BIG WELSH MUSICAL Festival at the PAN-AMERICAN SHOW.

BY BLANCHE PARTINGTON.

YOUNG CALIFORNIAN PIANISTE WHO HAS MADE A GREAT HIT IN EUROPE.

HUGO MANSFELDT sends me from Vienna word of the extraordinary success of his little pupil, Alma Stencel, who has lately appeared with the Philharmonic Orchestra there. Little Miss Stencel is a Californian girl, well known as a wonder-child here through a number of public performances. She is about 13 years of age and for her years has an extraordinary repertoire, technique and maturity of conception. Miss Stencel left her native State for Europe some few months ago, with no very definite intentions either as to study or concert work, but it is now decided that she will concertize all over the Continent during next season. In the meantime she has been received with extraordinary favor both in Vienna and Budapest, where she appeared on both occasions with the famous Philharmonic Orchestra of Vienna.

In November the little Californian pianist will make her Berlin debut, with the Philharmonic Orchestra there, in one of the many concertos that she already includes in her repertoire. She played at the Austrian court in January last, and was complimented personally on her performances by the high mightinesses there present.

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Another Californian abroad bringing fame to the State is Dr. H. J. Stewart, the organist of Trinity Church, who is now giving a series of organ recitals on the large organ at the Pan-American Exposition. Dr. Stewart is one of a very limited number of organists who have been invited to play at the exposition, and his engagement is equally an honor to the State and the musician.

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The following is a typical programme of the national musical competitions at the Pan-American Exposition. It is the programme arranged (subject to addition and alteration) for "Welsh Day," which is to be celebrated on September 19:

Chief competition—For mixed choirs of not less than 125 nor over 150 voices, "God So Loved the World" (Sir J. Stainer), and "We Never Will Bow Down" (Handel). First prize, $200; second prize, $100.

Male chorus competition—For chorus of not less than 40 nor over 50 voices, "Song of the Pilgrim" (J. Hayden Morris, Mus. Bac.). First prize, $150; second prize, $100.

Female chorus competition—For chorus of not less than 30 nor over 35 voices, "Lullaby" (Brahms) and "Bridal of the Birds" (Brinley Richards). First prize, $150; second prize, $100.

Soprano solo—"I Know That My Redeemer Liveth," Handel's "Messiah." Prize, $25.

Contralto solo—"He Was Despised," Handel's "Messiah." Prize, $25.

Tenor solo—"In Native Worth," Haydn's "Creation." Prize, $25.

Bass solo—"Now Heaven in Fullest Glory Shown," Haydn's "Creation." Prize, $25.

Correspondence should be addressed to David Jones, secretary, 671 West avenue, Buffalo, N. Y.

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The Welsh contingent of the United States is taking deep interest in the affair, which assures a musical festival of strong artistic merit. There is a native institution in Oakland, under the direction of that genial Welshman, D. P. Hughes, that I think would stand an excellent chance in the female chorus competition. I refer to the Hughes Club, a large chorus that has been studying faithfully under Mr. Hughes' leadership for some three years now and from which I have heard some exceedingly good work. I don't know that it would be possible to export the club to Buffalo, but I am quite willing to venture a prophecy as to its success when it got there. If any club or singer among the "Taffies" of California is yearning so to distinguish it or himself correspondence on the subject should be addressed to David Jones, secretary, 671 West avenue, Buffalo, N. Y.

It is to be hoped that at the American Eisteddfod the national instrument of Wales, the harp, will not be neglected, and, even more important, that that unique national anthem, "Taffy Was a Wicked Welshman," with its Byronic ingenuity of rhyme, will be duly honored.

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Some two or three Sundays ago the park programme contained a couple of numbers that were rather unusual in point of interest, being the work of two students in this city and of exceptional merit from that standpoint. The students aforesaid are Henry Bossert, a soldier now stationed at the Presidio, and Emil A. Bruguiere, both pupils in composition of Oscar Weil. Mr. Bossert's contribution to the programme was a "march" that he calls "The Roll of Honor," a musicianly and melodious composition, distinguished by an excellent harmonic feeling and a pretty skill in orchestration. The trio is particularly melodious and contains a very clever bit of part-writing.

Mr. Bruguiere's number was "Canzonetta Espagnole," a colorful and characteristic composition. This also is clean and skillful writing, with a gratifying native picturesqueness of inspiration. Mr. Weil is to be congratulated on the work of his pupils, and Conductor Spadina on his sensible kindness in encouraging local genius.

