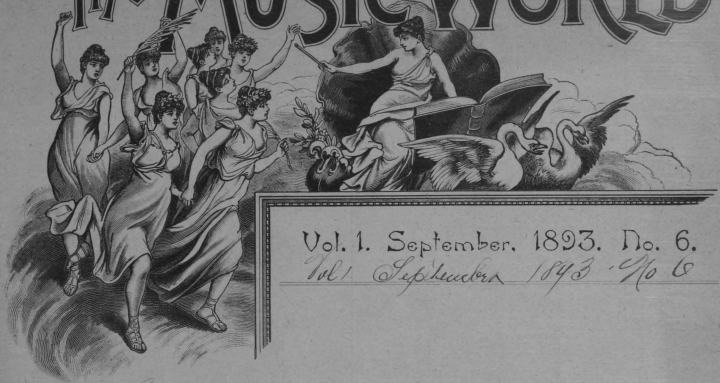


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The MUSIC WORLD



Vol. 1. September, 1893. No. 6.
Vol. 1. September 1893. No 6

Sample Copy

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The List of Monthly Prizes Ranging from \$1 to \$10, will be
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At the beginning of every year we shall ask a question, the best answer to which shall receive the reward of

† † † † **ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS.** † † †

The Annual Question asked shall be on one aesthetical grounds. The answer must not be sent in later than June 1st, so that the award may be announced in our July number.

CONDITIONS OF COMPETITION.

- I. None but subscribers to the MUSIC WORLD can compete.
- II. When sending in the answer the receipt for the subscription to "The Music World" must be added, or its price in cash, thus establishing the right to compete.
- III. All answers must be sent not later than the 1st of June, 1893, with the request, however, that they may be mailed at as early a date as possible, to avoid too great a rush at one particular time. This will enable us to examine and classify the contributions more rapidly and arrive at an earlier decision.
- IV. At the bottom of the answer should be written *with the utmost care and clearness, the name and Full Address* of the competitor, to avoid any mixing of manuscripts and assure easy attention to claim.
- V. The decision will be rendered in the July Number, or if our request to send early answers has not been attended to, accumulating answers towards the last, in the September number, at the latest.

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H. Palmer
H. M. Dalton *The Music World*

THE MUSIC WORLD.

Successor to Goldbeck Musical Instructor and Musical Art Journal.

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Musical Notes.

Ovide Musin, the violin player, has asked Dr. Goldbeck to write a violin concerto for him, which the great Virtuoso proposes to play all over the world.

Hermann Heberlein leaves St. Louis temporarily in November to make a concert tour under the management of L. F. Schultz, of Buffalo, New York. It will comprise from ten to twelve cities, East and West.

Mr. Heberlein will be absent from two to four weeks and upon his return will give lessons. Scholars wishing to study the violin, viola or cello should make early application at Goldbeck College, 3033 Pine street.

The Goldbeck College has been very fortunate in securing the services of so celebrated an artist.

New York Notes.

Of the musical world of New York there is at present very little to report, the season having not yet opened.

Dr. Haweis, famous for his works, "Music and Morals," "My Musical Memories," etc., is in the city and contemplates a lecture tour through the principal cities of the United States and Canada.

Alex. Guilman, the great French

organist and composer will give some organ recitals here during October.

The New York Philharmonic Club is getting ready for a most successful season, having already a large number of dates for concerts covered.

Edward Remenyi leaves for Europe to be gone two months.

I was informed of the death of John S. Dwight, of Boston. He was editor of the *Journal of Music* which was founded in 1852 and discontinued its existence only a short time ago. His attitude was notably that of upholding the great composers of the old school such as *Bach, Mozart*, etc., against all new comers whomsoever. He had reached his 80th year of age.

G. L. B.

London Notes.

VERDIANA.

Verdi, says a writer in the *Gartenlaube*, was born at Roncole in Italy, not far from his villa Sant Agata where he now resides. The wretched spinet on which he had his first lessons is still preserved in his villa along with another celebrated piano on which he used to play duets with the young girl who became his first wife. There is a curious Italian inscription on the spinet. It says "I, Stephen Cavaletti restored these jacks and covered them with leather, and added pedals, all of which I do gratis in acknowledgment of the good disposition of the boy, Guiseppi Verdi to learn to play the instrument, and this alone is enough to reward me for my trouble. A. D. 1821."

As a politician Verdi did not shine. He was once induced to represent an Italian constituency, Cavour having suggested that he could at least furnish some much-needed harmony in the chamber. During the sittings he amused himself by setting to music the phrases uttered by other politicians and when there was occasion to vote he simply looked at Cavour and did as he did.

To many Verdi appears blunt and rude, but it is only a seemingly abrupt manner which he owes to his pleasant origin. At table however, he is most sociable and amiable and nothing delights him more than seeing his guests merry and witty. Then, too, he proves himself a vicacious story teller; and his reminiscences are not only in-

teresting, but they are told with much humor. He can still laugh over the case of the funny critic from Reggio, who made the journey to Parma to hear the new opera "Aida." The piece failed to please the critic, and in his wrath he wrote to Verdi, complaining bitterly of the way in which he had mis-spent his money and demanded double payment for his railway fare, his theatre ticket and an abominable supper which he had at the railway restaurant, to atone for his disappointment and the two journeys he had made to make sure of his pleasure. Verdi requested his publisher Ricordi to send him the money and the critic from Reggio was probably required to send a receipt together with a formal promise not to go again to hear Verdi's new operas that is, if he expected the composer to pay his expenses.

When Verdi is composing a new opera he devotes himself wholly to his subject. When he had "Othello" on hand for instance, his first business was to study Shakespeare and to read the translations in prose and verse. Next he declaims Boito's verse with ever-increasing expression till it falls into a sort of musical rhythm and he hears the appropriate music for it. Then only he begins to write. He makes very few notes to assist him; those for "Falstaff" only covered two pages. All his MSS. are remarkably neat and all show the same hand, the heads of the notes succeeding each other like rows of pearls.

