

THE ARTS AND THE PEOPLE

BY BLANCHE PARTINGTON



STELLAR DRAMATIC SOPRANO OF THE GRAND OPERA COMPANY AT THE TIVOLI WHO MARRIED AN ITALIAN NOBLEMAN FOURTEEN MONTHS AGO AND IS HAPPY AS A RECENT BRIDE COULD BE. HER CAREER ON THE STAGE HAS BEEN A MOST REMARKABLE ONE.

"This is the Count—"
"Picconi," that gentleman supplied, with a bow that could have come only from Rome.
"And Miss Petrella—"
"Parla ella italiano? Teatro—Masagni—critica molta culta—r-r-r-!!!—etc., etc." (I will not answer for the Italian) Signorina Petrella, dimpling, beaming, laughing, threw at me as she put me on the couch beside her.
No, I did not speak Italian—was in the midst of my annual lament about it.
With her plump hands, her hazel eyes laughing through their thick fringes and another stream of round Roman, Petrella regretted it. She apologized for not knowing the "inglese"; she thanked me, "Grazie grazie!" for finding her Leonora good; she said it was "maraviglioso" that I should say that I believed she would make a good La Tosca—185 times. I must know, she had sung it since she began to sing four years ago. All this, and the rest, the Count obligingly translated for me. So disappointed looked Petrella! In spite of my assertion—possibly by reason of the interest I could not help betraying in the vivid, laughing face—she had

thought I understood. Again and again she returned to it, chattering presto! presto! until I shook an unwilling head.
"Non, non!" she would say then, and sit back while the ever obliging Picconi translated.
The Count was there to translate, though had I known what I now know I should as little have thought of going to see a "Romeo and Juliet" minus the Romeo, as of asking to see Petrella without the Count. It is rather the same thing. The affair Petrella-Picconi was not exactly a Montague and Capulet complication, but the house of Picconi objected strenuously to an alliance with the house of Petrella, in the person of its willful descendant, Oliva Petrella, opera singer. But when they knew, as the Count puts it, that this time it was with him the "real thing," they gave in, as the stern parent ever must when Italy wills to love.
"How long ago was this?" I asked.
And Count Picconi, quick as a flash, said: "Fourteen months, to-morrow!" I don't know that anything more need be said.
But this was all afterward—after we

had chatted long about the remarkable career of this young woman, whose first appearance on the stage was as Elisabeth, in "Tannhauser," in the year 1900.
"What dramatic soprano rôle did I like best?" Petrella asked.
"I don't know—possibly Aida."
"I too, very much like Aida," the singer said. "Gloconda and La Tosca and—oh! very much also, Selika in 'L'Africaine.' But 'Norma' I adore," Picconi translated.
"Very much Miss Petrella hopes to sing here Norma," Signor Polacco told me. "Signor Polacco may perhaps permit it." In Italy they fear yet to entrust so difficult a rôle to so young a singer. But she thinks—I think—it was the very prettiest thing! Did I say that the Count Picconi is the kind of Count you dream of—if you happen to be a matinee girl? He looks the part as well as Lawrence D'Orsay used to look the part in "A Royal Family." He suggests old Roman palaces for background, the azure of Italian skies, vine-covered loggias and all the romantic rest of it. Does it spoil things to say that Count Picconi does not spend most of his time spouting Petrarch, or touching a

