



The Realm of Music

By GAETA IVORDA WOLD.

IN ONE thing Portland is advanced, certainly. It is in the matter of the removal of hats at a concert. It is surprising to note that many of the largest cities in the east, cities that had the advantages of generations of culture long before Portland had even set its foot on the map, are behind in this matter. Frequently the papers take up the fight and make caustic comments on the subject, and the larger hats, the more witty comments. But it may be that they fear they would be deprived of a prolific subject for humor were the trouble summarily disposed of and so they don't go into the fight with sufficient determination.

Ordinarily in theatres hats are removed because all who go to the theatre go to see and they make their demands peremptory. All have the same purpose and all have the same desires in the matter, people remove their hats "as they would it should be done to them." The rules of most theatres are stringent in this respect. But too many go to concerts only because it is "the thing." They don't care if they can't see the performer, why should anyone else care?

Concerts are more often given in concert halls than in theatres in the cities and there usually are no rules about hats. And yet because concerts here are given in the theatres there is no reason to take away all credit from Portlanders. The theatre has been the means of education, but the people here have been ready to accept it, whether it be at a church, or in a lecture hall, or in one of the small recital halls at the piano houses, one need not worry about the hats in front. Portlanders are accustomed to taking off their hats and they do not need a placard to make them do it. For which we may take off our hats to Portland.

In New York and in Boston it is not so. Efforts have been made to have rules passed to this end, but to no purpose usually. I take it for granted that if they have not arrived at the stage of removing their hats they have not yet learned to listen in silence. For I believe one step follows the other and that the removal of hats for the convenience of others' sight comes before the removal of noise for the convenience of others' hearing. Portland, I grieve to say, has not accomplished the latter step yet.

Singer's Wise Investments Add to Her Large Fortune

Madame Nordica, Who Combines Business With Art. It is seldom that any great musician wins the esteem and personal interest of the public to such an extent as has Madame Nordica. Every item regarding her life and personal characteristics is received with interest by literally millions of readers. The fact that she maintains three beautiful homes, one in New York, one on the Hudson, and one in Paris, is well known to many, but the question naturally arises, is she, too, going to waste the earnings of her successful years in extravagant living and in the end be reduced to such straits as other great singers who have gone before her best, however, realize that such an outcome is impossible. While the madam lives in a manner that shows an outcome is impossible, the madam lives in a manner that shows the personification of generosity she has the keen perception of values that has enabled her to invest her surplus earnings in securities that are absolutely safe and yield good returns. She is not a "speculator," but a "buyer" and each year has gone on adding to her holdings, until now she is one of the wealthiest women in the country. Her concert at the Hellig Thursday, December 10, at the second on the Lolo Steers-Wynn Coman course.

There was revolt! The gentle male who had been gazing at the back of a millinery cartwheel during the last three requests, suddenly rebelled, and a request to remove feminine headgear was visible at all the doors. Not that this disturbed the minds of all the topknots on present. One gentle dame sat sturdily near the storm center beneath an inverted bathtub and enjoyed (doubtly enjoyed) the entire program. But the event might give a good subject for some of our native composers, who are languishing for American subjects. The new work might be entitled "Hat-off, an American tone poem."

It might begin with the "request-motif," followed by deep mutterings in the woodwind. A very long round might typify a "Merry Widow" hat, and the trombones might give the theme of defiance. The approach of the usher might now be depicted (timoroso e tremolando) and the defiance theme might respond to it—"allegro ferocemente." A final apotheosis of the hat theme might depict the retreat of the usher. And the trumpets' fierce air, "Gave proof at the end that the hat was still there."

A few fragments of the "request-motif" might portray an unfortunate auditor (by no means a spectator) tickled in the nose by the waving feathers and vainly endeavoring to peep beyond the obstruction.

Mischa Elman, the celebrated Russian violinist, who as a mere boy, set Europe agog about three years ago, and who has been steadily climbing upward since, will sail for America this week, accompanied by his father, his personal manager, Daniel Mayer, and his pianist, Waldemar Ljachowsky. His New York debut will be made December 10, with the Russian Symphony society at Carnegie hall, and if he duplicates his European successes New York will be talking Mischa Elman fast and furious for some time after. He will play the Tchaikowsky concerto at his first appearance. Within three weeks after his arrival he will appear at 10 orchestral concerts, a record quite unsurpassed by any young virtuoso. Elman is booked for concerts through the middle west and on the Pacific coast, and it is just possible that arrangements will be made to bear this young wonder in Portland for a letter for congratulation if it is effected.