It is told that on November 1, 1852, he began to think about "Trovatore" and on the 29th of the same month the music was ready for performance and he took it himself from Sant' Agata to Ricordi at Cremona. In Christmas week of the same year he went to Genoa where the ship that was to take him to Rome was delayed three days. In those days he composed the first act of "Traviata."

"Trovatore" was produced at Rome on January 19, 1853. Then Verdi returned to his Sant' Agata solitude and completed "Traviata" in thirteen days more, and on March 6 it was produced at Venice.

With what surprising vigor he directed the rehearsals of "Falstaff" is still fresh in our memories, repeating passages twenty and thirty times

and himself giving the pronunciation and showing the singer and actor the steps and all other movements.

Barbieri-Nini relates how during rehearsals Verdi never gave a sign of approval or disapproval. He never let fall a syllable of encouragement and it is not astonishing that he was not beloved by the performers. A certain duet in "Macbeth" had been repeated 150 times, yet on the evening of the dress rehearsal when the theatre was crowded, Verdi signed to Barbieri and Varesi to go out to the hall to try again this same duet, whereupon one of them remonstrated by saying, "but, we have already gone through it 150 times." "In half an hour you can no longer say that, for then it will be 151 times," was all the sympathy to be extracted from the composer.

[There have been plenty of composers who, gifted with creative power did not have the faculty of imparting style or interpretation to chorus, orchestra or soloists.

When a composer exacts the one hundred and fifty fold repetition of a number, and a duet at that, he gives proof that he did not know how to teach it and had it repeated merely on chance and hope that it might get better. The proper explanation of the difficulties and the practical showing of the manner how to overcome them, would perfect the piece in a very short time with such able singers as he must have had. Very likely the great master was no better teacher than he was politician.—Ed.]

A month or two ago, Dr. A. C. Mackenzie, Principal of the Royal Academy of Music, delivered a series of three lectures on Verdi's "Falstaff" at the Royal Institution. The lectures were highly instructive and the interest in the subject which Dr. Mackenzie evoked was greatly enhanced by musical illustrations successfully rendered by Mr. David Bispham (Falstaff) and others.

E. H.

Rosalie, Countess of Sauerma, nee Spohr.

As Harpiste of the first rank, Rosalie Spohr enchanted the world of music until Count Sauerma captured the fair artist to make her his wife. Bereaved of her husband since 1880, she now lives the greater part of the year in Berlin in her beautiful quiet home, a priestess of the muse, devoted to her harp. In a letter just received she states that she passed some weeks at Kissingen where she met the Queen of Hanover and Princess Mary for whom she played frequently. After that she visited Krupp Castle

on the hill near Essen on the Ruhr, a veritable fairy palace. Mrs. Krupp is the Countess' niece.

Countess Rosalie was born in 1829 in Brunswick. Her father was the brother of the great composer Louis Spohr, and her mother was endowed with deep musical feeling and possessed of a fine voice. Louis Köhler gave Rosalie piano lessons from her 8th to her 12th year. It is through his uncle (Louis K.) that Robert Goldbeck, in later years, when he came to Brunswick to study under Litolf, made the acquaintance of Rosalie Spohr, soon becoming a young friend in the family, retaining to the present day a most vivid impression of her beautiful playing.

From her 12th year she exchanged the study of the piano for that of the harp and in her eighteenth year took lessons of Louis Grimm the greatest master of the harp in Germany at that time. At twenty she had acquired so much artistic ability that she could give a concert with Jennie Lind in Hamburg which excited much enthusiasm. Some five years later, Liszt, who greatly admired her playing, called her to Weimar to give a concert. In the same year, 1854, she went to Paris, the city, par excellence, of the harp, through Sébastien Erand, the inventor of the Pedal Harp. At this time Count Sauerma met Rosalie, whose wife she became a year later. Since then the Countess has not appeared in public except for benevolent purposes. She is now the reigning Countess of the Sauerma Domain. Shortly before leaving Berlin, early in March this year, Dr. Goldbeck learned that the Countess, the friend of his youth, resided in the Prussian capital. He made haste to pay to her his respects, heard her play and played for her. The former friendship was renewed, and that is how the MUSIC WORLD came to be enabled to tell its readers about Rosalie, Countess of Sauerma, and enrich its columns with so much about Beethoven, hitherto not generally known.

The picture of Beethoven, published in the August number, is a reproduction from the original oil painting by Stieler, now in possession of the Countess Rosalie Sauerma. This picture alone presents Beethoven as he really was, in the 49th year of his life. This and all the photographs which appear on the title pages of the MUSIC WORLD can be had on application to the editor, at reasonable prices, printed either on card board or celluloid.

Mrs. A. L. Palmer met with great success on the Pacific Coast and a permanent summer school is contemplated at Santa Monica.

A Visit to the Fair.

While Mr. Goldbeck, some six months ago, made preparations in Berlin to pay his annual visit to St. Louis he received a letter from Mrs. Palmer saying that she had seen Theodore Thomas and that he would be glad to produce some of Goldbeck's latest orchestral works, some time during the World's Fair, probably in June. Mr. Goldbeck had just conducted four of his most brilliant pieces at the Concert House in Berlin, namely, "the Mexican dances," "Forest Devotion," "Idylle" and "Leaping Marionettes," and it seemed advisable and to the point that his widely noted successes in London and Berlin should be renewed in this country on an occasion so prominent as that of the Thomas Concerts during the Columbian Exposition. Mr. Goldbeck was born in Potsdam, Prussia and completed his musical education under the greatest masters of his native country, in Brunswick, Berlin and Paris. Soon after, he paid a visit to New York and there made up his mind to become an American citizen. He stayed over thirty years in the principal cities East and West, composing in this country his most important musical works, some of which, such as the Three Fishers, the Sands O'Dee and his Piano Concerto have achieved worldwide celebrity. Married to an American lady, his children born upon American soil, he is himself an American citizen with as much of European blood and with the same lack of Indian blood as any other son of America. Of Mr. Goldbeck's success abroad during the last five years the States may feel proud, for it proves conclusively that an artist may unfold his genius here, an event the likelihood of which has often been doubted, money in this country playing too great a part, and too early in the development of artistic creative power, in the efforts of composers and disciples of other arts. We have thus been circumstantial in our preliminaries, to make clear that Mr. Goldbeck's appearance at the World's Fair as a composer and conductor, was particularly interesting to the American world of music and that an honorable place legitimately belonged to him in the American exposition at Chicago, which now with New York is the most important as well as the largest city in the United States.

