MUSIC IN NEW YORK

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA OPENS THE REGULAR METROPOLITAN SEASON

CONCERT TOO NEARLY PERFECT

Fraulein Ternina, Soloist, Makes a Decided Hit as Brunhilde—Frau Lehmann Also Seen in Same Role.

Special to The Globe.

NEW YORK, Nov. 16.—It was a very festal occasion that closed the preliminary and opened the regular musical season of 1901-2. Mr. Wilhelm Gericke and his Boston Symphony orchestra filled the Carnegie hall to overflowing with a crowd of music lovers the like of which has not been seen in many a day or many a year. The seats were all filled and filled early with the heavy respectables—the men and women that are apt to take their music a bit seriously. But back of the seats and packed against the doors and out overflowing into the lobbies and onto the stairs there was another crowd as different from the other as black from white—as jolly as the other sedate—as sparklingly interesting as the other was deadly dull. Here was a perfect army of artists, from youthful Jean Gerardy to dignified Clarence Eddy. Reinhold L. Herman held a small court of his own in one corner of the lobby, and Victor Herbert presided over another further down the corridor.

Otto Floersheim, with newly imported Dresden mustaches, and his brilliant colleague, James Huneker, were but one couple of a score that promenaded amid a handshaking crowd of tenors, organists and managers that were eager to hear the latest news and gossip from across the water and beamed greetings on everybody right and left.

And meanwhile Mr. Gericke was leading his band through a programme of excerpts from Wagner's dramas in the most approved metronomic fashion. Frau Milka Ternina, arrayed in shimery white, represented both the seductive Venus and the vengeful Brunhilde, and Mr. Ellison Van Hoose was an excellent foil as the liberty-loving Tannhauser and the dying Siegfried, and the orchestra passed from "Tannhauser" to "Die Meistersinger," and from "Die Meistersinger" to "Die Gotterdammerung" with the ease of practiced perfection, and aroused enthusiasm all along the line, but it was the enthusiasm of the charmed rather than the enthusiasm of the electrified. We all take exception to perfection, no matter where we find it, whether it be in the make-up of our neighbor or our neighbor's orchestra.

Ever since Mr. Gericke first took hold of this remarkable body of instrumentalists he has striven for the impossible—and has attained it. I know of no other band here or in Europe of which this criticism can be made, but surely no fault can be found with the Boston Symphony orchestra, either in the balance of tonal effects, in attack, in precision, in knowledge of the programmes offered and the responses to its leader's wishes. And it is just this superhuman perfection against which we crop out. Oh! for a harsh brassy horn or a quickened tempo or any that is not absolutely and exactly as it should be!

The programme presented was seemingly most attractive to its many auditors. It was listened to in grave silence and was applauded (at the proper places) with enthusiasm and zeal. But it was not an ideal programme by any means. An operatic concert, even if it be all Wagner, is not the musical food we look for at a symphony concert—sure not at a Boston Symphony orchestra concert. The programme is here appended:

"Tannhauser"—
Overture, "Bacchanale," and Scene Between Tannhauser and Venus From the First Act. (Paris Version.)
"Die Meistersinger"—
Walther's Prize Song
Intermission.
"Die Gotterdammerung"—
Siegfried's Parting From Brunhilde, Siegfried's Death, Funeral March, Closing Scene.
Soloists—
Miss Milka Ternina, Mr. Ellison Van Hoose.

Contrast it with the programme given by the orchestra at its first concert just twenty years ago:

First Concert—
Saturday, Oct. 22, 1881, at 8 p. m.
Programme.
Overture— Op. 24, "Dedication of the House" .....Beethoven
Air ("Orpheus") .....Gluck
Symphony in B flat (No. 12 of Breitkopf's Edition) .....Haydn
Ballet—Music ("Rosamunde")...Schubert
Scena (Odysseus) .....Max Bruch
Festival Overture .....Weber
Conductor—Mr. George Henschel.
Soloist—Miss Louise Cary.

