

MUSICIANS

THE Orpheus club is sure of a great house when it gives its second and last concert of the season in the Salt Lake Theatre on the evening of the 28th inst. The great cellist Gerardy will be there with his \$10,000 Stradivarius instrument, which with himself escaped injury in the San Francisco holocaust. He will play Rubinstein's Sonata in B flat major, for cello and piano, Arthur Shepherd being the pianist, and will also render a group of minor numbers, including an aria from Bach, Schumann's "Abendlied," a "Berceuse," by Schubert, and Peppercorn's "Pavilion." The club will sing an Arcadian poem called "Pleasure," and "The Grave of Bunsen," founded on a German legend. The event will be one of the most notable musical occurrences of the season.

Considering their numbers, the theatrical and operatic profession will lose more heavily than any other distinct class by the San Francisco holocaust. Every theater or consequence went down, the greatest loss of all occurring at the Grand Opera House, where the Metropolitan Opera company of New York, Conried's famous corps of singers, had just opened an engagement which was to run two weeks. A dispatch from New York to the "News," received last night says that the company will at once proceed home, returning by way of New Orleans. Its losses in scenery and costumes have reached an enormous figure, and the great profits made on the New York season, which were intended to pay a handsome dividend, will probably be eaten up by the San Francisco loss.

At the Columbia theatre "The Lion and the Mouse" company, a strong organization which visits Salt Lake in the near future, was playing, but its costumes were saved, or if not saved, can easily be replaced, as the play belongs to the private property.

"Roney's Boys" now enter upon their fifth consecutive year as an organized concert company, and the publicity upon the eighteenth year of public singing by boys trained by Mr. Roney specially for high class concert work. From the first "Roney's Boys" has been down to the present, an unbroken line of successes has followed Mr. Roney's efforts to have a high class of music presented from memory, in costumes, by youths of tender years and of talent. "Roney's Boys" have for the past eighteen years sung in concert in nearly every state and territory in the Union. The boys are from different families in various sections of the country, are specially trained for concert work by Mr. Roney, and are not related to him.

"Roney's Boys" are to appear in the Tabernacle on the afternoon and evening of May 5. The price of admission has just been announced. But an effort is being made by local musical educators to induce the management to agree to popular prices.

The opera of "Dorothy" proved a great success this week in the Ninth ward. People were actually turned away, and the enthusiasm was unbounded. Mr. J. H. Leonard is said to have made in this opera the effort of her career as a singer.

The musical evening of the week was the great organ recital by Prof. Edwin H. Lemare, who is claimed by many musicians to stand at the head of the world's list of organists. It had been realized what a tremendous undertaking was to be presented, the church auditorium would surely have been completely filled. Great regret was later expressed by many because they had neglected to attend. Prof. Lemare plays the most complicated scores with such consummate grace and ease that it is difficult to believe that he is only a human being. The performance seems that of an ordinary exercise. It is safe to say that when the great artist comes this way again, he will attract a large audience.

As non-Catholics practically filled St. Mary's cathedral last Sunday morning to hear the recital, the program, as well as the excellent sermon by Rev. Ryan, in accordance with a request from Bishop Scanlan and many others, the musical program of Easter will be repeated tomorrow, for the benefit of Catholics who remained away last Sunday in order that non-Catholics of their communion might enjoy the music.

The program was somewhat changed from the one originally published, and is given in full:

Introductory voluntary..... Organ and Violin

Grand Italian mass..... Organ, Violin, Cello, Solists, Misses Harris and Farrell.

Gloria..... Solists, Misses Owen, Harris, Messrs. T. C. Owen, C. Fitzpatrick, L. V. K. Sinclair, C. Harris, E. Collins, L. Whelan, P. J. Carlton.

Agnus Dei..... Solist, Miss Sinclair.

Sanctus..... Solist, Miss Fitzpatrick.

Offertory, "Regina Coeli"..... Foessel Solists, Miss Owen, R. C. Dunbar.

Sanctus..... Solist, Miss Fitzpatrick.

Mass: Gloria..... Solists, Misses Harris, Messrs. T. C. Owen, C. Fitzpatrick, L. V. K. Sinclair, C. Harris, E. Collins, L. Whelan, P. J. Carlton.

Agnus Dei..... Solist, Miss Sinclair.

Sanctus..... Solist, Miss Fitzpatrick.

Offertory, "Regina Coeli"..... Foessel Solists, Miss Owen, R. C. Dunbar.

