

HE new band stand at Liberty park has been completed, at a cost of over \$4,000, and Held's band will dedicate it tomorrow afternoon, Clerk Hyatt willing. The stand is 30 feet long, 25 feet wide, and with an arch 25x30 feet, and in style of architecture practically the same as the famous Spreckels band stand in Golden Gate park. Heid's band will include in the program the Maximilian Robespierre overture, se-

lections from "Rigoletto," Godfrey's, medley of Weish airs, a trombone solo, Deep Down in the Cellar." by B. C. Doane of the band, and the overture to to descend to such tonal depths that the services of a marine diver will be necessary to rescue him from the grasp of McGinty, Mr. Held will have 20 The Junior choir of St. Mary's church

will give an opercita, entitled "The Brownies in Blossom Time," late in the month. Miss Gleason is drilling the hildren.

The latest thing in piano ethics is icaching by telephone. The phone is set on the piano, and the instructor stands at the other end of the wire where he corrects mistakes and gives the processity instructions. the necessary instructions.

Word from Atlanta, Ga., states that Dr. J. Lewis Browne, who visited in this city some years ago and played on the tabernacie organ, achieved great success as an orchestra conductor at the last local May festival.

The feelings which the employes of the seven music houses which are will-ing to close one afternoon in the week during the summer, towards the pro-pitetors of the two music stores who decline to participate, can only be likened to a wild hurricane of consecu-tions of the two closes. tive fifths in 2-4 tempo allegro. Why these two establishments should want to hold out against the sentiment of a majority of the trade is what the suferers can not understand.

Col. J. J. Daynes, Jr., manager of the Col. J. J. Daynes, Jr., manager of the Clayton Music company, will leave in the morning, for Chicago, in attendance on the annual convention of the Na-tional Association of Plano Dealers of which he is a member. Col. Daynes is on the reception committee, and will take a prominent part in the trans-actions of the convention,

The First Congregational choir will sing tomorrow morning, Webster's an-them, "Thou who like the wind doth come."

J. L. Cotter of the Kimball Organ b. L. Coller of the Rimbal Organ company at Chicago, and A. A. Kidder, the Utica, N. Y., plano man, who have been several weeks in this city, have returned cast.

A number of admiring friends of Miss Alice Wolfgaug sent her last Thurs-day at Chicago, a joint message of con-gratulation on her birthday.

The vocal pupils of Mrs. Emma Ramscy Morris will give a recital on the evening of June 24th, in the First Congregational church, with Mrs. Mor-ris and Miss Jennie Sands as accom-paniste. An interesting program is be-weak wants a song for Hitchcock. Wants it bad. Anything that's go. Can you write some verses?"

ing prepared.

at a very low price.

Le Grand Howland, the American composer and impresario, is negotiat-ing for the presentation in Italy of F. S. Converse's "The Pipe of Peace," an Extra opera which was performed in Boston

Portitional and Horse and Anna Port



uning the relating thereto to his sons in equal shares, or, failing agreement be-tween them, to Mr. John Murray, or other, the head of the Albemarle street publishing house. His late wife's mu-

ITALY'S GREATEST CARMEN.

Mme, Irma Monti Baldini has charmed New York by her impersona-tion of "Carmen" and shed a new luster upon the character by her wonderful upon the character by her wonderful acting and exquisite singing. She is a very handsome woman and is self-pos-sessed enough to say that no woman of other than a Latin temperament can sing "Cormen," who is all fire, passion, dash and vigor. She speaks four lan-guages but has not yet learned Eng-light

O work begun shall ever pause for death." One day, last week, a lightbeautiful light-went out in last year with grat success. Another American work which will probably be given under similar ausplees, is a com-position of Harvey Loomis, a New York musician. Mr. Howland, who is in this country on a short visit, seek-ing American operas for production abroad, as well as gathering a ompany of American singers for his Italian company, received a cable dispatch on Monday, stating that the operahouse in Turin, the fourth largest operahouse a beaufinit ngin-west out in our city, leaving it for a line in gloon. Yet it did not go out after all, for the event, called death, has no power to put out a light. It was mercely turned from the carthly side to that of the spiritual, that it migh shine in fuller radiance.

