THE SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA will commence rehearsals this week. The personnel will be much stronger in every way than that of last year. A particularly good string section is assured, which will be headed by Mr. Willard Weihe as chef d'attaque and including players of recognized ability, such as Mr. Skelton, Mr. Irwin, late of Pittsburg and a former member of the Pittsburg Symphony orchestra. A valuable recruit to the 'cello section will be Mr. Claude J. Nettleton. The first concert of the season will take place early in December, with either a pianist or vocalist as soloist. Salt Lake should by this time appreciate the value of such an organization, and support it in such a manner as to insure its permanency.

* * *

The song recital to be given by Miss Berkhoel at the First Presbyterian church next Tuesday evening, assisted by Professor McClellan and Mr. Skelton, promises to be exceptionally interesting. M. Campanari, the world's greatest baritone, said to Miss Berkhoel, after hearing her sing: "Your voice will make you famous. We will meet in Paris."

* * *

The choir of St. Paul's church and the ladies of the guild will join in giving a concert at the Ladies' Literary club Wednesday evening. Some of the best local talent has been secured for the occasion and a programme sufficiently varied will be presented. Instead of the proposed farce by Mr. and Mrs. Westervelt, Mrs. William Iglehart will give a reading, "A Group of Lyrics." One of the special attractions will be the violinist, Herr Otto Majewski, who will make his first appearance before a Salt Lake audience at that time.

* * *

Mr. Joseph Mason Howard, the harpist from Denver, who spent the summer of '92 in Salt Lake, invited J. J. McClellan and Fred C. Graham to be his guests in Denver for the Campanari concert. Both of the musicians availed themselves of the opportunity to hear the great baritone and left for Denver Friday. Mr. Graham will be one of the soloists in one of the large churches of Denver today.

* * *

A new ladies' quartette has been formed with two members of the old Treble Clef quartette and two of the Euterpe quartette. The personnel is Mrs. Martha Royle King, Miss Margaret Harley, Miss Edna Dwyer and Miss Leland Clayton. They will be heard for the first time at the production of "The Dress Rehearsal" on Nov. 21.

* * *

Miss Emily Larsen, who has charge of the music for the Unitarian church, is planning some special music for the opening of the new hall next Sunday. There will be a soprano solo by Miss Larsen, a duet by her and Mr. McCorkle and an anthem by the choir.

* * *

Madame Amanda Swenson will sing at the Sunday evening service at the Swedish Lutheran church tonight.

* * *

Mrs. A. D. Melvin and her brother, Mr. Raysh N. Herriman, will sing at the First Presbyterian church this morning.

* * *

The following programme will be presented by Held's band at the regular Sunday evening concert at the Grand tonight:

Sousa's "Beau Ideal," his best march.
"The Chaperons" .....Von Tilzer
Cornet duet .....Selected
Messrs. Zimmerman and Leslie.
Paderewski's famous "Minuet".....
..... Paderewski
Violin solo, "Flower Song".....Lange
Mr. Herman Schuster.
Caprice, "The Boome-Rag".....
..... Warner Crosby
(a) "Love's Dream" .....L. Gregh
Soprano solo, "Little Doris".....
..... R. DeKoven
Miss Tillie Perks.
Clarinet solo, "Down in the Deep Cellar," air and variation..Kroepsh
Mr. Gunard Erickson.
Overture, "Awakening of the Lion"
..... Di Kontski
Grand selection from "Lucia".....
..... Donizetti
Finishing with the great sextette.

* * *

The Cincinnati Enquirer has the following about Melba and her ideas of American musicians:

In praise of American musical life Mme. Melba seems to have opened her heart and displayed a most gracious spirit, which goes far toward confirming her indignant denial of that interview cabled over here recently in which she was supposed to have slightingly mentioned American newspaper people and interviews. From the moment she set her foot on the dock in New York she has been busy with reporters, and it must be confessed the result is most gratifying.

"Do you know"—Mme. Melba's air was most confidential as she leaned forward in her chair and spoke in an impressive whisper—"Do you know I rehearse with more trepidation for an American audience than for any other?

"American teachers send such critical pupils to the opera and concert. They note one's phrasing and lift a disconcerting eyebrow if a trill isn't smoothly executed or the traditions of any score are violated by a semitone. 'La Scala' is easier than an American audience, really. But it's stimulating and inspiring to sing to such listeners.

"Of course, I believe foreign study is a splendid thing for a young singer," she said. "Not that there are better teachers abroad than here, but because one has opportunity of hearing and comparing more style and methods of singing, and of living in an atmosphere saturated with musical tradition. The young woman who has been taught by the best American teacher and has had the further benefit of the breadth and fulness of culture that comes from singing or studying in Europe is ideally equipped for a musical career."

