

VISIT TO MOROCCO

CHAPTER X

VISIT TO MOROCCO

Days in Tangier—A Ten-day Journey Through the Open Country to Fez—Presentation to Sultan Mulai Abdul Aziz—Giving the Sultan Music Lessons.

EVER since the memorable visit to the New York Casino of Sir Edwin Arnold, the noted exponent of the Oriental Arts, I was imbued with a desire to journey over that interesting country so ably portrayed by him and in June, 1902, armed with credentials from President Roosevelt, Secretary Hay and Secretary Cortelyou, I again crossed the sea.

Arriving in Paris, I left there almost immediately by the "Sud-Express" for Madrid and thence to Seville, Granada, Cadiz, and Algeciras. Enchanted with what I had seen in all these quaint, picturesque places, I went over by ferry boat from Algeciras to Gibraltar, where I laid in a stock of provisions, intended for my journey through Morocco. After a day or two I sailed from Gibraltar to Tangier (about a three-hour ride) on the little steamer *Gibel-Terra*. I remained four or five days in Tangier, investigating the mode of amusement of the Moors in their little cafés. The music was weird and noisy. Occasionally a danseuse was introduced, and the hand-clapping and the sounds of the uncouth voices of the

natives, their incessant cigarette smoking, with unusually strong coffee and tea accompaniment, unmistakably enlivened the scene.

One street in Tangier was lighted by electricity, but the Moors created such opposition to any modern innovation, that the lights were removed, for the reason that under the laws of Mohammed, the Moor was to rise at sunrise and retire at sunset. An attempt was also made to construct a railroad from Tangier to Fez, but again the Moors objected because walking was healthier and cheaper, and so was horseback, camel, mule and donkey riding.

I presented my credentials to the American Consul in Tangier, who courteously provided me with soldiers, including an old Caid, guards and attendants. The following evening, with our horses and mules and ample provisions, we started on a ten-day journey through Morocco to Fez. The very first night, about three o'clock in the morning, just as the attendants had erected our tents for a few hours' repose, I heard distant sounds of quaint instruments and tramping of horses and camels. "What is that?" I asked the old Caid, who had traversed the country hundreds of times. He replied that it was a little caravan bearing merchandise to Tangier for the morning market there. I was preparing to retire when the sound became more and more distinct, and in a very short time there appeared, not a little, but an extraordinarily big caravan of more than two hundred camels and horses. So inspired was I with this remarkable scene, that

then and there I jotted down my Oriental intermezzo, "The Caravan," with a view to dedicating it to the Sultan Mulai Abdul Aziz.

Day after day, we journeyed along over hills and rivers,

"The Caravan"
(a Moorish Intermezzo.)



encountering many wild birds, including goldfinches, linnets, greenfinches, blackbirds, robins, wagtails and numberless hawks, and now and then we came across a running courier carrying the government mail.

Near a place called El-Araish where there was a line of reddish cliffs about three hundred feet in height, my horse was

so worn by hard riding and the intense heat, that he fell to the ground, expiring in a few moments. I was provided with a mule and so continued my trip to Fez. Strewn along the roads at divers points on the long journey, were hundreds upon hundreds of carcasses of animals of various species. Whenever we pitched our tents for an afternoon or night we were met by the head man or burgomaster, so to speak, of the village, who provided us with basins of milk, and chickens and eggs of excellent quality and in abundance.

Early in July, 1902, we arrived in the sacred city of Fez, the capital of Morocco. I was then garbed in the Moorish "ji-lab" of white, somewhat resembling a bath-robe, and my head-gear consisted of a sort of a bonnet made up of strings of heavy white cord. By mistake our little caravan entered the wrong street and we were accosted by an individual, evidently a friend of the old Caid, who warned us that on this street Europeans ran the risk of being butchered by fanatics, so we turned in another direction. Finally we reached a villa which had been provided for our party, through the courtesy of the Sultan, who had been previously apprised of my coming by the American consul at Tangier.

The morning following my arrival the Sultan sent a few of his equerries to the villa and I was escorted to the palace on one of the royal horses. As we passed through portal after portal, they were closed and securely locked after us. At one point we encountered a "Rif" fanatic, expounding to a great number of Moors his grievances, and he became so exasperated that he

endeavored to kill himself in our presence. I requested the chief equerry kindly to pass along and thus avoid the sight of this outrageous performance, but he replied: "Custom compels us to wait until it is all over." Eventually we arrived at the palace, and I had the honor of being presented to His Sherifian Highness, the Sultan Mulai Abdul Aziz, by Menebbi, the famous Minister of War.

I presented the Sultan with a gun of American manufacture, with smokeless powder. He took the gun out in the courtyard and fired it to his evident delight. Re-entering the reception room, he recognized my simple eye-glasses, took them in his hand, and said "American!" I nodded affirmatively, and he continued through his interpreter, "It is remarkable how Americans improve upon everything," exhibiting at the same time a pair of very heavy framed spectacles, and placing mine on his nose, saying (laughingly), "Mazian" (meaning "very good"). Thereupon the Sultan glued his ears to the twin tubes coming from a phonograph. A broad smile was spread over his face and he leaned forward as though greatly interested in that small voice that came from the wax cylinder.

Menebbi, the Minister of War, lifted a warning hand for silence, and I stood for a moment watching the expression of the Sultan's face. Presently he dropped the tubes, rose from his seat, and came to me again with outstretched hand and led me into a spacious and sumptuously furnished apartment immediately adjoining the reception room. Ranged along the walls were four pianos. Naturally I was interested and made

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that interest clear by opening one, and to my surprise it was of fine American manufacture.

Through the interpreter the Sultan said: "You understand the thing that has the sounds of the wind and the echo of bells in its bosom? You know how to make the song birds from its midst? Ah, I can see it in your eyes?" Mulai laid his hand on my shoulder.

I confessed that I was more or less in love with the piano-forte, and permitted my hand to drop on the keyboard; there wasn't anything else to do but play, so I played.

I gave him for a starter Chopin, Rubinstein, Mozart, Wagner; then I ran into the lighter music of Johann Strauss, popular airs of the day, gavottes and characteristic pieces.

The Sultan was enthralled. I turned to him at the conclusion; there was a far-away look in his eyes. Suddenly he came to and said:

"It is like distant thunder and the echo of storms; it is the tramp of a thousand camels, the hoof beats of a herd of horses; from your fingers come the plaintive notes of a woman's voice crying and then cooing. You have love and anger and pleadings by the handful. I am blessed with two ears. In what language do you make those sounds?"

The Minister of War had dropped, oblivious to all court etiquette, upon a near-by divan and was puffing violently on a six-inch cigarette.

"Can you play in Spanish?" inquired His Majesty.

"Music is the same in all languages. Music is a separate

Photograph by Underwood and Underwood

ABD-EL-AZIZ, SULTAN OF MOROCCO

language to learn, but all nations hear it alike," was my response.

"Then the hand of the Arab may play the music that the ear of the Christian understands?"

"Yes, just the same as the Christian's music is clear to the Arab," I replied.

"Then it will have to be changed," answered Mulai, folding his arms. "I want something new for Morocco."

"It will be difficult to change sound," I explained to him.

"But," he continued, seeking for something new, "the hoof beats of one horse do not sound like the hoof beats of his sire. Can you let the light in on that?"

I did my best to illumine the problem, and finally convinced him that one and the same horse always had the same sound to his hoof beats.

"Suppose," said the Sultan thoughtfully, and in confidence, "I should lay my fingers on the ivory and strike, would it make your heart expand in joy and fill your soul with a tickling?"

"It would give me indescribable pleasure." Rising from the stool I motioned him to be seated.

The Minister of War began to get nervous at the spectacle of His Majesty at the keyboard. "No deed done by the Sultan can weary the listener," said El Menebbi, gathering his robe about him. It was evident that he hadn't grasped the ruler's meaning.

Mulai pulled up his white sleeve, and with a motion sug-

gesting a course of physical culture, violently smote the keys.

"Are you tickled?" was his inquiry, as the sounds died away in the one grand inharmonious echo.

"Greatly," I said, looking heavenward.

"You are easily tickled," was his retort. "It falls into my ears, like the voice of famine and the howl of disaster. My heart grows smaller and my soul flees from my body. Will you forgive me for this insult and drive the echoes of it out of my ears? El Menebbi," turning to the Minister, "lead me away, I am a blight to the world."

I had some difficulty restraining His Majesty from rushing out of the room. He was greatly overcome and asked me to forget his playing.

At about two o'clock one morning shortly after my first meeting with the Sultan, I heard a voice crying out under my window, I got up and drew the blind, and there in the moonlight stood El Menebbi gayly attired in all the glitter of his office.

"Will the stranger with the quick fingers come to the palace and lead His Majesty to the imperial couch, for behold, Mulai Abdul Aziz hath both hands on the sound box and is making diabolical noises which are like unto nothing heard before in the city of Fez. Hasten, stranger, or Fez will be depopulated. Lay thy soothing fingers upon his arm and lead him away. He has already spurned the army. I have spoken."

I accompanied El Menebbi back to the palace as speedily

as possible. The Minister of War was right; the Sultan was rehearsing with all his might. I stepped to his side and with a respectful bow, saluted him.

Rising, with a satisfied smile, he remarked: "I have found several notes that always sound the same. You have let the light of the world into my bosom; embrace me."

During the interim between my first and this visit I completed my intermezzo, "The Caravan," after attending cafés and private functions in Fez and witnessing the wonderful horsemanship of the natives in their "powder play," thus deriving color and atmosphere, and now played it for the first time for His Majesty who was so delighted with it, that he requested me to arrange it for his private military band of fifty European musicians, which I did, at the same time acquiring from the Sultan personally, the privilege of its dedication to him.

"The Caravan" was played day after day and at all functions of the Sultan, and it seemed just to hit his fancy. It was characteristic of the Orient, yet not Moorish, for the music of the Moors consists chiefly of the weird sounds that emanate from their drums, cymbals, horns, ghambreens and the like.

It was on this occasion, my second visit to the Sultan, that I gave him his first lesson on the piano, note by note. With his brown finger held in my hand I made him pick out the notes of the eight keys forming an octave, and such interest

did he take in his new avocation that the following afternoon I was summoned by six of his guards on horseback to come immediately to the palace with a plan of the first lesson that I had given the Sultan the previous morning; so I hurriedly sketched on a sheet of paper (in actual size) a fac-simile of the full octave, placing the fingers on the keys in their proper position, and taking it with me, accompanied the guards to the palace.

The Sultan was busily engaged practising the scale. He thanked me for the sketch and presented me with a beautiful scimitar with his initials and an Arabic inscription engraved thereon, as a token of his appreciation. His courtesy and attention and that of his suite during my stay in Fez, will never be erased from my memory.

I recall also a dinner I attended at the palace of the Minister of War, El Menebbi, in a room of Oriental splendor. The guests were all attired in the costumes of their country and I was in my dress suit. We all sat with our legs crossed, around a so-called table on the floor. There was a great soup tureen in the center and enormous soup ladles before each guest; so the ladles went into the tureen and from his ladle each partook of the soup, after this, fully half a dozen kinds of mutton and chicken were served, and then followed tea, with mint and sweets, of which the Arabs are very fond. On account of the peculiar "varnishy" taste of the soup I was almost compelled to retire after it had been served, but I braved it until the finish of the dinner, heartily appreciat-

ing the good will manifested by the Minister of War and his distinguished associates.

On my return journey from Fez to Tangier I noticed in many places the predominance of the palmetto. There were figs of excellent quality in great abundance and also citrons, lemons, limes, mulberries, walnuts, chestnuts, oranges, quinces and pomegranates. Besides, there were olive-like nuts that were greedily sought after by camels, mules, goats, sheep and horned cattle, but not by horses.