DESERET EVENING NEWS SATURDAY JUNE 15 1907

radiance. As our dear city editor left this world, so did he enter the next, but with a larger awakening. He passed, as from one room to another, with the vista from a wider and clearer window fevealing a path of atill more earnest endeavor, of a still nobler qual-ity of life, and of a still larger sym-naths. The will of Mr. Otto Goldschmidt, the

"He has but turned a corner-still He pushes on with right good will That self-same arduous way."

What then? He has gone to find fuller occupation and achievement for his intellectual gifts and fine energy; and his rest will mean a life of harmo-nious action. And so:

The will of Mr. Otto Goldschmidt, the husband of Jenny Lind, has been proved at £4,094, of which the uet per-sensitive has been sworn at £2,148. He directed his trustees to offer to the National Portrait gallery for £1,800 the portrait of his wife, Jenny Lind, painted by the late Eduard Mangus of Berlin, in 1861, from the original by the same ar-list painted from life in 1845, which lat-ter was bought by and is now in the German National gallery at Berlin, and if not accepted by the National Portrait gallery it is to be similarly offered to the National museum at Stockholm. He stated that he named this price because that was the figure at which the origin-al was bought by the Berlin gallery. He left his copyright of the "Memoirs of Mme. Jenny Lind Goldschmidt, to 1850" (published in the spring of 1891), to his daughter, Mrs. Maude, and all his docu-ments relating thereto to his sons in enual shares, or failing agreement be. Thou art not idle; in thy higher sphere Thy spirit bends itself to loving tasks, strength to perfect what it And

dreamed of here Is all the crown of gjory that it asks

"I know it is there: I know it iles within you; don't hide it under a bush-el; keep it bright, and make it shine." These were the encouraging words of our city editor, to one in whom he thought he saw a gift, and possibili-ties, yet who had not sufficient trust and confidence in self to push forward along a certain line of work. "Just keep pegging away; I will help you all I can."

"Just keep pegging away; I will help you all I can." It is a grand and noble thing to in-spire within the faint and timid soul, a faith in its own powers and cause it to turn with uplift and renewed energy to that which needed but the awaken-ing; to fan a weak and wavering spark until it flares up into a steady and growing flame of achievement and ful-fillment; to touch a human cord, until like that of a musical instrument, it yields music to itself and to others. Our city editor had a message to give, and he gave it: he gave it gladly and freely; and it took shape in mental and spiritual vitality that called forth re-sponse, and kindled, and simulated, and inspired all around it with a new, and finer, and deeper and larger sym-pathy toward mankind. "I hold it of little matter I cannot express the deep gratitude feel for the magnificent testimonial endered me in the tabernacle on Mon-iny evening. But my heart is full of hanks to the promoters, to the able and energetic committee, to the church authorities for the use of the building, to the choir, which did such splendid work, to Prof. McClellan, who so ably supported me to Mr.

"I hold it of little matter Whether your jewel be of pure water, A rose diamond or a white. But whether it dazzle me with light.

Bid my bread feed, and my fire to warm."

warm." To that constant companion, now fresh in her young widowhood, who kept step by step with him "in the paths we mortals tread." let us say, that while he may have "got some few triffing steps ahead," yet-

"Push gayly on, strong heart! The

wake



Or, whistling, as he-sees you through the brake, Waits on a stile."

Many saintly writers-and others-sermonize at length on the philosophy of contentment. The old theologism

Templeton' Bld.

W:01

Cerms

of contratment. The old throught, Pusey, says: "Allow thyself to complain of noth-ing, not even of the weather." Splendid advice; but the reverend gentleman was not a reacher of a friend of the High school cadets who has the interests of their annual sh-

gentleman was not a reacher of a friend of the ligh school cadets who has the interests of their annual en-campment at heart. Could we be hu-man and not register a slight objec-tion to the action of the elements? Last June, the High school cadeta, 200 strong, worn to the f-agoon, where an advance guard had erected a camp in conformity with strict military reg-ulations. The boys were anticipating a glorious time. Athletic sports of all kinds had been planned. The first day was one of those famed "rare" ones of which the poet writes, and many of the boys were basy accustoming them-selves to their new surroundings. The next day real camp life was to com-mence. But what did the next day bring? And the next? And the seven others that followed? Rain, rain, rain, -torrents and seas and rivers of it-until all the teats were fairly floating or the top of the montplat waters. It is strange that the many barrels of beams did not become inflated and ex-plode.