Neatly printed invitations were issued early in the week for the Spring musical recital, three talented vocalists of Mrs. W. M. C. A. to be given this evening in the Y. M. C. A. auditorium. The singers are Mrs. J. A. Daly and Miss Emily Richards, lyric

sopranos, and Miss Alice Waifeng, dramatic contralto. These ladies will be assisted by Prof. George E. Skelton, violinist, and the Weitzel Choral society with orchestra, and Miss Maude Thorne, piano accompanist. Miss Daly's voice has a very high range, and in one of her numbers, "Allegretto," she takes high E flat. Her repertoire will be "Mignon," "Deborah," "Song My Mother Taught Me," and "Lila Lehmann's Infancy." You and I, Miss Waifeng has a very rich and heavy contralto voice that has made her a vocal pillar of the First Presbyterian church. She is to sing, "Summer Rain," by Wolleby, "Three Roses Red," by Grieg, "Autumnal Gales," by Grieg, "Der Waldteufel," by Carl Bohm, Miss Richards is a young singer of much promise. She will sing "Pavilion," "Carissima," and "Serenade," and "The Cure's Garden," by F. Devey Richards, her brother. Prof. Skelton will play two numbers, Dvorak's "Serenade" and an "Humoresque." His lectures on music, which he illustrates with excerpts from the organist of the First Presbyterian church. The singers have so many friends that a large house is assured.

The Orpheus club will attend the recital by Jan Kubelik, the Bohemian violinist, in the Tabernacle, April 27, accompanied by Jean Gerardy, the famous cellist, and his accompanist, Herr Benowitz.

Miss Edna Cohn, the contralto of the First Congregational choir, has gone to Europe, and her place in the church choir will be filled by Miss Judith Evans. Arthur Shepherd will officiate at the organ tomorrow.

Manager Fred Graham of the local musical bureau, has been requested by the Oneta State academy faculty to furnish vocal and instrumental music for the coming academy commencement.

The local music dealer started off well this week, but the dealers felt that the record would be a big one. But the terrible disaster at San Francisco at once put a damper on business, and the record was barely ordinary. Collections are reported good.

The Monday Musical club did not have as full an attendance as was desired, this week, because of the organ recital at the First Congregational church, but those who were present enjoyed an able paper on the Evolution of the Opera, from Miss Emily C. Joseph, Columbia 1904. The club meets again on the evening of the 28th inst.

SHARPS and FLATS.

Pablo de Sarasate, the Spanish violinist, is to make a three-months' tour of England as a rival to Ysaye.

Sardou has written a libretto entitled "The Youth of Figaro," which Leon Cavallo will set to music. "Geronimo Savonarola" and "Cesar Borgia" are the names of two operas which the composer has near completion.

Charles A. Ellis of Boston, called for Europe on April 10 to settle the mooted question of a successor to Wilhelm Gerike. Mr. Ellis is empowered by the Boston Symphony orchestra, to make a final selection, subject, of course, to his approval.

Miss Nordica returned to New York last week from a short southern concert tour, during which her appearances were invariably marked by large audiences. She began her regular singing concert season on April 11, and will visit all of the principal cities between New York and Oklahoma City.

Compositions That Have Made Fortunes for Music Publishers.

EVER since Charles Daniels (Neil More), at one time a resident of Kansas City, sold his composition "Hawatha" for a sum in four figures, many unknown composers have published their own compositions in the sincere belief that their particular intermezzo, waltz or two-step would become famous when once offered to the music-loving public. On the other hand, many representative music publishers are always ready and eager to pay a sum for a composition if it is published in a small way by the composer, provided it shows an indication of becoming a hit by proper handling, which proves conclusively that no matter how good a composition may be, it requires the skill of a competent publisher to make it a hit. More than a million copies of "Hawatha" were sold by the publisher, who purchased the copyright and plates from Mr. Daniels. Mr. Daniels declined to sell his latest compositions, "Moonlight" and "Silver Heels," but received royalty, which insures him a comfortable income. "Peaceful Henry," a composition by Harry Kelly of Kansas City, was sold for a large sum to a New York publisher, who claims the sales reached 200,000 copies. "Croala Belles" was purchased from J. B. Lampe for \$500 by a Detroit publisher.

A Valet Was Meant.

