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MUSIC AT THE WORLD'S FAIR.

The Drawbacks with which it has to contend.

Some of the Organizations to be Heard—The Audiences not disposed by any Means to be Hypercritical.

The Chicago Exposition, already half through its career, seems to bring to its directors and shareholders more mortification and disappointment than satisfaction. Not content with having, whilst it was in the course of erection, cost the lives of twelve hundred persons; not content with having, time and again, for want of the spirit of organization among its directors, caused one dissatisfaction after another amongst the commissioners and foreign exhibitors, we find that it sows bankruptcy among its own. They expected that the whole world hasten to Chicago, that the whole of Chicago would become an immense hostelry. On every side arose new buildings. Land around Jackson Park from \$35 a foot rose in the twinkling of an eye to \$130, \$140 and \$150 a foot. The workmen engaged, too few for the gigantic works which arose everywhere, became more and more exacting. The expenses were enormous, but what did it matter since they were going to bring fortune. Sad results of an unbridled and feverish speculation: the greater part of these hotels are in a lamentably unfinished condition either for want of funds or lack of courage; many are those which are finished and still await a tenant; numerous indeed are those for which the tenants, surrounded by a large staff of cooks, scullions, waiters, etc., await the customers who obstinately refuse to put in an appearance. So failures, sharp and close crowded upon those over confident speculators. Even the Casino, the most important cafe restaurant of the Exposition, has been compelled to close its doors. It must be said, however, that it was badly placed for visitors situated as it was far from the centre of Jackson Park. It has suffered from the gravest fault, from the capital fault committed by the administration of the great American show, wishing to make it too large. This is what everybody suffers from, and of which

Everybody Complains

It was not sufficient to do well, to erect magnificent palaces to produce a marvellous and fairy like effect, it was also necessary to think of physical human strength, and the time necessary to visit an agglomeration, a swarm of buildings of a formidable area, covering a vast extent of land. The thirst for speculation was manifested in a way which has turned against its authors and to the discomfort of visitors. One example among a thousand: Seventy-five cents an hour is asked for the use of rolling chairs when twenty-five cents would be ample. The consequence is that only ten chairs out of a hundred are in use, and the public suffers for want of a means of locomotion at a reasonable price. But where the administration has failed, most lamentably has been in the selection of a site for the Music Hall. Placed on the shore of the lake opposite the landing place for the boats, on the side of the great basin where the electric launches move to and fro, and on the passage connecting this basin with the lake, there is not a single whistle which does not reach it with all its intensity and shrillness. The musical entertainments are constantly interrupted by the noises from without. As it often happens that several boats are whistling at the same time, the voices and the orchestra are many times completely drowned by the horrible screeching. All the soft passages are lost. More than once during a concert, the conductor, profiting by a pause, will prolong it until the uproar caused by the whistling has ceased. This becomes irritating both to the executors and the audience. Besides the music does not seem to be welcome at the Exposition, apart from the military band heard in open air, whilst the visitors seek on a long walk through the different buildings. They seem to pay little or no attention to oratorios or symphonies; perhaps the Jackson Park public have not a very elevated taste in matters musical, it may be—a more probable thing—that having come for the Exposition, people wish to devote their whole time to it, reserving the enjoyment of music for the concerts, which each is sure to meet with in his own town during the winter. In this latter case, they would be so much the more in the right in that the concerts of the Exposition are rarely superior to what one can find wherever there are good musical elements. Without doubt.

The Thomas Orchestra is a Superior Organization.

such as one can only meet in Chicago, New York and Boston. It is not the less true that it is morally bewildered, fatigued, stunned, placed as it is under an insufferable regime; every day two rehearsals and two concerts, sometimes three. Five sessions a day. It is more than even the most enthusiastic artist can bear as evidenced by the fact that Monsieur Bour, the first oboe of the Thomas orchestra, whom the subscribers of the Montreal Philharmonic Society had the pleasure of hearing at the second performance of Berlioz' "Faust," declared to me that the orchestra was knocked up, debilitated, disgusted with music, with Wagner, with Beethoven and with concerts which they would willingly have consigned to Hades forever. It is certainly impossible for a conductor and his musicians to be subjected to such a regime for several months, and all be able to pre-

serve the same spirit, the same warmth the same enthusiasm. Neither mind nor body could accommodate itself to a tension as absolute as long. The performances necessarily lose, little by little, color, life elegance, brio, and become mechanical. And then, as I have said, the performances at the Music Hall are spoiled by the noises of steam whistles. At the Festival Hall, far distant from the Music Hall, to the great disgust of newly arrived visitors who often mistake one for the other, the performances are marred herein by the neighborhood of electric railways, and above all by the bad acoustics of the hall, which only reflects only the brasses. This Festival Hall, capable of containing almost two thousand performers and an audience of five thousand originally considered too small for the crowd which was expected to throng it, has never been filled according to the wish of one of its promoters. In fact, the performers, whom they expected to number two thousand, and who are announced on the programmes as numbering one thousand, may be counted at less than four hundred. A nice number for an ordinary hall, but too restricted for the Festival Hall, which is wanting in sonority. It was in this hall that I heard the chorus in Judas Maccabees and Berlioz' Requiem. Made up of portions of five or six choral societies from the west, lacking in confidence, solidity, homogeneity, proportion and style.

