BRAND NEW JAPANESE OPERA WILL BE HEARD IN PORTLAND EARLY NEXT MONTH

Oriental Prima Donna, Who Will Appear in Title Role at Eleventh-Street Playhouse, During First Week of March, Gives Interesting Explanation of Mascagni's Heroine.

Thomas Chalmers, Baritone.

Tamaki Miura

© Photos, C. White

Tovia Kittay, Tenor

ONE of the few occasions when Portland music lovers have been privileged to hear a new grand opera will occur at the Eleventh-Street Playhouse on Tuesday, March 6, when Pietro Mascagni's new Japanese opera, "Iris," will be presented here by the Boston National Grand Opera Company.

The subtle art of "Iris" has perplexed many who have witnessed the presentation of this masterwork and when "Iris" is given here the title role will be entrusted to Mme. Tamaki Miura, the famous Japanese soprano. Mme. Bori and Mme. Eames have hitherto assumed this role in New York, and as in the case of "Madame Butterfly," a stronger illusion is conveyed across the footlights by a Japanese artist than by even the gifted singers of other nations.

When Mme. Miura was asked to talk about the character of the country maiden, she said: "The idea of Iris, according to Mascagni, is the immortality of innocence. Although Iris finds herself in a geisha house, she remains spotless and pure, and although she is offered for sale in the market place, she undergoes this trial in the same spirit of innocence. It is an allegory, of course, and, like the theme of 'Madame Butterfly,' it reveals many of the characteristics of a Japanese. I have exchanged letters with Signor Mascagni and I think it is wrong to discuss 'Iris' as a complicated work. It contains simply that one statement that 'good is indestructible,' and I call that a very nice idea.

"Iris is little more than a child and all the evil which befalls her she turns into something quite different. When she wakes up in the geisha house she is certain she is in paradise, and when she learns to the contrary she is certain that she is dead. All this is exactly as a nice Japanese girl would reason, because in Japan the innocence of children is more closely guarded than in Europe and America.

Black Side of Life Realized.

"Iris in the opera is a country maiden who is lured away by wicked men and whose inherent sense of virtue interprets all the evil about her as good. She is imprisoned in a geisha house, exhibited in the market place—not until she is cursed by her father, who thinks her degradation was willing, does she understand the black side of life. Even as she seeks death in the sewer her innocence is steadfast and the great theme of the opera is this very point—the indestructibility of good in this world. Now that is very Japanese and Iris' complete obliviousness to the men with whom she comes in contact is not at all exaggerated.

"We have barter and sale in our Japanese marriages. There is a great deal of finance connected with the wedding contract, but what of that—that is eminently sensible and, I think, makes for happier marriages. The Japanese do not wish their children to grow up with false ideas on any point. And women of good families are reared to be senesible and capable wives. We do safeguard innocence to a certain extent, but not ignorance. And in Japan there is a wide line of demarcation between the two classes.

Two Classes Never Overlap.

"It is considered no great wrong for a girl of the poorer classes to become a geisha and earn her own living and support her family in that way, but for a woman of the better class to degrade herself, it is great family shame. One hears very little in Japan of these two classes overlapping and I think my people have solved for generations many of the problems of sex. Not until recently have Japanese women appeared to any great extent outside of their homes. In spite of our intercourse with the rest of the world, we are surprised at the liberty accorded the young American woman—married or unmarried."

The Boston National's repertory for the engagement at the Eleventh-Street Playhouse on March 5 and 6 will be as follows: Monday evening, "Aida," with Giovanni Zenatello, Luisa Villani, George Baklanoff and Virgilio Lazzari; Tuesday afternoon, Mascagni's new Japanese opera, "Iris," with Tamaki Miura (the Oriental prima donna heard here last year in "Madame Butterfly"), Thomas Chalmers, Tovia Kittay, Virgilio Lazzari and others; Tuesday evening, "Faust" with Maggie Teyte, Riccardo Martin, Jose Mardones, Graham Marr and others.

WRITER WEAVES WEIRD TALE OF GHOSTLIKE "HUGUENOT'S HEAD" SEEN BY LE BRUN FAMILY

According to Story, Ever Since Massacre of St. Bartholomew's Eve Head of Evanescent Type Has Appeared to Different Members of Family Just Before Death.

BY MARY INEZ MARTIN.

