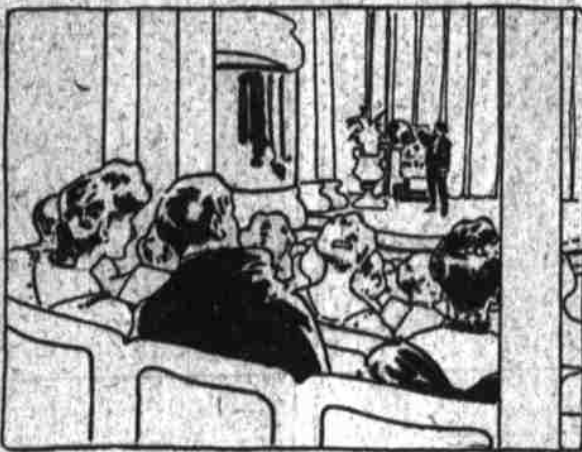


PORTLAND, OREGON, SUNDAY MORNING, JUNE 2, 1937



# 93 Years Ahead of Bellamy's Dream

## Marvels of Dr. Cahill's Musical Invention Exceed those of "Looking Backward."

TO MAKE perfect music with electric currents for tones; to anticipate, for aught we may know, the flawless strains of melodies celestial; to serve this pure stuff in any desired form to whole communities far more easily than milk is now served—these are a few of the truly remarkable features of a wonderful instrument invented by Dr. Thaddeus Cahill, an Ohioan, and now being put to practical, everyday use in New York city.

Stranger than any dream yet dreamt by man is this monster musical instrument, which may, at the will of the player, be made to reproduce perfectly the sound of any or all known instruments.

More fairy-like than any tale of elves and goblins is the manner in which its product is carried miles upon miles and delivered to the purchaser. More revolution-



Dr. Thaddeus Cahill, Inventor of Telharmonic System of Music.

with the words 'S. P. M.' against them; then I observed that this prodigious program was an all-day one, divided into twenty-four sections answering to the hours.

"She made me sit down comfortably, and, crossing the room, so far as I could see, merely touched one or two screws, and at once the room was filled with the music of a grand organ anthem; filled, not flooded, for, by some means, the volume of the melody had been perfectly graduated to the size of the apartment."

"Grand!" I cried. "Bach must be at the keys of that organ; but where is the organ?"

"Wait a moment, please," said Edith. "I want to have you listen to this waltz before you ask any questions." And as she spoke the sound of violins filled the room with the witchery of a summer night.

"When this had also ceased, she said: 'There is nothing in the least mysterious about the music, as you seem to imagine. It is not made by fairies or geni, but by good, honest and exceedingly clever hands. We have simply carried the idea of labor-saving by co-operation into our musical service as into everything else.'

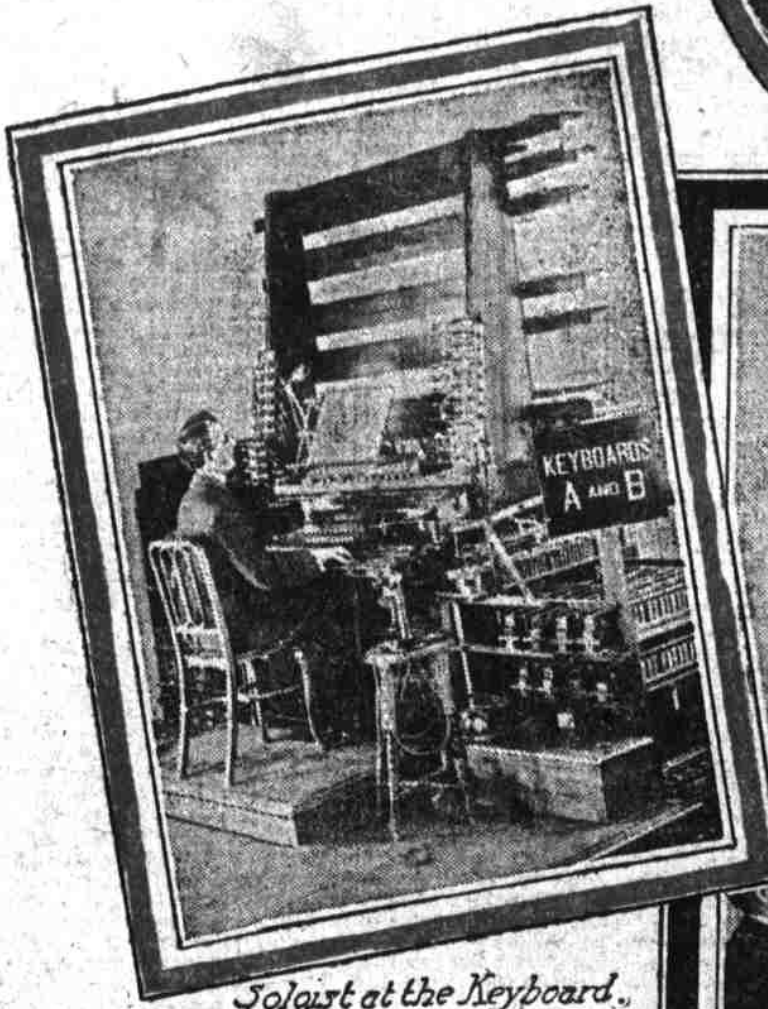
"There are on that card for today, as you will see, \* \* \* distinct programs of four concerts, each of a different order of music from the others, being now simultaneously performed, and any one of the four pieces now going on you can hear by merely pressing the button which will connect your house-wire with the hall where it is being performed.' \* \* \*

