



"Are you going to see Paderewski?" This is the exclusive inquiry of the day. Observe that it is not, "are you going to hear Paderewski?" The Pole is the all prevailing theme, but it is a safe wager that among those who attend his concert the controlling impulse will be curiosity first, with art a not very close second.

It is so the land over, and probably the great pianist does not quarrel with the sentiment which brings his audience together, inasmuch as it seems strong enough to jam every house where he appears, and that at prices which, in the past, have been thought to be reserved for Maurice Grau or Henry Irving to exact. So the monarch who can visit American shores, lay the sort of tribute upon us that Paderewski does, and not only lay it, but find a population eager to empty their purses into his lap, is well worth paying a good price to gaze upon. People may storn, and papers with piano playing daubers may denounce the pianist as a robber, and his rates as extortion, but the cold blooded fact remains that a man is worth what he can get, and Paderewski gets it. In New York, Boston and San Francisco, his charge is five dollars a head; in Galveston, Texas, the other week, his receipts for the night amounted to \$4,000; in Austin, they were \$3,200; he crammed the California theater every night of his stay in San Francisco, and when the news reached him that Sacramento had only paid a begrudging \$400 or \$500 advance sale into the box office, he took out his sponge, wiped Sacramento off his map of the Pacific coast, and proceeded on his march to the more appreciative towns of the north. So Manager Pyper, in answer to such of his despairing patrons as wish to see the piano magnate and refuse to climb to the top gallery, but insist that he should have kept the prices down—simply shrugs his shoulders and says: "What would you have? We can either induce Paderewski to come to Salt Lake or we can not. If we want him, we must pay him the price other cities do. If we decline, he simply says, 'very well,' and cuts us off his route, and as he sails by us, the very people who now groan at paying the price he asks, will be the first to complain of our lack of enterprise in not securing him."

And so this monarch of the key board posesses his triumphal march, and the money he gathers up on his way it would take one's breath to compute. Popular report says that for 100 concerts in America he is guaranteed not less than a thousand dollars a concert, or \$100,000 for the season, and the likelihood is that he receives a share of the receipts when they reach the abnormal figures that the big cities yield. The Steinways, of course, furnish him his piano free, and who knows but that they may add a handsome stipend to have him play upon it? The fortune he has already accumulated is a stupendous one, and the two men under whose auspices he makes his tour, Mr. Fryer, of New York, and our old friend Hugo Goetzl, once of First South street, now of London, are said to have been equally smiled upon by Providence since the great Pole placed himself under their hands.

But there is another side than the monetary one to be considered in Paderewski's visit, and very pleasant it is to turn to it. We suppose it is undisputed that he is the foremost piano performer of the world, certainly the foremost we are likely to hear. "Three things," said the great Liszt "are necessary to make a great pianist: first, technique; second, technique; third, technique." The saying revealed his own personal limitations; but it was very far from the truth in art. A pianist who has a supreme control of the key board, may yet lack the one thing needful, without which he is nothing more than a brilliant machine, such as the late Chopin. This one thing is the indefinable but always recognizable quality of heart communication with the masters he interprets, which is best described as soul. "Not in technique only, but in the depth and breadth of his emotional nature and expression must we look for the true measure of the artist," a great music reviewer says.

The great tone-poems of the world were mostly born in much travailing and to understand it to have suffered alone. If the executive artist, no more than the painter, can be made, his development is oftentimes watered by his own limitations. "I was that woman's case," said a famous master of an impassioned debutante, "I would marry her and break her heart, and in two years she would be the greatest singer in Europe."

Emace Jan Paderewski, indeed, is by nature of a strongly emotional temperament, tending to melancholy. He is a Pole, and Poland is the Niobe of the nations. The heritage of her children is the mocking tradition of a brilliant but irrevocable past; and the iron of vengeance has entered into their very souls. "Always in a minor key," he has said of their music, "it is characteristic of the people, the singing of a broken heart." Nor has the enrichment of personal experience been denied him; for his early manhood was clouded by sore bereavement, by a long struggle for bare existence. Had his intellectual equipment been less, his emotional might have taken a morbid trend; by the saving grace it has developed a spiritual aloofness from the spurious realities of life, a vivid insight into its inner mysteries.

