

AMERICA HAS NO DISTINCTIVE MUSIC

Walter J. Damrosch, Famous Conductor, Expresses Hope of Musical Future in America, to Which Most Serious Existing Drawback Is Fact That American Composers at Present Are Educated Abroad, and Return Saturated With European Ideas.

Walter J. Damrosch, America's most eminent musical conductor, was born in 1862, in Breslau, Prussia. His father before him was a distinguished musician and brought him to the United States when he was a boy of 9. He began his career as a conductor after an elaborate musical education in Newark, N. J., and on the death of his father, in 1888, became assistant conductor and director of the New York German Opera company and succeeded him as director of the Oratorio and Symphony societies, which are considered for the first time in the United States Wagner's "Parsifal" in concert form. In 1894 he founded the Damrosch Opera company for the production of Wagner's works; toured the United States with an original opera, "The Scarlet Letter," in 1894, and lectured extensively on musical topics. Since 1903 he has devoted himself largely to the New York Symphony orchestra and to composition.



By Edward Marshall.
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"Is there really any such thing as American music? Have we created a national musical art?" I asked.
"There are the beginnings. Yes; we have at last arrived at an era where American composers show at least sound construction and workmanship. But if you ask me if we have developed any distinct originality I should say 'No' not yet. We have not yet reached a stage as advanced as that at which our painters and our sculptors have arrived. But there is a reason for this—a reason and an excuse. The art of painting has been cultivated for a much longer time in America than the art of creative music, and this, too, isolated cases of genius among early American painters, for example, may seem greater to us, possibly than they really are because of their very isolation."
"Music, as an art, is very young in the United States. I might even say with truth that musical composition as an art has hardly been cultivated here more than 40 or 50 years. In those days good teachers were rare and opportunities to hear good music equally rare. Forty or 50 years ago the young American musician therefore began to go abroad for study, and, going at an age when they were most susceptible to impressions, they saturated themselves with foreign ideas—so saturated themselves, possibly, that their originality, their tendency toward a really distinctive expression, was somewhat choked if not wholly suffocated. The men who went to Munich, as a result of training in the music of Reinberger; the men who went to Paris endeavored to write French music, and so on."
"But there was MacDowell," I ventured.
"Well, take the case of MacDowell, if you like—undoubtedly one of the most gifted American musicians of the present very notable talent, he went to Germany and became the pupil of Joachim Raff, an eminent German composer. I visited Raff in the later eighties and he introduced MacDowell to me. He was enthusiastic over his ability. It is not only his best pupil, but he spent several years with him. There it is, MacDowell wrote music in good German style, but not in a distinctively American manner."
"But there were his Indian songs, then?"
"Very good, very good indeed; but not American. His work an able Indian suite—a suite based on Indian melody and rhythm (if one can credit the North American Indian with melody, or anything but rhythm), but they were enveloped, not in their own harmony, for the Indian had only rhythm, with a touch of melody. The harmony, therefore, was of necessity supplied from somewhere—and it was German, not distinctively Indian. Besides, even if the work had been entirely characteristic of the North American Indian, would that have been a distinctively American work? We have absolutely nothing, as a nation, in common with the Indian, and therefore we cannot find any national expression in music founded upon Indian airs."
"We are a composite as a nation, and our national music, when it comes, must be founded on what comes from the amalgamation of races which is taking place here. It will be the bubbling of the 'melting pot.' Out of this unprecedented amalgamation something really distinctive and something very worthy is sure to come—but it has not yet come."
"For 25 years we have watched the growth of the United States, having had, perhaps, because of constant travel, rather an unusual opportunity to do so. Each year as the orchestra has traveled we visit some new city—some city which, when we began, was not even on the musical map. This year we went, for the first time, to Cedar Rapids, Iowa, a city now of 5,000 people. Cedar Rapids was another stop this year, also Austin, Texas, and further south, San Antonio. Such cities are not made up only of Americans, but the representatives of many races who are coming slowly from the real American physical stock. Chicago, for instance, has, I believe, the largest Bohemian population of any city in America—over 300,000. It is very largely foreign. If it produces music will it be American?"
"It will be Bohemian."
"No; the influence of all the other races in Chicago will prevent that, and I shall answer my own question. It will, I think, eventually be really American. The foreigner who comes here changes very materially, and the generations which spring from him show even greater changes. They do not become the old American—the American of New England who gave us the foundations of our literature; but they become the new American who will give us the foundations of our music, which got started later than our literature did. First, there is the influence of climate, which in turn, produces mental and spiritual metamorphosis. The European peasant comes over here squat and flat nosed. He becomes, as generations pass, taller. His eyes get deeper, and his features change agreeably. It is not climate eventually conquer and king? Well, a new music, a distinctively American music, is certain to develop from its American victory."

