THE REALM of MUSIC

By GAETA IVORDA WOLD.

THIS year when the Musical Courier and other musical papers have been making such a great exposure of the piano-firms-and-artists deal, the policy of the Steinway house takes on new significance. The Steinway house has been touring only American artists this year.

It is only lately that the facts of the foreign artists' visits to America have been made public. Now practically every one knows that it is nothing more or less than the bidding of one piano house against another and that the highest bidder gets the artists to play its piano. Then the artist writes his little testimonial saying that such and such a piano is the best he has ever played on and signs his name. Sometimes his testimonial is non-committal and can be transferred to another the next season without any qualms of conscience; but the conscience does not bother very much anyway when salved over with a contract of anywhere from $50,000 to $100,000 for the season's work. This contract, then, is entered under the legitimate advertising expenses of the piano house.

But the companies themselves are getting sick of this procedure. They are beginning to realize that the advertising is worth little to them after all, for of what good is a testimonial that is repeated in exactly the same words by the same man for another piano the following year? And each year the artist's terms have been growing higher. For a rival firm must offer the pianist a trifle more for his prevarication, and then if the first one wishes to retain him he must raise that bid again. The piano house that secures the artist tours him and tries as best it can to make good its losses, which it never does, for it takes a huge sum of money to tour an artist.

Heretofore the more foreign the artist the more eagerly would the piano houses jump at him, knowing that the most foreign looking man with the most foreign name would draw the biggest crowd of Americans. And this was partly blamable for the coolness with which Americans treat their own artists, and partly due to it. Anyway it has served to help estrange the American public from its own artists, a condition which has year by year been growing worse in America.

Now the Steinway house has changed its policy, and what the Steinway house does means something to the musical world. This house has always toured the best of the European artists and to have its backing was a significant recommendation. Therefore it is particularly fortunate that the change of policy should have started here. This year it has chosen four American artists for its tours. They are artists who have been recognized all over Europe and only thus have won recognition in America. But the Steinway company believes that the tide will soon turn, that American-born prima donnas who are now filling the opera houses of Europe will eventually be our favorites, and that American pianists will soon command the American patronage.

Fannie Bloomfield Zeisler heads the list of their attractions this year. She is a Chicagoan and is universally recognized as one of our best pianists and in Europe is considered to have few equals in either sex. She created a great sensation in Paris some years ago when she conquered a hostile Parisian mob that tried to break up her concert because her impresario had the "effrontery" to present an American pianist who insisted on playing an American piano and chose a concerto by Saint-Saens, who was then under a boycott by the Musicians' union of Paris. The gendarmes had to be called to quell the rioters but the plucky American stuck to her post and her program and won the crowd in sheer admiration of her grit and genius.

Richard Buhlig, the second on the list, has been registering an unusual success in the east. He also is a Chicagoan who studied first in America and later with Leschetizky. His career in Europe has been a series of brilliant successes. He is a young, strikingly handsome man conversant in all the continental languages and literatures and exceedingly brilliant.

Ernest Schelling is a protege of Paderewski and was introduced as his only pupil. He was born of a wealthy family near Philadelphia where they still reside and his brother is professor of literature in the University of Pennsylvania. In early youth he was sent abroad to study and Paderewski was so taken with him that he invited the boy to his home to study. He was afterward taken up by the Duke and Duchess of Mecklenburg and installed as court pianist at their Castle Willegrad. He has since played in every country in Europe and South America. He married into one of the old Knickerbocker families two years ago and has since been abroad playing with the great orchestras of Europe, principally in the production of his own compositions.

Ernest Hutcheson is at the head of the Peabody institute of Baltimore. Although an Australian by birth Hutcheson is an American by adoption for he has become a citizen here and is fond of the land. He spends his vacations right at home instead of running off to Europe and puts in much time composing. His success on his American tour has been great.