RANDOM RECOLLECTIONS

1. The first part of the document is a list of the names of the persons who were present at the meeting.

2. The second part of the document is a list of the names of the persons who were absent from the meeting.

CHAPTER XI

RANDOM RECOLLECTIONS

Old New York—Meeting with Verdi—Banquet to Madame Adelina Patti—Signor Cardinali's Mishap—Jean de Reszke Gives Gratuitous Instruction to Talented American Girl—Madame Emma Eames and the Manuscript Society of New York—Miss Alice Roosevelt and the Wax Figures—Sarah Bernhardt's Generosity—The Advent of Henri Marteau—Teresa Carreño's Return to America—Brahms, Carreño and D'Albert—Meeting with Eduard Strauss in Cologne and His Subsequent Appearance in New York—Presentation of Johann Strauss' "Vienna Life" at the Broadway Theater.

THE reader may be interested in the following interview with my father in the *New York Times* of April 3rd, 1898: "On Tuesday, April 5th, 1898, Mr. Norman Aronson, father of Rudolph Aronson, will attain the ripe old age of eighty-five years, and his friends propose to give the old gentleman a birthday party such as he will not easily forget. Mr. Aronson was born in 1813 in Germany and after pursuing his studies on the violoncello with Professor Studelli, he began a mercantile career in deference to the wishes of his parents, who did not wish him to follow his own inclination of entering the musical field. He went to

England at the age of twenty and remained there until 1850, when he came to New York, where, with the exception of occasional visits to Europe, he has been a resident ever since.

"It is interesting to listen to Mr. Aronson's reminiscences of New York as he found it in 1850, when trade had not yet driven away residences on Broadway many blocks north of Fourth Street, and when such names could be read on doorplates as Francis Moseworthy of Colonial fame, George Lovett, Dr. Fitch, James Cheeseman, Christopher Wolf, General De Trobriand, Gideon Tucker, and the philanthropic John D. Wolfe. On Ninth Street he remembers calling upon the famous surgeon, Dr. Carnochan, who some years later was Health Officer of the Port, and on Tenth Street stood the mansion of Peter Lorillard. At that time, where the Fifth Avenue Hotel now stands there were only the road houses and grounds of Corporal Thompson, whose rare milk punches were themes of gossip, and from where with the exception of the corner of Twenty-fourth Street, where there was a blacksmith's forge, the vista up Broadway and Fifth Avenue presented vacant lots. Mr. Aronson was among the first guests at the Astor House. He stopped there on his arrival in New York, and while sitting on one of the benches in Battery Park the other day, he gave some interesting details as to the appearance of the lower part of Broadway as he remembered it in 1850. He remembers well Bartlett's Washington Hotel, the private residences of the Phoenix, Whitney and Hecksher families, the fashionable boarding house of

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Mrs. Tripp, which overlooked the Atlantic Gardens, the granite mansion of Gordon Burnham, who presented the Webster statue to Central Park, and on the corner of Wall Street some three-story brick houses just vacated as residences, and where began the dry goods district, with the stores of Perkins, Warren & Co.

"Mr. Aronson was always a lover of music and the drama, and recalls the many prominent artists he has heard during his lifetime. They include Edmund Kean, Macready, Garrick, Forrest, Booth (the elder), Salvini, Rachel, Ristori, Cushman, Rubini, Lablache, Piccollomini, Henrietta Sontag, Jenny Lind, Grisi, Garcia, Malibran, La Grange, Lucca, Adelina Patti, Tietiens, Mario, Tamberlik Wachtel, Carl Formes, and the lyric dramatic singer, Parepa Rosa. Of the latter he related the interesting story of her marriage to Carl Rosa, who founded the English institution, the Carl Rosa Opera Company, which celebrated its twenty-fifth anniversary in London last year. Of her concert tour here in 1865 Mr. Aronson remembered that she sang four times a week, and was assisted by Jules Levy, the celebrated cornet player, Fortuna, the baritone, and Carl Rosa, violinist. Her tour began at Irving Hall, New York, and success was established from the first."

My father was an ardent admirer of Verdi and rarely missed an opportunity to attend a first performance of "Il Trovatore," "Rigoletto," "Traviata," "Ernani" or "Ballo in Maschera" at the old Academy of Music in New York.

During one of my visits to Italy I had the pleasure of meeting the great *maestro* at his home in Genoa. On this occasion I made bold to request an autographed photograph for my father, which to my delight, the great Verdi graciously handed me and which is herein reproduced.

One of the greatest impresarios was Colonel J. H. Mapleson, old-time director of the opera at the New York Academy of Music, and his remarkable qualities were brought to my recognition during the years from 1884 to 1886, when I had the privilege of meeting him frequently. Many artists in Colonel Mapleson's Company at the Academy appeared at my Sunday evening concerts at the Casino, and in arranging the concert programs this remarkable man would, without referring to the music or to memoranda of any description, dictate the various numbers to be sung. He had in his mind the title of each number of his stupendous repertoire, and he would make up the programs offhand, naming the composer and the title of the piece in whatever language it chanced to be. That he never repeated a previous program was a proof of marvelous memory.

A regrettable incident, although one that brought forth great applause, occurred at a Casino Sunday evening concert when the young and handsome tenor, Signor Cardinali, who has the distinction of having been one of the original *matinée* idols, was among the soloists.

Upon this evening Cardinali sang the "Di quella pira"

from "Il Trovatore." An excessively tall and very stiff collar evidently affected him, for in attempting to take the high C he broke on the note, gave way to his temper, tore off his collar, and throwing it to the floor, rushed off the stage. He would never again appear at the Casino.

Colonel Mapleson said of Signor Cardinali after his first appearance at the Academy: "To Cardinali belonged the triumph of the night. At one stroke he has dethroned Campanini." Campanini was the Caruso of that day.

In December, 1884, I was present at the dinner given Madame Adelina Patti, in celebration of the twenty-fifth anniversary of the prima donna's first appearance in New York. Mr. Max Maretzek, who was then conducting opera at the New York Academy of Music, was present and told several stories connected with Madame Patti's childhood. The following incident, in which Mr. Maretzek was a participant, impressed itself on my memory.

"Adelina as a little girl was asked by her mother to sing for some friends who were visiting at her house," said Mr. Maretzek. "Instead of responding quickly with a song, she thought for a moment and then asked: 'What will you give me if I do?' She was asked by one of the company what she demanded for a song and, though she had not yet reached the age to realize that a warble from her throat was worth a thousand dollars, she demanded what, no doubt, was quite as valuable to her then, a hatful of bonbons. We had some

difficulty in getting these, but until we did get them, we had no song!"

While a resident of New York, the distinguished composer, Mr. Max Vogrich, submitted to me his grand opera "Der Buddha" and so impressed was I with the magnificence of the work, that during my sojourn in Paris in 1900 I called upon Jean de Reszke at his artistic abode in the Rue de la Faissanderie, and informed him how much "Der Buddha" had charmed me and that the title rôle was admirably fitted to him. Mr. de Reszke said: "Cannot you arrange that I hear it?" I replied that Mr. Vogrich was in Rome and that I would wire him to come to Paris. An appointment was duly fixed. Mr. Vogrich, who was a most admirable pianist, played over his work, and so pleased was Mr. de Reszke that he said he would suggest its acceptance for the Grand Opera in Paris. Madame de Reszke, herself an excellent artist, was present on this occasion, listened attentively and after Mr. Vogrich had concluded said to him: "Your great work is worthy of a Schumann, higher praise I cannot bestow."

I cannot permit the following episode to pass, showing as it does the big heartedness of de Reszke: Just previous to one of my periodical departures for Europe in May, 1906, one Sunday morning Mr. Meyer Cohen, manager of a prominent music publishing house in New York, with his wife and daughter Vivienne called upon me, at my home. Mr. Cohen whom I had known for many years, requested me

to hear Miss Vivienne's voice, wholly untrained, stating that she had recently heard Madame Melba's phonographic interpretation of Gounod's "Ave Maria" and that she would sing it in her own way. I played her accompaniment and at once expressed my astonishment and gratification. She was the possessor of a well rounded, naturally sweet and warm contralto quality of voice, in other words "a rough diamond requiring polishing." I said to Mr. and Mrs. Cohen, that I felt so confident in the future of Miss Vivienne, then sixteen years of age, that I would suggest the matter to my friend Mr. de Reszke on my arrival in Paris at an early date.

Arriving in Paris, I immediately fixed an appointment with Mr. de Reszke, and there and then submitted the photograph of "my discovery" extolling her voice and personality in the highest degree, and emphasized the fact that she had no money! Mr. de Reszke replied thus: "If the young lady possesses the qualities you say she does, have her come to Paris and I will cheerfully take her in hand, free of charge, and from her first lucrative engagements, she can refund me for my tuition."

I lost no time in cabling the good news to New York. Miss Vivienne, accompanied by her mother, sailed over by the first steamer. I installed them in a little apartment, not far from the Rue de la Faissanderie. When Mr. de Reszke heard Miss Vivienne, he said: "Aronson, your criticism of her was in no way exaggerated, she can begin her studies to-morrow." And begin she did, but unfortunately her mother be-

came very ill after a short period, and she was compelled to return to New York and thus I am sure, the world is loser of a really remarkable voice.

On one occasion, at a reception tendered to Madame Emma Eames (then in the zenith of her success at the Metropolitan Opera House) by the Manuscript Society of New York, the distinguished prima donna said to me: "How much I admire your spotlet, Mr. Aronson!" For the moment I felt abashed, presuming that Madame Eames was referring to the diminutive bald-spot at the top of my head. After a moment's reflection, however, I recalled that the previous evening she attended at my invitation a performance at the Casino, and the spotlet she referred to was the Casino!

In St. Louis at the World's Fair (1904) the Palais des Costumes, of which I had charge, was a sort of a cross between Madame Tussaud's Wax Works in London and the Eden Musée in New York. So perfectly, and I might say, artistically were the various subjects portrayed, that on one occasion, a French workman in his blue blouse, wide pantaloons and slouch hat, was arranging some figures, when Miss Alice Roosevelt and companion strolled in. I noticed them and said to the workman quietly in French, to take a quick pose himself, as some visitors were about arriving. Miss Roosevelt insisted that that man was alive, but her companion ridiculed the idea, with the remark: "Why, these are

JOACHIM STRING QUARTETTE (JOACHIM AT THE LEFT)

all wax figures!" They passed along, and almost a moment after, the French workman walked out, to the evident delight of Miss Roosevelt, who had suddenly turned around and noticed the proceedings.

While the new Chickering Hall on Huntington Avenue, Boston, was in course of construction in the early nineties I suggested to Messrs. Chickering and Sons the engagement of the famous Joseph Joachim and his equally famous string quartette to inaugurate their new concert hall. Messrs. Chickering were delighted with my suggestion and authorized me to cable the great violin virtuoso in Berlin, he to name his own terms. Joachim replied: "Appreciate the very flattering offer, but no inducement would permit my crossing the Atlantic." Thus American music lovers were again the losers.

Some years ago, after a concert in the Metropolitan Opera House, I met Mr. H. E. Krehbiel, the dean of New York musical critics, when we discussed the introductions of very popular themes of famous composers in refrains of certain marches, at that time very much in vogue; excerpts from the "Carmen" Toreador Song, the Mendelssohn Spring Song, Wagner's "Lohengrin," and also the extraordinarily popular Boulanger March, etc., were freely used, although in these cases perhaps unintentionally. What a contrast, however, with certain present-day "would-be" composers, who don't

know the difference between a minor chord and a cord of wood, and who bodily appropriate Schumann's *Reverie*, Mendelssohn's *Wedding March* and *Spring Song*, Chopin's *Funeral March* and other classics and interweave them with "ragtime" accompaniments? What a blessing it would be to have a *musical censor* in this country, authorized to prevent such outrageous tactics!