Walter J. Damrosch.

joyous, optimistic. Our people have heart, which means sentiment, and they have ambitions, which means aspirations. These are the essential elements.

Woman's Music's Patron.
"But at present we are somewhat dumb. Music now is left, in the United States, almost exclusively to women. From them comes all the support which music really has among us. Our men hardly know what music is. They have not reached that stage in real development which enables them to realize the joy which they can get from things not utterly material. They do not guess that in the pursuit of an art is found the finest joy a man can experience. In the pursuit of art our men are yet as children. New York has 4,000,000 population. Let us be generous and say that 50,000 of these millions really enjoy good music. That leaves 3,950,000 who are in Cimmerian darkness. That is a bad phrase, though. Let us say, rather, that it leaves 3,950,000 who are practically stone deaf. Only 50,000 have the least enjoyment of good music, and of that 50,000 how many really know what they are enjoying when they go to a good concert, or why they are enjoying it? How many are able to perceive the humor, for example, in a Beethoven symphony—the divine laughter in his scherzos and minuets? How many can appreciate the joyous, innocent gaiety in one of Haydn's string quartets? Upon how many of the listeners' faces will you find the responsive smiles which should come when they are enjoying what they are enjoying?"

expressiveness. It no more expresses our emotions, though, than the Indian music does. Dvorak has done wonderfully well with it in his New World symphony, but it is a Bohemian view of America, and therefore not American music. Our popular music has been strongly influenced by Irish music. Their jig and reels have had as real an effect upon our people as have the deeper German harmonies and more poetic melodies. The music of many other nations has exerted similar influences on us, and we have gained by them, but we have not fashioned out of all of them, as yet, a music which can properly be called American.
"The Indian does not represent us, the negro does not represent us, and the early European settlers here had no music—they suppressed all music. The real American music, when it comes—and probably it is building now—may be a composite of many national musical expressions, but it must represent an American philosophy of life and the can only be crystallized in time. Of the best things in art we got few from the early British settlers. We have developed a real school of painting and of sculpture, but I doubt if we could ever have done this if immigration from other European countries had not taken place.
"Before the great tide of immigration set in we developed an American literature, and this school could not, probably, have come into being if we had not founded it had lived 30 years later. Emerson, Longfellow, Whittier, Lowell, Hawthorne, would not, under the conditions which exist today, have developed as they did. They were the product of a sheltered New England atmosphere. Since their time the foreign influx has been so tremendous that it has disturbed us in all the arts; but after it has been amalgamated this foreign influence will probably produce for us an art which will certainly be different from any other and, quite possibly, may be as worthy as any in the world."
"Shall we ever have a music—a distinctive, worthy music, really American?"
"Ah, that question is impossible to answer, except that one may say: Whatever our people may develop into, that their music will eventually express."
"And you are not willing to prophesy?"
"Americans Full of Youth."
"Henry Van Dyke, in his book called, I think, 'The American Spirit,' says: 'The Americans are an idealistic people, doing a great practical work.' I turn it around and say: 'The Americans are idealistic people, doing an idealistic work.' I think that as the idealistic aspirations of the people become more formally understood and crystallized, so, also, its musical expression will increase in fineness and spirit. There is something rough and ready, smashing and often very fine about the American spirit. One sees it, more especially, in the western states. It is, perhaps, material; it certainly is practical. One might say, for instance, that the American has very little sympathy with abstract philosophy at present. With the American, passion will probably never overmaster mind, as has been the case with some of the Latin races. I think that when the American nature once takes time for recovery, it will tend toward joyousness, although it is not, really, a joyous nature now, for it is far too busy. That may give a hint, perhaps, of what the nation's music, when it comes, will be. Our younger people, in consequence, have the old man of the sea, business, crouches on their shoulders, are younger than the younger people of European nations. Our girls of 17 and 18 are happier and more spontaneous than girls of the same age in Germany and France, who, even at that early age, are beginning to become serious, sedate. Our youth remains childlike much longer. In his first description of American children, Henry James made them naive, self-seeking. There was a time when the American child was supposed to be without any youthfulness whatever. Whether that was true then, or not, I do not know, but it is not true today. The Americans of now are full of youth—fine, vital youth. And the children of America are children—actually children.
"I am not speaking of the girl, who, we have no wants, therefore have no satisfaction, and, in consequence, have no vivid joys, nor am I, on the other hand, speaking of the children of the slums—unfortunately, in the United States, as elsewhere—but of the children of the middle class. If I dare use the term here in our free republic, the children of people who have enough money to bring them up comfortably, but not enough to spoil them with. These