★ ★

The first rehearsal of the D'Urbano concert to be given at the Marquam theatre on or about February 23, will take place at Eilers recital hall next Thursday afternoon at 2 o'clock. The women who have already offered their services are requested to be present with instruments and music stands. Other women playing any orchestral instrument and desiring to take part in this benefit concert, under D'Urbano's direction, are asked to send their names and addresses to the office, 304 Filedner building, before Thursday, in order to take part in the first rehearsal.

★ ★

At the wedding of Miss Rachel Josephi Tuesday evening at 8:30 the program of organ music by the church organist will be as follows:

Prelude .....Glazounow
Barcarolle .....Faulkes
Nocturne .....Pache
Interlude .....Dubois

The wedding music from Lohengrin and "A Midsummer Night's Dream" will also be played.

★ ★

The program at St. David's Episcopal church where J. Hutchison assumes his new duties as organist today will be as follows:

Te Deum—Laudamus .....Hopkins
Jubilate .....Sullivan
Offertory .....Rhineberger
Evensong—
Matins—
Magnificat .....Burnett
Nunc Dimittis .....Burnett
Anthem—"Lead Me, Lead" .....Wesley

★ ★

Miss Clara Howell, contralto, will give a varied and interesting program at her coming recital with Miss Kathleen Lawler, Wednesday afternoon. Among Miss Howell's numbers will be the aria, "Ah, Rendimi," from "Mitrane," and "My Heart Is Weary," from "Nadeschda"; also songs by Hugo Wolf, Schumann, Hildach and Chadwick. Mrs. Walter Reed's Tuesday Afternoon club will give two numbers.

★ ★

Madame Teresa Carreno will play here February 3 at the Heilig and will be the next of the popular Lois Steers- Wynn Coman attractions. This is the madame's first visit to Portland and her visit is looked forward to with intense interest for her name has long been a power in the pianistic world.

★ ★

The soloists for the Scottish celebration of the birthday of "Bobbie Burns" are Miss Grayce Campbell, Miss Ethel Lytle, Mrs. Walter Reed, Dom J. Zan and J. Carrick. The popular Treble Clef club will give two Scotch numbers, "Blue Bells of Scotland" and "A Highland Lad My Love Was Born."

★ ★

The first public Welte-Mignon piano recital will be given Tuesday evening at Eilers' hall. The Welte Mignon is the instrument which preserves the playing of the masters through a mechanical device. Many of the leading pianists of the day are represented in the repertoire of the instrument.

★ ★

Cards are out for the recital to be given in Eilers hall Wednesday afternoon, at which Mrs. Walter Reed will present Miss Kathleen Lawler, soprano, and Miss Clara Howell, contralto.

★ ★

Miss Alice D. Juston, contralto, and Miss Cornelia Barker, violinist, were the soloists Friday evening at Eilers' weekly recital. Louis P. Bruce was at the pianola.

★ ★

Mrs. J. Ernest Laidlaw sang a solo, "Be Thou Strong" (Neidlinger), at the First Congregational church last Sunday evening.

★ ★

Mrs. Byron E. Miller will be the soloist next Friday at the Woman's club.

Madame Teresa Carreno to Play at the Heilig February 3.

Herbert Witherspoon, Basso, Coming to Heilig.

OPERA SINGERS FIND Land of Milk and Honey

A Paris letter to the London Daily Mail gives some interesting facts concerning opera singers and their salaries in the gay capital. Conditions are similar here with almost fabulously large salaries paid to the singers who appear the least. The letter says:

"M. Gailliard ceases to be the manager of the Grand opera house on December 31st next, and his place will be taken by M. Massager. Up to the end of last year M. Gailliard's management of the opera had realized a net profit of just under £4 for the whole period, extending over many years, during which he has been at the head of the great theatre. The total annual subscriptions to boxes and stalls were £55,426 in 1905 and £54,688 in 1906. The box office receipts in 1906 produced £126,550. The highest receipts were in the months of September and November, and the lowest in March.