lute? He is even not at all musical. Quite unkindly, for the picture, he expressed a strong liking for archaeology, in the pursuit of which he spends most of his leisure time. The rest of it goes into the highly unusual occupation for the Italian nobleman—that of getting rid of a large income.
But handsomely now the handsome brown eyes were looking their faith into the hazel ones. Petrella thinks she can sing Norma—the evidence is all that way—and Picconi, if he is sure of anything, is sure that Petrella can sing Norma.
"How was it," I asked, "that Petrella had begun her career with an Elisabeth in 'Tannhauser'—extraordinary?"
Petrella fung a liquid, prestissimo explanation at me, that became through Picconi the story of how she began to study at the Saint Cecilia School in Rome with Zaira Falchi when she was 16 years of age. Five years she studied there, singing always with Falchi and studying dramatic art with Virginia Mariani, the "femelle Salvini," who was the forerunner of Duse.
"Marchetti, the celebrated director, and Cotogni, Caruso's teacher, were her examiners"—Picconi hits the accent on the "maie." "For them she sang from the fourth act of 'L'Africaine' the part of Selika—all touched their hearts."
It was after this that, with Marchetti and Falchi, Signorina Petrella went to sing for Ricordi. Maestro Verdi was to be there, but could not be. He had heard that Petrella would be the best interpreter to come of Aida. But Maestro Verdi, as his substitute, the Signor Marchetti, the very great director. After she had sung, Mugnone expressed greatest pleasure; he had never heard so beautiful voice before.
"Scotti"—this was all I could make out of Signorina Petrella's lively interpolation here.
"She wish I tell you," said the Count, "what Scotti said to her. He was at the addition, and these are the words of Scotti at the house of Ricordi: 'You will very soon reach the place in art.'"
It was after that night that all the best of the Italian theaters opened their doors to Signorina Petrella, and the Elisabeth, in the "Tannhauser," given on December 7, 1896, at the theater of Torino, was her first rôle.
"May I read you," asked the Count.
"Delighted!"
He got up to bring over to me a thick, hardbound album-like book of news cuttings, the back was of red leather, with "Souvenirs" thereon in fine gold. The pages were gray. On them, artistically arranged, their edges mathematically cut, was pasted every notice that Petrella has received. Round each notice was a thin framing line of violet ink, below them, in microscopic script, the name of the critic, the name of the paper, and the date. On some pages, heading them, in red ink, handsomely illuminated, were written the names of various theaters at which Petrella has sung, and on the fly-leaf was inscribed "Notices of Oliva Petrella."
"Your work," I asked the Count.
"But yes!" he laughed. Then he turned to the Elisabeth notice—"one of the best incarnations of Elisabeth given at this theater," "quite sure the future of this debutante remarkable one," "correct acting," "full of spirituality and nobility," "the sufferer—she prays—she hopes—waiting for the man to whom she must be never," he read, Petrella putting up her plump hands in prayer and acting the scene as convincingly as could a young woman with round, rosy face, ears heavy with pearls, hand holding a cleverly encased in a smart white and black foilard.
Italian was not the only tongue represented in the book. German also appeared, Petrella having sung Elisabeth in Berlin itself. A notice from San Carlo, where she sang Aida with King Edward to start the applause one night, and the King and Queen of Portugal the next, he next read.
"Petrella, Petrella," I tried to recall, "is there not another Petrella well known?"
For reply the Signorina showed me a delightful, old miniature, the portrait of Petrella the composer, author of "I Promessi Sposi," "Contessa di Amalfi," "Marco Visconti" and about fifteen other operas. Petrella was Miss Oliva's uncle, and I remarked that she came to music naturally. Nevertheless, she told me she had had a great fight with her family about going on the stage. It was he that the Count remarked that he had had a great fight with his family about marrying the little lady that had gone on the stage, and here, that I learned that it was just "fourteen months ago to-morrow."
They are staying, it is late to say, on Eddy street, a block or two from town. I asked them why they were not like William A. Page and the burlesque stars over on the North Beach where the peppery flourish.
Signor Ventura, who had just come in, answered, "They do not need to."

he laughed; "madame cannot exist without her own cook. They have brought the cook with them—"
"Oh, oh!" cried madame, in Italian, "It is not true. It is not true. It is not for-gluttony, not for very particular, we bring the cook—tell her, please, please, please!"
Ventura teased her: "Madame must have gelatina when she sings Aida, risorci or Tosca—"
"Non e vero, non e vero," laughed madame.
But white-aproned and white-capped, with a tray of confectionery and wine, the maid here appeared.
"Ecco la cuoca," said Signor Ventura, and still laughing, the signora admitted the cook.
But Count Picconi, bareheaded, bowing all home to the incongruous Eddy street, was the last thing I saw.