American children are truly young and joyous. They get their pleasures without a great expenditure of money, but with a very great expenditure of energy, which makes them really live. The normal child is well developed physically as well as mentally, and these two developments assist the third—the mental development. The three together must, of course, mean joy, and of joy music surely is a natural expression. Thus America will build her music—care free, aspiring and inspiring, because of its abounding health. America's musical taste is building—a fine, tonic, nervous taste.

"Does the National prosperity which puts piano players into \$50 flats and gives music lessons to almost every little girl tend to improve or harm our musical prospects?" I inquired.
"Oh, improve it, certainly," said Mr. Damrosch. "I don't know that I should say that bad music is better than no music, but I can say, I think, that any music is likely to be educational—if it is carefully chosen. It is a warning for that which is of a higher order. Even the phonograph may very well do that. Nothing more remarkable than the influence of the phonograph has come within my observation. I do not think that it is the danger of music as an expression. 'Canned music' the term fits its output, to my mind. I have been asked to play for phonographic records and have steadfastly refused, although the phonograph undoubtedly reproduces instrumental music much more worthily than it does the wonders of the human voice.
"But it produces noise more notably than music, none the less. Still, there is much testimony in its favor as to its educational value. The subject has long interested me, and in consequence of this interest I made inquiries among some dealers. One of them told me that most purchasers of phonographic records, at the stationery stores of the so-called popular songs—airs of the moment, most of them extremely commonplace or definitely vulgar. But he said that then, by what seems to be an inevitable process of evolution, the more intelligent people who have thus come under phonographic influence begin to yearn for better things. The phonograph may have been their first introduction practically to music of any kind, and when it supplies them only with the commonplace they know, they speak, by instinct that they are being cheated—that there is something better. Thus the phonograph, instead of vulgarizing them, has awakened them and made them want the better things."
"Have we not then produced any worthy musical pieces?"
"I do not think of any at this time, but we are doing better in some directions. The composer of the day, though, are not improving, and this may bring with it its own remedy—a reaction against them, a sudden disgust for the sort of stuff that is being dished up. There was a time when Gilbert and Sullivan were the popular song writers of the day. Sullivan was an excellent musician, producing scores not of the highest originality perhaps, but fluent and melodious, with a fine sense of humor. But such work, which noise is the principal feature, pieces put together without harmony. We are not doing well. The average French musical comedy is far superior to what we are producing."

Music and Morals Allied.
"Someone told me, recently, that music and morals rarely travel hand in hand."
"Then someone did not know. Take the great musical composers, from the beginning of the art, so far as we are able to know, almost all of them were men of unusual moral worth. Beethoven was among the noblest of God's creatures—a man whose attitude toward women, for example, was so magnificent, so exalted, so self-denying that it has become a model for the ordinary man to appreciate it. He never married and there is not a thing to show that all his love affairs were not entirely pure."
"Liszt?" I suggested.
"He gave up a career which might have brought him untold money to retire to Weimar, at a small salary, there to conduct for his friend, the grand duke, opera which would make his city famous. From that day on he became an example of unselfishness and purity. He never accepted a dollar for playing in public. He lived on his little income of a few thousand guilders. I traveled with him for some time. He had been three thousand thaler in a year. He traveled second class, lived in a little garden house, with an old woman for his sole attendant. No man of such distinction ever lived so simply. He was a man of great heart, and he loved his two children when he was but 40 years of age."
"But the matter of his love affairs?"
"Well, women threw themselves at his feet. I have no doubt he had his many love affairs, but of all the women whom he loved there was not one who afterward thought of him with anger, I am sure. Liszt was not immoral; he was among the whole world's purest men. There glared at him Montmartre, and his mother, oh, no; true musicians have not been immoral, ever."