On one of my trips across the Atlantic in the early nineties I had the pleasure of having as fellow passengers Madame Sarah Bernhardt, the artists of her company, two singers of repute and a wealthy Baron de ——. At the request of the purser of the ship, I undertook the direction of an entertainment on board, for the benefit of the Sailors' Fund.

Madame Bernhardt was not feeling well and regretted not to be able to appear, but consented to have all the members of her splendid company take part, as did also the two singers.

I was informed that the Baron de — had written some very excellent poems and that he might be induced to recite one or two of them. I thereupon interviewed him and he very courteously acquiesced for so laudable a cause.

With such a combination it was not difficult to arrange an unusually delightful ship's entertainment. I placed Baron de — in the "star" position, at the end of the first part. He recited his poem in French. It was rather long, and understood by but few of the passengers, who applauded

vociferously, so he immediately followed with another, and then still with another. He kept at it until the passengers were beginning to show signs of fatigue, with the second part of the entertainment yet to come. I politely called the Baron's attention to the lateness of the hour and the fact that there were others on the program, so he good-naturedly subsided. As was customary I had three pretty girls "pass around the plates" and when one of them approached the Baron for a contribution, he declined emphatically, adding: "Have I not contributed sufficiently in the recital of my poems!" With Madame Bernhardt, it was quite different, however. The three girls had obtained sixteen hundred francs. I informed the Divine Sarah of that fact and she inquired of me: "How much of that amount did the Baron contribute?" I replied: "Not a sou." She then took from her purse four one hundred franc notes, and handed them to me, saying: "So that will make two thousand francs for the poor sailors."

On Saturday evening, May 27th, 1893, the New York Casino was prettily decorated with a lavish display of the flags of this country and Spain, which were caught up over the boxes and draped along the balconies and along the stairways. Souvenir announcements printed on yellow silk were given to the ladies in the audience, and all in honor of the Infanta Eulalie, who, however, on account of illness occasioned by over-exertion at the gala ball given for her Royal

Highness the previous evening at the Madison Square Concert Hall, was unable to attend.

The house was packed from pit to dome and the coming of the party was heralded at half-past nine o'clock. Then the orchestra, which had been playing the familiar music of "Adonis," broke into the royal march of Spain and everybody rose in compliment to the guests. There was a great craning of necks and looks of wonderment at the absence of the Princess. The applause that greeted the entrance of her husband Prince Antonio and his escorts into the boxes reserved for them, dragged somewhat, because all waited to see if the Infanta wasn't somewhere behind them. This point finally decided, the audience settled itself once more and the performance proceeded.

In the two boxes on the right of the stage with the Prince, the Duke de Tarames and Secretary Jovar, were General Horace Porter, General Varnum, A. P. Montant, Francis Lynde Stetson and Comptroller Theodore Myers. On the opposite side of the house in the first stage box were Mayor Thomas F. Gilroy, City Chamberlain O'Donohue and Mrs. O'Donohue. In the second box were seated ex-Governor Wetmore and his wife and Commander E. Nicholson Kane. In the audience there were such notables as Colonel and Mrs. William Jay, Judge and Mrs. Abram R. Lawrence, Ward McAllister and his daughter. I had the honor of presenting to Prince Antonio a handsome silver statuette of Henry E. Dixey as *Adonis* that had been intended for the Infanta. At

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the close of the performance the party went to the roof garden, where they occupied the boxes and witnessed the dancing and enjoyed the singing of Mme. Naya.

Besides bringing to the notice of the American public at my Sunday popular concerts at the Casino in New York such artists as Leopold Godowsky, Michael Banner, and Alexander Lambert, I also undertook the management first of Henri Marteau, the young French violinist.

In the early nineties I attended the violin *concours* at the Paris Conservatoire. Massenet, Ambroise Thomas, Theodore Dubois and other eminent composers made up the jury, and—of perhaps twenty aspirants—young Henri Marteau succeeded by a unanimous vote of the jury in carrying off the first prize. It was then that I engaged Marteau for a tour in America, at the earnest solicitation of Massenet, and he achieved very great success from his first appearance in New York with the Philharmonic Society then under the conductorship of Anton Seidl. To-day Marteau is the recognized successor of Joseph Joachim in Berlin.

At the *concours* above referred to, assured of his mastery of and admiration for the queen of instruments, I suggested to Massenet that he compose a "violin concerto," and he replied that it was his ambition to do so. Unfortunately, however, his enormous operatic and orchestral work prevented and the music world is the loser.

About this time there was dissension and litigation without end in the affairs of the Casino, so much so that in addi-

tion to David Leventritt, the services of such eminent counsel as ex-Judge William Henry Arnoux and Samuel Untermyer were retained. During those strenuous times I worked hard on the musical score of "The Rainmaker of Syria," the libretto of which was by Sydney Rosenfeld. It was hurriedly produced at the Casino under the management of Harry W. Roseborn on September 25th, 1893, with Bertha Ricci, Kate Davis, Sophie Holt, Fannie Ward, Nina Farrington, Florence Bell, Mark Smith, Charles Hopper, Harry Davenport, and J. A. Furey in the cast, and under the conductorship of Gustave Kerker, but with only moderate success. I thereupon became the manager of the Bijou Theater in New York and with Henry B. Sire, its owner, arranged for the renovation and redecoration of that house.

William Harris suggested as the opening attraction, under my management of the Bijou, his star, May Irwin, in "The Widow Jones," but Mr. Sire at first declined, because he was afraid that at that time Miss Irwin was not recognized as a Broadway attraction. However, I went on to Boston to witness a rehearsal of "The Widow Jones" and was so charmed with Miss Irwin and her inimitable interpretation of that catchy, dainty negro melody, "I want yer ma honey," that I immediately closed a contract with Mr. Harris. Miss Irwin appeared and for hundreds of performances delighted multitudes and at once established herself as a Broadway favorite.

One of the most original "presentations" to which I was a

party was perpetrated at the last performance of "The Widow Jones" at the Bijou Theater, New York. After Miss May Irwin had rendered in her inimitable manner the "New Bully" song, two ushers rushed down the aisle, bearing between them what appeared to be a barrel formed of flowers.

It was hoisted on the stage with some difficulty and the audience applauded and Miss Irwin bowed, beamed, and smiled.

That was not all, however, for as soon as the barrel was set down, right out of it there hopped two pickaninnies as black as the proverbial ace of spades. The audience laughed and applauded, and Miss Irwin was obliged to make a farewell speech.

It was during this period that I engaged the "lioness of the piano," the distinguished Teresa Carreño, who after years and years of arduous unremunerative work in the United States went to Europe and in a comparatively short period attained the foremost position, so that my contract with her was for six hundred dollars for each concert, which was away out of proportion to the figure she had received previous to her seven years' sojourn abroad. Madame Carreño scored immensely on her return visit to the United States and Canada, and was proclaimed not only the "lioness" but the "queen of the piano," which was her rightly deserved title.

While I was in Berlin in the late nineties, negotiating for the engagement of Madame Teresa Carreño for America, I was told of a story, which was going the rounds regarding that

distinguished pianiste and her husband, Eugene D'Albert, the well known composer-pianist. It seems that the relations of that couple had been strained for some time, and one day without any motive whatever D'Albert left his home and shortly after announced his appearance at a concert in Berlin. So incensed were the Berliners at his attitude that all sorts of vengeance were threatened. D'Albert, hearing of this, cautiously (it was said) invited his friend Johannes Brahms to conduct his piano concerto, which was one of the numbers on the program. The evening of the concert arrived and so did Brahms, who was as beloved in Berlin as he was in Vienna. With baton in hand he accompanied D'Albert. The audience applauded vociferously, and the impending disturbance was averted.

In the spring of 1900, en route to Berlin I stopped over at Cologne, and to my surprise discovered that Herr Eduard Strauss and his Vienna orchestra were giving concerts at the "Flora," a prominent concert garden there. I immediately put myself in touch with Herr Strauss, attended his concert in the evening, enchanted as of old with his irresistible manner of conducting. At times he played the violin with his orchestra when not wielding the baton, and swayed to and fro to emphasize the rhythm of the music, marking time also with his right foot in a manner decidedly unique.

I lunched with Herr Strauss the following day and recalled the promise he had made me at the banquet tendered his brother Johann in Vienna in 1894, that if he visited

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EDUARD STRAUSS

JOHANN STRAUSS, III.

America again he would do so under my management! I said: "Herr Director, are you ready to accept an engagement for a tour in the United States and Canada next fall!" He replied in the affirmative, terms were discussed and an optional contract was agreed upon. I sailed for New York shortly thereafter, consulted Mr. Henry Seligman (son of Mr. Jesse Seligman, one of the founders in the early eighties of my first venture, The Metropolitan Concert Hall) who courteously aided me in financing the "Strauss" tour.

There was a great flare of trumpets preceding the Strauss return to America. A prize of one hundred dollars was offered for the best title for a waltz composed by me and dedicated to Herr Strauss. Some six hundred suggestions were received and the committee accepted the title, "Strauss Greeting," as the most appropriate.

The first Strauss Concert was given in the ballroom of the Waldorf-Astoria in New York on October 20th, 1900, under distinguished patronage which included the Austrian Ambassador, Baron von Hegenmüller, Mrs. John Jacob Astor, Mrs. Stuyvesant Fish, Mrs. George B. DeForest, Mrs. Hermann Oelrichs, Mrs. George J. Gould, Mrs. Thomas Hitchcock and Mrs. Elisha Dyer, Jr.

The following was the program:

Overture—Simplicius *Johann Strauss*
Prelude—Cornelius Schutt *Smareglia*
Waltz—Greeting to America (new) *Eduard Strauss*

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Ave Verum	<i>Mozart</i>
Polka—Vienna Custom	<i>Eduard Strauss</i>
Hungarian Rhapsody No. 1	<i>Liszt</i>
Waltz—Artist Life	<i>Johann Strauss</i>
Ballet Music—Le Cid	<i>Massenet</i>
Galop—Happy the World Over	<i>Eduard Strauss</i>

At the second concert on Sunday evening, October 21st, 1900, at the Metropolitan Opera House, New York, there were more than five thousand persons; indeed the house was packed to repletion and several hundred persons could not get in at all. Strauss and his orchestra achieved a veritable triumph. Strauss concerts were given in the principal cities of the United States and Canada, but the season came to an untimely conclusion owing to a railroad accident which unfortunately incapacitated Herr Strauss' right arm. But in order not to disappoint the large gathering at a Charity Ball at the Metropolitan Opera House on February 12th, 1901, he conducted six dance numbers with the baton in his left hand to the evident delight of the terpsichorean devotees, who after each dance applauded him to the echo. This was his last appearance in America.

Eduard Strauss received an academic education and was graduated in philosophy. He at first intended to go into the consular service, but the hereditary tastes of his family asserted themselves and he turned to music, making his début as leader of the Strauss orchestra in 1862. At the close of

Greeting to America!
Wally by Edmund Strauss



FROM THE ORIGINAL MANUSCRIPT OF EDUARD STRAUSS'
"GREETING TO AMERICA"

the seventies he began his concert tours. They soon became popular all over Europe, and in 1890 he first came to America, achieving an immense success and being welcomed in sixty-one cities of the United States. He has visited over eight hundred cities in the two hemispheres. He is commander, officer or knight of twelve orders, and has received valuable presents from thirty-two different rulers. His musical publications include three hundred compositions of his own and two hundred arrangements of operas, concert-pieces and songs.