"The operas which drew the largest houses in 1906 were, in order, "Ariane," "Faust," "Salammbo," "Somsan and Dalila" and "Die Meistersinger." The smallest houses were drawn by "L'Etranger," "Sigurd," "Der Freischutz," and "I Pagliacci."

"The report states that the principal artists at the Grand opera are much too highly paid. Mlle. Breval receives a salary of £300 per month. Mlle. Grandjean £2,400 per annum and Mme. Laegion £1,728 per annum. The following ladies receive £720 per annum each: Miss Lindsay, Mlle. Verlet, Mlle. Hatto and Mlle. Demougeot. M. Alvarez receives £320 per month, Messrs. Delmas and Affre receive £3,360 per annum each and M. Note £2,220 per annum.

"It is pointed out that for his salary of £3,360 per annum M. Affre only sang 49 times in 1906. Mlle Breval only sang 48 times, while another artist, Mlle. Borgo—who, it is true, only receives £400 a year—only sang nine times. Mlle. Hoppo sang 18 times for £720.

"The ladies of the ballet are paid according to the position they hold. Mme. Zambelli, the premiere danseuse, receives £1,280 per year. Next to her comes Mlle. Sandrim, with £1,200 per year. Then follows a whole firmament of minor stars at salaries ranging from £480 to £100 per annum. An ordinary dancer of the corps de ballet receives a salary ranging from £96 to £72 per annum, and works very hard for the money.

"The Opera Comique is a far greater financial success than the Grand opera, perhaps because its expenses are not so heavy. The report bestows unstinted praise on the manager, M. Carre. The total receipts for the 1906-07 season amount to £101,149. The highest receipts were made with "Manon," which was given 26 times, the average receipts for each performance being £346. The next biggest houses were drawn by "Carmen," "Traviata," "La Vie de Boheme," "Werther," "Ariane," "Mme. Butterfly" and "Fortunio." The Opera Comique has an annual subscription list exceeding £12,320.

"The best paid artist of the Opera Comique is M. Clement, who receives £300 per month. Then come M. Beyle with £220 per month, M. Lucien Fugere £200 per month, M. Dafraune £160 per month, M. Jean Perrier £120 per month, M. Delvoye £88 and M. Vieuille £80. Miss Mary Garden receives £280 per month, Mlle. Friche £140 and Mme. Caron or Mlle. Felia Litvinne £40 for each perofrmance.

"The net profits of the Opera Comique last year, after deducting all expenses of management and the cost of new scenery, were £5,220."

YOUTHFUL PIANISTE Creates Small Sensation

One of the most remarkably talented children heard in years in Portland was presented by W. Gifford Nash Wednesday evening at a private hearing at his studio in Eilers' house. She is Miss Osie Bartlett, a girl of 15, who played a program that any grown musician might have presented with pride in his accomplishment, and played it with a confidence and masterliness that aroused enthusiastic admiration.

All who have heard the child are agreed that a future of more than ordinary promise awaits her. To her credit are placed a mind of great receptive and retentive power, a determination and limitless patience to work, wonderful strength and power, individuality and remarkable technique. The soul seems still to be in its developing stage. She plays with a brilliancy and power that fairly sets the audience a wondering. Mr. Nash presented her to a small gathering of people prior to a public recital which she will give the evening of January 28, at Eilers' recital hall. The funds acquired from time to time from her recitals are to be placed in a savings bank to be used later to send her to Europe for further study. And if ever the aid of the public were given in a worthy cause it would be in this case.

The program Wednesday opened with a masterly rendition of the Bach Chromatic Fantasie and Fugue in D minor, a huge composition played then for the second time in Portland. Her memory was taxed to the utmost in the commitment of this work and she worked through the long passages unerringly with a clean playing. The phrasing and shading were excellent. The absence of tonality, that is the presence of no definite key for any length of time, makes it a difficult composition to memorize and play, and yet she played it remarkably and with musical expression—a thing not often found in players of Bach. The fantasie movement was especially well worked out.

