

THE REALM OF MUSIC

BY GASTA IVORRA HOLD.

SUCH a beautiful time, as we do have these days reproaching our ancestors for their lack of appreciation and glowing with righteous indignation when we recall the treatment the men whose memories we now revere received when they were living. We study the history of literature and our blood boils with the indignities suffered by great writers whose efforts were so far in advance of their age that the writers were scorned and left to die in poverty. The same thing is true in other lines of life, and not the least in music. And we pat ourselves on the backs and feel that we would never have done such a thing.

It is much the same feeling as we experienced when, as children, we read the story of Christ and wept over the blindness of the Jews and felt a hopeless sense of desolation over the lack of moral courage displayed by Pontius Pilate. I say "as children," for as we grow older mayhap we realize that under the same conditions we, too, might have been blind and stubborn; that under their lights we, too, might have been persecutors. But more likely are we to forget that circumstances repeat themselves; that everyday we may see at someone who is only in advance of the time; that few generations ago many of the facts now accepted by us as the most rational common-sense seemed to the people of that time as absurd as do some of the things we laugh at now. And so it is always well to defer the self-patting on the back.

But I started to speak of honor deferred. No doubt the genius who was starved into heaven by his unappreciative and, may I say, pig-headed brethren, the monuments erected to him now and the laurel wreaths and the songs and praises accorded him are a joy and delight forever for his bird-eye view. Eternal joy is the only thing that can delight him now, probably. But I wonder if the heart pangs, and the hunger of his soul and the material hunger of those days gone by are also eternal. That would be sad indeed. Well, perhaps, tardy adulation is the only thing that, stumbling humanity can give to make up for its errors. But could not the remedy well be applied earlier?

I read an article in the other day in which the writer flayed Germany in a wholesale manner for its misappreciation of its great. He said that Germany felt it had done a desperate time in itself in its treatment of Mozart and Schubert, and even later, Robert Franz, names familiar and loved throughout the whole musical world; that it had been making up in later years its inhuman treatment by means of monuments—after these composers had been starved to death by lack of support. But then he grew indignant in earnest because right now, within the last century, when people are supposed to have reached the stage of enlightenment in such matters, they have actually starved to death another musician, Hugo Wolf, in a desperate time in Germany. A volume of his songs was given to the publisher just to get them out of his sight and the publisher's presence drove him mad. The writer said "The literature on the subject is now beginning to filter in among the people, and Germany soon will have enough Hugo Wolf discussion to prepare it to starve another genius. Maybe starvation in the one method of public opinion, at least in music; yet if that were true we ought to have quite a number of great musicians in America."

Wolf's songs are now known all over the world and are taking their place in musical literature. Between February and May, 1888, Wolf wrote the music for 44 of Morike's poems, and in two more months he had completed settings for 38 of Goethe's songs, and his volume of 81 songs, which was finished in three and a half months—and the man was suffering meanwhile from an inadequacy of food. During his life he had received for his songs 88 marks, or \$12 in five years. The publishers refused to advertise them and no one knew of them. Now that Wolf is known and has been advertised his heirs have already received from the publishers 200,000 marks and are publicans are getting ready to raise the glory now done Wolf, who died only a few years since, boot him for the misery and suffering of those early years.

There are cases nearer home which are almost parallel. Edward MacDowell, the greatest composer America has produced, owed the tragedy of his life to misappreciation and misunderstanding. He labored faithfully to raise the standard of musical taste here; he worked incessantly to inculcate in the young the best ideas of music, and a history that should make us blush. Records the returns he received. And there are doubtless others among us even now who are receiving no encouragement for their really good work; who do not receive even what they need to keep them alive and to whom we will do honor when they have joined the glorious dead—starved into glory. If only some of these geniuses could bring themselves to write popular stuff they would have bread and butter here, even though they would not have monuments after they were dead.

William R. Broome of Newport, R. I., visited here last week and renewed a warm friendship with John Claire Monteth, the baritone. Mr. Broome is a musician of unusual ability, and he has just been appointed head of the piano department at the Oregon Agricultural college. For several years he has been organist in the leading Episcopal church in Newport, the church attended by the exclusive summer set of that place. Mr. Monteth spent a summer there one year, and Mr. Broome was his accompanist in his solo work and a warm friendship sprang up. Mr. Monteth expects to see a pronounced development in the musical department at Corvallis under Mr. Broome and his colleagues for new energy and enthusiasm will be brought into the department. Today Mr. Broome will play a few services at the First Congregational church.

