

MADAME CALVE MAKES A SCENE

Denounces Her Accompanist and Sings Cafe Chantant Songs Before Metropolitan Opera-House Audience

NEW YORK, May 2.—(Special Correspondence.)—Perhaps it will interest the readers of The Oregonian to know what all New York is talking about this week. It is almost with regret that I chronicle the event and a few comments upon it, as I have always been an admirer of Mme. Calve on the operatic stage, but alas! these delightful singers and actresses are not always what they seem to the outer world, and once in a while they get beyond their own control. This happened to Calve on Sunday night at the Metropolitan Opera-House, where, before one of the largest audiences yet assembled for a Sunday night's concert, she created a scene which could hardly have been expected from any one else except one who was intoxicated. If Mme. Calve was not intoxicated, there are few people who believe that she was not.

The trouble seems to have been that the orchestral score of the accompaniment of the last song that she was to sing had been forgotten, and she was therefore compelled to sing it to the accompaniment of the piano, Felix Mottl, the great German conductor, being courteous enough to offer to accompany the song. After the first stanza was over, Calve stepped to his side and asked him to transpose it a tone, as she was not in good voice. This Mottl absolutely refused to do. It is stated by some who were present that she then sang in public and fell into a violent rage. Shouting her shoulders, she said in French, "I have no accompanist, and I have no score" after which she began to sing the loudest sort of French cafe chantant songs, and departed herself in such a manner as to arouse the audience to the degree of hissing her. She left the stage in a furious temper, and Max Herck came forward to announce that the Madame had hysterics and could not sing, owing to indisposition. If he had said owing to nasty disposition, he might have been closer to the mark, and the audience would have had no difficulty in believing it. She did not make her appearance again that night, but it is understood that, on account of this, all negotiations are off between herself and Conried for next season. That Madame Calve is no angel, everybody seems to know, but that she should have made such a display of herself is shocking even to such worshippers as would be glad to cover her with the mantle of such charity as the hero-worshipper twigs has on tap for those whom he, or rather she, wishes to protect. I am told, not however, by any eye witness, that a few weeks ago Calve, in company with a lady who was evidently trying to protect her, was in such high spirits that on Forty-second street and Sixth avenue, she commenced to sing and dance in the street, attracting men, women, children and gamblers by the score. The more they enjoyed it and hooted, the more she enjoyed it and howled with them. Perhaps this was the same sort of an attack. But what a tragic conclusion, when one thinks of the nobility of that woman's art. Still, it is not noble, it never has been; it has been powerful, full of temperament, and all the while of art, but that it was such as might be called inspired, or as might inspire others, there certainly never has been the spirituality behind it to make it so.

However, Calve will be in this country next season on a concert tour under the management of F. C. Whitney, of light opera fame, and no doubt this will either be forgotten or it will be regarded as an amusing matter. I heard Calve in song recital last year; there is a certain class of work which she does very well; it is that which is essentially and absolutely French, either ancient or modern, but as a true artist, the sort that you have just heard in Madame Schumann-Helntz or that you will hear in Madame Soubbotin—not by any means. Mr. Conried will leave for Europe in a few weeks, where he will go to complete arrangements for the opera season of 1904-5, and whereas there may be some temerity in the future, which is but contradicted in the future, that is but the history of every season, as the opera singers are uncertain quantities at the best. Campanari will not be with the Metropolitan Opera Company, but in his place it is said that there will be a new Italian baritone by the name of Giraldini. Of course, Sembrich is coming back, and Caruso, Scotti, Journet and a number of minor singers have signed with Conried; in addition to Mottl, both Hertz and Vigna are expected.