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Apropos of Mrs. Alma Webster Powell's recent article on the music student in Germany, the following statistics on the subject, culled from The Concert-Goer, will be of worth:

It is estimated that 12,400 musical students are studying at the present time in Germany. Of this number 20 per cent are foreigners and 5 per cent Americans; 40 per cent of them are vocal students, 32 per cent orchestra, organ and solo string aspirants, 25 per cent study the pianoforte and 3 per cent composing. The average student spends 1600 marks ($400) each year for living expenses and tuition, although some live on 900 marks—($225)—including tuition. The average period of each student is three years. All of the students of the orchestra find immediate and paying occupation wherever they settle. The pianoforte students have a hard struggle to obtain a footing and 22 per cent settle as teachers with varied but comfortable income. Of the vocal students (40 per cent) 8 per cent find engagements at the opera with an average income of 1200 marks ($300) per year, 2 per cent find recognition as concert singers through their merits and 12 per cent through a reserve fund for advertising purposes. Twenty per cent of them cannot be traced and are lost in obscurity. Of the 12,400 students 67 per cent are female; 84 per cent study in conservatories and institutions. Of the 4960 singers who enter every year only a few rise to a high rank and the others—hope for better days.

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A London paper is responsible for the following profane and perfect gem:

At one of our churches where performances of oratorios are sometimes given by the choir the congregation had been complaining that the church on such occasions was unbearably cold. Last Sunday the vicar in announcing a coming choral service thus delivered himself: "On Tuesday next Spohr's 'Last Judgment' will be given in the church. The building will be specially heated for the occasion."

Choice candies, Townsend's, Palace Hotel.

Cal. glace fruit 50c per lb at Townsend's.

Best eyeglasses, specs., 10c to 40c. Look out front of barber and grocery, 81 4th.

Special information supplied daily to business houses and public men by the Press Clipping Bureau (Allen's), 510 Montgomery street. Telephone Main 1042.

Quickest Way to Yosemite.

"The Santa Fe to Merced and stage thence via Merced Falls, Coulterville, Hazel Green, Merced, Big Trees, Cascade Falls and Bridal Veil Falls to Sentinel Hotel. This gets you in at 5 in the afternoon, which is ahead of any other line and costs you less. Ask at 641 Market st. for particulars."

The tea out-turn for the month of June has been normal in Assam, but poor in the Teral, where the weather is unfavorable, and in Darjiling, where there has been a severe blight.

Official Route Christian Endeavorers to Cincinnati, Ohio.

The Burlington Route via Denver has been selected as the official route. Through Pullman Tourist Sleeping Cars to Cincinnati will leave San Francisco July 1 at 6 p. m. Tickets on sale June 30 to July 1; rate, $76 50 for round trip. July 1-2 we will sell round trip tickets to Detroit at $82 25; July 3-4 to Chicago $72 50, and to Buffalo $87. For sleeping car berths call on or address W. D. Sanborn, General Agent, 631 Market street.

Are You "Of the Old World"?

Everything pertaining to the New World may be easily and cheaply seen at the Pan-American Exposition, and the best way to get to Buffalo is by the comfortable trains of the Nickel Plate Road, carrying Nickel Plate Dining Cars, in which are served American Club meals from 35c to $1.00 each. Book free, showing pictures of exposition buildings. Hotel accommodations reserved. JAY W. ADAMS, P. C. P. A., 37 Crocker building, San Francisco, Cal.

Good Service and Quick Time.

The Santa Fe Route train leaving San Francisco 4:30 p. m. daily now runs through to Fresno, making the shortest time between San Francisco, Stockton, Merced and Fresno.

THE SAN FRANCISCO CALL

JOHN D. SPRECKELS, Proprietor. Address Communications to W. S. LEAKE, Manager

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WIRELESS TELEGRAPHY PROMISED.

CHIEF W. L. MOORE of the United States Weather Bureau has telegraphed to Mr. McAdie of the local bureau that Secretary Wilson will authorize the installation of a wireless telegraph service between San Francisco and the Farallones, and also at other points on the Pacific Coast, as soon as there is a system suitable for installation.

