

**CROSS-EYED ENGINE.**  
 New England's Army and Navy School, established in the valley of the Twicken, takes its name from the great portrait of the late Admiral Lord Nelson, which it need hardly be said is very highly appreciated by the recipients.  
 In order that students may have every opportunity of perfecting their musical education, a government allowance is granted annually to enable them to attend operas and high class concerts, a privilege which it need hardly be said is very highly appreciated by the recipients.  
 [B.P. A. Later.]  
 In nearly all musical papers, there has been considerable talk concerning the improvement of our military bands, the only way they see, as to have a system, the British service, if qualified anybody could become a band-leader. In the British service, it is quite different. Military and Naval School, established in the valley of the Twicken, takes its name from the great portrait of the late Admiral Lord Nelson, which it need hardly be said is very highly appreciated by the recipients.

**Method in Vogue in England Decidedly Successful**  
**HOW TO IMPROVE THEM**  
 "To outnumber them, my boy."



from PHILADELPHIA, PA. ting from  
 of Paper MAY 27 1900 Press of Paper TRO.

**Caricature of Men in the Public Eye.**



JOHN PHILIP SOUSA.

from BALTIMORE,  
 of Paper MAY 3 1900

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JOHN PHILIP SOUSA, "THE MARCH KING."

JOHN PHILIP SOUSA, "The March King."

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PHILIP  
 "The March"

Grand Monday evenings.





# Progress of the Great Exposition

2

THE CZAR TO VISIT PARIS—AMERICAN MACHINERY—  
PLEASANT COMITIES — RUSSO-ASIATIC WONDERS . . .

2



A GENERAL VIEW OF THE PARIS EXPOSITION FROM THE RIVER

HERE was considerable alarm on May 15, when fire was discovered in the basement of the Chateau d'Eau. For a time it was feared that the adjoining Salle des Fetes might be reached by the flames, in which case the American section of the Palace of Electricity would have been in danger. Fortunately the fire, which was due to the fusing of

of Comte Boni de Castellane. The Shah of Persia is expected June 8. He will also take up his residence in the same palace as the King of Sweden, which will be somewhat small for the numerous suite which the Persian sovereign purposes to bring with him. And now comes the official announcement of the visit of the Czar of all the Russias. This is to take place in September, and will be the crown-

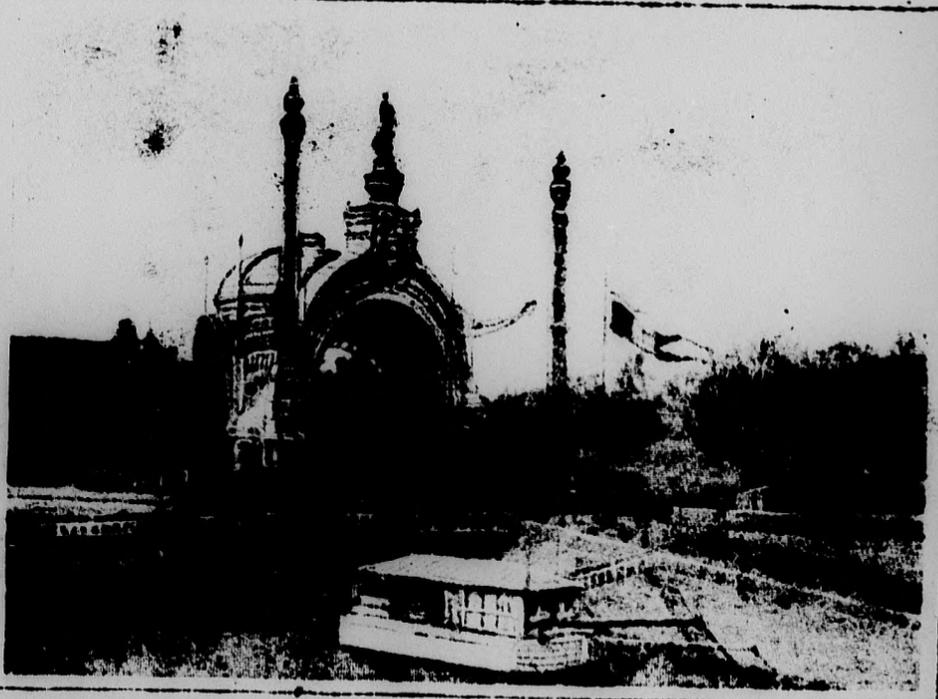
and Transcaspian Cossacks in tall hats, moving silently amid the throng, and to the local color, while in the courtyard adjoining, the band plays Russian and Oriental airs. This Central Asian Hall sums up the full extent of Russia's marvelous progress in the heart of Asia since Sebeleft stormed Yeo-Tepe and Anna-koff constructed the Trans-Siberian railroad. Which nation will be most largely

matter no little thought and, believing that the absence of wine would best please the majority of Americans, be decided on the temperate plan. The occasion was extremely successful, and suffered nothing from the course pursued by Mr. Peck.

The Russo-Asian section, situated upon the brow of the Trocadero, is an imposing structure. Its contents will be a revelation not only to the French, but to visitors from other countries. It affords an idea of the immense resources of the vast northern empire which could hardly be gleaned from handbooks or consular reports. The Central Asian Hall, with its blue and yellow tilings, its heavy draperies, its painted panelings—giving different views of Turcoman life—and its rich variety of textile goods, vegetable and mineral products and artistic curios, is worth half a day's visit by itself. Grave turbaned Asiatic



A SCENE ON THE ESPLANADES



PORTE MONUMENTAL—THE PRINCIPAL ENTRANCE TO THE EXPOSITION

wires and consequent ignition of a scaffold, was promptly extinguished.

The American Machinery Building, in the Vincennes Annex of the Exposition, was formally opened during the afternoon of May 15. The United States Ambassador, General Horace Porter; United States Commissioner, General Peck, the American Commissioners, a few guests and Sousa's Band made the trip in a decorated boat. The ceremony consisted of remarks made by Mr. F. E. Drake, the superintendent, Mr. Peck and Gen. Porter. On returning, the boat stopped in front of the German National Pavilion, the inauguration of which was proceeding. Sousa's Band serenaded the Germans; the Americans landed and were received of a body by the German officials, who evidently appreciated the compliment paid by the Americans.

The Exposition is not to be ignored by royalty. The visit of the King of Sweden was officially announced for this month. He will take up his residence in the palace fitted up by the government in the Avenue Malakoff, at the corner of the Avenue du Bois de Boulogne, opposite to the hotel.

ing feature of the Exposition. The largest influx of visitors is expected during that month, and a series of magnificent fetes will be inaugurated, throwing all former records into the shade.

It is pleasant to record the good feeling caused by the tactful courtesy of Mr. Ferdinand W. Peck, the United States Commissioner General, on the occasion of the inauguration of the Spanish pavilion. The Commissioner most cordially congratulated the Duke de Sesto, the Spanish Commissioner General, on the beauty and grandeur of the Spanish pavilion and on the importance of the fine exhibit it contains, which, by the way, he could most truthfully do. The Duke was evidently well pleased with these congratulations, and the utmost good fellowship was evidenced between the distinguished representatives of the two peoples not long since at war with each other.

Readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD will be glad to know that the inauguration of the United States pavilion was notable for the absence of a buffet and its accompanying champagne and other wines and liquors. Commissioner Peck gave the

represented at the Exposition is a question discussed by Parisians. At the last Paris Exposition, Great Britain furnished more than a third of the total of 1,100,550 visitors. It is not unlikely that the South African war and the strong anti-British sentiment that has found vent in the press may diminish the proportion, but there have been many English visitors already, and there will probably be many more. Some English visitors are not appreciated. A number of trained English thieves initiate themselves into the good graces of well-to-do passengers, and on reaching Paris see that the traveler is served with a cabman who is in league with him. Then the cabman takes his fare to half a dozen hotels that he knows are full and the victim who is homeless and in a strange city is at once hospitably invited by his new-made acquaintance to spend the night in the latter's flat, which is generally situated in the Rue de Provence or the Rue des Victoires. In the morning, the dupe finds that money and jewelry have been stolen, while a person indignantly demands the money for the rooms.

Extract from Manchester Evening Post  
 Date May 15

**THE THEATRES.**

**"EL CAPITAN" AT THE ROYAL.**

The American comic opera, "El Capitan," is as full of fun as need be. It rattles along at a merry pace to the accompaniment of stirring and catchy music, and in a pleasant and unexciting manner the spectator is, one way or another, ceaselessly diverted. For a modern comic opera this is no trivial achievement. The onus of the work of entertaining us rests upon the shoulders of one man, Mr. John A. Warden, who, as Don Errico Medigua, a craven spirit masquerading in the garb of a very lion of martial valour, is never for a moment unamusing. He manufactures laughs, too, by novel means, and is altogether a low comedian whose ability to chase away dull care is only equalled by his astonishing energy. Round this character all the others buzz more or less harmlessly, maintaining a pleasant chorus of song. Miss Florence Wykes is engagingly vivacious, and Miss Gertrude Mackenzie and Mr. Charles Fisher sing effectively. The success, however, is Mr. Warden's. No one else can hold the candle to him. No one else, indeed, has any chance.

tract from Yorkshire Post  
 Date 29/5/01  
 Address of Journal Leeds

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**LEEDS AMUSEMENTS.**

**AMERICAN COMIC OPERA AT THE GRAND THEATRE.**

It is almost a question whether Mr. J. P. Sousa would not have been better advised to rest upon his reputation as composer of "The Washington Post" and other marches, than to essay what, in "El Capitan," is described as "opera." For the strains of "The Man that broke the bank at Monte Carlo" Mr. Sousa seems to have a peculiar weakness. They are suggested more than once in the work on which a Grand Theatre audience had the opportunity of passing opinion last night; and the fact is typical of a good many of the musical numbers, all of which, including plentiful supply of brass, would have done duty admirably on the music hall stage. That, however, is not to entirely disparage "El Capitan," which, of its kind, is a very pleasant jingling production, gay with colour, full of farcical nonsense, and altogether a successful evening's entertainment.

The main idea is that of a Viceroy of Peru masquerading as an insurgents' general in order to save his head until the arrival of the Spanish forces. Meanwhile, his Excellency is impersonated in prison by his Chamberlain, unknown to his wife and daughter, and there is thus scope for complications and fun of the burlesque order. Mr. John A. Warden filled the title role last evening, and did so vastly to the delight of a nearly full house. Much of the humour is of a commonplace, paltry sort, but he made the most of it all, and the laughter that followed was well earned. Miss Florence Wykes, one of the numerous fair creatures captivated by the Capitan's eye, ably helped him to bear his honours, and Miss Annie Dwelley, as the Princess, furnished the dignified contrast in a manner that was entirely acceptable. The Isabel of Miss Gertrude Mackenzie, and the droll Taciturnez of Miss Mollie Robertson, also merit mention and there was a pretty wit about Mr. Bernard Arthur's sham Viceroy in spite of the Cockney twang. A good chorus, pretty costumes, and effective scenery are other notable points in the production. The third act is perhaps the most amusing, and it serves, too, for the introduction of topical and patriotic matter. Some of the airs are quite ear-aching; one very catchy martial strain crops up again and again.

Extract from Manchester Evening Post  
 Date 30/5  
 Address of Journal

**AMUSEMENTS.**

**"EL CAPITAN" AT THE THEATRE ROYAL.**

The American form of comic opera differs very little, apparently, from that we are accustomed to in England. But for occasional extravagances by the principal character, very ably played, it may be added, by Mr. John A. Warden, it would have been impossible to recognise any difference. There is the usual bevy of fair women, the inevitable tenor lover, a brigand of the approved type, and a gallant display of picturesquely attired subordinates. The locale of the opera—Peru, during the Spanish possessions—enabled the stage carpenter to get in some very effective work. Each of the three scenes is a feast in the way of rich colouring, and the brightness is increased by the quaintness of the dresses. The music is from the pen of Mr. John Philip Sousa, an American composer whose name has been made familiar in England in connection with the now almost forgotten "Washington Post" march. Mr. Sousa's music in "El Capitan" includes one or two equally catchy airs, and is tuneful and bright throughout. There is an occasional suggestion of the Whitsuntide procession about some of the chorus airs, but the large audience of last night appeared to enjoy them immensely, and encores were frequent. As the bibulous viceroy, masquerading as "El Capitan," an insurgent chief he has himself thrown overboard on the journey out Mr. Warden creates much amusement. He is a comedian of much merit, and has the additional qualification of possessing an excellent baritone voice. The singing is good generally, particularly that of Miss Florence Wykes, the Estrela of the piece.

tract from Sunday Chronicle  
 Date May 14  
 Address of Journal Manchester

**"El Capitan."**

Manchester has seen the American light opera "El Capitan," and still survives. The fact that John Philip Sousa, the March King, as he is picturesquely described on the programme, is responsible for the music, may, perhaps, account for the special attention which is paid to several numbers in the opera. One is inclined to believe that these particular items are the salvation of the piece, for they are impressed upon the audience by the lusty efforts of a brass band, the members of which are clad in a costume as weird as it is wonderful. There is a truly delightful Yankee flavour about this band, and one kinder imagines that during the daytime in some places it indulges in what the Americans call a parade, in order to demonstrate the extraordinary beauties of the opera. Possibly this is an error. However, its presence has much to do with the applause which greets the closing of the acts, and, therefore, with the success of the show. Of the opera's other claims to popularity they mainly rest with the excellence of the artist who poses as "El Capitan." In the company visiting Manchester John A. Warden has had the felicity of trying his special brand of fun, and his humour is distinctly amusing. He is a trifle too jerky, but he sings well and dances with eccentric motion, and gives a good idea of the peculiar individual Don Medigua was supposed to be. The other characters are not specially prominent, but very capable performances are given by Bernard Arthur, Gertrude Mac-



Extract from Pelican  
 Date May 26  
 Address of Journal

It is most satisfactory to know that Mr. De Wolf Hopper is coming back to us in the near future. Mr. Hopper made a very great personal and social success, and although neither *The Mystical Miss* nor *El Capitan* was a financial triumph, we saw enough of Mr. Hopper to realise how very good he would be when he was properly fitted, according to our notions. I understand his first production will be *Wang*, a musical play with which he has achieved great success in America.

Date..... 15-5

Date..... 19-5

Journal  
THEATRE ROYAL.

"EL CAPITAN."

"El Capitan" is one of the merriest of "go-as-you-please" entertainments one could wish to see. It is neither as deep as a well nor as broad as a lake, but it is perpetually refreshing all the same. An American comic opera, composed by John Philip Sousa, whose name is a household word in the States, it was seen at the Theatre Royal for the first time in Manchester last night, and immediately made its mark. The music is rousing and tuneful, and the accessories of plot and humour are more than sufficient to "fleet the passing hour" in a fashion most delightful to those in search of thoughtless gaiety. The central idea is that of a timid Viceroy of Peru, who impersonates the swashbuckler who comes to oust him from his authority, and who has, in consequence, to pretend to a valour quite foreign to his timorous nature. The opportunities of the situation are made the most of by Mr. John A. Warden, who, throughout the three acts into which the piece is divided, is untiring in his efforts and unflinching in his aim to stir up merriment. He fairly keeps the house on the roar the whole time he is before them, and this by many quaint methods that are none the less amusing because they are less hackneyed than the stock-in-trade of the typical comedian. It is not, indeed, too much to say that Mr. Warden carries the piece through on his shoulders, and, what is more, performs the feat with consummate ease. The fact that his acting is founded upon the lines of the creator of the part in no measure detracts from his personal merit. As a piece of mimicry alone, his performance would deserve the heartiest praise. It is, however, far more than this. The support he receives is in every way excellent. Miss Florence Wykes as Estrelida is particularly bright and winsome, and sings very prettily. The scenery is picturesque, and a well-trained chorus impart a volume to the concerted pieces that does not fail to call forth approbation. At the end of the second act, indeed, their efforts last evening necessitated the raising of the curtain many times. On the whole, "El Capitan" can be thoroughly recommended for gloominess. It induces a

359, STRAND, W.C.

Sheffield Telegraph  
Extract from.....

Date.....

Address of Journal.....

"EL CAPITAN" AT THE LYCEUM.

Mr. John Philip Sousa, who gave us the "Washington Post," has given us another taste of his musical talent in "El Capitan." This comedy has had a very successful run, both in England and America, and that it deserves this success is thoroughly understood on an acquaintance with the irresistible comedy of Mr. John A. Warden, and the very taking melodies which run right through the three acts. The first scene shows us the interior of the Viceregal Palace at Peru, and also gives us an introduction to Don Errico Medigua, who has recently been appointed Viceroy. Medigua, however, is a cautious mortal, and prefers to transact all State business through his Chamberlain, Senor Amabile Pozzo. The people resent this discourtesy and "do-nothing" policy, and when it becomes known that the insurgents are about to upset the Government, they leave Medigua and Pozzo to make what arrangements they can to pacify the malcontents. Medigua finds this a somewhat difficult task, but his inventive faculties come to his aid. He has caused to be circulated sensational rumours of the prowess of one El Capitan, who is to be the leader of the insurgents. Pozzo is tenderly left by the Viceroy to masquerade in the part he has just vacated. Medigua disguises himself in a fantastic military habiliment, which is supposed to strike terror on all beholders. He comes in with acclamation as El Capitan, and joins the insurgents, who have already forced their way into the palace. With Pozzo a prisoner, and Medigua at the head of the insurgents as El Capitan, the fun gets very boisterous in the succeeding acts. How Medigua extricates himself from a tight position, and the humorous manner in which he does it, would take too long to tell; but that he does it, and to the satisfaction of everybody, was more than once apparent last evening. Mr. John A. Warden is a most finished comedian. In addition to his eccentricities—and they are extremely numerous—he possesses a fairly good voice, and the several songs allotted to him were given in such a style that made his action and vocal abilities irresistible. He has a very heavy task all through the piece; but he performs his work with unflinching vigour right up to the end. Miss Florence Wykes makes a capital Estrelida, and her singing and acting with Medigua were features in an excellent performance. Mr. Bernard Arthur interested the part of the unfortunate Chamberlain effectively, and Mr. Lawrence Mooney, Mr. Charles Fisher, Miss Gertrude Mackenzie, and Miss Annie Dwyer were good in their respective parts. The comedy is well staged, the music is good, and altogether "El Capitan"

AMERICAN OPERA AT THE THEATRE ROYAL.

EL CAPITAN.

Mainly through the triumph of the *Belle of New York*, there is quite an invasion of the English, or rather London stage by American managers and American plays. As nearly all the reigning successes in the States, however, are of English origin and the Lyceum Company are carrying all before them we cannot complain. But still it is a pity that, despite the undoubted cleverness and ability of the dramatic profession on the other side of the Atlantic, the literature of the stage is of such poor and meagre quality—at least as far as one can judge from the examples seen in this country. And Messrs. William Archer and Clement Scott, competent judges, are not greatly impressed with the native drama which they have sampled at close quarters in the course of their visits to the States. Except for the *Heart of Maryland*, which has not been played in Manchester, nothing of note in the serious work has attracted attention since the production of *Held by the Enemy*. Belasco's *Madame Butterfly* is a minor exception. In comedy and farce the record is as impoverished, a few farcical comedies by Mrs. Ryley alone redeeming this department. Native serious opera is unknown—the repute of Wagner appears to have daunted all efforts by American composers—and light opera is in as parlous a state as in this country. Indescribable melodrama, vaudeville, and variety plays, all partaking of the nature of a go-as-you-please music-hall entertainment, appear to be the main elements of what passes as the native dramatic literature of the American stage.

*El Capitan*, a light opera, which was performed in Manchester for the first time on Monday, is a very fair sample of American work. The music is by Sousa, a composer whose "marches" have endeared him to the conductors of festivals and orders in the States, and who is known here by his "Washington Post." The opera has enjoyed considerable vogue across the water, and when it was produced in London last year achieved some success, principally through the efforts of Mr. De Wolf Hopper, an eccentric and very tall American comedian, who played the leading part, and who was assisted by an excellent English company. *El Capitan* has been presented to us this week by a touring company headed by Mr. John A. Warden, who plays Mr. Hopper's part. Whether it is the fault of the company, who certainly work hard, in not realizing the peculiar humour and atmosphere of the piece, or whether the music is at fault—it is very thin—it is certain that *El Capitan* has not been so successful as anticipated.

The story is both clumsy and flimsy; it merely serves as a vehicle for a clever comedian to show his capabilities. The dozen or so of other characters merely fill in an odd minute now and then, and there are also a couple of sentimental songs, all being intended to allow the aforesaid comedian a few minutes to take breath. For the nonce this comic man is a Viceroy of Peru, a cowardly and bibulous creature, who disguises himself as a noted insurrectionist, El Capitan by name, in order to escape from the fury of the people. El Capitan is dead, but only the Viceroy knows this, and he finds it hard to play the part of the truculent soldier, especially as public matters are complicated by matrimonial ones. In his ordinary character he has a strong-minded wife and an impressionable grown-up daughter; as El Capitan he is being forced to wed a romantic young lady, daughter of one of his chief supporters. And all the time his faithful Chamberlain, a rather repulsive and gorilla-like creature, is masquerading as the Viceroy, and suffering all manner of indignities in order, as he thinks, to save his master's life.

This suffices as the foundation of the plot, and Mr. John A. Warden, in the title-part, manages to keep the story fairly together. El Capitan is what one would call a Tom Murray character—his dialogue is made up of "asides" and more or less humorous reflections and conversations with himself, which have no particular bearing on the subject at issue. Grimaces and grotesque movements of the body also bulk largely, and it must be confessed that after a time this jerky business becomes wearisome. None of the other members of the company call for any particular mention, except that both Mr. Charles Fisher and Mr. Laurence Mooney sing nicely. There are a few catchy "airs," notably an exceedingly good duet "The Matrimonial Brigade," but the music is disappointing. On the other hand, *El Capitan* is beautifully staged and dressed, and the chorus deserve every praise for excellent work.

For Monday next Mr. Courtneidge announces a return visit of the *Two Little Vagabonds*—one of the best specimens of modern melodrama.

Extract from Leeds Mercury

22/5/00

Address of Journal.....

