

### Conductor Is Born, but Must Learn Technic

By J. L. Wallin  
HOWARD BARLOW, the young Portland musician, who orchestrated and conducted the premier of the fantasy "The Forest Children" here last week, gives promise of becoming one of the big American conductors, to apparently he possesses abundantly the elements that enter into the makeup of that fatherly personage. His ability and authority in dealing with an orchestra and the score is greater than that born only of experience.

Impressed with the quite remarkable development of this former Reed college student and director of the choir there until some six years ago, when he went to New York, J. L. Wallin writes with him conducting and conductors. "The artistic value of a production, operatic or symphonic, depends largely upon the man with the baton," he said. "A great many people believe that a conductor simply gets up at a performance and as though by magic draws from the men and their instruments the music which they, the people hear."

"The art of drill mastery is almost as great as that of conducting, and there is a great difference between a drill master and a conductor. After the conductor has heard in his mind exactly how he wants each and every instrument to play each and every note, he must explain to his men—almost as a teacher—how to play it. Of course wrong notes must be corrected and bad attacks, inaccurate releases, climaxes must be built up and so forth. All this is drill mastery and can be learned by any man who can play, read music and who has force of personality enough to command respect. This is about as far as most conductors go and in my opinion is only the routine work."

"It is only after the rough places have been smoothed out and the artistic lines drawn that the work of a real conductor begins. Then he throws something new into his work—his imagination. Up to this point he has been simply making his instrument perfect; now he begins to express emotions through the medium of his instrument and here it is that he comes in contact with the public. When he appears before his audience he has perfected a machine that responds to the slightest motion of his baton—which in turn is responsive to a more acute imagination. If he is bothered by wrong notes, bad crescendo and attacks his imagination cannot act because his brain is busy correcting actual physical mistakes, so you can readily see how important it is to have a perfect instrument. Try to play on a piano when the damper pedal sticks down all the time, or one key does not respond to touch and you see the position of a conductor when an instrument fails to come in at the proper time."

"Of course there are nearly always little mishaps at performances, especially of operas and operettas. Singers or players may come in at the wrong time, sing the wrong phrase, get words wrong and many other things. I could tell you some very interesting stories of things that have happened to me and how quickly one must act to cover up such a mistake."

"To my mind the real conductor is the man who is a master of drilling and discipline and can at the performance put aside the notes and all the emotions only. I do not mean by this not to use a score to conduct from—it seems to me that the possession of a score is very necessary for the emergency—that is likely to arise when least expected. I mean, have his orchestra so well drilled and his musical concepts so clearly defined and crystallized that he can throw his entire soul into the emotional experience of the music without being hampered by physical details."

"A great many conductors try to cover up their lack of thorough knowledge of their instruments and the score by making wild and extravagant motions. As a matter of fact all these waste and superfluous gestures detract from the music itself and distract the players and most of all center the audience's attention on the conductor rather than the music he is interpreting. "It is not hard to have temperament and self control at the same time. A man can be a musician and a man—a regular fellow. Of course the gestures of a conductor should be graceful and expressive but never forced or grotesque."

"A conductor is born and not made. Experience is a valuable and necessary asset, but most of all and above everything else—if a man is a real conductor he can conduct; if he is not born to the baton, all the training in the world will not make him a conductor. The only way to find out is to try."

One of the delightful features of the musical part of the service at Laurelhurst park Sunday afternoon was the vocal number by Gordon Onstad, who has a sympathetic voice which he uses with ease, and his clear articulation and well placed tones make his work very enjoyable. He is a pupil of J. A. Hollingworth.

### TWO Portland musicians who are here from New York for the summer: Miss Leah Leaska (Leah Cohen), dramatic soprano, and Howard Barlow, pianist, composer and conductor, who arranged the orchestration for the fantasy, "The Forest Children," and conducted the performances Tuesday and Thursday afternoons.



