



PROFESSOR FREDERICK WOLLE, WHO HAS THE CHAIR OF MUSIC AT THE STATE UNIVERSITY.

I think perhaps it will be a pleasant thing to remember some day, the little meeting in President Wheeler's office last Tuesday morning at the University of California, when Music came to take her chair. Long time the fair maid has sat upon the doorstep, drumming her timid lute. Last Tuesday she entered the Athenian domain with all honor, in the person of her henchman Professor J. Frederick Wolle, first occupant of the newly-founded chair of music.

There to find out. They were there to hear what shape their new leader thought their first worship of the muse should take. The chorus had been decided upon, and the when and where were settling themselves.

As early after dinner as possible, or you don't get them" (the members, one experienced suggested, "they go off everywhere else." "Frankly," another said, "it would at first be difficult to get the students interested," but he could "see it sticking out all over that when it once began there would be no trouble." A suggestion from the president that the members of the chorus would be allowed credit for their musical work immediately changed matters. "No trouble at all to get the students to come in on that basis," was decided.

INTERMINABLE CLASHING OF ART AND TRADE BY LAURA BRIDE POWERS.

Art and Commercialism are at it again. It's the old, old tale of the painter and the dealer—another characterization of the alliance of the Beauty and the Beast. The plain tale, shorn of verbiage, is a story that can be told by every artist in San Francisco—or elsewhere, for that matter—at some time of his career. And the story runs thusly: A picture is sent to a dealer with the price placed upon it by the painter. This forms the basis from which the dealer works. According to trade ethics, he is entitled to 25 per cent of the purchase price. Besides, he is usually called upon to furnish the frame, and names his own price therefor. Now, this arrangement is known as legitimate—lest indeed the frame is so "artistic" as to consume the other 75 per cent of the purchase price. For these things, the artist is prepared, for he knows, if he be a fellow who likes fair play, that the dealer will give his pictures the necessary publicity, and under the best circumstances; that in doing so, he incurs expense; such as printing, help, rent, equipment, light, etc., and for these he must be reimbursed, for the dealer is not in art for art's sake.

him to the people. This, too, is true. But that was not what he went into business for. It was for the primal purpose of making money, just as if he had gone into bartering wheat, or iron, or building materials. But here arises a strange phase of the traffic in wheat, or iron, or building materials there is a price quoted for standard grades that shapes all contracts. This is obviously impossible in a painting or a piece of statuary, for its value is determined by no fixed medium. The commercial value of the painting or the bit of sculpture is what you can buy or sell it for, regardless of what its artistic value may be. Thus, the artist fixes a valuation upon his picture, stipulating that the dealer takes 25 per cent of the sale price. Or the painter may say: "I want \$100 out of that picture. Whatever you get over that you may keep."

except for the artists and patrons to make public their plaints. Fear of publicity keeps many of us in the path of righteousness, and it will do as much for the dishonest dealer. True, the artist shrinks from a quarrel with his dealer because the man of commerce is, in a large measure, necessary to him. But the patron stands in no such fears. In the case above referred to the artist received \$35 out of \$125 paid into the hands of the dealer. Now if the methods applied in "high finance" are honest so is this. But there are few, except the dealer who thus besmirched himself with the soil of theft, who will defend such an act. As to the dealers who are honest with both artists and patrons in charging reasonable commissions for sales and rational prices for frames, these should be sought out. And as for the case now on trial in Judge Seawell's court—whatever may be its legal outcome—it may have a purifying effect upon the art atmosphere of San Francisco.

