

The Mirror's Music Library--No. 15. ELEANOR

Sung by PAUL GILMORE, starring in GEO. V. HOBART'S play

"THE WHEEL OF LOVE"

Words and Music by EDWARD LASKA

Andante.



1. Gee, but I'm feel - ing awf - ly queer, Nev - er felt so be - fore,..... The
2. If she don't like the life out here, I'll go back East with her,.....



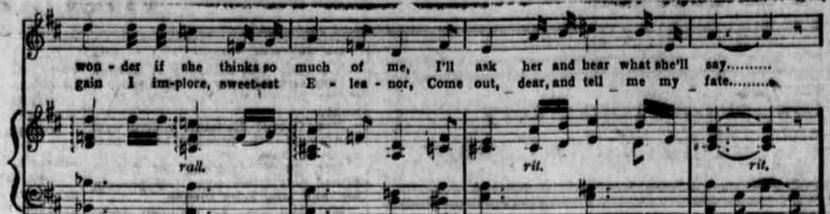
wheel of my love seems out of gear, Since I met E - lea - nor,.....
I'd e - ven leave you, Tex - as, dear, All for my E - lea - nor,.....



Dream - ing of her all night while I sleep, And then a - gain by day,..... I
Come to your win - dow, dear lit - tle girl, So anx - ious - ly I wait,..... A -



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REFRAIN.



Wait - ing for your an - swer, dear, Come, let me hear;



Though I love this old ran - cho,..... I love you more,



You are my on - ly aim in life, sweet E - lea - nor,.....



Eleanor. No. 92.

Music Notes

Oscar Hammerstein opened his season of "educational grand opera" at the Manhattan this week, and the American public vindicated itself of the charge of lack of art appreciation by flooding the famous producer's house with patrons, and his box offices with dollars, even the twenty-dollar of the proletariat. For fashionable New York has not yet returned to its town houses and apartments, and only popular priced patrons and opera habitués came to deposit the trifling sum of \$2 per (this for the best seats) a the "educational opera."

Perhaps Mr. Hammerstein, (whisper it softly), has a selfish interest in his scheme for cultivating the aesthetics of the masses. Perhaps he is aware of the fact that human nature is pretty much the same the world over, be it in the lower East side, or upper Fifth avenue, sheathed in a cut price near-silk from Seigle and Coopers, or an exquisite complexion from Heifern. And perhaps he knows that what the former will pay popular prices to see and hear educationally, the latter will pay fabulous sums to see and hear fashionably, in the regular season. But be that as it may, much good is being accomplished, and thereby is New York greatly in the debt of Mr. Hammerstein who knows his public a little better than any producer of the present day except none. "Le Prophete," a rather heavy composition of Meyerbeers, was the opening opera. Regarding "Le Prophete," the World's critic has this to say:

Except for its value as a sort of mile post in marking a certain point in the development of operatic composition, "Le Prophete" is not what might be called a howling popular success. Musically, it is one of the least notable of the achievements of the French composer and never attained the favor which came to his "Les Huguenots" and "L'Africaine." However, from an educational viewpoint, "Le Prophete" is entitled to a place in such a repertoire as the present one. Meyerbeers is like some other composers—he is best appreciated in homeopathic doses.

Last night's performance of "The Prophet," John of Leyden and his anabaptist adherents, is the first since that given at the Metropolitan Opera House the afternoon of February 28,

1903, when Alvarez, the great French tenor, sang the role of John and Schumann-Heink appeared as Fides. Since the days when the two De Reszkes, Melba, Nordica, Mantelli, Plancon and La Salle comprised the all-star cast which shone with dazzling brilliancy in "Les Huguenots," Meyerbeers has been a conspicuously absent factor in the operatic history of this country.

The reason for it was quite apparent last evening. There are moments of musical interest in "Le Prophete," and such arias as "Oh, Mon Fils," for contralto, and the majestic of the coronation scene are worth while, but it requires managerial courage to trot this opera forth even as a link in an educational operatic chain.

Margarita D'Alvarez, the most recent contralto discovery of the Manhattan's impresario, bore away the chief honors falling to the principals. Her voice is a true contralto of admirably sympathetic quality, ample in volume for every demand, and though occasionally thick, is well produced.