Having temporarily his home in St. Louis, Mr. Goldbeck started on the 9th of August at 9 P. M. for Chicago, where he counts his friends by the thousand, where he formerly lived

a cycle of seven years, and where he did so much to make good music appreciated. Nearing the city early in the morning, he saw on the platform of a suburban station his old friend, William Lewis, the most experienced dealer in musical instruments in Chicago, and also one of its best violinists. As the train sped on hearty greetings were exchanged by wave of hand, and Mr. Goldbeck felt it to be of good augury to see the smile of a staunch friend as he rapidly rolled into the city which had been his home twenty years ago. But what a change during this time. Suburb beyond 25th street before, now city to 63d street, with magnificent parks and boulevards to delight the eye, and a thronging busy population everywhere—very much like an immense bee-hive. Arrived at the spacious and picturesque 12th street depot, an old-fashioned hotel bus still used collectively by the Palmer, the Sherman and other first-class hotels, stood in waiting to take passengers. Bound for the Sherman House, Dr. Goldbeck stepped into the conveyance, as heavy and old, although brightly polished, as its liveried coachman, a pattern of indifference as to time and speed, and consequently, a rather irritating anomaly in a city where go-a-headism would seem to be a necessary attribute to success. Rumbling along the Lake side on Michigan Avenue, under a burning sun, the transit to the Sherman House, corner Randolph and Clark, was a trial of patience even to the doctor, whose stoicism under trying provocation has so often been the subject of remark among his numerous pupils. Housed at last, refreshed by a clear water bath (something of a novelty to a Mississippi water man) and strengthened by an iced cantalope and a delicious sirloin steak, our St. Louis hero sallied forth to see about the performance by the Thomas World's Fair Orchestra of his compositions, successfully produced in Berlin last spring and now to be presented to the cosmopolitan audiences of the Universal Exposition. On the way to the Illinois Central World's Fair Express, at the foot of Van Buren Street, Mr. Goldbeck called in at the Piano Warerooms of W. W. Kimball, who does the largest business in the United States in Pianos, Grands as well as Uprights. The Kimball Grand has lately become a favorite among pianists, distinguished as it is by a sweet well-sustaining tone, a noble bass and a sparkling treble. Mr. Kimball received the doctor right cordially, renewing old acquaintance as pleasantly as possible. Taking the elevator Mr. Goldbeck called on his old friend and

colleague, Emil Liebling, who occupies charming music parlors in the Kimball building. Mr. Liebling and his visitor had so much to say to each other and the time was so short that they chatted away at a lively rate, hastily winding up with an invitation extended by the great Chicago pianist to lunch together the following Monday. Passing on the other side of the street with no small danger to life, as he plunged recklessly into the almost inextricable conglomeration of cars, carts, carriages and wagons, the doctor entered the piano store of C. C. Curtiss, an old and valued friend who represents the Weber piano in the northwest. Mr. Curtiss has always been an able and successful manager, richly endowed with all those personal qualities, so essential to success in that delicate business, the sale of pianos. Mr. Curtiss, busy as he was could not have received his old friend more charmingly than he did, and the rapid passing call ended with mutual promises to meet often in the immediate future. A few minutes later the doctor rolled away on one of the "every three minutes" express trains to the Fair. It was about 11:30, and he arrived in the interior of the grounds shortly before noon. What a magnificent sight. Where there was prairie before there stood now a Fairy city of white palaces with broad avenues between, and made beautiful by lawns, flower-beds and lagoons as clear as crystal, spanned over by bridges from which the eye could wander far away, watching the gay electric launches and venetian gondolas as they glided rapidly or floated dreamily over the water. In the further distance are groves of trees and from among them rise the beautiful State buildings.

Turning around you see the beautiful fountain with its graceful statuary and its hundreds of jets of playing, leaping water, falling back into the broad, beautiful lagoon, at the head of which stands the gigantic, golden statue of peace and liberty, enormous in size, yet no less graceful in proportion. Immediately behind it extends the beautiful colonnade, the vast lake of Michigan clearly discernible between its tall white pillars which lead to Music Hall, forming the northern wing, immediately on the lake. Here in the Music Bureau on the ground-floor the doctor sought and found Mr. Wilson, the secretary of Theodore Thomas. He received a cordial reception and the promise of a meeting with the great conductor at 4 o'clock in the afternoon. This was at 12:15 P. M., leaving three hours

and three quarters to make a first study of the Fair. The Liberal Arts building being the very next one east of Music Hall, Mr. Goldbeck entered it and found within it far more than enough to pass away the entire time at his disposal. Not hungry after the generous breakfast at the Sherman House, but very thirsty, our hero sat down on one of the stools behind the counter in the restaurant at the southeast corner of Liberal Arts Building and ordered a watermelon, his favorite thirst quencher! "Oh dat watermelon!" he mentally exclaimed, and emphasized the exclamation as, at the first mouthful the entire stock of several dozen slices on ice, on a rather slender square table, opposed him, which was awkwardly elbowed by a waitress, came down with a crash, accompanied by a grand "laughter chorus" of waiters and customers, plainly proving the absence of a head and a lack of discipline. Nothing daunted however, the doctor avoided looking at the wreck, enjoyed his melon all the same paid his 15 cents and started on his pilgrimage with religious earnestness through the 44 acres (the official size of L. A. B.), of exhibits. Red hot in the sun without, it was still tremendously close within walls, the thermometer kindly marking 94 in the shade. Beautiful, interesting and instructive proved to be the exhibits of Germany, France, Italy, Russia, China, Norway and by no means least, many of the states of our continent. What wonderful achievements, what progress, evident in every branch of industry and invention, placed there for the inspection of the public who would otherwise in a large measure remain ignorant of what is going on in the world.

