

PRINCIPAL FIGURE IN MUSICAL LIFE NEXT SEASON AN AMERICAN

Walter Damrosch Will This Year Pass Quarter-Century Mark as Conductor.

It is a pleasure to know that one of the principal figures in the musical life of next season will be an American, and that an American who has contributed more than one man's share of work to the upbuilding of the musical life of this country. The individual is Walter Damrosch, and the special reason for his prominent position in the season's limelight is the fact that he will reach his quarter century as conductor. Mr. Damrosch is not the first to achieve this distinction, but it is hardly to be doubted that there are not many who celebrate 25 years of activity so early in life, as he is not yet 45 years of age. But Mr. Damrosch has been proven more than a great conductor, important a position as that may be. He is an organizer of more than ordinary capacity, and to this characteristic as much as his talent does he owe his present distinguished position in the musical world, and America owes much of its advancement to him and to his countless energies.

Although Mr. Damrosch today is not associated with grand opera in the minds of those who know his achievements with the orchestra, it was as grand opera conductor, indeed, as conductor of Wagner, that he jumped suddenly into the life in which he has made an enviable position. This was due to the sudden death of Dr. Leopold Damrosch, one of the greatest musicians and finest men who ever crossed the ocean to build in honor of the divine Muse in this new country. Dr. Damrosch and Theodore Thomas will always be held dear in the memories of those who followed their work and struggles for the best there is in art. With them there was no crawling up and raising the people's tastes by degrees; for them, there was one standard—the best—the program and works presented by Dr. Damrosch are still loud testimony of his attitude to his art. From his childhood, Walter was the companion of his father and music was to him a steady diet. But he imbibed more than music from his great father; he inherited his ideals, his desire to work among the people and to bring them only the greatest musical messages, thus his life's work came to him early.

Mr. Damrosch's first studies were made with his father, and when he was very young it was decided that he should go abroad to study the piano, with a view to making that his profession. During these later years few people have known why the greatest delight of his musical events are those rare occasions when Joseph in person comes to the piano and plays, and retirement and appear as soloist in some of Mr. Damrosch's symphony concerts, but those who know the story of the conductor's childhood know that Joseph was his teacher for six years and was proud beyond description of the brilliant young "wunderkind" who made a tour with his father. The tour was too much, and the young boy suffered a muscular strain, but this was the least of his concern, as the life of a virtuoso seemed to him a life of suffering. Mr. Damrosch, and the young boy found more pleasure in training the choruses for the great festivals which were instituted by Dr. Damrosch at that time. It became his regular occupation to prepare the great works which his father gave, and only those who know what those great days of festival chorus singing represented to the musical history of this country can understand what a training Walter Damrosch was receiving to play one of the most prominent roles in the musical life of this country. Mr. Damrosch became the youngest operatic conductor ever entrusted with a production in America through the death of his father, and was giving New York its first season

of real Wagnerian opera, when the father was stricken and the work was over of one of the greatest forces ever wielded for the upbuilding of music in this country. As in the case of the father, the son had stood close to his father in his preparatory work, not only in the training of individual



Walter Damrosch, American Conductor.

singers and in all the small details which produce big results, but also in the conducting of rehearsals. Thus Mr. Damrosch took hold of the work and continued the New York season and then fulfilled the promise of his father to take the organization on the road, for a boy of 23 the responsibility of the music alone would have been enough, but he was also compelled to shoulder all the responsibilities connected with the transportation of such a precious cargo of song-birds and transportation was not in those days what it is today. In one of those historical March blizzards the special train carrying Amalia Materna, Marianne Brandt, Anton Schott and other great singers, many of whom had created the roles under Wagner's own direction, was stalled, and instead of arriving in Chicago on Sunday, it arrived on Monday evening carrying a company which was half frozen and starved. But there was no postponing the performance, "Tannhauser" was given before an audience which had waited all evening and whose enthusiasm was a tribute to the young man, not only conductor, but also as one able to cope with a critical condition.