Her singing of the "Ah! Mon Fils" air was marked with authority, poise and creditable artistic finish.

Georges Lucas, formerly of the Metropolitan forces, who was John of Leyden, revealed a tenor voice of considerable power in the middle and lower registers, which was not as satisfactory when it came to the higher tones. The use of the falsetto, never to be admired, should be quickly discarded, if M. Lucas would attain increased stature as an artist.

Mme. Walter-Villa, a light soprano with a pleasing tone quality in the role of Berthe, improved as the evening wore on, and her apparent nervousness disappeared. M. Laskin, as Count Oberthal sang with confidence, which was also true of Mme. Levaux-Villa and Nicolay.

To the chorus, which displayed a fine quality and body of tone, and to the orchestra principal credit for a most excellent performance is due.

With so commendable a first effort over it, there is small doubt that an improvement will be noted in future performances at the Manhattan, and if ever popular priced opera had a chance it would seem to be now.

The opera tonight will be "Aida," with Carasa making his debut as Rhadames.

A new addition to Standard Oil prolific fields or "velvet" is Miss Guernsey, otherwise Miss Catherine Guild, who recently made her debut as a grand opera star at the Teatro Nazionale, Rome. Miss Guild is the

daughter of Frederic A Guild of the Galena branch of the trust, prominent in New York yacht club society. Fifteen soprano roles in French, Italian and German opera are on the new Standard star's repertoire.

The heralded rival for the crown of the world's greatest tenor Enrico Carasa, made his debut at the Manhattan Opera house this week in "Aida." Frederico Carasa is the bidder's name and moreover he is Spanish and twenty-two, an age which lends marvel to his voice on account of its youth and promise. Regarding Carasa's initial appearance a metropolitan critic has this to say:

"Facing an audience numbering fully 3,500 eager persons, which took no pains to conceal the fact that it was there for the express purpose of learning at first hand the extent of his reputed ability, Carasa found the circumstances particularly trying.

A far more seasoned tenor would have faltered before such an obstacle. However Carasa went straight at his task, but he was very nervous, and he showed it. When the curtain rose on the new tenor he glanced out into the crowded auditorium, packed to its limit, and outnumbering the audience of the previous night, and moistened his lips.

A few minutes later, when he had concluded his first test, the big aria, "Celeste Aida" he backed away before a quick storm of friendly applause. Most of the vast assemblage was with him, and though his initial effort left something to be desired in the matter of vigorous, dramatic singing, a well-wishing spirit was assily visible.

As the opera progressed Carasa gathered confidence, and now and then delivered a phrase indicating possible future greatness.

It was in the ensembles, however, that he did not show to best advantage, his voice lacking the metal and telling quality required. Much of the time the youthful tenor seemed to be saving himself, and the subduing of his voice gave it a rather immature quality.

But in one respect he was ideal—he was the best looking Rhadames we have seen in years, and presented as a picturesque figure.

Carasa is a tenor of splendid na-

tural endowments, and they are by no means limited to his voice equipment alone.

After the many barrel-shaped aspirants for high operatic honors these recent seasons it is pleasing to look upon the contour of youth. Moreover Carasa is romantic of feature in addition to being six feet tall.

The voice is pure and tenor-like in quality, generally true in its intonation and phrasing. It is what might be called an "Italian voice," warmly sympathetic and vibrant, even though occasionally reedy. And though it is lyric, rather than robust, in character, there were moments last night when letting himself go, Carasa showed considerable power—a power certain to increase as the vocal organs develop.

In an opera less taxing to the voice the debutant without doubt would make more of his opportunities. Just now it would seem that such heavy roles as Rhadames pull Carasa a bit over his momentary natural limit—to give the best of which he is capable.

Nevertheless, the majority of the people who have been waiting for weeks for this very special occasion evinced desirable appreciation for the singer and all that he did.

There were those present last night whose expectations were raised to too high a mark. They went home disappointed that they had not heard Carasa outdone.

The majority though exhibited a keen appreciation of the true situation, and these persons were gratified by the charm of a fresh voice and a personality which will carry greater weight when the tenor's self-assurance expands.

When this point is reached his action, which naturally was a bit constrained last evening, will broaden. Once again the sterling qualities of the orchestra and chorus both in improved form over that of the opening night, carried things to a standard of commendable excellence.