* * *

There is a great deal of ignorant talk in American newspapers in regard to rehearsals and performances, and "how much better they do these things in Europe." Here is an example of what they do in Europe. Die Zeit says regarding the opera in Vienna: '"All our conductors really lead at second-hand. Director Mahler rehearses the opera (if new or a revival), and leaves it, after a few performances, to one of his assistants (Schalk or Walter), sometimes to one after the other. I have heard the 'Flying Dutchman' under three assistants, besides the director, none of whom had had an opportunity to shape the performance in accordance with his own ideas." In New York, at any rate, every conductor rehearses the opera he presides over.

* * *

The Parisians still have their own way of doing things. Concerning the programme of M. Albert Carre, manager of the Opera Comique, it is stated that, in the first place, humble music-lovers are to be provided for pending the construction and organization of a popular lyric theatre. Every Monday night prices will be lowered at the Opera Comique, so as to enable workingmen and their wives, clerks, artisans and the rest to see and hear the operas of Herold, Boieldieu, Auber, Bizet, Massenet, Delibes and Ambroise Thomas. To compensate M. Carre for his philanthropic attention to the poorer portion of the community, the government has allowed him to organize twenty gala performances in his state-subsidized theatre, sometimes known as the Salle Favart. For these performances Mr. Van Dyck will be engaged to sing in "Manon" and in "Werther," two operas in which he has never been heard in Paris. Among the new works to be produced during the season will be the "Reine Flametie," in five acts, by Xavier Leroux; the "Fille de Roland," in four acts, by M. Rabaud, a new composer; the "Jongleur de Notre Dame," by Massenet, already produced on the Riviera; the "Pecheurs de Saint-Jean," by Widor; "Les Armailles," by Mr. Doret; "Circe," by the brothers Hillemacher; the "Cor Fleuri," by F. Halphen, and the one-act ballet, "La Cigale," by Massenet.

* * *

Paderewski's first night is thus described in the Comtesse Potocka's volume on Theodore Leschetizky, just issued by the Century company:

I remember the night that Leschetizky brought out his brilliant pupil, Ignace Paderewski. His performance of an original theme and variations was not greeted with special favor. Indeed, some local musicians were heard to remark "that the young man did not seem to promise much." But his keener master opposed envious criticism with the now unanswerable statement: "Ah, my dear ——, you will have to get used to hearing that young man's name." Yet, as he stood nonchalantly in the passageway, his tawny hand resting against the wall, those who foresaw his great future were probably few.

* * *

Despite the fact that Richard Strauss is to spend only a few weeks in this country during his coming visit, he will conduct the Philadelphia orchestra in his own compositions six times. These appearances, in conjunction with Mr. Scheel, will be made at two concerts in Philadelphia, two in Boston, one in Baltimore and one in Washington. No other American orchestra has been so fortunate in securing this eminent conductor for such a number of appearances. The regular season of the Philadelphia orchestra in its home city will begin on Oct. 30.

* * *

Sensationalism in music is not usually to be commended, but when it coincides with the highest artistic enterprise and merit it must be welcomed as an aid to the popularization of the divine art. Next to the production of "Parsifal" the most sensational thing in the impending musical season is the series of Philharmonic concerts, with its six renowned foreign conductors, besides the admirable Victor Herbert of Pittsburg. Foreign concert institutes deem themselves lucky to secure one or two of the great traveling or "prima donna" conductors, as some playfully call them, but we shall have six of them, specially imported for the occasion. Such an opportunity for comparison, study and enjoyment may not present itself again in a lifetime, and it would not present itself now but for the generosity of Andrew Carnegie, John D. Rockefeller, E. Francis Hyde, Clarence M. Hyde, Grant B. Schley, Elkan Naumburg and James Loeb, who made the epoch-making project possible. It is not likely that any good seats will be left for single performances, wherefore it will be well to be wise in time. Among the soloists to be heard are Jacques Thibaut, Adele aus der Ohe, David Bispham, Leo Schulz, Maud Powell, Alfred Reisenauer, Schumann-Heink (the best list the society has had in many years). The foreign conductors, as previously announced, are Edouard Colonne of Paris, Gustav Kogel of Frankfurt, Henry Wood of London, Felix Weingartner of Munich, W. von Safanoff of Moscow and Richard Strauss of Berlin.