A Chopin Nocturne followed—a mood poem of beauty and tenderness. The "Variations Brillantes" (Chopin) with its elaborate figuration was done with a good deal of brilliancy though possibly she could have caught a little more the spirit of the movement. This was played for the first time publicly in Portland. Her third group opened with a dainty, old-fashioned "Gavotte" by Gluck-Brahms, played here by Gabrilowitsch last winter. She brought out well the dance movements. Poldini's "Marche Mignonne," which Mrs. Dierke introduced at her concert, was dainty and, in keeping with its name, was kept down throughout to the small, light style instead of widening into a powerful march. The Brassin arrangement of the famous "Magic Fire" lacked a little in soul but the slumber motive was accentuated effectively and her double sixths were brilliantly carried off.

The Schubert-Liszt "Du bist die Ruh" a simple melody of peace, did not catch all the beauty of expression possible. The Moszkowsky waltz in E major, from which the favorite "Love Waltz" has been arranged, was played in the unchanged and difficult original with great brilliancy and power though the delicacy of the smaller passages was hardly on a par with the brilliancy and strength of the big passages.

The three concert studies that completed the program really served to show the magnitude of the girl's powers better than any other number save the Bach. All were brilliant—a chord study in E major by Thalberg, a Vogrich Staccato Caprice, and a Kullak octave study which was a tour de force. The vigor of her playing, the cleanness of her fingering and the force of her attack showed a brilliancy of technic that set the audience bubbling with enthusiasm. In response to repeated applause Mr. Nash had her play a left hand study, a "stunt" done with true cleverness.

Congratulations were heaped upon Mr. Nash after the performance and much sympathetic interest was shown in the coming recital to which a number of prominent society and music people have given their support as patronesses.

SHE WANTS TO KNOW Who Is the Onliest Only

"Journal—Kindly answer the following question in your valuable paper: Is Jan Kubelik the greatest living violinist? If not, who is, and how does he rank? AN OLD SUBSCRIBER."

It would be presumptuous for anyone to say that any certain person was the greatest violinist. Such a thing cannot be exactly determined, for there is no tangible standard. You can say who is the fattest man in the world, or who is the tallest man, or the longest haired woman, because those are matters of absolute measurement. But who would presume to say, for instance, that any one was the most beautiful woman in the world? Who, that is, but her press agent? It can at best be nothing more than an opinion. But the consensus of opinion may decide the rank of a person, and will limit the most beautiful to a small number. And from that small number each has a right to make his own choice.

That is the way with musicians. Public opinion—that is, the opinion of the majority, will give certain ones places at the top but there is room for a good many at the top. Kubelik has been advertised often as the greatest living violinist. I think he falls far short of it, but that is only my opinion. Others think he is a "wiz," which is short and disrespectful for "wizard of the violin," the press agent's term.

But among the leaders in the violin world may be placed Ysaye, Fritz Kreisler, Musin, Cesar Thomson, Kubelik and others. Ysaye has probably the greatest name—that is he has been heralded for the longest time and over the most ground as the greatest. Many will not agree to that, though. They think that Fritz Kreisler is the greatest and most satisfactory.

But it is the same way in the piano world. Paderewski is the greatest in point of name, probably. Everyone knows of him, though they may never have heard of Harold Bauer, Emil Sauer, Ossip Gabrilowitsch, Josef Hofman, Moritz Rosenthal, Leopold Godowsky, Richard Buhlig, Saint-Saens, Mark Hambourg and others of like reputation. That is because Paderewski was better advertised. But it is only the popular sentiment that grants him his place as the world's greatest. The discriminating musician prefers to hear many others whose work is more serious and more progressive, more free from shams and pose. Yet never will that title, "the greatest pianist in the world," leave the red headed Pole, though dozens may rise all around him and become greater.