Dramatic Bills Presage Treats

The Columbia could hardly have made a more popular announcement than that of a matinee of "Tribby," with Wilton Lackaye as Svengali, which has been arranged for next Wednesday. Mr. Lackaye's Svengali is one of the most powerful creations of the contemporary stage, and the matinee will doubtless be crowded by the many admirers who have turned in requests for the drama. The Grand Opera-house "The Pit" will be continued. Wilton Lackaye as Curtis Jadin has won the strongest personal triumph, and the play itself, with its stirring scene in the "wheat pit" of Chicago, has aroused large interest.
The Alcazar is to the fore this week with yet another new play, "The First Violin." The play, with Richard Mansfield in the title rôle, achieved a decided success in the East, where it ran for many months. It is a dramatization from Jessie Fothergill's story of the same name. Mr. Whittlesey will have the Mansfield rôle and Miss Eugenie Thais Lawton, as usual, will be first in the support.
The Grand Opera-house this afternoon begins a two-week season of melodrama with "The Queen of the Highway," in which the usual melodramatic sensations are promised in handsome measure.
Burlesque rules at the California, and if as good as the last two weeks of the "burlesque wheel" this evening's entertainment, "The Kentucky Belles," should attract considerable patronage.
"The White Tigress of Japan" will be the bill at the Central this week. It is a strenuous melodrama that concerns itself with the late Russo-Japanese war, and is said to be uncommonly thrilling.
To-night, at the Alhambra, Mr. Glickman and his Yiddish players will be seen in the realistic Russian melodrama, "The Jewish Massacre in Kishineff." This afternoon's matinee will be given over to the popular comedy "Chaim in America."
Julian Eltinge, known as the "male Vesta Tilly," will make his first appearance in San Francisco this afternoon at the Grand Opera-house. His act is a great Eastern favorite, and will doubtless duplicate his successes here. Holcomb, Curtis and Webb, Arthur Buckner, the bicyclist, and Jobson, Palmer and Jobson, are the other new comers. Rose Stahl, who has made a success in the clever skit "The Chorus Lady," continue for a last week.
Zarrow, the bicyclist, is the sensation of the day at the Columbia. His act is a loop-the-loop one and said to be daring in the highest degree.
Andrew Mack is to leave Australia in a few days on his return to America, after having played one of the most successful engagements ever known in the Antipodes.
But four weeks of musical comedy will be given this year at the Columbia Theater, the two big productions, "The Show Gun" and "The Prince of Pilsen," dividing the time.
Eleanor Robson has started on her Western tour with "Merely Mary Ann" and will be here next month.
So great has been the success of the play made from Frank Norris' celebrated novel, "The Pit," that William A. Page & Co., the publishers, the dramatic rights to "The Octopus," which was the first of the trilogy planned by the author dealing with the growing

the handling and the consumption of the wheat crop. Mr. Lackaye will probably be seen in the play the season after next.
It is not unlikely that Ethel Barrymore will give one or two performances of her new play, "Alice Sit-by-the-Fire," during her coming engagement at the Columbia Theater, where she will appear this month in "Sunday."
Gottlob, Marx & Co. have arranged for the booking of two big attractions, "Ben Hur" and Richard Mansfield, at the Grand Opera-house during the month of November.
Luke Ansell, who claims to have been the original forelegs of the elephant in "Wang," died last week in Albany. Unlike the fore and hind legs of the heifer in "Evangeline," the two men who were inside J. Cheever Goodwin's "property" mammal never became famous. Ansell was employed as floorwalker in a shop.