### LEEDS THEATRES.

#### AN AMERICAN COMIC OPERA.

It is really rather hard on the author of "El Capitan" that the piece should be everywhere described as "by John Philip Sousa, the March King." To question the fact that Mr. Sousa is a March King, or a March hare, would be waste of time, but, whatever he may be, he does not appear to have been the inventor of the plot of "El Capitan." He wrote the music, it is true, but the music does not happen to be the sole basis upon which the success of this American comic opera rests. Whoever the author, or authors, of the story may be, he or they certainly deserve a better fate than the obscurity that seems to enshroud his or their identity in this country. For, in truth, the plot of "El Capitan" is an excellent example of a real comic operatic story. It is true that the whole idea revolves absolutely around a central figure, but that personage seems to have been constructed from a veritable Gilbertian model. The result is entirely satisfactory, for fortunatel the actor who is yst present undertaking the interpretation of the remarkable eccentricities of Don Errico Medigua, alias El Capitan, is a man of the most abundant resources, and a born comedian to boot. Had he been otherwise, the fact that the opera is by John Philip Sousa would not have possibly stood it in very much stead. The story is laid in Peru, at a period when Spain was more than she is now in regard to colonial possessions. The usual insurrection takes place, and the Viceroy, Don Errico, owing to the feelings of revenge fostered by a disappointed predecessor, finds himself in a tight place. To extricate himself, he joins the insurgents' ranks in the guise of a notorious, but unknown, fire-eater, whose deeds of derring do have convulsed sections of society in other latitudes. The gentleman in question has conveniently left in search of another and better world, but Don Errico, who is a most humorous poltroon, poses as the adventurer, and his subsequent experiences furnish material for a vast amount of humorous incident that most pieces of this description are singularly devoid of. Mr. John A. Warden is a comedian as original and clever as he is resourceful. The work he has to accomplish is, in bulk alone, prodigious, and add to this the quality of Mr. Warden's acting, and you have a performance which for all-round excellence and effect is probably unequalled to-day on the English stage. Mr. Warden is practically never "off" during the course of the three acts of which "El Capitan" is composed. The opera is essentially a one-man piece, but in the case of Mr. Warden nobody was disposed to resent such a feature. At the Grand Theatre last night a large audience proved more than usually demonstrative for the metropolis of the West Riding, and Mr. Warden's reception left absolutely nothing to regret. Next to Mr. Warden, the chorus proved the most noteworthy feature of what of what is known as the Anglo-American Light Opera Company. Certainly, no better chorus for light music has been heard at the Grand for a considerable period, and Mr. Sousa's choruses are choruses with a vengeance. They would be just as effective without the presence of the brass band on the stage, which appeared to experience a certain difficulty last night in paying the strictest regard to time. Generally speaking, Mr. Sousa's music is thoroughly American, and is very vigorous throughout. There was one extremely taking duet, and the recurrence of what may be called a motif was extremely agreeable. Mr. Warden is supported by an adequate company, and "El Capitan" is well staged and effectively dressed.

Extract from.....

Date..... 30/5/00

Address of Journal.....

A gentleman from Maine has written to the Paris edition of the *New York Herald*, suggesting that on the occasion of July 4, "all Americans with their ladies" should gather on the open space in front of the Arc de Triomphe and, headed by Sousa and his band, march through the principal streets of the city. He suggests also that the gentlemen wear linen dusters and high hats, and carry canes with small American flags. If the programme is carried out Parisians will think the Anglo-Saxon is madder than ever.

Extract from Hull News

Date..... May

Address of Journal.....

### ACROSS THE FOOTLIGHTS.

#### HOW HULL AMUSES ITSELF.

##### "EL CAPITAN" AT THE GRAND.

###### ANOTHER AMERICAN INVASION.

After recent theatrical visitations "El Capitan" will doubtless come as a welcome change. Not that it is the class of production to assist in the elevation of the drama as a factor for education, but, pretending only to amuse, it can certainly claim to have fulfilled its mission.

"El Capitan" is not exactly comic opera, as we have hitherto known it (that, in spite of the play-bills); neither is it exactly musical comedy. It is one of the privileges of American compositions of this class to defy accurate description, and, though it is more suggestive of comic opera than anything else, "El Capitan" has decided features of its own.

Presumably under the principle that too many cooks spoil the broth—though "San Toy" furnishes a notable exception—only one name appears on the programme credited with any share of the authorship. Mr. John Philip Sousa is nevertheless entitled to congratulations. His music, while never very ambitious, is always tuneful. The most notable numbers are "The Matrimonial Guards" (duet), a pretty duet, opening the third act, with a delightful violin obligato, and El Capitan's drinking song—also in the third act. A special feature is to be found in the choruses, which are beautifully scored, and for the most part excellently sung.

Mr. Sousa's lyrics are smartly done, but his story is hung on a thread drawn from the flimsy musical comedy skein. It is suspended entirely round the adventures of a certain Viceroy of Peru (during Spanish possession), who to escape from

###### A BODY OF INSURGENTS,

introduces himself as a noted brigand, El Capitan, with naturally ludicrous results. The author has not troubled to entangle the skein as he might have done, and the finale is one of those inexplicable dramatic phenomena that an age of musical comedy has more or less accustomed us to. But the brightness, the vivacity, the power to please of the tout ensemble cannot be doubted.

"El Capitan" is very largely a one-man show. We tremble to think what it would be like minus the gentleman after whom it is named. Mr. John A. Warden has therefore the making or the making of the piece in his hands. He makes it. One rarely has an opportunity of witnessing a more original or more strikingly humorous conception. His mannerisms are delicately, deliciously, unostentatiously funny. He has a pretty way of choking words half said, and a most wonderful inventive faculty for proverbs. He works like a Trojan, and his singing, no less than his acting, is very well done.

Mr. Lawrence Mooney and Mr. Charles Fisher in particular sing well the numbers allotted to them. Mr. Bernard Arthur, on the contrary, rather palls on one, by reason of his piping voice and attitude of absurdity minus humour. Miss Florence Wykes is a pretty and vivacious Estrelida, and both Miss Gertrude Mackenzie and Miss Annie Dwelley act and sing with taste and expression.

"El Capitan" is dressed and staged in the most lavish and handsome manner. All three acts are rich in colour effect. The setting of the scene in Act II. is in particular most beautiful and realistic.

The orchestra is ably conducted by Mr. J. A. Robertson.

Extract from Manchester

Address of Journal.....

### THE THEATRES.

#### "EL CAPITAN" AT THE THEATRE ROYAL.

Don Errico Medigua (recently appointed Viceroy of Peru)  
 Mr. John A. Warden  
 Senor Amabile Pozzo (Chamberlain, &c.)..... Mr. Bernard Arthur  
 Don Luiz Cazarro (ex-Viceroy)..... Mr. Lawrence Mooney  
 Count Herando Verrada (a Peruvian Gentleman)..... Mr. Charles Fisher  
 Scarambo (an Insurgent)..... Mr. F. Maxwell Stewart  
 Montalbo (Insurgent's Companion)..... Mr. Webster Parte  
 Nevada (Insurgent's Companion)..... Mr. Dixon Blackburn  
 General Herbana (Commander of the Spanish Forces)..... Mr. R. Martin  
 Isabel (Medigua's Daughter)..... Miss Gertrude Mackenzie  
 Princess Marghanza (Medigua's Wife)..... Miss Annie Dwelley  
 Tacturnez..... Miss Mollie Robertson  
 Estrelida (Cazarro's Daughter)..... Miss Florence Wykes

There is a certain suggestion of Spanish romance in the story of "El Capitan"—a story concerned with one Don Errico Medigua, an eccentric and bibulous gentleman supposed to have been appointed Viceroy of Peru sometime during the period of Spanish rule. "El Capitan," a leader of insurgents and a tremendous fire-cater, goes out in the same ship with Don Medigua. After being the winner in many fights, he comes to grief during the voyage, meeting his death in a brawl. Don Medigua is not sorry that a person so likely to cause him trouble should be thus disposed of. He throws the body overboard and says nothing about the affair. On arriving in Peru he is too astute to let the insurgents know the death of their leader. He spreads marvellous reports, letting it be supposed that "El Capitan" has returned to Peru and will soon appear among his old followers. In the course of time the insurgents begin to give trouble, and Don Medigua reaps the benefit of his foresight. He personates "El Capitan," arguing that if the insurgents win he can remain in power as their leader, if the Spaniards win he can throw off his disguise. The merit of the story is obvious, but very little of its fine, racy flavour is preserved in the opera. Most of the fun depends on the endeavours of the nervous, weedy, and clumsy Medigua to cut a soldierly figure. This part is played by Mr. John Warden in a way that certainly seems to afford continuous amusement, though his study of jumpy and jerky nervous disorder is somewhat repulsive. A typical scene is that in which the supposed "Capitan," deserted by his followers, drowns his cares in such drink as he can obtain, and, troling snatches of song in a stertorous voice, gradually falls asleep. In the figure of Pozzo the chamberlain the repulsive element predominates entirely over the comic. Pozzo is like one of the late Aubrey Beardsley's dwarfs. His grimacing and squeaking attain to an extraordinary intensity of hideousness. Mr. Lawrence Mooney, as Cazarro, an ex-Viceroy who has joined the insurgents, gives us a typical stage brigand with a fair baritone voice. Cazarro's daughter Estrelida, who has fallen in love with "El Capitan" on the strength of his reputation, is played with abundant vivacity by Miss Florence Wykes. The principal function in the opera of Count Verrada is to sing a love

duet with the heroine at the opening of the third act. This Mr. Charles Fisher did with a tenor voice much affected by *vibrato*. In Miss Gertrude Mackenzie the heroine had a charming and very fairly tuneful representative. As her step-mother—Medigua's second wife—Miss Dwelley sang sufficiently well. The rest of the company, which is from the Lyric Theatre in London, is efficient. Of the music there is not much to be said. It is by Mr. Sousa, of "Washington Post" fame, whose principal gift is a kind of devil-may-care rhythm. On more than one occasion an extra band of cornets, bombardons, and slide-trombones is brought on to the stage, and one of those marches for which the composer is famous is blared and brayed forth with an imposing array of shining brass. In the choral scenes there is plenty of warmth, colour, and movement. It is not to be denied that "El Capitan" in his plumed helmet makes an effective caricature figure, but the opera as a whole is liable to leave a regret that the preposterous but highly effective story should not have been treated by someone who cared more for genuine characterisation.

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15-5

Extract from Pall Mall Gazette  
Date 14 May 1900

Extract from May 10 1900  
Address of Journal .....

**LYCEUM** (Proprietors, the Sheffield Lyceum Theatre Co., Limited; Managing Director, Mr. John Hart; Acting-Manager, Mr. T. Hopcutt).—This week we have the first visit of the Anglo-American Light Opera Co., with *El Capitan*. The performance throughout is extremely good; the piece is irresistibly funny, and the music is bright and very taking. Mr. John A. Warden as Don Enrico Medigna is the life of the representation. His energy never flags, and his eccentric and droll acting and singing keep the audience in a state of continual laughter. Miss Florence Wykes is a lively and vivacious Estrella, singing and acting most successfully. Miss Gertrude Mackenzie sings charmingly as Isabel. Others in an excellent cast are Mr. Bernard Arthur (Señor Amabile Pozzo), Mr. Laurence Mooney (Don Luiz Cazayo), Mr. Charles Fisher (Count Herando Verrado), Mr. F. Maxwell Stewart (Scarambo), and Miss Annie Dwelley (Princess Marghanza). The piece is tastefully staged, and the band and chorus are well up to the mark, under the direction of Mr. J. A. Robertson.

**ALEXANDRA** (Lessee, the Sheffield Alexandra Theatre Co., Limited; Managing Director, Mr. William Forsdike; Acting-Manager, Mr. F. R. Mason).—The attraction here is the old favourite, *Hoosier Boy*, which is capably played by an admirable Co., and which had a warm welcome from a large house on Monday.

Extract from .....  
Date 12-5  
Address of Journal .....

**LYCEUM THEATRE.**—Managing-Director, Mr. John Hart; Acting-Manager and Treasurer, Mr. T. Hopcutt.—On Monday the successful American comic opera *El Capitan* was performed for the first time in Sheffield by the Anglo-American Opera Company, under the direction of Mr. John A. Warden. There was a large audience, and the opera, with its gorgeous scenery and dresses, excellent chorus, and effective spectacular grouping, was received with enthusiastic applause. Mr. John A. Warden was the life and soul of the piece from a humorous point of view, and his impersonation of the supposed swash-buckler known as El Capitan was full of dry and unforced burlesque drollery. His songs, too, were cleverly sung. Miss Florence Wykes made a smart, winsome, and vivacious Estrella. Miss Annie Dwelley was a handsome and dignified Princess; Miss Gertrude Mackenzie received well-merited applause for her fine vocal efforts, and she looked superb in her beautiful costumes; Miss Mollie Robertson was funny in the rather thankless rôle of Donna Taciturnez; Mr. Bernard Arthur caused laughter as Pozzo; Mr. Chas. Fisher sang and acted effectively as Count Hernado; Mr. Lawrence Mooney was good as Don Luiz, and the other characters were all well played.

Extract from Evening News  
May 14  
Address of Journal .....

Mr. Sousa, the American conductor (says a Paris correspondent), receives more letters from ladies in Parisian society than a leading beauty would do from the jeunesse dorée, and he is worried to extinction by the photographers, who crowd round him when he conducts in order to catch him in some of his most characteristic positions. Sousa conducts like no other conductor whom I have ever seen. He moves arms, head, fingers, and, if we could but see them, probably toes as well, and picks up or smashes down the melody in a manner which makes one feel as though he were actually playing every instrument in the orchestra himself.

## THE PARIS EXHIBITION.

THE FASHIONABLE PASTIME OF THE MOMENT.

[FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.]

PARIS, Sunday. — Inaugurations are the fashionable pastime of the hour. Almost every day there are one or more opening ceremonies at the Exhibition, and they are attended with scrupulous regularity by a rather motley crowd composed of Society people, journalists, and a varied assortment of distinguished foreigners. The most fashionable of these functions are those of which the Rue des Nations is the scene. In the jargon of the boulevards, "Il est du dernier smart de five-o'clocker rue des Nations." "Five-o'clocker" consists in this particular case in struggling to wriggle your way over a building filled throughout with a compact mass of humanity. The precise charm of this occupation is only comprehensive to the initiated.

One of the most successful of these crushes was that of yesterday afternoon at the American Pavilion. A famous American band is in Paris for a few weeks, and the music it discoursed was listened to by an enormous crowd that occupied every available inch of space within hearing. It is a common complaint that so far there is too little music at the Exhibition. Many of the cafés and restaurants boast more or less scratch bands, and the crowd of listeners they attract should convince the authorities of the advisability of complying with the popular desire that the military bands which play in the Luxembourg and other public gardens should be heard in the Exhibition grounds. But to return to the American Pavilion. It is distinguished from all the other National Pavilions by the fact that it contains nothing in the nature of an exhibit. As a French journalist, who drops into English in honour of the occasion, explains: "The United States Pavilion is devoted and designed with the comforts American in view. It sembles nothing so much comfortable as American-Club-House." The meaning of this is that Americans will find at their pavilion a post-office, reading, smoking, reception, and ladies' rooms, two lifts, and if they are as fortunate as the French journalist "a bottle of cocktail *de derrière les fagots!*" This last touch is worthy of the "cocktail sans cocktail" which Frenchmen not infrequently demand of Parisian barmen—in the belief that "cocktail" is a sort of bitters.

### THE SINS OR GRIEVANCES OF THE EXHIBITORS.

The extreme limit fixed by the Exhibition management in a recent ukase for the completion of the private exhibitions expired last night. This measure has aroused vehement protests. If it is strictly enforced—a highly problematical contingency—large portions of the Exhibition will remain a howling wilderness till its close, and the authorities will have to run the gauntlet of innumerable actions for damages. The exhibitors complain that if they are not ready, it is less their own fault than that of the management. And the exhibitors have, at least, a show of reason on their side. Not even M. Millerand will affirm to-day that the buildings it was declared would be finished by April 14 were, in fact, completed at that day. In reality, there are buildings that are still unfinished even now. However, in spite of the sins or grievances of the exhibitors and some very pretty official muddling, the daily tale of visitors steadily increases.

Journal The Era  
May 26

Journal .....

### AMUSEMENTS IN LEEDS.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

**GRAND THEATRE.**—Managing-Director, Mr. John Hart; General and Stage-Manager, Mr. Fredk. Vincent.—Mr. J. P. Sousa's (of "Washington Post" fame) opera *El Capitan* made a successful first appearance in Leeds on Monday before a good house. A good company, powerful chorus, and pretty costumes, with plenty of topical and patriotic songs, make the performance a bright and amusing one. Mr. John A. Warden plays the part of Don Enrico Medigna in good style. Miss Florence Wykes as Estrella is another notable success. Miss Annie Dwelley makes a commanding Princess, and Miss Gertrude Mackenzie is good as Isabel. Miss Mollie Robertson is a humorous Taciturnez, and Mr. Bernard Arthur was well placed as Señor Ambill. ..

Journal : L'ECHO DE PARIS  
Date : 5 MAI 1900  
Adresse : 2, RUE TAITBOU, 2

**Une musique américaine à Paris**  
M. John-Philip Sousa, à la tête d'une musique militaire américaine, arrivera ce matin à Paris. Il donnera, à partir du 5 mai, plusieurs séries de concerts à l'esplanade des Invalides et au Champ-de-Mars. Le 4 juillet, la musique prendra part aux fêtes qui seront données pour l'inauguration du monument de Lafayette dans les jardins du Louvre.

Extract from Empire  
 Date 20.5  
 Address of Journal Manchester

If "El Capitan" had no other merit it would deserve respectful consideration as being a welcome change from musical comedy. But its music, which is by Sousa of "Washington Post" fame, is singularly tuneful, and long before the opera was heard at the Theatre Royal, Manchester, for the first time last Monday, two at least of its tunes were, to the errand boys of Cottonopolis, familiar in their mouths as household whistles.

The opera recalls the hock-and-seltzer days of "La Perichole," "Timbale d'Argent," and "La Fille du Tambour Major," rather than the champagne times of "Orphée aux Enfers," "La Belle Hélène," and "La Grande Duchesse." It bubbles now and again: it doesn't sparkle continuously.

In point of fact, the great bulk of the fun is supplied by El Capitan himself. He is the head and front of the whole pretending, so to speak.

Those who had the pleasure of seeing the American comedian, De Wolf Hopper, in the part in London will not readily forget his peculiar methods of fun and drollery. His ready wit and humour were never lacking, and the performance of the Spanish Viceroy of Peru, who out of sheer cowardice masquerades as a desperate insurgent nicknamed El Capitan, was, if not a thing of beauty, unquestionably a joy for an entire evening.

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On the present occasion the part is played, and very cleverly and amusingly played, by John A. Warden. Mr. De Wolf Hopper's extraordinary height formed no inconsiderable factor in his success, no doubt, and these additional inches of fun are denied by Nature to Mr. Warden. But if he isn't quite 6 feet 4 of merriment, he is a good 5 feet 10 of real mirthfulness, and when you come to size it up, that's really very good value for your money.

Look what diminutive comedians you have to be content with at times!

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The heroine Estrella is brightly played by Florence Wykes, and the Viceroy's haughty wife and daughter are effectively enacted by Annie Dwelley and Gertrude Mackenzie. To these ladies falls a good deal of vocalism, which is very well rendered, as they say in Chicago lard factories.

Charles Fisher as a tenor lover, and F. Maxwell Stewart as a bass insurgent, give excellent accounts of themselves, and a large and well-trained chorus add the requisite sweetness and light, as one might express it.

On Monday, "The Two Little Vagabonds" will form the programme.

Journal: Le Petit Rouennais  
 Date: 5 MAI 1900  
 Adresse: ROUEN  
 Signé:

**La musique militaire américaine**

La musique militaire américaine est arrivée, hier, à la gare Saint-Lazare, par le Havre. Elle se compose de soixante musiciens, choisis parmi les meilleurs instrumentistes des Etats-Unis, et qui ont cette musique une copie de notre musique de la garde républicaine.

L'uniforme du musicien américain est bleu foncé. Des arabesques noires sont appliquées sur le dolman. La casquette est la même casquette plate commune aux soldats des Etats-Unis, avec ce mot: «Sousa» en lettres d'or, au-dessus de la visière.

L'écusson aux couleurs américaines est brodé sur le col du dolman ainsi que sur la casquette.

La musique militaire jouera pour la première fois, aujourd'hui samedi, à l'inauguration du palais des Etats-Unis.

tract from Dly News  
 to 16  
 Address of Journal

**THE WORLD'S SHOW.**

**UNDER THE STARS AND STRIPES.**

**OPENING OF THE U.S. PAVILION.**

**THE NORWEGIAN AND MONACO SECTIONS.**

**INTERESTING SHOWS.**

(FROM OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.)

PARIS, Tuesday Night.

Gayest and liveliest of all the scenes yet witnessed in the Street of Nations was the opening of the Palace of the United States by the American Chief Commissioner, Mr. Peck, and M. Picard, Commissioner-General of the World's Show. For four hours, from half-past two o'clock, a continuous stream of people poured through the building, and

overflowed in spaces crowded with the Stars and Stripes. Along the fronts of the galleries, and at short intervals, are placed small shields bearing the name of every state and territory in the Union, and every one of them is adorned with the Stars and Stripes. This omnipresent emblem, together with the French tricolour, made a brilliant display in the summer sunlight, when the American Commissioner, with M. Picard, entered the Palace. Both, it need hardly be said, were loudly cheered by the crowds within and without. In honour of France their approach was announced by the strains of the "Marseillaise," performed by Mr. Sousa's magnificent band, which was stationed outside. This body of musicians has come specially from the States to perform at the Exhibition. Later in the year it is going to make the tour of Europe, and to teach the Maestros of the Old World a thing or two. You should try to induce the Sousa Band to perform in London.

I need not dwell upon the American Commissioner's short speech, or Monsieur Picard's short reply. The gist of the first-named was contained in the figurative expression to which I have alluded in the beginning of this letter, and it might also serve as the text of M. Picard's reply. Both speakers regarded the Exhibition not only as the show of the world's industry, but also, and even more, as the visible, tangible expression at the century's end of aspiration for the world's peace, and for the brotherhood of mankind.

This week's programme is an intimation urbi et orbi that the time of waiting is over. In the Street of the Nations two palaces, besides that of the United States, have just been opened. These were Norway's, and—only think of it—gambling little Monaco's. Norway combines in a really remarkable manner the ornamental with the useful. In the Norwegian Palace is a superb exhibition of furs by the Messrs. Bruun, of Trendhjem, the only exhibitors of this class in the building. Lady visitors, in particular, will be fascinated by these luxurious and splendid spoils from the lands of snow. A good idea of Arctic life and scenery is imparted by the paintings of land and sea, and by the models of bird-haunted, ice-clad sea cliffs. The Norwegian Palace is, for the most part, a museum of Arctic zoology and ichthyology. I admired the deft manner in which fishing nets, suspended from the ceiling and between the pillars, were employed as decorative drapery. Our hyperborean relatives have gone to their common-place, every-day life for themes in decoration. I respected them none the less for that. "One think," I said to myself, as I passed into the Palace of Monaco, and mused among its palms and parterres of flowers—"only think if the Monaco people had followed the Scandinavian example, and taken their ornamental subjects from the peculiar industry whereupon rest their Lilliputian State's wealth and notoriety. In that case you would see among those lovely avenues of Monte Carlo the bank's servants' cautiously peering about for the bodies of ruined gamblers who had hanged themselves overnight, and the frieze of the palace would be decorated with figures bending over roulette tables, or tearing their hair, or clutching piles of coins. Judging from what I have seen here there would be no difficulty in finding some Phidias of Monaco who could rise to the job.