Fri. Ternina is one of the most satisfactory Wagnerian singers we have, and although we lose much by taking her out of the operatic frame and deny her costume and action, there is still great charm and power in her work. When she sang the role of Brunhilde in "Die Walkure" some time ago she gave a new meaning to this kaleidoscopic character and brought out the womanly side of Wotan's daughter as strongly as Lehmann had accented the attributes of the goddess and Brema and seized up on the joyous and irresponsible traits of the youthful Brunhilde. In her music the other evening Ternina was less seductive as Venus than she was impressive as Brunhilde. There was a warmth in her voice that bespoke the woman more than the siren and she was more convincing in Brunhilde's music than in that of the charming Venus.

Mr. Ellison Van Hoose was heard on this occasion for the first time with the Boston Symphony orchestra and acquitted himself with credit to himself and his masters. His first appearance in opera was in 1897, when he sang the role of Tannhauser in Philadelphia, with the Damrosch-Ellis Opera company. Since then he has sung in London, and had other appearances here in America. His best work was done in Walther's "Prize Song," singing with a freedom of tone and a clear enunciation that were delightful to hear.

* * *

It is seldom that we hear two Brunnhildes on the same concert stage on successive days. Following Ternina the Boston Symphony concert came Lilli Lehmann on the next afternoon, Friday, in a song recital. Those of us who remember the seven years of German plenty at the Metropolitan can never forget the Brunhilde of Frau Lehmann, the greatest of its time, and even to this day of many Brunhildes whenever we thing of the character, Lehmann's picturesque impersonation comes to mind. New York's gratitude to this artiste will never be measured by the usual standards of appreciation. She gave us rare pictures of many of the great stage heroines, and was our first and for a long time our only Isolde.

I remember very well her first appearance in this country. She came with Seidl and had little reputation outside of minor work at Bayreuth. Seidl's first performance was "Lohengrin," with his wife Seidl-Kraus as Elsa. His second night introduced Lilli Lehmann in the role of Carmen. Her figure was slight and girlish in those days and she had Max Alvary for a Don Jose, and together they made a strikingly effective couple. Then came "La Juive," "Le Prophete" and the entire list of the Wagner heroines. But as Brunhilde she will ever be remembered best.

Returning to us on a concert platform and singing nothing more dramatic than groups of Schubert and Schumann songs a tremendous change is bound to be noted between her former work and that of today. But the art of the singer was never more accented than at this very recital. Upon her programme were a number of the best of German lieder. To each Mme. Lehmann brought the utmost refinement of taste and gave to all that authoratative interpretation that marks her recitals as signposts for the musical students as well as for the musical epicure. One misses the old time fire and fury of voice and declamation. Their places have been taken by a sweetness of tone and a subdued utterance more in keeping with the work performed. One misses the former prodigality of sound that seemed unbounded, unquenchable. In its stead there is a refinement of utterance unknown in her theatic representations.

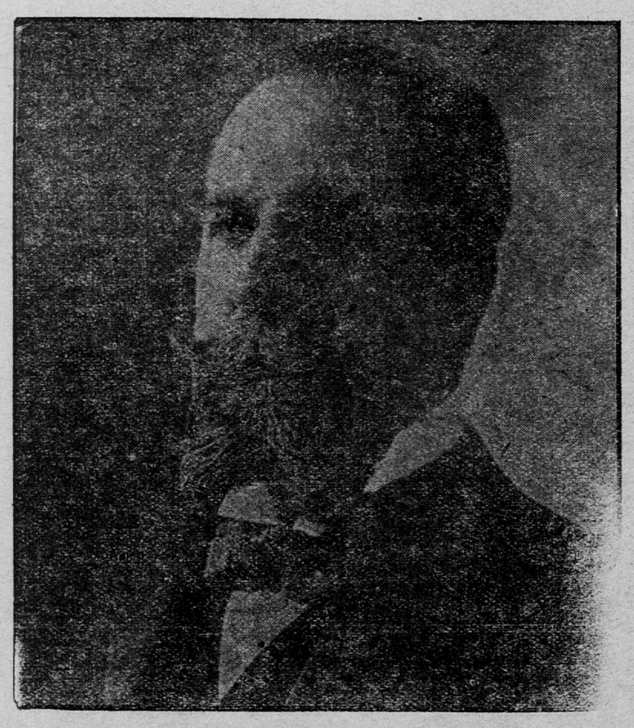
Mme. Lehmann's reception could not have been more cordial or truly heartfelt. From her first appearance to her final encore she was allowed no feeling of uncertainty regarding the warmth of her welcome. It was outspoken and genuine. Those who remembered her former days of glory were there to do honor to their once supreme favorite. Those who knew her only at this recital welcomed her as a past mistress of her art. All united in paying her notable tribute. Five and often six times she was called out after each group of songs and was forced to repeat both of her Schumann numbers "Waldesgesprach" and "Der Nussbaum." At the close of the rectal the ovation was too evident to be disregarded and returning to the platform Mme. Lehmann, after announcing to the audience the name of her encore, sang Grieg's "In the Skiff," a musical trifle, but beautifully sung.