Not many artists, we fancy, live today who have had any such journeying uttered upon them, as that written by a London critic last year. It illustrates the extraordinary effect which the great Pole's playing has on ordinary people. "Men call him Paderewski, this sad-faced messenger of the gods. His name does not matter; where he is, he is not. Beethoven and Chopin are there. Their spirit may rest, for they have found a voice. I breathed rare mountain air for days. The spell was upon me. I had walked with the gods. I felt I could be my ideal self. I could be, do, suffer anything. I could go to the stake for any cause if Paderewski

would play my funeral march. . . . Mr. Wood thought he was conducting that orchestra, I suppose. He was not. Paderewski held it in the hollow of his hand. He fixed his eye upon it, and the men played as they had never played before in all their lives. He magnified it. In playing with him it was greater than itself. He was the soul of it. It bore him up on the wings of an orchestra inspired. It sank into silence with him and died away in pianissimo that came in far echoes from over the hills of silence. Great Beethoven faded, and Chopin spoke to us with his own voice. We listened, breathless, to the end when the strange spirit whispered to us in one mighty passage after another. Gigantic passages they were, yet no one thought "how clever," each one felt "how great." As the spirit came along in his last glorious march, upborne by the inspired orchestra, it was like the march of some white war-horse of the gods. It passed on to victory, out of sight, and deafening cheers brought the vision to an end, and I went out the night walking in a land of ghosts."

Mr. Mulvey has had a return of the old prosperity with Quo Vadis, "standing room only" having been the rule at almost every performance. His



HARRY CORSON CLARKE.

streak of good fortune bids fair to continue next week, with the return of Harry Corson Clarke in "What Happened to Jones." None of the old guard of the Grand stock days have a warmer place in Salt Lake's esteem than Harry Clarke, and though "Jones" is on its third visit, the popularity of the star, the side splitting humor of his play, the well remembered "Injun," the Swedish girl, the bishop of Ballarat and all the rest, have such a firm hold on our recollections that there is no question as to the reception they will be accorded. Mr. Clarke's stay is limited to three nights and a matinee, opening Thursday.

Next season Mr. Clarke proposes to drop "What Happened to Jones" and appear in a new farce, "What Did Tomkins Do?" In it Mr. Clarke will return to the style of character in which he first gained prominence, viz.: old men comedy parts. The farce is written round an aged financier who has sporting tendencies, but who has a son of opposite characteristics. The son has been christened under his father's name, and consequently the two are being constantly confused in the minds of the people. This gives rise to some ludicrous situations, especially when the modest son gets charged with the father's hilarious performances. The piece is farcical, but it is of the higher class and is extremely clean. Mr. Clarke has an aversion for the coarse tendency in comedy and will not be seen in any of it. His success in "Jones," a play that contains not one indecent line, has strengthened him in this resolve. Mr. Clarke has made a fortune during his three seasons with "Jones," and he says that he retires it with regret, although he is certain that his new play will be an even greater hit.

THEATER GOSSIP.

Mrs. Kendal is on record to the effect that it is easy to be a successful actress; but in order to achieve success



PETSCHNIKOFF, The Russian Violinist.

a woman must be a marvel of patience, have the figure of a Greek statue, the temper of an angel, the face of a god and the skin of a rhinoceros. Wonder what some of our successful stars of the feminine persuasion think of this.

At the last moment Eddie Foy balked on his London engagement, and Britishers will not see our well known low comedian this summer at least. Louis Wesley was substituted for Foy.

Henry Guy Carleton has completed the dramatization of "When Knights Hood Was in Flower," which will be produced by Miss Julia Marlow next season.

The Theater will be dark all of next week an announcement which will not put Harry Corson Clarke into mourning. Harry Corson Clarke into mourning. Mr. Pyper's next attraction will be "The Evil Eye."

Blanche Bates has booked passage for England on the steamer City of Rome, sailing May 5th. She will divide her summer holiday between England and France and will return to America in the autumn.