"Did I understand you rightly," I inquired, "that this musical program covers the entire twenty-four hours? It seems to, but who is there to listen to music between, say, midnight and morning?"

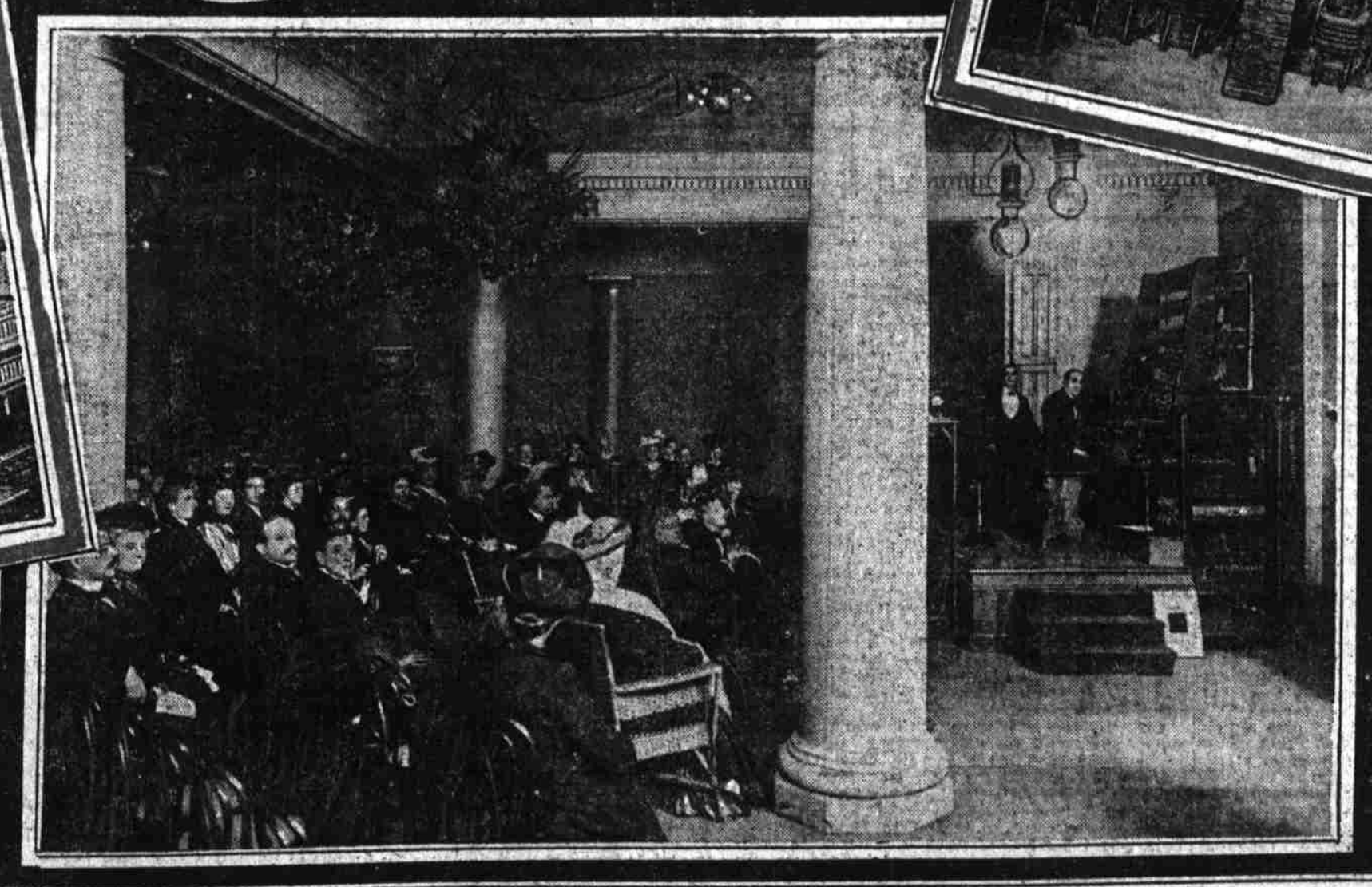
"Oh, many," Edith replied. "Our people keep all hours; but if the music were provided from midnight to morning for no others it still would be for the sleepless, the sick, and the dying. All our bedchambers have a telephone attachment at the head of the bed by which any person who may be sleepless can command music at pleasure, of the sort suited to the mood."