More than a passing word is due Mr. Reinhold Herman for his true "assistance on the piano." Such acompaniments as his are rare. They were instrumental backgrounds for the songs—as real interpretations as were the vocal numbers they so ably supplemented.

* * *

Mr. Louis P. Saar was heard in a recital of his own works in the Carnegie Lyceum on Friday evening, assisted by Miss Edith R. Chapman, who sang a number of his songs in a poetic manner. Mr. Saar is known as a painstaking composer of more than local renown and this opportunity of hearing some of his newer compositions was taken advantage of by his many friends. His piano pieces were played by himself in a pleasing and capable manner.—Frederic Dean.

LILI LEHMANN.
(From Her Latest Photograph.)



MR. WILLIAM GERICKE,
Conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra.

STATE BAND CONCERT.

Second of the Series to Be Given This Afternoon.

The second of the Minnesota State band concerts will occur at the Grand opera house this afternoon at 3:30. The sale of seats has been quite large and there is every reason to believe that the success of the first concert will be more than duplicated on this occasion.

Prof. Selling has arranged what he considers a very entertaining programme and one which is sure to find favor with local music lovers. The soloists of the occasion will be the Misses Esther Sugenia and Constance Osborn, the former appearing in a soprano solo and the latter contributing a piano solo.

The band numbers for this concert will be varied and entertaining, one of the most pretentious compositions being the grand selection from "I Lombardi," by Verdi. The programme will also include one of Mr. Selling's own compositions entitled "Diana," which is said to be a very striking selection. Other numbers on the programme include Kretschmer's beautiful march, "With Iron Hand," "The Escape From the Seraglio," by Mozart, and the concert waltz, "Les Fleurs," by Waldteufel. There will be the usual number of encore selections, among which popular music will be liberally represented. Popular prices will prevail, and the following presents the programme complete:

Part I—
March—"With Iron Hand"....Kretschmer
Overture—"The Escape from the Seraglio" ..... Mozart
"Aase's Death" ("Peer Gynt").....Greig
"In the Hall of the Mountain King" ("Peer Gynt") .....Greig
Grand Selection—"I Lombardi".....Verdi
Part II—
Piano Solo—"Rhapsodie Hongroise, No. 11 ..... Liszt
Constance Osborn.
Soprano Solo—"My Heart at Thy Sweet Voice" ..... Saint-Saens
Esther Eugenia Osborn.
Part III—
Overture—"Diana" ..... Selling
a. Minuet ..... Paderewski
b. A Greek Intermezzo—"Iris"..Ephraim
Concert Waltz—"Les Fleurs"..Waldteufel

RICH MUSICAL TREAT

MME. BLOOMFIELD-ZEISLER TO PLAY IN ST. PAUL DEC. 5

SHE IS FAMOUS IN EUROPE

Her Great Individuality Makes Her Performances Creations Rather Than Recitations—Coming Musical Entertainments.

Fannie Bloomfield-Zeisler will give a concert in St. Paul Thursday evening, Dec. 5, under the auspices of the Schubert club. The endeavors of the Schubert club to place before its members the best will have reached a most gratifying height when Mme. Bloomfield-Zeisler demonstrates to the music-loving public the marvelous traits which have won distinction for her in all countries.

Fannie Bloomfield was born in Austria. "But," says a well-known critic, "this mistake was rectified by the prompt removal of her parents to Chicago, where the young artist arrived before she had reached the age of two." Her life and work is fascinating, beginning when but a baby to take music lessons of Bernard Zeihn, of Chicago, and making wonderful progress. When but eight or ten years old she fell under the notice of Carl Wolfsohn, who gave her lessons until she went to Europe and became the pupil of Leschetizky, who was then the foremost teacher in the world.