The music at the White Temple today will be as follows: Morning—Anthem, "He Shall Come Down Like Rain" (Allen); solo, "Lead Me All the Way" (Briggs); "Lullaby" (Ruyter); Evening—"Crossing the Bar" (Wheeler); Miss Kathleen Lawler soprano, Miss Ethel Shea contralto, J. W. Beicher tenor, Milton Murray baritone, Miss Nellie Kennedy at the organ.

Owing to his large Portland class and his professional engagements Henry L. Bettman, violinist, has been obliged to abandon his weekly trip to Albany. His place as director of the violin department of Albany college will be filled by his pupil, Miss Margaret Paulsenius.

W. H. Boyer will again direct the choir of the First Methodist church, which has added substantially to its



Miss Catherine Covach, Soprano, St. Mary's Church.

chorus. Mrs. E. S. Miller soprano, Miss Evelyn Hurley contralto and Charles Cutter baritone will again be the soloists with Mr. Merritt tenor, in addition Mrs. Hammond contralto, Mr. Davis tenor and William Seaberg and Paul Yates basses have joined the chorus and will assist in solo work. Mr. Boyer is an excellent director, and always succeeds in getting excellent results from his chorus. Today F. S. Mendenhall of Chicago will be at the organ in place of Mrs. Warren E. Thomas.

Brooklyn now has a \$1,200,000 concert and opera auditorium, which is called the Academy of Music. It is a handsome edifice and suitable, to its purpose. Some objection was made to naming it as it is named because the title seemed to limit its sphere of usefulness. However, the purpose for which it was primarily built was out. A grand opera season over in Brooklyn by the Metropolitan force is already assured. More than \$70,000 for the 14 performances has already been subscribed. The initial performance will take place Saturday evening, November 14, two days before the opening of the season at the Metropolitan opera.

An English journal informs the world that "in a recent book of memoirs a new note of Richard Wagner's on the subject of Schubert's music is quoted. He said that Schubert must have possessed a sponge from which music poured out wherever he chose to press it." The comparison is excellent, for it enables us to understand why so much water results when certain composers squeeze the sponge of their inspiration.—Musical Courier.

Madame Charlotte Maconda, the charming little soprano who gave a concert here last season, is booked for a good tour this year. She will go on a nine weeks' tour through the autumn months, and will make weekly trips to Portland from her home, "The Meadows," on the Columbia river; Miss Bertha Dart of the Philharmonic orchestra from Dresden, Germany.

Among the out of town people that have made arrangements to pursue their vocal instruction with Rose Courten- Reed are Miss Constance Bransterter, who makes weekly trips to Portland from her home, "The Meadows," on the Columbia river; Miss Bertha Dart of the Philharmonic orchestra from Dresden, Germany.

The year 1909 will be remarkable for the number of centenarians to be celebrated of the births of persons famous in music, science, literature, statesmanship, etc. The most famous of the group are Chopin, Mendelssohn, Lincoln, Gladstone, Oliver Wendell Holmes, Tennyson, Fitzgerald, Poe and Darwin.

It is not generally known that Henry Watterson, the famous editor of the Louisville Courier-Journal, intended at one time to be a piano virtuoso and educated himself for that profession. Later he lost the use of one of his hands and in consequence was diverted from music to journalism.

The first rehearsal of Rose Courten- Reed's Tuesday Afternoon club will take place September 22, and will take up "Chopin's 'Nocturne,'" "Wagner's 'Spring Song,'" by Oscar Wolf.

The Oregon Male quartet of Portland sang at the Salem state fair and was complimented by the audience. Many compliments were passed on their work.

The Oregon Male quartet of Portland will start its work on October 1. Excellent programs are in preparation for the season's recitals.

Mrs. Hall, soprano of the Central M. E. church in San Francisco, will sing "The Holy City," Centenary M. E. church this morning.

W. Gifford Nash has returned and has reopened his studio at 148 North Twenty-second street.

Charles Dierke is planning to present a number of pupils in a series of recitals in the near future.

Miss Jocelyn Coulter has returned from her vacation trip and has opened her piano studio at 148 North Twenty-second street.

Mary Adele Case, contralto at the American church in Paris and pupil of King Clark, gave a musical recital recently at the Central Congregational church.

Listeners than the melodious Russian's rhapsody from the string quartet, op. 11. No need to say which symphony leads all others in the number of performances and in the universality and unabating popularity. All told, Tschakowsky seems to hold a safe grip on a reasonable measure of admiration, and his several critics by a safe margin. Everyone who heard the symphony played in June by the New York Symphony orchestra under Walter Damrosch's inspirational baton will surely be gratified with the last part of that paragraph at least.

MUSICAL SEASON TO Open With Quartet

The musical season this year will be formally opened with the first concert in the Steers-Coman series, the Metropolitan opera quartet, which will sing Wednesday evening, October 7, at the Steers-Coman opera house. The program for this year with its five splendid attractions has been received with enthusiasm by the Metropolitan stars, and this is voted an excellent series.