There is no musical history more entertaining than that of Mr. Damrosch can tell when he has time to become reminiscent, which he did a few weeks ago with me. We were speaking over operative conditions and Mr. Damrosch was comparing present day salaries with those of an earlier day. Incidentally the great conductor said: "I shall always be proud of the engagements I made the summer after the death of my father, when Edmund C. Stanton was made director at the Metropolitan in place of my father. I was musical conductor, but at I was only 23 it seemed advisable to engage an older man, notwithstanding the fact that I had conducted the orchestra for many years. I was only 23, but I was a good conductor, and when his little daughter fell ill it devolved upon me to go alone, and more than that, in the musical life of the next season alone. Among them was Lilli Lehmann, at \$500 a performance; Emil Fischer, at \$200; Mat Alvary, at \$100, and Anton Schott. I need hardly say that in the

capacity of assistant to Seidl I had no chance to conduct Wagner, and I cared for little else, but I began to think already that I did not want to become an operatic conductor, but one day when Seidl, after preparing an opera, became ill, I got the chance to conduct it, and I scored an emphatic success. After seven years, however, Maurice Grau was emphatic in the opinion that Wagner spelled "ruin," and we were let out, so to speak, as he was firm in the decision to give no more Wagner. In 1894, however, I decided to tempt the fate; I rented the Metropolitan for \$500 a night and gave a season of 12 weeks with profits of \$23,000. After four years of Wagnerian opera, I decided that I did not want the life of an operatic manager, despite the success we were enjoying. Charles Ellis was connected with me in New York, in fact, and was Melba, who told Ellis that if he would combine with me she would leave the Metropolitan and sign with us. However, nothing in the way of management seemed to satisfy me and I decided to get out of it once and for all, as I wanted to get back to the musical end, that is back to conducting. We had by this time built up a fine Wagnerian clientele and Grau engaged me to conduct two operas weekly at \$400 a week and soon of his own accord raised me to \$500.

"Grau became ill, and it was rumored that I was to be his successor. I wrote to Grau and told him I was not seeking the position, and did not want to be I loathed managing. But he thought anyway that where there was smoke there must be fire, so we parted. Alfred Jertz was engaged, and I became conductor of the Philharmonic." Even so recently as last season, it was rumored that Hammerstein had made a proposition to Mr. Damrosch to take hold of German opera at the Manhattan, but Mr. Damrosch is too happy in his orchestral life to lend an ear to anything which relates to it. He loves his organization of 100 men, the New York Symphony Orchestra, and he is deeply loved by them. Nor have his interests been confined to New York alone. In Philadelphia, for instance, he gave hundreds of symphony concerts, which were given to the public free by the Rapid Transit Company. Before Mr. Damrosch consented to take hold of the music there, the company did nothing but inferior brass bands, and it had been a huge failure, but his first year was a tremendous success. He was engaged again for the next year, and for eight years thereafter this was the center for Summer musical life of Philadelphia of the most exclusive society.

The New York Symphony Orchestra under Mr. Damrosch has played at Ravinia Park, just outside of Chicago, for four years, and when Mr. Damrosch starts on his season within the next few weeks it is there for the fifth year that he will go. This is one of the most attractive of Summer resorts and it has become the more so since the annual visits of the orchestra under Mr. Damrosch has become a certainty. For 12 years Mr. Damrosch and his orchestra have played at the Pittsburgh Exposition, thus, all through the East the American conductor has played his part in the popularizing of the greatest masterpieces and he has followed the magnificent principles of his illustrious father. The season of 1909-10 will be memorable, not only for those close to Mr. Damrosch, but he will take his entire organization of 100 men on a tour which will touch nearly all the music-loving cities of America in the spirit of a festival tour, and that will not be his last. He will have found the remarkable season which is planned for New York City and its environs, where he is held as one of the greatest factors in the musical life of the city.

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Extravagant Illumination for New York Celebration—Gotham Boys Have Snowballing on Torrid Day—Old Swindles Revived, and New Yorkers Bite Eagerly at Them.