Each of Industry Wotable.
"But to go back to music and America: What we must guard against is lack of industry and patience—the idea that one can acquire a predigested and prepared musical education. This impatience to achieve results without sufficient labor is especially characteristic of the American woman. She won't sit down and dig her knowledge out of a book herself, although valuable knowledge is that which you create yourself, and get with difficulty. In America too many things are done for us by other people who, to be sure, are well paid for doing them; but we lose much. Our men do not play ball; they go to the gymnasium and get into the gymnasium, but they do not study; they go to lectures which have been prepared by people who have studied. We do not sit down and study music; we buy contrivances which play more or less correctly, but mechanically, those compositions which, to get the best of, we should study out ourselves."
The great conductor heaved a sigh and then went back to a subject which we had discussed some time before.
Receptive Period at Home.
"Let us return for a moment to MacDowell. I told he his teacher, a man instruction and said that he was an example, not of spontaneous American genius, but of German instruction. He should not be too much criticized. He did the obvious thing. Consideration should be made of a receptive period. Do not our young people make a great mistake in seeking so much of their training in the European schools? I feel

ADEQUATE WATER TERMINALS VITAL

Commissioner Herbert Knox Smith Believes He's Found Defect in System.

(Washington Bureau of The Journal.)
Washington, June 17.—The two bureaus' study of water terminals by the Bureau of corporations, in its effort to locate that "something" which everyone feels is wrong with our waterway system, that it does not do its full share of transportation, has convinced me that the terminal question is a salient defect." That statement made by Commissioner Herbert Knox Smith, is looked upon as marking the importance with which water terminals are regarded by that branch of the government which has made a most thorough investigation of the commercial aspects of water transportation in the United States. According to the commissioner, the vital importance of adequate terminals is but poorly appreciated, even by many ardent advocates of waterway improvement.

"The easiest navigable channel," he said, "is worthless to water craft if they have no place to load and unload. You might as well build a railway without stations and yards."
"If waterways are to be public highways, water terminals must, to a reasonable degree, be under public control. Private interests control nearly all our active water frontage. Public control exists in considerable degree only at New Orleans, San Francisco, Baltimore and New York, and is greatly modified in New York by exclusively private leases for long terms. Out of 60 of our foremost ports, only two, San Francisco and New Orleans, are practically complete public ownership and show a degree of their active water frontage; eight have a small degree of control, and 40 none at all. Out of 31 ports for which data is available, exclusive of New Orleans and San Francisco, only 14 have any publicly owned wharves. Railroad ownership and occupancy cover more than 50 per cent of the active frontage in 21 out of 50 of the foremost ports, and between 25 and 50 per cent in 13 more."
"At New Orleans the active waterfront is admirably equipped and controlled by a state board; most of the wharves and sheds are open for general traffic, and a municipal board operates the New Orleans wharves, giving accommodation between the waterway, local industries and trunk line railroads. At San Francisco there is an excellent system of wharves under state control, kept open for general traffic. In New Orleans and San Francisco in these two cities is by far the best in the country."

"High landing charges, together with the absence of adequate terminals, show forcibly the lack of cooperation between the localities and the government, the government's enormous expenditures on channels being in many cases largely neutralized by the action or nonaction of local authorities on terminals."