The four artists who make up the quartet which will tour the west under Miss Steers and Coman's management are Madame Marie Rappold, soprano; Madame Josephine Jacoby, contralto; Constantino, baritone; and Giuseppe Campanari, baritone. Each has had a share of the individual honors given the Metropolitan stars, and none of them comes unheralded, even to the far west. Their program will consist of solo, duets, trios and quartets from the big opera, and the evening will be a potpourri of the best operatic music.

ITALIAN TENOR GETS Laurels From Berlin

Florenco Constantino, the talented tenor who so delighted Portland two seasons ago when he sang here with the San Carlos opera company, and that was while he was still comparatively little known in the artistic world—is winning one success after another. He is singing at the San Carlos and last season set Boston quite wild with admiration. While the Boston opera house was being talked of it was decided without a dissenting vote that should Boston secure permanent opera the San Carlos company should sing there and Constantino should be the first chosen and one of the most prominent soloists. This summer he spent in Europe and at a recent performance at Kroll's, in Berlin, as the duke in "Rigoletto," set the audience into a fever heat of admiration. The German papers asked what it meant to find Berliners so excited over old Italian opera, and another aptly answered that it was Constantino's superb voice and the artistic treatment of it that excited enthusiasm.

VOLUNTARY CHOIR Does Good Work

An organization that has done splendid work in the past few months and promises well for the future is the voluntary choir of St. Mary's cathedral, under the direction of Frederick W. Goodrich. The full choir sings every Sunday at high mass at 11 o'clock, and the music rendered is always of very high character. During the coming season the following masses will be sung by the choir: Haydn No. 1 in B flat and No. 2 "The Imperial"; Weber in G; Kalliwoda in A; Gullmunt No. 1 in F and No. 3 (Messe Solenne) in E flat; Monstet in G; Hummel in D; Gounod "Missa"; and Constantino's "Missa in honor of the Sacred Heart"; Beethoven in C; Marzò (Messe Solenne) in G and No. 5 in G; Hamann "Missa of St. Cecilia" in F flat; Motets by Gounod, Haydn, Mozart, Elgar, Klein, Cobb and several other composers will also find a place in the service of the choir. The soloist of the choir is Miss Catherine Covach who has done good and brilliant work in the past. Her voice is peculiarly fitted for the florid music of the Catholic service. Miss Rose Friedle, contralto, J. Gibson, tenor, and R. A. Cearnis, bass, make up a very capable quartet.

THE OLD MAN TO JABEZ. Advises Him to Cultivate Reticence, as Profitable.

"Jabez," said that wise old fellow, Jabez's father, in his talkative son, "you talk too much; your clatter is going all the time."

"There's an old saying, 'Young folks should be seen but not heard.' You've passed the young folks stage, you are now a man out in the world on your own account, and when there is any occasion for you to say anything you want to say it and be not afraid, and there may even be times when you want to blow your own horn and blow it good and strong; but you want to know when those times are and never, never talk just to hear yourself talk."

"It's astonishing how much ignorance a man can reveal by aimless conversation, and even more astonishing how much credit a man can get for knowing things simply by keeping his mouth shut. Many of our country's big reputation has been built on so slender a foundation as reticence. And when you come to think of it, reticence makes not so slender a foundation, after all, for it betokens at least self-control, and is not self-control, self-command the foundation of all success? It surely is."

"Jabez, my boy, you have much to learn. Even you in your saner moments will admit that. Don't tell people how little you know by overtalking. Talk when you have to and don't be shy; never be afraid; but even in this

MOURNFUL RUSSIAN Finds Ready Champion

The admirers of Tschakowsky who grieve to hear people rail against his music because of its gloom and pessimism, and who hear, in spite of the composer's melancholy, a deep pathos and beautiful emotion in his music will read with gratefulness the Musical Courier's championship of him. This, even though the composer's work and the manner in which it lives might seem in itself a sufficient champion. The Courier says:

In spite of the critical croakings against him and the pathetic prophecies that Tschakowsky's music would not long survive its composer, his works are looking forward to a busier season than ever this winter. Tschakowsky's piano concerto is the most popular in the repertoire of the pianist, his violin concerto ranks in favor with the imperishable one by Mendelssohn, and there is no song better liked than Tschakowsky's "Nur wer die Sehnsucht kennt," or no chamber music movement more beloved of players and

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"Cultivate rather a habit of reticence. A new piece of highway apparatus for cleaning asphalt pavements is being tried out at New York. Water from a tank is sprayed in front of a roller to which stiff rubber strips are fastened in spirals.

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