### Leah Leaska To Sing Song Composed Here

PRIOR to her departure for New York, Leah Leaska, dramatic soprano, has been engaged for several appearances at the Liberty here. The engagement followed her successful concert given at the Auditorium a short time ago, when she was presented by the Music League of America, a national organization whose object is to promote American music and artists. Miss Leaska, who in private life is Miss Leah Cohen, is a strong booster for Oregon and Oregon products, and in her repertoire will include a new song, the work of Lawrence Woodfin of Oregon City, entitled "Calling." Woodfin is author of the words as well as composer of the music, and those who have heard it say it possesses all of the elements that go to make it a favorite. During her vacation here Miss Leaska has appeared in two concerts outside of Portland, with much success, one at Tillamook and another at Scappoose, the latter also attracting a large attendance from St. Helens and Warren. Of the Tillamook concert the Headlight says:

"Seldom, if ever before, have the people of Tillamook been privileged to hear such a rare treat for the music lovers of Portland, 'Oregon's Queen of Song.' "The concert at the city hall was indeed, a rare treat for the music lovers of the city. Miss Leaska is charming, sweet and gracious, and her pleasing manner was made a great deal more impressive and delightful in that she was entirely devoid of affectation. "The entire program was well chosen, and wonderfully rendered, each number being met with a burst of applause by the appreciative audience. The singer's voice was rich, full and clear, the high notes being rendered with delightful ease, and the impression which she made on the audience will remain with them long after the words have been forgotten. "The Tillamook Herald said: "Her first number was 'Titonia, Victory' from the opera 'Aida' by Verdi. The rendition of this number displayed at the outset a wealth of natural ability augmented by season upon season of careful and sincere study and work. Miss Leaska is unquestionably on the road to fame. In responding to an encore at the close of the program Miss Leaska sang 'Listen to the Mocking Bird.' This beautiful song struck at the heart of the audience, and received the most hearty and spontaneous applause of all the numbers."

"The latest to hire the Opera is the Queen of Roumania, who spent \$50,000 in a gorgeous attempt to outdo the former splendid productions of the theatre with a play of her own, 'The Lily of Life,' danced by 50 young English girls with bare legs and flowing Grecian garments. "The performance was for a Roumanian war charity. But Paris critics were demanding how much the charity party when the expenditure was \$50,000 and the receipts only \$10,000. The most charitable critic of the play itself suggested: 'Her Majesty will doubtless not again abandon her royal sphere for that of the dramatic art.' "Paris is still talking sarcastically of Miss Ida Rubinstein, who, the more daring journals assert, must have found another friend richer than d'Annunzio, who she flitted, because she hired the Opera for a solid week and produced 'Anthony and Cleopatra' at a loss of nearly \$200,000—but on a scale of magnificence hitherto undreamed of in Paris."

That Fortune Gallo, the progressive manager of the Gallo Opera company will present the famous Pavlova next season is the news brought to Portland during the week by Miss Alma Voedich, New York impresario, who is on the coast on her vacation. Miss Voedich says the great Russian dancer will be featured with a large orchestra. Pavlova will arrive in New York in October. Of course Mr. Gallo will continue his grand opera and comic opera enterprises as in the past and Portland will be included on the itinerary. "About 20 concerts are yet to be played by the municipal park band this season, according to the schedule worked out by Park Superintendent Kewer. During the week beginning today the concerts will be as follows: Sunday, Washington park, 3 p. m.; Monday, South park, 3 p. m.; Tuesday, Mount Taber park, 3 p. m.; Wednesday, Peninsula park; Thursday, Holladay park, 3 p. m.; Friday, Sellwood park, 3 p. m."

Madame Schumann-Heink contributes a beautiful presentation of Stephen Foster's "Old Folks at Home" and Titta Rufa is heard in the famous aria, "Era La Notte" from Verdi's "Otello." Sopranos sang a beautiful love song and John McCormack, accompanied by Kreisler on the violin, sings "When Night Descends," a song composed by Rachmaninoff.