An important exhibition was about to open in London, and the artist, signed in the non-committal fashion, knowing full well that if two pictures of equal, or nearly equal, merit were under consideration, the man's would win out. Well, here won—and won handsomely. But a San Franciscan, happening in London at the time, sought out the gallery, and asked to see Miss Withrow's picture. "No such picture here, sir," said the custodian. "We don't run much in women's work." A tour of inspection soon revealed the portrait, and the signature trick brought forth a hearty Californian laugh at the expense of the astute Londoner. The "signature" is eminently fit, for her work shows a masterful grasp, and a mental development on broad lines. There is in her important canvases the strength of a man and the finesse of a woman. Since her return from abroad this interesting Californian has plied a busy brush, doing portraits, several ambitious composition pictures, and a series of charmingly symbolic pastels. Should you visit her studio at 2016 Pine street—and there are few prettier in town—I would commend to you a scarcely finished oil, which will be named "Old Fashioned Joys." It is in itself a concentration of joy. Mrs. Maynard Dixon is preparing for an exhibition, at Elder's, of her leather work, which will show some distinctive features. The Dixons are preparing for a four weeks' trip to the Arizona desert, where they will alternately rest and sketch. The Dixons are no tenderfeet in desert lands.

WITH THE PALESTINE MARCHES AT THE METROPOLITAN

"An hour and a half," the professor had hoped, but build upon setting such a snare of music for the victims that they shall be willing to stay two or three even, and more nights the week than he thought it politic to name. Suggestions flew back and forth, quick and capable, and at last the meeting was over. Again and again the professor had insisted on one point, that the students should understand that they need to bring nothing but their throats with them, that they need no previous knowledge of music whatever to enter the chorus. To clinch this he fitted to a story of one of his best tenors in Bethlehem. The young man had come to him with another, who "sang a little tenor" (slangy Berkeley smiled at this—perhaps Professor Wolle smiled, too). He heard the little tenor and then asked the other one to sing. "But I have no voice," the youth protested. "You speak!" the professor contradicted. He added for Berkeley's benefit, "The young man is now leading tenor soloist in—"

And there was the stern determination to be leading tenors and things written all over the crowd that buzzed its leave-taking. And then I had the honor of meeting the man who may mean so much to the music of California. Simple, direct, friendly, his manner immediately appeals. With his work, with you, with the thing to be done, with anything but himself, Professor Wolle is most charmingly and unaffectedly concerned. It was a very musically fair, with its broad brow, mane of fair hair, blue eyes behind spectacles, that smile he asked—at my note paper—"if it were his obituary I was going to write?" "Not yet," I hoped, and asked, "Does it mean all that to you here?" "One thing or the other," the professor replied, "just that he meant, under the laughter, Luncheon and President Wheeler rudely interrupted here. Professor Wolle had to eat, it was decided for him—one imagines it may frequently have to be decided for him, and we could chat on the way over to the city, where the professor was afterward bound, to choose music for the young Greeks.

It was of the famous Bach festivals of Bethlehem, with which the name of Professor Wolle is so famously connected, that I first asked. The impression that the Bach music had been much sung in Bethlehem until recent years the doctor told me was a mistaken one. "Always, however," he recounted, "the town has been musical. Perhaps you remember that Benjamin Franklin wrote to his wife of the 'musical town of Bethlehem,' where he had heard a sweet orchestra of flutes, horns and violins, as early as 1754." In 1741 Bethlehem was founded by a number of Moravian missionaries sent to convert the Indians. These civilized folk for the most part kept in touch with the mother country. Haydn's string quartets, for example, were sent all the way from Vienna. In 1810 all the parts of the "Creation" were imported, and the first performance of the oratorio in America was given in Bethlehem in 1811. Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, Schubert—all the big masters were familiarly known. There is also a large collection of old Moravian music, chiefly chorales, still in everyday use, some copies of these 100 years old, still being used. How they practically live and die by music in Bethlehem the professor interestingly told. They divide the population into classes, boy babies, girl babies; boys and girls; youths and maidens; widows and unmarried; widows and widowers, and so on. At the death of any of these a certain chorale is played on a slide trombone from the church tower and the chorale that sounded for the dead maid of to-day. There are chorales for the love feasts, chorales for Easter, for Christmas, for births, for marriages, for all of life in Bethlehem. Perhaps hardly wonderful is it, therefore, although that Professor Wolle should have been able to give Bach, the St. Matthew Passion Music, the St. John Passion Music, and above all the big mass in B minor, entirely with amateur material, in a fashion that has made the little town of Bethlehem famous all over the United States.