James A. Herne, at his residence, in New York, underwent, last Tuesday, an operation for the removal of one of his toes. The operation was very successful, but it will be several weeks before Mr. Herne will be able to walk again.

In the New York renditions of "Quo Vadis," E. J. Morgan is the Vitellius and Bijou Fennandez the Lygia at the Herald Square, while Joseph Haworth and Roselle Knott play the lovers in the New York theater rendition.

The Johnson company, of this city, recently received an order for several hundred photos of Mrs. Edwin Mayo of the Puddinghead Wilson Co. Mrs. Mayo also writes that she is delighted with the pictures, and will use a large number of them for window advertising next season.

Stephens Hears a Welsh Chorus

And Has His Ideals Shattered.

Through the courtesy of Prof. L. D. Edwards, of Preston, Idaho, the "News" is permitted to make the following extracts from a letter from Evan Stephens, dated Liverpool, March 25th:

Well, here I am away across the ocean, in the land of fog, green grass, song, poetry and beer, and in a city where more people live than it would take to make up Utah and Idaho put together fifteen times over, with their present population; the place where the giant Handel penned his great oratorios and had them sung; where Haydn, Mendelssohn and Weber abode and looked to as their great point of triumph, and where the latter breathed his last amid fog and glory. Wild, weird, dirty old London, where kings and queens have lived and died in old dingy palaces, that you and I would feel like freezing in and shuddering in at their gloom. Yesterday we went through the palace where Queen Victoria was born and raised, where Queen Mary, Caroline and others lived, and really I wouldn't exchange First South street for all of them.

HIAWATHA SET TO MUSIC.

We have to travel on top of a bus here, one that goes at a slower speed than a farmer's wagon at home. Of course the streets for miles everywhere are crammed with them. No electric cars and only an underground railway for city transportation. But there is plenty of solidity in London. If her people are slow, she—at least some of her—knows what good music is. I have heard the best singing of my life here, and I have heard one of the most disappointing things musically I can remember for a long time. The good one first; the *Royal Choral Society, about 600 voices, and seventy-five instruments, giving for the first time in entirety a new work called "Musio to Hiawatha," in three sections; first, "Hiawatha's Wedding," second, "Minnehaha's Death," and third, "Hiawatha's Departure." The three together took two hours and a half to perform, and very charming it was! The second part especially was beyond description. Modern, gloriously orchestrated and dramatic—the young composer conducting—and you should have heard the shouts of the vast audience at the close of part two. He is a half native, a half bred negro, raised in England. The critics of London say no English composers of recent times have come up to the high mark of this music of Hiawatha. The singing was fine, every part splendid and all finely balanced. It is by far the best chorus singing I have heard on a large scale. The orchestra was good but not so refined as the chorus.

Next was a choir of boys and men at a Catholic church, giving a mass. They could not have numbered fifty, but for true interpretation, soulful, earnest, perfect singing. I never before heard the like of it, especially the boys in their alto and tenor round, so sweet, so wonderfully expressive. It wrung my heart to hear their pleadings, and lifted my very soul as they soared in triumph. Fugues were nothing to

them; they could do anything; yet they looked so small and frail, and young.

STEPHENS GETS A SHOCK.