Interesting to the musician are the booths of the piano manufacturers from at home and abroad. The Chickering's, the Masons, with their finely constructed new Grands containing important new features, the pianos of Reed and Sons, who announce radical changes and improvements in piano building which the doctor could not unfortunately examine critically from lack of time. A very fine Kimball Grand was noticed at the Kimball booth. The Steiner collections of pianos from the very first attempts of the clavi-chord, at the beginning of the sixteenth century to the present Grand piano.

Very beautiful too, appeared the Harps of Lyon and Healy, made according to a new system said to facilitate greatly the tuning, stringing and repairing of the Harp. The Countess Sauerma, the celebrated Harpiste,

now residing in Berlin, had called Mr. Goldbeck's attention to these harps and the doctor promises himself to examine them carefully on his return to Chicago.

At the stroke of four o'clock the composer of the Mexican Dances, Forest Devotion and the Leaping Marriettes, all pieces which were to be performed by the Thomas Orchestra, left the L. A. Building, and hastened back to Mr. Wilson at the Music Bureau. This gentleman, always friendly, warm and cordial, informed the doctor that he could see Mr. Thomas as agreed upon, but that he advised the postponing of the interview to 10 A. M., of the next day, as Mr. Thomas was not through with his day's work and could spare but a few moments. Mr. Goldbeck recognized the point of these statements and was perfectly willing to remit his interview to the following morning. Taking leave of Mr. Wilson he determined at once to devote the rest of the day to sight seeing. Noticing an electric launch at the terrace opposite the L. A. B., with passengers ready to start, he boarded it and was soon on the way to the Art Galleries at the Northern end of the grounds. It was a delightful ride, swift, smooth and much cooler than on *terra firma*. The ever-varying shore, flowery lawn, stone sidewalk, terraces, the fundamental line of snow-white buildings, the occasional stopping places, convenient and elegant, the *dolce far niente* of everybody and everything, all contributed to invite a dreamy *laissez-aller*, still more thoroughly appreciated and enjoyed, because with us Americans every minute in these busy cities is spent in the hot pursuit after money. Enchanters' hands seemed to have placed in this cozy corner of the world a paradise for the undisturbed happiness and rest of wearied mankind. Our musical friend was just the one to honor these offerings in full; and he glided along contentedly, until he came to the Japanese Tea House. Here he alighted and paid a visit to the Japs and refreshed himself with a genuine cup of Japanese tea. Of the 10 cent, 25 cent and 50 cent divisions he modestly selected the middle one, leaving the most expensive to the bloated capitalist.

A smiling Jap made his tea within sight which was served in a tiny cup, fitting into a small tower-like structure of black lacquer ware. At the same time a package containing a quarter of a pound of the same tea and two small Japanese cakes were placed before him, with the advice that the cakes (simply two squares of

a finely grained mass of soft sugar) should be eaten first and the tea drunk after, for "that is the way we do it in Japan," added the little maid from the Mikado's realm, in very good English. The tea proved delicious and strengthening and presently our wanderer, his package of tea safely stowed away, made his way to the Art Galleries near by. There he spent the rest of the day examining the never ending art treasures of all nations as carefully as could be done in the short space of two or three hours. Two subsequent visits enabled him, of course, to become more familiar with this grand collection of statues, carvings, paintings and sketches. Returning, the doctor took the intermural train at the nearest station, close to the Sweden House, taking a peep at the latter before leaving. The Swedish Pavilion is worth seeing; a good idea is derived of the character and pursuits of the Swedes, a nation sympathetic to Americans.

He went quickly back to town and to the Sherman House to get a good dinner. This was greatly enjoyed at 7:30, at the nick of time before the closing of the doors. Early next morning after the encoring of a bath, iced cantaloupe, and juicy sirloinsteak he was off to the Fair with a few passing visits on the way to the train. Calling at the store of the Church Music Company, Wabash and Adams Sts., the doctor hoped to see Dr. Geo. F. Root, the veteran composer, and one of nature's noblemen, known and revered in every city and hamlet of the United States. Not finding him in, Mr. Goldbeck left his card and hurried on to Kimball Hall, where a number of distinguished musicians have their studios. There he found Wm. Lewis, afore-mentioned. After renewing old acquaintance, they called next door, on N. Ledochowski, the distinguished pianist and teacher, with whom Mr. Goldbeck was formerly associated in his Chicago Music Schools. Mr. Ledochowski, a charming gentleman—and by the way one of the finest painters in water colors we have—at once proposed dinner for the following Tuesday. This settled, Mr. Goldbeck hastened to the Ill. Central and arrived promptly at ten to see Thomas. Part of the upper story of Music Hall is used for bedrooms of those employed as directing officers of the Bureau of Music, and here, two long flights up, our composer, ushered in by a uniformed attendant, found the great Theodore. The bedrooms in the upper story are exceedingly long but comparatively narrow and seem to

(Continued on page 8.)

The Monthly Music Lesson.

A feature of *The Music World* which is entirely novel, and one which from its great value to music teachers and pupils is bound to attract widespread attention, is the Monthly Music Lesson, by Dr. Robert Goldbeck. This feature offers to teacher and pupil the splendid opportunity of actually taking a lesson each month from one of the greatest living masters. The pieces selected will be of high artistic merit, though not so difficult as to be beyond the comprehension of the average student.

Dr. Goldbeck will aim to give the same instruction and attention to the difficulties to be encountered as though the pupil were actually before him. The piece will also be carefully fingered and the spirit of the composition and its interpretation will be ably set forth by a master fully capable of appreciating and delineating its beauties and rendition.

Another unique feature of this work will be the fact that in these lessons pupils will have the advantage of studying many high grade compositions under the master who composed them.

By this means pupils will have the advantage of European study at home without the enormous expense consequent on a course of study abroad, and teachers will thus be better enabled to instruct their pupils, having thus a confidence in their methods necessarily imparted from having studied under an eminent musical authority.

Lesson to L'Arpa.