This Chorus Often Disappeared

under the instrumental preponderance and did not once except in "See the Conquering Hero Comes," rise above mediocrity. Quite different was the execution of the Messiah by the Apollo Club of Chicago. The chorus, numbering nearly five hundred, sure, solid, accustomed to their director, Mr. Tomlins, did excellent work, although probably inferior to what they could have done. The audience was the Messiah necessary to produce this wonder—almost filled the hall. Less exacting than a Montreal audience it submitted without a frown, to numerous and unusual cuttings, among others that of The Trumpet Shall Sound. A society which I cannot compliment too highly is the Liederkronz, of New York, directed by Monsieur Zollner. The Liederkronz is a society essentially German, composed of a hundred voices of men apparently chosen with jealous care, an extreme solicitude. Each seems to be endowed with a strong and fine voice, each knowing how to sing, each being a musician, and knowing his own part by heart. All eyes are constantly fixed on the conductor. There then follows a performance which is highly delightful. Passages demanding strength are given with vigor and true artistic impetuosity rapid and delicate passages are delivered with a perfect assurance as to time, without precipitation, with a great neatness of articulation and a delicious elegance. The tenors know how to sing their high notes with a vigor and without effort; the basses have roundness, softness, breadth in the deep passages, and much equality throughout. Elements so distinguished, animated with high aspirations, under the baton of a chief so learned and experienced as M. Zollner, make of the Liederkronz a society

Almost Unique in the World.

If not from an artistic point of view, financially Chicago is at this moment an Eldorado for instrumentalists. All the cafes, all the restaurants, all the hotels, all the side-shows, and a thousand other places have their orchestra or music of some sort to attract customers. One hears music everywhere; it pursues you, good or bad, everywhere, and finishes by wearying you to the point that a sigh of relief involuntarily is heaved when it ceases to be heard. The great musical event of the Exposition will be the arrival of Dr. A. C. Mackenzie, the composer of The Story of Sayid, The Rose of Sharon, etc.; of M. C. Saint-Saens, the composer of The Deluge; of M. G. Massenet, the composer of Eve; of M. Guilmanet, the great French organist and composer. Montreal will have the pleasure of hearing the last named on Thursday and Friday, Sept. 21 and 22, as it is he who is going to inaugurate the new organ which is at present under construction by our two Canadian organ builders, Messrs. Casavant, for the Roman Catholic Cathedral of Montreal—Montreal Star.

True Philanthropy.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE GLOBE:

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Snippings.

Great heat often causes melancholia. The mocking bird like the bull, hates red. Pythons are abundant in the Philippines. London has over 1,000 haunted houses. There is nothing more fearful than imagination without taste.—Goethe

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Or do you suffer from noises in the head. Then send your address and I will send valuable treatise containing full particulars for home cure which cost comparatively nothing. A splendid work on deafness and the ear. Address: PROF. G. CHASE, Orilla, Ont.—13t.

JINGLES OF HUMOR.

A Little Nonsense Gathered for Leisure Reading.

In Doubt.

He (the bridegroom at the World's Fair)—Do you want to go to the Art building, dear?
She (the bride)—Do you?
He—I do if you do.
She—If you do, I do, dear.
He—Just as you say.
She—Do, dear, take your choice.
He—Well, I don't want to unless you want to.

She—I don't want to unless you want to. (With solicitude) Do you want to?
He—If you want to, dearest.
She (timidly)—Well, let's go?
He—Are you sure you want to go?
She—If you are.
He (timidly)—Well, let's go. (Exeunt absentmindedly toward the stock pavilion.)

Fraternat.

You're a nice editor, Chubbs!
What's the matter now?
Why, you say the publisher of The Daily Voice is an unmitigated ass.
Well, he is.
But you add, We advise our brother journalist to reform his st p l ways.

On the Ark.

Where are my shoes? asked Noah.
I don't know, said Mrs. Noah. I don't think we brought 'em, we came away in such a hurry.
Then what in the deluge am I to wear?
There's a pair of gaiters down stairs—aligators.

The Obliging Conductor.

ump aboard, miss, said the conductor briskly. I'll see to your bag.
But mamma wants to kiss me good-bye, replied the girl.
I'll attend to that too. All aboard!

Mrs. Bunting—Are our theatre seats next the aisle?
Mr. Bunting—No, they are at the other end of the row.

Mrs. Bunting—Then we'll go late.—Truth!

Dreamy Novelist—What a change woman can make in a man's life!
Victim—Exactly, and what a lot of "change" she requires during it.—Wonder.

Mamma—Did the wretch really try to kiss you?

Chicago Girl—No, it was about the weakest bluff I ever stood off. He quit and begun to apologize the minute I said I'd scream.

Ten Years Hence.

'Twas in a dime museum hall in 1903, A crowd of eager visitors had gone the sights to see; And there were curiosities of every kind on view, From the modest editor who gave his circulation true

To the meek, sedate reporter whose statements never lied, And the small veracious newsboy who false news never cried; But around a certain corner the whole crowd seemed to stand, Inspecting there the greatest freak then known in all the land.

I asked a stranger what it was he said he didn't know, But he guessed it was the most attractive feature in the show.

I found pressed among the crowd, and there beheld a man, The object of their curious gaze—whose face was pale and wan; And as I paused I saw the keeper point at him and say:

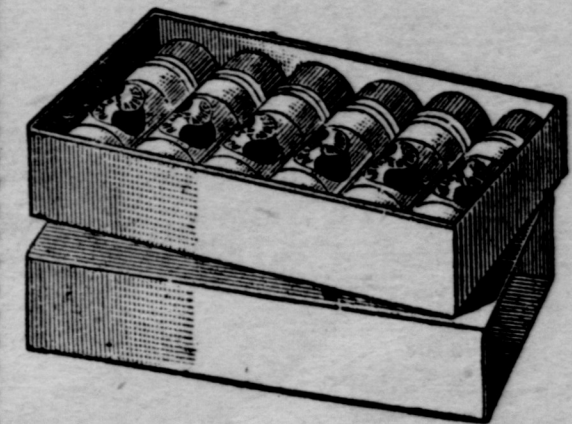
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