My disappointment, I was startled into excitement to see that Dan Davies and his celebrated "United choir" of 250 voices, from Merthyr and Daniois would give a grand concert at Queen's Hall, I rushed for seats and got there in good time. The house was well filled, mostly with Welsh, and rather noisy in the upper gallery. Choir enters, Salt Lake fashion—ladies in white, red and blue sashes—but only 150. They looked rather commonplace, but I felt sure they would sing like angels. Concert opened, "Dan" was a common little fellow too, but that didn't matter—what hurt, was their singing; it was worse than common. It was noisy and mechanical and dashed to the ground all my hopes of pleasure in hearing choral singing in Wales. They don't equal us at home in voices—except the tenors, who are better; their soprano is shrill. They attack voices enough, but their precision makes their work "choppy," so unnatural it is. The whole program including old home chestnuts—"Summer," "Sleep, Gentle Lady," "Good-night, Beloved," "Hail Bright Abode," "Hallelujah," "Hallelujah," etc., etc.—was so stale that I was sick of the concert idea as an entertainment. The gallery crowd got more and more "hoodlumy" as the thing went on. It seemed to me all the hoodlums I had ever seen at home had congregated there, had turned Welsh, and drank beer for the occasion. Men and women talked while the singing went on, and they laughed outright at some of the songs—noted (but none too good). Then wanted funny encores, and finally while the "Hallelujah" was being sung with a noisy organ accompaniment, there was a jolly fight going on in one of the top galleries. The whole thing was such a hideous burlesque of our own concerts at home—so like—yet so different—so much worse—and yet so possible at home if all our bad element could be brought to the place, as it seemed to be here—that it almost made us both sick. It seemed a home nightmare. Everything I have abominated at home, seemed there—and yet it was Welsh! I hope and pray it was not a sample of Welsh concerts. But I can hardly believe that it was not a sample of Welsh singing and programs; if so, they are fifty years behind at least. And I blame the Eisteddfod for their tardiness—their mechanical interpretation, the hoodlum tendency and all. And I'll have none of it any more—never, unless I see in Wales things to change these impressions. I shall hear the "Creation" next Sunday night, and the "Messiah" in two weeks, if I remain so long and I think I will.

HOME MEMORIES.

I doubt if I shall enjoy either as I did "Hiawatha," so you see I believe in modern masters and black ones at that. This sort of life and study at time intensely enjoyable, but taking it all in all, there is no greater pleasure in it than we have known together in former years with our little cabinet organ, our copies of the great Handel, Mozart, Wagner, Beethoven, Weber, Verdi and the lesser ones, we loved so to pore over, and imagine how grand they would be in the glory of performance, and who were so real to us right there and then. Then the warm discussions over Richter and his Harmony, our own "great" compositions and all our dreamings in the little orchard at Willard. There can never be any brighter spots in my memory than those bliss-



DICK WASHAKIE,

Son of the Famous Old Chief of the Shoshones.

While not at the head of the Shoshones, Dick Washakie, son of the famous old chief who died recently, is a favorite with his tribe and one of the most picturesque of the Shoshones.

"I never knew this young man," said James S. Brown, of this city, who spent many years among the Indians, and who was intimately acquainted with old Washakie. "But knowing his father as I did, and understanding the environment in which he was raised, he ought to be an uncommon man."

"A white man with whom I was associated knows young Washakie very well, however, and tells me he is a fine young Indian."

"In my time I have known the chiefs of all the western tribes of Indians, and old Washakie towered head and shoulders above them all. He was not only a brave man and a war chief, but a statesman, and a wise man in that respect than many white men who now occupy places in legislative halls."

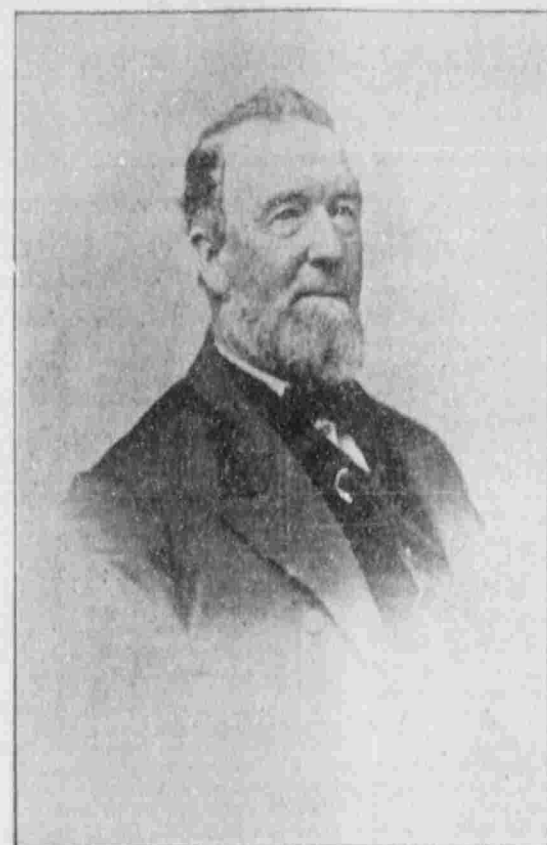
"One of his sayings was: 'I've always been friendly to the whites and counseled my people to be.' At one time the tribe was broken into two factions, another chief being appointed by the Indian agents at Laramie, and when I first saw Washakie after that, he had but fifty lodges, while the other chief had over one hundred lodges, but this condition did not last long and the old chief was restored to power. I first met him in the spring of 1854, about fifty miles south and west of where Cheyenne now is, and again at the Middle Ferry, on the Green River. It was at the latter meeting that Washakie saw Capt. Hawley, in charge of the Ferry, handling money. The chief had seen money before, many times, of course, but that was the first time he had ever seen a \$50 slug. He asked Capt. Hawley for one, and the latter smiled and offered him a silver dollar at which Washakie was deeply offended."