The beautiful melody which forms the foundation of this "Morceau de Salon," runs through the entire piece but with little change. It is more simple yet more perfect than most of Raff's musical thoughts. He, belonging as he does to the most distinguished progressive modern composers, is apt to be rhapsodic in the creative portion of his music. The simplicity of the melody in "L'Arpa," loses nothing, rather gains by being well formed and well defined in its outlines. To play this melody as clearly and impressively as a singer would sing a song, should therefore be the interpreter's chief care. A perfect *legato* will be needed to accomplish this, with the pedal so carefully taken that no confusion of sound will arise at any point. The Arpeggios should be given richly, rolling them up from below. On the last page notice the dynamic shading of p and mf. Otherwise the ample indications in the copy will guide the player.

L'ARPA

8

MÉLODIE pour PIANO

mis pour usage de Concert
par R. Goldbeck.

JOACHIM RAFF, Op. 17.

Moderato: ♩ = 80.

fermo
poco forte

poco f

p

poco f

ben marcato la melodia

poco rit.

a tempo.

Musical notation for guitar, consisting of six systems of music. Each system includes a treble clef staff and a bass clef staff. The key signature is two flats (B-flat and E-flat) and the time signature is 3/4. The notation features various rhythmic patterns, including eighth and sixteenth notes, and rests. Fingerings are indicated by numbers 1-5. Dynamic markings include 'p' (piano) and 'cresc.' (crescendo). The word 'Ped' (pedal) is written below the bass staff in several places, indicating when to use the sustain pedal. There are also some markings like '3 2' and '5 3' in the bass staff, possibly indicating specific techniques or fingerings. The page number '34' is visible in the bottom right corner of the music.

8 *stargando* *a tempo* 5

mp molto marcato il canto

rit.

Red Red Red

pp armonioso

65 66 67 68 69 70 71 72 73 74 75 76 77 78 79 80

pp *pp* *mf* *p* *mf* *rit.* *rall.* *a tempo pp* *Fine.*

(Continued from page 4.)

run along the full length of Music Hall, offering a magnificent view of part of the White city. They are but scantily furnished, merely containing large-sized camp beds, a table and a few chairs. One is reminded in some respects, of the barracks of English officers, and altogether there is an army-look about them that points to rank and distinct position in an organization of strict discipline. Thomas, comfortably in shirt sleeves, to fight off the heat, was in excellent humor, although he had but the day before sent in his resignation and was certain to hear immediately of its acceptance. Mrs. Palmer had seen Mr. Thomas some six months before, and it had then been arranged, while Mr. Goldbeck was still in Europe, that an opportunity should be given the latter to conduct his orchestral works at the World's Fair. Occasional correspondence had been had fully confirming this arrangement, in consequence of which the composer had worked long and arduously to prepare the parts for so large an orchestra, one of 114 musicians. Mr. Thomas mindful of these facts, known to him, expressed much regret that at the last moment matters should have taken such a turn as to make it impossible for him further to arrange the programmes. From what the doctor could gather from half an hour's conversation, Mr. Thomas had made little or no money in the enterprise, the first outlay from his pocket having been very heavy. The difference of opinion among the directors concerning a comprehensive plan of musical performance, prevented Thomas from carrying out his own designs. There is no denying, however, that Thomas had come out of the conflict with a certain philosophical composure which will be valuable to him if he maintains it. Severed from the musical affairs of the World's Fair, he will nevertheless resume his orchestral concerts in Chicago late in November, filling a year's engagement on the basis of his original orchestra of sixty. Bidding good bye to Mr. Thomas, Mr. Goldbeck felt for a few brief hours as if his pains had been for nothing. It was nearly eleven on this Saturday, and it seemed to him wise to adopt the Thomas philosophical composure and not dishonor the beautiful Fair with feelings of disappointment and bad humor; but rather to enjoy the thousands of excellent things placed right within his reach. The barbarians in the midway Plaisance seemed to him best fitted to make him forget all worldly affairs and to them he betook himself. Everybody has seen them

or heard of them and knows that there is nothing particularly ceremonious about them. The Zulus, the Southsea Islanders, the Moors, Turks, Arabs and Egyptians, knock, bang and howl away in fine style, when they are not sitting, squatting or lying round, smoking and chattering. The savages take very well to what amuses the civilized crowds:

Entering Cairo, an Egyptian, leading back a well loaded camel by the line to the starting point, kept shouting, "Tra ra boom de-a."—The Moorish labyrinth with its multifold puzzling mirrors, making a multitude out of half a dozen people, is amusing; the Javanese village has decidedly something ideal about it, on a low plane; and seeing these quaint Asiatics handle their primitive industries, one cannot help thinking how much there is yet to be done to put the people of the earth on a footing of equality. The Chinese temple is worth close examination. What the almond eyed Celestials call their religion, is intimately associated with innumerable dolls and puppets of strange and often monstrous fancy, and yet many of the immigrated Chinese seem very intelligent, specially those who have adopted our civil dress. The Chinese gentleman in charge of the Joss House was one of these, having discarded even the cue. His talk was quite like that of an ordinary American. His wife, however, was exceedingly and exclusively Chinese, a most interesting specimen of the yellow race. Their baby, a cute little Mongolian condescended to cry, the tone, unlike that of our babies, closely resembling the tone of a violin. From the Chinese Joss (God) House to the Diver of the United States Marine was a mighty distance, though but a few hundred yards away. Here it was shown by actual experiment how the diver's armour needs to be of several hundred pounds weight to keep him under water, and that he moves about in the deep without feeling it; how he can easily find small pieces of money, that are thrown in by the spectators about 15 feet deep, and how he must keep in communication with the man stationed on the surface to give and receive signals. Tired strolling from show to show which it would take too much space to describe, the doctor sought an hour's rest in the German village, where two military bands discussed good music by turns, to a large and delighted audience, seated at green tables under the shade of tall green trees, each and every person with a glass of German or American beer before him. The doctor ordered a goodly bumper of

Würzburger for the modest sum of 25 cts., (which would fetch just ten such glasses in Germany), and enjoyed it very much, for the heat was great.