During the last weeks of the Eduard Strauss invasion I was busily engaged in directing the production of Johann Strauss' posthumous operetta, "Vienna Life" (Wiener Blut), at the Broadway Theater, New York, where it was presented for the first time on January 23rd, 1901, with Thomas Persse, Charles H. Drew, Raymond Hitchcock, William Blaisdell, Amelia Stone, Ethel Jackson, Rosemary Glosz, and Maude Thomas in the cast. It was sumptuously mounted, and the scenery and costumes were beautiful and artistic, but the public at that time had been surfeited with light musical comedy performances and kept steadily away from higher class operetta productions, so that the Strauss work was withdrawn after four or five weeks.

In the fall of 1900 I received a letter from Norbert Dunkl, a prominent concert manager and head of the old music publishing firm of Rozsavolgyi and Company, Budapest—whom

I had previously met during my European wanderings. Herr Dunkl informed me that he had engaged for a term of years a young and very promising violinist, Jan Kubelik, and urged me to hear him at the earliest opportunity. In the spring of 1901, I again sailed for Europe, met Herr Dunkl on the Riviera, where he was then directing a short tour of this young virtuoso. I heard Kubelik at Nice and at Monte Carlo and later in London, and was much impressed with his marvelous technique and personality, and recognized in him a great card for America.

It did not take me long to conclude an optional agreement for the season 1901 and 1902 in the United States and Canada, under which agreement I was required to deposit ten thousand dollars on account.

It so happened, that a prominent New York theatrical manager was in London and to him I suggested Kubelik and a partnership arrangement, he (the theatrical manager) to furnish the money, and I to direct the tour. We were to share in the profits equally.

After the New York manager had heard Kubelik at two concerts at St. James Hall in London, he accepted my proposal and the money was deposited, whereupon a London concert manager, a Mr. Hugo Görlitz, informed Kubelik that inasmuch as he was a minor when his contract with Dunkl had been entered into, and still was a minor, he was at perfect liberty to dispense with his manager Dunkl and make a new and more lucrative arrangement with him (Görlitz).

Kubelik acquiesced in this, to say the least, ungrateful arrangement, and the money deposited by the New York manager was returned to him. He thereupon entered into an agreement with Görlitz. Kubelik came to America and, as I predicted, made a phenomenal success.

Following the Kubelik episode I returned to New York. After a short period, I received a cablegram from Herr Dunkl informing me that he had discovered another young artist, a Miss Steffi Geyer, a violinist of the very first rank and a pupil of Kubelik's teacher, Professor Sevcik. I sailed for Europe, only to learn on my arrival in Budapest, that the young lady had on account of too strenuous practice sprained one of the fingers of her left hand, and the accident was so serious that her doctor prevented her from playing in public for some time. Thereupon my attention was directed toward another young Bohemian violinist, Jaroslav Kocian, who also had studied with Kubelik under Professor Sevcik in Prague. He was creating quite a furore, both socially and professionally. He had played at soirées at the Waldorf-Astors' and other fashionable houses in London, and when I heard him at one of the Richter concerts at St. James Hall, I was so impressed with him, that I engaged him for a series of concerts in America for the season 1902-1903.

On the steamer crossing the Atlantic, Kocian, who was a very handsome young fellow, attracted the attention of a prominent London society woman, at whose home he had played. Inasmuch as his success in the English metropolis

had been widely chronicled in the newspapers, the New York reporters were bent upon interviewing Kocian on arrival of the steamer. In looking over the passenger list, they at once recognized the name of the society lady before alluded to and were informed of her tête-à-têtes and promenades on deck with the violinist.

Kocian expressed himself as delighted with his trip over and his anxiety to play before an American audience, then exhibited his three valuable violins, one of which with a carved handle attracted most attention. One reporter inquired of Kocian: "How about the lady and your elopement?" The violinist looked dumbfounded and simply laughed at the query.

A sensational story of an elopement was started and the papers throughout the United States printed columns upon columns with illustrations. One New York paper went so far as to print a photograph of the violin handle of one of Kocian's violins purporting it to be the carved portrait of the society lady.

This wonderful reclame helped materially in packing Carnegie Hall at Kocian's initial concert with Walter Damrosch's orchestra from the orchestra floor to the uppermost gallery and establishing his artistic career in this country.

The fact of Kocian's following rather than preceding Kubelik on a long tour was detrimental from a financial point of view, but his artistic success nevertheless was unmistakable.

General William T. Sherman died February 14th, 1891, from erysipelas resulting from a cold contracted while witnessing a performance of "Poor Jonathan" at the New York Casino on February 7th. It was on the occasion of the "Special Military Night" at which there were also present General Daniel E. Sickles and the colonels of all the New York regiments. On March 17th, 1891, a benefit performance was given at the Casino for the General Sherman monument fund of New York.

Miss Lillian Russell, Carmencita, Nat Goodwin, James T. Powers, the Columbia College Dramatic Club, the Imperial Japanese Troupe, and Erdelyi Naczi's Hungarian Band participated, and for the closing number of the entertainment, the entire "Poor Jonathan" chorus in their West Point cadet uniforms went through their military evolutions to the music of "Marching Through Georgia."

One evening in Boston in the eighties while my company was playing a very successful engagement of "Erminie" at the Globe Theater, I noticed Mr. John Stetson, the manager of that house, standing in the wings on the stage, earnestly watching the musicians of the orchestra (which under my agreement he was obliged to furnish at his own expense). It so happened that just at that time the two horn players had thirty-two bars rest. Stetson waited until the conclusion of the act, then called the conductor and said to him: "I noticed that your horn players were not playing!" The con-

ductor replied: "But Mr. Stetson, they had nothing to play, they had a rest." Stetson answered excitedly: "Well, do they expect me to pay them salaries for resting! Not for me, no play, no pay!"

This reminds me also that on one occasion in Boston, when I was in negotiation with Stetson for a return engagement of one of my companies, I wanted five per cent. more than the gross takings than Stetson would pay, and while negotiations were pending, he invited me for a sail on his yacht, *The Sapphire*, when suddenly a veritable hurricane set in. Becoming frightfully seasick, I said to him: "Get me off of this confounded boat if you want my company upon your own terms next season!"

I attended performances of "Parsifal" and "Tristan and Isolde" at Bayreuth in July, 1891; and it is possible that my comments in relation to them, cabled to the New York *Herald* on July 27th, 1891, may be of interest now:

"No wonder Madame Cosima Wagner protests against performances of 'Parsifal' other than those given at Bayreuth, for the reason that they would be almost impossible owing to the musical and scenic difficulties which are overcome by the superb orchestra ensemble and the enormous stage of the Bayreuth Theater.

"'Parsifal' to my mind is the greatest of all Wagner's works. I was never in my life more impressed than with the third act. It was like a dream. *Parsifal's* solo, the Good

Friday spell, and the flower girls' chorus are masterpieces. Such playing as that of the orchestra under the direction of Herr Levy I never heard surpassed; but, as Alvary informed me before the first performances of 'Parsifal,' six weeks' rehearsal may account for that absolute perfection. Three thousand people sat in darkness without a murmur and listened attentively to the masterwork of that Shakespeare of composers.

"Monday's performance of 'Tristan and Isolde' was received enthusiastically by an international audience crowding the theater to overflowing. Frau Rosa Sucher and Alvary were superb in the title rôles. Herr Felix Mottl conducted in a perfect manner. Among the distinguished visitors were Prince William of Hesse, Prince Ludwig Victor of Bavaria and the Princess of Anhalt."

MORE RECOLLECTIONS

CHAPTER XII

MORE RECOLLECTIONS

Interviews with Pieter Tschaikowsky—The First Performance of Puccini's "Tosca" at La Scala, Milan—Meeting with Leoncavallo in Italy, and His Tour in America—Kocian at William C. Whitney's musicale—Mascagni and His Pupil—A State Concert at Buckingham Palace—Of Isadora Duncan, Maud Allan, Ruth St. Denis, and Tamara de Swirsky—The Difficulties of a Manager.

PIETER TSCHAIKOWSKY, that prince of composers of the romantic school, with whom I had the extreme pleasure of crossing the ocean in 1891, after he had so successfully conducted a number of his compositions at the inaugural week's festival at Carnegie Hall, New York, and in some of the principal cities of the United States, was of an exceedingly retiring disposition. However, I had occasion to converse with him. He seemed to have had a great fondness for Americans, remarking: "They are so warm, so sympathetic, so like the Russian public, so quick to catch a point and so eager to show their appreciation of the good things offered them." He also complimented very highly our orchestral performers, saying: "They are thoroughly capable and conscientious musicians and would quite put to blush some of our

players across the water in the matter of sight reading." Presently he excused himself and hurried to his little cabin on the upper deck, absorbed in an orchestral score on which he was working.

It is a remarkable fact that where two noted instrumentalists appear at the same concert, their success is not so pronounced as when appearing at concerts individually. I recall as a boy the joint début in New York in the early seventies of those giants of the piano and violin, Anton Rubinstein and Henri Wieniawski. Neither the enthusiasm of the audience nor the receipts were over great, but when Wieniawski appeared as the sole soloist on a Sunday night at the old Wallack's Theater (then on the corner of Broadway and 13th Street), I found the house packed from pit to dome by admirers of the great virtuoso, and he was given a veritable ovation. It was precisely the same when Rubinstein appeared alone.

When, in the late eighties, the famous composer-pianist, Eugène D'Albert and the equally distinguished violinist, Pablo de Sarasate, appeared conjointly under the direction of Abbey and Grau in the principal cities of the United States, their success was not in any way commensurate with their recognized talents; indeed at three matinée auditions at the New York Casino, which was then under my management, they appeared to extraordinarily enthusiastic but meager audiences. Had they appeared separately, I question

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JAN KUBELIK

TSCHAIKOWSKY

whether there would have been such a tale to unfold, at least so far as the receipts were concerned.

It was reported just after my production of Chassaigne's "The Brazilian" at the Casino that the genial musical director and composer, Gustave Kerker, had made ducks and drakes of Chassaigne's score, which was absolutely false. Chassaigne, composer of the former Casino successes, "Falka" and "Nadjy," stood too high as a musician to be treated in such a manner. It was also asserted that in order to push the prima donna in "The Brazilian" to the front, because of some stories about her elopement that enhanced her value as a drawing theatrical attraction, Mr. Kerker had enlarged the part assigned to her and cut to pieces the part assigned to another leading artist in the company.

Now, the truth was simply that the other leading artist resigned from my company because she was told that I had decided to dispense with her services as unsatisfactory. Tales are always attached to clever women. You never hear them about mediocre people. The reason you read so many romances in the lives of light opera stars, is that people enjoy them. The moment a woman begins to show talent on the stage, a story is started about her.

Relative to the above episode, Monsieur Chassaigne himself wrote thanking me for the sumptuous staging of his "Brazilian" and requesting me to convey to Mr. Kerker his thanks for the scrupulous care he had bestowed upon his

score. He said further that he was sensible of the reception his "Falka" and "Nadjy" had always met with in America, and that that mark of sympathy so strongly attracted him to me he hoped soon to attend the rehearsals and be present at the production of his next work.

The work referred to by Monsieur Chassaigne was a new opera he had in contemplation for the Casino, dealing with the life of Louis XIV at Versailles, but to my sincere regret this talented composer died before its completion.

In my production of "La Fille de Madame Angot" at the Casino, the two leading parts, *Mlle. Lange* and *Clairette*, were taken respectively by Camille D'Arville and Marie Halton, who are made rivals in the opera, but were rivals in real life also.

In the quarrel scene in the last act, they are made to say spiteful things to each other and on one occasion Madame D'Arville informed me that Miss Halton had used this privilege to abuse her because of jealousy. When the curtain fell there was a scene and many bitter words passed, but the matter was amicably settled.

