.

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meet Miss Emma Lucy Gates in Chicago, May 11, and together they will travel to Salt Lake. Mrs. Adams has had a long season with the "Leffingwell Boots" company and goes west for rest and change, and to visit with her mother and family.

The spring regatta of the Columbia crews on the Hudson came off May 11, and was won by the Livingston crew. A. B. Young, a Salt Lake student in the school of mines, rowed number 6, in the winning crew. It was a beautiful sight and Riverside drive was crowded with spectators from One Hundred and Fourteenth street to Grant's Tomb.

On Tuesday, May 1, Miss Blanche Thomas came in with the C. B. Hartford company. The company has had a most successful season, and Miss Thomas reports good business from everywhere. At present she is stopping with Mrs. King, at 216 West One Hundred and Thirty-first street.

President McQuarrie left for Albany Friday, to hold conference in that city. This will end the conference trips for several months, and he will be found at headquarters for some time.

The recital in Prof. Heffley's studio by Anthony Carlson was a most delightful affair. Mr. Carlson has a multitude of friends here in musical circles, who are eager to hear him at all times. His selections being classic, they appeal to certain musicians who are always looking for the beautiful in the great masters. JANET.

Anthony Carlson, Basso, of New York

Teacher of singing and tone production, will be in Salt Lake City, July, August and September. See Arthur Shepherd for terms and dates.

The dining room at meat time, it would surely consider itself well paid.

"This one points to me," and "this one is in front of me," and "I speak for this color," and "I speak for that," is the cry that goes from one to the other of the happy tableful, until each child is satisfied in his little heart that at least one flower belongs to him.

The punishment at the Home is the withholding of candy from the wrong doer. The matron said it often required much will power on her part to keep it from one, while all the others sit about after supper, enjoying their first and foremost pleasure in life—candy. But whether the offense be great or small, the punishment goes, and the results are most satisfactory.

At 7:30 each child is put to bed after a good cleansing bath, 6 o'clock is the hour for rising.

There were but two infants occupying the tiny cribs that day. One of four months took all the interest possible in the scrubbing up of each child for supper; he sat upright among his pillows, cooling, crowing, gurgling, spluttering, and as each, after his wash, stepped up to the little fellow to greet him, his joy and delight knew no bounds, and he would clutch at their hands, in vain endeavor to pull himself up; as the little one fled out of the room he sat up a terrible howl, and Clarence wanted to carry him into the table. This little fellow is the pet and favorite of the Home—each and every member of that strange orphan household, hold him as tenderly and close in his or her heart, as though he had a real mother and real brothers and sisters. And yet, that very day, a letter had been received from his mother, signing him away; his friends had all advised her that this step was for the best, and maybe it is, under the circumstances—the baby may fare better after all.

Another baby a month old had been brought in that day—a fortunate little fellow, in that he is not to be signed away, but is to go back to his own kind mother, after she has returned from the hospital.

If one would know if all in the Home are happy, let him question the children—babies as a rule, tell the truth, and if they are mistreated or unhappy, are quick enough to cry out. In perfect harmony they live and play together, and if sometimes they are invited to a private home for a meal, or to spend the day, they refuse to go; sufficient are they unto themselves.

"Our good nurse is going to leave us," said one bright little girl, "an I don't know what we're going to do."

"You love your nurse?"

"Yes, an' we want another dis like her wif a baby."

The board in selecting nurse or matron, puts forth every effort to find a real, good mother with a child of her own, if possible, this insures to the little orphans the more humane treatment.

RAIN DROPS.

Ten thousand busy lambskins are clinking to the sky.

I wonder how they strayed up there, don't you?

They must have lost their hillside, and wandered up too high.

And thought, no doubt, instead of green, 'twas blue.

They've huddled close together above the mountain crown;

I think they're just about to jump, don't you?

They're chasing helter skelter, and now they're falling down.

In rain drops; what a funny thing to do!

—Lady Rabbie.

AMERICAN MUSIC TO COME FROM THE SOUTH

HENRY MARTEAU, the noted French violinist, has started a discussion in this country by declaring to a Baltimore newspaper that in the future the true American music will come from the south.

This is what he says:

"Too many musicians come over to this country from abroad and tell you, Americans that you are all right over here regarding your musical compositions and your appreciation of good music," said Mr. Marteau, "but that, I think, is a mistake. In many ways you are all right, and we who come from across the water to give concerts are very willing to concede this, but Americans are fond of knowing the truth and quick to acknowledge a fault, and, therefore, they should be treated with sincerity rather than with flattery. There are some serious defects in the music of America which will take years to remedy, and more music must be taught the children before the nation begins to take its place among those nations which are foremost in music."

"At the end of the third act, Miss Adams sent for them to come to her room, where she held a small levee."