Presently Music Director Herold, whom he had met in Königsberg, came to his table and told him that one of the doctor's marches would be on the programme at the next concert, the same march that was so often played on parade in the Northern city of East Prussia, so near the realms of the Czar but so formidably defended by underground electric appliances that no army however large can come within two miles of the city without being blown up. [This is supposed to be a state secret.] Leaving the German village the doctor strolled leisurely back to the main grounds, took in the Women's Department, Horticultural Hall, the Transportation Exhibit. In each of these so much is to be seen that is beautiful, so much that conveys knowledge. About six P. M., he took the train back to town, arriving in time for dinner at the Sherman House. The following day, Sunday, was to be a day of rest, that is of gentle occupation within doors, playing the piano and writing at the concerto which Emil Liebling desires to play under the composer's direction. Such spiritual work, the doctor fancied, not even the most orthodox angel would forbid, and accordingly, he plunged into the Deep of Harmony as the fish would into his watery element. Mr. Curtriss had most kindly sent Mr. Goldbeck a lovely Weber piano to his room at the hotel, and an intimate communion with music became a religious need, and with a keenly enjoyed pleasure. On Monday morning he went back to the realities of the world, not stern, but immensely attractive within the limits of that wonderful city, the modern Chicago, which with irresistible strides has outstripped any city in the United States. One may well believe that it holds two million people, from the energetic life abounding everywhere, the countless multitudes that throng the broad thoroughfares the apparent utter lack of power of caste or set, its cosmopolitan spirit, its boundless opportunities in every line of ambition. With the advent of the first working day of the week Mr. Goldbeck determined upon a systematic attack of the fortress that seemed to resist him. The situation was this: Thomas out of power, Wilson still Secretary of the Music Bureau but not free to act, the musicians of the Thomas orchestra given a week's notice to quit, therefore under salary for six more days only.

If a performance of the doctor's works was to be had, orders to that effect would have to be given at once by the parties in power.

The best way seemed to be to get an introduction to Director-General Davis and explain matters to him. The doctor had in his pocket a recent letter from Mr. Wilson stating that Mr. Thomas was not unmindful of his promise and that an arrangement would be made to produce the works about the middle of August, the latest time convenient to Mr. Goldbeck, as he then thought of returning immediately to Europe. Before starting off for the Fair, Mr. Goldbeck passed in at Mr. Kimball's and received an invitation from him to take lunch at the club (Chicago Club, Michigan Avenue), and afterwards *de la Fair*. This suited Mr. Goldbeck exactly. Off he hurried to Emil Liebling to postpone the intended lunch, which was remitted to Wednesday. Returning to the Sherman House, a charming letter from Dr. Geo. F. Root, was handed to him, saying he had called and hoped to see Mr. Goldbeck. It was time now to call for Mr. Kimball whom he found in fine humor, brimful of jokes and ready to enjoy the afternoon. The Chicago Club is well worth seeing, its magnificent reception room on the first floor affording a grand view of Lake Michigan. Upstairs in the luncheon an excellent meal was served in the daintiest manner, and very much enjoyed. Descending into the reception room a fragrant cigar was indulged in, and, while watching the blue curling smoke, a plan arranged to propitiate the immediate and pressing purpose in view of bringing about a performance of the works, prepared with so much patience and labor. Arriving at the Fair half an hour later the Kimball booth was first visited where Mr. Conway, the active manager of the great Piano House was found to be present. From him it was learned that the best time to see Mr. Davis was between 10 and 12 A. M., and that Mr. Conway would be glad to introduce Mr. Goldbeck the next day. This was accepted, after which the pleasant afternoon was spent in *doing the Fair*, Mr. Kimball proving not only an expert guide but also a most humorous and delightful companion. The day wound up with a luck o' the pot and grass widower's dinner at Mr. Kimball's princely mansion, corner Prairie Avenue and 18th Street.

Lucky he whose everyday *pot and mug* will contain and overflow with such excellent meat and drink. The next morning, Tuesday, the doctor

was up early and sallied forth, profoundly impressed that not a moment's time was to be lost if the desired end was to be gained before Saturday.

Punctually arriving at the Kimball Piano exhibit in the L. A. Building, Mr. Conway and the doctor were soon on their way to the Administration Building and had no difficulty in penetrating as far as Mr. Davis' desk, one side of which was occupied by his chief clerk. The Director-General not being in, Mr. Conway, well known at the Executive Bureau, fully explained the matter to the chief clerk, the doctor remaining to await Mr. Davis' arrival, and Mr. Conway departing. Taking a seat at some distance near a window from which a fairy-like view of the fairest and grandest of Fairs was to be had, he could examine the Director-General's office at leisure. It looked more like a beautiful garden than a Bureau, magnificent flowers and plants, just leaving space enough to move about comfortably, making it a charming abode. The chief clerk left on some business and the doctor found himself alone for a brief space of time.

Presently a side door opened and a gentlemen followed by several others entered. The first arriving was a noble looking individual, kindness beaming from every feature; and he was evidently familiar with the surroundings. Saying some, pleasant words about the beautiful flowers which had evidently been brought in fresh that morning, he gradually neared the desk, noticing the doctor but saying nothing as he looked around. There could be no doubt that this was the Director-General, but Mr. Goldbeck thought it prudent not to address him until the chief clerk should have explained matters. This gentleman stayed away so long that his absence became trying. Meanwhile a never-ending stream of people came in, some with papers in their hands, some introduced, others personally acquainted with the Director-General, but all on business, requiring immediate attention. The doctor could not help admiring the tact, the instantaneous recognition of the merits of difficult points presented, and the kind firmness, which however brooks no opposition, of the Director-General; he seemed by nature appointed to fill successfully an important office.

At last the chief clerk returned, and casting a glance in the direction where Mr. Goldbeck sat, talked to Mr. Davis in a low voice for some little time. In response to a look and a bow the doctor approached the desk and upon invitation took a seat near the Director-

General. As before, Mr. Davis arrived at an immediate conclusion. He wanted Mr. Goldbeck to conduct his works.