pione. It is a matter of ancient history now, how like true soldlers and loyal follow-ers of the Itad and Black, the brave boys stood the test, although perula-sion had been given them by Capi. Webb to break camp. Mr. Entop, whose whole soul is wrapped up in the weifare of his boys, had arranged for a few army stoves to be sent to them, and that greatly relieved the trying situation. ituation

This year the elements have evident This year the elements have evident-ly been doing their utmost to break list year's record, and have succeeded gloriously. However, we anticipated that as the cadets were a week later in leaving, fair weather would surely prevail. And what has been the disap-pointment to teachers and friends? This camp life, with its duties and its discipline, is a spiendid experience for these young near So let us trust that these young men. So, let us trust that the remainder of their stay may pass without handicap of any kind, an may there not be another drop of rain even if it means the receiving of no-lees in July stating, that owing to the carcity of water but 10 minutes will be allowed for the sprinkling of lawns, wo nights a week. Nine Rahs for the High School Ca-

lets.







convenient.

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F WERYONE who has seen Raymond | She kept on combing her hair. Out of the ah, floating lightly toward the electricity generated by the combing. ame the first lin is sad to contemplate "

C., a few years ago, and has lived most of her life in army posts, with her father, who was an officer. Well, Miss Lenox was combing her hair when the

humming "All the World Gees On." The true story of the writing of that remarkably catchy song by Jean Lenox is interesting. The words were written in 12 minutes; the music in the same time.

Jean Lenox, in the privacy of her Jean herself, is a smart well-turned-out girl, who was born in Charleston, S.

telephone rang. "Well?" Inquired Jean, for she is one of those girls who doesn't say "Hello!" through Mr. Bell's transmitter.



And close upon its heels:

tering to herself

again





"And it's sadder to relate," And, as Miss Lenox straggled with snarl of tangled tresses: "How this good old world forgets

n Turin, the fourth largest opera house n Italy, has been offered him.

c, bearing her autograph, or in manu-ript, he left to his daughter.

CARD OF THANKS.

you when you're broke," When she tied the end of the braid with a handy rubber band she was mut-

"And the world goes on just the same, "And the problem is to find the one to blame, 'For there ain't much sense in whining,

"When you're forced to give up dining "When you're forced to give up dining "And the world goes on." Fastening the last bit of hair with a pin she had been searching for while she was talking the words to herself, she scribbled down the song as she had improvised it, and the 'phone rang again

while You trass forward mlle by mile, He loiters with a backward smile Till you can overtake, And strains his eyes, to search his

Sr. Alberto Jonas continues to make sensational success in Berlin, where he receives 1,500 marks for every ap-pearance, and his tuition charges are among the highest paid any artist. Notwithstanding this his studio is crowded with pupils.

At the First Methodist church to-morrow morning, Organist Kimball will play a prelude by Scheve, and Meditations in D flat for the offertory, with a postlude by Capani. Miss Hat-tle Nicholson and Miss Edna Evans will sing "Seek Ye the Lord." a duct for soprano and contraito by Dudley Buck. In the evening, Mr. Dougall will sing "God have mercy," from "Elijah."

A concert benefit will be given in honor of Elder Willes Tuesday even-ing, in the Twentleth ward meeting-house, as he will shortly leave for Eng-land on a mission.

SHARPS and FLATS

Giacomo Puccini, composer of "Mad-am Butterfly," is now at work on his new grand opera. The libreto is found-ed on the life of Marie Antoinette.

The many friends of composer Gustay Luders, who went abroad for a vacation with Henry W. Savage, will be pained to learn that he has contracted pneumonia and has been lying at the oint of death in Germany, Mrs. Luders with hlm.

An orchestra of 40 musicians will be employed when Henry W. Savage pro-duces "The Merry Widow" in this country next autumn and Herr Ziegler, of Vienna, has been engaged as con-ductor. Ziegler was the musical direc-tor when the comic opera had its pre-miere in Vienna and has conducted the oreas during its run of the years in the opera during its run of two years in the Austrian capital.

The Collego Theater of Chicago, the new \$300,000 playhouse crected by the faculty of St. Vincent's college, will be formally opened with the grand opera, "Otho Visconti," by the late F. G. Glea-son. The College Theater is the first playhouse in America to be owned, operated and managed by a church, and the announcement that it will enter the field in competition with the high-class downtown playhouses add a new fac-tor to the theatrical situation in Chi-cago.