BY LLOYD F. LONERGAN
NEW YORK, July 24.—(Special).—New York will certainly be in a perfect blaze of light during the Fulton-Hudson celebration. Arrangements that have already been made indicate that our fair town will be the most brilliantly illuminated city in the world.

According to present plans, the illumination will begin each night at 6:30 o'clock and continue until 1:30 A. M. Conservative estimates place the number of lights to be used (in addition to the regular lighting) at between 1,000,000 and 1,500,000 incandescents, 700 are lights, 3000 flare area, and 100,000 candle power. The above is the plan of William Berri, chairman of the illumination committee, one of the most interesting features of the illumination in New York will be the immense battery of searchlights in Riverside Drive at One Hundred and Tenth street. This searchlight battery will first be put in operation on the night of Saturday, September 25, and will continue until the end of the celebration.

Mr. Berri's committee will also have charge of the lighting of the Hudson River Valley on that night of the celebration (October 9) when immense signal fires will gleam on the mountain tops all the way from New York to Troy.

Recent Corer by State.
Washington, N. J., will hold a special election on Monday, and the interesting feature of it is that the state is holding a club over the voters for the purpose of determining the result.

The balloting is to determine whether or not the town shall spend \$60,000 for the construction and disposal of a large scale that was ever attempted at an election. So much feeling has been aroused that it now looks as if the amendment, which at the start had practically unanimous support, might be defeated.

Teachers Shirk Marriage Licenses.
June and July are the favorite months for schoolteacher brides, but until the marriage license law went into effect it has been impossible to secure any statistics on the subject. New York teachers are paid by the month, and of course have two months' vacation. When school

closes they receive the check for July, and when they report again in September the August money is awaiting them. This, of course, explains why teachers have in the world. At the present moment I haven't a cent or a prospect outside of my salary from the city.

Mr. Cohen, who is a well-known court howl, has been dismissed the case and advised the woman to go back home, where she belonged.

Vicissitudes of Cohen.
An interesting matrimonial quarrel which was up in the courts the other day ended in an equally unique decision. In 1907 Oella Cohen secured a decree of absolute divorce from Jacob Cohen, and permanent alimony of \$100 a week. The couple came here from Europe many years ago, started in the corset business of Manhattan. But he happened to be ashore the other day, and meeting a runaway horse, stopped it. Then he sat down and wrote out a report which was forwarded to police headquarters.

Hero's Story of His Heroism.
Lieutenant Matt McKim, of Harbor Squad B, is a "sea policeman," and it is his duty to keep order in the waterways of Manhattan. But he happened to be ashore the other day, and meeting a runaway horse, stopped it. Then he sat down and wrote out a report which was forwarded to police headquarters.

Commissioner Baker has had duplicate copies made which he has presented to his intimate friends. Here is a "Hero's Own Story" of his heroism.

Lieutenant Matt McKim, present, reports that at 11:15 A. M. a horse attached to a top delivery wagon 22, owner Morris Zimmerman, driven by 318 East Houston street driver, Henry Sanders, of 604 East One Hundred and Twenty-second street, was running away from the curb at the time the said horse became frightened at a passing automobile and ran away from the curb of East One Hundred and Twenty-second street, where a crowd of people was gathered, and toward the dock of the Charlotte Department at the foot of East One Hundred and Twenty-second street, where a number of women and children were waiting to take passage on a ship. The horse was running so fast that it was impossible to stop it, and it was running toward the dock of the Charlotte Department at the foot of East One Hundred and Twenty-second street, where a number of women and children were waiting to take passage on a ship. The horse was running so fast that it was impossible to stop it, and it was running toward the dock of the Charlotte Department at the foot of East One Hundred and Twenty-second street, where a number of women and children were waiting to take passage on a ship.

Naturally Lieutenant McKim has been unmercifully chaffed by his comrades, but he does not care, especially when he realizes that perhaps he may land a medal for bravery, as half a dozen or more are given out every year.

Woe Due to Social Ambition.

Another police story which is not so pleasant concerns Patrolman William O'Brien, of the Coney Island precinct, who was called to court on his wife's charge that he did not properly support her.