We have then a promise of wireless telegraphy to be in operation in the near future, for there is at this time no doubt whatever that the Weather Bureau can find a "suitable system" almost as it begins to look for it. Wireless telegraphy is in fact no longer an experiment. We recently had occasion to direct attention to the success achieved with it by the steamship Lucania in sending messages to various points along the English coast while the steamer was making her way down the channel. Several of the messages were received and others sent by the steamer at a time when she was so far at sea that land was not visible.

The experiments made on the Lucania are noted only because they are the latest to which particular attention has been drawn. As a matter of fact the system is now so well established that the great steamers on the Atlantic have been fitted with the Marconi apparatus, and new ships now being constructed are to have a room designed especially for wireless telegraphing.

The swift advance of the new method of telegraphing is one of the marvels of the age. It is but a short time since the system was the subject of ridicule by the incredulous. The Call was the first newspaper in the world to take up the invention and apply it to practical use. That was done by The Call as a part of the arrangements made to report the coming of the transport bearing the California Volunteers on their return from the Philippines. The test made of the system on that occasion was completely successful, and was undoubtedly the most notable stroke of newspaper enterprise ever accomplished on this coast. In fact it was an achievement of world-wide interest and attracted attention everywhere.

The next notable use of the new system was that made by The Call and the Herald in reporting the international yacht race. That was a direct result of the success obtained here, so that the New York experiment may be said to have been brought about by the test at San Francisco. Consequently the credit of leading in the development of this latest marvel of science belongs to this city.

Rarely has any great invention been met with a greater storm of ridicule than this. When The Call accomplished the feat of getting reports across the water from a vessel off the Golden Gate, and the announcement was made of the means by which it was done, the Examiner scoffed and scouted and flouted for days. It derided the inventor by calling him "Macaroni." Later on when the system was used by The Call and Herald in reporting the yacht race, it returned to the attack and again jeered at the inventor as well as at the system and The Call. Now the yellow journal will at last have to admit that wireless telegraphy is a practical system of dispatching messages; and the chances are it will claim to have been the author of the whole thing.

The Call having been the first paper in the world to have faith in the invention, the first to make practical use of it, has also been first in urging the Government to establish the system between this city and the Farallones. It is therefore with no little satisfaction that it congratulates the people on the prospect of the early attainment of the much desired service.

ABUSE OF INGERSOLL.

THE memory of a man may suffer more from the acts of his fool disciples than from the abuse of his enemies.

Colonel Robert Ingersoll's memory is just now getting punished by some people in Ohio, who in his name have organized an agnostic society and pretend to perpetuate the teachings of the great agnostic. They have gone about this by celebrating what they call an agnostic marriage, in which the vows were conditioned and the tie was like that free love union which was practiced by the followers of Dr. Noyes.

There is nothing in agnosticism nor in the teachings of Ingersoll in support of such a pretended marriage. The laws of all the most civilized nations recognize marriage as a civil contract, dissoluble or enforcible in the courts of justice. The necessity for such view of the contract arises in the concern that third parties may have in it. It affects the descent of property and the title of estates, and inheritance and title are matters litigable, for they concern property.

Among the ignorant who call themselves agnostics and rejoice in a heresy which they do not comprehend, there has grown up the opinion that is back of this Ohio movement. Such people think that the monogamous marriage is derived from the institution of Christianity, carrying with it the indissoluble intent. The fact is that there is no injunction on the subject among the germs of Christianity except Paul's advice that deacons should be sober and discreet persons and have but one wife. That limitation alone is evidence that among the early Christians polygamy prevailed, and was forbidden only to certain officers of the congregation.

In fact, polygamy was a venerable and deservedly honored institution in its day, for it succeeded just such promiscuous, go-as-you-please, catch-as-catch-can association of the sexes as these Ohio agnostics propose in the name of Ingersoll. To the philosophic mind the beginning of polygamy was the beginning of man's advance in civilization. It meant that he differentiated himself from the beasts that perish. To such mind also the end of polygamy marked man's rise to a still higher civilization, but the advance was not due to any direct, inspired, religious command. Early Christians were polygamists and the primitive Christian princes of Europe were not scrupulous as to plurality in the married relation. The early agnostics, of the period that includes the first half-thousand years of the Christian era, were neither more nor less free and loose in their matrimonial affairs than the civilization of which they were a part.