The music at the First Methodist Episcopal church today will be as follows: Morning—Organ; anthem, "Fear Ye Not, O Israel" (Spicker); offertory, concerto solo, "My Redeemer and My Lord" (Buck); Miss Katherine Davis. Evening—Organ; anthem, "Gloria" (Mozart); offertory, anthem, "While the Earth Remaineth" (Tours); organ.

My attention was called to an error in the account of Adela Verne's concert at the Scottish Rite Cathedral recently. Her playing of Chopin's "Thirty-fifth Sonata" was mentioned. The error was a careless misplacement of the number which refers to the work which was the thirty-fifth. The sonata, which contains



Miss Olivia Dahl, Celebrated Norwegian Soprano, Who Sings Tonight.

the celebrated Marche Funebre and which is not often played in its entirety because it is too long with difficulties, is, I believe, the second of Chopin's sonatas, of which there are only three. And while on the subject I should apologize for not mentioning the change in the last number of her program from the first "colonne" to the second "colonne." Absence from the hall prevented my hearing the final number and ignorance of the change made it appear that the number had been played as at first planned.

The Wanamaker store in Philadelphia gave a series of invitation musicales known as the "Autumn Musical Festival," from November 14 to November 21. Among the artists engaged were June Reed, Janet Spencer, the Sassard sisters, Hans Kronold and Marie Stoddard. This is a good thing to our own enterprising stores, though it is hardly to be expected that names so well known could be secured here for that purpose.

At a political meeting an Irishman watched closely the trombone player in the band. Presently the man laid down his instrument and went out for beer. Paddy investigated and promptly pulled the horn to pieces. The player returned. "Who's meddled with my trombone?" he roared. "Oh, did," said Paddy. "Here ye've been for two hours tryin' to pull it apart, an' 'O did it in wan minut'!" The Argonaut.

The musical during the mission at the Holy Rosary church, was under the able direction of Miss Elizabeth Hoben, and was exceptionally good. At the close of the mission Mrs. Milie Perkins sang "Mascagni's Ave Maria," with violin obligato played by Miss Cornelia Barker and with Miss Elizabeth Hoben at the organ. Miss Cornelia Barker's violin solo, concerto by De Beriot, was played with much skill.

An embittered local composer told us that he loves to play "Salome," for when he turns over two pages instead of one it is not necessary to turn back. He keeps on playing, and no one notices the difference. Professional jealousy is a devastating thing.—Musical Courier.

An error was made in the local papers in announcing that Miss Beatrice Wilson played a piano solo at the Patton home Tuesday. The player was Elizabeth Hoben, a pupil of F. W. Goodrich, and she did excellent work.

EDVARD GRIEG, Norway's Poet Musician

By Olivia Dahl. When Grieg died, September 4, last year, all Norway was in sorrow. He was only 55, and his death came as a surprise. We knew that he was having a serious attack of bronchitis every year, but we knew that he was a strong man, and we were so accustomed to his getting well again every time that it was hard to realize that it was really the end. Grieg leaves a big empty place in Norway, even more so than Ibsen, because he came personally in closer contact with the public. How many a concert I remember where the little, dwarf-like man, with the big head, held us spellbound when he inspired a rather ordinary orchestra to do the extraordinary. Grieg's music is well known all over the world. Who does not know the "Peer Gynt Suite," and who has not played "The Spring"? But I do not think that his songs are as well known in this country as they deserve, as they are perhaps the most typical expression of his lyric talent. Through most of Grieg's music one can trace the Norwegian folklore and still he is entirely original. The queer rhythms and odd harmonies of the northern music came back from his hands magnified and beautified. Of the piano compositions I prefer the minor concertos and the songs. A minor concerto and the songs in E. Grieg's songs have so many favorites that I will not attempt to name them.