"I have been sacrificed on the altar of my wife's vanity," said the policeman, a manly looking young fellow. "She has social aspirations beyond my means and, unfortunately for me, she associates with vulgar society. Her present income is \$400 or \$500 a year. I am a first year policeman and get \$50 a year, yet she wants me to keep up with the prodigious expenses of her social life. Her expenses at home for one month, for example, total \$140. And all I get is \$2 a week."

"I love my wife and child, but my wife

far as he is discharged and that ends it. But an example was made of Leifeld because he kept a diary.

This book, which is now in the company's possession, contains daily entries about to her. That is all the property of the amount of fares he "knocked down." Here are a few sample entries:

January 10, salary \$2.68; "profits," \$3.90.

January 21, salary \$2.45; "profits," \$5.

February 1, salary \$1.65; "profits," \$3.

February 2, salary \$2.25; "profits," \$4.

February 21, salary \$2.45; "profits," \$3.

A record-breaker.

February 23, salary, \$2.40; "profits," \$1.

It will be noticed that the conductor's salary for the six days quoted above amounted to \$14.35, while his "profits" were \$24.40.

The sad fate of Mr. Leifeld has a moral, which is, "Do not keep a diary if you are robbing your employer." There is no more among Jersey City saloonkeepers because of the enforcement of a new law prohibiting all liquor signs save the name of the owner of the place and the name of the business. Not only must all signs come down from in front of the buildings, but no liquor sign over nine feet square can be displayed in the window of any saloon.

Snowballs in Midsummer.
Here is an incident that happened during one of our "really hot days" recently, and explains why Police Lieutenant Peter McDermott feared for his mind for several hours.

The lieutenant was "on the deck" in the West One Hundred and Twenty-fifth Street Station when a mob of men, who were cursing the rule that compelled him to keep his uniformed coat buttoned to his chin. Suddenly the telephone rang. It was a message from police headquarters down to Battery street.

"You'd better send a couple of men to Broadway and One Hundred and Thirtieth street," said the man down town. "There's a fellow there says a couple of kids are snowballing him. He must be crazy."

So Lieutenant McDermott sighed and summoned Detectives Wolf and Fraser from the back room. They put on their coats and went out, but soon returned without a prisoner. McDermott looked puzzled, and felt even more so when Fraser reported wearily:

"It is all right. We chased the boys away." Then the two detectives went into the back room again and resumed their interrupted game of dominoes.

The lieutenant sat and thought and thought, and the more he pondered, the more worried he grew. Finally he summoned the doorman and ordered him to keep a close watch on the detectives, because it was almost a certainty that they were temporarily deranged.

The doorman went back to look the patients over. McDermott could hear them talking in subdued tones, then there were wild bursts of laughter, it

was clear to the lieutenant that the doorman was mentally affected also. He was preparing to ring up a near-marched out of the back room, and apparently trying to see who could grin the widest.

"Guess it was my fault, lieutenant. I should have explained," said Fraser. "Don't you remember those packing houses up there on Broadway? Well, they cleaned out the refrigerating pipes, and some kids were really making snowballs out of the frost that came off the pipes."

"Dear Old Shell Game" Revived.

The dear old shell game, which could not be worked with profit nowadays in Dearborn, Michigan, has reappeared in New York, and, strange to say, many easy marks are "falling for it." A couple of men were manipulating the three shells and the pea in West Thirtieth street near the Waldorf Hotel. It has also been played in other streets in the Tenderloin, and is quite flourishing in the neighborhood of Fort George.

Gambler say that the good old game will probably be revived in many large cities. It became so famous years ago that sharpers dropped it, but now they have revived the shell game, believing that the rising generation knows nothing about them.

Another incident that indicates that swindlers plan a revival of the good old styles is furnished in the arrest of two gold-brick artists, Louis Lapage and Aaron Adler. They are the men who are accused of securing \$1500 from Jeweler Joseph Sattlow by a very crude trick.