way when his own way is not best. In 1888 the first Bach Festival, with the St. John Passion Music, was given under Professor Wolle's direction in Bethlehem. From then until 1922 were given the St. Matthew Passion Music, Brahms' Song of Praise, the Stabat Mater, the Berolus "Damnation of Faust" and other little things. In 1923 the conductor decided that it was time to do the Bach mass in B minor, "the greatest ever written." "The chorus rebelled," quite mildly the professor recounted. "They said it was abstruse and ugly." "They might have been talking of Strauss," I laughed. "I laughed at Strauss," the conductor put it. "What happened?" I asked. "I insisted," mildly continued the conductor. "I said it was either the B minor mass or nothing." "And—" "It was nothing," the professor went on; "the society broke up. I waited." For five years the professor "waited." Bethlehem went unchorded until 1928. Then came to him a double quartet of women, asking him to lead them. "But you forget," the professor told them, "that B minor mass." "Oh," the women said (the professor remembers), "let us do it and get rid of the old thing." There and then they went to work, reorganized the chorus, and Professor Wolle got his way and Bethlehem the first performance in America of the B minor mass in its entirety in 1929. In 1931 the festival took three days to itself, in 1932 six days, and this year nine days have been given to Bach in Bethlehem's calendar.

You get what you want if you wait for it he decided. "Had he come with any preconceived notions of California's music?" I asked. "No; only that he had expected to find, as he had already found, considerable native talent and a refined taste for the art. Otherwise he did not expect any particular thing here; he was perfectly unprejudiced." But Professor Wolle's surprise, when I had to confess that we have here no permanent symphony orchestra, was not comfortable. "But why? But why?" he asked me again and again. "Indeed why?" I could only echo. "Because they were here more to do, and more to do it better, than he had left Bethlehem, for Berkeley. An orchestra, classes in composition, in musical history, etc., etc., are all in the future of the work—as Signor Polacco says "work," so reverently does Professor Wolle stroke the word. Because thereby he can show "quicker results" to the people of the State," and more quickly arouse interest in the students, he had chosen the choral training as his first "work" at the university. What can be done with the amateur voice in chorus, he then discussed, and one foresaw choral dithyrambs for that Greek theater some day that shall be worthy the setting. I foresaw also another uncomfortable query coming. Where was our oratorio chorus here? But the boat ground into the ferry, and Professor Wolle did not ask it. Neither, though the day lay like a jewel outside, California's bravest in sky and sea, and it was Professor Wolle's first sight of San Francisco upon her hills, did he turn from the "work" to look upon them.

WHAT COMING WEEK OFFERS

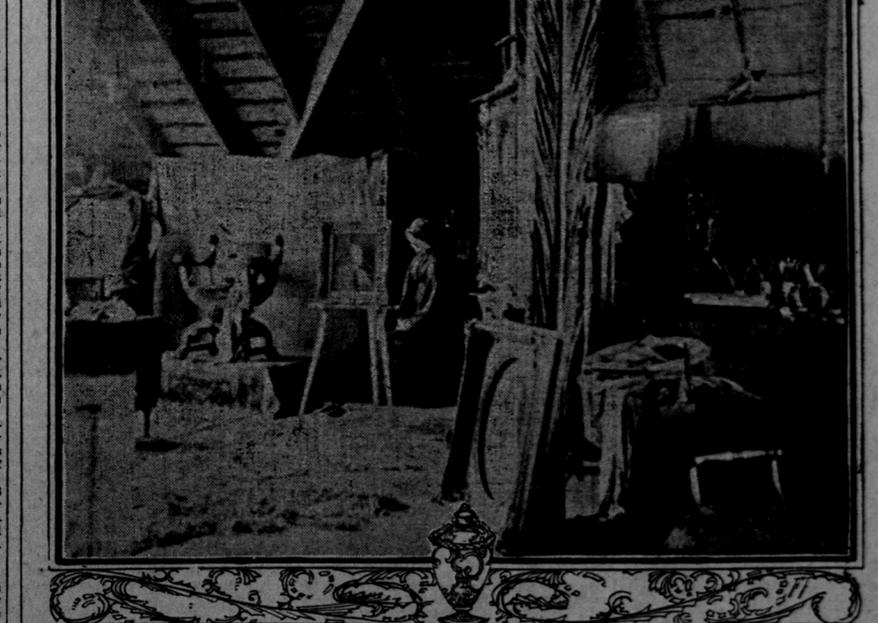
To-morrow evening at the Columbia Miss Ethel Barrymore will reappear here in a new play of Western life entitled "Sunday." The play is by "Thomas Racewood," four Englishmen who are said to make one Bret Harte. The supporting company promises handsomely. It includes Bruce McRea, who was her leading man in "Cousin Kate" last season; John Barrymore, her brother; Charles Harbury, Joseph Brennan, William Sampson, Harrison Armstrong, Herbert Percy, James Kearney, Olive Oliver and Virginia Buchanan. To-night the Columbia will have a single performance in German of the favorite play "Alt Heidelberg." It is under the direction of Julius Ascher, from the Irving Place Theater, New York. Mr. Ascher himself appears as Kellerman, as