Turning to his clerk he requested him to inform the present musical director to that effect. Here the doctor produced Mr. Wilson's last letter and handed it to Mr. Davis, who read it and thought it would be best to send for Mr. Wilson. When the latter arrived, it was learned that the Music Committee who had the matter immediately in hand had already divided the orchestra in two equal parts, one to play at Agricultural and the other at Manufacturer's Hall. Mr. Wilson was to make further inquiry and to give Mr. Goldbeck a final answer at half past two at Music Hall. This seemed satisfactory but did not prove so at the appointed time, Mr. Wilson saying he could not see the possibility of restoring the former status, but expressed the belief that the orchestra relying upon their contract would soon be reinstated and that then the compositions would be played. This seemed to settle the matter for the time being with just a faint hope for the future. There was just time to return to town, dispatch mail at the Sherman House and meet Messrs. Lewis and Ledochowski at the Studio of the latter. Punctual to their appointment they were on hand and were soon after cozily installed at the Café Richelieu on Michigan Avenue, recalling old times over an excellent dinner. The doctor's adventures and tribulations were finally discussed over the dessert with the aid of a sparkling glass of champagne and the conclusion arrived at, that it was after all a shame that the departure of Thomas and the inability to act of Wilson should be the cause of this disappointment.

Ledochowski proposed that a number of prominent men should be asked to combine to have these compositions heard. Ledochowski volunteered to write to Professor Swing, summering at Lake Geneva, Mr. Kimball and a number of others were named, most of whom unfortunately happened to be out of town. The next morning the advice of Liebling was asked and a second siege gun, in the shape of a paper signed by artists, by him proposed. This was immediately executed, Ovide Musin, Clarence Eddy, Emil Liebling, Lewis, Ledochowski and others signing. Mr. Kimball wrote a letter asking for the performance. Thus armed Doctor Goldbeck determined to see Mr. Davis once more. Unfortunately it could not be done the same day and there remained nothing to be done but to abide time.

Emil Liebling treated the doctor and Mr. White, another musical friend, to a splendid lunch, after which the doctor retired to the Sherman House to write at the concerto and await the next day. Early on Thursday morning with but three days to have it all accomplished in, he set out with new hopes, and energy unimpaired. The idea had come to him to ask Mr. Geo. F. Root to go with him to the Director-General. Taking the suburban train at Van Buren street he rode to 53d street and arrived soon at Mr. Root's residence, not far from the station. Mrs. Root and her daughter were just leaving the house, staying however, a few moments to renew acquaintance, and saying that Mr. Root had gone to town, probably to the store, the Church Music Co.

Back again to town the doctor flew. Mr. Root had just left the store to go home. Mr. Goldbeck went once more to 53d street, and there found Mr. Root peacefully standing in his garden giving some orders to the gardener. Assuming as calm a demeanor after so hot a chase, as he could command, Mr. Goldbeck shook hands with Mr. Root and after a few minutes' conversation came out with his errand, relating as briefly as possible all that had led to it. Doctor Root, generous and sweet-hearted as he is, at once took his hat and said, "let us go!" At the Fair they were told that Mr. Davis was not in but might come in half an hour. Not deeming it desirable to leave a message in so delicate a matter, they descended into the Court Hall where Dr. Ziegfeld was just passing. Mr. Goldbeck had tried on several occasions to see him but could not find him. Demonstrations of old friendship were quickly exchanged, Mr. Ziegfeld paying his respects to Dr. Root. Mr. Goldbeck took the opportunity to explain to Mr. Ziegfeld what he was trying to do, when the latter said, "why not play at the Trocadero, I have a fine orchestra, the same trained and directed in Hamburg, by Bülow!" "All right and accepted" said the doctor, and meanwhile added Mr. Ziegfeld, "I know where Davis is, I will try and see him for you. Wait here a few moments." Off he went, returning in a quarter of an hour to say that Mr. Davis was most willing to have Mr. Goldbeck conduct, but that it was probably impossible on account of the strained condition of the directors and the orchestra, they employing counsel against the former. Making an appointment for the same evening at 8 o'clock at the Trocadero to arrange immediately for the performance, Mr.

Goldbeck in a happier mood took leave of Ziegfeld and succeeded in persuading Dr. Root to enjoy with him the Fair for the rest of the afternoon. There is probably no more agreeable companion to be found for a pleasant pastime of that kind than Dr. Root, genial, appreciative, full of wisdom and valuable information, but ready for any lark, providing it be thoroughly hygienic. The sentiment of Doctor Goldbeck exactly. They began by getting into a steam launch, by mistake, instead of an electric one, as intended. Getting out on the big lake, the numerous passengers, consisting of some rather rough and yelling youngsters and a large number of ladies, were rather surprised at the antics of the boat which began to pitch and roll most furiously. A particularly violent shock was responded to by a scream of the ladies, the sober faces of the doctors, and a most unearthly war whoop of the young savages, who bravely occupied the highest and driest places at the stern of the boat. The ladies did not dare to scream again for fear of exciting an increase of merriment and the two civilized gentlemen kept calm and quiet, but at every plunge of the vessel the outrageous chorus gave a salvo of shrieks and howls worthy of so many demons. The boat began to ship heavy seas and possibly there was some danger, it looked like it—and everybody got wet except the rowdies high on the stern. All were glad to get into port and step on safe ground again. Going to the next station of the Internurml railway Dr. Root and Mr. Goldbeck rode to the State Buildings which were found to be elegant and comfortable resting places for weary wanderers. Iowa, a palace of corn, made an artistic and quaint impression. It would take too long to dwell once more upon the details of rambling through the Fair, so we will simply say that the afternoon was thoroughly enjoyable. At six o'clock the doctor went back to town, dressed for the evening, took dinner and was off to the Trocadero where a first-class fancy show takes place nightly. The doctor arrived just in time to meet Ziegfeld who happened to come along with a numerous society crowd at the entrance of the theatre. People were streaming in at such a rate that long files kept in form at the two box offices, the spacious vestibule being at the same time so densely thronged, that an entrance into the auditorium could only be effected with great patience, inch by inch. One would not have thought had one not known it, that there was any Fair to draw away a