visit in America which, all things considered, could hardly have been satisfactory to the great composer-conductor. He did not have the financial support in America that he expected, and, as might have been expected, he was met with many conflicting criticisms concerning his genius. No great revolutionist ever came upon a public and carried everything before him, neither has Strauss done so. In addition to this, he has been treated spitefully by many. Strauss cannot understand this because he is not an American; the American treats everything flippantly; there is no subject too sacred, no art too great, for that dash of American humor which his one of the strongest characteristics of this country. It is for this reason that a few of the great musicians of Europe refuse to come to America. However, America certainly has benefited by the presence of Richard Strauss, and no matter how it looks to Strauss himself, it is his own fault in a great many cases that the people will not take him as seriously as he takes himself. Whether he stated himself so, or whether it is generally accepted, that Strauss is a humorist, I cannot say; however, the humorist must be taken lightly. If not, it must be a dismal sort of humor in which he indulges. If Richard Strauss sees his own humor from a serious philosophical standpoint he must not expect everybody else to see it in the same light. To begin with, their heads are not shaped like his, and probably the matter inside is not exactly the same. On Wednesday Dr. and Madame Strauss were received at the White House, where they were entertained at dinner, and afterward Mrs. Roosevelt attended the afternoon concert which marked his last appearance in America.

James Kendrick Bangs is always a humorist, perhaps never more so than upon the occasion of his marriage, which occurred a few days ago, when his son acted in the capacity of best man. Mr. Bangs has been in magazine work for some time and not long ago it was said that he was interested in writing the book for a comic opera, but as yet, we have seen nothing which would prove that statement true. Hereafter when people draw from real life for their subjects upon whom to build a popular novel, it is as well for the good of the subject not to disclose its identity, as we are just informed that Mrs. Mary Bass, who was the original of "Mrs. Wives of the Cabbage Patch," has been arraigned in Police Court for the abuse she heaped upon those who call upon her prompted by curiosity and interest in the novel. Mrs. Bass insists upon it that life is not worth living as she has not a minute which she can call her own, and she is thinking seriously of bringing a damages suit against the fortunate and unfortunate writer of the said Mrs. Wives. The morbid curiosity of the majority of people is something which is beyond explaining and beyond cure. Indeed, it is the same sort of sentiment that creates the hero-worshipper, in fact, it is hero-worship in a certain sense. Miss Emily

Smith, of Hazelwood, Ky., who entered the case against Mrs. Bass, of Louisville, claims that she thrust herself upon the latter in a spirit of charity, believing from the book that Mrs. Bass was in need of assistance. However, they will be able to settle it in the Louisville court, and in the meantime Mrs. Rice will have material for another novel.

Today closes the exhibition of a few pictures by John Elliott, an artist of Boston. In addition to the interest in Mr. Elliott's pictures because of his great talent, he is the son-in-law of Julia Ward Howe, and in the collection there is one of the most superb specimens of the grand old woman that I have ever seen. The work stamps Mr. Elliott as a great artist. There is, also, a superb piece of what is called silver point drawing, which presents to us the portrait of Dr. Samuel Johnson, notwithstanding the fact that he was a notable figure in Boston, was rather obscured in the brilliant light of his noted wife, Mr. Elliott came into prominence as one of the decorators of the Boston Public Library, and in this collection was shown some red chalk drawings of sections of the decorations. His great versatility is perhaps his most distinguishing feature, as in addition to the drawings, are pictures in the impressionist school, as also in the soft, melting reproductions of landscapes, according to the eye with which normal people see. Perhaps the most exquisite bit in the entire exhibition is a small picture, called "Silver Birch," which belongs to Mrs. J. Montgomery Sears, of Boston; another in silver green, called "The Meeting of the Mists," is stamped with a marked originality and a great amount of dreamy quality, which is powerful to an exceptional degree. This is a very large picture in the capacity of bearing in any gallery to reflect credit upon the good taste of the owner and artist alike. One of the most remarkable pictures in the collection is "Dante in Exile," lent by Samuel Ward Boocock, the composition of this picture is very original and this, with another pastel study of Dante, was made from the death mask.

I am just informed that the American tour of Josef Hofmann will open on the Pacific Coast in October. This is done in order to keep him in the East during the principal part of the musical season.