Yasujiro Ishikawa, the Japanese journalist, was recently complimented on his nation's wonderful adaptability, its wonderful assimilation of foreign customs, manner, and ways of thought. "Yes," the journalist agreed, "a Japanese, wherever he may go, can soon learn to conduct himself like a native. In that he is like the American, and unlike the English. The English are singularly unadaptable. Some of them, indeed, never learn the customs even of their own land."

"An English diplomat once told me of a simple-minded curate who was invited up to London to spend a week at a great house. The curate, ignorant of high society, fearful of making mistakes, called on the diplomat, and asked for guidance."

"The diplomat told him how he should conduct himself during his stay in the great London house, and ended with the words:

"I think, too, you had better take a servant with you."

"I will," said the curate, and in due time the poor fellow arrived at the residence of his host with some modest luggage and a housemaid."

Lilla Lehmann, the famous soprano, has recently been singing with success in Paris, where, at the same time, she introduced her niece, Helwig Helbig, of Leipzig. She does little teaching personally, but only pupils at present being Geraldine Farrar and another American girl, Wilma Willenbacher of Washington.

In Denver, Pauline Hall and the company that has been presenting "Dorcas" through the south and west, brought their invasion to a close. The tour began 20 weeks ago under the direction of Nelson Roberts and Frank Arnold, and has been fairly successful. Miss Hall, upon her return to New York, will resume her engagements in vaudeville.

Dr. Otto Neitzel, one of the foremost pianists, musicians and lecturers on music in Germany, will make a tour of this country next autumn. Dr. Neitzel occupies a unique position in Germany, inasmuch as he is not only an accomplished pianist, but an authority on all matters musical. His lectures on music, which he illustrates with excerpts from the piano, have become recognized features of the musical season in Berlin and elsewhere.

A tour of the United States is to be made this spring by the famous royal Hawaiian band of Hawaii, which has never before been seen in this country except on the Pacific coast. The band will be 60 strong and will be led by its founder, Capt. H. Berger. The band is not alone composed of instrumentalists, but also consists of a stringed orchestra, choir, glee club and mandolin and native instrument players, as well as native women soloists.

The New York Sun has had two cable dispatches from Berlin within the last few days, stating that Arthur Nikisch was negotiating with Maj. Higginson, financial backer of the Boston Symphony orchestra, with a view to becoming the successor of William Gerike, resigned. According to the Sun dispatches, Mr. Nikisch demands a salary of \$50,000 annually, and the purchase of an insurance on his life to the amount of \$125,000.

The many friends and admirers of Edward MacDowell, the noted American composer, will be gratified to learn that during the last two weeks he has shown such astonishing improvement in his physical and mental condition as to have surprised his physicians and gratified his family beyond words. While it is yet too early to hope that Mr. MacDowell may regain his health, his physicians and family have authorized "Musical America" to state that it is not impossible that he may again resume his place in the world of music.

With the demand that the salaries of the Theodore Thomas orchestra players be raised from \$25 to \$35 a week, the local Federation of Musicians last Friday threw down the gauntlet to Chicago's orchestra. A clash between the two organizations, which may involve the severance of the orchestra from the Union is imminent, since the management has announced its intention of refusing to accede to the demands made last week. Seventeen extra men were needed for the orchestra, which was to be given on March 30 and 31. The union was under agreement to furnish these men for \$16 each for the two concerts, but demanded \$25. The orchestra directors stood firm for the agreement, and a break was averted by the agreement of the union to accept the contract salary. There are 84 players in the orchestra, and the increase means \$340 a week, which the managers of the orchestra say they will be unable to pay.

I first met my wife at a concert in Debreczin, Hungary. I saw a face in the front boxes. It was a face which I have seen a picture of my wife, so I needn't tell you that it was beautiful. Delicate and refined looking, surrounded by a mass of golden hair, I never before had believed that I would see any girl like that.

Whether I looked at that box all through the concert or not, I do not know. But I know that I saw nothing else all the while I was playing. I did not know whether I played well or badly; I did not know how it was received. But I learned that the party in the box was the family of Graf Szell of Debreczin, lord chief justice of Hungary, and the golden-haired girl was his daughter, the Countess Marianna Czaky-Szell.

The next night, as I drove to the concert, I had a vain hope that she would be there again. I hardly thought it reasonable, but I longed for it all the same. And when I stepped on the platform I hardly dared to look that way. Yet it was not necessary, for before I looked something told me that she was there. And I was right.