Alice Baron, singing Aida, a dramatic soprano with an abundance of voice, but given as a singer, captured her audience.

Henri Scott, an American basso with admirable vocal qualifications made a creditable first appearance as Rampsis.

Berthe Sayer, in the role of Am-

beris, sang so persistently under the pitch that she marred every vocal effort made.

Miss Maud Wilbur, the talented young Rochester singer who is to again play the role of Sophie in "The Merry Widow" this season, has been visiting her home city during the brief vacation time between her work at the head of the company now touring the Pacific coast and the new organization to visit the large Eastern cities. The Times of Rochester devotes a column or more to this dashing "widow," taking a just pride in her rapid rise to the front rank in operetta. Miss Wilbur had her horoscope cast a few years ago by an astrologer, whose reading of the stars was that she "would be playing in 1909 a part talked of all over the world." As "The Merry Widow" has been a triumph of more than thirty different countries, it would appear that the stars know a thing or two.

The Chestnut Horse.
There is an ancient tale of a band of Arabs being pursued by their enemies which sums up their theory about a horse's color. Among the fleeing band was a man with unusually keen eyesight, and from time to time he would describe to his leader the horses ridden by the enemy.

"What manner of horses do they ride?"

"Black horses."

"Then there is no need of haste."

At the noon halt the leader again asked, "What manner of horses do they ride now?"

"Bay horses."

"Then we must ride harder."

A few hours later the leader asked, "Are they horsed again?"

"They ride chestnuts."

"Then we ride for our lives."

Italy's Rest Days.
Under a law which went into effect Feb. 8, 1908, all industrial and commercial concerns throughout Italy must grant their employees a weekly rest of not less than twenty-four consecutive hours. It does not apply to public utilities, transportation lines or places of amusement. The general sense of the law is that Sunday shall be the rest day, but it is provided that freedom from work may be given on a day other than Sunday in the case of restaurants, photograph galleries, pharmacists, etc.

The Straight and Narrow Weigh.



—Browning's Magazine.

One Way of Putting It.
"Although he goes to the club every night, he's always happy when it's time to go home."
"In other words, he doesn't go home till he's happy. Is that it?"—Exchange.

Vicious Osculation.
He was having some words with her chaperon.
"I'll—I'll kiss her right under your nose!" he said defiantly.
"Oh, well," said that lady, "vicious kissing like that I can see no objection to."—Boston Transcript.

Poor Man!
Mrs. Browne—He certainly does live high. It seems to me his whole thought is of his victuals.
Mrs. Malaprop—That's so. He's what you might call a regular lpecac.—Philadelphia Press.

BELIEVE IN THE FATES.

Greek Pezants and the Rule of the Moral Over Children.
The peasantry of Greece firmly believe that the future of every child is determined by the three fates, known by the name of the Moral. In the popular mind this trio of fates are supposed to be three old and wrinkled women whose habitation is a mountain cave. They come simultaneously to a house where a new baby has made its appearance, says the London Globe.

When they are expected all furniture is set aside so that their aged and tottering feet may not be hindered, and refreshments in the shape of honey cakes, bread and wine are placed ready for these important though invisible guests. Money, too, is placed for them as a bribe to get their favor for the baby, so that his future may be one long, sweet song, the superstition being that all things good and bad are in the giving of the fates.

On no account must the child's beauty be alluded to when the Moral are present, as this will certainly make its good looks disappear. Marks on a baby's skin are looked upon as sent by these harbingers of weal or woe.

Ill luck is supposed to be the lot of the children who cut their upper teeth first. There are one or two African tribes who so firmly believe this that they are said to kill all babies but those whose lower teeth appear first. Another race of people in the dark continent see all the signs of bad fortune in twins, and so they avoid it by slaying all of them.

True to Principle.
"Why don't you want the singer who was so highly recommended for your concert?"

"Because, sir, her advertisements said she had such liquid tones, and this is a dry town, sir."—Baltimore American.

Noncommittal.
"Would you like a cheap hammock or a good strong one?" asked the salesman.

"A capable salesman could tell by the buyer's appearance," she answered haughtily.—Cleveland Leader.

A good conscience is to the mind what health is to the body.—Addison.