One morning during the Kocian engagement following his first performances in New York, I received a telephone call from the late Mr. William C. Whitney (former Secretary of the Navy). He inquired if Kocian's services were available for a musicale at his residence on Fifth Avenue on the

following Sunday evening at ten o'clock. I replied that Mr. Kocian was in Chicago and that he played there at the Auditorium on Saturday afternoon and I had my doubts about arranging the matter, but would wire my representative suggesting that Kocian's position on the program be moved forward, so that he could leave by the fast afternoon train, and perhaps fill the engagement.

The terms were fixed with Mr. Whitney at fifteen hundred dollars for the one appearance. Kocian managed to catch the afternoon train from Chicago, which unfortunately, through some mishap, was detained at or near Albany and did not reach the Grand Central Station until eleven-thirty p. m. on Sunday. In order to save time, the young violin virtuoso had donned his dress suit en route. He hailed the first automobile, arriving at midnight at Mr. Whitney's residence, where he delighted the anxious guests with his artistic and brilliant interpretations.

On April 20th, 1891, I had the pleasure of attending at Princes' Hall, Piccadilly, London, a concert of The Royal Amateur Orchestral Society, considered the finest body of amateur musicians in England. The late Duke of Edinburgh was the leader of the first violins. The Prince of Wales (afterwards King Edward VII) took a strong interest in the Society, and always arranged the dates of the performances himself, besides consulting the Society's able conductor, Mr. George Mount, as to the main feature of the program.

At this concert, a circle of comfortable fauteuils was reserved for the Prince of Wales and his party. The fauteuils were prettily decorated with flowers, and conveniently near was a small but well stocked buffet. The Prince of Wales and his party smoked, chatted and laughed most heartily. In a word, they all appeared to enjoy thoroughly the absence of restraint which is one of the chief features of these delightful entertainments. The company present included the Duke of Cambridge, the Duke of Teck, the Earl of Latham, Sir Arthur Sullivan, Sir Frederick Leighton and many other well known faces.

I first introduced the Hungarian Band conducted by Erdelyi Naczi in the early eighties on the Roof Garden of the New York Casino. The success was immediate, so much so that Mrs. Paran Stevens arranged with me for the first appearance of this band in private at an *al fresco* entertainment at her magnificent villa at Newport for which she paid the sum of one thousand dollars.

The late Mr. Austin Corbin, President of the Long Island Railroad Company, was one of my warmest friends. I was present as one of his guests on the first tour of inspection over his road and at the dinner in honor of the opening of the Manhattan Beach Hotel some thirty years ago. It was Austin Corbin who courteously presided at a stockholders' meeting of the Casino Company in my behalf and who lent me a help-

RICHARD STRAUSS

HENRI WIENIAWSKI

MARK HAMBOURG

ing hand in the battle with my enemies of that company.

A visit to Manhattan and Brighton Beach in the summer of 1912 convinced me of the fickleness of the public, and the changes that are brought about in a generation! During the Austin Corbin régime, the best orchestras and bands under the conductorship of Theodore Thomas, Anton Seidl, Patrick S. Gilmore, John Philip Sousa, Victor Herbert and others assisted by great artists attracted the multitude to both those then popular resorts, but now the public drifts to amusements of an entirely different nature such as is afforded at Luna and Steeplechase Parks at Coney Island.

I recall that on a certain Saturday afternoon and evening in the early eighties at Manhattan Beach, Jules Levy, who was then the cornet soloist with Gilmore's band, was the recipient of a testimonial, receiving in addition to his extraordinary salary, a percentage of that one day's Manhattan Beach Railroad receipts. At the evening concert Levy performed my "Sweet Sixteen Waltz" (which I composed for him) in his inimitable manner and with the addition of his own marvelous cadenzas, eliciting the thunderous applause of the largest audience that I ever witnessed at a musical entertainment.

During the season 1898 I presented at the Metropolitan Opera House, New York, the famous Grenadier Guards Band, with the equally famous bandmaster, Lieutenant Dan Godfrey of London. Their success was well deserved and

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they sustained in every way the high standard they had established in Europe and at the Boston Peace Jubilee in 1870. Following the concerts at the Metropolitan Opera House I arranged for a tour of the band in some of the principal cities of the United States and Canada, followed by a series of concerts at the Lenox Lyceum (now the Plaza Music Hall) in New York. Victor Herbert, who at that time was giving concerts at Manhattan Beach, invited Dan Godfrey and his band as his guests one afternoon, when a well chosen program, principally made up of English and Irish selections was performed and heartily enjoyed. The English bandmaster, Godfrey, fairly embraced the Irish conductor and composer, Herbert, and complimented him upon the excellence of his band.

In the early nineties, while supping with Mr. N. Vert, the well known concert manager, and my elder brother Joe at the Gambrinus, a German restaurant in London, my attention was attracted to a table not far distant, at which were seated four pianists. I went over and greeted them, saying: "It is indeed a rare treat to have the pleasure of greeting four so distinguished pianists." One of them replied rather sharply: "I beg your pardon, there are only two *distinguished* pianists present." I was taken back, because the quartette comprised Moriz Rosenthal, Mark Hamburg, Leopold Godowsky and Vladimir de Pachmann. Returning to my seat, I informed Mr. Vert of the occurrence, who at once

said de Pachmann was the guilty offender and that his distinguished preference was Godowsky.

When, afterwards, I met de Pachmann in New York during one of his concert tours, I said to him: "Doctor, of course Chopin is your favorite composer" (de Pachmann being recognized the world over as a Chopin interpreter *par excellence*), but to my astonishment he replied emphatically: "I hate, I detest Chopin! My favorites are Beethoven, Schumann and Mendelssohn!"

During one of my first visits to Berlin in the early seventies, I stayed at the Hotel Kaiserhof, where the great International Congress was being held. There were present, besides Bismarck, Thiers, Gortschakoff and other distinguished representatives, Benjamin Disraeli. Their conferences were held on the first floor of the hotel, and on two or three occasions I had the opportunity, while walking up to my room on the second floor, of seeing the great English Prime Minister. When at a recent performance (1912) at Wallack's Theater, New York, I witnessed Mr. George Arliss' remarkable and artistic performance of Louis N. Parker's delightful play "Disraeli," I was struck too by that fine artist's wonderful make-up and lifelike characterization; indeed the Disraeli I saw forty years before was vividly brought before my gaze.

While in Milan in 1900, I had the good fortune to be present at the première of Puccini's masterpiece "Tosca" at

the Scala, with Darclée, De Marchi and Giraldoni in the cast. The house had been sold out for weeks before, but my friend, Signor Franco Fano, editor of the *Mondo Artistico*, succeeded in procuring a seat for me.

Maestro Toscanini, that wizard of operatic conductors, wielded the baton over his one hundred *professori* of the world-famous Scala orchestra, and it so happened that at the last orchestral rehearsal (at which Puccini was not present), Toscanini took it upon himself to change the tempo of the finale of the first act, one of the most important numbers in the opera, thereby attaining a more satisfactory effect.

At the first public performance at which Puccini was present, he and the distinguished audience which packed the spacious Scala, sat spellbound, and after Toscanini (always minus the orchestra score) directed that great number previously alluded to, the tempo of which he himself had changed unknown to the composer, Puccini rose from his seat and rapturously applauded, as did the audience, and "Tosca" had won a great victory, due in a measure to Toscanini.

Some years previous to the Tosca première, I happened to stroll into the "Scala" one morning, for the purpose of getting a view of that famous opera house, and with a guide went minutely over the enormous stage, its lighting and mechanical arrangements, and its auditorium, studying its wonderful acoustic properties, and finally arriving at the entrance corridor where I was confronted with four marble statues of Italy's immortals—Bellini, Donizetti, Rossini and

Verdi. I casually remarked to the guide: "How about Puccini; don't you think that he is entitled to a place here?" The guide smiled and said simply, "Piccolo, piccolo!" (Little, little!) That was in the early days of Puccini, however, before he had enriched the world with "Manon Lescaut," "Tosca," "La Boheme," and "Madama Butterfly."

While I was in London in the spring of 1906, Her Grace the Duchess of Marlborough, who was Miss Consuelo Vanderbilt, contemplated giving a musicale for the benefit of one of her pet charities, the West Ham and East London Hospital Extension Fund. I suggested to Her Grace, that it would afford me great pleasure, as an American manager and compatriot, to assist not only in the management of her musicale, but also in providing the artists.

My offer was graciously accepted and the following program was offered:

- 1 Selections— *The Blue Viennese Band*
(HERR MORITZ WURM, Conductor)
- 2 Characteristic Portrayals—
 - a "Angelina Johnsing" *Dunbar*
 - b "Mighty Like a Rose"
 - c "At the Box Office"

MISS LILLIAN WOODWARD
- 3 Songs—
 - a "Chanson de Printemps" *Gounod*
 - b "Quand je fus pris" *Reynaldo Hahn*

MR. LÉON RENNAY
- 4 Violin Solos
 - a "Légende" *Wieniawski*
 - b "Zéphir" *Hubay*

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HERR FERENCZ HEGEDÜS

5 Songs—

- | | |
|----------------------------|---------------------|
| a "The Dewdrops" | <i>Liza Lehmann</i> |
| b "To a Little Red Spider" | " |
| c "The Guardian Angel" | " |
| (By desire) | |

MISS ESTHER PALLISER

(*Accompanied by the Composer*)

6 Cornet Solos

- | | |
|-----------------------|---------------------|
| a "Berceuse" | <i>Tschaikowsky</i> |
| b "Serenade Coquette" | <i>Barthelemy</i> |

MR. PARIS CHAMBERS

7 Selections—

The Blue Viennese Band

(HERR MORITZ WURM, *Conductor*)

GOD SAVE THE KING

The élite of London Society and many distinguished Americans attended and the musicale was a pronounced success. The Duchess of Marlborough, in whom I recognized a most charming, amiable, unaffected woman, one who endeared herself to all who had the honor of meeting her, thanked me again and again.

In May, 1911, I was a passenger on the steamer *Lapland* bound for Europe, and in order to break away from the ordinary monotony of a sea trip I suggested to Captain Doxrud the giving of a concert for the benefit of the Sailors' Relief Fund, to which he readily acquiesced. There was an unusually large passenger list, which included Mr. Charles P. Taft (brother of President Taft), Count Conrad de Buisseret, the Belgian Minister to the United States, and Senator Al-

bert J. Beveridge. Mr. Taft kindly consented to act as chairman of the concert and the Belgian Minister and Senator Beveridge favored the passengers with a few timely remarks.

Previous to each number Mr. Taft made a little explanatory announcement. The first number on the program was my march, "The Man of the Hour," which was dedicated to President Taft. Mr. Taft in perusing the program for the first time seemed somewhat confused as to what he should say relative to this number, but the passengers (with the printed program in hand) came to his rescue, applauding heartily, and the chairman smilingly retired until the next and subsequent numbers. Several hundred dollars were added to the sailors' fund.

In 1905 I spent a few weeks at Salsomaggiore in Italy, where I had the pleasure of meeting the distinguished composer, Ruggero Leoncavallo. It was during one of our little promenades that I suggested to him a tour in the United States, Mexico and Cuba. He was at first taken back, but he reflected and after a few days fixed a meeting for the near future at his beautiful villa at Brissago on Lake Maggiore. I visited his home, where I was presented to his charming wife and family, and after dinner a provisional agreement was entered into between Leoncavallo and myself.

Shortly after, we met again at his Milan abode, the Hotel Victoria, where he introduced me to Signor Titta Ruffo, one

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of Italy's foremost baritones, who laughingly remarked that he might ere long undertake "a tour of inspection of the New World."