Now, one afternoon not long since, I sat in a large room on the busiest street in New York and heard this music of the future, thus antedating Bellamy's dream of ninety-three years, and aided in so doing by a method as far in advance of that he visioned—which was the playing of pianos, organs and orchestras into huge telephone receivers—as was his vision deemed in advance of the year 1887.

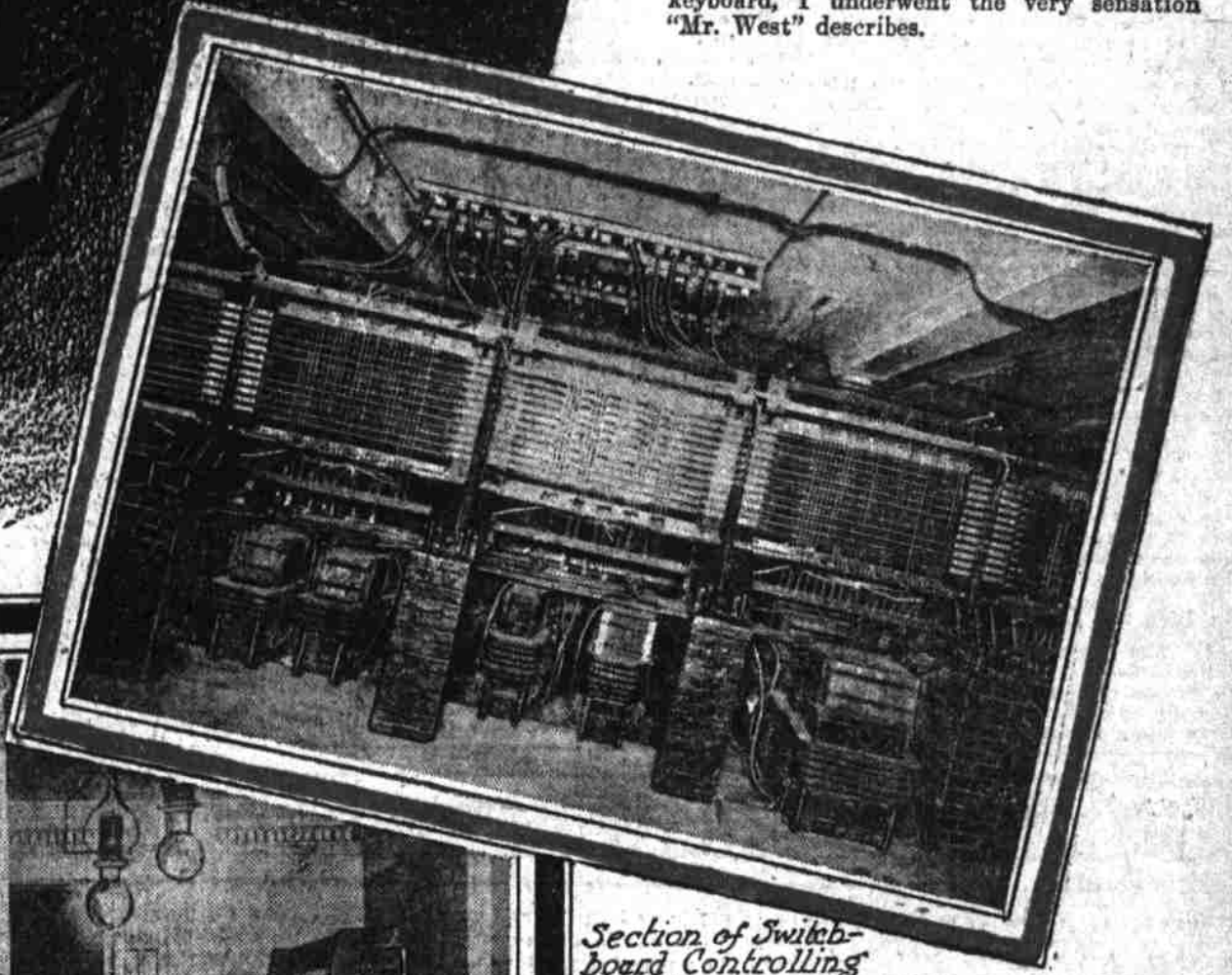
Seated in the presence of two human beings whose "good, honest and exceedingly clever hands" roved at will over an enormous keyboard, I underwent the very sensation "Mr. West" describes.