* * *

Readers of an elaborate life of Wagner, or of his letters to Liszt, Uhlig, Wesendonck and other friends will remember the frequency, impatience and despair with which he dwells on his ill health. The London Lancet of Aug. 1 devotes eight columns of fine type to extracts describing the symptoms and results o this frequent indisposition; and Dr. George M. Gould, editor of American Medicine, the compiler of these extracts, deduces from them the conclusion that Wagner (like de Quincey, Carlyle, Darwin, Huxley, Browning, Spencer and Parkman, as he has shown in a recent volume), owed his lifelong misery mainly to eye strain, which might have been easily cured by the wearing of proper spectacles. Headache, sick headache, dyspepsia, nervousness, melancholy, insomnia, indescribable suffering—these were the more prominent symptoms, some of which the authors just mentioned had sometimes or always; Wagner had all of them nearly all of the time. Dr. Gould's argument is absolutely convincing and it provides much food for thought. Wagner possessed the gentle art of making enemies to perfection, but his irascibility was due chiefly to his ill health. Tremendous worker though he was, he often could compose only an hour or two a day, and that only by a heroic effort to bear the pains of a martyr at the stake. A pair of spectacles might have enabled him to write several more of his immortal operas and to enjoy life. It is a pitiful story; none more so. "This poor patient," Dr. Gould concludes, "may be excused for not recognizing the simplest conclusion that the eyes were at the bottom of all his suffering. With difficulty, however, may the medical men of his day be excused, and there is no excuse for the most cruel of crimes, the brutal obstinacy which today makes a few ultra-conservative physicians, and even some careless ophthalmologists, deny that such symptoms in thousands of patients are due to eye strain and are daily cured by its correction."

* * *

Professor Arthur Nikisch is one of the warmest admirers of the genius of Edward Grieg. He will conduct his "Peer Gynt" suite at the first concert of the Berlin Philharmonic orchestra next month, by way of commemorating the recent 60th birthday of that great Norwegian. It will be remembered how great a Grieg enthusiast Anton Seidl was, and how incomparably he interpreted his works. Grieg himself was greatly interested to hear that Seidl had made an orchestral suite out of several of his pianoforte compositions. He asked the writer of this paragraph to get Mrs. Seidl's permission to use this suite. It was played and cordially applauded at Christiania, and Mr. Grieg has now placed it in the hands of Peters for publication. The New York Philharmonic owes it to the memory of its great conductor to play this Norwegian suite again; also others of his admirable arrangements, notably the Bach Divertimento, which aroused so much enthusiasm at a certain Philharmonic concert.

* * *

The musical interest of Italians is still confined to operas. Sgambati is an exception. He has written some chamber music of merit. Mr. Kneisel not long ago received the following letter from him:

You will be surprised at my long silence. The great sorrow of losing a mother, an illness, and other grave matters, made me neglect all correspondence for a long time. Now I thank you, and if tardily, none the less warmly, for your good letter, which brought me great happiness; also for the sight of the portrait of yourself and your colleagues. To you and them I have felt grateful ever since you played my quartette in London. Henschel speaks to me with enthusiasm of your magnificent performance of it. Since then the renown of the work has spread and it is now played at the popular concerts by the Bohemian quartette, the Leipsic quartette, Hugo Heermann, and Becker, and others. But the climax was reached, I believe, in the perfect execution of yourself and colleagues. This quartette, published in 1882, had remained in obscurity; for the greater part of its present popularity I am indebted to your fine interpretation and success. I intend to write a new one expressly for you, and I have set apart a time for this work, so that I may put into it all my best efforts and my whole heart.

IN HONOR OF SCHILLER.

Dr. Walther Wever, the German consul who last year secured the production of Goethe's "Faust" at the Auditorium, a most satisfactory and successful performance, has been instrumental in arranging another production of German dramatic art, that of the third part of Schiller's Wallenstein trilogy, "Death of Wallenstein." Like "Faust," it will be given by Leon Wachsner's company from the Pabst theatre in Milwaukee. Consul Wever has secured an ample guaranty fund to cover all expenses of the undertaking, but it is expected that, like last year's "Faust" performance, the production will net a handsome surplus, one-half of which is to go toward completion of the German libraries of the University of Chicago and the Northwestern university, under the supervision of Professors Camillo von Klenge and James Taft Hatfield, respectively.

The list of patronesses and patrons for this interesting occasion is considerably larger than that of the "Faust" performance, and its personnel shows that the support is by no means confined to the German-American element.

The performance is to be on Tuesday, Nov. 10, the anniversary of Schiller's birth, celebrating this event. Literary critics agree that with "Wallenstein" the climax of dramatic art was reached by Schiller. This trilogy, together with "Faust" and "Hamlet," forms one of the grandest and most interesting achievements of the human mind. Like the creations of Goethe and Shakespeare, the character of Wallenstein affords a never-ending study of the unfathomable depths of the human heart.