162,546 ACRE FEET FOR KLIKITAT PLAN STORAGE

(Special Dispatch to The Journal.)
North Idaho, Wash., June 17.—Maps of the storage reservoirs of the Klickitat irrigation project have been filed at the United States land office and show a project of great size. The sites are at Fish Lake and on the Klickitat, both sites being on the Yakima Indian reservation. The capacity of the former is 35,230 acre feet and of the latter 127,316 acre feet. The elevation of the Klickitat storage reservoir above sea level will be 2670 feet and the masonry on the two dams will be very heavy, quite certain of it. During the susceptible years of a man's life he should draw his inspiration from the country of his birth. Too many of our young folk who are musically inclined believe that they can get instruction only in the European cities. That is wholly a wrong idea. There are excellent schools in the United States, not only in New York, but in Boston and in Chicago. After a man has been grounded in his music here at home then he may well go traveling, to see what the old world has to offer in the way of music. "But not so long ago the musician made in Germany, especially the musical instructor."
"I was born in Germany, but educated here. I had the luck of having a great father. I went abroad and studied, and it was a disadvantage. For ten years, anyway, I suffered from it."

DIPLOMAS ARE HANDED TO NINETEEN AT DALLES

Class of 19 was given diplomas from The Dalles High school at the Vost theatre last night, there being 15 girls and seven boys to complete the course. The program of the evening was as follows: Invocation, Rev. D. V. Poling; oration, "Individual Responsibility," Clara E. McCord; vocal solo, D. V. Poling; oration, "Irish Home Rule," Minnie Patterson; vocal duet, Misses Carleton Williams and N. J. Hinnot; oration, "The Senate and Public Opinion"; commencement address, Professor J. H. Ackerman, president State Normal school of Monmouth; violin solo, Miss Lucia Barton. John Garvin of the school board presented the diplomas to Margaret Bale, Ellen Coffey, Leola Egbert, Dorothy Gray, Alta Hockersmith, Minnie Kaufman, Gertrude Longmire, Gladys Lawson, Clara McCord, Minnie Patterson, Frances Singasilli, Viola Wolff, Guy Douthitt, Orin Egbert, Arthur Hartman, Rehel Mori, Klindt Nielsen, Raymond Ostrander, Manton Trengold. The theatre was filled to its capacity to see the largest class graduate.

Vause Succeeds as Musician

(Special Dispatch to The Journal.)
The Dalles, Or., June 17.—George Vause, a local musician of much talent, who has been a student at Oberlin and the Institute of Musical Art of New York for the past three years, will return to the institute as a member of the faculty next fall. Mr. Vause will give a recital here June 29 and one at Pendleton June 30 after his return.

Two Small Wood Fires so Far

(Salem Bureau of The Journal.)
Salem, Or., June 17.—Frank Hayden has been appointed fire warden for Polk county and Fred McEwain for Lincoln county. Only two fires thus far have come to the attention of the state forester's office. One was a small blaze near Kiamath Falls and the other a wood fire near Beaverton.

JACK LEISCHMAN TO WED AMERICAN

Son of American Ambassador to Italy Will Marry Miss Helene Demarest.

(By the International News Service.)
Rome, June 17.—"Jack" Leischman, son of the American ambassador to Rome, is to marry Miss Helene Demarest, the beautiful and attractive daughter of Mrs. Warren Demarest of New York. Amid tears and lamentations Mrs. Demarest is announcing the approaching loss of her daughter, saying: "I knew it would have to come some day but did not expect it so soon." The engagement caused surprise as it was thought when Frank Burke Roche came to Europe it was for the purpose of asking for Miss Demarest's hand. But somehow Burke Roche suddenly switched around and became devoted to Miss Laura V. Wells and then Leischman appeared on the scene as the successful suitor.
Mrs. Demarest is not the only one weeping over the approaching marriage, for Baroness Henry de Rothschild, who launched the young "Jack" Leischman socially and who for several years past has made him her protégé, does not relish the loss of her escort and is not hiding her chagrin. She advanced his social career in Paris by her patronage and made him almost as popular as his predecessor in favor, Count Boni de Castellane.

The marriage of Miss Demarest will simplify matters in the disturbed Demarest ménage and will drive the objection of divorce the wife has long wanted.
When this event happens, it will allow the consummation of Miss Demarest's romantic affair with Count Helle de Tallyrand, who has been devoted to the charming New Yorker for several years.

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