Harold Bauer has just arrived in New York, and he will call for South America in company with Pablo Casals, the 'cellist, on May 8. Mr. Bauer has had an exceptional tour, and all lovers of the best in piano music are rejoicing over the idea that he is to return next season. Among the pianists mentioned for next year are D'Albert, De Fachman, Ernest Schelling, and the two above named. It is not improbable that Gabriowitz will be with us, although that is not announced.

The Genius of Shakespeare

Tribute to Master Dramatist Who Still Holds Stage.

SATURDAY, April 23, was the 390th anniversary of the birth of William Shakespeare, "the most illustrious of the sons of men."

After the expiration of so great a period, as far as human life and human achievements are concerned, this figure stands unique. "The stream of time," as Dr. Samuel Johnson said, "which is continually washing the dissoluble fabrics of other poets, passes without injury by the adamant of Shakespeare."

Shakespeare is now, more than ever before, the glory of the theater and race. The Mirror chronicles today as incidents of the supreme affection in which the greatest of dramatists is held but a few of the many tokens in his memory that marked the recurrence of his birthday. Perhaps the most significant of these was the unveiling at Weimar, near Goethe's Garden House, on Saturday, of a Shakespeare monument, on which occasion Professor Brande, of Berlin, declared that this was an unexampled honor shown by Germany to a foreign poet, a recognition of the position accorded to Shakespeare and the indebtedness acknowledged to him by all writers, and of his unshaken hold upon the German stage. This event was the more significant because it recalls the fact that while Germany thus materially marks its love for Shakespeare, all other nations that have a theater more indirectly pay homage to the master genius.

There has been no great mind since Shakespeare's own day that has not exercised itself to pay him honor, for he has been an inspiration not only to all literature, but to all effort that has in turn inspired the intellectual world. As he transformed the English drama of his time, if one is to consider his work in its immediate effect, so since he has been the light of all drama. "It was its breadth of national interest and intensity of tragic power that made the English drama so immeasurably superior to every other contemporary drama in Europe," said one contemplating Shakespeare's early triumphs, "and the work of his predecessors was carried on by Shakespeare with enlargement of imagination and intensification of fire. By right of imperial command over all the resources of imaginative insight and expression, Shakespeare combined the rich dramatic materials already prepared into more perfect forms, and carried them to the highest point of ideal development. He quickly possessed Shakespeare in passion, music and intellectual power; Greene in lyrical beauty, elegant grace and narrative interest; Peele in picturesque touch and pastoral sweetness, and Lofy in bright and sparkling dialogue. And having distanced the utmost efforts of his predecessors and contemporaries, he took his own highest way and reigned to the end without a rival in the new world of supreme dramatic art which he had created. The lights of this generation hesitate to express their own admiration of Shakespeare—although at times to deny that ex-

pression is beyond their will—because the lights of all preceding generations since his time have exhausted the language of eulogy. The quiet statement of Emerson: "I am always happy to meet persons who perceive the transcendent superiority of Shakespeare over all other writers," suggests the spirit of most moderns, who find it unnecessary to voice at large their appreciation of Shakespeare's profound and potent influence upon thought. "I care not," said Abraham Lincoln, "how Shakespeare is acted. With him the thought suffices." And this describes still another shade of appreciation. Why Shakespeare dominates is thus expressed by De Quincy—although a million others have uttered like ideas: "Shakespeare—

the protagonist on the great arena of modern poetry, and the glory of the human intellect. From his works alone might be gathered a golden bead-roll of thoughts the deepest, subtlest and most pathetic, and yet most catholic and universally intelligible; the most characteristic, also, and appropriate to the particular person, the situation and the case; yet at the same time applicable to the circumstances of every human being, under all the accidents of life and all the vicissitudes of fortune."

—Harrison Gray Fiske in Dramatic Mirror.

Gaining Strength.

Philadelphia Ledger.

The Democratic party will be stronger in the common esteem if it rid itself decisively of Bryanism and Hearstism in all their destructive and repellent forms of socialism, populism and anarchism.

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