### Portland Tenor In Recital at Washington U.

THURSDAY afternoon, July 22, Paul J. Petri, tenor of Portland, gave a recital at Schuyler and Schumann songs at the University of Washington, Seattle, by invitation of Dean Glenn of the music faculty, and Mrs. Louise Van Ogle, who has appeared here in Portland before the MacDowell club and is so well remembered by her interesting lectures.

The Schumann group was made up of two selections from his "Poe's Love Cycle," "The Rose, the Lily, the Dove and the Sun" and "Nightly in My Dream," "Polkae," "Spring, Night," and the stirring "The Two Grenadiers," in which Schumann uses the "Marsellaise" with a stirring effect.

The Schubert group was made up of three songs from the "Winter Journey," "The Crow," "The Stormy Morning" and "The Organ Grinder" and the powerful "The Double," and ended with the greatest of all Schubert songs, "The Erlking," which gave Petri an opportunity to display his dramatic ability as a singer. In fact the whole recital showed Mr. Petri's highly developed talent as an interpreter to the fullest extent and after his rendition of "The Erlking," in which he portrayed the different voices that make up this wonderful poem of Heine realistically, the applause was so insistent that he was compelled to add the ballad "Edward," by Loewe.

Mrs. Louise Van Ogle added materially to the enjoyment of the recital by her sympathetic translations and informal talks about the various numbers that made up the program.

Upon the urgent requests of a large number of those whose privilege it was to hear this recital, Mr. Petri consented to give another the following Sunday afternoon, when his program was made up of more modern American and English songs. By way of contrast he opened this recital with the old Italian aria, "Chi vuol la Zingarella," by Paisiello, which was followed by two of Elizabeth's arrangement of the Negro spirit-uals, "Swing Low, Sweet Chariot" and "Didn't You Know I Was Here," from the "Bandanna Ballads," "Uncle Rome" and "Two Lovers and Lisette." These were followed by the very characteristic "Miserere" by Fryderyk and the simple "Sylvain" by Sinding. The other numbers were, "The Fiddler of Doneshue" by Homer; "The Big, Brown Bear," "Mann-Zoo," "The Pirate's Song" from Stevenson's "Treasure Isle," set to music by Henry F. Gilbert, "Lorraine, Lorraine, Lorraine" by Sprock, "Khris, Lad," Aylward, ending with Jean Boyd's "I Have a Rendezvous With Death." Mr. Petri was compelled to add two further numbers to the ones selected and sang "Mamma's Song," by Harriet Ware and "Caddie," by Avery S. Clair.

The accompanist on such occasions was Lillian Jeffrey Petri, who joined with her husband into the spirit of the songs, and added very greatly to the success of the recital. Mrs. Van Ogle, with her sympathetic explanatory remarks to the Schumann and Schubert songs, which she translated for the benefit of those in an informal manner, made them more easily understood and brought out the inner meaning.

Mr. Petri is spending the summer at the University of Washington, completing the study of the Alcin harmony with its originator, Miss Carolyn Alchin, and with her are a number of other music teachers of Portland, among whom are: Mrs. Jean Park McCracken, Miss Michael Rand, Mrs. Laura Jones Rawlinson, Mrs. Ethel Hicks, Miss Lela Slater, Miss Abbie Whiteside, Miss Florence Klose, Miss Pauline Alderman, Mrs. Clifford Moore and Miss Florence Grassie of Milwaukie.

The greatest of living Russian composers and one of the greatest living pianists—Sergei Rachmaninoff—plays his own compositions "Prelude in G Minor," on one of the latest Victor records, a list of which has just been issued. This is a remarkable performance and an equally remarkable experience to hear this, for the combination of a great composer and a great virtuoso is a rare one.

Rachmaninoff plays the prelude as no one else could hope to play it—the conception of his own brain—given to the world by his own fingers, knowing and feeling every note of its intricate and splendid structure.

