is a recent arrival in this city from Denver, Colo., where she was a student of Rafflo Cavallo, made a fastudent of Rafflo Cavallo, made a favorable impression in her violin playing, and gave ample evidence that she is a violinist of talent, finish and musical sympathy. Mrs. Ross, contraito, was quite successful in her fine renditions of vocal numbers by Handel, Worrell, Stevenson, Mary Turner Salter, Earl C. Sharp and Charles G. Spross. Mrs. Ross was in fine voice, and her first-class singing won her many new friends. Mr. Becker is one of the finished, competent planists of this city, and his admirable plane solos and accompaniments on this occasion were much admired. The ladles' octet sang Christmas carols in excellent style. Mrs. R. C. Dorr was choral director.

The sacred concert which took place last Sunday night at the Church of the Madeleine, East Twenty-first and Sisklyou streets, was quite successful, from the excellently rendered programme, under the capable direction on this occasion of Frederick W. Goodrich. Mick Nona Lawler, soprano, was in admirable voice, and sang in fine style. Mrs. A. F. Petzel, contralto, has an unusually good voice, and ought to an unusually good voice, and ought to sing out more in public. The ensem-ble work of the choir was much praised. and Rev George Thompson, the pastor, delivered a crisp and helpful address on "The Musical Requirements of the Sacred Liturgy." A collection was taken for the pipe organ fund.

Mrs. E. E. Coovert, mezzo contralto, was vocal soloist at a sewing circle held at her home on Johnson street, last Wednesday, under direction of the Coteric Club. Mrs. Coovert sang with fine expression and tonal quality "Somewhere A Voice Is Calling" (Tate), and "Mother Machree" (Oicott), So well did Mrs. Coovert sing the last number that her guests asked her to repeat it, which she did. The plano accompanist was Mrs. Edward Alden Beals.

The second "Explanatory Talk" at the piano by Walter Damrosch took place at the Little Theater in West Forty-fourth street, New York, last Monday, when the "Symphony in C" (Saint-Saens) and "Iberia" (Debussy) were described. Both compositions will be programmed by the Symphony Society of New York for two concerts in the near future.

The itinerary of the annual January tour of the New York Symphony Orchestra, Walter Damrosch, conductor, includes Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, D. C., Cumberland, Md., Cleveland, Dayton, Detroit, Chicago, Rock Island, Urbana (University of Illinois) Indianapolis, Columbus and inois). Indianapolis, Columbus and Pittsburg, Maggie Teyte, the English prima donna, soprano, will be the solo-ist in Philadelphia, Baltimore, Wash-ington, D. C., and Pittsburg; Frieda Hempel, colorature soprano of the Met-ropolitan, will be the soloist in Cleve-land; Josef Lehvinne, pianist, soloist at Indianapolis, and Harold Henry, pianist, at the University of Illinois.

Music lovers of Greater New York were delighted by the singing of Mad-ame Alma Gluck, who was the soloist with the Symphony Society of New York, Walter Damrosch, conductor, re-cently at Acolian Hall. Madame Gluck same Mezart's aris from "Dia Entithcontry at Aconan Hall. Madame Gluce, sang Mozart's aris from "Die Entfuhrung aus dem Seraglio," and three of Charpentier's songs with orchestra. The young Australian composer, Percy Grainger, who was represented by three orchestral numbers, enjoys the distinction of being the most performed orchestral composer in England at the chestral composer in England at the present time. His "Mock Morris" was played by orchestras 500 times last year, while his more recent "Shepherd's Hey," played for the first time in New York, can boast of even greater popu

Dr. Clement B. Shaw's presentation of the opera of "Don Pasquale," (Donizetti) last Saturday at the Tilford building was of unusual interest. Being in the buffo style, many of its situations were thoroughly amusing. M. A. Goodnough and Miss McBride at the plane. F. H. Wig violings, Misses Hanplano, F. H. Wig, violinist, Misses Han-son and Bradford, sopranos, and B. H. St. Helen, tenor, assisted. Dr. Shaw, having completed a course of 10 Italian operas, will begin a series of 16 German operas Saturday night, January 2.

Piano and violin playing that was Piano and violin playing that was a pleasure to listen to marked the piano students' recital by Miss Eva Trotter and Miss Marjorie Trotter, in Sherman-clay & Co.'s hall, last Tuesday night. Among the students who took part were: Velma Hendy, Barbara Lull, Ardelia Haradon, Jeanette Relerson, Loleta Jaeger, Jack Adams, Florence Fairclough, Louise Jacobsen, Naidyne Baker, Velma Hendy, Kenneth Barbour, Grace Jacobsen, Myrtle Brownell, Bar-Grace Jacobsen, Myrtle Brownell, Bar-Grace Jacobsen, Myrtle Brownell, Barbara Lull, Bessie Reierson, Dorothy Dyer, Frances Wardner, Grace Jacob-sen, Dorothy Girdner, Barbara Lull and

Miss Leona Bisch, soprano, was heard to advantage last Sunday night at the Young Peoples' Meeting heid at the White Temple, Miss Bisch, who posses a strong sympathetic voice, sang in excellent style "My Task" (Ashford.) She is being prepared in vocal work by Harold Huribut.

