

GOODWIN'S WEEKLY

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coast of South America, and othes of the same coast and the Intermountain west in North America. His company has been heard in Salt Lake several times, and as in Seattle, Portland and Los Angeles, the greater part of all of the grand opera heard here has been of Lambardi's production. Continuing, the Crier says:

"There was no place on the west coast of South, Central and North America large enough for a grand opera performance but knew Lambardi. For forty-five years he has managed grand opera organizations in the New World, and with his sudden death vanished the dream he entertained of going next to Japan, China, the Philippine islands and Australia. In the operatic world the name of Lambardi was known to every singer and impresario, for in his long career he has employed armies of principals and chorus people and has discovered several of the great singers of today.

Born in Florence, Italy, sixty-six years ago, Mario Lambardi began his career as an architect. In no sense was he a musician, for he could neither sing nor play a note, but he had a musical ear and could tell quickly whether a voice had commercial possibilities. When twenty-one years old he went to South America and built several theatres. He designed and built the Municipal opera house at Bogota, the capital of Colombia, and this led to his becoming an impresario. When Bogota had its opera house, it had nothing to use it for. The government decided to subsidize an opera company, and Lambardi was commissioned to organize one. He went to Milan and picked up a small company and took it to Bogota, where it coined money. South America forty-five years ago was in its golden age. Every one had wealth, but there was no way of spending the money. The grand opera gave an outlet for this golden stream, and Lambardi profited immensely.

Marjo Lambardi had discovered a virgin field and for a quarter of a century he was the sole purveyor of entertainment throughout Central and South America on the west coast. Not until fifteen years ago did he find any opposition or competition in his chosen field. True, he tried and abandoned the east coast after a disastrous season at Buenos Ayres, for the east coast had palaces for grand opera superior to any in the United States, and imported the greatest operatic celebrities from Europe. Lambardi therefore left the east coast severely alone and confined himself to the west, where every one knew him and patronized him. From Valdivia, the furthestmost town in Chili, which is also the furthestmost town on the continent of South America, to Victoria, B. C., North America, Lambardi and his companies have appeared.

So popular were the Lambardi companies in Central and South America that rival companies wearied of the comparisons when they invaded this domain.

"Ah, tenor, but the Lambardi company sang 'Traviata' so much better," or "You should have seen the way Lambardi stages and costumes his operas." These open and free laudations of the Lambardi companies disgusted the rivals because

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of their constant repetition and appearance at every town.

Nine years ago Lambardi first came to the United States and played in St. Louis and New Orleans. Thereafter, he preferred the Pacific Coast of the United States.

Celebrities were shunned by Lambardi as they wanted too much money. Lambardi's system for recruiting his organizations was similar to that of Connie Mack in building up the Philadelphia Athletics. Lambardi picked up promising material and developed his people, thus discovering many a singer who has since joined the ranks of the celebrities.

Consider the tenor, Salazar, who sang in this city three years ago. Salazar then drew \$600 a month; now he is creating a furore in Italy and Lambardi could not get him for \$1,200 and with another year Salazar will be at Petrograd, Buenos Ayres or the Metropolitan. Salazar is a sample of the Lambardi discoveries.

Forty-five years is a long time to be an impresario, the most risky business in the world, and while for nearly thirty years Lambardi made barrels of money in South America, of late years he met with many reverses.

Every two years Lambardi sailed home to Italy, and in Milan he selected new singers and invested in more operas. His home and children are in Florence, so he mingled business with pleasure. The equipment of the company now in Portland represents more than \$100,000, for Lambardi had the outfits for between forty or fifty operas—the exact number he himself did not know.

THE FLAGS

By Louis Dodge.

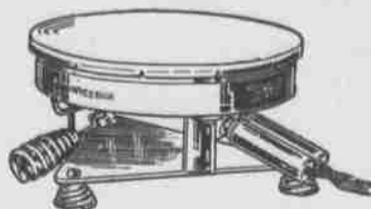
O flags that flutter in the winds!
O banners with stanch colors that rise flauntingly
against the sky!
I wonder if we mean freedom and vitality and
songs—
Or enslavement and death and dirges?

I have a vision of the world and its billions of
pennons;
I see the standards of blue and red and gold and
green,
I see them rising on tall masts at sea;
I see them on granite buildings with Justitia writ
above their portals;
I see them on mosques and temples and fair tur-
rets;
I see them flapping from the windows of houses
where men dwell;
These I see in the shining sun.
I see them drooping on lonely graves, while the
rain is falling.
I see them glitter in the places of arctic snows;
I see them flutter in lands near the equator,
And in sullen climes where the typhoons pass.
I see them on palaces where rich men dwell,
And on huts which house the very poor.
I see them on court houses where men are tried,
I see them on police stations, where men are
locked up,
I see them on prisons, where men's souls perish.

And always I hear men shouting, "It is our flag!"
Yet each man salutes a different flag,
And in his heart is hatred for other flags,
And hatred for men who salute other flags.

I see flags marking boundaries which men have
established—
Boundaries which God knows not!
And generous intercourse is denied men because
of the flags
Which all may not honor alike.
And I see men slaying one another and hating one
another,

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