ON principle I do not believe in ghosts, but cannot choose but believe the testimony of my eyes. Here are the plain, cold facts and you who read shall judge for yourselves.

On the night of St. Bartholomew's Eve when the Huguenots were massacred and Louis IX stood on the rampart crying, "Perish every one of them, let not one remain to reproach me!" many unrecorded crimes were committed that have left foul stains on otherwise fair escutcheons. The house of Le Brun stood for the King, consequently when Caspar Le Brun on that night declared himself a Huguenot, had he displayed cloven feet and breath of fire he could not have struck a deeper horror to the hearts of his brothers.

Imagine the scene when Caspar, finding his brother torturing an old servant on suspicion of being a Huguenot, cried, "For the love of Christ, Jules, spare the man. I, too, am a Huguenot, and I'll stand this no longer." On the spot Casper, eldest son of the house of Le Brun, was stabbed through the heart by his brother.

A few months later Caspar's young wife died, leaving an infant daughter, who was carefully brought up within the fold of the church; thus Caspar's life was subtracted from the family and his influence lost. This is as the record goes. Jules Le Brun put his deed down for a virtue. He had done his duty and gloried in it. And in faith, on that awful night much worse was done. Among the dark deeds of St. Bartholomew's Eve much private revenge satisfied itself under cover of the reigning terror; suitors murdered their rivals, debtors their creditors, heirs-at-law their nearest of kin, until this chronicle of crime runs red down, down the annals of nearly every family in France.

Death Scene Startles.

Jules Le Brun, after a life of many activities and much success, relegated the memory of this night to the background of his mind until it was rarely recalled. Crowned at last with years and honors, he returned to Paris, to the old home that had fallen to his share, to spend his declining years among his old friends and the scenes of his youth. In the course of time Jules Le Brun came to die and his family stood around his bed watching the peaceful close of a long, adventurous life, when, suddenly turning to the wall opposite, his eyes starting out of his head, "Caspar!" he shrieked, and, struggling, resisting, pleading, he died.

The horror of this scene and the agony of Jules Le Brun's last moments were of course repeated under their breath by the witnesses to the succeeding generation. But to avoid exaggeration a plain, straightforward account, under the Le Brun seal, was added to the family records, otherwise the repetition from generation to generation would at last have had a whole Huguenot army out at Jules' bedside by this time.

Although painful to witness, such a deathbed seizure was not so very uncommon in those days of violence. The King himself a few years later died a prey to remorse and the haunting specters of massacred Huguenots. The surviving members of the Le Brun family were now all of a new generation, so, recovering their spirits as time went on, they came at last to regard the story of Jules' death as merely a sick old man's fancy until the next Le Brun died. This was in the Soudan, when Pierre Le Brun died on the field of battle. The notification sent by his commanding officer enclosed a letter from a brother Lieutenant telling of his death and that Pierre had shrieked "L'Huguenot! L'Huguenot!" with his last breath.

Now the family began to realize the deadly import of their St. Bartholomew's tragedy. Masses were generously said for the repose of Caspar's soul, but Caspar, having repudiated the authority of the church, was beyond its pale.

Huguenot's Head Ever Appears.

From generation to generation the record of the Huguenot's Head went on, appearing on the walls of mansion or cottage, the field of honor or the explorer's trail. The good and the bad alike of the Le Brun blood have seen the head of the Huguenot, when their eyes closed to the scenes of this world, they are opening upon the next. There have been those who, dying suddenly or being unconscious at the last, have left no record of the Huguenot's coming to meet them, but every generation has left some instance of the Huguenot's Head appearing above the horizon of the next world.

The house of Le Brun has become widely scattered during all these intervening years. My great-grandfather went to Holland, where he passed his life and married a Dutch woman. My grandfather, having squandered his patrimony, came to America, where, followed by poverty and misfortune, we have cut ourselves off from our kinsmen in the old world. The American Le Bruns now being nobody in particular, have been lost at sea or died alone with no one to hang upon their last words or watch for the traditional apparition.

Consequently in our branch the Huguenot's Head has become merely a picturesque story saved from the wreck of our former prosperity and useful to discourage wakefulness at night on the part of naughty little Le Bruns.

It is in this attitude of mind that I, in this skeptical 20th century, have seen the Huguenot's Head. Again I aver that I do not, on principle, believe in ghosts or apparitions, or celestial visitants of any kind; but believing in "the resurrection of the body and the life everlasting," can but believe the testimony of my own eyes. And this time the meaning of the appearing of the Huguenot's Head you, as well as I, will have a chance to judge.