played by him for eighty times in the New York run of the play. Max Carl Weiss will be seen in the role of the Prince; others in the cast will be Fritz Rembach, Walter Strauss, Otto Raubchuss, Fritz Huber, Gustav Mann, O. Buse, R. Schubering, Emil Rother, H. Haverland, H. F. Budoe, A. Fisher, Mrs. Josephine Walter, Johann Strauss and Mrs. Matilda Fleischer. This, the last week of the White Whittlesley engagement at the Alcazar, will be given over to "The Last Appeal," a romance of Austrian army and court life by Leo Dietrichstein. Mr. Whittlesley's large circle of admirers will doubtless see to it that his farewell performances are largely attended. The Majestic Theater offers this week as its attraction the favorite Hebrew light, Barney Bernard, in a new farce by a local writer, "His Honor the Mayor." Its chief character is a musical Mayor, and its scene San Francisco. Melodrama will have another week at the Grand Opera-house, with "Held for Ransom," which is to be presented by the Charles A. Taylor Company. "Escaped From the Harem" is to be the Oriental sensation at the Central this week. The scenes are laid in India and the United States, and an elaborate production is promised by the management. The "Merry Makers" will do the burlesquing at the California this week, beginning the new bill to-morrow evening. The Orpheum management seems to think it has something very new and very good in the Spook Minstrels, that are booked to appear this afternoon. Harry Corson Clarke also makes his vaudeville debut here to-day, in a comedietta called "Strategy." Buckner, the cyclist, who has furnished a genuine sensation even in the crowded field of cycling marvels, continues.

The Mexican Quintet of singers and instrumentalists will lead the Chutes attractive bill of the week and Cliff Deane and a clever company will furnish an original sketch. The Glickman company will present to-night at the Alhambra—entitled "The Bowery Tramp," in which Ellis Glickman scored so highly as the tramp when the play was given at the Grand Opera-house a few weeks ago.