Mme. Zeisler has played herself into the hearts of the people in every large city. She has often been compared to Rubinstein, who was a great admirer of her art. Above all, it is her great individuality that makes her performances new creations rather than recreations of the compositions she plays.

Mme. Zeisler's home is in Chicago. She is married to Mr. Sigmund Zeisler, a prominent lawyer and citizen of that city. They have three sons, the eldest being thirteen years of age.

* * *

Prof. C. G. Titcomb has arranged for the appearance in this city of Josef Hoffmann, the well known pianist. Hoffmann will play at the People's church the evening of Jan. 13.

* * *

Arthur C. Koerner has been appointed organist at the First German M. E. church. He has just completed a song cycle on "The Birth of Christ," which will be produced at the church Christmas.

* * *

The following musical programme will be presented today at the House of Hope church:

Morning—
Voluntary—Larghett, Db..Moritz Brosig
Anthem—"Give Ear to My Words, O Lord" .....Goetschius
Solo—"Adore and Be Still".....Gounod
Mrs. Graves.
Postlude—March, in E flat— Frederic Archer
Evening—
Organ service at 7:40 o'clock.
Organ—Intermezzo..... .....Bizet
Prayer ....J. Massenet
Barcarolle .....H. Hoffmann
Cantilene.. .....Th. Salome
"Gloria in Excelsis," in C .....Coombs
"Thou Grace Divine" .....C. P. Scott
Duet—"Evening Prayer"— A. Goring Thomas
Mr. and Mrs. Colville.
Postlude—Finale, D minor...C. Weigand

* * *

The annual concert of the Atlantic Congregational church will be given Thursday evening, Nov. 21, in the church by the Metropolitan quartette. Clara Williams, Jane Huntington Yale, Harry Eugene George and Harry Edward Phillips will be the soloists. They will be assisted by Charles C. Fairchild, reader, and Franklin W. Krieger, accompanist. The following is the programme:

"Song of the Viking".....Faning
Metropolitan Quartette.
"Thou Art Mine All".....Bradsky
"Butterflies and Buttercups"— Victor Harris
"An Open Secret".....Woodman
Mrs. Yale.
Reading— Mr. Fairchild.
"Two Grenadiers'..... Schumann
Mr. Phillips.
"Robin Adair".....Arranged by Buck
Metropolitan Quartette.
"Cradle Song" ..... Max Stange
"Damon" ..... Max Stange
Miss Williams.
Reading— Mr. Fairchild.
"Love Divine" ..... Donizetti-Haven
Metropolitan Quartette.

* * *

Miss Ella Richards will give her annual piano recital Tuesday evening, Nov. 26, at Park Congregational church. Miss Richards will be assisted by Mrs. Maud Ulmer Jones. The following programme will be given:

Sonata, Op. 11..... Schumann
Song—"Mignon" .....Liszt
Idyl ..... Mae Dorsell
Barcarolle ..... Leschetzky
Etudes ..... Chopin
Scherzo, Op. 39.....Chopin
Song—"Love in May"...Horatio Parker
Stanzas from the Bubaryal....Johnston
"Wishes" ..... Sans Souci
"Spanish Rhapsody"..... Liszt

* * *

The second second concert and entertainment of the Mozart club will be given Sunday evening, Nov. 24, at Mozart hall. Both the male and mixed choruses are well trained and the one-act comic operetta, "An Adventure of Haendel," promises to be exceedingly well rendered. The following is the programme:

"Dort liegt die Heimet, mir am Rhein" .....C. Attenhofer
Male Chorus.
Baritone Solo—"Berghache, mit deinem Waldeszauber"....Wilhelm Berger
Mr. Adolph Timm.
"Koenigin Waldlieb"— Max Meyer-Olbersleben
Mixed Chorus.
"Wem Liebe Rosen bringt"— F. V. Kleist
Male Chorus.
Soprano solo .....Mrs. A. P. Herschler
Mixed Chorus and Baritone Solo—
"Das Lied von der Glocke"....Max Bruch
Baritone, Mr. Martin Giesen.
"Ein Abenteuer Handels"..Carl Reinecke
Operetta in one act. Cast of characters:
Georg Friedrich Handel Mr. Martin Giesen
Powell, the smith .....Mr. P. J. Giesen
Kathleen ..... Mrs. A. P. Kerschler
Charlie .....Mrs. Theodore A. Liena
John Blimber .....Mr. Carl Eue
Peasants—
William Spear.....Mr. Charles Bloeser
Dick Shrubb ..... Mr. Fritz Eue
Jack Plum .....Mr. George P. Fredriks
Henry Plock .....Mr. Adolph Timm
Hostess of "The Horseshoe"— Mrs. George J. Rank
Messengers, Peasants, Etc.