but he did not dare to cross the ocean. He was terribly seasick and the raw climate of the west scared him. Although he had his lovely home "Troldhaug" in Bergen, he never could live there except in the summer time as it was too damp and raw. He had the most splendid offers for touring the United States to direct the performance of his compositions. In fact, "we would pay him anything," as a New York manager told me two or three years ago. Grieg traveled a good deal but he always spent a few months of every winter in Christiania, where he was very much interested in all young musicians. At concerts he always sat in the first row and it has given many young musicians trembling knees to have to face him when they sang or played for the first time in public. If he were interested in you, he might be induced to coach you, but he was not easy to satisfy. He told straight out what he thought of you and wanted everything just so—and the tempo, he wanted you could never be too fast to suit him. I remember hearing Fanny Bloomfield Zeisler tell of her meeting Grieg in Copenhagen once. After he had complimented her on her playing some of his things at the concert the

second thought, however, it will be readily seen how strong an influence dress has on the sense of harmony and taste. The governing proper for the department has been opened under the attractive and fitting head, "Tone, Dress and Music." The governing proper for musical functions; the combinations that should be worn by certain types; the necessity of a pleasing style of dress in a singer or player appearing before the public; the important part that harmony in dress plays in adjusting the mind of the audience, are all emphasized. Of course anyone will readily recognize the disconcerting element that is introduced if a singer wears too bizarre a costume or if a stout pianist appears in a slender woman's gown. These are details not to be overlooked, for though we are musical we are but human. And from the other point of view a listener who is not dressed in accordance to the rules of fashion often, when she finds herself among others better dressed than she, will become self-conscious and in a frame of mind which must be banished before she can be entirely in sympathy with the music she hears. A performer, too, who is conscious of errors in her dress will become self-conscious and awkward. So after all the department is in good luck and should give some valuable hints.

PORTLAND POET Praises Maud Powell

A pretty compliment was paid Maud Powell at her concert the other evening when Erskine Wood, a young writer of promise and a good deal of prominence in the literary circles of the city, read art. Madame Powell was unable to grant his request though the poem struck her as a beautiful and interesting expression of appreciation that she allowed me to copy it. Incidentally few so-called sonnets comply with the rules so well. REQUESTER FOR DRIDLA. A SONNET. "Maud Powell who from your old violin Draw music like the strains of Orpheus, rare, Whose lift from heavy hearts of men Their care And make them feel a glad content Who love and plaudits from your fellows win. Because you make the sorrows that they bear All fade in music, and the world more fair, Hear my request that is to prayer skin. There is some music that doth strike As sweet as that the spheres of heaven play. On violins I ne'er have heard it played, And O the pleasure it would be to hear! Play me, entreat, the joyous Serenade And then the fairy dainty Souvenir!"

OPERATIC SINGER OF Note Settles in Portland

Considerable attention has been attracted to George Walker, the operatic baritone who recently arrived in Portland for a temporary stay and opened a studio in the Tifford building in the meantime. Mr. Walker has not appeared before the Portland public in several years, and his admirers are beginning to fear that he does not intend to and are trying to persuade him to return to them. It seems only fair that when we have among us a singer with Walker's record he should give us the pleasure of hearing him. Walker came from the Royal Opera at Berlin and, I believe, is west for the first time in his life. He is arranging to give some song recitals on the Pacific coast this season and next season will tour the United States, thus giving himself a rest from the arduous life of an opera singer. I am told that he has a repertoire of 40 operas, and among them are several of Wagner's most difficult roles. A number of the professional musicians here have discovered his presence and are already for criticism. Those who have heard him speak most enthusiastically signed a blank check without asking the amount, turned it over to the unfortunate, who without a word was shown to the door, and went away saved from disaster. The story would never have come to light had not the beneficiary, with a heart full of gratitude, told a few friends of this last incident.

TITLES VALUABLE IN Proportion to Effort

The editor of the Musical Courier of New York waxes indignant again at the use of the cheap title "Doctor" applied to a musician. Marc A. Blumenberg is a well known figure among the musical cult, seems to fall back on the title himself to make his name great, and it rubs him the wrong way when he meets those who make use of it. Mr. Blumenberg should remember, however, that he carries a different class from the "Doctors." The latter need the title to impress the kind of people they wish to please. In the other class, however, the "professor" with reverential accents and transmits him to the realm of the constellations when he acquires a "Doctor" are not the kind that Mr. Blumen-

DRESS AND MUSIC Discussed in Journal

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berg would be proud to count his admirers. To the one it is a necessity of life, to the other it is cheap tinsel that is better done away with altogether. "Who made the doctor a doctor?" he asks. "What is a musical doctor? Anybody can be a musical doctor. I was asked the other day to get a certificate of clothes in a tailor shop and buy a mortar board and go to a certain place and pay \$100 and become a doctor of music. People can make money by securing candidates for the places that issue diplomas in the respectable title of doctor. Schools give the degree, colleges in the country give the degree, private enterprises and conservatories belonging to individuals give the degree, and then for anyone to think that a degree of music has value, when it is merely a travesty, gives us a clue to the person's intellect."