They called on Sattlow, who has not been in the United States many years, and introduced themselves as trusted employees in the Sub-Treasury. It was their duty to look after the solid brooks of gold, they said, and it was easy to shave off a little here and there. The only difficulty was in disposing of the metal, and that was why they wanted a partner. If they could find the right man, they would sell him the gold at half price.

And Mr. Sattlow swallowed it all. Later the men brought around 34 pounds of "pure gold," and after much chaffering, handed it over in exchange for \$1500 in cash and a diamond ring. Investigation, of course, demonstrated that the "pure gold" was plebeian brass fillings.

New Panhandling Games.

A panhandler with a new game has made his appearance in the business section of town, and is reaping quite a harvest. He was sighted at the noon hour in front of a skyscraper being erected on Nassau street.

"I have just got work on this building," he whined, "and I've been on my uppers so long that I haven't the price of lunch. It's mighty tough working on an empty stomach, boss."

After making a "touch," the grafter would walk away, but would return to his old stand as soon as his victim had disappeared. A few to whom he appealed refused to contribute.

The finest "panhandling" game ever worked in New York was invented by a chap named "Jimmie," surname in doubt, who wandered about the city with a

boothblack's outfit and offered to shine shoes for 1 cent. Most men would allow him to go ahead, expecting that he would spring some story, but Jimmie attended strictly to business, would pocket the money, and then, without a word, would walk away. If his "subject" did not call him back, he would not say a word. It was simply the chances of the game. But if the man out of ten would question him, draw out a story of hard luck, and contribute more or less liberally. It was estimated that Jimmie's income averaged about 25 cents a day, and as he was busy, he made a mighty good living out of it.

Tax on Masses for Dead.
The executors of the will of the late Margaret Eppig, widow of the brewer, who left a large estate, have been ordered to pay the State Controller a transfer fee of 5 per cent on the \$2500 she left for masses for herself and her deceased parents. Surrogate Ketchum in his decision says:

It is observed that the executors are not directed to pay these sums to an unnamed beneficiary. The direction is that the executors by such payment and as an accompanying duty shall procure the masses to be said. It is the duty of the executors to determine from time to time what portion of the good old game should be voted to the masses and over what period these disbursements shall be spread; to see that the purpose of the payment shall be fulfilled and as an incident thereto to control the rate and progress of the payment.

It is therefore, that the gift to the executors for a religious use upon a valid and effectual trust and the transfer should be taxed at the rate of 5 per cent.

This decision is unique and of such vital interest to the Catholic Church that the executors are discussing the advisability of taking the matter to the highest courts.

Queer Malady in Stable.

BERLIN, July 24.—(Special).—Owners and trainers at Hoppegarten, one of the best of the German racetracks, well known abroad, are complaining this year more bitterly than ever of a plague of coughing which annually breaks out in the stables there, in spite of all precautions. One of the favorites had to be scratched on account of it during the week, and at the very last minute. One can imagine the kind and amount of murmuring that went on when the scratching was announced. Every year, without intermission, sometimes early, sometimes late in the season, the malady is certain to make its appearance; and the worst of it is that it is infectious.

Its cause is unknown; all that can be found out about it is that it is a bacillus. Of course, there are suppositions. Some think the absence of severity in the training is apt to make the horses predisposed to its influence, but this theory has been given up since American trainers, notorious for the severity of their methods, have had to see their horses down with it as often as anyone else.

The beginning of the malady is marked by the frequent stumbling of the horses; it gradually increases in violence, and as it gradually subsides, the horses are nothing very serious about it, except in the case of racehorses, and cavalry horses frequently suffer from it without having to drop their ordinary work. The real sufferers from the disease are the owners, who have on occasions lost thousands of pounds by its sudden appearance among their horses.

Europe's Art Consciousness.

Paris Cor. Springfield (Mass.) Republican.
In Europe the art consciousness belongs to large masses of people as it does not yet in America. At Paris one realizes in reference to the plastic arts. Architecture and sculpture delight the aesthetic sense on every hand. At Berlin music takes the lead. In neither city, nor in any continental city, would such a pot-pourri of discordant architectural forms as Springfield permits along her streets be tolerated for a moment.

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