Father's Death Sudden.

My father came to Oregon among the early settlers took up a timber claim, endured hardships, made and lost a fortune, but before he died had managed to restore his financial status to such an extent as to leave us a comfortable legacy. The manner of his death was so strange and sudden we had no way of knowing whether he had seen the Head. In fact I do not remember having given it a thought, so remote are we from the original branch with all its pride and traditions. After a few years of widowhood my mother married again, being a very attractive woman, but after my stepfather had squandered as much of her property as he could get his hands on he deserted her, leaving her humiliated and heartbroken. The shock of the death of my own father, the treatment and deception she had suffered at the hands of her second husband, wrought upon her nervous condition to such an extent that within a few years she had become a helpless invalid, greatly reduced in fortune. So here we are living in a modest little apartment of the five-rooms-and-bath sort, with a Japanese schoolboy our only servant, in the atmosphere of whizzing electric streetcars and the chug-chug of automobiles, motor trucks and motorcycles in this most western city of the new world.

Could anything be farther removed from the romantic, superstitious days of France when sabres dripped in the wake of dancing feet? So in my westworld isolation from the tradition and tragedy of the Le Bruns, sitting one evening at the bedside of my mother I raised my eyes to the wall while she slept, when across the wall flashed a face, bold in outline and of fantastic embellishment. The next moment it was gone.

Face Again Is Seen.

I do not know whether this was the regulation Huguenot of the Le Brun family because cut off from communication with them I do not know whether he has been appearing straight away down the line or not. I was not even sure I had seen the Huguenot at all, so deeply is my mind influenced by this latter-day skepticism, so I wondered a bit, waited a while, and as nothing more came of it put it down to a flight of imagination.

A few months later arising in the night to answer a call to my mother's room, the same outline in heroic size confronted me on the wall: A Huguenot of the 16th century appearing on the wall in the glow of a 20th century arc light robs it of much of its romantic suggestion and all its terror. But there he was as long as I kept my eyes upon him growing and fading with the flicker of the light. Expecting to see a change for the worse I hastened to my mother's bedside, but there she lay comfortable and peaceful waiting for me to bring her a glass of water, so I went back to my room to think things over.

Not caring to see my murdered ancestor before me any time I opened my eyes at night I hung my crucifix in the space where the Head had appeared, feeling that the figure of the blessed Saviour whose blood was shed for the pardon of all must exorcise this unfriendly spirit.

Apparition Often Present.

But again, some time later we sat chatting by the carefully shaded nightlight, I looked up from my embroidery and saw the Head upon the wall. Glancing cautiously at my mother to see if she, too, had seen it, I said, "Do you see anything unusual, dear?" And she answered, "Yes, that rose in your hair takes me back to last Summer in the country. I wish you would wear one always."

Whether this answer brought me relief or terror I cannot tell. To know the Huguenot had not appeared to my mother assures me she is not to be taken from me, but who then is it? I have only just begun to live. The Sisters at the convent told me I had a future before me in my voice if I could have it cultivated. Also my cousin Jacques in Paris writes he is coming over to America to see me at the close of the war. Still the apparition of the Huguenot grows more and more distinct although it has not the terror for me it had for the early Le Bruns when it chilled their hearts with fear.

The crucifix I hung on the wall is no bar to its appearance, which I take for a sign that with our advancing liberty in religious thought our Huguenot has lost his prejudice against this sign of holy church, else would he cast his reflection upon it? But day after day as I chat and laugh to keep up my invalid's spirits and know she does not see the Head I thank the good Lord it is not she who will have to go, and yet I do not know what will become of my poor mother if the Huguenot is coming for me.

I do not try to explain what I see or what I feel for I come always to the inevitable conclusion—I simply do not know. I have given you these facts and the meaning of the Huguenot's Head lies in your hands if within the year you read—"Marie Eugenie Le Brun, a native of Portland, aged 21 years."