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Extract from *Mupire*

Date *20.5*

Address of Journal *Manchester*

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tract from *Dly News*

Date *16*

Address of Journal

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The Palaces on the Quai d'Orsay, each built in some style characteristic of the state it represents, are merely the visible ceremonial symbols of their respective Governments' interest and participation in the Universal Exhibition, and are intended for official receptions and as places of call and information and communication for all who care to make use of them. Surmounted by its lofty white dome, the Palace of the United States consists of a large square block, divided into basement, area, and three galleries. The area, an undivided space open to the dome above, is surrounded by an arcade which is divided into comfortably furnished recesses that are to serve as offices and reception rooms. Each of the three arcaded galleries that rise perpendicularly over the inner boundary of the arena is divided in the above manner, and for the like purpose. In one of the recesses is a short series of pictures of portraits of red Indian chiefs, all in their feathers and wampum belts. They might have dropped out of Fenimore Cooper's books to array themselves in those brilliant hues. There surely is Chingagook, that romantic red man who enchanted the days of our youth. In a recess down below is the hawk-nosed, hawk-eyed portrait of President McKinley. The painting is perhaps a little more hawkish than the President's marble bust on the other side of the arena.

There is another bust which would on the instant arrest the attention even of anyone who had that been possible—had never heard its original's name. Observe the half-dreamy, yet strangely observant, expression of the eyes, and the stamp of shrewdness, kindness, and humour, especially the humour, on the strong, rugged face. The reader surmises at once that this is the bust of Lincoln, of Old Abe, the unique typical American in the roll of Presidents, Lincoln's name is the most illustrious save one—and that is the name of Washington, whose equestrian statue in front of the Palace, and overlooking the Seine, is the principal work of art in this building. Washington's name stands at the head of the Presidential list, which, ending with Mr. McKinley's, is distributed over the uppermost spaces of the four walls below the spring of the dome.

The ceiling of the dome is, of course, painted. You would, perhaps, expect to see there a group of allegorical figures, an eagle, a classical young lady posing as Liberty, a picture of the Pilgrim Fathers, while the rude Atlantic played pitch and toss with their immortal cranky little tub of a ship. But that is not Uncle Sam's way. Uncle Sam made up his mind to be original, so what has he done? He has adorned the ceiling of that whip Creation dome of his with a single huge picture of the Stars and Stripes twisting and flapping in the wind. A most effective painting is that of the Stars and Stripes. I would have liked to have seen somewhere in this building a memorial of the first American flag. The first flag had, I believe, for its emblem a tree and a rattlesnake. Some historians have attributed to Paul Jones the honour of the invention, but it also appears that Paul Jones, for the sound of whose guns in the Firth of Forth Walter Scott listened when a small boy, claimed the distinction of having been the first to run up the new flag the Stars and Stripes on board a Yankee man-of-war. How many millions would an American Cæsar not give for that first flag? The fact that the Stars and Stripes has been used as sole decoration of the Dome on the Quai D'Orsay is a striking revelation of the American reverence for the national emblem. If he could buy St. Paul's, and fix up the Cathedral somewhere in New York, he would paint the ceiling of its dome with the Stars and Stripes.

In the arena and galleries of the Palace in the Street of the Nations there are about sixty openings or bays formed by the pillars, and every one of them is adorned with the Stars and Stripes. Along the fronts of the galleries, and at short intervals, are placed small shields bearing the name of every state and territory in the Union, and every one of them is adorned with the Stars and Stripes. This omnipresent emblem, together with the French tricolour, made a brilliant display in the summer sunlight, when the American Commissioner, with M. Picard, entered the Palace. Both, it need hardly

The first concert of the Sousa Band was given in front of the Grand Palace of Beaux Arts yesterday afternoon, with the following programme: Star Spangled Banner, Marseillaise, Overture "William Tell" (Rossini), Melodies from the "Bride Elect" (Sousa), cornet solo "The Bride of the Waves" (Clarke), Excerpts from "Lohengrin" (Wagner), Valse "Ball Scenes" (Czibulka), "Narcissus" from "Water Scenes" (Nevin), March "The Stars and Stripes Forever" (Sousa), "Tarentella del Belphegor" (Albert), "Songs of the North and South" (Bendix). There was a large and fashionable audience, which included many Americans, and all the items of the programme were well received, several being encored. Mr. Sousa was deeply gratified by the reception accorded him and his band at their first concert in Paris, and more especially by the fact that several Garde Republicaine bandsmen who were present came forward and congratulated him. The second concert will be given this afternoon at half-past three o'clock on the band stand in front of the Mines and Metallurgy building in the Champ de Mars. The following is the programme: Overture, "Tannhauser" (Wagner); Gems from "The Belle of New York" (Kerker); trombone solo, "Love Thoughts" (Pryor), Mr. Arthur Pryor; "Slavonic Dance," No. 2. (Dvorak); "Hungarian Dance," No. 6 (Brahms); Scenes from "Faust" (Gounod); Caprice, "The Boston Belle" (Godfrey); March, "Hands Across the Sea" (Sousa); Songs and Dances of the American Minstrels (Chambers).

LA "SOUSA-BANDE"

La « Sousa-Bande », musique des Etats-Unis qui vient d'arriver à Paris, s'est fait entendre hier après-midi de trois heures et demie à cinq heures, au cours la Reine, devant le grand Palais des Beaux-Arts. Malgré l'ardeur des rayons solaires, un public nombreux a applaudi les excellents musiciens, qui se feront de nouveau entendre samedi prochain, à l'inauguration du pavillon des Etats-Unis.

PRIF : 0 fr. 30 par

La musique américaine « Sous »

Cette musique, venue tout exprès de New-York, donnera une série de concerts en plein air, du 5 mai au 15 mai, dans les kiosques du Champ de Mars et des Invalides. Au mois de juillet prochain, cette musique se fera entendre de nouveau, dans les mêmes conditions, pendant une nouvelle période de quinze jours. La date de l'inauguration du pavillon des

Etats-Unis n'est pas encore définitivement arrêtée.

Le 8 mai, ouverture du pavillon de l'Espagne; la fête, qui devait être donnée le 17 mai pour le jour anniversaire de la naissance du roi d'Espagne, n'aura, paraît-il, pas lieu à l'intérieur de l'Exposition.

M. Vercurysse, sénateur, commissaire général pour la Belgique, organise, pour le 10 mai, une réception qui coïncidera avec l'ouverture des portes du pavillon de la Belgique.

L'Anachorète

Les artistes de sa troupe sont payés cinquante dollars, c'est-à-dire deux cent cinquante francs par semaine. Voilà, on en conviendra, un bon métier, quand on songe que dans nos théâtres les meilleurs musiciens touchent au maximum sept francs cinquante par soirée.

Les artistes de la « Sousa » sont néanmoins descendus dans un modeste hôtel de l'avenue Rapp, hôtel qui porte le nom pompeux d'Hôtel Franco-Américain. Ils veulent faire des économies, disent-ils, pour rapporter la forte somme dans leur home. Ils sont presque tous mariés et dans une situation déjà aisée.

L'uniforme noir qu'ils portent est assez coquet. Sur le dolman se dessinent des arabesques du même ton. Leurs casquettes sont plates et portent le mot « Sousa » en lettres d'or ainsi qu'un écusson aux couleurs des Etats-Unis reproduit de la même façon sur le col de leur dolman.

Comme ils doivent assister, aujourd'hui samedi, à l'inauguration du palais des Etats-Unis, qui se trouve sur le quai d'Orsay, non loin du pont de l'Alma, nous avons tenu à aller présenter nos compliments à M. Sousa.

L'éminent artiste nous reçoit avec un sourire des plus aimables; malheureusement il sait à peine parler français et nous devons lui baragouiner nos demandes en un anglais de convention. Nous parvenons cependant à nous entendre à peu près. M. Sousa n'est pas modeste car, quand je lui demande si sa musique est aussi bonne que celle de notre

garde républicaine, il a un regard courroucé, derrière son binocle, lève les bras au ciel, et retrouvant quelques mots français, il nous réplique :

— Notre musique, il est beaucoup supérieure à votre garde! Goddam!

Nous ne pouvons nous défendre d'un geste d'étonnement.

Mais bah; voilà une réponse très américaine. Et aux Etats-Unis, ces sortes de déclarations n'ont point le caractère d'une sentence. M. Sousa consent à nous faire connaître le programme du concert qu'il donnera aujourd'hui au pavillon des Etats-Unis. Le voici :

- 1. Overture William Tell, Rossini.
2. Melodies from The Bord Elect, Sousa.
3. Cornet solo The Bride of the Waves, Clarke, par Herbert L. Clarke.
4. Excerpts from Lohengrin, Wagner.
5. Valse Ball Scenes, Czibulka.
6. a.) Narcissus from Water Scenes, Nevin.
b.) March The Stars and stripes Forever, Sousa.

7. Tarantella del Belphegor, Albert.
8. Songs of the North and South, Bendix.

— Nous aurons une grosse succès! a joué notre interlocuteur.

M. Sousa nous déclare qu'on l'acclame partout. Il est donc certain, à Paris, où l'on est connaisseur, qu'on comprendra le caractère original des sons que produisent la réunion de 40 bois et de 20 cuivres. Les clarinettes seules, sont au nombre de vingt. Les instruments se divisent en quatre flûtes, deux hautbois, trois bassons, cinq saxophones, quatre cornets à pistons, quatre trombones, quatre basses et une batterie.

Au résumé, M. Sousa est très satisfait d'être entendu en France. Il nous apprend qu'avant vers le milieu du mois courant, il est engagé pour donner un grand concert au théâtre l'Alhambra, à Bruxelles. Le prince Albert, qui est paraît-il un mélomane distingué, assistera à cette cérémonie musicale.

La « Sousa » se rendra ensuite à Berlin où elle doit se faire entendre à partir du 20 mai au nouveau théâtre Royal, puis reviendra charmer les visiteurs de notre Exposition.

Sur un bon shake-hand de M. Sousa, nous nous sommes retiré en lui promettant d'aller l'applaudir cet après-midi.

Tout Paris sera là! ALBERT CELLARIUS

L'EXPOSITION

Sousa and his band

M. Sousa et sa compagnie ont joué hier à l'Esplanade des Invalides.

Une foule considérable écoutait et a applaudi ces excellents musiciens. Beaucoup d'Américains et d'Américaines, bien entendu; mais aussi quelques personnages officiels français. Ainsi nous avons aperçu M. Charin, qui n'a jamais le temps de recevoir les ombres de la presse, mais qui trouve moyen de venir écouter les « Scènes pittoresques » de Massenet.

Elles ont été jouées d'ailleurs dans la portion.

M. Sousa, lorsqu'il conduit de la musique militaire, ressemble à n'importe quel chef d'orchestre. Il est plus curieux à observer lorsqu'il dirige un morceau national.

Il a joué hier, en supplément, le Chant durapeau. A la reprise finale du motif principal, les cornets, les trombones se lèvent et se présentent face au public, tandis que les deux policemen, en haut de l'escalier et face au public également, agitent chacun le drapeau étoilé qu'ils ont tenu jusque-là serré contre la hampe.

Et tandis que les cuivres sonnent, toute assistance debout, les hommes brandissant leurs chapeaux, les femmes applaudissant, crie des hi, ho! prolongés et perçants.

Mais ça, c'était le final. Dans le cours de l'exécution, il fallait voir M. Sousa scander avec sa baguette semblable à

un fouet vers le sol, les batteries de grosse caisse; rythmer des dégringolades de gammes chromatiques, du bout de la baguette, au-dessus de sa tête jusqu'à son pupitre; ou bien, à demi renversé en arrière, la tête inclinée à gauche, de ses deux bras ouverts mener par légères secousses, des traits courts de flûtes et de clarinettes capricieuses.

D'autres fois, on dirait qu'il va danser une valse aérienne, d'autres fois qu'il va défoncer le plancher. Mais tout cela est fait avec mesure, tout cela est gracieux. Et puis, surtout, c'est carré, net. Pas de bafouillage et une excellente sonorité.

M. Sousa et sa compagnie auront du succès. Hier déjà des femmes, à la fin du concert, des femmes lui ont jeté de gros bouquets de violettes.

Les policemen, roulant leur drapeau, seraient tout heureux.

A. D.

Petites nouvelles

Voici le programme des morceaux qu'exécuteront aujourd'hui, à trois heures et demie, à l'Esplanade des Invalides, « Sousa and his band » :

Le Carnaval Romain, ouverture (Berlioz). — Première rhapsodie hongroise (Liszt). — Manon, finale du 3e acte (Puccini). — Solo de cornet, par Herbert L. Clarke (Lévy). — La Cigale, scène (Audran). — Whisping leaves, idylle (Lévy). — The Liberty Bell, marche (Sousa). — The East Charge, épisode militaire (Luder)

The first concert of the Sousa Band was given in front of the Grand Palace of Beaux Arts yesterday afternoon, with the following programme: Star Spangled Banner, Marseillaise, Overture "William Tell" (Rossini), Melodies from the "Bride Elect" (Sousa), cornet solo "The Bride of the Waves" (Clarke), Excerpts from "Lohengrin" (Wagner), Valse "Ball Scenes" (Czibulka), "Narcissus" from "Water Scenes" (Nevin), March "The Stars and Stripes Forever" (Sousa), "Tarentelladel Belphegor" (Albert), "Songs of the North and South" (Bendix). There was a large and fashionable audience, which included many Americans, and all the items of the programme were well received, several being encored. Mr. Sousa was deeply gratified by the reception accorded him and his band at their first concert in Paris, and more especially by the fact that several Garde Republicaine bandsmen who were present came forward and congratulated him. The second concert will be given this afternoon at half-past three o'clock on the band stand in front of the Mines and Metallurgy building in the Champ de Mars. The following is the programme: Overture, "Tannhauser" (Wagner); Gems from "The Belle of New York" (Kerker); trombone solo, "Love Thoughts" (Pryor), Mr. Arthur Pryor; "Slavonic Dance," No. 6 (Dvorak); "Hungarian Dance," No. 6 (Brahms); Scenes from "Faust" (Gounod); Caprice, "The Boston Belle" (Godfrey); March, "Hands Across the Sea" (Sousa); Songs and Dances of the American Minstrels (Chambers).

LA "SOUSA-BANDE"

La « Sousa-Bande », musique des Etats-Unis qui vient d'arriver à Paris, s'est fait entendre hier après-midi de trois heures et demie à cinq heures, au cours la Reine, devant le grand Palais des Beaux-Arts. Malgré l'ardeur des rayons solaires, un public nombreux a applaudi les excellents musiciens, qui se feront de nouveau entendre samedi prochain, à l'inauguration du pavillon des Etats-Unis.

PRIF : 0 fr. 30 par...

La musique américaine « Sous »

Cette musique, venue tout exprès de New-York, donnera une série de concerts en plein air, du 5 mai au 15 mai, dans les kiosques du Champ de Mars et des Invalides. Au mois de juillet prochain, cette musique se fera entendre de nouveau, dans les mêmes conditions, pendant une nouvelle période de quinze jours. La date de l'inauguration du pavillon des

Etats-Unis n'est pas encore définitivement arrêtée.

Le 8 mai, ouverture du pavillon de l'Espagne; la fête, qui devait être donnée le 17 mai pour le jour anniversaire de la naissance du roi d'Espagne, n'aura, paraît-il, pas lieu à l'intérieur de l'Exposition. M. Vercurysse, sénateur, commissaire général pour la Belgique, organise, pour le 10 mai, une réception qui coïncidera avec l'ouverture des portes du pavillon de la Belgique.

L'Orchestre Sousa à Paris

Les Américains, tenant, une fois de plus, à témoigner à la France leur vive sympathie, viennent de lui envoyer leur orchestre le plus populaire.

Cet orchestre — le titre de fanfare ne lui conviendrait-il pas mieux? — est arrivé, avant-hier soir, à la gare Saint-Lazare, venant de New-York. La fanfare en question s'appelle la « Sousa », du nom de son fondateur, qui est le musicien le plus estimé du monde artistique de l'Amérique du Nord. M. Sousa fut, jadis, chef de la Musique militaire des cinq Présidents de la République des Etats-Unis: MM. Hayes, Garfield, Arthur, Cleveland et Harrison. Il garda douze ans ces fonctions et se retira ensuite pour se consacrer entièrement à la création d'un orchestre harmonique qu'il voulut le plus accompli de l'univers entier. Il a réussi, en Amérique, à réunir une soixantaine d'exécutants de première force. Pour donner un idée de ce que gagne M. Sousa avec ses concerts, disons (de suite, que les meilleurs artistes de sa troupe sont payés cinquante dollars, c'est-à-dire deux cent cinquante francs par semaine. Voilà, on en conviendra, un bon métier, quand on songe que dans nos théâtres les meilleurs musiciens touchent au maximum sept francs cinquante par soirée.

Les artistes de la « Sousa » sont néanmoins descendus dans un modeste hôtel de l'avenue Rapp, hôtel qui porte le nom pompeux d'Hôtel Franco-Américain. Ils veulent faire des économies, disent-ils, pour rapporter la forte somme dans leur home. Ils sont presque tous mariés et dans une situation déjà aisée.

L'uniforme noir qu'ils portent est assez coquet. Sur le dolman se dessinent des arabesques du même ton. Leurs casquettes sont plates et portent le mot « Sousa » en lettres d'or ainsi qu'un écusson aux couleurs des Etats-Unis reproduit de la même façon sur le col de leur dolman.

Comme ils doivent assister, aujourd'hui samedi, à l'inauguration du palais des Etats-Unis, qui se trouve sur le quai d'Orsay, non loin du pont de l'Alma, nous avons tenu à aller présenter nos compliments à M. Sousa.

L'éminent artiste nous reçoit avec un sourire des plus aimables; malheureusement, il sait à peine quelques français et nous devons lui baragouiner nos demandes en un anglais de convention. Nous parvenons cependant à nous entendre à peu près. M. Sousa n'est pas modeste car, quand je lui demande si sa musique est aussi bonne que celle de notre

garde républicaine, il a un regard courroucé, derrière son binocle, lève les bras au ciel, et retrouvant quelques mots français, il nous réplique :

— Notre miousique, il est beaucoup supérieure à votre garde! Goddam!

Nous ne pouvons nous défendre d'un geste d'étonnement à cette réponse.

Mais bah; voilà une réponse très américaine. Et aux Etats-Unis, ces sortes de déclarations n'ont point le caractère d'une sentence. M. Sousa consent à nous faire connaître le programme du concert qu'il donnera aujourd'hui au pavillon des Etats-Unis. Le voici :

- 1. Overture William Tell, Rossini.
2. Melodies from The Bord Elect, Sousa.
3. Cornet solo The Bride of the Waves, Clarke, par Herbert L. Clarke.
4. Excerpts from Lohengrin, Wagner.
5. Valse Ball Scenes, Czibulka.
6. a.) Narcissus from Walter Scenes, Nevin.
b.) March The Stars and stripes Forever, Sousa.

Sur un bon signal, nous sommes...

Tout Paris... CELLARIUS

L'EXPOSITION

Sousa and his band

Sousa et sa compagnie ont joué hier à l'Exposition des Invalides. Une foule considérable écoutait et a applaudi ces excellents musiciens. Beaucoup d'Américains et d'Américaines, bien entendu; aussi quelques personnages officiels. Ainsi nous avons aperçu M. Charqui qui n'a jamais le temps de recevoir les lettres de la presse, mais qui trouve le temps de venir écouter les « Scènes pittoresques » de Massenet. Elles ont été jouées d'ailleurs dans la perfection.

M. Sousa, lorsqu'il conduit de la musique militaire, ressemble à n'importe quel chef d'orchestre. Il est plus curieux à observer lorsqu'il dirige un morceau national.

Il a joué hier, en supplément, le Chant du Drapeau. A la reprise finale du motif principal, les cornets, les trombones se lèvent et se mettent face au public, tandis que les deux premiers, en haut de l'escalier et face au public également, agitent chacun le drapeau étoilé qu'ils ont tenu jusque-là serré contre la hampe.

Tandis que les cuivres sonnent, toute assistance debout, les hommes brandissant leurs chapeaux, les femmes applaudissant, poussant des hi, ho! prolongés et perçants. Mais ça, c'était le final. Dans le cours de l'exécution, il fallait voir M. Sousa scander la baguette vers le sol, les batteries de grosse caisse; rythmer des dégringolades de gammes chromatiques, du bout de la baguette, au-dessus de sa tête jusqu'à son pupitre; ou bien, à demi renversé en arrière, la tête inclinée à gauche, de ses deux bras ouverts mener par légères secousses, des traits courts de flûtes et de clarinettes capricieuses.

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M. Sousa et sa compagnie auront du succès. Hier déjà des femmes, à la fin du concert, des femmes lui ont jeté de gros bouquets de violettes.

Les policemen, roulant leur drapeau, souriaient tout heureux.

A. D.

Petites nouvelles

Voici le programme des morceaux qu'exécuteront aujourd'hui, à trois heures et demie, à l'Exposition des Invalides, « Sousa and his band » :

- Carnaval Romain, ouverture (Berlioz). — 2e rhapsodie hongroise (Liszt). — Manon, du 3e acte (Puccini). — Solo de cornet, par Herbert L. Clarke (Lévy). — La Cigale, scène (Audran). — Whispering leaves, idylle (Sousa). — The Liberty Bell, marche (Sousa). — The East Charge, épisode militaire (Luder).

Journal : *LA VERITE Français*  
Date : 6 MAI 1900  
Adresse : 15, Rue de Valois  
Signé :

### Musique militaire américaine

Le *Petit Journal* annonce qu'il est arrivé, du Havre à Paris, une musique militaire, envoyée officiellement d'Amérique et dirigée par M. John-Philippe Sousa.

Cette musique prêtera son concours aux cérémonies de l'Exposition et elle se fera entendre pendant l'inauguration du palais américain, samedi 12 mai.

Elle jouera tous les jours à cinq heures sur l'esplanade des Invalides, sauf demain dimanche où elle se fera entendre, à trois heures, au Champ de Mars.

Après avoir quitté Paris le 18 mai pour se rendre en Allemagne, elle nous reviendra fin de se trouver parmi nous le 4 juillet, lors de la fête nationale des Etats-Unis, à l'occasion de laquelle sera remise à la France la statue de Lafayette. La musique restera deux mois à Paris.

Journal : *Le Gil-Blas*  
Date : 5 MAI 1900  
Adresse : 33, Rue de Provence PARIS  
Signé :

## L'Orchestre Sousa à Paris

Les Américains, tenant, une fois de plus, à témoigner à la France leur vive sympathie, viennent de lui envoyer leur orchestre le plus populaire.