The wonderful admixture of idealism and realism; the historical faith in his star; the feeling of immediate communion with the spirit world, which lifts him far beyond the accessories of his crime; the deep moral conviction that every crime harbors its own angel of revenge; the heroic greatness in misfortune; the extraordinary surroundings of his fate—all these combine to create such a wonderful entity that "Wallenstein" is a poetic world in itself.

As Schiller's earliest works form the tragedies of liberty; as his Don Carlos is the tragedy of friendship, so is Wallenstein the tragedy of loyalty, and in this it rests upon the firm national basis of German loyalty, the "Deutsche True" to the traditional ruler. Like in the "Nibelungen" the house of Burgundy, so is this trilogy the house of Wallenstein falls as victim of its own crime, the breach of loyalty.

Of course, so far as the coming performance is concerned, the choice of "Death of Wallenstein" presupposes an intimate knowledge of the two other parts of the trilogy, "Wallenstein's Camp" and "The Piccolomini," but the part chosen it undoubtedly poetically the most valuable and dramatically the most effective. The German theatre habitues will find an interesting opportunity to have the full representation of the Wachsner company in the realms of classical drama, with August Meyer-Elgen in the principal role.

PATTI THE PECULIAR.

The near approach of Adelina Patti's farewell tour is reviving many reminiscences of her previous appearances in the United States.

"Singers are queer folk," writes one man, "and there are some deep scholars who insist great love for music is a passion as much as worship of physical beauty or craving for the wine cup. Passion or not, however, it is manifest to the poorest observer that there is something odd about the average musical person. Patti always has been odd. Hundreds of stories have been told about her eccentricities, but no record seems to have been made of the night in the old Metropolitan opera house when she sang 'Home, Sweet Home,' for a black and tan dog after she had refused to sing it for an enthusiastic audience. The orchestra had slipped away, convinced Patti would not sing again. Ten times she had gone off the stage, only to come into view again a few minutes later. Her face gradually took on a bored expression. She appeared to be impatient to get away from the theatre. She had received many offerings of flowers with little more than scant politeness. The audience itself was beginning to grow cold, when a woman ran down the middle aisle and held up a basket of roses. Patti looked for an instant and then ran forward, clapping her hands. Many wondered what was the cause of her delight until they saw the head of the black and tan in the middle of the roses. A pink ribbon was round the dog's neck, and Patti caught the basket by the handle, handed it to a stage hand and hurried to the center of the stage. There was no more need to ask her to sing 'Home, Sweet Home.' The sight of the tiny pet had overcome her impatience. She was anxious to sing in appreciation of the gift, and she sang with a charm seldom equaled in her trips through this country.

There is a millionaire in Buffalo who is looking forward to Patti's appearance as a striking event in his life. All he wants to hear her sing is "Home, Sweet Home." He wants no opera and no "La Traviata." Twenty years ago this man went from his home in Owosso, Mich., to Chicago. Ten years ago he had won a fortune, and when Patti came to the city he invited several of his friends to go with him to the Auditorium to hear her sing. He was a man with his heart in business; the hunt for dollars had dwarfed his native love of the beautiful. His wife had gone to the play and the opera while he rested after the day's work, and when they went together to hear Patti sing they found a barrier between them. The millionaire wearied of the grand passages from the different operas, and near the close of the performance he could control his impatience no longer, and rose and walked behind the row of boxes. He was standing in the narrow aisle alone when the applause ceased. The strain of a familiar tune came to his ears, and presently there came the voice of Patti singing "Home, Sweet Home." A few minutes later his wife found him crying. He was back in Owosso again, far from the bitterness of business strife. "I could have waited a week for that," he sobbed, and somehow his wife did not chide him for his tears.

MISS AGATHA BERKHOEL

Who will be heard for the first time since her return to the city, on Tuesday evening, is one of the foremost of Salt Lake's young singers. She was, prior to the past two years, a pupil of Arthur Shepherd and Heber Goddard, but has spent the past two years studying in the Chicago College of Music, where her vocal teacher was Madame O. L. Fox. Since her graduation from that institution, last June, she has been en tour with the Canadian Symphony orchestra, and has won honors as a vocalist. She was awarded the gold medal for vocal work in her class at college. Miss Berkhoel will shortly open a studio in Salt Lake.

Exceptional Musical Treat—Song Recital.

Miss Agatha Berkhoel, assisted by Professor McClellan and Mr. Skelton, First Presbyterian church, Tuesday, Nov. 10, 8:15 p. m. Tickets, 50c.

In Business and Out.

(Chicago Record-Herald.)

"Yes, old man Bilkins is leading a double life."