I had heard and admired Signor Ruffo in "Hamlet," "Rigoletto," "The Barber of Seville," and "Pagliacci," and said to him: "Why don't you come to the Metropolitan in New York?" He replied that negotiations had been under way many times, but that his terms were too high, and furthermore that with his European and South American engagements it was difficult for him to find the time for New York, much as he would like to appear there. I note with great pleasure that the present director, Andreas Dippel, has finally succeeded in capturing Ruffo for the season 1912-1913 in New York, Chicago, Philadelphia and Boston. There is a splendid treat in store for American lovers of the opera!

I thereupon discussed with Leoncavallo some further details of the agreement and after a short period sailed for New York, where in due course of time I interested an American manager, Mr. John Cort, in the enterprise. Contracts were finally signed, Leoncavallo with his company and orchestra arrived, and the first operatic concert was given at Carnegie Hall, New York, October 8th, 1906. Leoncavallo conducted, and the program consisted of works entirely of his own composition. It was to be regretted, however, that the orchestra was not up to the mark, owing to the sudden retirement, the very day of embarkation from Genoa, of a number of excellent performers, whose places had to be filled with inferior musicians. The

WAR DEPARTMENT.
WASHINGTON

June 27, 1908.

My dear Mr. Aronson:

I beg to acknowledge the receipt of your favor
of the 19th of June, and thank you for remembering
me and for your kind words of congratulation.

Very sincerely yours,



*I shall be honored to
have the much ^{you mention} dedicated
to me.*

Mr. Rudolph Aronson,
227 Riverside Drive,
New York, N. Y.

A LETTER FROM WILLIAM HOWARD TAFT

public and the critics took somewhat unkindly to this, and the result was only a moderate success for the tour, although Leoncavallo was lionized whenever and wherever he appeared.

On October 29th, 1906, I presented to President Roosevelt in Washington a specially prepared copy of Leoncavallo's "Viva l'America March," built on the two melodies, "Yankee Doodle" and "Dixie," which was dedicated to him by the composer. The outside silk cover bore an embossed design by Mr. John Frew, and the music was etched on heavy vellum. The President, in accepting the work, said: "I am delighted that a composer of the position of Leoncavallo, whose 'Pagliacci' I have enjoyed so many times, should do me this great honor, and I shall forward him my letter of thanks."

In 1907 I visited Havana and Mexico in the interest of Leoncavallo and his company, and succeeded in procuring private guarantees in the former and a governmental subsidy in the latter, but even with these substantial financial assurances, it was found impracticable to arrange for a second tour.

During my stay in Mexico City, the honor was accorded me of meeting Diaz, then President, at the palace at Chapultepec, a most genial old gentleman of decidedly military bearing. I spoke to him of the proposed Leoncavallo tour through Mexico, in which he was much interested, and he said: "Why would it not be well for Leoncavallo to compose an opera on a Mexican subject, for the inauguration of our new National Opera House, now in course of construction?" Alas, since that

memorable interview, President Diaz has retired from Mexico and the work on the opera house is progressing slowly.

In 1906, through the kind offices of my friend, Norbert Dunkl, I was presented to the brothers Paganini of Parma, who are barons. They commissioned me to sell *en bloc* the valuable Paganini collection, which comprises a large number of unpublished compositions, the original manuscripts of nearly all the works of the most famous of violinists, scores of important letters and documents, correspondence with notables, books, objects of vertu, personal effects, paintings, medals, decorations, watches, statues, and musical instruments. Among the manuscripts is Concerto No. 3 in E, no mention of which has been made by any of the biographers of Paganini. All these writers, in enumerating his compositions, state that he wrote only two concertos, both of which are familiar to the concert-goers of to-day.

Among the unpublished music are examples in nearly every form—overtures, tone-poems, string quartets, trios, fantasies, etudes, songs, pieces for the guitar and mandolin, marches, waltzes, etc. Some of these unknown works are deemed worthy of a place among the best the violinist ever produced.

The Paganini brothers are nephews of Nicolo Paganini and from his son and heir, Achile, they inherited this property. Many connoisseurs have made pilgrimages to Italy to inspect this collection, and large offers of money have been made for it. Hitherto no propositions of this character would be considered.

Violin collectors have endeavored to buy the musical instruments which constitute a part of the property, but no offers could tempt the brothers Paganini to dispose of these. One of the instruments, which possesses a sentimental value not to be computed in dollars, is the miniature violin which Paganini played when he was a mere boy. This was the first violin he ever owned, and he used it until he could play a full-sized violin. One of the instruments in the collection is the guitar, which Paganini played with matchless skill.

To describe minutely everything contained in this collection would take pages of this volume. Undoubtedly it is one of the most interesting, most valuable collections in existence, and would be a decided acquisition to the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York, the Smithsonian Institute in Washington or some other institution of the kind, where it could be placed on exhibition and be accessible to the public.

In the spring of 1906 I was stopping in Paris when Oscar Hammerstein was there, and we met a number of times. He was then, with great difficulty, endeavoring to engage artists for his first season at the Manhattan Opera House, New York. On one occasion he asked: "Have you heard Melba recently?" I said to him: "Yes, in *Rigoletto* with Bonci at Covent Garden, London." "How was her voice?" I replied that the diva's voice owing to the effects of a bad cold was by no means good, at which Hammerstein answered: "Well, no

matter, I have engaged her for a number of appearances at my Manhattan Opera House, and here is her receipt for fifty thousand francs on account." After that diplomatic coup, on the part of Hammerstein, artists flocked to him from every direction, and his enterprise was definitely launched. It was Madame Melba who during Hammerstein's first Grand Opera season in New York (she was then in splendid voice), helped him immeasurably in scoring his first success.

During my régime as manager of the New York Casino, I insisted that my stage directors prepare a full line of understudies, to be ready in case of emergency the very first night of a representation, thus avoiding in case of illness or other unforeseen difficulty any disappointment to the public. During the run of "The Tyrolean" at the Casino, when that charming artist, Miss Marie Tempest, was then playing the title rôle in that tuneful little operetta, she slipped while on the stage and hurt herself so seriously that for almost a week, it was impossible for her to appear. Her understudy, however, Miss Madge Yorke, a very pretty and talented young lady recruited from the chorus, played the part very acceptably. Miss Yorke would in my judgment have attained a very high place in the profession, had she not died shortly after her success in "The Tyrolean" from the effects of a pistol shot, at the hands of an insanely jealous actor.

During the successful run of "Nadjy" at the Casino, I remember calling on Miss Marie Jansen just previous to her

taking a short vacation. I found her in an unusually philosophical mood. When she received me in her parlor she was robed in yellow silk bound round the waist by a solid silver girdle, exquisitely engraved. She chatted gaily about her summer prospects.

"I am soon to quit work and really I think I have earned my rest, don't you? First I shall go to Winthrop (near Boston), my home, of which I am so proud, and then straight to England. I shall go to Oxford and thence down the Thames as far as the Star and Garter and back again to the Casino in September.

"I hope to have a delightful time in Europe. I shall be alone, but then one meets pleasant people by the way. The strain on my nerves since playing 'Nadjy' on so brief a notice has been trying—worry depresses me so much—but then I have my music, which I love, and I sit for hours, singing quaint old melodies, and crying over them, just as a woman does.

"My amusements? Oh, I love swimming or yachting best. Anything out of doors I delight in. Baseball seems silly to me. I can imagine men running after one pretty girl, but to chase a little ball about in such arduous fashion is incomprehensible.

"I think it a pity we stage women are so much talked about. The public has its spyglass upon us perpetually; not always in a kindly focus. Our life is hard at best, but my hope is that the public will never tire of me. I mean to do all

the good I can, so that when I die I may be remembered ten days instead of the traditional nine.

"Do have a glass of sherry," and as she poured it out a flood of melody came from the decanter, which fair *Nadjy* laughingly accounted for by explaining that a music box was concealed beneath it.

Before taking leave of her she called my attention to a most beautiful silver hand glass presented to her by Miss Pauline Hall (another Casino favorite) with the following inscription engraved thereon:

"Pensez à moi quelques fois. POLLIE."

While in Paris in 1888, I visited the old "Auberge des Adrets" near the Porte Saint-Martin, the inn at which Robert Macaire and Jacques Strop, or, as these characters are known in "Erminie," Ravaignes and Cadeaux, were said to have lodged in the episode of the play.

The place has been restored to its ancient appearance, and besides life size effigies of these two famous French rogues at the chimney side, visitors are served with refreshments by waiters clothed in the costumes of the period of the play.

There were many great benefit performances given at the Casino during my régime. Besides that for the General Sherman Statue Fund previously mentioned,—I recall one for "The Statue of Liberty" (when a miniature fac-simile of Bartholdi's masterpiece which now adorns New York harbor,

WHITE HOUSE,
WASHINGTON.

October 21, 1904.

My dear Mr. Aronson:

I want to thank you for all the interest you have
taken, and say that I appreciate your having composed
the march for me.

With regards,

Sincerely yours,

Theodore Roosevelt

Mr. Rudolph Aronson,
Cercle Artistique,
124 West 34th Street.
New York, N. Y.

A LETTER FROM THEODORE ROOSEVELT

held a conspicuous place on the stage) still another for the French Benevolent Society when the divine Sarah Bernhardt, the operatic Emma Eames and the piquante Marie Tempest assisted, also those for the Actors' Fund of America. The Maine Monument Fund and one on April 27th, 1890, for the New York Press Club at which the following distinguished artists appeared: Miss Lillian Russell, Miss Florence St. John, Miss Rose Coghlan, Miss Pauline Hall, Miss Fanny Rice, Mrs. Georgie Drew Barrymore, Mr. Francis Wilson, Mr. Robert Mantell, Mr. Wilton Lackaye, Mr. Lewis Morrison, Mr. James T. Powers, Mr. Richard F. Carroll, Mr. Fred Solomon, Mr. Courtney Thorpe, Mr. Henry Hallam, Mr. Marshall P. Wilder, and "Little Tuesday."

One of the most interesting events in my career was my attendance at the Passion Play at Ober-Ammergau in the summer of 1900.

I had letters of introduction to Anton Lang, who took the part of Christ and who courteously assisted me in many ways besides procuring comfortable abode and good seats at the play.

The performance opens with the tableaux of Adam and Eve driven from the garden of Eden and closes with the ascension scene. It takes from eight o'clock in the morning until five-thirty in the afternoon to produce the play, with an intermission from twelve to one-thirty.

In 1633 a fearful plague raged in Southern Bavaria, and the natives of the village of Ober-Ammergau in a moment of

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despair registered a solemn vow that if the Lord caused the pestilence to cease, they would perform the following year in the village a play depicting the passion of Our Lord, and would repeat it every ten years. The plague ceased, and the Passion Play, now famous the world over, was the result.

The play which was originally written by the Benedictine monks of Ettal at a monastery a mile and a half from Ober-Ammergau, has been changed half a dozen times, though the words have been taken directly from the Bible. The story is made up of eighteen acts and twenty-three tableaux.

The stage itself is of wood and is 140 feet long by 110 feet deep, the apron being much larger than that of the ordinary stage. Up center is the proscenium arch, the opening of which is 62 feet wide by 61 deep. On either side of the opening and separating the proscenium from the palaces of Pontius and Pilate and of the High Priest are two arches. The two palaces are on the extreme right and left of the stage, and are effective in a magnificent picture.

The proscenium is separated from the apron by a portière curtain which is drawn between each scene. There is, however, also a frame curtain, the upper half of which draws up into the arch, while the lower half sinks into the stage. This curtain is used at the beginning and end of the play, and between the intermissions.