Cet orchestre — le titre de fanfare ne lui conviendrait-il pas mieux ? — est arrivé, avant-hier soir, à la gare Saint-Lazare, venant de New-York. La fanfare en question s'appelle la « Sousa », du nom de son fondateur, qui est le musicien le plus estimé du monde artistique de l'Amérique du Nord. M. Sousa fut, jadis, chef de la Musique militaire des cinq Présidents de la République des Etats-Unis : MM. Hayes, Garfield, Arthur, Cleveland et Harrison. Il garda douze ans ces fonctions et se retira ensuite pour se consacrer entièrement à la création d'un orchestre harmonique qu'il voulut le plus accompli de l'univers entier. Il a réussi, en Amérique, à réunir une soixantaine d'exécutants de première force. Pour donner une idée de ce que gagne M. Sousa avec ses concerts, disons que les meilleurs artistes de sa troupe sont payés cinquante dollars, c'est-à-dire deux cent cinquante francs par semaine. Voilà, on en conviendra, un bon métier, quand on songe que dans nos théâtres les meilleurs musiciens touchent au maximum sept francs cinquante par soirée.

Les artistes de la « Sousa » sont néanmoins descendus dans un modeste hôtel de l'avenue Rapp, hôtel qui porte le nom pompeux d'Hôtel Franco-Américain. Ils veulent faire des économies, disent-ils, pour rapporter la fortune dans leur *home*. Ils sont presque tous mariés et dans une situation déjà aisée.

L'uniforme noir qu'ils portent est assez coquet. Sur le dolman se dessinent des arabesques du même ton. Leurs casquettes sont plates et portent le mot « Sousa » en lettres d'or ainsi qu'un écusson aux couleurs des Etats-Unis reproduit de la même façon sur le col de leur dolman.

Comme ils doivent assister, aujourd'hui samedi, à l'inauguration du palais des Etats-Unis, qui se trouve sur le quai d'Orsay, non loin du pont de l'Alma, nous avons tenu à aller présenter nos compliments à M. Sousa.

L'éminent artiste nous reçoit avec un sourire des plus aimables ; malheureusement, il sait à peine parler le français et nous devons lui baragoiner nos demandes en un anglais

3. Cornet solo *The Bride of the Waves*, par Herbert L. Clarke.

4. Excerpts from *Lohengrin*, Wagner.

5. Valse *Bull Scenes*, Czibulka.

6. a.) *Narcissus* from *Walter Scenes*, Nevin.

b.) *March The Stars and stripes Forever*, Sousa.

7. *Tarantella del Belphegor*, Albert.

8. *Songs of the North and South*, Bendif.

— Nous aurons une grosse succès ! a ajouté notre interlocuteur.

M. Sousa nous déclare qu'on l'acclame partout. Il est donc certain, à Paris, où Poy est connaisseur, qu'on comprendra le caractère original des sons que produisent la réunion de 40 bois et de 20 cuivres. Les clarinettes, seules, sont au nombre de vingt. Les instruments se divisent en quatre flûtes, deux hautbois, trois bassons, cinq saxophones, quatre cornets à pistons, quatre trombones, quatre basses et une batterie.

Au résumé, M. Sousa est très satisfait d'être entendu en France. Il nous apprend que vers le milieu du mois courant, il est engagé pour donner un grand concert au théâtre de l'Alhambra, à Bruxelles. Le prince Albert, qui est paraît-il un mélomane distingué, assistera à cette cérémonie musicale.

La « Sousa » se rendra ensuite à Berlin où elle doit se faire entendre à partir du 20 mai, au nouveau théâtre Royal, puis reviendra charmer les visiteurs de notre Exposition.

Sur un bon shake-hand de M. Sousa, nous nous sommes retiré en lui promettant d'aller l'applaudir cet après-midi.

Tout Paris sera là !

ALBERT CELLARIUS

Journal : *Le Capucino*  
Date : 6 MAI 1900  
Adresse : 10, Rue de Valenciennes  
Signé :

## "A L'EXPOSITION"

**La Musique américaine.**  
Le deuxième concert donné par Sousa et son orchestre aura lieu à 3 h. 1/2 au kiosque de musique qui se trouve devant le Palais des mines et de la métallurgie, au Champ de Mars. En voici le programme :

Ouverture Tannhauser (Wagner); *Game from The Belle of New-York* (Kerker); Trombone solo, *Love Thoughts*, (Pryor); M. Arthur Pryor; Slavonic dance, n° 2 (Dvorak); Hungaria dance, n° 6 (Brahms); *Scenes from Faust* (Gounod); *Caprice The Boston Belle* (Godfrey); *March Hand across the Sea* (Sousa); *Songs and dances of the American Minstrels* (Chambers).

Le premier concert donné hier par la musique américaine devant le Grand Palais a obtenu un grand succès.

Journal : *Cosmopolite*  
Date : 6 MAI 1900  
Adresse : 10, Rue de Valenciennes  
Signé :

### La musique américaine.

La musique américaine de M. John Philip Sousa donne cette après-midi, à 3 h. 1/2, au kiosque de l'Esplanade des Invalides, un concert avec le programme suivant :

Ouverture *Agonies of Tantalus*, Suppé; Suite *Three quotations*, Sousa; a) *There once was a Duke of York with twenty thousand men. Be marched to the top of the hill. Then marched them down again*; b) *I too was born in Arcadia*; c) *Nigger in the wood pile*; *The night of Saba*, Mephostophiles, Boito; *Cornet solo Souvenir of Naples*, M. Waller, B. Rogers, Rogers; *Scenes historical Sheridans ride*, Sousa; *Valse Espana*, Waldteufel; a) *Pasquinade*, Gottschalk; b) *March. Manhattan Beach*, Sousa; *Sounds from Sunny Southland*, Reeves.

Journal : *La Presse*  
Date : 8 MAI 1900  
Adresse : 12, Rue du Croissant PARIS  
Signé :

### Les Concerts

La musique américaine s'est fait entendre au pavillon de l'Esplanade des Invalides. Les commissaires généraux américains et M. Piccard assistaient au concert.

La musique du Kremlin, qui joue tous les jours au Trocadéro, n'a pu donner son concert en raison du mauvais temps.

Journal : *SOIR*  
Date : 11 MAI 1900  
Adresse : 24, RUE CHAUCHAT, 24  
Signé :

### Les concerts de l'Exposition

Indépendamment de la fanfare du Kremlin qui se fait entendre tous les jours à l'exposition russe du Trocadéro, des séries de concerts sont organisées les jeudis et dimanches,

ainsi que nous l'avons indiqué dans nos informations.

De trois heures à cinq heures, cet après-midi, la musique Souza s'est fait entendre aux Invalides, celle du 59<sup>e</sup> régiment d'infanterie au Champ de Mars et celle du 36<sup>e</sup> régiment au Grand-Palais.

Ce soir, de neuf heures à dix heures et demie, la musique du 74<sup>e</sup> régiment d'infanterie joue aux Invalides.

Journal : *L'Evènement*  
Date : 6 MAI 1900  
Adresse : 10, boulevard des Italiens PARIS  
Signé :

### LA "SOUSA-BANDE"

La « Sousa-Bande », musique des Etats-Unis qui vient d'arriver à Paris, s'est fait entendre hier après-midi de trois heures et demie à cinq heures, au cours la Reine, devant le grand Palais des Beaux-Arts.

Malgré l'ardeur des rayons solaires, un public nombreux a applaudi les excellents musiciens, qui se feront de nouveau entendre samedi prochain, à l'inauguration du pavillon des Etats-Unis.

Journal : *La Fronde*  
Date : 6 MAI 1900  
Adresse : 14, Rue Saint-Georges PARIS  
Signé :

## Exposition Un<sup>le</sup>, Paris 1900

## "A L'EXPOSITION"

LE COURRIER DE LA PRESSE  
5 francs, les ABONNEMENTS  
10 francs pour tous les Journaux et

**La musique américaine**  
Nous avons annoncé l'arrivée de la musique américaine dont nous avons annoncé l'arrivée, s'est fait entendre hier, de trois heures et demie à cinq heures, au Cours-la-Reine, devant le grand Palais des Beaux-Arts.  
Malgré l'ardeur des rayons solaires, un public nombreux a applaudi les excellents musiciens, qui se feront de nouveau entendre samedi prochain, à l'inauguration du pavillon des Etats-Unis.  
La musique américaine quittera Paris le 16 mai pour aller se faire entendre en Allemagne. Elle sera de retour pour le 4 juillet, anniversaire de l'indépendance des Etats-Unis.

Journal : *LA VERITE Français*  
Date : 6 MAI 1900  
Adresse : 15, Rue de Valois  
Signé :

### Musique militaire américaine

Le *Petit Journal* annonce qu'il est arrivé, du Havre à Paris, une musique militaire, envoyée officiellement d'Amérique et dirigée par M. John-Philippe Souza.  
Cette musique prêtera son concours aux cérémonies de l'Exposition et elle se fera entendre pendant l'inauguration du palais américain, samedi 12 mai.  
Elle jouera tous les jours à cinq heures sur l'esplanade des Invalides, sauf demain dimanche où elle se fera entendre, à trois heures, au Champ de Mars.  
Après avoir quitté Paris le 16 mai pour se rendre en Allemagne, elle nous reviendra fin de se trouver parmi nous le 4 juillet, lors de la fête nationale des Etats-Unis, à l'occasion de laquelle sera remise à la France la statue de Lafayette. La musique restera près un mois à Paris.

Journal : *Cosmopolite*  
Date : MAI 1900  
Adresse : 10 Rue du Croissant  
Signé :

### La musique américaine.

La musique américaine de M. John Philip Souza donne cette après-midi, à 3 h. 1/2, au kiosque de l'Esplanade des Invalides, un concert avec le programme suivant:  
Ouverture Agonies of Tantalus, Suppé; Suite Three quotations, Souza; a) There once was a Duke of York with twenty thousand men. Be marched to the top of the hill. Then marched them down again; b) I too was born in Arcadia; c) Nigger in the wood pile; The night of Saba, Mephistophiles, Boito; Cornet solo Souvenir of Naples, M. Walter, B. Rogers, Rogers; Scenes historical Sheridan's ride, Souza; Valse Espana, Waldteufel; a) Pasquinade, Gottschalk; b) March. Manhattan Beach, Souza; Sounds from Sunny Southland, Reeves.

Journal : *La Presse*  
Date : 8 MAI 1900  
Adresse : 12, Rue du Croissant PARIS  
Signé :

### Les Concerts

La musique américaine s'est fait entendre au pavillon de l'Esplanade des Invalides. Les commissaires généraux américains et M. Picard assistaient au concert.  
La musique du Kremlin, qui joue tous les jours au Trocadéro, n'a pu donner son concert en raison du mauvais temps.

Journal : *SOIR*  
Date : 11 MAI 1900  
Adresse : 24, RUE CHAUCHAT, 24  
Signé :

### Les concerts de l'Exposition

Indépendamment de la fanfare du Kremlin qui se fait entendre tous les jours à l'exposition russe du Trocadéro, des séries de concerts sont organisées les jeudis et dimanches,

ainsi que nous l'avons indiqué dans nos informations.

De trois heures à cinq heures, cet après-midi, la musique Souza s'est fait entendre aux Invalides, celle du 59<sup>e</sup> régiment d'infanterie au Champ de Mars et celle du 36<sup>e</sup> régiment au Grand-Palais.

Ce soir, de neuf heures à dix heures et demie, la musique du 74<sup>e</sup> régiment d'infanterie joue aux Invalides.

Journal : *Le Gil-Blas*  
Date : 5 MAI 1900  
Adresse : 33, Rue de Provence PARIS  
Signé :

## L'Orchestre Sousa à Paris

Les Américains, tenant, une fois de plus, à témoigner à la France leur vive sympathie, viennent de lui envoyer leur orchestre le plus nombreux.

Il conviendra, un bon métier, quand on songe que dans nos théâtres les meilleurs musiciens touchent au maximum sept francs cinquante par soirée.

Les artistes de la « Sousa » sont néanmoins descendus dans un modeste hôtel de l'avenue Rapp, hôtel qui porte le nom pompeux d'Hôtel Franco-Américain. Ils veulent faire des économies, disent-ils, pour rapporter la forte somme dans leur *home*. Ils sont presque tous mariés et dans une situation déjà aisée.

L'uniforme noir qu'ils portent est assez coquet. Sur le dolman se dessinent des arabesques du même ton. Leurs casquettes sont plates et portent le mot « Sousa » en lettres d'or ainsi qu'un écusson aux couleurs des Etats-Unis reproduit de la même façon sur le col de leur dolman.

Comme ils doivent assister, aujourd'hui samedi, à l'inauguration du palais des Etats-Unis, qui se trouve sur le quai d'Orsay, non loin du pont de l'Alma, nous avons tenu à aller présenter nos compliments à M. Sousa.

L'éminent artiste nous reçoit avec un sourire des plus aimables; malheureusement, il sait à peine parler le français et nous devons lui baragoiner nos demandes en un anglais de convention. Nous parvenons cependant à nous entendre à peu près. M. Sousa n'est pas modeste car, quand je lui demande si sa musique est aussi bonne que celle de notre

garde républicaine, il a un regard courroucé, derrière son binocle, lève les bras au ciel, et retrouvant quelques mots français, il nous réplique :

— Notre musique, il est beaucoup supérieure à votre garde! Goddam!

Nous ne pouvons nous défendre d'un geste d'étonnement à cette révélation.

Mais bah; voilà une réponse très américaine. Et aux Etats-Unis, ces sortes de déclarations n'ont point le caractère d'une sentence. M. Sousa consent à nous faire connaître le programme du concert qu'il donnera aujourd'hui au pavillon des Etats-Unis. Le voici :

1. Ouverture *William Tell*, Rossini.
2. Melodies from *The Bord Elect*, Souza.
3. Cornet solo *The Bride of the Waves*, Clarke, par Herbert L. Clarke.
4. Excerpts from *Lohengrin*, Wagner.
5. Valse *Ball Scenes*, Czibulka.
6. a.) *Narcissus* from *Walter Scenes*, Nevin.  
b.) *March The Stars and stripes Forever*, Souza.
7. *Tarantella del Belphegor*, Albert.
8. *Songs of the North and South*, Bendif.

— Nous aurons une grosse succès! a ajouté notre interlocuteur.

M. Sousa nous déclare qu'on l'acclame partout. Il est donc certain, à Paris, où l'on est connaisseur, qu'on comprendra le caractère original des sons que produisent la réunion de 40 bois et de 20 cuivres. Les clarinettes, seules, sont au nombre de vingt. Les instruments se divisent en quatre flûtes, deux hautbois, trois bassons, cinq saxophones, quatre cornets à pistons, quatre trombones, quatre basses et une batterie.

Au résumé, M. Sousa est très satisfait d'être entendu en France. Il nous apprend que vers le milieu du mois courant, il est engagé pour donner un grand concert au théâtre de l'Alhambra, à Bruxelles. Le prince Albert, qui est parait-il un mélomane distingué, assistera à cette cérémonie musicale.

La « Sousa » se rendra ensuite à Berlin où elle doit se faire entendre à partir du 20 mai, au nouveau théâtre Royal, puis reviendra charmer les visiteurs de notre Exposition.

Sur un bon shake-hand de M. Sousa, nous nous sommes retiré en lui promettant d'aller l'applaudir cet après-midi.

Tout Paris sera là!

ALBERT CELLARIN

Journal : *Le Cosmopolite*  
Date : MAI 1900  
Adresse : 10 Rue du Croissant  
Signé :

## « A L'EXPOSITION »

### Musique américaine.

Le deuxième concert donné par Souza et son orchestre aura lieu à 3 h. 1/2 au kiosque de musique qui se trouve devant le Palais des mines et de la métallurgie, au Champ de Mars. En voici le programme:

Ouverture *Tannhauser* (Wagner); *Gems from the Ball of New-York* (Kerker); *Trombone solo, Love Thoughts* (Pryor); *M. Arthur Pryor, Slavonic dance, n° 2* (Dvorak); *Hungarian dance, n° 6* (Brahms); *Scenes from Faust* (Gounod); *March The Boston Belle* (Godfrey); *March Hands across the Sea* (Souza); *Songs and dances of the American Minstrels* (Chambers).

Le premier concert donné hier par la musique américaine devant le Grand Palais a obtenu un grand succès.

Journal : *L'Evènement*  
Date : MAI 1900  
Adresse : 10, boulevard des Italiens PARIS  
Signé :

### LA « SOUSA-BANDE »

La « Sousa-Bande », musique des Etats-Unis qui vient d'arriver à Paris, s'est fait entendre hier après-midi de trois heures et demie à cinq heures, au cours la Reine, devant le grand Palais des Beaux-Arts.

Malgré l'ardeur des rayons solaires, un public nombreux a applaudi les excellents musiciens, qui se feront de nouveau entendre samedi prochain, à l'inauguration du pavillon des Etats-Unis.

Journal : *La Fronde*  
Date : 6 MAI 1900  
Adresse : 14, Rue Saint-Georges PARIS  
Signé :

## Exposition Un<sup>le</sup>, Paris 1900 « A L'EXPOSITION »

### La musique américaine

Nous avons annoncé l'arrivée, dont nous avons annoncé l'arrivée, s'est fait entendre hier, de trois heures et demie à cinq heures, au Cours-la-Reine, devant le grand Palais des Beaux-Arts.

Malgré l'ardeur des rayons solaires, un public nombreux a applaudi les excellents musiciens, qui se feront de nouveau entendre samedi prochain, à l'inauguration du pavillon des Etats-Unis.

La musique américaine quittera Paris le 16 mai pour aller se faire entendre en Allemagne. Elle sera de retour pour le 4 juillet, anniversaire de l'indépendance des Etats-Unis.

ALBERT CELLARIN

BONNEMENTS  
ur tous les Journaux et

### LE CHARIVARI

Journal :  
Date : 106 MAI 1900  
Adresse : 106, Rue de Richelieu, PARIS  
Signé :

Oh! l'extraordinaire musique américaine que nous avons entendue hier sur l'Esplanade des Invalides!

Les Américains ne font rien comme tout le monde, pas même la musique.

Il est impossible de rendre un compte exact d'un morceau de musique. Nous allons pourtant essayer de « noter » les phases de la mélodie :

Début par un murmure sourd de bassons.

Un coup de fusil tiré par l'orchestre.

Solo de clairon, jouant l'air bien connu des réservistes, le réveil : « Soldat, lève-toi... soldat, lève-toi bien vite... »

Tonnerre de bassons.

Hurlement de clarinettes.

Six coups de fusil.

Tempête de bassons, ophicéïdes. (A remarquer que les instruments de cuivre sont en nickel.)

Charivari de saxophones.

Tumulte : coups de bâtons, coups de fusil variés, coups de canon...

Jamais Wagner n'a imaginé une aussi bruyante composition musicale.

Wagner ayant trouvé plus Wagner que lui.

Qui l'eût dit... l'eusses-tu cru?

Ch. de Mars.

Journal : L'Eclair  
Date : 1000  
Adresse : 10, faubourg Montmartre PARIS  
Signé :

#### La musique américaine

Le deuxième concert donné par Sousa et son orchestre aura lieu à 3 h 1/2 au kiosque de musique qui se trouve devant le Palais des mines et de la métallurgie, au Champ de Mars. En voici le programme :

Ouverture Tannhauser (Wagner); Gems from The Belle of New-York (Kerker); Trombone solo, Love Thoughts, (Pryor); M. Arthur Pryor; Slavonic dance, n° 2 (Dvorak); Hungarian dance, n° 6 (Brahms); Scenes from Faust (Gounod); Caprice The Boston Belle (Godfrey); March Hands across the Sea (Sousa); Songs and dances of the American Minstrels (Chambers).

Le premier concert donné hier par la musique américaine devant le Grand Palais a obtenu un grand succès.

tous les Journaux et

Journal : L'Aurore  
Date : 8 MAI 1900  
Adresse : 142, Rue Montmartre PARIS  
Signé :

La « Souza-Band ». — La musique des Etats-Unis connue sous le nom de « Souza-Band » compagnie dirigée par M. Souza, arrivée d'avant-hier, s'est fait entendre hier dans l'après-midi à l'esplanade des Invalides. L'assistance était fort nombreuse et surtout composée d'Américains et d'Américaines.

La « Souza-Band » peut presque rivaliser avec la musique de la garde républicaine. Elle possède une corniste qui est un rare virtuose, un virtuose comme on n'a pas souvent l'occasion d'en entendre et qu'on a applaudi frénétiquement.

A l'inauguration du pavillon des Etats-Unis, la « Souza-Band » jouera certainement. Tant mieux.

BONNEMENTS  
ur tous les Journaux et

Journal : Le Petit National  
Date : 7 MAI 1900  
Adresse : 33, passage de l'Opéra  
Signé :

#### La musique américaine « Sous »

Cette musique, venue tout exprès de New-York, donnera une série de concerts en plein air, du 5 mai au 15 mai, dans les kiosques du Champ de Mars et des Invalides.

Au mois de juillet prochain, cette musique se fera entendre de nouveau, dans les mêmes conditions, pendant une nouvelle période de quinze jours.

Journal : Le Rappel  
Date : 14 MAI 1900  
Adresse : 131, Rue Montmartre PARIS  
Signé :

#### Au pavillon américain

Une foule énorme se pressait hier aux abords du Palais américain que l'on inaugurait, à deux heures et demie. Malgré les efforts de M. Runtzler, officier de paix, qui avait très intelligemment organisé le service d'ordre, le public, très compact, a envahi la plateforme sur laquelle se faisait entendre l'excellente musique de New-York, la « Sousa Band » et c'est au milieu d'une véritable commotion que les invités du commissaire général américain ont dû gagner le pavillon sur lequel flottait le drapeau étoilé.

Rien à dire du palais américain ; quelconque à l'extérieur, il est, intérieurement, d'un ultramodernisme. Avec son hall dépourvu d'ornements, ses galeries monotone ment étagées, il donne l'impression d'une cour de Grand-Hôtel, du rez-de-chaussée d'un hôtel des postes ou de la grande salle d'un établissement de crédit.

Ce sera d'ailleurs un lieu de réunion pour les Américains de passage à Paris, non pour y causer, mais pour s'y occuper d'affaires. Il y a là un bureau de postes, avec casiers de poste restante, un bureau télégraphique, une agence de steam-boats, etc., etc.

C'est dans ce hall où l'on s'étonne de ne pas entendre le sifflet de la locomotive ou la sirène du transatlantique, que M. Peck, commissaire général des Etats-Unis, a crié : « Vive la France! » en anglais et que M. Picard a répondu en français : « Vivent les Etats-Unis! »

En résumé, rien de nouveau, aucune recherche d'art et de pittoresque. Les expositions étrangères nous avaient, jusqu'ici, habitués à plus d'inédit...

Journal : Paris  
Date : 8 MAI 1900  
Adresse : 123, rue Montmartre PARIS  
Signé :

#### LA JOURNÉE D'HIER

Dès heure, une foule énorme s'est précipitée, hier, aux différents guichets des portes d'entrée de l'Exposition : les palais terminés ont reçu de nombreux visiteurs.

La rue de Paris, la rue des Nations, les jardins coloniaux du Trocadéro, où l'on ressent une fraîcheur relative, étaient, comme d'habitude, les plus visités.

