

Duss Has A 'Mission,' But He Won't Tell.



Eleanor Falk Hammerstein's Paradise Roof Garden. Without His Evening Clothes Mr. Duss Looks the Dutch Preacher He Used to Be—Music Is His Pastime, but He's Too Businesslike a Millionaire to be Willing to Give It Away—If You're Going for a Chat with Mr. Duss You May Leave Your Ear Trumpet at Home.

tones, but it's a fairly safe bet that his period will be resounding, if not well-rounded. Apparently he has been unable to shake off the habit of his preaching days, when he administered some fifty-seven varieties of religion to the Economy community. Without his evening coat, the set of which seems to give him much concern when he is at the conductor's desk, Mr. Duss suggests the preacher more than the musician. It occurred to me that it might be his purpose to carry the Gospel into Gotham through the medium of music.

ONE might imagine that a millionaire with music as a pastime might, Carnegie-like, establish music libraries or endow village brass bands; but Mr. Duss did not admit that either surmise was correct. He did confess that music was his greatest pleasure, yet when asked if he was willing to spend a part of his fortune—now said to be \$16,000,000, with another \$16,000,000 in sight at Economy—in pursuance of his hobby, he once more awakened the echoes with: "I wouldn't continue to conduct an orchestra or band that wasn't self-sustaining. In the first place, that wouldn't be good business, and in the second place, I would know that I was giving the public something it didn't want. I do not believe in giving the public something for nothing. Otherwise I might give free concerts in the parks. If you give a man a dollar's worth of music and get nothing in return, he is apt to think that what you gave him was worth no more than what he gave you. It's always the 'dead-head' who goes away giving a show the hottest 'roast.' I hate dime-grabbing and dollar-chasing, but I don't believe in mis-received charity. Recently, a well-known music critic said to me: 'Mr. Duss, you have a wonderful opportunity within your grasp. You can educate the masses to the highest class of music. You have the chance and the money. Why not do it?' I said to him: 'What you say sounds very well, but do you know what would happen if I gave programs such as you suggest? You and a few others who paid nothing to come would hear and possibly enjoy the concert. The masses would be outside and they couldn't be dragged in by a team of horses.' My idea in arranging a programme is to give the public something that it wants to hear and also something that it ought to hear."

JUST here—and quite opportunely—a suave little man of Pleasant complexion hurried in to say that the music library he represented did not have a certain selection Mr. Duss had ordered. "Don't tell me that," cried the forty horse-power conductor, turning in his chair and glaring amiably through his glasses. Mr. Duss was constantly changing position. He had bobbed about until I was nervous enough to jump into the canal, and it was really a relief to have him turn on some one else. The lit-

out of his mouth. Suddenly he grew stern and shouted: "You must get it! It is on the programme! The programmes are already printed! I must have it!" The little man did not fall on his knees and beseech. Serene and smiling, he murmured, "I will try to get it," and started off.

"STOP!" thundered Duss. "Let it go. I will play the 'Arcadian Suite' in its place, and we'll see if the music critics and others who know all music and all about music will know the difference. It will be a good joke."

"joke," and he did. But Duss all but drowned his out. Duss drew down his face when asked if he believed people generally were coming to a higher knowledge and appreciation of the better class of music. "What do you mean by the better class of music?" he demanded. "That of the great composers? But why is one class of music better than another? If both are good of their class? Beethoven and Wagner wrote rag-time without knowing it. They wrote bits of syncopated time, even if they did not write whole operas in the same time. But—coming to the question—there has in recent years been a marked change in the public's taste. For illustration, take my opening concert this season. A Sunday night concert with a programme made up entirely of Wagnerian music! THINK OF IT! I was advised not to attempt such a thing, but I went ahead and had not only an immense audience, but an audience which encored the 'Parsifal' vorsepiel and the funeral march from 'Gotterdammerung.' Five—or at any rate ten—years ago no one would have thought of offering a programme like that at a Sunday night concert in New York. "A conductor must know his public. He must feel the pulse of his audience. A leader must always be a little way in front. It was this principle which made Blaine the great politician he was. He always had his finger on the public pulse. He was a little way in front. When he saw that the country was on the point of demanding a change in the tariff system he gave it what it wanted. He did not call it 'free trade.' He called it 'reciprocity.' Republicans swallowed it whole, and Democrats were robbed of their thunder. Blaine was a great leader." Which reminded me that another leader was planning to give this particular public "free trade," but instead of calling it "reciprocity," he would have it down on the programme as "Suite—Ars. 2da."

MR. DUSS appears to have the impression that the world in general is rather "hard of hearing." He may begin a sentence in gentle

Aerial and Paradise Gardens Will Open Next Week.

AND now for the roof gardens, and the really "good old summer time." Elevators will carry two audiences toward the stars—heavenly and otherwise—on Monday night, when Klaw & Erlanger will offer a new place of amusement in the Aerial Gardens. "Superimposed" no less on the New Amsterdam Theatre, and Oscar Hammerstein will once again throw wide the gates of his Paradise Garden, atop the Victoria Theatre, on the opposite side of Forty-second street. A week from Monday night the New York Theatre roof garden will have the man in the moon taking a squint in its direction, and later on the Madison Square Garden roof will be transformed into "Paradise by Night."

tributions of a foreign impresario, Herr Siegfried Confried, who is punished by the Goddess Musica for attempting to produce "Parsifal" without the permission of Frau Wagner. Confried is thrown into a trance by the wrathful muse, and his trials and difficulties assume various characters which appear before him in review. The cast will include Emma Carus, Eleanor Falk, Bettie Youtton, Frieda Valentine and James Ward. Chief among the specialties will be "The Mysterious Face," a French novelty, invented by Mona. Hewitt. The contrivance is an "impossible" machine of the human countenance which is made to assume a variety of expressions. Among other features will be the Sunny South Plantation Band from Charleston, S. C., Paul Spindon, juggler; Charles T. Aldrich, called "The American Froggit," the Gough Sisters, first women gymnasts to attempt head-to-head balancing, and Willy Zimmerman, another European importation, in "Portraits of Masters of Music." Cows, goats, pigs, roosters and ducks will compose a reception committee in the garden at the rear of the theatre.

Lyree is appearing in "Tit for Tat," closes to-night. The soloist with Duss and the Metropolitan House Orchestra at "Paradise Roof Garden" next week will be Mme. Packbiers, who came here recently, a well-known music critic said to me. "Mr. Duss, you have a wonderful opportunity within your grasp. You can educate the masses to the highest class of music. You have the chance and the money. Why not do it?" I said to him: "What you say sounds very well, but do you know what would happen if I gave programs such as you suggest? You and a few others who paid nothing to come would hear and possibly enjoy the concert. The masses would be outside and they couldn't be dragged in by a team of horses." My idea in arranging a programme is to give the public something that it wants to hear and also something that it ought to hear."

The Napoleon of Japan.



Hashiba Hitejoshi was chief of all being defeated. The victors were about to cross the Yalu when they learned that the Japanese were using, so they were compelled to go home and the great enterprise did not succeed. This picture of the Napoleon of Japan is the reproduction of a rare Japanese print.

AMUSEMENTS. Dreamland Coney Island. PASTOR'S THEATRE. LUNA PARK. BOSTOCK'S ANIMAL. JOHNSTOWN FLOOD CONEY ISLAND. ATLANTIC GARDEN. KEITH'S. GRAND-FROM RAGS TO RICHES. EDEN. HUBER'S.