MUSIC

(Continued From Page 8.)

event. A wonderful exhibition of not only the theory of music but the ability of the children to use every bit of knowledge at the piano keyboard was observed. The work included: Illustrating the theory of music, sight reading, scale building, rhythm, ear training keyboard harmony, history, musical terms and the practice of music. The participants in the recital were: Dorothy Bleecker, Gladys Calef, Lucie Calef, Kathryn Clemens, Margaret Dunning, Kulla Dunning, Ruth Dunning, Alma Dye, Janet Edwards, Lucielle George, Margherita Hay, Dorothy Hubbard, Katie Lusich, Mary Davison, Mary Lu Mallory, Rufus Mallory, Everett McCutchan, Florence Pick, Ruth Pick, Stanley Pickford, Robert Self, Olive Smith, Jane Thompson, Louise Watt, Cecil Weekes, Hazel Wooddy, Margaret Wright.

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The Dallas Oratorio Society gave its first concert recently in the High School auditorium. It was a distinct success. The chorus of 40 voices, conducted by Joseph A. Finley, showed the thorough training of the past few months, and responded readily to his direction. The parts were well balanced, and the voices blend well. Miss Dorothy Bennett was an efficient and pleasing accompanist. Mrs. Finley's sopranos and Mr. Finley's solos and Yankee dialect readings were well received. The programme: "In Praise of Song" (Strauss), chorus; solos, "For the King" (Bonheur), and "Mandalay" (Speaks), Mr. Finley; "O, My Love Is Like a Red, Red Rose" (Garrett) and "Yachting Glee" (Culbertson), chorus; solos, "April Song" (Newton) and "Alone in Love's Garden" (Hawley), Mrs. Finley; "Love's Old Sweet Song" (Molloy), chorus; reading, "Elkanah B. Atkinson" (Day) and "Lute Hawkins' Wife" (Day), Mr. Finley; "The Miller" (Macfarren) and "Wake Miss Lindy" (Warner), chorus; "Valley of Laughter" (Sanderson) and "Megan" (Roberts), Mrs. Finley; "When Lish Played Ox" (Day), and "Barbara Frietchie" in German dialect, by Mr. Finley; "Gloria from 12th Mass" (Mozart). Last Friday work was begun on "The Creation," parts of which will be sung in concert in early May.

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Dent Mowrey, the pianist of this city, appeared recently in his fourth piano recital at Seattle, Wash., and achieved a marked success. A Seattle correspondent who was present at this concert writes:

"The Dent Mowrey recital was one of the positive successes of the season, in an artistic, social and financial way. Mr. Mowrey fulfilled the promises that had been made by the press both abroad and at home. One thing, he is so eminently sane, so unusually free from mannerisms, and Mrs. Mowrey, who assisted him in two numbers, shares in that tribute.

"The programme played at the Cornish Hall, which was filled by an interested and appreciative audience, was nicely balanced between old and modern compositions. Mr. Mowrey is a brilliant pianist, poetic but never sentimental, the master of the lights and shades of his instrument. In the two big numbers of the programme—Mozart's 'Grande Fantasie' and the Allegro movement from Beethoven's Concerto in C major—which had been arranged by Mr. Mowrey for two pianos, Mrs. Mowrey assisted. Always subordinate, yet sympathetic, the richness of the harmony was appreciably increased by her work. Mr. Mowrey as a composer is undoubtedly influenced by the modern French school, and the so-called 'whole-tone' scale was in evidence with its closer and more fascinating harmony, which contains the essence of the music or today and tomorrow. Naturally the interest of the evening was centered upon Mr. Mowrey's own compositions, the third group of the programme. The "Danse Eccentrique" was written for Loie Fuller and her company of 30 dancers who appeared in the Stadium at Athens before the King of Greece.

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Madame Blanche Waldo Dewey is called the "Tetrazzine of the Birds," from her proficiency in imitating bird calls. She has just returned to New York City from London, where she appeared professionally as musical entertainer at receptions and teas under the patronage of the Duchess of Marlborough. Madame Dewey is a cousin of the late Admiral Dewey. She possesses a strange vocal gift which is neither whistling nor singing, but consists in producing bird-like notes which in truth is wonderful warbling and thrilling. She places her body when vocalizing in exactly the position that a bird does when trilling with its head twisted slightly sideways and uplifted.