A partir de trois heures, quatre musiques militaires se sont fait entendre dans l'enceinte de l'Exposition, au grand palais, au Champ-de-Mars, aux Invalides et au Trocadéro.

La musique des Etat-Unis, la « Souza-Band », s'est fait entendre de trois à cinq heures au kiosque du Champ-de-Mars, près de la Tour Eiffel, a été l'objet de nombreuses ovations. Plusieurs auditeurs ont crié : « Vivent les Boers »!

Journal : *Indépendance Belge*  
 Date : 5 MAI 1900  
 Adresse : *Bruxelles*  
 Signé :

avec de la musique militaire américaine.  
 La musique militaire américaine « Sousa » est  
 arrivée jeudi après-midi à Paris, venant du  
 Havre. Elle est composée de soixante  
 musiciens choisis parmi les meilleurs  
 instrumentistes des Etats-Unis, ce qui  
 fait de cette musique une copie de notre  
 musique de la garde républicaine. La musi-  
 que jouera pour la première fois demain sa-  
 medi, à l'inauguration du palais des Etats-  
 Unis.

Journal : **La Dépêche**  
 Date : 5 MAI 1900  
 Adresse : **TOULOUSE**  
 Signé :

La musique militaire américaine « Sou-  
 sa » est arrivée hier, à la gare Saint-Lazare,  
 venant du Havre. Elle se compose de  
 soixante musiciens choisis parmi les meil-  
 leurs instrumentistes des Etats-Unis, ce qui  
 fait de cette musique une copie de notre  
 musique de la garde républicaine. La musi-  
 que jouera pour la première fois demain sa-  
 medi, à l'inauguration du palais des Etats-  
 Unis.

ARIF : 0 fr. 30 par coupure  
 par 100 coupures

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Journal : **Le Gil-Blas**  
 Date :  
 Adresse : 33, Rue de Provence PARIS  
 Signé :

L'orchestre Sousa jouera journalle-  
 ment, au kiosque à musique de l'Esplanade  
 des Invalides, à 3 h. 1/2, jusqu'à mardi in-  
 clusivement.  
 Mardi prochain, dans la soirée, le célèbre  
 orchestre donnera un concert d'adieu avant  
 de partir pour Bruxelles et l'Allemagne. Il se  
 retrouvera parmi nous le 3 juillet. Le 4 juillet  
 1900 un grand concert américain sera donné  
 au palais du Trocadéro.  
 Voici le programme d'aujourd'hui :  
 1. Overture, The Promised Bride, Pon-  
 chielli; 2. Scènes from Cavaleria Rusticana,  
 Mascagni; 3. Idyl, In a clock store, Orth; 4.  
 Trombone solo, The Blue-Bella, (M. Arthur  
 Pryor), Pryor; 5. Scènes from The Charlatan,  
 Sousa; 6. (a) Idyl Christmas Bells, Smith;  
 (b) marche The Stars and Stripes Forever,  
 Sousa; 7. Collocation, Songs of the Gotton  
 Pickers wsy down South, Foster.

Journal : **La Lanterne**  
 Date : 5 MAI 1900  
 Adresse : 18, Rue Richer PARIS  
 Signé :

LA MUSIQUE MILITAIRE AMERICAINE  
 La musique militaire américaine Sousa est  
 arrivée hier à deux heures à la gare Saint-La-  
 zare, venant du Havre.  
 Cette musique est la première musique mi-  
 litaire de l'Amérique, l'équivalente de la mu-  
 sique de la Garde républicaine en France.  
 Elle est composée de soixante musiciens  
 portant l'uniforme bleu foncé. Sur le dolman  
 sont appliquées des arabesques noires. La  
 casquette est la casquette plate ordinaire des  
 soldats américains sur laquelle est brodé le  
 mot « Sousa » en lettres d'or. Sur le col du  
 dolman ainsi que sur la casquette on voit  
 l'écusson aux couleurs des Etats-Unis.

Le commissariat des Etats-Unis avait fait  
 préparer aux musiciens des chambres dans  
 les hôtels voisins de l'Exposition. Ils s'y sont  
 directement rendus.  
 Ils joueront pour la première fois à l'Expo-  
 sition samedi, en l'honneur de l'inauguration  
 du palais des Etats-Unis.

Journal : **COEUR DU SOIR**  
 Date : 13 MAI 1900  
 Adresse : 12, CITE RETIRO  
 Signé :

La journée d'hier vendredi a été  
 extrêmement animée à l'Exposition.  
 La moyenne des entrées augmente  
 sensiblement chaque jour, comme en  
 même temps s'accroît le nombre des  
 sections où les visiteurs sont admis.  
 La rue des Nations, le Trocadéro  
 surtout, semblent accaparer l'atten-  
 tion des visiteurs. Mentionnons cepen-  
 dant le succès que remporte aux Inva-  
 lides la « Souza Band » l'excellent  
 orchestre-américain qui doit bientôt  
 quitter Paris pour aller se faire en-  
 tendre dans la plupart des capitales  
 européennes.

Journal : **SOIR**  
 Date : 13 MAI 1900  
 Adresse : 21, RUE CHATELAIN, 21  
 Signé :

**Au pavillon des Etats-Unis**  
 De deux heures à cinq heures, il y avait ré-  
 ception au pavillon des Etats-Unis. Ce pa-  
 villon, qui représente une reproduction de la  
 Maison-Blanche, est très curieux à voir  
 comme disposition intérieure.  
 Les invitations avaient été lancées en si  
 grand nombre qu'il y a eu une véritable co-  
 lue, rendant fort difficile l'accès du pavil-  
 lon. Remarqué parmi les personnes pré-  
 sentes :  
 M. le général Porter, ambassadeur des Etats-  
 Unis; Peck, commissaire général; Woodward,  
 commissaire-adjoint; le commandant Brackett,  
 secrétaire général du commissariat général  
 des Etats-Unis; Picard, commissaire général  
 de l'Exposition, Faniez, chef du bureau du  
 secrétariat général, etc.  
 La musique Sousa s'est fait entendre au  
 cours de la réception. Un point intéressant à  
 signaler, les jeunes gens qui sont revêtus de  
 l'uniforme spécial des gardiens du pavillon  
 des Etats-Unis sont pour la plupart des jeu-  
 nes gens ayant fait leurs études à l'Univer-  
 sité de New-York.

Journal : **Le Voltaire**  
Date : **6 MAI 1900**  
Adresse : **24, Rue Chauchat** PARIS  
Signé :

### La musique américaine « Sous »

Cette musique, venue tout exprès de New-York, donnera une série de concerts en plein air, du 5 mai au 15 mai, dans les kiosques du Champ de Mars et des Invalides.

Au mois de juillet prochain, cette musique se fera entendre de nouveau, dans les mêmes conditions, pendant une nouvelle période de quinze jours.

La date de l'inauguration du pavillon des Etats-Unis n'est pas encore définitivement arrêtée.

Le 8 mai, ouverture du pavillon de l'Espagne; la fête, qui devait être donnée le 17 mai pour le jour anniversaire de la naissance du roi d'Espagne, n'aura, paraît-il, pas lieu à l'intérieur de l'Exposition.

M. Vercurysse, sénateur, commissaire général pour la Belgique, organise, pour le 10 mai, une réception qui coïncidera avec l'ouverture des portes du pavillon de la Belgique.

Journal : *La Financière*  
Date : **13 MAI 1900**  
Adresse : *10 Rue Mazagran*  
Signé :

### La Sousa-Band

La musique des Etats-Unis, la *Sousa-Band* qui s'est fait entendre samedi devant le Grand Palais et dimanche au kiosque du Champ-de-Mars près de la Tour Eiffel, a été l'objet de nombreuses ovations.

Ces musiciens, au nombre de soixante, rappellent notre garde républicaine. En même temps, leur chef, un véritable maître, est d'une originalité tout à fait amusante.

Après une audition chaleureusement applaudie de *Guillaume Tell*, *Lohengrin* et *Lucie de Lamermoor*, il donne le signal, et c'est un morceau typique des airs populaires qu'il fait exécuter en prenant des attitudes tout à fait réjouissantes. A chaque *bis*, c'est une nouvelle fantaisie qui met en liesse les Français, peu habitués à ces excentricités musicales. Quant aux Américains, c'est du délire, surtout quand on entend l'hymne national, suivi immédiatement de la *Marseillaise*.

E. B.

Sur tous les journaux et

Journal : **LE SIGNAL**  
Date : **13 MAI 1900**  
Adresse : **19, Boulevard Montmartre, à PARIS**  
Signé :

## L'EXPOSITION

### La journée d'hier

La journée d'hier vendredi a été extrêmement animée à l'Exposition. La moyenne des entrées augmente sensiblement chaque jour, comme en même temps s'accroît le nombre des sections où les visiteurs sont admis. Sans doute, il y a encore à faire pour terminer, mais déjà on peut juger de ce que sera l'Exposition dans quelques jours.

Vers cinq heures, un peu de monde élégant est arrivé et s'est porté vers les palais des beaux-arts ou au Champ de Mars, se bornant à l'aspect général.

Au Trocadéro beaucoup de monde que l'Exposition coloniale intéresse. Mentionnons aussi le succès que remporte aux Invalides la « *Souza Band* » l'excellent orchestre américain qui doit bientôt quitter Paris pour aller se faire entendre dans la plupart des capitales européennes.

Journal : **Le Voltaire**  
Date : **11 MAI 1900**  
Adresse : **24, Rue Chauchat** PARIS  
Signé :

### Les concerts de l'Exposition

Indépendamment de la fanfare du Kremlin qui se fait entendre tous les jours à l'exposition russe du Trocadéro, des séries de concerts sont organisées les jendis et dimanches, ainsi que nous l'avons indiqué dans nos informations.

De trois heures à cinq heures, hier après-midi, la musique *Souza* s'est fait entendre aux Invalides, celle du 33<sup>e</sup> régiment d'infanterie au Champ de Mars et celle du 36<sup>e</sup> régiment au Grand-Palais.

Journal : **Le Rappel**  
Date : **13 MAI 1900**  
Adresse : **131, Rue Montmartre** PARIS  
Signé :

La journée d'hier vendredi a été extrêmement animée à l'Exposition.

La moyenne des entrées augmente sensiblement chaque jour, comme en même temps s'accroît le nombre des sections où les visiteurs sont admis.

La rue des Nations, le Trocadéro surtout, semblent accaparer l'attention des visiteurs. Mentionnons cependant le succès que remporte aux Invalides la « *Souza Band* » l'excellent orchestre américain qui doit bientôt quitter Paris pour aller se faire entendre dans la plupart des capitales européennes.

Journal : **L'ECLAIR**  
Date : **24 MAI 1900**  
Adresse : **70, FAUBOURG MONTMARTRE**  
Signé :

### La musique américaine

La musique américaine, dirigée par M. Sousa, donne cet après-midi à 3 h. 1/2, au kiosque de l'esplanade des Invalides, un concert avec le programme suivant :

Ouverture, *The Promised Bride* (Ponchielli); Scènes de la Cavalleria Rusticana (Mascagni); Idyl, In a clock store (Orth); Trombone solo, *The Blue-Bells* (Pryor); Scènes de *The Charlatan* (Sousa); (a) Idyl, *Christmas Bells* (Smith); (b) March, *The Stars and Stripes forever* (Sousa); Collocation, *Songs of the Cotton pickers way down South* (Poster).

La musique américaine donnera un concert d'adieu mardi dans la soirée avant de partir pour Bruxelles et l'Allemagne.

Elle se retrouvera parmi nous le 3 juillet, à la veille de la fête nationale des Etats-Unis. Le 4 juillet, un grand concert sera donné au Palais du Trocadéro.

Journal : **LE PETIT CAPITAL**  
Date : **14 MAI 1900**  
Adresse : **18 Rue Leclercq, PARIS**  
Signé :

### La « Sousa Band »

L'excellente musique américaine terminera mardi soir la première série de ses concerts. Elle sera de retour à Paris dans les premiers jours de juillet.

La journée d'hier vendredi a été extrêmement animée à l'Exposition.

La moyenne des entrées augmente sensiblement chaque jour, comme en même temps s'accroît le nombre des sections où les visiteurs sont admis.

La rue des Nations, le Trocadéro surtout, semblent accaparer l'attention des visiteurs. Mentionnons cependant le succès que remporte aux Invalides la « Souza Band » l'excellent orchestre américain qui doit bientôt quitter Paris pour aller se faire entendre dans la plupart des capitales européennes.

Berliner Musikleben 20/5

Aus dem Musikleben.

Souft verjorgt Europa die neue Welt mit Musik. Heute macht bei Kroll eine amerikanische Kapelle ihren Besuchsbesuch. Amerikanische Musikkapellen haben sich in Deutschland nur selten hören lassen. Wir erinnern uns nur aus den 1870er Jahren der Gilmore'schen Kapelle, welche damals im Kroll'schen Etablissement durch technische Virtuosität Aufsehen erregte. Heute wird nun an derselben Stelle eine sehr stark amerikanische Kapelle sich hören lassen, deren Leiter der als Komponist der „Washington-Post“ überall bekannt gewordene Komponist John Philip Sousa ist. Der Tänzer ist allgemein dem Komponisten gegenüber undankbar. Wie Emil Waldteufel, der Komponist der „Schlittschuhläufer“, hinsichtlich seiner Persönlichkeit ein weisses Blatt ist, wie Niemand etwas von Tsanovic, dem Komponisten der „Donauwellen“ weiß, so ist auch der Komponist des Favorit-Tanzes unserer Ballsäle eine in den weitesten Kreisen unbekannt Persönlichkeit. Der Name klingt portugiesisch; doch hören wir, daß J. P. Sousa in Washington geboren ist, daß sein Vater spanischer, seine Mutter deutscher Abstammung war. Sousa ist von Hause aus Violinist, hat sich aber früh der Dirigenten- und Komponistenlaufbahn zugewendet und insbesondere auf dem Gebiete der Tanzmusik und des Marches in der Neuen Welt Erfolge erzieht. Seine Kapelle hat auch bereits auf der Welt-Ausstellung in Chicago mit Erfolg concertirt und wird nach Abolvierung ihrer deutschen Tournee auf der Pariser Ausstellung sich hören lassen.

Berliner Local-Anzeiger 1/3

Musikalische Notizen. Das Amerikanische Militär-Orchester unter Leitung des bekannten Marschkomponisten John Philip Sousa, welches vom 20.-27. Mai im Neuen Königl. Operntheater (Kroll's Garten) concertiren wird, hat sein Gastspiel auf der Pariser Weltausstellung mit grossem Erfolge begonnen.

Nationalzeitung, Berlin 20/5 1900

Gil Blas Paris 9/5/1900

LA VIE PARISIENNE

EXOTISME MUSICAL

La « Sousa » est à Paris, et commence à donner ses curieux concerts, dont le Gil Blas a reproduit hier le premier programme. Curieux surtout par le talent spécial et la composition de l'orchestre où les clarinettes et les cuivres déploient une puissance inusitée; quant aux morceaux en eux-mêmes, ils sont choisis avec l'éclectisme le plus évident. La musique personnelle de M. Sousa, dont les Washington Post ont fait et feront longtemps la joie des soupeurs parisiens, n'est que très discrètement représentée.

De tous temps, Paris a aimé les orchestres exotiques. Je ne parle pas des grands courants d'influences artistiques, italienne ou allemande qui ont agi successivement sur le goût français, mais seulement des modes qui ont influé sur la musique qu'on entend à table, au bal ou au music-hall.

Comptons bien. Nous avons eu, sous le second empire, les musiciens polonais ou du moins costumés comme tels, et les musiciens allemands, hanovriens de préférence, les premiers dans les bouis-bouis, les seconds dans les guinguettes de province.

Les orchestres napolitains qui jouaient quelquefois en conscience Santa Lucia, mais souvent aussi quelque honnête fantaisie sur le Postillon de Longjumeau, ont eu et ont encore leur petit succès. Mais l'avènement triomphal des Tsiganes a noyé dans son rayonnement tous leurs prédécesseurs. Est-ce le génie des ménestrels de la Puzta, est-ce le prestige de leurs acroche-cœurs huileux ou de la veste succinée qui laisse admirer leurs reins? Toujours est-il que les disciples de Boldi ne connaissent pas de cruelles, et qu'il a appartenu à l'un d'eux Rigo, d'étonner l'Europe par la plu-

colossale aventure que jamais ait rêvée l'imagination d'un romancier en délire.

Il ne faut pas confondre les lautars roumains avec les tsiganes : les sujets de Carmen Sylva ne se différencient pas seulement des compatriotes de Rigo par leurs origines; la musique qu'ils jouent est moins hystériquement frénétique que la leur, elle est plutôt douce et voilée; ils ne font pas entendre les arpèges émouvants du tympanum, moyen d'expression très efficace, mais monotone : ils les remplacent par des bois aux sonorités alanguies et flûtées, comme celles du vent dans les roseaux.

Paris a eu la visite, successivement, de la première musique militaire russe, celle du régiment Préobrajenski, et d'une troupe de chanteurs et de chanteuses russes qui se fit entendre dans deux music-halls. Sur les Préobrajenski, la presse a donné autrefois des informations assez détaillées, et d'ailleurs l'art qu'ils représentent est sensiblement celui que notre brave musique de la garde républicaine sert honnêtement depuis l'époque où Paulus la célébra comme la grande favorite des concerts populaires. Quant aux chanteurs russes, ils ont fait entendre de curieuses voix de basses profondes comme des pédales d'orgue. Seulement, pourquoi y avait-il parmi eux tant d'Italiens?

Nous avons eu les joueurs de banjo, qui savaient tirer de cet instrument kankee des effets presque comparables à ceux de la voix humaine.

Le banjo, quoique américain, fait fureur à Londres; on en joue dans toutes les tavernes où vont s'alcooliser pêle-mêle les lords et les cafreniers.

Au café concert on chante la chanson hispano-martroise, tandis que dans les restaurants on entend vibrer et grincer les mélodies américaines alternant avec les valse viennoises. La race anglo-saxonne, décidément, nous ravahit, même musicalement. Elle a commencé par Tararaboum, elle continue avec Washington-Post; la « Sousa » vient donc en pays demi conquis.

Et cependant la musique gaie, la musique à chanter, à boire, à aimer, abonde dans la vieille France, pays des rondes, des noëls, des villanelles, et je ne sache pas qu'à la Grange aux Belges, les mousquetaires du roi, en courtisant Margot, aient fredonné autre chose que les chansons extrêmement gauloises ou faubouriennes.

Si nous faisons un peu de nationalisme en musique, pendant que nous y sommes?

SANTILLANE.

L'indépendance Belge, Brüssel 6/5

Les concerts de la « Sousa Band » à l'Alhambra auront lieu le 16 mai, à 8 h. 1/2; le 17 mai, à 2 h. et 8 h. 1/2. Cette célèbre musique militaire, dont une dépêche nous annonçait, hier, l'arrivée à Paris, se compose de 60 musiciens, dirigés par M. John Philip Sousa, de Washington. Elle ne s'est jamais fait entendre à Bruxelles.

zollern, et de fidèle allié des trois premiers souverains de l'empire d'Allemagne reconstitué.

L'empereur d'Autriche a exprimé ses remerciements pour l'accueil cordial qui lui a été fait. Il a ajouté qu'une pareille réception prouvait, comme elle l'avait déjà démontré autrefois, que l'inalterable amitié qui l'unit au souverain allemand trouve un parfait écho dans la population, ici comme en Autriche.

La fille du premier bourgmestre a ensuite récité une pièce de vers et le cortège a continué sa route au son des fanfares et au milieu des bruyantes acclamations de la foule.

Les troupes faisaient la haie dans l'avenue des Tilleuls, où une multitude compacte accueillit les souverains par des vivats enthousiastes.

On voyait partout s'agiter les chapeaux et les mouchoirs.

Lorsque les deux empereurs sont passés devant le monument de Frédéric le Grand, une batterie d'artillerie a tiré une première salve.

Les souverains se sont arrêtés devant la porte principale du château et les troupes ont salué devant eux.

Après le défilé, les deux empereurs sont entrés dans le château au milieu des acclamations répétées de la foule.

L'empereur François-Joseph a été reçu par l'impératrice et les princesses.

Il a nommé l'empereur d'Allemagne feld-marchal général dans l'armée austro-hongroise.

Vendredi après-midi l'empereur d'Autriche a fait visite au grand-duc de Bade, puis est rendu, après avoir revêtu l'uniforme du 16<sup>e</sup> ussards dont il est le colonel, au mausolée de Charlottenbourg où il a déposé deux couronnes sur la tombe de l'empereur Guillaume I<sup>er</sup> et sur celle d'Augusta. Il a fait déposer au mausolée de Potsdam une couronne sur la tombe de l'empereur Frédéric III.

L'empereur Guillaume II a décerné au comte Goluchowsky, ministre des affaires étrangères autrichien, les insignes en brillants de l'ordre de l'Aigle noir.

Le duc de York est arrivé à 7 heures du soir; il a été salué à la gare par l'Empereur, le prince impérial et le prince Henri.

Le prince de Naples est arrivé à 5 heures à la gare d'Anhalt; il a été reçu par l'Empereur, le prince impérial et le prince Henri.

Le grand-duc Constantin est arrivé à 11 heures du soir.

Au diner de gala, l'empereur Guillaume a porté un toast en disant que l'accueil chaleureux du peuple allemand ne s'adresse pas seulement à l'empereur François-Joseph, mais à l'allié et au fidèle dont la visite montre combien est solide l'alliance conclue avec son grand-père et le souverain de l'Italie. Les trois nations alliées ont unies par vingt années d'intérêt, de sentiment de joie et de souffrances communs.

Il a terminé en disant : « Partout où, en Allemagne, bat un cœur de père, il vous remerciera avec une émotion profonde d'avoir voulu donner au fils de l'empereur d'Allemagne votre bénédiction sur le chemin de la vie. Hourrah! pour l'empereur François-Joseph!

L'empereur d'Autriche a remercié l'empereur Guillaume pour ses paroles et pour l'accueil magnifique de la capitale.

Le Moniteur de l'Empire annonce que l'impératrice Frédéric a dû abandonner son projet de venir, à Berlin, assister à la déclaration de majorité du prince héritier, sa santé ayant besoin de ménagements.

On a commencé vendredi, à 11 h. 20, la pose du câble transatlantique qui doit relier l'Allemagne à l'Amérique du Nord et rendre ainsi les Allemands indépendants des compagnies américaines, pour leurs communications télégraphiques avec le Nouveau-Monde.

12/5.14

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John Philip Sousa, amerikanischer Kapellmeister.

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Date : 18 MAI 1900

Adresse : 6. Place du Louvre PARIS

Signé :

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Les Etats-Unis

Journal :

LA COCARDE

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123 Rue de Valenciennes, PARIS

Adresse :

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Le pavillon des machines américaines industrielles de l'annexe de l'Exposition à Vincennes a été inauguré, hier après midi, par M. Horace Porter, ambassadeur des Etats-Unis, accompagné de M. Peck, commissaire général des Etats-Unis à l'Exposition.