FRL. MILKA TERMINA,
Soloist With the Boston Orchestra.

PROF. C. M. SELLING,
Director of the Minnesota State Band, to Be Heard in Concert at the Grand Opera House This Afternoon.

A Rent Rag.

It was about 10 o'clock at night and on Wells street, not far from Fourth, that a man saw a Chinese lantern swinging outside a third-story window of a building across the way. The building was a boxlike structure prematurely run to old age, and he knew it to be a tenement house occupied almost exclusively by poor colored people.

In the day time the sidewalk swarmed with little black children, and there were dark faces peering over every sill all the way up to the roof. He knew the corner pretty well, but he couldn't understand why a Chinese lantern should be hung out of a window. It had little decorative value, swinging against the lonesome front, and the man who saw it couldn't remember that the day was an anniversary calling for illumination.

A policeman happened along and the man asked him about it.

"What's the meaning of that lantern up there?"

"Don't you know?"

"Why, no. The windows up there are lighted and there seems to be something going on."

"That's a rent rag."

"Yes, but what's rent rag?"

"Well, when some man gets down on his luck and can't pay his rent, he has a kind of benefit dance. The other tenants come to it, and chip in 10 or 15 cents apiece. They get lots of fun out of it, and he raises $3 or $4 to pay his rent. That's a rent rag."

"What's the lantern got to do with it?"

"That's the way a rent rag is advertised. When that lantern is out the colored people know that someone is giving a dance to raise rent money. When someone else gives a 'rag' he is supposed to come around, and put in his bit. It's a good scheme, only they say some of them try to work it too often."—Milwaukee Sentinel.

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The Turn of the Wheel.

BY BARRY PAIN.

The cabman who told me the story prefers to remain anonymous, nor is there any necessity to mention the name of the out-of-work valet. Both have seen better days and their identification would be embarrassing to their highly respectable relations.

It was on a Sunday afternoon in Regent's park that the cabman encountered the valet. They had not met for a long time and exchanged greetings of a sardonic kind; the descent of the social scale is likely to make men somewhat ironical at their own expense. And then the cabman, noting the excessively out-of-work appearance of his friend, said:

"Come on a pretty thin streak, haven't you?"

"Yes, I've been out some time now. I've still got a pound or two left, but I'm making it last out." (He had precisely two shillings and fourpence left, as a matter of fact; but then the cabman is a married man and ought not to lend money, as the valet was aware.) "And I've got a decent suit of clothes still, though, of course, I don't wear them to knock about in; they're for when I'm getting a place or am trying to keep it."

"What threw you out this last time?"

"O, the usual," said the valet laconically, and without shame.

"Well, I've chucked it myself. Otherwise we might—well, what do you think? One wouldn't hurt us."

"Not for me," said the valet. "I swore off when I got the sack. In fact, that's my only chance to get another place and a living—unless, of course, I write to dear papa again, and I'd sooner cut my throat." For the cabman was, as has been said, a married man, and therefore it was expedient that he should avoid the thing that made him a cabman. But it is to be feared that the valet's vows of total abstinence were imaginary.

"Then we'll have some tea somewhere. I know a place near here where they can do you a chop and it's not too filthy."

"It's awfully good of you. But——"

"I've been in luck lately—backed a winner at a very good price. My 'missus' has a brother in the stable. You come along."

The valet came along, and ate that which was set before him. Then he sat, with his head in his hands, smoking a short clay, silent, with a grim and deadly look on his face. Then he began soliloquizing, bitterly, incoherently, and reminiscently.

"Can't stand dining in hall. Too beastly uncivilized. * * * Charming girl that. Danced with her at the Masonic. She was at the A B C with us too * * * Gad, they're gaining. Half a length. Rowed—well rowed!"