Heinrich Conreid, who for the last two months has been lying on his back at the Ktiseroi notel in Berlin, hardly able to move his limbs, owing to a form of locomotor ataxia, walked nearly two-thirds of a mile the other day unaided, as the result of a novel freatment given him by Dr. Fraenkel. The treatment him by Dr. Fraenkel. The treatment consists in making the patient walk the floor, placing his feet according to chalked diagrams, in certain positions. The treatment was begun five months ago by massage, when Conreid paid Dr. Fraenkei \$30,000 to come to New York.

The German emperor is very fond of military marches, as played by his bands. Two years ago it occurred to him that it would be well if some of the best of these marches were arranged for the volce, too. Fordinand Hummel was entrusted with the task, and now Breitkonf & Hartel issue a collection of is of these marches, in four versions: (1) for soldleps' chorus; (2) for male chordt societies; (3) for schools; (4) for

you write some verses?" When?" 'Now." 'How soon shall I send?" "Start your boy." "Thanks." "Bye!" "Bye!"

Miss Lenox did not fall upon the table with a deadly pencil and a pad of pa-per and scribble like mad. Not at all.

THE PROSPECTOR.

Beneath the silent stars he lay, Far from the haunts of men, Where the deadly rattler seeks its

prey, Near the mountain lion's den. His camping outfit, worn and old, Around him careless spread, His pillow was a canvas fold. The desort sand his bed.

His dreams were of his wife and child. Of owning wealth untold, hen he no more need tread the wild, In toilsome search for gold. W He sailed upon a silver bay Begirt with golden sand. He dreamed his little boy, in play, Placed ice upon his hand.

We little heed, when winds are still, The dangers of the deep. We little reck of coming ill, As silent fate doth creep. Say! What was that, that made him

start? What caused that sudden panz? What else could be that piercing dart, Than the rattler's yenomed fang?

He leaps afoot, he grasps his flask, He drains it, in alarm: Then tremblingly performs the task Of binding tight his arm. With hasty step, he seeks the trall, He has no time to spare. But all too soon, his muscles fail, He sinks in grim despair. A wild delirium floods his brain. The stars begin to swim. The sky scems mingled with the plain, His eyes are growing dim.

The sky seems mingled with the plain, His eyes are growing dim. "Oh, God!" he cried, "to end like this! No human heing near.— No wife my dying lips to kiss! No child to shed a tear! Cursed be the desert, cyll clings To him who seek its store. Cursed be the gold, for which man flings flings He could not utter more.

The motrow's sun rose caim and bright,
It warmed the chilly air,
It fooded all the plain with light,
It found him lying there,
His auburn locks, the zenhyr stirred.
A ligard daried near.
Ard thither hopped a desert bird,
Without a thought of fear.

His hand, his faithful burro lips, And o'er an outstreiched limb
A little chipmunk nimbly skips: "They cannot waken him.
What now to him, the wealth and fame, That wait a lucky strike?
His wife, his child, his mining claim, Unheeded all alike.

But when the distance seemed a lake, When far advanced the morn. He woke, and found that rattlesnake Was but a cactus thorn. And what he'd deemed his latest breath, As on the ground he'd sunk,

"Well?" "Boy here, Miss, from Stern's music Twelve minutes from the time of the first 'phone, the boy was on his way back to Harry Sutton with the scrib-bled lines. The composer perused the verses, sat down at his plano, and in 10 minutes had worked out the music. The combined efforts of the clever pair had taken less than half an hour from the first telephone talk.

Was not the near approach of death, But just a common drunk -LOUIS DE BUFF.

NAMING FRENCH SHIPS.

French ships are usually named after French provinces or towns, victories ideas or sentiments, but no French names, excepting those of great men in their history, are made use of. German ships bear the names of German rivers, ports, poets, states and characters in German literature. Spanish ships are almost invariably named after their cities or great commanders. A DUSKY QUEEN.

It has been announced recently in the

French newspapers that the lady whose picture is presented here has taken her annual bath. She is the queen of Madagascar, and one of the strange





The cut is from a recent photograph taken at Meran, in the Austrian Tyrol. Such costumes were worn formerly by many of the peasants, but nowadays are seen only on occasional festivals, religious or otherwise. Among the variety of picturesque costumes worn by the Tyrolean peasantry there is aothing more striking than the one shown herewith.