Mrs. Nita Briggs Clifford entertained her junior plane students at an en-joyable monthly recital, and those taking part were: Mildred Rothschild, Joyable monthly recital, and those taking part were: Mildred Rothschild, Audrey Burroughs, Parry Douglass, Grace Allen, Evelyn Kelley, Nellie Burroughs, Lyle Keeler, Gladys Smith, Paul Klippel, Mary Sullivan, Lucien Burroughs. These vioiln students of A. I. Clifford assisted musically Irving Allen, George Spink, Fenton Shearer and Edward Kuschner.

Musical America, New York, Dec. 12, reviewing the musical activities of Harold Hurlbut, of this city, says in part: "He disclosed a pure tenor voice, and a voice production and art worthy of his training under such a teacher as Campanari."

Miss Violet Phillips, soprano, sang at the meeting of the Michigan Club held at the Masonic Temple last Monday night. Miss Phillips possesses a singing voice of both beauty and range and her singing was much appreciated.

A musical programme of merit was listened to at the working the part.

A musical programme of merit was listened to at the meeting of the Port-land Etude Club, held December 12, at the home of Miss Marie Soule. Beeth-

THE STORY OF A WINT ONE HUNDR



For those who know, and those who have yet to know, the soul-soothing beauty of Beethoven's "Moonlight Sonata"

OLD, brilliant moonlight silvered the snowy roofs of quaint old Bonn. Through a narrow street the master was walking with a friend.

"Hush!" he exclaimed, halting suddenly in front of a little house. "Listen! — that is my Sonata in F. How well it is played!"

They edged up close to the door. In the midst of the finale the music ceased abruptly, and a voice cried sadly. "I can't play any more. It is so beautiful, but beyond my power. Oh! if only I might go to Köln to the concert!"

'Yes, sister, but why wish for what cannot be," said a second voice.

"I know," came the answer, and continuing almost inaudibly, "I know yet I can't help longing to hear some really good music just once in my

"Let us go in," said Beethoven. And, despite his friend's objection, he placed his hand on the latch. "I shall play for her and she will understand."

He opened the door. There at the table sat the brother mending shoes. The girl, crying softly, bowed her head upon the old piano.

"Pardon me, but I heard your music," said Beethoven, "and I also heard your wish. Perhaps, if you will allow me, I can fulfill it."

The cobbler thanked him. "But our piano is so poor," he apologized, "and we have no music."

"No music," exclaimed the master, "how then does she Oh, forgive me!" he stammered. The girl had lifted her head and he saw that she was blind. "You play from memory?" he continued. "But I thought I heard you say you had never been to the concerts."

"When we lived in Brühl, a neighbor practised every evening," said the girl. "And in Summer, when the windows were open, I used to walk up and down in front of her house and listen."

She gave Beethoven her place at the piano. He ran his fingers along the yellowed keys. Under his touch the worn strings sang as if born anew, and out of the old instrument trooped hosts of his compelling melodies to surround and captivate the wondering pair. The flame of the one candle sputtered fitfully and presently went out. The youth slipped over and threw open the shutters. As the moonlight flooded the room, the pianist paused.

"Who and what are you?" gasped the cobbler, scarce knowing he was speaking.

"Listen," answered the master, and he played the first few bars of his Sonata in F.

"Beethoven!" burst from the lips of the pair. "Oh, play on, play on-just a little more!" they pleaded as he arose to go.

For a moment he stood, silent, looking out the window. And then again seating himself, he began, as if to voice the spirit of the calm, perfect night, weaving slowly into exquisite being those mystic measures which caress the soul, even as the cool radiance of the moon softens and gentles the world's rough face. There, in that little room, Beethoven intertwined the throbbing of the sea's great heart and the far, clear call of stars; he sounded the very depths of the sublime, till it seemed to the three listeners as if the Spirit of Infinity were come down the path of moonlight and stood by their side, whispering of the things that are forever and forever.

Vain yearnings and thoughts of toil and tithes were swept from their long-time moorings in the mind, and by the hand of infinite loveliness, the blind girl was guided to heights whence she saw more than wide eyes can window, however clear. On the slow current of the adagio-she was borne to the vernal field of the allegretto, where fairies danced beside the stream, and then in the trembling, hurrying presto, she saw the elk-folk scurry off, leaving all things better and more beautiful because of their having been.

Beethoven, the master, had in that hour in that poor, trouble-shadowed home, lighted a transforming flame which would neither waver nor go out through all the years.

"Farewell," he said, going to the door. "You will come again?" they cried. "Yes, yes, I will come again."



HAT was one hundred years ago, and long since the "Moonlight Sonata" has become deep-rooted in the garden of the human heart. In the beauty of its frequent flowering, old loves, long lost, have come back to whisper sweet words, and dear faces, long hid, have smiled once again; sorrow upon sorrows have been banished to forgetfulness.

And countless thousands have cried with the cobbler's sister, "It is so beautiful, but beyond my power." Beyond your power? No. Not now. The great

glorious world of music is at your command. Beethoven is waiting at your door and with him a wonderful company. All who have made music what it is, are there, from quaint and stately Handel and Bach, to the living composers of to-day.

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