Soloist at the Keyboard.



Listening to Sweet Strains from Vases and Urns.



Section of Switchboard Controlling Currents.

Not from the keyboard, but from a graceful Grecian urn at my right, floated notes more pure and perfect than anything you can imagine, filling the room with what might be called the full sunlight of flawless sound.

Now it was the clarified essence of piano music. The players made a move or two on the board, and there came the crystal piping of a flute interlaced with the appealing call of the violoncello. Then the source of the music was changed. By the turn of a lever on a switchboard, the melody was made to issue from a great ball of flowers hanging from the ceiling.

Out of that flowery mass floated the opening bars of "William Tell," this time the solo being that of a marvelously true oboe, with flute obligato. Another turn at the switchboard. From a giant hydrangea bush near the door burst the call of the French horn, softest of brasses, and with it the deep, majestic growling of the tuba.

All this from one keyboard, mind you, and all this being heard at that very time by two other audiences, one in a theater half a mile away and another in a fashionable club twice as far distant—and either might have been in Albany and heard it as plainly.

And all this and a great deal more to be on tap at any hour of day or night in thousands of homes, clubs, hotels, hospitals and halls in New York and vicinity within a few weeks, and soon thereafter in all the larger cities of the world and their environs.

All this to soon make it possible for you to turn the pointer on a little dial in your bedroom when you roll in at night and be

ary in the realm of melody and sound than was the introduction of the piano, perhaps, it has not come upon us entirely unheralded, however.

For in a famous book, written by an American long before Dr. Cahill had thought of his marvelous machine, this new system of music was described.

By Leigh Mitchell Hodges

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IN EDWARD BELLAMY'S famous book, "Looking Backward," which startled the world twenty years ago with its fancied portrayal of conditions in the year 2000 A. D., none of the changes described seemed more fairy-like or improbable than that con-

cerning the music of the future.

And since I am about to describe a present-day, practical reality in music-making, which, in many ways, is an absolute fulfillment of his prophecy—while in some ways it extends beyond the farthest shores of this dream men laughed at—it is only fair to let the prophet, speaking through his hero, "Mr. West," have first say.

Mr. West has just accepted an invitation from his host's daughter to listen to some music. He relates his experience as follows:

"I followed her into an apartment finished, without hangings, in wood, with a floor of polished wood. I was prepared for new devices in musical instruments, but I saw nothing in the room which by any stretch of imagination could be conceived as such.

"Please look at today's music," she said, handing me a card, 'and tell me what you would prefer.'

"The card bore the date 'September 12, 2000,' and contained the longest program of music I had ever seen. \* \* \* I remained bewildered by the prodigious list until Edith's pink finger-tips indicated a particular section of it, where several selections were bracketed,

(CONTINUED ON INSIDE PAGE)