"I not only knew Dick Washakie's father well, but his mother. She was a very fine looking Indian woman and his parents were the most intelligent people in this most intelligent tribe of Indians."

The portrait here given of Washakie's son was taken by Rose and Hopkins, of Denver, during the last festival. It shows him to be a typical Shoshone brave in appearance, as he is by nature, according to the accounts given by those who know him. He seems to have the example of his father before him, and to be governed by the best traditions of his tribe.

Whether or not he will ever be called upon to lead his people as his father did, but along different if equally difficult lines, remains to be seen. His career will be of some interest to the people of the west, generally, and to those of Utah particularly, because his father and his tribe were so well known to the early settlers of Utah and the west, and because they owe much to old Chief Washakie.

OLD SALT LAKERS.



JAMES TOWNSEND.

Dear Old "Uncle Jimmy" Townsend! Who does not recall his kindly features, first in the old days of the Salt Lake House on Main street, next as the proprietor of the Townsend House (later the Continental Hotel) and last the lessee of the Warm Springs Bath House? Mr. Townsend was the best known hotel man of the Intermountain region from 1864 till twenty years thereafter. He and his wife bought the ground on which the old Salt Lake House stood on Main street for \$500, and they were offered \$50,000 for their property in 1864. Unfortunately they declined it. Mr. Townsend bought the Townsend house corner in 1864 for \$5,300, and built a hotel in 1867-68, remaining there for ten years and making a great deal of money. Becoming involved in litigation, he lost the property about 1877 or 1878, and then leased the Warm Springs which he conducted until his death, which occurred on April 2, 1896. He was 79 years old, having been born in Buxton, Maine, Feb. 29, 1817.

ful musical art dreams have left in the picture. Hence no spot more beautiful than Willard because of them. When I get back we must meet there again and dream that it is twenty some odd years ago—again, I shall soon see the other picture where I began life in the little vale of "lovely Wales," where I set it dream—in many tears I know—of that far away past, with its thousand tender memories of the dear mother and father, brother and sister and childhood companions. I look to get there, and I dread to, so sacred will be every nook. Where can I go or look that my mother's kind eyes and loving smile will not be before my gaze?

I must stop for this time. Some day I will write you again, if you answer this. Now, old friend, let us pass over and bury the past. If there have been any mistakes forget them. Write much and often, the musical thoughts that come to you. They will not go to waste. All that you will care to have heard, some day will be, and that will be much if you will put your best thoughts to it for the vein of melody and harmony is certainly strong in you. Love to all.

Your old time friend,

EVAN STEPHENS.

APPROPOS OF SIR HENRY.

What Irving did in "Macbeth" he did more or less in all the roles that he assumed for us. Several of them like his Shylock and Benedick, were at first sight bizarre. Something had been left out that the convention of comfort demanded. It was what we had agreed to call "personal charm," a quality that sugar-coated most of the small abilities from Adonis Dixey to the regnant Russell. Our motion of the prince-

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