"The Show," the clever little one-act magazine monthly, published by Channing Pollock, has this list of forthcoming plays and stars in the current issue:
Sarah Bernhardt, repertoire.
Ada Rehan, "Captain Brassbound's Conversion" (George Bernard Shaw).
Jefferson Leacock, "Fantana (Smith and Hubbard).
De Witt Hopper, "Happy Land" (Ranken and De Koven).
Eddie Foy, "The Earl and the Girl" (Hicks and Carill).
Henry Miller and Margaret Anglin, repertoire.
Mrs. Leala Carter, repertoire.
Blanche Bates, play unnamed (David Belasco).
David Warfield, "The Music Master" (Charles Klein).
Mrs. Fiske, "What Will People Say" (Rupert Hughes).
Bertha Kalfsch, repertoire.
Bertha Gailand, "Sweet Kitty Bellairs" (David Belasco).
Annie Russell, "The Little Gray Lady" (Channing Pollock).
Ribel Barrymore, "Alice-Sit-by-the-Fire" (J. M. Barrie).
Wilton Lackaye, "The Pit" (Channing Pollock).
James K. Hackett and Mary Manning, "The Walls of Jericho" (Alfred Sutro).
Maude Adams, "Peter Pan" (J. M. Barrie).
E. H. Sothern and Julia Marlowe, repertoire (William Shakespeare).
Robert Loraine, "Man and Superman" (George Bernard Shaw).
William Faversham, "The Squaw Man" (Milton Seldes).
Lawrence D'Orsay, "The Embassy Ball" (Augustus Thomas).
John Drew, "De Lacey" (Augustus Thomas).
Edna May, "The Caten of the Season" (Hicks and Francis).
Maxine Elliott, "Her Great Match" (Clyde Fitch).
William Gillette, "Clarence" (William Gillette).
Vivia Allen, "The Toast of the Town" (Clyde Fitch).
Edna Aug, "The Four Leaf Clover" (Martha Morton).
Thomas E. Shea, "The Great Adventurer" (Channing Pollock).
Robert Edison, "Pierre and His People" (Gilbert Parker).
Henrietta Crossman, "Mary, Mary, Quite Contrary."
Frank Daniels, "Sergeant Briss" (Lehman and Hall).
Richard Mansfield, repertoire.
Arnold Daly, repertoire (George Bernard Shaw).
Julia Deane, "In the Bishop's Carriage" (Channing Pollock).
Edna May, "Beauty and the Barge" (W. W. Jacobs).
Francis Wilson, "Cousin Billy" (Clyde Fitch).
Raymond Hitchcock, "Easy Dawson" (E. E. Kilder).
George, "The Marriage of William Ash" (Margaret Mayo).
Joseph Wheelock, "The Variety Man" (George Bernard Shaw).
Thomas W. Ross, "A Fair Exchange" (Henry W. Blaescom).
George Ade's latest comedy, "The Bad Samaritan," was presented for the first time on any stage at the Columbia Theater, Washington, D. C., September 4. It was a success, and the playwright has since the phenomenal favor accorded its famous predecessor, "The College Widow," which had its premiere in the same city and theater one year ago. In "The Bad Samaritan" George Ade has depicted a self-constituted philanthropist, but finds that with the acquisition of new friends his bank roll shows a constant diminution. He endows colleges, lays cornerstones, starts embryo Melbans on their careers and makes of himself a thorough "good fellow" until he finds that, as he expresses it, "people are sitting on his lap and taking money out of his pocket." He shuts down on the parasites and proceeds to have a good time on his own account. While the comedy element predominates, Mr. Ade has written a pretty little love story around Uncle Ike and the housekeeper of the village hotel. Richard Golden,