"Gracious. You don't say so."

"Down town he throws his shoulders back and is 'the head of the house.' But you ought to see him when he's at home."

Sage Advice.

(Exchange.)

A professor of a noted medical college was addressing the graduating class.

"Gentlemen," he said, "you are going out into the world of action. You will likely follow in some degree the example of those who have preceded you. Among other things, you may marry. Let me entreat you to be kind to your wives. Be patient with them. Do not fret under petty domestic trials. When one of you asks your wife to go driving, do not worry if she is not ready at the appointed time. Have a treatise on your specialty always with you. Read it while you wait, and I assure you, gentlemen," and the professor's kindly smile seemed to show a trace of irony, "you will be astonished at the vast amount of information you will acquire in this way."

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HOW CHOPIN COMPOSED HIS FAMOUS FUNERAL MARCH

SPIRITED discussion has arisen in Parisian musical circles in regard to the circumstances in which Chopin's famous "Funeral March" was composed. Several versions of the story have been related. Ziem, the well known painter, now in the twilight of his career, who was an intimate lifelong friend of Chopin, has been interviewed on the subject by several Parisian journalists. It was my good fortune to meet Ziem a few days ago, says a Paris correspondent of the New York Tribune. He seemed in excellent health. His rosy complexion was heightened by snow white hair and neatly cropped silvery beard. When questioned upon the subject of Chopin's "Funeral March" the veteran painter became quite animated, and, talking to a group of journalists, among whom was one editor of the Matin, recounter the circumstances of the composition of the march which has become the musical feature of two-thirds of the funerals that take place in France. Ziem stroked his forehead with his hand, as if to refresh his memory, and in a low, sympathetic voice began his story, which ran very much as follows:

* * * *

"It was fifty-five or fifty-six years ago. It was after a cozy little dinner in my studio. Among those present were Chevendier de Valdrome, Ludre, Prince Polignac, Ricard, the painter; Chopin and myself. In those days I had some fine old Aubusson tapestries of very large dimensions. These tapestries, hanging from the beams of the building, separated the studio into three rooms. In one of the compartments was a human skeleton, upon which I used to arrange various costumes of silk, brocade or velvet, and which served as a sort of model. Near the skeleton was a very poor, rickety piano, that I had bought for 40 francs from a dealer in old furniture. I had sawed out four of the panels of the piano to paint four pictures on. So you can imagine that the piano itself was little more than a skeleton, and the keys rattled most lugubriously. I had been lucky enough to have sold half a dozen pictures that fretched what in those days were considered very high prices. Consequently I felt very merry, and had regaled my friends with a sumptuous dinner, accompanied by copious draughts of red and white wine from the Touraine country. It came into my head to perpetrate a practical joke. I was sitting with Ricard in the compartment where the skeleton and the piano stood. I wrapped long pieces of white and black lace about the skeleton and, pushing it between the tapestries into the adjoining room, held it upright, and agitated it so as to give the appearance of a ghost, while I myself was concealed by the tapestry hangings.

* * * *

"The scene was grotesque and provoked renewed gaiety. The Touraine wine, poured forth in profusion, caused a phase of what may be described as sentimental intoxication. Prince Polignac after a while seized the skeleton in his arms, ebraced it, and finally enveloped himself and the skeleton beneath the same lace veils. The effect was decidedly weird and suggestive of death. There were more bouts of the good Touraine wine, which contained a great deal of sunshine and effervescence. Polignac, now fairly glued to the skeleton, sat down with it before the broken down, rickety piano, and, striking the keys, played an impromptu but incoherent air. It was indeed droll to see the skeleton of a man seated before the skeleton of a piano. Chopin seemed greatly impressed by the sight. He drank a goblet of wine known as 'vin de Vouvray,' and, as if seized with an uncontrollable inspiration, shouted 'Oh, oh!' rushed at the piano, pulled Polignac away from the human skeleton, and, taking the skeleton in his hands, swung it over his back, the arms and hands hanging over his own shoulders, and the skull in juxtaposition with his own head.

"In this position Chopin sat and played the rickety piano. The first notes were so stirring, solemn and impressive that suddenly we all became silent. We were enraptured by the music, notwithstanding the wretched condition of the instrument. After listening for a few minutes, we burst forth into genuine admiration and applause. It was then that we realized that Chopin had composed one of his finest works. It was a delightful and memorable evening. I remember it as if it were yesterday. All the other strange stories that have been related about the composition of the famous 'Funeral March' are imaginative exaggerations."

After Ziem had finished this interesting reminiscence of his old friend, Chopin, he became quite sad and emotional, and bade us a somewhat forlorn farewell.

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