hundred thousand people, so great and continued was the crowd that poured from the busy brilliant streets into the Trocadero. After much pushing and manoeuvring Dr. Ziegfeld and his guests, the doctor included were at last comfortably seated in the director's box, the largest and most prominent in the immense house. Champagne was served and Kapellmeister Scheel of the Bülow orchestra invited to come up to arrange matters with Dr. Goldbeck. A rehearsal was appointed for Thursday of the following week, no earlier opportunity offering and two evening performances set for Friday and Saturday. The Bülow orchestra proved to be very fine, with a rare ability to read the most difficult music at sight. Everything was now safely arranged and peace entered the composer's soul. The few days ahead could now be better appreciated and enjoyed. After all it was better to play at the Trocadero before 5,000 people than at the Fair to empty benches. A piano recital by Emil Liebling at Kimball Hall upon an excellent Kimball Grand proved a delightful musical treat, Mr. Liebling's playing showing masterly repose, elastic force and intelligent as well as highly effective interpretation. On Sunday, the very next morning Emil Liebling surprised the doctor with a pleasant call at the breakfast table at the Sherman House, inviting him to take supper at his home in Astor street, on the north side, quite in the neighborhood of the lake. It proved to be one of the most charming evenings of the doctor's prolonged visit in Chicago. After a delightful supper with Mr. Liebling's delightful family the two artist's newest musical compositions were exchanged at the piano and the doctor was greatly impressed with Liebling's strongly marked distinction and genius as a composer. A little later in the evening a charming walk was enjoyed at the lakeside, justly the pride of Chicago; possibly such a drive and promenade is not possessed by any other large city in the world.

Before separating, rest was taken in a beautiful garden in the neighborhood and a refreshing glass of beer, accompanied by a fragrant Havana was not rejected. Another pleasurable evening was passed in Mr. Curtiss' family, also near the lake, and many pleasant recollections of former times called back. A walk and a rest similar to that of the previous Sunday were enjoyed, and Chicago declared to be a very habitable place indeed, resembling in many ways Berlin and other attractive European cities. Thursday morning came at last

and with it the rehearsal. By some mistake the performances had been announced for Thursday and Friday instead of Friday and Saturday, and a preliminary performance had also been set for the Thursday matinee. Several cello players had lately deserted the Bülow orchestra, weakening it in that part of the strings.

Mr. Goldbeck had therefore wired for Hermann Heberlein, the great violoncello virtuoso, just then residing in St. Louis. Heberlein arrived on the morning of the rehearsal and had barely time to join the rest of the players at 10:30 A. M.

It was a delightful rehearsal. The Mexican Dances with their interlude accompanied by the Harp, Forest Devotion, a lyrical composition and the Leaping Marionettes, a characteristic Fantasy for the orchestra, were all rapidly conceived under the composer's eloquent baton and rendered in great perfection. Three performances of these works were had, received by the enthusiastic acclamations of vast concert multitudes. We have now come to the close of Mr. Goldbeck's experiences and may record his complete victory in the battles he has fought. After his return to St. Louis an invitation for his return to Chicago and another performance of his musical works by the associated orchestra of the Fair, was received. It came too late!

M.

Nature in Music.

"The tones of the medium compass (just discussed) arise in men from thick and long vocal cords, in women and children from much shorter, thinner and delicate ones, reminding us of the thick or thin strings of the bass and cello, and the violin and viola."

6. "The tones that are audible to the human ear, are comprised in nine octaves. They do not, however, exhaust the number of tones possible by vibration, just as there are rays of light, which, reaching beyond 'violet' in the spectrum of the sunlight, are no longer perceived by our 'nerves of light.' But these very low or very high tones, which no musical instrument has so far been able to produce, since they cannot be heard by any acoustic experiment, prove that our ear is by nature so constructed as to receive tone — impressions within fixed limits only. These limits are more or less restricted in different individuals. [All things human are finite, but the spirit, directly from the divine source, is infinite within these natural limits: The number of tones is counted, but the combinations possible in these counted tones are counted.]

"The more or less great acuteness of our sense of hearing depends upon the construction of the human ear and its single parts: The external ear, the auditory canal, the tympanic membrane, the tympanum (drum) the vestibule, the labyrinth (internal ear), the cochlea (similar in form to the spiral shell of a snail) the Eustachian tube (connecting the interior of the ear with the pharynx, the cavity behind the nose), and finally the nervæ ends of which thousands are intimately connected with the corti organ, forming a kind of key-board upon which the sound vibrations strike, carrying the impressions to the brain. There are about 3000 rods or fibres in the corti organ, each, as it is supposed, connected with a nerve end so that about 33 corti fibres are there to respond to each semi-tone of the tone series, as represented upon the piano. Each tone is perceived by those fibres of the corti organ only, which corresponds to its pitch; the others remain unaffected. Due to this arrangement we can hear many different tones at the same time.

We have seen that it is through our nerves that we are affected by a piece of music, joyously or sadly, exciting enthusiasm or dreamy contemplation, etc., etc. It will probably never be disclosed to us, however, why the major tonality gives us the impression of force and brightness while the minor key conveys sadness or languor."

[That which science cannot fathom may sometimes be brought to light through the intuition of the mind. The major mode resides within the soul as the natural mode, the minor mode being merely an artificial modification of the major. The minor mode is a state not conceivable in nature. Thus, for instance, the overtones, evolved from a fundamental tone, give the major chord with further higher chromatic intervals, but never do we derive the impression of a minor one. Strike somewhat forcibly the great C on the piano and your ear (when listening carefully) will hear the fifth and next the major third (6 tones higher than the 13th). The three forming the eternal major chord of nature. It is the third which leads to this mode its character of major. Depress this third by a semi-tone and you have the minor mode, but by so doing you also take away its character of force and brightness and substitute that of sadness and depression. Thus it is the major third which represents manliness, power and happiness in music while the depressed minor third gives us the opposites, and feelings akin to these, such as sentimentality, gentleness, timidity, etc., etc.]

We have seen that nature is in music and music in nature, and that it is to us a necessity because it is an indivisible part of the creation, to brighten with beautiful sounds our existence, which would otherwise be spent amid the silence of the grave.

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