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L'ambassadeur et sa suite ont alors visité les divers pavillons.

Die Pariser Weltausstellung.

Paris, den 14. Mai.

Die Eröffnungen der auswärtigen Pavillons folgen jetzt einander im beschleunigten Tempo und in aller kürzester Frist wird die Nationenstraße mit ihren Abzweignern den Schaaren der Vorüberziehenden, die diesem Theile der Ausstellung nach wie vor das größte Interesse entgegenbringen, keine verriegelten Pforten, verhöhlte Fenster und Vangerüste mehr zeigen. Der letzte Sonnabend brachte gleich drei Eröffnungen auf einmal: die des Amerikanischen Pavillons, sehr geschmückt, mit ohrzerreißender von Revolvergeschüssen begleiteter Musik der Blechmusikcapelle Souza, die sehr vornehme und diskrete des Pavillons von Monaco und die sehr einfache, herzliche und würdige des Norwegischen. In dem festungsartigen Bau, durch den sich das Spielfüßenthüchlein am Mittelmeer auf der Weltbühne vertreten läßt, hatten sich gegen 4 Uhr fast alle ausländischen Commissäre und die Spitzen der Pariser Gesellschaft eingefunden, darunter auch der Deutsche und der Italienische Vorkämpfer, Fürst von Thurn und Taxis und Graf Tornelli, der Director des Protokolls Crozier und der Polizeipräsident Lépine. Der Pavillon bot einen sehr angenehmen, frühlingfrischen Anblick im Innern, trotz seiner drohenden, düsteren Mauern und Thürme; die ganze Mitte des Erdgeschosses ist nämlich von einer märchenhaft prachtvollen Blumenausstellung eingenommen, in der besonders die Azaleen und Bergpflanzen Monacos die Bewunderung des Publicums hervorriefen. Im Uebrigen ist natürlich die Schaustellung keine besonders große und abwechslungsreiche, aber in Hinsicht auf die Größe des Hüftenthums überaus reichhaltig. Abgesehen von den ausgestellten Bodenerzeugnissen, den Plänen der sanitären Einrichtungen — die des Casinos von Monte Carlo befinden sich leider nicht darunter! — den keramischen Producten etc. verdienen die Sammlungen der Tiefseefahrung, die der Fürst Albert bei seinen wissenschaftlichen Expeditionen mit der Nacht „Princesse Alice“ angelegt, eine eingehende Besichtigung nicht nur seitens der Gelehrten, sondern auch der Laien. Das Auge findet ferner Gelegenheit, sich an einem Panorama des Hüftenthums und kinematographischen Darstellungen zu ergötzen.

Etwas später öffnete der originelle Holzbau, der Norwegens Farben an der Nationenstraße trägt, seine Pforten dem ungeduldig harrenden Publicum. Auch zu dieser Eröffnungsfeier hatten sich viele ausländische Commissäre und Mitglieder der besten Pariser Gesellschaft eingefunden. Der Bau ist eine originelle Wiedergabe der Norwegischen Bauernhäuser; nur ist die Decoration natürlich reicher und mannichfaltiger, als in den gewöhnlichen Wohnungen. Das Tannenholzdach und die Wandmalereien, in denen Roth, Grün und Weiß sich abwechseln, rufen einen höchst originellen Eindruck, mitten unter den Kuppeln, Thürmchen, marmorweißen Wänden, Bogensegmenten und Muschalarabis der Nationalstraße hervor. Man fühlt sich von kräftiger nordischer Wald- und Meerluft angehaucht. Das Innere des Pavillons bildete ein geräumige von Gallerien umgebene Halle. In den unteren Gallerien sind hauptsächlich ausgestopfte Thiere der Nordmeere ausgestellt, Eisbären, Walrosse, Seehunde, ein Walfisch u. s. w., ferner in der Mitte eine Wiedergabe des „Niram“ Raufens und eine Menge Gegenstände, deren sich der berühmte Forscher während seiner legendären Nordpolfahrt bediente. In den oberen Gallerien ist eine ichthyologische Ausstellung, ferner eine Auswahl norwegischer Erzeugnisse und das „Volksmuseum“ ausgestellt, das Modelle von Wohnhäusern seit dem XIII. Jahrhundert aufweist.

Einem geladenen Publicum wurde gleichfalls am Sonnabend das Repräsentationshaus der Vereinigten Staaten in der Rue des Nations geöffnet. Natürlich hatten sich zu dieser Eröffnung die in Paris weilenden Bürger der Nordamerikanischen Republik ganz besonders zahlreich eingefunden und alle waren des Lobes voll über den imposanten 51 Meter hohen Bau, den eine mächtige Kuppel abschließt, über die ein Niesenadler seine weiten Fittige ausbreitet. Dieser Bau erhebt sich hinter einem von einer Quadriga gekrönten Bogen unter dem sich ein schönes McKinley und der wegen seiner Schönheit berühmte Salon im Empire Louis XVI., der Salon der „Royal Legion“ d. i. der ehemaligen Officiere des Secessionskrieges und der Sitzungsaal der Amerikanischen Handelskammer von Paris. Die Amerikaner haben es durchgesetzt, in der Weltausstellung ihr Clublocal zu haben, das mit dem Comfort ausgestattet ist, an den sie jenseits des Ozeans gewöhnt sind.

Um dem allzu großen Menschenandrang, der namentlich für die Sonn- und Feiertage zu gewärtigen ist, vorzubeugen, hat das Generalcommissariat im Princip beschlossen, die Pforten zu schließen, sobald die Zahl der Besucher eine gewisse Höhe erreicht hat, deren Feststellung gegenwärtig berechnet wird. Alle Pforten der Ausstellung werden telephonisch mit der Generaldirection verbunden, die auf die Mittheilung der verzeichneten Eintritte die Schließung der Pforten anordnen wird.

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10. Gil Plas, Paris.

## L'Orchestre Sousa à Paris

Les Américains, tenant, une fois de plus, à témoigner à la France leur vive sympathie, viennent de lui envoyer leur orchestre le plus populaire.

Cet orchestre — le titre de fanfare ne lui conviendrait-il pas mieux ? — est arrivé, avant-hier soir, à la gare Saint-Lazare, venant de New-York. La fanfare en question s'appelle la « Sousa », du nom de son fondateur, qui est le musicien le plus estimé du monde artistique de l'Amérique du Nord. M. Sousa fut, jadis, chef de la Musique militaire des cinq Présidents de la République des Etats-Unis : MM. Hayes, Garfield, Arthur, Cleveland et Harrison. Il garda douze ans ces fonctions et se retira ensuite pour se consacrer entièrement à la création d'un orchestre harmonique qu'il voulut le plus accompli de l'univers entier. Il a réussi, en Amérique, à réunir une soixantaine d'exécutants de première force. Pour donner une idée de ce que gagne M. Sousa avec ses concerts, disons de suite que les meilleurs artistes de sa troupe sont payés cinquante dollars, c'est-à-dire deux cent cinquante francs par semaine. Voilà, on en conviendra, un bon métier, quand on songe que dans nos théâtres les meilleurs musiciens touchent au maximum sept francs cinquante par soirée.

Les artistes de la « Sousa » sont néanmoins descendus dans un modeste hôtel de l'avenue Rapp, hôtel qui porte le nom pompeux d'Hôtel Franco-Américain. Ils veulent faire des économies, disent-ils, pour rapporter la forte somme dans leur *home*. Ils sont presque tous mariés et dans une situation déjà aisée.

L'uniforme noir qu'ils portent est assez coquet. Sur le dolman se dessinent des arabesques du même ton. Leurs casquettes sont plates et portent le mot « Sousa » en lettres d'or ainsi qu'un écusson aux couleurs des Etats-Unis reproduit de la même façon sur le col de leur dolman.

Comme ils doivent assister, aujourd'hui samedi, à l'inauguration du palais des Etats-Unis, qui se trouve sur le quai d'Orsay, non loin de la gare d'Orsay, nous leur avons promis de leur donner aujourd'hui au pavillon des Etats-Unis. Le voici :

1. Ouverture *William Tell*, Rossini.
2. Melodies from *The Bord Elect*, Sousa.
3. Cornet solo *The Bride of the Waves*, Clarke, par Herbert L. Clarke.
4. Excerpts from *Lohengrin*, Wagner.
5. Valse *Ball Scenes*, Czibulka.
6. a.) *Narcissus* from *Walter Scenes*, Nevin.  
b.) *March The Stars and stripes Forever*, Sousa.
7. *Tarantella del Belphegor*, Albert.
8. *Songs of the North and South*, Bendif.

— Nous aurons une grosse succès ! a ajouté notre interlocuteur.

M. Sousa nous déclare qu'on l'acclame partout. Il est donc certain, à Paris, où l'on est connaisseur, qu'on comprendra le original des sons que produisent la réunion de 40 bois et de 20 cuivres. Les clarinettes, seules, sont au nombre de vingt. Les instruments se divisent en quatre flûtes, deux hautbois, trois bassons, cinq saxophones, quatre cornets à pistons, quatre trombones, quatre basses et une batterie.

Au résumé, M. Sousa est très satisfait d'être entendu en France. Il nous apprend que vers le milieu du mois courant, il est engagé pour donner un grand concert au théâtre de l'Alhambra, à Bruxelles. Le prince Albert, qui est parait-il un mélomane distingué, assistera à cette cérémonie musicale.

La « Sousa » se rendra ensuite à Berlin où elle doit se faire entendre à partir du 20 mai, au nouveau théâtre Royal, puis reviendra charmer les visiteurs de notre Exposition.

Sur un bon shake-hand de M. Sousa, nous nous sommes retiré en lui promettant d'aller l'applaudir cet après-midi.

Tout Paris sera là !

ALBERT CELLARIUS

Journal : LE FIGARO  
Date : 17 MAI 1900  
Adresse : 26, RUE DROUOT, 26  
Signé :

— L'orchestre américain de Sousa est parti pour Bruxelles et l'Allemagne. Les excellents musiciens reviendront à Paris le 3 juillet prochain, et donneront un grand concert, le 4 juillet, au palais du Trocadéro.

Journal : L'Instrumental  
Date : MAI 1900  
Adresse : 38, Rue de la République  
Signé :

## LA MUSIQUE AMÉRICAINE

En attendant l'inauguration du palais des Etats-Unis, qui a eu lieu le 12 mai, la musique municipale de New-York, composée de 65 exécutants, s'est fait entendre le 5 mai, à 3 heures et demie, devant le Grand Palais des Beaux-Arts.

Cette musique d'élite, dirigée avec une réelle autorité par M. John Philipp Sousa, a obtenu un très grand succès. La sonorité générale de cette remarquable phalange est très agréable et l'équilibre entre les divers pupitres est parfait. Quant à l'exécution, nous avons surtout goûté les morceaux originaux dus à la plume experte de MM. Sousa et Clarke, ce dernier cornet solo et qui possède un mécanisme extraordinaire, ainsi qu'on a pu en juger dans un solo de sa composition.

Inutile d'ajouter que toute la colonie américaine, qui assistait au grand complet à ce concert, a « ovaïonné » avec enthousiasme les musiciens et leur distingué chef que M. Horace Porter, ambassadeur des Etats-Unis, a vivement félicité à l'issue de ce concert qui laissera certainement le meilleur souvenir aux artistes américains.

Les Parisiens pourront d'ailleurs les applaudir dans quelques jours, car, après une tournée en Allemagne, ils doivent nous revenir et passer un mois à Paris.

A. DUPONT.

... and Most Complete

Paris 5/0

### La musique militaire américaine

La musique militaire américaine « Sousa » est arrivée, hier, à la gare Saint-Lazare, venant du Havre. Elle se compose de soixante musiciens, choisis parmi les meilleurs instrumentistes des Etats-Unis, ce qui fait de cette musique une copie de notre musique de la garde républicaine.

L'uniforme du musicien américain est bleu foncé. Des arabesques noires sont appliquées sur le dolman. La casquette est la même casquette plate commune aux soldats des Etats-Unis, avec ce mot : « Sousa », en lettres d'or, au-dessus de la visière.

L'écusson aux couleurs américaines est brodé sur le col du dolman ainsi que sur la casquette.

La musique militaire jouera pour la première fois, demain, samedi, à l'inauguration du palais des Etats-Unis.

10. Gil Plas, Paris.

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Les Américains, tenant, une fois de plus, à témoigner à la France leur vive sympathie, viennent de lui envoyer leur orchestre le plus convenable, un bon menu, quand on songe que dans nos théâtres les meilleurs musiciens touchent au maximum sept francs cinquante par soirée.

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Comme ils doivent assister, aujourd'hui samedi, à l'inauguration du palais des Etats-Unis, qui se trouve sur le quai d'Orsay, non loin du pont de l'Alma, nous avons tenu à aller présenter nos compliments à M. Sousa.

L'éminent artiste nous reçoit avec un sourire des plus aimables ; malheureusement, il sait à peine parler le français et nous devons lui haragociner nos demandes en un anglais de convention. Nous parvenons cependant à nous entendre à peu près. M. Sousa n'est pas modeste car, quand je lui demande si sa musique est aussi bonne que celle de notre garde républicaine, il a un regard courroucé, derrière son binocle, lève les bras au ciel, et retrouvant quelques mots français, il nous réplique :

— Notre musique, il est beaucoup supérieure à votre garde ! Goddam !

Nous ne pouvons nous défendre d'un geste d'étonnement à cette révélation.

Mais bah ; voilà une réponse très américaine. Et aux Etats-Unis, ces sortes de déclarations n'ont point le caractère d'une sentence. M. Sousa consent à nous faire connaître le programme du concert qu'il donnera aujourd'hui au pavillon des Etats-Unis. Le voici :

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Journal : **Le Journal des Débats**

Date : 18 MAI 1900

Adresse : 17, rue des Prêtres-S'-Germain-l'Auxerrois

Signé :

## AU JOUR LE JOUR

MUSIQUE AMÉRICAINE

Les visiteurs de l'Exposition seront bientôt submergés sous des flots d'harmonie. Les musiques militaires, depuis quelques jours, exécutent à l'Avenue triomphale, aux Invalides, au Champ-de-Mars les airs variés de leur répertoire : *Pas redoublés* avec accompagnement obligé de clairons; *Airs orientaux* où la clarinette imite de façon singulière le violon langoureux; *Fantaisies* de tout genre agrémentées du carillon aigu des triangles et des gluckenspiels. Les petits soldats soignent leurs interprétations comme s'ils jouaient pour un parterre de généraux... Mais les pistons solos, les clarinettes basses, les saxophones ont beau se montrer à la hauteur de leur mission et des circonstances, les musiciens français sont négligés, délaissés, et cela en faveur d'une « Harmonie militaire » de New-York dont le chef, M. John Saousa, et les membres sont occupés à conquérir Paris avant d'entreprendre une grande tournée en Europe.

J'ai entendu débiter la phalange américaine. Une foule considérable se pressait autour de l'esplanade improvisée pour la circonstance devant le Grand Palais. Des familles entières de « Transatlantiques » attendaient leurs compatriotes avec impatience et ferveur. Ils parurent enfin, bannière déployée, et précédés de hérauts. On admira leurs uniformes sobres et coquets, leur mine intelligente, on apprécia leur jeunesse; le dolman

du chef, constellé de médailles, fit sensation. Le public se leva pour entendre l'hymne américain : *The Hail Columbia*. A la dernière note, les hurras éclatèrent, frénétiques, étourdissants. Un grand nombre de ladies des plus respectables agitèrent avec transport un mouchoir portant les couleurs et les étoiles des United States. Une émotion profonde courut dans la foule. Puis l'Harmonie de New-York joua *la Marseillaise* accompagnée de contre-mélodies tout à fait inattendues, soulignée de gammes montantes et ascendantes qui scandalaient le chant de Rouget de L'Isle avec une fantaisie des plus savoureuses. Le succès fut écrasant. Les mêmes mouchoirs américains reparurent, — plus chiffonnés, car la chaleur était torride. Un bon Parigot, ému jusqu'aux larmes, disait :

« C'est la seule musique capable de rivaliser avec celle de la garde républicaine. »

Et, pour bien faire comprendre à ses auditeurs que la phalange américaine était composée d'une élite de musiciens, il ajoutait :

« C'est des noyaux, c'est rien que des noyaux. Dans toutes les musiques des Etats-Unis, on a choisi les meilleurs solistes pour former cette Harmonie. C'est des noyaux, y'a pas d'erreur. »

Un gentleman, au visage glabre, aux épaules puissantes écoutait avec bonheur cet éloge et ce commentaire. Un souffle de fraternité circulait à présent dans le public.

L'émotion s'étant quelque peu calmée, les « noyaux » abordèrent l'ouverture de *Guillaume Tell*. Les musiciens de M. Saousa y affirmèrent leur nationalité d'une manière éclatante. *L'allegro vivace* fut mené, on peut le dire, à l'américaine. Jamais nos orchestres n'ont réalisé une telle vitesse dans cette page célèbre. Arrivé au *stringendo*, ce fut un tourbillon, un vertige de notes. Cuivres et bois s'engageaient dans une course folle. Jadis certains chefs d'orchestre à l'Opéra mettaient tout leur amour-propre à jouer l'ouverture de *Guillaume Tell* plus vite que leurs rivaux. On gagnait tantôt trois, quatre, cinq minutes. C'était beaucoup. M. Saousa gagne près d'un quart d'heure. Il détient le record.

Cette Harmonie américaine symbolise nos temps de hâte, de vapeur et d'électricité. Le public parisien, épris d'automobilisme, l'a compris. M. Saousa et ses excellents instrumentistes sont, à juste titre, la coqueluche de la Capitale en ce moment. — H. FIÉRENS-GEVAERT.

DE LA PRESSE  
ABONNEMENTS  
pour tous les Journaux et  
N° 1

Journal : *Vossische Zeitung*

Date : 17 MAI 1900

Adresse : Berlin

Signé :

Das amerikanische Militär-Orchester unter Leitung des  
Marchkomponisten John Philip Sousa, der vom 20.-27. Mai  
im Neuen königl. Operntheater (Krolls Garten) konzertieren wird,  
hat sein Gastspiel auf der Pariser Weltausstellung am 5. Mai  
mit großem Erfolge begonnen.  
Der einzige Zeit hat sich in Berlin ein Männerchor

Journal : *L'Opinion*

Date : 20 MAI 1900

Adresse : 16 rue de la Temple

Signé :

Musique américaine.

M. John Philipp Sousa, à la tête d'une musique militaire, est arrivé à Paris pour donner plusieurs séries de concerts à l'Esplanade des Invalides et au Champ de Mars.

Le 4 juillet, la musique prendra part aux fêtes organisées pour l'inauguration du monument de La Fayette dans les jardins du Louvre.

De Paris, cet orchestre se rendra à Bruxelles, où la Sousa band donnera trois concerts au théâtre de l'Alhambra, le 16 mai, à 8 h. 1/2 du soir, le 17 en matinée à 2 heures et à 8 h. 1/2. Après ces concerts dans la capitale, la Sousa band se rendra à Liège où elle se fera entendre le 18 mai soir dans le local de la Société royale d'Acclimatation. De là, elle se rendra en Allemagne pour jouer dans toutes les grandes villes.

Journal : **Le Rappel**

Date : 17 MAI 1900

Adresse : 131, Rue Montmartre PARIS

Signé :

La journée d'hier

Le mauvais temps continuant, les visiteurs ont été clairsemés, hier encore, à l'Exposition et le Champ-de-Mars, aussi bien que le Trocadéro, ont été presque déserts pendant toute la journée. Il n'y a eu un peu de monde que dans la rue des Nations, où l'on inaugurerait le palais de l'Allemagne et celui de la Turquie. On a fait fête, devant ces deux pavillons, à l'orchestre Souza qui, monté sur le bateau ramenant de Vincennes les invités du commissariat américain, a joué *la Marseillaise* et les hymnes allemand, ottoman et américain. L'orchestre Souza doit quitter Paris demain pour faire une tournée à travers les grandes capitales de l'Europe. Nous le reverrons à la fin du mois d'août à l'Exposition, où les excellents

Journal : **Le Voltaire**

Date : 16 MAI 1900

Adresse : 24, Rue Chauchat PARIS

Signé :

## A Travers l'Exposition

A Vincennes

Hier après-midi, à Vincennes, M. Peck, commissaire général des Etats-Unis, a inauguré l'exposition particulière des chemins de fer des Etats-Unis.

L'orchestre Souza avait pris place sur un bateau qui a conduit à Vincennes les fonctionnaires du commissariat général.

ABONNEMENTS

Journal : *El Español*  
Date : MAI 1900  
Adresse : *Madrid*  
Signé :

Ha llegado á París la música militar americana denominada «Sousa», procedente del Havro.  
La banda se compone de 60 músicos, escogidos entre los mejores instrumentistas de los Estados Unidos.  
El uniforme de los músicos es de color azul oscuro, con arabescos negros en los dolmanes.

Journal : *BOIR*  
Date : MAI 1900  
Adresse : *24, RUE CHATELAIN, 21*  
Signé :

## A L'EXPOSITION

### A Vincennes

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ABONNEMENTS

Journal : *Mundo Artístico*  
Date : MAI 1900  
Adresse : *Madrid*  
Signé :

La banda americana del maestro Philip Sousa, compuesta de sessantacinque musicanti in uniforme, desta curiosità e interesse. È la prima volta che questa banda famosa si fa sentire in Europa.  
Con gran concorso di pubblico curioso, diede parecchi concerti all'aria aperta, davanti al « Grand Palais. » — Sempre applauditi gli inni americani.

pour tous les Journaux et

Journal : *Le Cri de Paris*  
Date : MAI 1900  
Adresse : *23 Bd. des Halles* PARIS  
Signé :

### Souza et sa « band »

Samedi dernier, débuts à l'Exposition du célèbre Philipp Souza et de sa « band », la plus illustre des fanfares américaines. Devant les terrasses du grand Palais, toute la colonie américaine s'était donné rendez-vous. Au premier rang, M. Peck, le très élégant commissaire général des Etats-Unis, entouré des membres de la Commission et de femmes en toilettes claires, délicieuses.

Succès triomphal, songez donc! Souza, le grand Souza, aux gestes d'automate, à la poitrine constellée de médailles et de crachats, Souza consacré par Paris! Indifférent dans le répertoire, il est extraordinaire dans les airs

populaires. *Dixey*, *Marching through Georgia* et surtout dans les inimitables *ragtime* sur lesquels se dansent les *cake walks*, d'origine nègre, qui font fureur à New-York, des music-halls aux salons. Aussi quand les *ragtime* retentirent samedi dernier, un frisson significatif parcourut l'assistance; mais ce fut du délire quand Souza joua sa fameuse marche: *Stars and Stripes*, les étoiles et les raies (du drapeau américain). Spontanément, toute l'assistance se lève; M. Peck se découvre; des chapeaux volent en l'air. Applaudissements frénétiques, sifflets violents, (témoignage suprême d'admiration); Souza bisse la marche éclatante.

