

## MISS WILSON'S SINGING PRAISED

President's Daughter Margaret  
to Be a Professional.

HAS ALL IN HER FAVOR.

Her Teacher, Ross W. David, Who Has Been Instructing Her Four Years, Declares Miss Wilson Has Made Singing Her Life's Work—She Will Appear Soon.

New York.—Many persons have asked Ross W. David, singing teacher to Miss Margaret Wilson, daughter of the president of the United States, why she has decided to become a professional singer. To them he has replied, because it gives her the greatest opportunity for expressing herself. He said: "Miss Margaret Wilson has made singing her life's work. To her, singing is her very life. I have been her teacher for four years, and I think I know her. She puts her singing above everything else, and I can truthfully say that in all my eighteen years of



Photo by American Press Association.

MISS MARGARET WILSON.

teaching I have never known any one who has worked as hard as does the daughter of the president."

Miss Wilson has a lyric soprano voice, with a dramatic tendency. She sings with perfect breath control, and in the studio takes high D with ease. In public, however, she has sung only up to B flat. She is able to sustain her high voice, which is growing every day. She is essentially a lieder singer, and it is her ambition to become one of the greatest lieder singers in America. Her German is perfect, and she has good command of French and Italian. Of course she sings in English too.

But, what is more remarkable, Miss Wilson has the mettle to stand up to deliver her message. She has the power of concentration and the proper amount of "nerve" to become a successful singer.

While her private recitals had attracted considerable recognition it was the success which attended her first public appearance at the Syracuse music festival last May that determined her to become a professional singer. Subsequent concerts in Cleveland and Buffalo, where she won the unstinted praise of all the musical critics, convinced her that she had decided wisely. Wilson G. Smith, an influential Cleveland critic, publicly announced before the concert that if she did not "deliver the goods" he would send her back to the White House. But the following day he wrote:

"It was her unaffected personality and the sympathetic and lyric qualities of her voice that won the audience.

"There were no efforts at vocal chicanery to catch the audience. Her attitude toward her art and her auditors was one of genuine earnestness to interpret the musical language she loves, without self exploitation.

"The sincerity of her artistic predilection was evidenced in her selection and sympathetic interpretation of two of Robert Franz's too much neglected songs, models of classic purity. If Miss Wilson had done nothing else she would have won my critical esteem."

With criticisms of such a nature it was only natural that Miss Wilson should feel encouraged to sing at other festivals. She will appear at several events in April and May, and next fall she will begin an extended concert tour, singing in New York as well as in the principal eastern and southern cities.

### Our Friends of Fiction.

It is well to balance the influence of one's transient mortal associations by acquiring a peaceful intimacy with these ever living men and women whose deeds, aspirations, love and courage are recorded in books, who are never against us, who never despise us, nor fail us, nor betray us, being stripped now of that mortal part which renders all men uncertain, liable to hypocrisies, conceits and a sort of human heinousness which life in the flesh never quite escapes.—Corra Harris in *New York Independent*.

### The Chipmunk is a Hermit.

Evidently the chipmunk has no partner and will spend the winter in his subterranean retreat alone. I think this is an established chipmunk custom, rendered necessary, it may be, by the scant supply of air in such close quarters, three feet underground, and maybe under three or more feet of snow in addition. At any rate, the chipmunk, male and female, is a hermit, and there is no co-operation or true sociability among them. They are wonderfully provident and industrious, beginning to store up their winter food in midsummer or as early as the farmer does his.—John Burroughs in *Harper's Magazine*.

### Forgetmenot.

A gentleman whose beautiful grounds were often visited by the public had an old gardener who was in the habit of showing parties round the beds. At such times he would in a hurried, gabbling voice explain the names to the visitors.

When nearing the exit gate he would, however, suddenly pause and draw special attention to a pretty cluster of modest posies and then, in a significant tone of voice, exclaim:

"These, ladies and gentlemen, are forget-me-nots."—*Chicago News*.

### Shakespearean.

Father, in the hall, had been standing for half an hour while Millicent and Harold bade each other good night in the doorway.

"Parting," quoths Harold, "is such sweet sorrow that I could say good night till!"

At this speech father gets a Shakespearean inspiration, of his own and tramps down the stairs.

"Seems to me," he asserts, "that there is too much adieu about nothing here."—*Philadelphia Ledger*.

### Camel Carriages.

Camel carriages are not common conveyances in most parts of India, but on the great trunk road leading to Delhi they are frequently to be seen. They are large, double-story wagons, drawn sometimes by one, sometimes by two or even three camels, according to their size. Iron bars which give them a cage-like appearance were originally intended as a defense against robbers, and the carts were probably also used for the conveyance of prisoners.

### Art a Trustworthy History.

Great nations write their autobiographies in three manuscripts—the book of their deeds, the book of their words and the book of their art. Not one of these books can be understood unless we read the two others, but of the three the only quite trustworthy one is the last. The acts of a nation may be triumphant by its good fortune, and its words mighty by the genius of a few of its children, but its art only by the general gifts and common sympathies of the race.—John Ruskin.