Another Week of Good Opera

The grand opera for the week will see first the "Lucia," which will be given on Tuesday and Thursday evenings. The name rôle is Tetrasini's most famous one, and the indications for both nights are for crammed houses.
On Wednesday evening will be repeated the "Manon Lescaut," the sensational success of last week. Signor Coppola as Des Grieux is one of the high lights of the season, and the rest of the cast, barring the Manon, which does not matter so terribly as it might, is also highly satisfactory.
But possibly the most ardently expected event of the week will be the reappearance of Salassa, who will be heard again here after five years' absence in "Fagiolini" next Friday night. They say the old maestro is in excellent form, and so he looks, as he goes striding about in the same lion-like fashion of old. His Tonio is one of his best rôles, and the Tivoli Caruso, Angiolini, will have splendid opportunity as Carlo.
Petrella is the Santuzza of the "Cavalleria" and Bazelli the Turrida.
As last year, the theater will be closed on Monday evenings. The remaining repertoire of the week for Saturday and Sunday is as yet undecided.

The Musical Courier thus comments on the appointment of Dr. J. Frederick Wolfe to the newly created chair of music at the University of California, an event of the highest local significance:
The University of California has just created a chair of music, and is setting out right to make that department a real factor in its educational work and not an incubator—we had almost said a farce—like the music departments of Eastern universities. Dr. Wolfe should be the right man in the right place. He is earnest in music and the West is earnest in music. He will give every encouragement, and the results are certain to follow his beneficent rule, for he has had practical experience at Bethlehem, where he has transformed a village community into the best Bach choir we have in the country. There will be real music at the University of California under Dr. Wolfe begins his duties there.
Dr. Wolfe arrives here this week and will, very shortly enter upon his important duties.

Mrs. Fletcher-Copp, whose method of teaching the earlier stages of music to children has become almost as famous as it is like—the Froebel kindergarten work is now here. Mrs. Copp is giving a series of lectures and lessons to teachers, and is herewith heartily recommended to all who have in charge the infant musician of any kind. Mrs. Copp's method is endorsed by people like Hugo Riemann, Leonard Liebling, H. Field, William Tomlins, De Zielesnik, Professor Ellmer Gates, Manuel Garcia, Sousa, B. J. Lang, Dr. Albert Fuchs and all sorts and conditions of musical folk, and in particular those interested in the teaching of children. Mrs. Copp is to be found at the St. Andre, 1230 Pine street.

POLICE INSPECTOR SERVES AS CHIEF OF ROBBER BAND

His Wife Reveals His Double Life and He is Arrested While on Duty in Court.
PARIS, Sept. 15.—A remarkable instance of double life has come to light at Toulon, where a police inspector has been denounced by his own wife as the chief of a gang of burglars.
The name of this versatile officer is Tomasi. A day or so ago his wife rushed into the Central station of the city in a frantic state to expose his villainy. During the night Tomasi had forced her, with a stiletto at her throat, to deliver up to him the keys of a suite of rooms of which she has care while the occupants are away. These keys the husband handed over to an unknown man, who went away with them. On her husband's leaving in the morning, the poor woman went to the house, and finding the apartments thoroughly ransacked, went straight to the police. Tomasi was arrested while on duty in the police court, during the hearing of a robbery case, in which he had himself been the hidden moving figure.

Mementoes of Napoleon.
LONDON, Sept. 15.—When the French cruiser Duplex called at St. Helena on its homeward voyage from Montevideo, some hundreds of the bluejackets were permitted to visit Longwood, from which they brought away sprigs of willow and whole aloes as mementoes of Napoleon's captivity.
Giving with grunting may be worse than withholding.



CALIFORNIA LANDSCAPE BY H. R. BLOOMER, WHOSE WORK POSSESSES BOLDNESS AND TRUE WESTERN VIRILITY.