These Ohio folks think they are making a point against Christianity by their goose and gander marriage, when they are only flying in the face of that decency which is an attribute of civilization. The morals and ethics taught by Colonel Ingersoll were the morals and ethics of civilization, and the humanity, the mercy, charity and love which he inculcated were of the highest and purest order. His disagreement with the plan of salvation, the fall and atonement, was almost forgiven by the church because of the purity of his morality and his high ascription to woman. Now woman has advanced from the pit of promiscuity to the higher plane of polygamy to stand at last safe on the heights of a monogamous marriage intended to be indissoluble. One who is content with a conditional contract declarative not of an intention to be permanent, but to be temporary, is a fool in her head or a wanton in her heart, and Ingersoll's ideal woman was neither.

Lawyer McSherry wants Rev. Mr. Herron and his female companion to move out of New Jersey, lest he become the leader of a great society composed of those who hold the marriage tie too lightly. Mc must have but little confidence in the good manners of Jerseymen if he thinks evil communications will corrupt them so easily.

It has heretofore been considered an element of success in running railroads that the people should know the chiefs in the various departments. What is the matter with President Hays? Does he think some of the chiefs are too well known?

Rev. Mr. Dowie of Chicago claims to be the Prophet Elijah returned to the earth. We recall nothing in the career of Elijah to justify the suspicion that he would make a second trip for the sake of seeing Chicago.

France and Russia are reported to have a mutual understanding about the railroads of Manchuria and Yunnan. They seem to mutually understand everything but each other's language.

The English anti-jingoes are having a hard time between the London mob and the Salisbury government. The only anti-jingo party that really enjoys itself is led by De Wet.

General Chaffee reports that fifty innocent Chinese were killed by the allies to one Boxer. The Christian nations now demand from China the cost of that slaughter!

In all the expressions of mutual admiration and esteem which have lit the retreating footsteps of Count von Waldersee we fail to notice any Chinese bouquets.

If you have not yet made your contribution to the Epworth League reception fund this is a good time to make up your mind not to delay any longer.

ABOUT SOUBRETTES And Big Stars and JUST PLAIN ACTORS.

BY LYDIA LANGUISH.

ONE OF THE CLEVER ACTRESSES IN THE HENRY MILLER COMPANY.

MEETING stage people is a sure way to destroy all one's cherished and certainly most fanciful illusions. I had, well, peculiar notions about soubrettes. I do not know why I should have had those elaborate ideas, but, like many other people, whenever I thought of a fetching soubrette I immediately thought of a long-pursed chappie.

I do not think that way any more. Last week I met Annie Myers of the Tivoli and it was like taking a cold plunge—first a shock and then a most delightful sensation. Annie Myers keeps house. She has a tiny apartment on Ellis street, in which she goes around in most conventional attire, spending her days when not at the theater in sweeping and dusting and scrubbing and tidying up in most thrifty housewifely fashion.

Annie (everybody calls her Annie, and that, by the way, is the only illusion she left me) cooks her own dinner, makes her own clothes and, like a very good and prosaic wife, darns the socks of the "best man on earth."

The fortunate individual whom Annie promised many years ago to love and honor is Harry Myers, a gentleman of the chorus. When Annie and Harry met and loved and wed they were both tunefully repeating in a well drilled chorus the beautiful, brave and bombastic assertions of the principals of the McCaul Opera Company. Soon after her marriage Annie left the chorus to climb and climb and forge ahead until she became one of the leading soubrettes of the country. Harry remained in the chorus, enjoying his wife's success, applauding her triumphs, always holding the first and foremost place in her heart. At present Harry is in Baltimore looking after some real estate that came to him recently by inheritance. Mr. and Mrs. Myers have one daughter, a pretty girl who inherited her mother's merry talent and her father's sterling qualities. Her stage name is Gracie Orr and she is the soubrette in Francis Wilson's company.

* * *

Whenever you see an actress with her hair dressed in an unfamiliar way, you can safely wager either one of two things. If she is a great woman, that her style is going to become the style, and if she isn't, why, then, that her style is the very latest style.

I saw Blanche Bates at the Columbia Theater on Monday evening. Her hair was a surprise to me. Now I am not prepared to say whether Blanche Bates has already arrived or is the coming great American star, but this I am willing to set my hand and seal to, her fashion of hair dressing must be the latest.