Ysaye has been a great violinist—he is yet when he so wills it. But like a certain pianist about whom so much has been said in criticism, he can play so "sloppily" sometimes, and can go so utterly to pieces in his effort to please the popular ear that he does not have indisputable claim to the title. But that, I believe, is one thing not to be said of Kubelik. He does not cater cheaply to the public taste. He plays his best, and wishes to do his best and plays with taste and musicianship. But if there is anything lacking it is soul, and he has gained much of that in the past few years. He is still growing in years and in his art, and will probably reach much higher heights before he is done.

ILL-JUDGED NOISE Destroying a Picture

An editorial from the Musical Courier is so good that it is copied here. The same matter has been spoken of on this page more than once. One of the most inartistic things ever seen on the stage was in connection with the "Madam Butterfly" production, in which a beautiful scene was ruined by bad judgment and an undiscriminating public.

The effect of the beautiful humming song at the end of the second act in "Butterfly" has not died away when the curtain goes down on the pathetic little Japanese figure standing at the window through the long night watches awaiting her lover. That music throbs and pulsates through you with the pathos of the scene, and as it dies away in a gentle diminuendo you can see as plainly as if the curtain were still up the lonely little figure at the window. You are lost in the dream picture, and the illusion is perfect, the lights are low, the music is subdued, and a hush has fallen over the whole house.

Then — rude awakening — applause bursts forth, but you try not to hear it, and you feel that that figure is still standing at the window. But you suddenly glance up, and to your surprise and almost horror she has left her post to come and bow her thanks to the applauding public. There she is before you, smiling and bowing, and destroying utterly the pretty illusion.

Then, after a pause, the orchestra takes up the music where it left off, and the curtain goes up, and little Butterfly is still standing there in the darkness and dawn begins to come upon her. But the effect has been lost. You know that she has left her post, and you remember her with smiles on her face instead of tears in her eyes, and you have to go to all the trouble of readjusting. Really, it is unfortunate.

If the audience had sat perfectly still, without a sound of applause, the compliment would have been a hundred times greater. The singer or the actress that can sing or play an audience to a hush is far greater than one who startles them into great applause. There is a reverence that expresses itself in silence only. I believe at Bayreuth they recognize some such principle, and no applause is heard there from start to finish, and there are no rude interruptions. The only thing that can be as bad is the inartistic habit of encoring a singer in the midst of an act and making her repeat a number whose continuity and sequence with the rest of the music are part of its beauty. But it will take a long time for the public to realize that silence is golden, and that the greatest appreciation is not shown in the largest noise.

Here is what the Courier says:

"Richard Wagner had the instinct of artistic consistency, and never proved it with more exactness than when he ordered that no encores should interrupt an operatic performance. The singers could be called only after the end of the work. Here we are barbarians, and do not even know, do not feel, that the symmetry of an opera or drama is always destroyed by the appearance of the principals after a scene or an act. The same nuisance prevails in most theatres and opera houses of Europe, and hence it cannot be expected that any reform in any direction can be expected, notwithstanding Richard's incisive demand. The absurdity is emphasized when we observe how quickly, for instance, the conductor, Campanini, at the Manhattan, gets from his desk in the orchestra into the wings of the stage in order to be ready to be dragged on the stage by the singers after an act. He knows in advance that he will be linked in the chain, and he is therefore graciously prepared for the absurd exhibition. Anyway, our audiences are too intimate with the performers, and this adds to the destruction of the illusion and makes the stage a commonplace instead of a distinction. And now our audiences usually titter and laugh at the wrong time! There is nothing more stupid, anyway, than a twentieth century audience."

AMERICAN BASSO Favorite in England

There is much interest shown in the Herbert Witherspoon recital on January 29, for this is Mr. Witherspoon's first appearance in Portland. Yet his fame has far preceded him. Mr. Witherspoon is a recognized concert singer of high ability, having all the necessary essentials—intelligent reading and interpretation, perfect phrasing, good diction, pleasing personality, and a rich, powerful voice, perfectly trained. He is a thorough artist and has forsaken the operatic field for the song field. His success in England has been marked, and in London he is a great favorite and is considered the greatest American male singer.