That night, among the people who

who sold more than 500,000 copies. The publisher, Theodore Belles, netted the publisher thousands of dollars after it had been purchased from Mr. Lampe for \$500 inspired him to try for another success. He has written several numbers since, but was not rewarded until, when Jerome H. Remick & Co. paid him \$5,000 for his characteristic, march two-step called "Happy Heine," which appears on nearly every dance program and is now being whistled everywhere. A writer of the city recently attended a ball where "Happy Heine" was played, and forwarded the following chorus to all writers who are now connected with the "Happy Heine":

You, you, lay me on the heart.

You, you, lay me in mind;

You, you, give me much pain.

Don't know how good I am.

This chorus has been taken up by the public, probably because it is so meaningless.—Kansas City Star.

Kubelik's magnificent palace, castle Bychor, in Bohemia, which he bought with American dollars.

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How Kubelik Won His Wife.



KUBELIK AND HIS WIFE, THE COUNTESS MARIANNE CZAKY-SZELL.

KUBELIK, the famous violinist, is one of the very few artists of the present day who has fought his way from among the underlings buried in poverty, hardship and darkness, to the forefront of those standing in the glorious sun of success with fortune and fame to help them on to higher things. He was born among the peasant class of Bohemia, and, according to his own story, no man had to struggle harder than he for the bare necessities of life. But by sheer pluck, perseverance and indomitable fighting against all obstacles, he at last succeeded in attaining his great ambition—to learn to play the violin. And while enjoying this triumph chance led him to win the next prize he set his heart on—his wife. He not only fiddled his way into her affections, but into the affections of her aristocratic family, one of the most exclusive in Hungary. That feat was something to marvel at in Europe, for the son of a low-born peasant to marry the high-born daughter of one of the proudest houses in Austria. But he has her now, and when at home they live in his magnificent castle, Bychor, in Bohemia, with their three little children, two of whom are the famous twins of which so much has been written.

Kubelik is now on the longest tour of his artistic career. Before he ends it he will have girdled the globe. At the Tabernacle on Friday, April 27, he will make his bow to a Salt Lake audience. The Countess, his wife, will be with him here, as will also the very famous "last baby." Below Jan Kubelik tells how he succeeded in winning "his countess," and what trials and tribulations he suffered in the wooing:

BY JAN KUBELIK.

I first met my wife at a concert in Debreczin, Hungary. I saw a face in the front boxes. It was a face which I have seen a picture of my wife, so I needn't tell you that it was beautiful. Delicate and refined looking, surrounded by a mass of golden hair, I never before had believed that I would see any girl like that.

Whether I looked at that box all through the concert or not, I do not know. But I know that I saw nothing else all the while I was playing. I did not know whether I played well or badly; I did not know how it was received. But I learned that the party in the box was the family of Graf Szell of Debreczin, lord chief justice of Hungary, and the golden-haired girl was his daughter, the Countess Marianna Czaky-Szell.

The next night, as I drove to the concert, I had a vain hope that she would be there again. I hardly thought it reasonable, but I longed for it all the same. And when I stepped on the platform I hardly dared to look that way. Yet it was not necessary, for before I looked something told me that she was there. And I was right.

That night, among the people who

were kind enough to visit me after the concert, were Graf Szell and his party. This alone was more than I had hoped for. But when I was invited to the Graf's house to dinner, I felt that I must stop before it was too late. I knew that I was in love, and I thought I knew that my humble origin would bar me in the sight of such a family as that, as a suitor at least. No man, I thought, could hope to win the heart of a girl like that, unless he was a peasant himself. I alone knew how much I owe to the love, the care and self-sacrifice and teachings of my father. But, you see, people in Europe look at position and birth in a different light from the American theory, especially where marriage is concerned. Most of them think that a man who is born a peasant is bound to be a peasant all his life. But that is not the idea my father had in view. He had high ambitions for all of us, but I think he centered a good many of them on me. And so, I was not my idea to be a peasant, although it often seems to me that many of the truest hearts, the kindest natures, were among the people whose folk in whose midst I was brought up.

But they who call them peasants do not know this, would think nothing of it if they did know. So I imagined that I was asked, not as a friend, but as a curiosity, in the spirit of what you call lion-hunters. Therefore I refused their invitation. Pride, I thought, would not be a monopoly of those born in castles. I was sure that the gardener's father was a finer man than the count's. Indeed, I was. So I imagined that I showed the love that nine did for me.