Blanche is wearing her pretty brown hair brushed smoothly back and done up in a glossy little pigtail that is doubled up and tied at the nape of the neck with a pert little black ribbon bow. This style of hairdressing I am afraid will not become as popular as it certainly must be stylish. Unfortunately it is not every face that can stand this severe fashion of hairdressing, that carries one back to the days when knights were brave and knights were bold. However, philosophical reflections should not be in my line. All I should concern myself about is that this latest style, or coming style, is immensely becoming to Blanche Bates.

* * *

Miss Grace Elliston, the beauty of the Henry Miller company, received her first love letter the other day. I really do not know what authority I have to declare that that was sweet Grace's first billet doux, but by the becoming and astonished look in her deep eyes and the pretty flush on her rounded cheek I concluded not many scented notes come to the fetching ingenue—by the way of the stage door. It was a most decorous note, written in a good, forcible hand, on paper that betokened the gentleman, and told in sincere fashion and in a very few words of the writer's admiration for the pretty girl. The letter was not signed. It contained no request to meet the sweet miss to whom it was addressed; and, to cap the climax of unusual things, it concluded with a paragraph that told how the writer had followed the actress from the stage door to her hotel; how he noticed that her figure was trim and that she was dressed in black and that she glanced neither to the right nor left, but looked straight ahead. And that was all.

Women are naturally curious—just as curious as men. And it would not be very strange if Grace Elliston was a-wondering.

* * *

I never had anything fascinate me as those wonderful pygmies at the Orpheum. I got the woman who has them in charge to tell me as much as she knew of them—and that, by the way, is not very much. But little is known of the parentage of these wonderfully tiny bits of humanity. They were born in India, in the jungle. Who their father was their manageress does not know. She only knows that they have brothers and sisters that are normally proportioned men and women. I chatted for awhile with the little mite of a man.

"Is there anything you would like," I asked him.

"Yes," he lisped in the weakest of baby treble. "I want a sweetheart. A big, big, lady and very, very fair." There is no disputing the attraction of opposites after that.

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Melbourne MacDowell told me the other night that he felt he was "about due." That he was studying the legitimate roles and that after the Frawley Company engagement at the Grand Opera-house he was coming back to give us a sample of his art.

"It is this way," said the decollete actor to me. "I know that nature has particularly fitted me for the legitimate and I am not going back on nature. I feel that I am due. That it is the time for me to arrive. That truth is brought most forcibly home to me every evening when I go out in front and feel how I hold my audiences. The late Fanny Davenport, Mrs. Melbourne MacDowell, realized that fact some time ago. She told me, 'You are getting too big to be a leading man; you completely overshadow the star.' At the time of her death she was preparing to have a play written around my physique and to launch me as a star."

MacDowell, as everybody knows, is a big man, and a play that would be written round him must necessarily be a big play.

"I know exactly how I look from the front," went on MacDowell. "I'm a tremendous man and I must have a tremendous play. I am going to play Ingomar, Virginius, Othello, the Gladiator—all big parts for a big man."

MacDowell says he is not yet 40, that he is equal to all the heavy legitimate roles and that in the future he is going to give them his undivided attention and magnificent physique.

* * *

I have just read the most delightful child's story, that has a half sob and a half smile between lines, and that unfolds its simple tale in a fashion that grips you by the throat, makes your eyes blink and your pulse go a maddening pace. The name of the tale is "Kit." It is published in one of the famous yellow book quarterlies. It is from the pen of Jennie Eustace of Mr. Miller's company. I am told grim necessity was knocking at the door when Jennie Eustace wrote that little story. The talented actress had gone over to England to tempt fortune in the foggy metropolis and while waiting for an engagement her funds got very low. Tired and disheartened with knocking at managers' doors she thought she would try the door of a publisher. She wrote "Kit," sent it to the yellow book and received a goodly check in return.

"Kit" changed Miss Eustace's fortune. She met Irving. He sent her on the road with "Madame Sans Gene." She scored so great a triumph that the great actor-manager arranged for her appearance in London. But misfortune again overtook her. On her return from her triumphal tour as she was landing from the steamer at Fleetwood, Miss Eustace slipped and fell, and the result was a broken leg. Of course Miss Eustace's big London engagement was off.

Among Jennie Eustace's treasures is a wonderful old ring that Ellen Terry gave her. It is shaped like the popular marquise of to-day. On an enameled ground is a raised golden leaf, the whole set round with rose diamonds.