Mr. Witherspoon has just finished a number of important engagements in London, beginning June 19, and including solos at six orchestral concerts at Queen's hall under the direction of Henry J. Wood. He began his American tour December 6.

HUNTING BEARS.

Some of the Biggest of the Bruin Family Found in Far North.

From the Chicago Post.

"There is good bear hunting on the Alaskan peninsula. I got seven grizzlies one afternoon, all of them within a quarter of a mile and not over half an hour's time. The smallest of them was a three-year-old, and I should say they averaged 2,000. It took 18 cartridges to bring the seven down."

Grant B. Chase, hunter and prospector, who for 11 years, has spent most of his time in the Alaskan wilds, crossed his knees in reminiscent fashion at the Sherman house this morning and told a few bear stories on the eve of returning to his favorite haunts.

Then for corroboration there is the testimony of Mrs. Chase, who for several years has shared her husband's life and who has kept a diary wherein is faithfully recorded the number of bear caribou, sea otter and other fur bearers brought down daily and careful measurements of the biggest skins.

"I suppose I have killed 500 or 600 bears altogether," continued Mr. Chase. "Of course a good deal of my time has been given to some copper properties I am interested in or the number might have been much larger. At one time and another I have hunted bear pretty much all through the Rockies, but there isn't another place to equal the Alaskan peninsula.

"Big? Well, I'll tell you. Those bears up there are the largest in the world. A full grown male weighs from 2,000 to 2,500 pounds. The skin of the largest fellow I ever killed measured 13 feet, four inches long and 13 feet, three inches spread from toenail to toenail. I can lift as much as the average man, but I'm telling it straight when I say that with Mrs. Chase to help me I couldn't turn that fellow over on his back to skin him.

Twenty feet is the nearest a bear, bent on mischief, ever got to me. An old female, whose cub I had brought down, came for me one day and she was mad. She was 60 or 70 yards distant and in a bunch of alder when I took my first shot at her. She got up and came out in the clearing and then she saw me and came for me in earnest. I worked my gun pretty rapidly and the shots took effect. She was about six paces away when she dropped.

"Mrs. Chase and I got a scare once, though, in rather a ludicrous way. I had three camps in a lonely region where for three years Mrs. Chase never saw a white woman. I had put up 'bavraias,' or houses, of driftwood, the only kind available. We were going from one camp to another when I brought down a bear.

"We were in no hurry, so we stopped, built a fire and had some lunch. After lunch—about an hour after the shooting, we went down into a gulch where the bear was lying. Mrs. Chase was carrying an aluminum teapot. I got her to help me turn the bear over, and I was about to remove his hide when the big fellow suddenly came to life.

"You should have seen Mrs. Chase go up that hillside. The best of it was, in spite of her haste, she took time to rescue her teapot. I believe I jumped about 20 feet myself. If that bear had been in shape to do damage there might have been some trouble—but he wasn't. As a general thing there isn't much adventure—it's too easy."

What Was Lacking.

From Youth's Companion.

A man who had served two terms in congress was making a campaign for a third term. In the course of a speech in the town hall at Broomcorn Junction, a village near the further boundary of his district, he said:

"It is true, fellow citizens, that I have not always been able to do as much as I should like to do in the matter of internal improvements in this district, but I have never lost sight of your interests for a single moment. You have no idea of the obstacles that lie in the way of a congressman who tries to secure appropriations for public buildings, the improvement of navigable streams and the like for the benefit of his constituents, but I want to assure you, fellow citizens, that I have labored constantly in your behalf to the very best of my ability."

"We know it!" shouted an old farmer in the audience. "That's why we want an abler man."

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