But next day the invitation was renewed. It was foolish pride that I had indulged in, for I had mistaken the intentions of people whose nobility was deep in their minds as well as in their birth.

I have read so many different accounts of my marriage. Of a truth, there seem to be people, especially writers on the newspapers, who know more about me and my history than I do myself. I have seen them, and I am sure that I had married an elderly countess, very plain of face and gauche of mien. Maybe it is natural for me, her husband, to think that she had married me for her age, and I am hardly younger than I am, and I am hardly what you would call a patriarch, but then, I have been obliged to tell my accounts to all sorts of things like those newspaper accounts. When I first started out on my tour, I called my managers to account. "Am I then to have no privacy?" I demanded. "I can have no reason why my private life affairs should be discussed." The reply that I received from Mr. Goritz at first overwhelmed me. "You have no private life," he said. But I think Mr. Goritz wanted to prepare me for the worst by letting me know a little more than the actual count.

From the very beginning of my career, I have had the strongest horror of want. You know my family was very poor until I was about 19 years old. And even then I did not know what it was to be absolutely sure of an income. I have been afraid all the time that something might happen to take me back to those old times of hardship and subject my mother to poverty."

Kubelik's concert at the Tabernacle Friday evening will be the feature of the musical season. He will be assisted by Miss Agnes Gardner Eyre, solo pianist, and Herr Ludwig Schwab, accompanist.

SHADOWS OF A CITY

ON a cold, bleak winter's day, one of our warm and comfortable institutions received two new occupants—Patty and the baby. The baby lay in its cradle, looking like a ghost of the fondest infant that ever was born. Its mother had died of consumption when it was a week old. The frail little life was embodied in a delicate wax-like frame that looked too ethereal to seem real; and pathetic in the extreme were its small hands that instinctively grasped the nursing bottle.

Patty, a stolid, unattractive looking child of eight years, sat faithfully by the cradle. When asked who she was, slowly, as if with an effort of memory, she answered: "I am Patty, and I take care of the baby." It seems that when the mother died, Patty had promised for the little one. When other questions failed to elicit any replies from the child, the visitor said impressively:

"Patty, you're all the mother the baby has; you are its whole family; you must be very kind to it."

"Yes," assented Patty indifferently, and fell to her task of rocking and crooning.

Months went by, and contrary to expectations, the "spirit-baby" had not passed away from sight. Patty still looked and mothered the wee one, seemingly alive to her responsibility. But at length, however, the baby went back to God. The cradle was exchanged for a small, small coffin, and placed in the centre of the reception room, where later the funeral was held. A row of children ranging from eight to two years, Patty among them, sat on a lounge opposite the table, watching proceedings. Death was a new spectacle to some of them. Once in a while, an older one would lift a smaller one up, that he might have a better view of Patty, who was especially officious and important.

Some one of the institution deplored the lack of friends and flowers; another whispered: "Patty doesn't seem to sense her loss." Still another thought, "the loss" to say the least was very small, and fell to wondering why this tall orthodox minister would handle the tiny death; how he would manage to say the appropriate thing. It was so incongruous—the size of the person and the subject under discussion.

He stood a minute, quiet, as if gathering inspiration; then with a tenderness born of pity for the small wail-stranded one in whose arms he vested it with a worth and dignity never accorded in life. He was sure of the Master's love for little children and his power to hold all in His hand, not letting even a sparrow fall without heeding it. A peace seemed to fall upon all when he had finished. The "last look" was taken, the lid adjusted, and the tiny casket lifted from the table.

It was here that Patty who had been watching each face, each move with dawning anxiety, suddenly sprang forward with a scream. She had sensed her loss. Bursting into an agony of tears, she cried piteously, as they carried the baby through the door: "Oh, oh, I do want to take care of the baby!"

"Have your fortune told, ladies?" This in a sweet and pleasant tone, accompanied by a witching glance and smile, is a greeting one receives on passing a Gypsy abode on wheels, on South Street, Boston. The description without runs something like this: "Egyptian Sorceress. Your fortune for ten cents."

Upon mounting the steps and entering this carriage of fate, the door suddenly closes upon you, and with a spirit of awe you stand face to face with "your future." No; with a woman born in France, posing as an Egyptian. A gaily-bedecked creature in a sweet and pleasant tone, accompanied by a witching glance and smile, is a greeting one receives on passing a Gypsy abode on wheels, on South Street, Boston. The description without runs something like this: "Egyptian Sorceress. Your fortune for ten cents."

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