Le général Mercier assistait à cette petite fête patriotique étrangère. Son patriotisme si français en paraissait offusqué. Peut-être eût-il paru plus réjoui si Philipp Souza l'avait promené en musique, triomphalement, à travers les rues de Paris, après le procès de Rennes, comme il fit à travers New-York pour l'amiral Dewey, retour de Manille.

### La Fronde, Paris

#### A l'annexe de Vincennes

L'exposition particulière des chemins de fer des Etats-Unis a dû être installée à l'annexe de Vincennes, où M. Peck, commissaire général de la grande République américaine, l'a inaugurée hier à trois heures.

Les invités du commissaire général se sont embarqués à deux heures, au quai d'Orsay, dans un bateau spécialement aménagé pour la circonstance. A l'avant avaient pris place les musiciens de l'orchestre de M. Sousa qui, pendant toute la durée du voyage, jusqu'à Saint-Maurice, ont fait entendre les airs américains les plus populaires.

A la jonction de la Seine et de la Marne, près du pont de Charenton, des voitures spéciales attendaient les invités pour les conduire à l'annexe de Vincennes.

Les invités, après avoir visité l'intéressante exposition des chemins de fer et pris part à un lunch, sont rentrés à Paris en suivant le même itinéraire.

Au retour, le bateau a stoppé devant le pavillon allemand dont la fête d'inauguration battait son plein.

Le drapeau allemand a été hissé et la musique de M. Souza a interprété les hymnes américain et allemand ainsi que la *Marseillaise* et cela, n'en déplaît à nos conseillers municipaux nationalistes, aux applaudissements réitérés de la foule.

Journal : *Le Cour Liège*

Date : 24 MAI 1900

Adresse : *Liège*

Signé :

ON n'a jamais tant discuté une musique que celle de M. Souza (John Philip.), entendue vendredi soir au Jardin d'Acclimatation. La ville n'en est pas encore revenue. L'article bruxellois d'Edmond Cattier semble avoir servi d'Évangile. Il est cependant très injuste. Assurément : M. Souza charlatanise, américanise un peu. Assurément fait-il beaucoup de bruit. Assurément pose-t-il. Mais c'est l'américanisme exaspéré atteint de curieux effets, qui ont eu l'air de plaire extrêmement au nombreux public qui, malgré le froid, avait envahi le jardin. Le succès de la musique new-yorkaise a été du délire. On ne peut nier que peu de musiques sont à ce point disciplinées. Si nos musiques de régiments arrivaient à cette perfection, on comprendrait qu'il y ait foule au boulevard, les soirs de concert. Ce fut très intéressant à ce point de vue. Puis, entendre des soli de trombone à coulisse — un peu malséant par endroits — n'est point chose ordinaire. Il y a dans cette phalange des artistes de tout premier ordre, et que nous ignorons ici. Je crois que la presse s'est montrée trop dure pour M. Souza, a trop tenu compte du côté américain de son entreprise. On dépense beaucoup d'art, chez ces gens-là, soyez-en sûrs. Et ce ne sont point les premiers venus. Demandez plutôt à Ovide Musin, qui s'y entend.



## AU JOUR LE JOUR

MUSIQUE AMÉRICAINE

Les visiteurs de l'Exposition seront bientôt submergés sous des flots d'harmonie. Les musiques militaires, depuis quelques jours, exécutent à l'Avenue triomphale, aux Invalides, au Champ-de-Mars les airs variés de leur répertoire : *Pas redoublés* avec accompagnement obligé de clairons; *Airs orientaux* où la clarinette imite de façon singulière le violon langoureux; *Fantaisies* de tout genre agrémentées du carillon aigu des triangles et des gluckenspiels. Les petits soldats soignent leurs interprétations comme s'ils jouaient pour un parterre de généraux... Mais les pistons solos, les clarinettes basses, les saxophones ont beau se montrer à la hauteur de leur mission et des circonstances, les musiciens français sont négligés, délaissés, et cela en faveur d'une « Harmonie militaire » de New-York dont le chef, M. John Sousa, et les membres sont occupés à conquérir Paris avant d'entreprendre une grande tournée en Europe.

J'ai entendu débiter la phalange américaine. Une foule considérable se pressait autour de l'esplanade improvisée pour la circonstance devant le Grand Palais. Des familles entières de « Transatlantiques » attendaient leurs compatriotes avec impatience et ferveur. Ils parurent enfin, bannières déployées, et précédés de hérauts. On admirait leurs uniformes sobres et coquets, leur mine intelligente, on apprécia leur jeunesse; le dolman

du chef, constellé de médailles, fit sensation. Le public se leva pour entendre l'hymne américain : *The Hail Columbia*. A la dernière note, les hourras éclatèrent, frénétiques, étourdissants. Un grand nombre de ladies des plus respectables agitèrent avec transport un mouchoir portant les couleurs et les étoiles des United States. Une émotion profonde courut dans la foule. Puis l'Harmonie de New-York joua *la Marseillaise* accompagnée de contre-mélodies tout à fait inattendues, roulinée de gammes montantes et ascendantes qui scandaient le chant de Rouget de L'Isle à une fantaisie des plus savoureuses. Le succès fut écrasant. Les mêmes mouchoirs américains reparurent, — plus chiffonnés, car la chaleur était torride. Un bon Parigot, ému jusqu'aux larmes, disait :

« C'est la seule musique capable de rivaliser avec celle de la garde républicaine. »

Et, pour bien faire comprendre à ses auditeurs que la phalange américaine était composée d'une élite de musiciens, il ajoutait :

« C'est des noyaux, c'est rien que des noyaux. Dans toutes les musiques des États-Unis, on a choisi les meilleurs solistes pour former cette Harmonie. C'est des noyaux, y'a pas d'erreur. »

Un gentleman, au visage glabre, aux épaules puissantes écoutait avec bonheur cet éloge et ce commentaire. Un souffle de fraternité circulait à présent dans le public.

L'émotion s'étant quelque peu calmée, les « noyaux » abordèrent l'ouverture de *Guillaume Tell*. Les musiciens de M. Sousa y affirmèrent leur nationalité d'une manière éclatante. *L'allegro vivace* fut mené, on peut le dire, à l'américaine. Mais nos orchestres n'ont réalisé une telle vitesse dans cette page célèbre. Arrivé au *stretto*, ce fut un tourbillon, un vertige de notes. Les cuivres et bois s'engageaient dans une course folle. Jadis certains chefs d'orchestre à l'Opéra avaient tout leur amour-propre à jouer l'ouverture de *Guillaume Tell* plus vite que leurs rivaux. On gagnait tantôt trois, quatre, cinq minutes. C'était beaucoup. M. Sousa gagne près d'un quart d'heure. Il détient le record.

Cette Harmonie américaine symbolise nos temps de hâte, de vapeur et d'électricité. Le pur Parisien, épris d'automobilisme, l'a compris. M. Sousa et ses excellents instrumentistes sont, à juste titre, la coqueluche de la Capitale en ce moment.

— H. FIÉRENS-GEVAERT.

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Date

## Amusements in Paris.

(Special Correspondence.)

PARIS, May 18. — Americans here, Americans there, Americans everywhere. Paris is filled with the enthusiastic, up-to-date American, and now that the Exposition is fairly under way they are coming into Paris in great numbers.

The only Sousa opened his series of concerts last Saturday in the Esplanade in front of the Palais des Beaux Arts. His reception was immense and when his band played the Stars and Stripes Forever the cheers that went up were deafening—hats thrown up, hands clapping—one could not mistake the nationality of the majority. The French seemed to be wide awake to the enthusiasm and cheered as well. To say the concert was a success does not convey an idea of the reality of it. He has given three concerts in the Exhibition. Each one has repeated the success and enthusiasm of the first. On the 12th, the United States Building was officially inaugurated. Sousa outdid himself in the way of new compositions arranged for the occasion. All Americans in Paris were cordially invited and that meant scarcely breathing room. Colonel Hinton, the manager of the tour for Sousa, is beaming with satisfaction at the reception accorded to Sousa and was congratulated by everyone.

The Exposition is becoming every day more and more attractive, and one of the greatest wonders to the inhabitants in this part of the world is the "moving way," invented by an American. For 50 centimes (10 cents) one can get on and go the rounds of the whole Exposition and remain on it all day, if one so chooses.

Another attraction, and one that will later on attract many persons, is the pretty bijou of a theatre, La Loie Fuller, situated on the Rue de Paris, a street given over to artists who have been made especially famous in Paris. Armand Silvestre, the premier poet of France, has also in the same street a beautiful artistic theatre.

Guillaume, the famous cartoonist of France, and many others made famous by their genius, are in the same street. The exterior of La Loie's theatre is representations of her multitudinous draperies and dances, designed by the famous sculptor, Pierre Roche. Her statue is upon the top, which will be lit up at night by many-colored incandescent lights, which will be wonderfully beautiful and effective. The interior will be devoted to a museum of art—pictures, sculpture, etc., donated and loaned to Loie by the famous artists of the world—and her dances will be presented by six handsome young ladies commencing from the beginning of the "serpentine" dance, when she astonished and caused the admiration of the whole world, giving the new effects and changes up to the present time.

One of the greatest successes in Paris is the Education de Prince, playing nightly at the Varieties, of which F. Ziegfeld has purchased the American rights, and he certainly will repeat the success he has made by Papa's Wife when he produces it in America.

Among the well known professionals I have met here taking in the exposition and sights are James E. Sullivan and wife and daughter, and T. Henry French, who intends to make a lengthened stay.

Charles McCarthy, of "one of the bravest" fame, opens with his Fire Exhibition in the Theatre Giant Columbia, Porte Maillot, an immense structure and beautiful grounds which Kiralfy built and constructed for his gigantic ballet last summer. McCarthy opens the 1st of June and proposes to startle the community with his exhibition of American Bremen. More anon.

EDWARD A.

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It was observed at the first performance of Sousa's Band in the American section of the Paris exposition that the enthusiasm of the great audience of Americans that gathered to hear it did not break all bounds until the "Cake Walk" and other rag-time pieces were played. Then the American colony became delirious. It danced and whooped and demanded encores until the band was exhausted. The Frenchmen present couldn't understand it.

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**PLAYER FOLK.**

Here comes Kaltenborn. He is as welcome as the flowers that bloom in the spring. Like Falstaff, he is not only musical himself, but also the cause of the music that is in others. In spite of his name, which lacks euphony and could not be borrowed even by Reginald de Koven for the theme of ballad, duet or finale, Kaltenborn is a man of mark. Until his arrival the dog days had no music in their souls, and were not moved by the concord of sweet sounds. Spasmodic attempts were made to give concerts of quality under Diana's toe, but the general roof garden was appalling to hear. Even John Phillip Sousa, who was engaged for \$3,000 a week at Olympia, could make no melody among the chimney pots, and the clamorous noise of him drove the famous monkey Ophelia to suicide in the duck pond after the fashion of Hamlet's sweetheart. Roof garden music is as bad as roof garden cigars, and the flight of fancy can no further go. Indeed, during summer time, when we need melody most we have it least. Long ago our citizens were regaled in hot weather by excellent comic opera at Wallack's, the Casino, Broadway and sometimes other houses, and with English opera at the Grand. In these times the light operatic works have fallen out of fashion. Lillian Russell and De Wolf Hopper have gone into burlesque, Francis Wilson no longer undertakes the problem of a summer season in New York, the Casino and New York are given over to farce comedy or extravaganza, and James Duff, Rudolph Aronson and James Morrissey, once famous and occasionally prosperous as impresario, have retired from the operatic field. Such is the change in the popular taste concerning this matter that Anton Seidl's concerts at Brighton Beach failed to draw a paying audience, and except on rare occasions Sousa never paid his cost at Manhattan Beach.

It may thus be noted that Franz Kaltenborn had no easy task before him when he set out to rescue us from Phillistia. He undertook a matter that had overthrown Theodore Thomas, and, almost incredibly, he was successful. The Kaltenborn summer night concerts last year were not only worthy in art, but satisfactory in finances. Possibly it is to this conductor that we must look for some such results in the metropolis as have been achieved by the Boston Symphony at the Hub, Victor Herbert in Pittsburg and Theodore Thomas in Chicago—the general advancement of musical taste and musical knowledge among the people. Kaltenborn has done something, and he means to do more. He has Wagner nights and other nights not less enjoyable set down in his programme for this summer at the St. Nicholas Garden. His prices are modest—fifty cents for admission, reserved seats seventy-five cents, with commutation tickets that make this enjoyment still more reasonable. Kaltenborn is all right in all particulars, and, as Bottom the Weaver said, we desire a better acquaintance of him.

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 LESLIE'S WEEKLY.  
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**Sousa Creates a Sensation in Paris.**

(Special Correspondence of Leslie's Weekly.)  
 PARIS, May 5th, 1900.—The French have the reputation of being excitable and enthusiastic, but I think even they must have been surprised at the wild enthusiasm of the Americans who greeted with shouts and cheers the "March King," Sousa, when he made his appearance this afternoon to give his first concert at the exposition.



SOUSA.

The band was stationed amid most artistic surroundings on the wide esplanade leading from the new bridge Alexander III, to the Champ Elysees, on either side of which are the Palais des Beaux Arts, such beautiful structures, both of them. Soon after two o'clock the crowd began to gather, though the concert was not to begin until 3:30. By that hour at least two thousand were awaiting with impatience Sousa's appearance; some were seated on chairs, for which each had to pay ten centimes (two cents), others were on the steps of the palace, and two workmen enjoyed the music seated on the ledge at the top of one of the buildings.

The Americans were out in force, for not one word of French did I hear during the concert. Here and there were jolly groups of tourists, well supplied with the inevitable camera; friends greeted friends from America with surprise and pleasure. It was like a grand reception, where all is bright and gay. Before the concert commenced two American guards, each with a large United States flag, took their place on either side of the conductor's stand. During the playing of the first selections, "The Star-spangled Banner," and the "Marseillaise," all remained standing, the gentlemen with their hats off. The crowd did not reach the highest point of its enthusiasm until some of the favorite marches composed by Sousa were played. Then the auditors were wild with excitement. Men and women stood on the chairs, the former frantically waving hats and canes, and the latter waving parasols and handkerchiefs, and all shouting at the top of their voices. Some were so excited that they threw their hats in the air. It hardly seems possible that Sousa and his famous band could ever have had a more cordial welcome to any country.

A "coon dance" was played in answer to an encore, and a gentleman on the steps of the palace created quite as much interest as the music by doing a "cake-walk" in inimitable style. It seemed quite impossible for him to keep still. There were others who felt much the same as he did, and his example threatened to become contagious.

Sousa seemed pleased after the concert was over when a lady went up and thanked him for the music, saying that she had come all the way from New Zealand to see the exposition, but that nothing she had seen or heard had given her more pleasure than Sousa's concert. The American composer bids fair to be quite as much of a "lion" in Europe, where he expects to spend several months, as in America. I only hope that while he remains at the exposition his band will be able to play to as large and appreciative audiences always as it did to-day under the sunny blue sky of France. MARY PECKHAM SLEICHER.

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Mr. John Phillip Sousa is winning an amount of glory in Europe with his band and is evidently especially pleased with his reception in Paris. In an interview published in the Paris edition of the New York Herald Mr. Sousa says: "The 'Stars and Stripes Forever' march seems to me to have scored the greatest success with the French people. They are intensely sympathetic, and the patriotic strains in this composition appeal to them as strongly as they do to Americans. On Saturday a group of French workmen, who stood listening to this selection, waved their hats and cheered most vociferously. A very delightful compliment was paid to the band on Saturday by a gentleman from Vienna, who came up to me after the concert, was over and said: 'You have not a band, but a living organ under your direction.' This I considered the highest kind of praise, as it is the unanimity, the perfect ensemble in the band that I have always striven after. The individual members of the band are one and all of them soloists of much ability, but in the concerted pieces they lose their identity completely and become part of a machine, so to speak."

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On May 20 John Phillip Sousa and his band gave a concert in Berlin which was attended by the American Minister and many other notables and nearly the whole American colony. The band remained in Berlin a few days, giving special performance before Emperor William. The Berlin concert was the first of a series to be given in European cities. These concerts will be alternated with engagements at the Paris Exposition. The first of the Exposition concerts was given on May 5. Other concerts will occur on American Day, 4th of July and on the day of the unveiling of the statue of Lafayette, which has been erected in Paris with funds raised by American school children. On this occasion Sousa will perform a new march written in honor of the French patriot.

Arthur Prior, the trombonist, has scored a great success in Paris, where he lately played with Sousa's band. His wonderful solo work is being compared to Levy's. That famous cornettist was a great favorite with the French people.

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**Success of Sousa's Band—Two New Plays—Other Amusements.**

(Special Correspondence of The Mirror.)  
 PARIS, May 11.  
 The news of most interest to Americans will be the triumph of Sousa's Band at the Exposition. It was to be expected that the American colony would welcome the popular composer right heartily, but I doubt if any one imagined that the French and the representatives of other nations would have so emphatic and spontaneous an ovation. Not, of course, because of merit in this splendidly organized band, but because the Europeans are a bit backward in their appreciation of American and English music. But this case with Mr. Sousa. At every made des Invalides is densely packed with people from all parts of the world. The ovation is overwhelming and Mr. Sousa's liberality in the matter of encores is taxed to the utmost. The day of the first concert was rainy, but the crowd stood through the concert and at its conclusion the bandmaster was showered with congratulations. "The Stars and Stripes Forever" seems to be the most popular of the Sousa marches. The programmes are similar to those in which the band is heard in the United States—a pleasing mixture of classical and popular music. The band remains here till the fifteenth and then begins a tour of the Continent, returning to Paris July 4 to play at the opening of the Salle des Fetes. "The Spirit of Liberty" will be played for the first time.

MUSICAL COURIER  
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**"THE SPIRIT OF LIBERTY."**  
 THIS is the name of Sousa's new march, which will be played for the first time July 4, in Paris, at the unveiling of the Lafayette monument. It is published, as are all of Sousa's compositions, by the John Church Company.

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JUN 2 - 1900

## MUCH IN EVIDENCE

Many Thousands of Americans Are  
Already in Paris.

## PROSPECT OF A BIG PRIZE FIGHT

The Fourth of July Will Be a Glori-  
ous Occasion.

## SOUSA IN HIGH FAVOR

Special Correspondence of The Evening Star.  
PARIS, May 21, 1900.

### Sousa's Band Is Popular.

Until the pugilists arrive, the most talked-of American in Paris certainly is Mr. Sousa. Sousa's band has now played half a dozen times before the greatest open-air crowds the exposition has yet assembled. It is not far to seek, the secret of his immense and immediate vogue. In this perfect spring weather the Sousa "afternoons" spontaneously developed into so many all-round assemblies of the colony and visiting thousands. When they play, "The Stars and Stripes Forever," when they wave the big flag from the steps of the coquetish little music pavilion of the Esplanade des Invalides, the immense throng, 10,000 strong, that rises, waves its hats, handkerchiefs and parasols and frantically cheers, seems to be all-American. Never before have we of the colony seen so many fellow-countrymen gathered together in Paris. Again, they delight in certain instruments now seen and heard by them for the first time in the "music militaire" from the new world. The "Sousaphone" and a great baritone horn of splendid volume and a brooding tenderness that brings tears to the eyes as it dominates the elaborate orchestration with its simple air of "Take Me Back to Old Virginia" or "Nellie's in the Cold, Cold Ground" are utter novelties to these Parisians. Such slick drummers as these Parisians. Such slick drummers as these two with Sousa's band and such slick effects as they get out of sandpaper and tapping on the wooden edges of their instruments also delight the Paris crowd. Apart from all trick effects and the enticements of popular airs, full justice is done to this remarkable organization by the Paris critics. When Sousa returns to Paris after his German trip, to reappear at the unveiling of the Lafayette monument, he will find himself established as a Paris favorite.

### A Great Fourth of July.

Already they are saying that there has never been such a Fourth of July in Paris as the coming one is bound to be. The unveiling of the monument would be an event of first importance in itself. In the morning, to the rival melody of the Sousa band and

the quite as celebrated band of the Garde Republicaine, the monument will be uncovered in the Garden of the Tuileries. Mr. Robert J. Thompson, secretary of the Lafayette memorial commission and envoy extraordinary of the President of the United States, will make a speech, presenting it to the French people. The biggest available French functionary—not yet decided on—will return thanks. Ten thousand Americans and twice as many Frenchmen will cheer themselves into forgetfulness of the slight coolness engendered by the Cuban war. In the afternoon the two great bands will play against each other in the open place of the Trocadero. At night the California commission will give an elaborate entertainment—with fireworks for the multitude—in its spacious headquarters on the Place de l'Opera, terminating with a banquet. All American residences, boarding houses, hotels, shops, offices and bars will fly the flag; and it is possible that the Parisian population, warned by its press of the event, will make, in a similar stars and stripes demonstration, the long-promised sign of republican love and good will that is to wipe out of our memories the supposed slights of two years ago. Selah!

STERLING HEILIG.

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JUN 3 1900

## Kansas City Girl in Paris

A Parisian Sunday—A Glimpse of the Fair  
—"L'Aiglon."

Paris, May, 1900.—Paris is most economical about sunshine in the winter and early spring, but when May blows in on a softer breeze, after many false alarms, the sun becomes generosity itself—sets the public gardens reveling in leaves, fresh shadows and lilac odors, and the woods of Chamart and Rambouillet white with a filigree of lilies of the valley. Hardly a corner that has not its stall of forget-me-nots, hyacinths and pansies, lending their gaiety to the general light heartedness of a Parisian springtime.

Sunday is, of course, the gayest of days at Paris when the different worlds, each after a religious ceremony of some kind, it is to be hoped, turns to its characteristic recreation. In the Latin Quarter especially on the "Boul' Mich'" (it is Boulevard St. Michel in the guide books, but students are no respecters of long names), every type of student can be seen sauntering back and forth smoking in front of a cafe, whose tables are set out on the sidewalk, sipping his absinthe or a cocktail (the latest fad now) or strolling through the Luxembourg gardens.

Each and every one of these youths belonging to the genus student species, artist, musician or architect, has his bump of curiosity so abnormally developed that one wonders how he can find the time to be so interested in the affairs of the passers-by. The untying of a shoestring, the buttoning of a glove, seems to be momentarily important—and if one is known to be English or American the interest is not confined to staring.

"Oh, yes! How do you do? Bifteck (beef-steak), pique (picnic). I thank you," are some of their words strung ingeniously oblivious of sense. Quite like "I Zou-Zou" (wasn't it?) in Tribby.

In the midst of this hurly-burly of the Boulevard, shut out from the century by a wall of iron bars, the Hotel de Cluny stands dreaming of the Middle Ages. Its gargoyles leap out between the curiously wrought Gothic windows with the same grimace as of old, when the Benedictine fathers had them carved there. Within, the grave stone figures that people the museum and the naive wooden Madonnas rest, calmly secure from the rollicking life laughing past the doors, rushing from the Boulevard St. German past Cluny, up to the Sorbonne and further toward the gardens behind the Luxembourg palace.