CALIFORNIA DAYS INSPIRE ART

—BY LAURA BRIDE POWERS

These are the days when our City by the Golden Gate is deluged with color, and thereat is the painter glad and giving thanks.
Never so beautiful as now are her skies—blue as the turquoise, yellow as the topaz, pink as the pearl, iridescent as the opal, with the milky-white of chalcidony draping her gentle hills, as the great yellow sun goes down to the sea in the west.
Verily, the joy that comes from a draught of old wine, or a caressing glance from a lover's eyes, intoxicated not more than a stolen, companionless visit to the ocean side when the tasks of the day are done.
It is then that the magic colors from the laboratory of nature are loosed for the joy of man—for our joy, we heedless children of the City by the Turquoise Sea; and we heed them not—see them not—let the painters, the interpreters of nature, declaim of them from the housetops and drag us thence by the ears to joy in them.
Such sunsets! Surely nowhere in the world can more glorious color be spread in the skies—nor conceived in the most fantastic mind of man—than we of San Francisco are permitted to see these soft, rare afternoons of early fall. Here we gathered the glory of every jewel that God has embedded in the earth, set in a bed

of lapis lazuli.
True, from the city, the picture dazzles, as seen from the end of a narrow street. But it is a limited, sordid view, robbed of its vast beauty in that compromising little peek. It is at the ocean's side, with nothing twist the eye and the lowering sun but the burnished water that brings to us the splendor of God's gift.
If you haven't seen it, go out there on your first holiday, and let not the lure of the city call you till you have watched the sun dip below the thin gold line of vision.
If a painter dared lay upon canvas such lurid, gorgeous, startling, dazzling colors as nature dares to paint daily upon our autumnal skies he would be thought a madman—a Munchausen in pigments.
But painters there are who make the pilgrimage daily to the ocean's edge—or near it—and here's to their courage to paint those skies as they are!
Nature is the primal teacher.
No artist can fear his critics who follows her precepts in color—for in nature harmony is a basic law.
Once again, courage to the hand that will paint the sunset sky as it is, these glorious days of ripened summer!
H. R. Bloomer is putting some fine snatches of California landscapes upon canvas. His views are broad and bold and possess that essential of Western

work—virility.
An interesting painting of his was hung in the late exhibition at 112 Geary street that showed the artist a worthy interpreter of the rugged canyons of California, chaparral-grown and browned with summer suns.
Young Piazzoni is king of the artist quarter.
After patient work, electrified by a genius long admitted, this quiet, serene young Portuguese has "struck it."
A few weeks ago, Mrs. Will Crocker purchased four of his pictures—paintings of high merit, and behold him now packing his suitcase for Paris.
What a lure is Paris to the painter! It would seem that it is calling, calling always.
As for Piazzoni, success lies in his grasp. When he studied in Paris some years ago he made marvelous strides, and great things were prophesied for him. Since then, he has done some notable things, now and then lapsing into a phase of faddism. But with ripening education and judgment, he will overcome this little weakness, and California will yet be proud of her son—the rough country lad that came to Hopkins a few years ago and astonished the natives with his crude ability.
And may luck attend you, clever son of Carmel in your peregrinations!
Maynard Dixon has been turning out

some striking black and white work, illustrative of a book he is about to publish. They are all Dionese—strong, rollicking and breathing in every line the spirit of the boundless West.
This Dixon stands alone in portrayals of Western life—it's an expression of his personality, and that is why it rings true.
Ada Romer Shawhan, one of the busiest little women I know, is working away cheerily in her charming little studio at 997 Market street, where she is showing some clever things in portraiture and fancy.
Her composite canvas of the Bohemians—well-known musicians and painters—is attracting a lot of attention, the portraits of Charles J. Dickman and Leader Jausis being exceedingly clever.
Mrs. Bertha Stringer Lee has brought a lot of interesting sketches from over the bay, which she intends to work up during the long days of winter.
Yesterday the Oscar Maturers at 523 Sutter street showed to the art-loving public a display of photographs, portraiture and landscape that demonstrates the pure artistry of modern photography. Truly it is art—and worthy art—such pictures as Mr. Maurer shows. See them. It is worth your while. Likewise is the studio a thing of beauty, with its beech-tree lane leading to the brass-knocker door.