He shouted the last words, half rising from his place, and brought his hand down hard on the table with a clatter of the coarse crockery. "Rather less of that, please," said a sharp voice from behind the counter. The out-of-work valet subsided, replacing his pipe in his mouth, and resuming his attitude of despondency.

"Hold your row you damfool," said the cabman, savagely. "What do you want to do that for? If we're to get on to the old days * * * no, look here, have you got any chance of a place at all? That's what we want to talk about."

"I was thinking about that which reminded me. I refused a good berth yesterday."

"What on earth for?" said the cabman. "Placed as you are, you know," he added, delicately.

"Couldn't help it. It was a chap who'd made money. That's the kind I look for nowadays. I've got characters of a sort—that I know my work thoroughly, and don't steal the spoons, and so on. But my trump card is that I was for a year with Selsborough. The new arrival likes to say, 'Yes, very decent fellow—I got him from Lord Selsborough.' And, mind you, Selsborough has let me down very easily as to—er—why I couldn't stop. This chap I'm speaking of was called Smith. It's not a name that suggests anything, but it struck me that I knew the face. I told him the best story I could, and he said he'd give me a fair trial if I would sign off drink altogether. Just at that moment I recognized him and placed him. 'I'm afraid I can't take your situation,' I said. He glared at me. 'Why not?' he asked. It happened that we were both standing up at the time. I sat down with my back to him and spoke to him over my shoulder. 'Smith,' I said, 'I wish you'd run over to the kitchens and ask them why the devil they can't send me what I order.' Yes! Fact! It was Smith, my old gyp.

"You remember him? Of course you do. And then he remembered me."

"He sort of sank into the earth and called me 'sir.' Then he told me how he'd made his little pile—ten years' close savings and some phenomenal luck in speculation on the top of it. And that's not a bad chap, either. We talked over old times for awhile. He never asked me what had brought me down in the world—he ought to know that, though. Presently he said that he'd had many and many a sovereign from me, and if a loan of ten or twenty would be of any convenience—well, I cut that short and came away. Still, he's not a bad chap, and I was civil enough to him. But a coincidence of that kind brings things back. Suppose now——"

"O, it's too late to talk about that!" the cabman interrupted. "What's the next step to be?"

"Don't know," said the valet drearily: "I wish now I'd kept my mouth shut and taken the place. I wish I'd borrowed the beggar's money; likewise, now I come to think of it, I wish I was dead."

"Well," said the cabman, "you know where to come if you run short before you get work. It wouldn't be much, but——"

The valet stopped him, thanked him, and appeared to recover his good spirits. "That's all right," he said; "I won't forget you."

Shortly afterwards they parted. The valet spent two shillings that night on a combination of four ale and gin. But this detail—together with one or two others that I have mentioned—the cabman only learnt afterwards at the inquest.—Black and White.

Historic Elopements.

The history of extinct members of the elephant order has always proved of interest, because of the association of primitive man as a contemporary of the mammoth. Older elephants than this big furred elephant are known to science, and among them stands out very prominently the mastodons. One of the unsolved points regarding elephant history in the past has been the nature of the links which, on the evolution theory, are bound to exist by way of connecting these giant creatures with their ancestors. Dr. C. W. Andrews has been making a notable find in Egypt such as may serve to supply the gaps and to produce the "missing links" in the elephant chain of descent. He has found the fossil remains of an animal which, while smaller than the mastodons, is evidently closely related to them on the one side and to other forms on the other side. Beyond this comes another fossil find of a still more primitive elephant that takes us back in the family history to the hoofed quadrupeds. This last form may come to be regarded as the point of departure of the elephant branch on the mammalian tree. The British museum will probably be duly enriched by the exhibition of these primitive types of elephant life.—London Chronicle.

He Lived With His Cook.

"Are you the man who advertises 'Own your own home?'" said the dejected looking caller.

"I am," answered the real estate dealer.

"Well, I'd like to get the recipe."

"The what?"

"The recipe. The modus operandi. I want to know what to do in my own home. Our cook has a temper like a raging lion, and muscles like Hercules. If you can tell me how to dispossess her—money's no object."—Washington Star.

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