Madame Paderewski, who has just returned to Poland after an absence of some months in Switzerland, has announced that she will appear in concert on the life story of the Polish statesman-pianist, which she has entitled "My Husband." This will reveal many intimate details of the first Polish premier's artistic and political struggles, and will appear in the United States.

Madame Paderewski has put the finishing touches on her husband's biography and has laid down her pen to resume her relief work in connection with the American Red Cross commission here.

Sunday afternoon, July 25, the students of the Oregon Normal school and the townspeople of Monmouth and the surrounding country were very highly entertained by an open-air band concert given on the campus of the Oregon Normal school by the Cherrian band of Salem.

Mr. and Mrs. J. T. Dorgan leave August 2 for Grays Harbor for two weeks, then from there will visit Yellowstone park, Salt Lake, Colorado, Kansas City and other points of interest. They will return about September 15. Mrs. Dorgan will open her piano studio for the fall work. Mr. Dorgan, who is employed by the O-W-R. & N., will also resume his duties on his return.

Pauline Miller Chapman has been chosen soloist at First Church of Christ Scientist for the ensuing year.

### The Doll's Column

HOUSEKEEPING  
The dollhouse is to be done over again. Too much foreign furniture! This time it is to be furnished with things that are made here in America. Have you any ideas about the new dollhouse dining room? They sort of bother me. A LETTER  
I hope some of the dolls are going to be married this month. Some of the mothers may not know how to make the dollies dresses.  
Here is a very pretty way for a small Kewpie doll:  
First, cut a strip of white satin or silk (whatever is to be made of) long enough to be gathered. Then gather this material around the top. Around the bottom sew an edge of narrow lace. For the sleeves, cut a piece of lace about long enough to go over the Kewpie's shoulders and sew one end of it to the right side of the center front and the other to the right back of the gown and fasten in place. Do the same with the other sleeve. Don't forget to sew the dress up the neck.  
The dollies will look sweet in this dress if it is made right. Tulle veils long. ELIZABETH BURROWS.

### FOR BOYS AND GIRLS AT SIXTH PLAZA THEATRE



### The Swanee River

Down, down, down to a river deep  
Fell a dear little boy who'd been sung to sleep.  
To a river deep and a river wide,  
Where pixies and nixies and fairies ride.  
On the backs of swans, and egyptwreath,  
The big birds float on its waters fair,  
Sortly he dropped on a downy swan,  
And away it carried him—on and on

Past fairy palaces, doll-house isles—  
Down the Swanee river of song for miles.  
And 'twas full of swans as he thought 'twould be,  
And the very same thing has occurred to me.  
The big white birds were all agliver  
With glee to welcome him to their river.  
They nodded their heads and winked their eyes  
And floated around him with pleased little cries