NORWEGIAN SINGER To Interpret Grieg

In another column of this page is given an interesting article on Grieg by Miss Olivia Dahl, the Norwegian singer, who was a friend of Norway's great composer. The article gives some interesting personal sidelights on the interesting man who died within the year. Incidentally Miss Dahl is rather an interesting person herself. She will sing tonight at the Arion hall under the auspices of the Norwegian Singing society. It is to be regretted that she will not be heard while here by a more representative audience, for Miss Dahl seems to be an artist of much merit.

MADAME NORDICA As Lady Bountiful

A characteristic story of Madame Nordica's generosity has just come to light. Several years ago she straightened the financial affairs of a friend who had been "plunging" in Wall street and dismissed the unfortunate one with a little salutary advice on speculation in general and "Wall street" in particular, after exacting a promise that he would work for her as a Chinese factory girl would scarce suffice to buy a single hat for her western sister. Of course, "when the Devil was ill" he would be true as always, until the "Devil" was well. But no word of further trouble came to Madame Nordica's ears until last spring, when back came the friend, utterly ruined and facing bankruptcy. Little could be expected of Madame Nordica, and only as a last resort was she approached after listening to the sorrowful tale the madame walked over to her desk, signed a blank check without asking the amount, turned it over to the unfortunate, who without a word was shown to the door, and went away saved from disaster. The story would never have come to light had not the beneficiary, with a heart full of gratitude, told a few friends of this last incident.

SLUM OF CANTON Where the Poor of a Great Chinese City Live.

From the Lady's Realm. Stand beside the imperial custom house at Canton and let the eye range down the river toward Hongkong. As far as the sight can reach lie boats, boats and again boats. These are no ordinary craft, mere vessels of transport plying hither and thither, but the countless homes of myriad Chinese, in which millions have been born, have lived and died. They are the dwellers of the very poor, who live in them practically free from rent, taxes and the other burdens of the ordinary citizen. The tankia (which means boat dwellers), as the denizens of these floating houses are called, form a sort of caste apart from the rest of the Cantonese. The shore dwellers regard them as belonging to a lower social order, and indeed they have many customs peculiar to themselves which mark them as a separate community. How the swarming masses of them contrive to support existence is a mystery, but their chief mode of employment is in carrying merchandise and passengers from place to place. In some cases the daughters of the family go ashore to work in factories, as do the girls of other countries, but the year's earnings of a Chinese factory girl would scarce suffice to buy a single hat for her western sister. Of course as against this low rate of pay the standard of living is correspondingly different.

The houses which make up these vast floating "tanks" are of all sizes. Some are but 15 feet long. From these cramped dimensions, however, they range up to a length of 50 or 60 feet. A boat large enough to accommodate a family of moderate size can be obtained for \$20, and since the anchorage is free it is obvious that the tankias effect many savings impossible to the shore dweller. Adolph Zinert, a Frankfort, Germany, slaughter-house employe, has killed 5,000,000 hogs during the last 27 years.

HISTORICAL MUSIC Given by Famed Violinist

The New York papers have a note concerning an exceptionally interesting "historical recital" given by Ovide Musin recently, at which he instructed his audience on the history of the violin. Beginning with a number by Corelli dated 1652, he played from the masters who have given some of the best to violin literature, in chronological order, pointing out the characteristics and the advance in style. The portraits of the composers were shown on the stage, and the names of the violins from each one and he prefaced his selections with sketches of each composer. Others whose names have figured in violinistic literature whose compositions were not played or who were merely performers and not composers were spoken of. Views of true looking instruments antedating the violin were shown. The homes of Cremona and Brescia, whose names have figured in violin literature, were shown in stereoscopic views. Musin was pronounced a delightful lecturer, reciting what he spoke easily without notes giving, without hesitation, dates and many detailed bits of data. The recital was instructive from many points of view.

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