GRAND OPERA THAT PLEASURES

The "Ballo in Maschera" is the novelty of the week's opera. It was the one important revival of last season's Italian grand opera in New York, and aroused large interest. It is billed for Friday evening. "La Traviata" begins the week, on Tuesday evening, and will be repeated at the Saturday matinee. Of all the Tetrazzini interpretations that of Violetta is the most dramatically satisfying. It is an exquisite bit of art on this side alone, I know of none to touch it. No need here to say anything of the vocal beauty of Tetrazzini's Violetta. She is now in her most glorious prime, and Violetta is Tetrazzini at her highest power. On Wednesday night "Il Trovatore" will be given, with Angioletti, Petrella, Moreo and Grassi, a production of the highest interest. "Lucia" is billed for Thursday and Sunday nights, and on Saturday night "Cavalleria" and "Pagliacci" will be performed. "The Sea Wolf," last of the quartet of local plays that the last month saw produced, was by much the most important. Failure as it is, the play has discovered in Joseph Noel, who adapted it, a dramatist of exceptional capabilities. The attempt to dramatize "The Sea Wolf" was a mistake, a tussle with the impossible, but Mr. Noel's handling of his subject reveals a dramatic gift from which even the big thing may confidently be expected. Everything of dramatic relevancy in the book has been translated into the play, with almost no infaillible judgment. Nor less keen is Mr. Noel's eye to the theater in his introduced elements, in the new characters supplied, in the telling dialogue. Almost, indeed, Mr. Noel succeeds in making good drama of "The Sea Wolf," as nearly, Wiltor Lackaye thinks and permits me to say, as could be made of the book. The actor went to see the play the other day, as he told me "to see what could be done with the impossible." That Mr. Noel has done all possible with the impossible Mr. Lackaye was pleased to say. He was pleased to say a good deal more, beginning with a witty scoring of those who have blamed the dramatist—further than for his unfortunate choice of subject—for the failure of the play. "It is absurd to blame the playwright here," the actor said. "The material of the book is simply not translatable into the dramatic term—the conflict between brute force and moral courage. What are your chief characters? Your only hero? You cannot put a coward up for a hero, and that is the only fashion in which it is possible for Van Weyden to be dramatically expressed. "It is all very well to give him moral courage, but if a man hits me in the face and I don't hit back (as Van Weyden does not) I am going to look the coward, whatever my motives in refraining. Given a scene, say, in which a yellow fever ship touches the 'Ghost,' and Larsen slinks to his cabin, while Van Weyden slaps his chest" (Mr. Lackaye slapped his with a Herculean Mayan at his largest expansion), "and says he doesn't mind a little thing like that. There you might get his psychology over the footlights and justify an audience in admiration. But there is too much of the other impression to be craved. "Then the story begins with fight, goes on and ends with fight—you cannot make a play of that," he continued. "Very few books do make good plays. They cannot stand the crucible of dramatic expression. Why is it, do you think? Because" (here Mr. Lackaye slapped the table at his hand and thus delighted in and honored his work) "because the drama is the greater, finer art, and only the book with the most vital elements can survive translation thereto." He laughed as he added, "The literary vanity is quite touching to me—the literary attitude toward the drama. When the book makes can sway, lift, move an audience, as the playwright does—Mr. Lackaye's outstretched hands finished the sentence. "Then to Mr. Noel's clever characterization, to his good dialogue, to his general dramatic deftness, the actor gave considerable praise. He also gave praise to Frank McViears' very intelligent interpretation of the role of Larsen and to Frank Bacon's capital portrait of the cook—to which I humbly subscribe. Altogether, Mr. Noel may be heartily congratulated on his debut into the drama, and heartily encouraged to go forward. The Royal Hawaiian Band plays in Sacramento this afternoon and evening and returns under Belasco, Mayer & Frie's direction for farewell concerts at the Alhambra to-morrow and Tuesday matinees and night, sailing home to Honolulu on the Manchuria on Wednesday next. Two young artists who will tour the Western States together are Miss Ella Ruegger, the Belgian cellist, and Miss Marie Nichols, a young violinist, whose fame promises to equal that of Maud Powell and Lady Halle. Miss Ella Ruegger, though only 21, is recognized as the foremost woman cellist before the public and her services are in constant demand. Miss Nichols played last season with the Boston Symphony and other famous orchestras and her work won warmest praise. During her coming engagement at the Columbia Theater Eleanor Robson will appear in a double bill at a special matinee. The bill will be composed of the balcony scene from "Romeo and Juliet" and Browning's one-act play, "In a Balcony." Miss Robson's Juliet made a remarkable impression on the occasion of her debut therein in New York last year, the critics vying with one another in their expressions of praise.



A CORNER OF MISS EVA ALMOND WITHROW'S STUDIO AT 2016 PINE STREET, WHERE SHE IS SHOWING SOME EXCELLENT CANVASES, INCLUDING PORTRAITS AND COMPOSITION WORK IN OILS AND SOME EXQUISITE SYMBOLIC PASTELS. SHE IS NOW AT WORK UPON "OLD FASHIONED JOYS."