The scenery of the Passion Play is built entirely for daylight effect. Strange to say, there is no fly gallery, the pin rail being in the wings, and the only lines used are for the

borders. As a back set there is a panorama roll 400 feet long, with ten scene backings, each 40 feet long. This panorama is stretched upon two huge rollers and moves from side to side instead of being lowered from the flies as is usually the case.

The dressing rooms and property rooms are under the stage and behind the panorama. In these rooms are stored two sets of costumes for each performer, one for dry and the other for wet weather, this being rendered necessary by the fact that the performance is never halted even by the worst rain-storm. Besides the costumes, there are complete arms and armor for 360 supernumeraries.

The stage itself is without cover, and situated as it is with a background of forest-covered hills and the blue sky for a canopy, the effect is such as no inclosed theater ever could produce. Often during the representation birds will fly across the apron or perch themselves upon the uppermost portions of the stage, and their songs and twittering add an element of reality, which makes the illusion almost perfect.

The principals enter through the arches, and most of the action takes place on the apron, the proscenium opening being used exclusively for the tableaux and for the set scenes, such as the ascension. The chorus, which is composed of thirty-four voices, makes its entrance between the scenes from the two palaces on either side, half from each palace.

The illusion created both by scenery and the actors is marvelous, notwithstanding the fact that no make-up is used.

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The mechanical effects, though really very simple, equal those of the finest prestidigitators. Much has been written of the wonderful effect produced by the Crucifixion scene, yet the explanation is most simple. Just before the curtain is drawn aside the sound of hammers is heard and then the scene is disclosed of the cross lying upon the ground with the Christ stretched out upon it. As the huge structure is slowly raised by the soldiery and set into the holes prepared for it, the spectators are horrified to see the nails apparently piercing the palms of the hands, and the blood flowing from the wounds. So realistic is the effect that almost at every performance women faint away at the sight. The explanation, however, is that the performer who takes the part of the Christ wears under his tunic a leather corselet which is attached to the cross, and under his feet is an invisible support. Nails are also placed between his fingers to support the weight of the arms and the nails which seemingly pierce his palms being really only heads which are attached to invisible wire bracelets.

Previously to 1900 the audience sat in the open air, but the frequency of thunder showers has caused the authorities to have an auditorium constructed, 140 feet by 232, that holds 4,200 persons. The prices range from 50 cents to \$2.50. There are no galleries, but in the rear (the same as at the Wagner Festspielhaus in Bayreuth) are the boxes of the royal family and the church dignitaries. In a semi-circular frame surrounding the boxes and forming a rear to the auditorium

are two huge paintings, one of Ober-Ammergau itself and the other the scene of the first Passion Play.

The present stage was built in 1860. During the years when the stage is not in use it is boarded up, thus preserving it from the effects of the weather.

Wonderful, however, as the stage devices are, they would be useless if it were not for the marvelous acting of the performers. It seems almost blasphemy to call it acting, for it is neither theatrical knowledge nor histrionic genius, but simply that the spirit of the Christ descends upon these rustic villagers, and they live the scenes because they cannot help living them.

Out of a population of only 1,400, 685 take part in the play. All of them are lowly born, and yet the greatest actors of the world could be no more earnest or effective.

Anton Lang is a typical illustration. Here is a poor stove builder, with but little education, who is yet the wonder of the world, he *was* the Christ, in his simplicity, his kindliness and his humility. The beauty of his life has shone out upon his face until he appears to be what he truly is—the symbol of the Savior. The same holds true with the other actors. The glory of the world has never entered into their souls. They live beside the main current of life and watch it sweep by, unenvious.

When a few years ago an enterprising American manager offered to deposit \$500,000 to their credit in a bank at Munich if they would accompany him to America, they spurned it as

an insult to the Christian faith. It is this spirit that has caused the villagers to devote the proceeds of the play to the school and road building funds, and it is this spirit that has caused the Passion music, written in 1802 by Rochus Dedler, school-master of Ober-Ammergau, to be kept a secret among the performers and the orchestra. This music has never been published, and visitors are prohibited from taking notes during its rendering.

Most effective in showing the spirit of the actors is the method of conducting rehearsals. There is little conducting and little need for any. The actors read their lines and go through their actions almost by intuition, so deeply has the spirit of Christ entered into their souls.

Imagine a professional rehearsal with no direction from the stage manager! But that would be acting, and this is—living.

No better idea of the effect produced by the play has been given than the description by Clement Scott, the eminent English critic, of the procession to Golgotha:

"At last it comes, this heartrending procession, wending its way slowly down one of the side streets, the leading of Christ to Golgotha. I have never seen anything nearly so striking in arrangement and design. Here is the multitude that has exchanged hosannas for execrations, the Roman centurion on horseback carrying the standard of the Roman cohort; here are the cruel executioners, in scarlet, ready for action; here are the soldiers, priests, Jews and people of Jerusalem, making

up a mass of color and variety that words fail to describe. In the center of all is the pitiful-faced Christ, staggering under the weight of his dreadful cross, thrust on by the executioners, buffeted by the crowd, broken down with the burden of his many sorrows, a picture with which we are all familiar, but here in complete action, no one point of the story being neglected. Behind him are the thieves, doomed to death, dragging also the crosses on which they are to die. Again and again the central figure drops beneath his cross upon the cruel ground; the acting is so good and unexaggerated, the scene is so absolutely real that I hear, half-whispered around me, 'This is too dreadful, I cannot bear it.' As the procession moves slowly on, painfully and with trying halts, we are shown the episode of that insult that doomed a man to wander forever until Christ's time had come; we see Simon of Cyrene forced into the procession to bear the Savior's cross, and St. Veronica appears and presents the handkerchief which will presently contain the features of the tortured sufferer. Nothing is forgotten, and the procession to the place of death is closed by the pathetic wail of the heartbroken mother who, attended by St. John and Mary Magdalene, meets from another street the mournful train of picturesque sorrow."

In addition to the composers previously mentioned, I had the pleasure at divers periods while in Europe of meeting Franz von Suppé, Edmond Audran, Carl Millöcker and Charles Lecocq.

Franz von Suppé, one of the foremost of operetta composers, I met for the first time in Vienna in the early eighties, while he was conducting at the Carl Theater there. He occupied a modest apartment immediately over the theater and was one of those fat, jolly, good-natured musicians that one would easily recognize as the creator of the popular strains that abound in his "Fatinitza," "Bocaccio," "Afrikareise," "Donna Juanita," and "Das Modell." Von Suppé informed me that the famous March Trio in "Fatinitza," known and played the world over, was injected into that most fascinating operetta at one of the last rehearsals, with Suppé's own prediction that it was so foreign to the score that it would prove a fiasco. On the contrary, however, it made the greatest of hits and was encored and encored at every performance. So, like managers, composers cannot always judge correctly; it remains for the public to decide.

Edmond Audran, the composer of "Olivette," "La Mascotte," "La Cigale," "Miss Helyett" and "L'Oncle Celestin," I met in Paris in 1890 during one of my annual jaunts and while he was writing the last named operetta.

Audran, who was a very short and slightly hunchbacked man, took great pride in his charming home, with its immense library, bric-a-brac, and particularly in the beautiful painted ceiling of his salon, which depicted scenes from many of his popular operettas.

Carl Millöcker, the composer of "The Beggar Student," "The Black Hussar," "Poor Jonathan," and numerous other

M. Rauloche aaron
avec la plus vive sympathie

L. Leoncavallo

LEONCAVALLO

Luigi Arditi

LUIGI ARDITI

popular operettas, was also, like Johann Strauss, a product of Vienna, where I met him while he was composing, "Poor Jonathan." It was then that I arranged with him for the production of that most delightful work at the Casino in New York.

Millöcker was a thin, lanky, delicate looking man, just the opposite of von Suppé, and upon the occasion before alluded to, as I entered his workroom, he was standing at a raised writing desk in the act of orchestrating "Poor Jonathan." His incessant work and bad health soon brought his cares to an end. He died in Baden near Vienna December 31st, 1899. During the last years of his life, his royalties exceeded fifty thousand dollars annually, and he occupied a palatial residence and lived in princely style.

Charles Lecocq, the prolific composer, who counts among his works "La Fille de Madame Angot," "Les Cent Vierges," "Giroflé-Girofla," "La Petite Mariée," "La Marjolaine," "Le Petit Duc," and "Le grand Casimir," I met in Paris in 1899—at his little studio, which was for many years, on the third floor of the old music publishing house of Choudens Père et Fils on the corner of the Boulevard and the Rue Caumartin.

Lecocq was rather stout but short in stature, and with his glasses, resembled more a counsellor-at-law than a composer, but he was a most genial, charming man and a musician of the first rank. His attempt, however, at a higher class of composition in the production of "Plutus" at the Opera Comique in Paris, in 1886, failed, and was withdrawn after eight per-

formances, but most of his other works became universally popular.

It is to be regretted that Lecocq, who no doubt endeavored to emulate Jacques Offenbach in the latter's supreme desire to present at least one of his works at the Opera Comique in Paris, failed, while Offenbach succeeded, when in 1881 his "Les Contes d'Hoffman," saw the light, although finally revised and partly orchestrated by the composer Guiraud. This work now finds a place in the repertoires of first class opera companies all over the world.

During my many visits abroad, I had occasion to witness operetta or musical comedy performances in Paris, London, Berlin, Vienna and other Continental cities, and I unreservedly assert that our American productions are in the main decidedly superior.

Our American chorus girls surpass in every way, they are prettier, more vivacious, always ready and willing to work and if in Paris gowns and picture hats or in ballet costumes and tights, they present a most charming picture. Indeed people have come to accept a beautiful chorus properly costumed as a matter of course, just as they expect electric lights in the theater and women with their hats off.

In many instances the management furnishes everything that is worn by the chorus, not only are the gowns, hats and shoes furnished, but the silk stockings that match the shoes, the parasols, fans and the lingerie. In many companies now, the management attends to the cleaning of the gowns, gloves

and shoes, and to replacing each article, as it is required.

Dressing the chorus is an expensive proposition and requires thought and study as well as workmanship. Everything except the shoes is made at the big establishment of a regular theatrical costumer. These costume houses employ high-priced designers who choose materials and styles to suit the individual chorus girl, just as far as the exigencies of the piece permit. I am referring to the average modern musical play in which show girls and chorus girls wear artistic creations of the mode of the moment, sometimes exaggerated a little for the picturesque effects, but never achieving the picturesqueness at the expense of the very up-to-date smartness. This same attention is displayed as regards scenery, properties and appointments.

I insisted thirty years ago, when "The Queen's Lace Handkerchief" was first presented at the Casino, that the principals must be the best procurable, that the chorus be made up of the prettiest girls with good voices, the scenery to be painted by the best New York artists and the costumes be manufactured by a first-class concern after most artistic designs, and that the orchestra number thirty selected musicians; and thus with such an ensemble was started a new school of operetta, which has developed into the present-day more sumptuous and costly productions, for which the managers deserve all credit.

Most of the theater folk who sit back in their comfortable orchestra chairs will not give a thought to the hardships and

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heartaches that the selection of chorus girls for operetta and musical comedy productions entails.

The New York Casino during its palmy days was the mecca for chorus girls and yet desirable ones were difficult to find. I would request my stage director to issue a general call through the various agencies and through the newspapers for an assembly of applicants on a specified date. A large crowd was sure to be on hand on the day appointed. Many of them, no doubt, had been responding to these calls regularly for years, hoping against hope that one day the emergency would be overlooked. More than one hundred applicants appeared and at a glance the stage director dispensed with one half of them; the remainder were asked to go through that awful ordeal of having their voices tried.