Sunday evening saw them on the Fall River boat bound for Boston, where they will be joined by Horace and Julius E. Wells, who will take them to Vermont, to see the Monument. Thursday morning they sail on the Arctic, White Star line, for Liverpool. Bon voyage!

Mrs. Annie Adams Kiskadden, leaves for Utah on May 10. She will

come from the old southern melodies. They are weird and wild, some of them; others are soft and croony, but about them all is a rhythm which is unmistakably new in music, and which will some day bring forth a truly original national music for this country. Already these melodies are beginning to be popular throughout Europe.

and though the greatest demand for them is in the dance halls, the time will come when it will be played in the finest drawing-rooms of Europe. It is, however, better combinations of the old strains are being blended and great musicians predict that before you will come true.

Will Clawson Starts Life Again in San Francisco.

CONCERNING a former Salt Lake artist, the Los Angeles, Times says:

J. W. Clawson, the portrait painter, who was among us for many months last year, and who, at the earthquake's coercive suggestion, has come to us again, is not quite empty-handed; for, though he brought no pictures with him from the general wreck, he can at least claim as his own the half a dozen that were being shown at the Blanchard at the time of the earthquake. They, at any rate, are safe, and a few of them are fine examples of his portraiture.

Mr. Clawson, who studied for four years in Paris under Laurens, Constant, Lefevre, and other famous modern masters of painting and drawing, had occupied his studio in the Palace hotel, directly opposite the Fairmont hotel for eight years. When the earthquake came, the studio contained at least 20 of his most important pictures, besides numerous sketches, as well as 10,000 almost priceless prints and photographs, many of the reproductions of the great paintings of all time. He had bought one the day before the catastrophe, an exquisite photograph of Whistler's portrait of himself, paying \$18 for it. This modest form of art collecting had been Mr. Clawson's one hobby. Yet the flames snatched these rare treasures from him at one breath.

Early on that fateful Wednesday morning Mr. Clawson hastened down to his studio. But he was too late. The building was already in flames. He could see the pictures in his studio; but he could not reach them. Some had been swept from their easels and set straight against the walls, as if by a Titan's strong and precise hand. Others had been flung from one side of the studio to the other, and these also, quite ready for a "spring exhibition." Oh, but the earthquake had done a cruel work! The maker of the pictures, and he alone, was to be allowed a brief glimpse of them before they vanished in iridescent smoke.

The strongest and most important canvas that Mr. Clawson ever painted was placed in that luridly lighted picture gallery, though the easel that had held it was nowhere to be seen. Perhaps it had already crashed through the charred and crumbling floor. The picture was a beautifully painted portrait of Mrs. James Pollis and her young son, and was just completed, ready to be sent to Mrs. Pollis, who was formerly Miss Mary Belle Gwyn. That, too, vanished like a sign, and nothing remained of it but a memory—except one photograph, which Mr. Clawson had taken with many misgivings (he had been through an earthquake), and which I take great pleasure in reproducing.

After that, there was no further thought of pictures. The one great idea was life—the primal instinct of self-preservation and the saving of one's dear human belongings, and all other considerations were blotted out as if they had never been. Pictures—what were they? Splashes of paint on a canvas, pale and unreal images of the moving drama of life itself, cumbersome impediments to hurried flight, unresponsive as the gods of idolatry to the piteous cries of hunger and thirst.

For 24 hours Mr. Clawson wandered round and round the block on which his house stood, uncertain of what to do. In the end it came to flight, after all, that was his only recourse. His home, with all its neighborly belongings, was on the fire demon's roll. Many times, in those endless 24 hours Mr. Clawson passed and repassed the big house of William Crocker, which held, among other treasures of art, Millet's "Man With a

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Hoe," and a portrait by Boldini of Mr. Crocker's little daughter. The Millet was a world-famous masterpiece and Mr. Clawson knew that \$55,000 had been paid for it, yet if it had stood on the veranda, he would not have lifted a finger to save it. His concern was with people, not with pictures. There were precious little bodies, piteous, appealing little faces, to protect, and all staring, lifeless images must fall into the ash heap.

The smoke that hung over the doomed city, untouched and unpolished by water was wonderfully beautiful in its play of iridescent hues, but color could make no appeal, even to an artist, in straits so dire as these.

That night while they were lying in their blankets under the cold glint of the stars, breathed upon by the raw chill winds from the sea, on the Presidio golf links, five miles from the mighty conflagration, charred pieces of wood fell gently and persistently on the faces of the anxious watchers. These black flakes were many inches long and an inch or two thick but they were extremely light, showing that they had not been burned, but baked, as in an oven of terrific heat.

Then Mr. Clawson came back to his old friend, Los Angeles to start all over again. Even so, by fire, is the soul of an artist tested and made strong, even so does the Master of life train him for "the thousand painful steps."

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