Madame Dewey uses all her vocal cords, and full lung capacity which is not done in whistling. "Les Palmes Academiquo" was bestowed on Madame Dewey in France because she "discovered a new sound and made an art of it." As a child Madame Dewey studied the violin with Theodoro Thomas and later with Joachim. When but 8 years old she made her debut in Berlin and appeared professionally thereafter throughout almost every country in Europe. During a long illness she lay long weary hours in bed grieving over the breaking up of her musical career; a present of a bird lifted her out of the depths. Time passed, and Madame Dewey found herself imitating the bird's carrolling. After recovering she gathered various birds, turning her room into a veritable aviary; she studied and imitated them. This was the beginning of her development as the human bird singer. Her repertoire consists of songs, opera arias and ballads.

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Mrs. Carlin De Witt Joslyn gave a programme of songs and piano solos of her own composition at the home of Mrs. Hayes, Royal Arms Apartments, who gave a tea. Several musicians who were present expressed high appreciation of Mrs. Joslyn as a song writer and composer. Mrs. Joslyn writes both music and words, and arranges her own music for publication. She will soon publish two new songs.

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At Clinton Kelly Methodist Episcopal Church a sacred concert took place last Sunday night, under the direction of William C. McCulloch. Miss Evelyn Snow, A. B. Caughey and Larry Mann were the soloists. A quartet composed of Miss Theodora Bushnell, Miss Evelyn Snow, Mr. Caughey and Clifford Woodland sang "King of Love, My Shepherd Is" (Shelley).

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An interesting meeting of the New England Conservatory Club was held at the home of Mrs. W. B. Hamilton. Miss Agnes Watt and Mrs. Grace Watt Ross had charge of a well-prepared programme of Elizabethan songs and lyrics and sonnets by Sir Walter Raleigh, Bacon, Ben Jonson, Edmond Spencer, Fletcher G. Beaumont and other writers were read by Mrs. Ross. The Elizabethan and Shakespearean musical numbers were charmingly rendered as follows: "Barbara Allen," "Blind Beggar's Daughter," "May Pole Dance," all old Englis , sung by Mrs. Faye Huntington; "See the Chariot at Hand," "Sigh No More, Ladies," Mrs. Edgar B. Piper; "Spring," "Greensleeves," "Who Is Sylvia?" (Schubert), Miss Watt; quartet, Mrs. Huntington, Mrs. Piper, Miss Watt and Mrs. Hamilton; "Hark, Hark, the Lark," "Ye Spotted Snakes," trio; "Drink to Me Only With Thine Eyes"; duet, "Under the Greenwood Tree" (Liza Lehmann).

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"Sonnets," words by George Sterling and music by Lawrence Zenda, has been received for review. Both poet and musical composer make their home at San Francisco. In private life Lawrence Zenda is Mrs. W. Elgin Travis, who, with her husband, lived formerly in this city. They now live in California. The music of these four songs is of charming, haunting beauty, and has found many admirers. The music is set for mezzo and contralto voices. A San Francisco correspondent writes:

"Mrs. Travis' talents as a composer were displayed in several published songs before she collaborated with George Sterling. It is apparent that Mrs. Travis inherited her poetical turn of mind, for she is the daughter of Mrs. Anna Morrison Reed, who is well known among California writers of verse. There are four songs in this new book for which Mrs. Travis wrote both words and music. They are called 'A Star,' 'The Mist and the Far Off Star' (this is dedicated to Mrs. Charles Rollo Peters), 'Just to Be Near' and 'Yearning.' Mrs. Travis in writing and composing has caught the witchery of 'that moon for which the sea of tears is ever a-tremble.' Her effort is to capture 'the word that grief would find, the word that love hath known,' and she is successful in her quest. Hers are 'slow and supplicating notes' that steal upon the heart, inducing sweetly sympathetic moods. All these songs by Mrs. Travis must be sung to a piano accompaniment if their perfect beauty is to be estimated. But their delicacy may be known somewhat from such brooding words as these:

A Star.

No unrest on the water's breast,
Just starlight like a dream
Held in night's deepening;
No wind,
Just a breath of Spring
Mystery in everything;
Just the ocean's undertone,
A soul calling to its own,
Starlight and a dream!
God in the mystic far,
Silence and a star.

* * *

The piano students of Mrs. J. B. Kiernan entertained parents and friends with a monthly recital recently. Piano solos, duets and trios were played by the Misses Helen Tobin, Margaret Connolly, Louise Tobin, Hazel Bruce, Rachel Kiernan, Josephine Tobin, Agathe Harmon. Violin solos were rendered by Miss S. McAnally and Anna Marie Kiernan, and a vocal solo, "Little Mischief," was sweetly sung by little Miss Viola Harper. All the numbers were well rendered and the students received hearty applause.