At the piano sat the musical director. One after another of the young women was ordered to stand by his side and "run the scale." Most of them were too frightened to make the attempt, and many of them as they stood pale and trembling could not emit a sound. Several with voices true enough, under favorable conditions, sang off the key and a few bolted through the stage door when their turn for the test arrived.

Eventually, however, the requisite number of chorus girls was obtained. The alert stage and musical directors always hastened to give a hearing to those possessing the physical requirements. Indeed picking a chorus is one of the most troublesome phases of operetta or musical comedy production,

but the Casino generally got its quota of pretty and shapely girls who could sing and dance.

At the present time selections for chorus material are generally made in July and August. Managers who deal extensively in musical productions such as the Shuberts, Klaw & Erlanger, Charles Frohman, Florenz Ziegfeld, Jr., Werba and Luescher, Charles Dillingham, Cohan and Harris, A. H. Woods, George W. Lederer, Joseph Gaite, John Cort and Weber and Fields, require at the beginning of each season from fifty to three hundred chorus girls each, willing to go through an ordeal of six weeks' rehearsals in the hottest weather gratis, for the purpose of earning from eighteen to twenty-five dollars a week, when the production is finally launched.

To the chorus girl, the college town offers promise of at least one good time in the dreary stretch of one night stand life. Some college boys are rapidly becoming factors in migratory theatrical life. It is they that take on the road the place of the city stage door Johnnies and but for their kindly offices, the life of a chorus girl in a company playing the provinces would lack much of its glamour.

The reason for the college youth's labors in this direction may be set down to the fact that, being removed from all the girls of his acquaintance in his home city and being held a comparative prisoner within the campus town, he must gratify his desire for feminine company somewhere; and that somewhere, by the well-known and ubiquitous process of elimination, is the chorus girl; the girl residents in a college town, be it

known being neither Maxine Elliotts nor Lillian Russells in the matter of expected standards of beauty. Mixed with this predilection for feminine company, there is, too, always a distinct taste for "rough house" of some form or other, but this "rough house" is usually of an innocent order and rarely assumes any more serious aspect than an overturned lunch-wagon or an attempt to demolish the head-waiter, both of which feats are ventured for winning the approbation of the chorus girls on hand at the moment. "You college boys are so Sandow-like" is the greatest chorus-girl compliment in the ears of an undergraduate, and its sound is as sweet as attar of roses, a monthly allowance check, or maple sugar.

In the way of big chorus girls "stunt" parties, one that transpired several years ago deserves to take its place among the leaders. The musical show containing the belles whom the undergraduates wished to entertain was one of considerable size. The girls' section of the chorus, numbering forty, were sent handsomely engraved invitations by the undergraduates who were planning the order of the festivities. The invitations read like this:

"You are not invited to our party—nothing like that! A mere invitation would not be enough.—You are *commanded* to appear after Saturday night's performance.

"THE KING OF KILLTIME."

The "invitations" were of course addressed to the girls per-

sonally, the mailing list having been prepared for the college boys by three chorus girls whom they knew and who helped them materially in the preliminary success of the event. Every one of the invitations was accepted and on Saturday night after the performance, eight large automobiles decorated with Chinese lanterns (each illuminated with a *papier maché* bottle of champagne) were lined up at the stage entrance. When the fair cargoes had been placed aboard, the gasoline parade moved in the direction of a farm house in the far outskirts of the town that had been rented in toto for the occasion, farmer husband, farmer wife, farmer sister-in-law, family dog and all. When the motor parties arrived on the scene, the girls found, instead of the lobster and terrapin they expected, a typical farm dinner awaiting them. The dinner was "set" in the four rooms on the first floor, parlor, dining-room, sewing-room and kitchen, and was served by the farmer, his wife and the latter's sister. Overalls were donned by the students, and gingham aprons and sunbonnets by the girls. Champagne was served in huge cider glasses. After the dinner, a barn dance was held in the big barn back of the house, and when the party broke up, each of the girl guests was presented with a "mortgage" as a souvenir of the event. The "mortgage" was a legal looking affair and was to be foreclosed "the next time you play the town."

Some years ago after I had produced "*Cavalleria Rusticana*" in New York, I accompanied Jaroslav Kocian, the violin virtuoso, on his professional tour in California, and one afternoon

while lunching at a restaurant in San Francisco I met Mascagni, who about that time was directing some operatic concerts there. While I was conversing with the maestro his attention was arrested by the strains of the famous intermezzo from his opera "*Cavalleria Rusticana*" rendered upon a street piano. As might be expected, his impulsive artistic temperament prompted him to rush to the street, brush the astonished grinder aside, seize the crank of the piano and demonstrate the tempo which he considered proper for his immortal intermezzo. Mascagni then disclosed his identity. His humble countryman was almost speechless with delight and admiration. Having imbibed something of the Yankee spirit, the organ grinder was not slow to profit by this experience and appeared on the street the next day, his piano adorned with a placard bearing the legend: "Pupil of Pietro Mascagni."

In June 1890 I had the honor of attending with Mr. N. Vert in London, the State Concert at Buckingham Palace, when Madame Emma Albani, Zélie de Lussan, Edouard de Reszke and Edward Lloyd and a grand orchestra participated. The entrance of Their Royal Highnesses the Prince and Princess of Wales (afterwards King Edward VII and Queen Alexandra) followed by the nobility of all England, was the most impressively beautiful scene that I ever witnessed. The famous gold service was used for the supper that followed the concert.

About the time that Miss Loie Fuller made her débüt in

ISADORA DUNCAN AND HER DANCING CLASS

the Serpentine Dance with my company in "Uncle Celestin" at the Casino, I called on Miss Isadora Duncan, who with her mother occupied a little studio at Carnegie Hall in New York, and she outlined to me her plan of presenting the classic Grecian dances. I suggested the intermingling with them of the Japanese and Indian, and at the same time I played for her some characteristic numbers that I had written, but she would not be swayed from her original idea. When in after years I saw her performance with the accompaniment of quaint, ancient instruments at the Théâtre Sarah Bernhardt in Paris, and later in Berlin, I felt convinced, that she had hit upon the proper plan. The *haute noblesse* of Berlin took great interest in Miss Duncan's project and her numerous pupils included the daughters of the best families.

During a later visit in Berlin, the correspondent of the *New York Musical Courier*, Mr. Arthur Abell, spoke to me most flatteringly of a young American girl, a Miss Maud Allan, who was devoting her time to study of classic dancing. An *audition* was speedily fixed and Miss Allan with piano accompaniment danced Chopin's Funeral March, Mendelssohn's Spring Song and Schumann's Reverie. I thereupon suggested, that the introduction of color would enhance the charm of her really artistic interpretations. Inasmuch as I was about leaving for London, Miss Allan provided me with a number of her photographs, description of her dances, etc., and suggested that perhaps I might be able to procure her an engagement in the English metropolis. Immediately after arriving there

I put myself in touch with the managers, who one and all declined, for the reason that bare foot and bare legged dancing would not be tolerated! Strange to record, however, that a year or two after—when Richard Strauss electrified the world with his wonderful *Salome*—this same Maud Allan, hit upon the idea of presenting a “*Salome*” dance, and so successful was she, that London managers outbid one another for her services and for several years she has been fairly idolized.

On my return to New York Miss Ruth St Denis submitted to me her idea of a Hindu dance she had in contemplation, but my engagements were such that I could not take her management at that time. Her dance, however, was shortly afterwards presented in Proctor's Theater on 23d Street and the late Henry B. Harris then took it in hand and made it an artistic and financial success.

In 1910 while in New York my attention was called to Mlle. Tamara de Swirsky, who with Mlle. Anna Pavlova, were the favorite pupils of the famous *maitre de ballet*, M. Ivan Claustine of St. Petersburg. Mlle. de Swirsky comes from a noble old Russian family. Her father is a celebrated pianist and her sister a successful sculptor in Paris. During her childhood Mlle. de Swirsky showed great talent for dancing, but on account of the high social position of the family, her parents did not wish her to become a professional dancer. As a child she was also very fond of music and it was in this direction that her artistic talent was developed. She received a medal at the Paris Conservatoire and finished her studies

with brilliant success in Munich. Afterwards Mlle. de Swirsky was invited by Herr Felix Mottl to take part in the Symphony Concerts in Munich, where she played the Grieg Concerto assisted by the orchestra.

Mlle. de Swirsky possesses a masculine strength and lightness of touch that make her playing remarkable. Naturally her dancing has the same artistic character as is marked by great expression of sentiment and temperament, portrayed especially in her Greek, Oriental and Slav dances. She has appeared before the *élite* of Paris, including Baroness de Rothschild, Baron de Stall, etc., and on one occasion, the celebrated sculptor, Prince Troubetzkoy, who was present, admired her dancing to such an extent, that he asked to make a statue of her. A dancing pose in Oriental costume sculptured by the Prince has been purchased by and is now exhibited in the Chicago Museum.

I was much impressed with the talent and personality of Mlle. de Swirsky, and a contract was entered into under which I was to act as her sole manager. Artistic draperies and curtains of a greenish hue were selected, together with appropriate furnishings and a grand piano; the Berkeley Lyceum in New York was engaged for rehearsals, and one morning when all was in readiness I invited a number of managers, with a view to placing her Musical Ballet Sketch entitled "Tanagra" in the principal vaudeville theaters and to my astonishment and regret I learned from them that the very same act had been improperly presented some weeks before and was declined!

I reasoned with the managers, to reconsider, but with no success. Mlle. de Swirsky afterwards went on tour in this country and then to Europe, where her unusually artistic accomplishments should meet the approval of the public.

Since 1900 I have endeavored to arrange for the appearance of Herr Siegfried Wagner in the United States and Canada, and only recently has he consented to make the journey provided certain conditions are complied with.

I attended the first Siegfried Wagner Concert at the Theatre du Chatelet in Paris in 1900, when the young conductor faced a most critical audience. The program began with the overture to his own opera "Bärenhäuter," which was nervously conducted, but in the succeeding numbers "The Flying Dutchman" and "Meistersinger" Overtures and Siegfried's Death March from "Die Götterdämmerung," he fairly outdid himself and elicited well merited applause. At that time I made him an offer for the season 1902-1903, but previous engagements prevented his acceptance. In 1904 I again suggested an American tour and met him in Bayreuth, where he was busy with rehearsals at the Festspielhaus. He invited me to call on him at eight o'clock the following morning at Wahnfried, his residence. I was on hand at that early hour and Herr Wagner then expressed himself as thoroughly displeased with the action of Mr. Conried in having presented "Parsifal" at the Metropolitan Opera House, New York. I explained to him that the sympathy of the whole musical

MAUD ALIAN

RUTH ST. DENIS

THAMARA DE SWIRSKY

world was with the Wagners in that unfortunate affair, despite all the exaggerations they might have read, but he again declined, saying: "Perhaps at some future time I shall visit America."

A few years later I again visited Bayreuth only to learn that Siegfried Wagner had journeyed with the family to Lucerne. I took the first train for that city and called at the Wagner villa, where I was informed by the daughter of Madame Cosima Wagner (Madame Cosima was ill at the time) that Siegfried had left for Italy en route to Munich, where he ought to turn up within a few days. I went to Munich and finally met Herr Wagner there, and again, because he was absorbed in his own operatic work, he declined my proposal, so I waited until 1911. While in Paris, I chanced to meet him at the Hotel Scribe just as he was preparing to attend a special performance at the grand opera of Richard Wagner's "Die Walküre" (in French) in his (Siegfried's) honor, and he requested me to call on him the following morning at eight o'clock to talk over matters (eight o'clock in the morning seemed to be Wagner's most convenient hour). I called at the appointed time and it was not long before we fixed upon a provisional contract. This story illustrates somewhat the difficulties a manager has to contend with at times in procuring a celebrity.