### Bachelor's Buttons

THERE was once a jolly little dwarf who lived in a house in the midst of a woods. Although he was a very happy-hearted dwarf, he lived all by himself, for he was a confirmed old bachelor. As he busied himself about his tiny house (which was in the trunk of a hollow tree) he would often sing away to himself in a very merry fashion indeed. Strange as it may seem, he didn't seem to know what he missed in not having a wife, and really revised in the fact. This is his song:  
I have no wife, I have no child,  
I have no family,  
I am the only one's that left  
Upon my family tree.  
I have no aunt, I have no niece,  
But then, who is that to me?  
For who can say that bachelors  
Cannot marry be?  
However, there was one distressing drawback to Gigglaugh's bachelor bliss, and of that I am about to tell you. Gigglaugh had a very strong sense of humor. He listened to the chatter of the birds in the trees above his head and watched the squirrels scamper up and down the trunks. These things would strike him so funny that he would throw back his head and laugh and laugh till his roly-poly little body would fairly shake all over with suppressed glee.  
Of course, as you can easily imagine, this was a great strain on the buttons down the front of Gigglaugh's little red jacket. Indeed, every time he had one of these laughing spells all of his buttons popped off and flew in every direction. Each time, as he laboriously replaced buttons, one of these attacks Gigglaugh would solemnly resolve to unbutton his jacket just before he felt the next laughing spell coming on, but then, like the old bachelor he was, he would forget.  
One day, while he was sewing on buttons and sticking his fingers in an alarming way, a little fairy appeared.  
"Gigglaugh," she said, smiling mischievously (for she caught him patiently savoring his thumb), "because of your sunny disposition the fairies have decided to grant you two wishes to make your happiness complete. Wish quick but wisely."  
"Fairy," answered Gigglaugh promptly, "there is nothing I desire more than a jacket that will close without buttons; one that will let me laugh as hard as I want without bursting." Immediately a little red jacket appeared. Not a button was to be found on it. Gigglaugh put it on over his head. It was so elastic at the seams that laugh as hard as he could (for he tried it out, then and there) it would not burst.  
"Then," added Gigglaugh shyly, "I would like a little flower to sprig up wherever one of my buttons has fallen."

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### Poison Oak—What It Is

"Look out for that poison oak," is an oft repeated cry these picnic days. According to scientific reports of the National Geographic Society, "to know the poison ivy or oak is to avoid it, yet to admire it for its sturdy self-defense."

"They point out that poison ivy is a member of the sumac family, having as relatives the vinegar tree, the smooth sumac and the smokebush. Its range reaches as far north as Nova Scotia, as far south as Florida and Texas, and as far west as Oregon, Washington and British Columbia."

"Many people confuse the Virginia creeper with the rascally poison ivy, a confusion which nothing but carelessness in remembering the characteristics of plants could bring about; for the Virginia creeper is careful always to put forth five leaves where the poison ivy has only three," says a bulletin of the Geographic Society.

"The Virginia creeper is condemned as being poison ivy often, but poison ivy is accredited with being a Virginia creeper. Many a Virginia creeper has reached the untimely end of its career by the error, and not a few people have received a painful reminder of their mistake, while they have never observed that three leaves spell 'iv' in the ivy vine, and five leaves 'friend.'"

"The poison ivy or poison oak, as some call it, is a prodigious climber, inclined to run over everything in sight. Even the oak sometimes is almost smothered where the poison ivy reaches its loosened branches and spreads its dense foliage over them."

"It begins to blossom in May and June, its flowers being small, fragrant, yellowish green and arranged in densely clustered spikes. Toward fall these develop into smooth, white, warty berries, which often hold fast the winter through. The three leaves are shining green, short-stemmed and oval-pointed, with serrated edges. The poison ivy is a powerful, non-volatile oil which penetrates the pores of the human skin and develops hosts of tiny itching blisters, followed by a burning swelling of the affected parts."

"While we very naturally dislike a plant that poisons us when we touch it, yet if we investigate the reason for its poison, we discover that it has a number of plants develop poisons and near-poisons, and when we look over the list we find that we would be rather badly off without them. Many of the most useful of them are poisonous only when eaten and that few are poisonous to the touch, but they have all developed these qualities in self-defense."

"Some of them store their poison in their seeds, others in the root-stocks and others their roots to protect their progeny from harm. They do not get about looking for trouble or seeking, like the devil, whom they may destroy, but they are prepared to resist invasion of the rights of their children. Nux vomica and scimitar are two of many such illustrations of that might be cited."

"Others develop alkaloids, like the nicotine of tobacco, the quinine of the cinchona tree, and the thine of tea, to protect themselves. Strychnine, digitalin and a hundred and one indispensable drugs that are poisonous in overdoses are the gift of the plant world to man as a by-product of plant preparations for self-defense."

Note—An effective cure in many cases for poison oak is a lotion which can be prepared by any reputable pharmacist composed of sulphate of zinc and liver of sulphur (sulfurated posash).

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