* * *

At the British Red Cross meeting, held February 10, F. Bischoff sang "Good Bye" (Tosti) and "Invictus" (Huhn). Mr. Bischoff is studying with E. Trevor Jones, and has a fine, robust tenor voice, his concert tone being exceptionally rich in quality. Both of his songs were beautifully rendered, and well received.

* * *

Dr. John J. Landsbury, of the University of Oregon school of music, will give two lectures before his extension classes at the Central Library, Friday, February 23, to which the public is cordially invited. The first lecture at 7:30 P. M. will take up the different methods of piano technique as illustrated by the work of such men as Leschetisky, Dieppe, Breithaupt, Raif, Mason and others. Dr. Landesbury will point out the strong points in the different methods and the general criticisms of each. Parents who have children studying music are especially invited to the lecture. The second lecture at 8:30 P. M. before the class in the science of music, will take up "modulation," with special reference to the dominant seventh chord and the dominant ninth chord, and the diminished seventh chord.

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Robert E. Millard, flutist, gave a lecture on "The History of the Flute," at the Jefferson High School before 1400 students last Wednesday. The flute was shown to be the most ancient of musical instruments and frequently mentioned in the oldest literature. Mr. Millard made a rapid survey of the great civilizations of ancient and modern times, showing the important place occupied by the flute in the art centers of the world at differentperiods of its history; and many interesting incidents were related which showed the condition of musical development in those times. At the close of the lecture Mr. Millard played a number on the old-style flute of Colonial days, and several solos on the modern Boehm-system instrument. A novelty consisting of a flute trio was given by Miss Beulah Clark, F. F. Jancke and R. E. Millard.

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At a special musical service tonight at the First German Baptist Church, J. William Belcher will sing the tenor recitative and aria from Handel's "Messiah,""Comfort Ye" and "Ev'ry Valley."

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After two years and a half as soloist and precentor at Third Church of Christ, Scientist, Mrs. Sara Glouce Bowman has resigned that position.

* * *

The musical programme celebrating Lincoln's birthday and life, was presented by students of Mrs. M. T. Carty at Alumni Hall. The speakers complimented Mrs. Carty highly for the splendid execution of the piano and vocal numbers. Mrs. Carty was the soprano soloist last Sunday at the Methodist Church South, Union avenue and Multnomah street. Mrs. Carty was in fine voice and sang "Peace, Troubled Heart" (Pinsuit).

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Rossini's "Stabat Mater" will be sung at St. Mary's Cathedral tonight at 7:45 o'clock with solos by Misses Grace Dawson, Tini Ledwidge, Rubie Goulet, Mrs. Rose Friedle Gianelli, James Flynn and Hugh Kennedy.

* * *

Evan Williams, the famous Welsh tenor, now makes his home in this country. Though he has been singing for a good many years, his voice has lost none of its sweetness and charm. He is heard frequently in oratorio, but more often in concert recitals. Welsh residents of this city and other admirers of Mr. Williams are urging that he be chosen as tenor soloist at the opening of the Civic Auditorium this Summer.

* * *

G. Martinelli stands next to the great Caruso among the tenors of the Metropolitan Grand Opera-House, New York City. Just now, Martinelli is happy, especially in the society of his baby, little Miss Martinelli. She is going into training early to be a prima donna. She delights to sit beside him at the piano while he practices for "Tosca" or "Il Trovatore," though she is only a year old.

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Communications intended for publication in these music columns must be accompanied by the names and address of the writers as a guarantee of good faith.

* * *

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$ 500	Emerson, upright, at now...	$190	Cash or..:	$ 6 Monthly Paym'nt	$ 350	Wegman, upright, at now...	$ 95	Cash or...	$ 5 Monthly Paym'nt
$ 350	Thompson, 1915 model, at now..	$195	Cash or...	$ 6 Monthly Paym'nt	$ 250	Angelus player, at now.....	$ 25	Cash or...	$ 5 Monthly Paym'nt
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$ 450	Thompson, 1915 model, at now...	$290	Cash or...	$ 7 Monthly Paym'nt	$ 350	Ivers & Pond, old model, at...	$ 35	Cash or...	$ 3 Monthly Paym'nt
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