These gardens belong to the children principally. It's almost as fine as a veritable wood in the heart of this Paris for the long shady arcades of trees bar out the houses, a fountain does its best to be free and plashing as a brook, and here the small Parisians whip tops, jog in little goat carts, dig arduously into piles of gravel and amuse themselves in their own domain.

The "monde chic," or fashionable set, regales itself in a very different part of the capital. It rolls up the avenue from the Place de la Concorde, the greatest square in Paris, to the Place d'Etoile, in a continuous stream of carriages and automobiles. It takes its elegance on to the Bois, the famous park, where the nobility and the official world pass each other with indifferent, well-bred bows. In the person of very much gilded officers it rides the proverbial charger; incarnated in the dandy, a wholesale Parisian type, it saunters along the paths unconscious of anything but its own perfection and the existence of very pretty girls in the carriages.

Etiquette, arbitrary as Atropos in France, does not allow the aristocratic French girl to give a gay nod or smile, but requires a grave salutation. Probably that is easier for her than anything else, for she has always been taught not to betray her personality, even if she has any, before the men.

Of course there are plenty of the bourgeois class on foot—and cyclists, and courants out for an airing, led by peaceful nuns; and sometimes one sees a hurrying troupe of "Cookies" in steamer capes and yachting caps, shepherded by a Cook's guide.

Among the ways of spending Sundays is the trip on the Seine to St. Cloud. The tradespeople patronize largely the boats, which have the sociable faculty of always being able to hold one more. Perhaps one may be jostled a bit by a neighbor who instantly begs one's pardon so gracefully—for doing nothing at all—that one immediately forgives him—even his partiality

May 12 to the sound of the "Star and Stripes Forever," and "Dixie," played by Sousa's band. Surely it isn't necessary to picture the delight of the crowds that listened to this music and heard people around them speaking in a tangible tongue—the English of Boston, of Richmond, of Chicago—and saw so many examples of the comforts left behind in the land of stores and sunshine. The way the flag caught the wind—but everybody knows it is far and away the prettiest flag on earth, although some won't acknowledge it.

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JUN 3 1900

## SOUSA CAPTURES PARIS.

His Band a Revelation to the French  
Music Lovers.

During the last week one of the most frequented corners of the exhibition has been in the neighborhood of the stand where Sousa's American band plays, says a Paris letter to the New York Tribune. Great interest is manifested in American compositions, songs and descriptive music, which are a revelation to the Parisians.

The graphic musical description of prairie life, the singing of birds, the rumbling of wagons, the arrival of the redskins on the warpath, the rolling of drums, the firing of revolvers, and other purely American musical qualities hitherto unknown in this country, has called forth the highest praise from all classes of Frenchmen. Among the bystanders the popular opinion everywhere was the same: "It is original," "It is beautiful," "That's the kind of music we want." Such were the rapid fire of praises without a dissenting voice among the attentive listeners to the American band.

Theodore Dubois, the director of the French Conservatoire de Music; M. Carre, directeur de Opera Comique; several leaders of French military bands, and one of the chief members of the justly celebrated band of the Garde Republicaine, said: "This is exactly the sort of music our countrymen want, in order to play up to our reputation. We are apt to perform music in far too abstract a way, and above the heads of ninety-nine out of every hundred listeners. We get success d'estime, but we fail to stir the masses of the people to enthusiasm as the American band does."

"Besides, the American descriptive music the American band plays a classical repertoire, including Chopin, Liszt, and Beethoven, fully as well as we do. I feel certain the example given by this American band will be followed by a majority of our military orchestras on account of the immense hold it obtains over the ordinary listener's emotions."

A professor at the Paris Conservatoire, celebrated both as an organist and as a composer said: "This popular descriptive music is a revelation to us here, and will have a marked influence on our national compositions in the future."

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JUN 3 1900

can theater, New York.

John Philip Sousa, with his American band is the talk of the hour in Paris, from a special cable to The New York Tribune, it is learned that immense interest in our native compositions has been aroused. The highest praise has been given Sousa's descriptive numbers and no end of enthusiasm greets the playing of our folk-songs, etc. It is reported that one of the members of the band of the Garde Republicaine said: "We get succes d'estime, but we fail to stir the masses of the people to enthusiasm, as the American band does."

There is pathos in the passing of Sofia

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The Paris correspondent of the Associated Press states: "It is no exaggeration to say that the performances of Sousa's Band have been the features of the Exposition the past week, and, while Americans are naturally delighted to hear the familiar national airs and popular marches and melodies, the intense enthusiasm displayed by the French audiences and the encomiums they have passed on the music and its interpretation have been most flattering to Sousa's fellow-countrymen."

J. 1900

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**A Great Fourth of July.**  
Already they are saying that there has never been such a Fourth of July in Paris as the coming one is bound to be. The unveiling of the monument would be an event of first importance in itself. In the morning, to the rival melody of the Sousa Band and

the quite as celebrated Band of the Garde Republicaine, the monument will be uncovered in the Garden of the Tuilleries. Mr. Robert J. Thompson, secretary of the Lafayette memorial commission and envoy extraordinary of the President of the United States, will make a speech, presenting it to the French people. The biggest available French functionary—not yet decided on—will return thanks. Ten thousand Americans and twice as many Frenchmen will cheer themselves into forgetfulness of the slight coolness engendered by the Cuban war. In the afternoon the two great bands will play against each other in the open place of the Trocadero. At night an elaborate entertainment with fireworks for the multitude—in its spacious headquarters on the Place de l'Opera, terminating with a banquet. All American residences, boarding houses, hotels, shops, offices and bars will fly the flag; and it is possible that the Parisian population, warmed by its press of the event, will make, in a similar stars and stripes demonstration, the long-promised sign of republican love and good will that is to wipe out of our memories the supposed slights of two years ago. (Signed) **W. F. HELLIG.**

of curiosity so abnormally developed that one wonders how he can find the time to be so interested in the affairs of the passers-by. The untying of a shoestring, the buttoning of a glove, seems to be momentarily important—and if one is known to be English or American the interest is not confined to starting.

"Oh, yes! How do you do? Bifteck (beef-steak), pique (picnic). I thank you, are some of their words stringing themselves obtrusively on my mind. Quite like 'I Zou-Zou' (wasn't it?) in Tribby.

In the midst of this hurly-burly of the Boulevard, shut out from the century by a wall of iron bars, the Hotel de Clugny stands dreaming of the Middle Ages. Its wrought Gothic windows with the same grimace as of old, when the Benedictine fathers had them carved there. Within, the grave stone figures that people the museum and the naive wooden Madonna rest, calmly secure from the rollicking life laughing just the doors, rushing from the Boulevard St. Germain past Clugny, up to the Sorbonne and further toward the gardens behind the Luxembourg palace.

These gardens belong to the children principally. It's almost as fine as a veritable shady arcade of trees bar out the houses, a fountain does its best to be free and splashing as a brook, and here the small Parisians whip tops, jog in little goat carts, or arduously into piles of gravel and amuse themselves in their own domain.

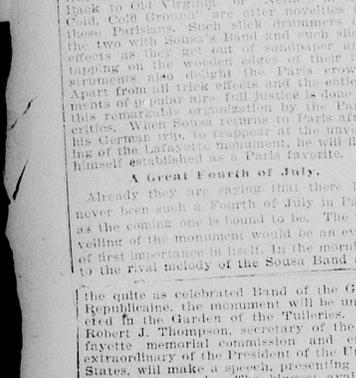
The "monde chic," or fashionable set, recedes itself in a very different part of the capital. It rolls up the avenue from the Place de la Concorde, the greatest square in Paris, to the Place d'Etoile, in a continuous stream of carriages and automobiles. It takes its elegance on to the Bois, the famous park, where the nobility and the official world pass each other with indifferent, well-bred bows. In the person of very much edited officers, it rides the proverbial charger, incarnated in the dandy, a wholesale Parisian type, it saunters along the park, unconscious of anything but its own perfection and the existence of very pretty girls in the carriages.

Etiquette, arbitrary as Atropis in France, does not allow the aristocratic French girl to give a gay nod or smile, but requires a grave salutation. Probably that is easier for her than anything else, for she has always been taught not to betray her personality, even if she has any, before the men.

Of course there are plenty of the bourgeois class on foot—and cyclists, and couriers out for an airing, led by peaceful mums; and sometimes one sees a hurrying troupe of "cockies" in steamer capes and yachting caps, shepherded by a Cook's guide.

Among the ways of spending Sundays is the trip on the Seine to St. Cloud. The bourgeoisie patronize largely the boats which have the sociable faculty of always being able to hold one more. Perhaps one may be jostled a bit by a neighbor who instantly begs one's pardon so graciously—for doing nothing at all—that one immediately forgives him—even his partiality for sea-baths.

This excursion takes one between the exposition buildings and is recommended as a preliminary to entering the grounds. The boats are frequent and comfortable and the fare very small. Going from Notre Dame toward St. Cloud, the Pont Alexandre III (bridge of Alexander III, France's gift to Russia, looms up in front. The gold horses on its pillars leaping upward with a truly Pegasus lightness, mark the first



"SUCCEEDS IN BALANCING HERSELF."

bridge of the exposition. At the right hand side one passes the Porte Monumentale which is the grand entrance looking on the Place de la Concorde. On top of this gateway, brilliant with color, the figure of a woman in the attitude of welcome succeeds in balancing herself. If she could only lose her balance the entrance would be left of an absurd decoration. At the left comes the section known as the Esplanade des Tuilleries, followed by the foreign government palaces making the air bright with national banners. Italy has the first state building fronting the Seine. It is large, is decked with all sorts of impossible fineries and angles and has a band of cherubs sporting themselves in a mosaic frieze around the wall. The effect is more grotesque than artistic. Turkey comes next. The United States follows.

In spite of a great deal of dome for so small a pavilion, and quite a family of eagles, the United States building is beautiful and imposing. It is exceedingly pretty and comfortable within, being furnished after our own fashion with rocking chairs, luxurious rugs and everything to rest the footsore, weary sight-seer. It was opened May 12 to the sound of "The Star Spangled Banner," "Stars and Stripes Forever," and "Dixie," played by Sousa's band. Surely it isn't necessary to praise the delight of the crowds that listened to this music and heard people around them speaking in a tangible tongue—the English of Boston, of Richmond, of Chicago—and saw so many examples of the comforts left behind in the land of stores and sunshine. The way the flag caught the wind—but everybody knows it is far and away the prettiest flag on earth, although some won't acknowledge it.

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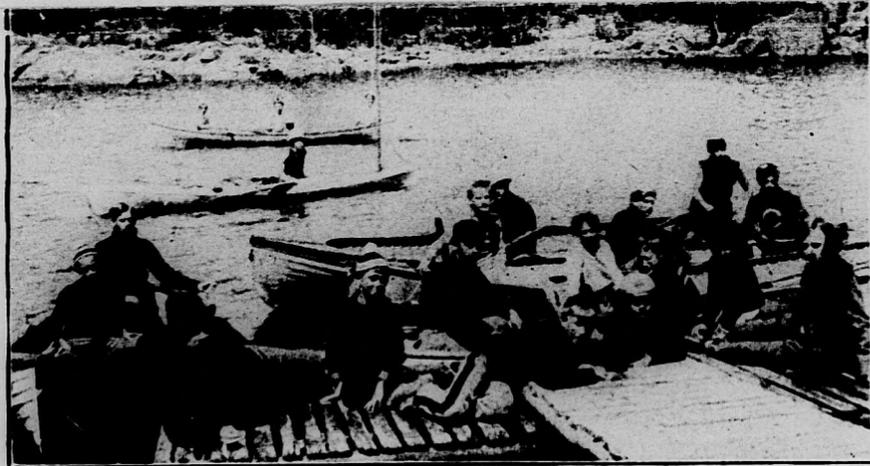
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BOYS IN SUMMER CAMP SCHOOL ON LAKE CHAMPLAIN. GOING FOR A SWIM.

insuring absolute safety for the younger boys.

Additions have been made to the camp this year, in the way of a new lodge or loghouse, which has an open fireplace where the boys may meet to sing and tell stories during the cool of the evening and on rainy days. A commodious dining room and kitchen are also attached. The quarters of the boys are in the regulation army pattern tent, size 9x9 feet, accommodating two boys each. These tents are provided with floors and comfortable cots, while the interior is usually fitted up with such rustic conveniences as the ingenuity of the occupant may suggest. The discipline of the camp rests upon a few simple regulations, looking to the safety and health of the boys.

The five instructors at the camp have charge of the tuition covering the whole range of college preparatory work, with specialists for those who wish to make up deficiencies.

The daily routine in camp is as follows: 6.30, reveille; 7, breakfast; 7.45, inspection; 8 to 11, study; 12, dinner; 3.30, swimming; 6, supper; 9.30, taps.

The monotony of camp life is relieved by races of all sorts on land and water, while the baseball games with the surrounding towns' teams are weekly features.

Audubon and Agassiz societies are usually formed, the method of study being in the form of familiar talks, tramps through

a source of amusement, whether the fun is in the form of a jolly minstrel show or bright burlesque on current dramas. "And so," to paraphrase the words of the immortal bard, "the summer of the small boys' erstwhile discontent is made a glorious holiday withal."

#### A PHILIPPINE INCIDENT.

An incident of campaigning in the Philippines as related by James Douglas, a Phillipsburg soldier boy: "During my first watch I wanted a chew of tobacco. I had to loosen my belt to get it, and so I set my rifle down. I had just taken a chew and fastened my belt, and was in the act of reaching for my rifle when I heard the report of a rifle and felt a stinging sensation along my right side. I dropped to the ground, and as I did so I saw a rebel in the act of taking another bead at me. He fired and missed, and then started to run, but I caught him on the go. The bullet hit him just at the nape of the neck and passed through his brain. His first shot took my 'first aid package' out of my right shirt pocket, and just burned my side. I was scared, too, I can tell you." —*Kansas City Journal.*

#### A MOTHER'S FAITH.

During a recent visit to Chicago Dr. Robert Collyer told how his mother had heard him preach for the first time in her life at Leeds thirty-five years ago, and walked proudly away from the church on his arm. Looking fondly up at him, she

Greene's father. The date of June 6 is selected because that is the anniversary of the birth of Nathan Hale and the anniversary of the unveiling of the statue considered the most ornamental feature of City Hall Park.

#### AN ABSENT-MINDED PERSON.

The restaurant was crowded and they put a good-looking young man down at the side of the table that made a right angle at her corner. She is absent minded, and besides was reading an exciting account in the evening paper of the robbery which had occurred at a friend's house. The waitresses were new, and when her dinner was brought she mentally observed that Lizzie was most stupid—she did not even know on which side of one to place the vegetables and entrées. In a family restaurant there is apt to be a promiscuous mixing

fered, but he was a large and healthy youth and he chanced to be exceedingly hungry.

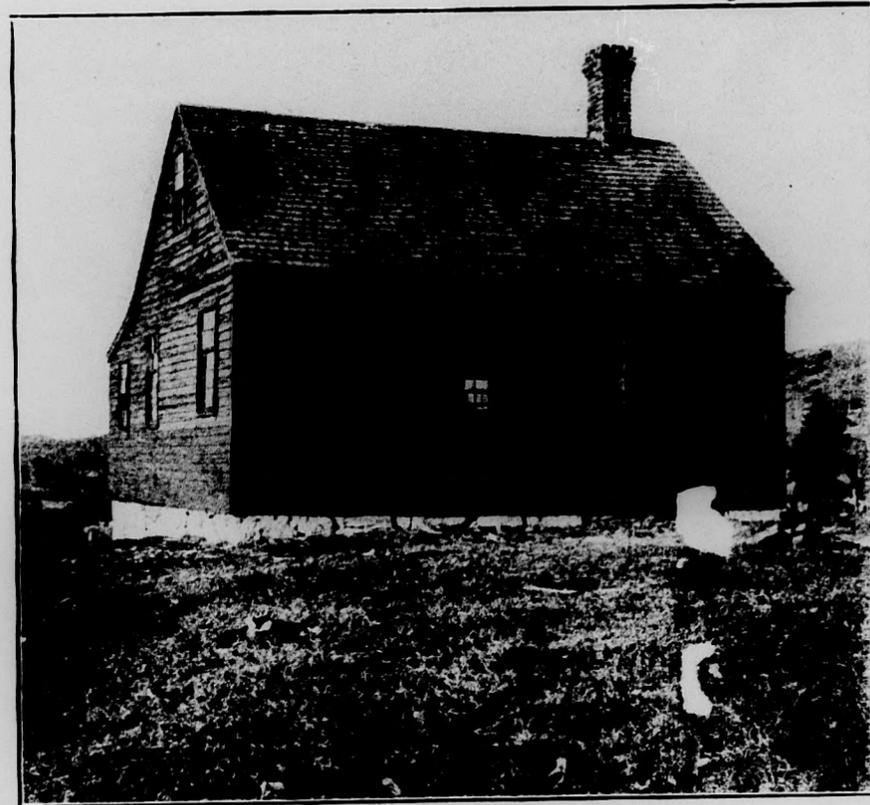
"Would you mind," he said at last, "passing me your lettuce and asparagus and macaroni? You have eaten mine."

It was then she saw that portion of her dinner, a little out of alignment, to be sure, but placed at her right hand, where it usually was stationed.

She didn't wait for dessert.—*Chicago News.*

#### A STRICT SABBATARIAN.

The Duchess of Buccleuch had an old Presbyterian nurse, who was once persuaded to attend the beautiful church they had built. The duchess afterward asked her if it was not very beautiful, and she said: "Oh, yes, very." "And the singing," said the duchess, "was not that lovely?" "Yes, your grace," she said. "It was lovely; but it's an awful way of spending the Sabbath."—*Exchange.*



BIRTHPLACE OF NATHAN HALE, BAPTIST CHURCH, LEEDS, MASS.

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# Lücken,

gähnt, daß schlechte Mager zur N...  
 an die zahllosen Statuen, die Da...  
 sich errichten ließ, die Worte so...  
 „Es ist genug!“ Man möchte ur...  
 amerikanischen Adler (die noch zel...  
 sind als die schon allzu zahlreichen...  
 schen) etwas Ähnliches schreiben.

Kein Volk (auch die Engländer nicht)  
 hält außerhalb der Heimath so zusammen  
 wie die Amerikaner. Mitten im schönsten  
 Völkerdurcheinander schaffen sie sich im-  
 mer ein kleines Amerika — ein Stück eige-  
 nes Heim. Irgendwo wohnt immer ein  
 Sternbanner, irgendwo brütet immer  
 ein Adler, und wo das Banner weht oder  
 der Adler brütet, da vereinigen sich die  
 Vereinigten Staaten. Der amerikanische  
 Generalkommissär hat eine Musikkapelle  
 aus New York verschrieben, die „Sousa  
 Band“. Dieses Orchester ist bisher das  
 einzige, das in der Ausstellung auf einem  
 der Plätze spielt, — wenn die Fremden  
 nicht für die Musik sorgen, der fran-  
 zösische Generalkommissär denkt nicht da-  
 ran. Die „Band“ des Herrn Sousa spielt  
 an jedem Nachmittag auf der Invaliden-  
 Esplanade. Ihre Mitglieder haben dunkle  
 Uniformen und sehr gute Lungen, denn  
 sie spielen fast ohne Pause. Sie beginnen  
 mit der amerikanischen Hymne, lassen die  
 Marschmäße folgen, und dann giebt es  
 „Tannhäuser“ und „Yankee Doodle“, so  
 viel man will. Zwei Fahnenträger mit  
 dem Sternbanner stehen auf der Trep-  
 pe des Musikpavillons. Ringsherum aber  
 lagert sich Amerika... Pünktlich um 3 Uhr  
 sitzt auf jedem Stuhl eine Miß. Dazwi-  
 schen rädeln sich höchst ungenirt die Jüng-  
 linge, — wenn sie nicht in Kniehosen ge-  
 kommen sind, haben sie die Beinkleider  
 wenigstens einen halben Meter weit um-  
 getremelt. Feistglänzende, glattrasierte  
 Großwähler von New York und Chicago,  
 denen es viel gesünder wäre, zu Fuß zu  
 gehen, lassen sich in Rollstuhls herum-  
 schieben. Wenn die Nationalhymne ge-  
 spielt wird, steht Alles auf. Und die jun-  
 gen Damen, die mit Stolz die ersten Pari-  
 ser Hüte tragen, beginnen den großen  
 Weltausstellungs-Fixirt und theilen auf-  
 fordernde Blicke aus. Aber das sind Wech-  
 sel, von denen man weiß, daß sie selten  
 eingelöst werden.

Auch der Palast auf dem „Quai des  
 Nations“ soll ein Heim für die Söhne und  
 Töchter Amerikas sein — und weiter nichts  
 als ein Heim. Man findet dort keinen  
 Ausstellungsgegenstand, kein anderes Lan-  
 desprodukt als Amerikaner und Amerika-  
 nerinnen. In der hohen domartigen, nur  
 mit Sternbannern geschmückten Halle  
 giebt es in drei Etagen drei eiserne, rund  
 um die Halle laufende Galerien. Das er-  
 innert an ein mehr praktisch als elegant  
 installirtes Bankgeschäft, oder mehr noch  
 an ein Auswanderungsbureau. Man  
 steigt auf hölzernen Treppen, auf wahren  
 Dienstbotentritten, von Etage zu Etage.  
 Unten an der Halle und an den drei Galle-  
 rien liegen nischenartige Zimmer — für  
 jeden Staat ein Raum. Jeder der Ver-  
 einigten Staaten hat sein Zimmer selbst möb-  
 lirt, und keiner von ihnen wird sich dabei zu  
 Grunde gerichtet haben. Einfache Holz-  
 möbel — im besten Falle ein paar Leder-  
 sessel — ein Tisch mit Zeitungen, ein Ge-  
 stell mit Adressbüchern und Wörterbüchern  
 — ein paar Photographien oder Land-  
 karten. Lauter Wartesäle!  
 Hier werden sich die Bürger und Bür-  
 gerinnen von New Orleans, Cincinnati  
 und Philadelphia Rendezvous geben. Sie  
 machen es sich bereits bequem. Kein über-  
 flüssiger Luxus stört die Gemüthlichkeit.  
 Hier kann man ungeschont die Füße auf  
 die Stühle legen und ungenirt auf den  
 Fußboden spucken. In weiser Vorsorge  
 ist nirgends ein Spucknapf aufgestellt. In  
 dem Zimmer von New York steht unter  
 dem Bilde des Honorable Elihu Root, zur  
 Zeit Kriegsminister, ein Klavier. Ein  
 siebenjähriges Baby läßt unter dem wach-  
 samen Auge der Mutter die Tonleiter.  
 Ein etwas jüngeres Kind der Familie  
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 her — es hätte Unrecht, wenn es sich gen-  
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 das! Die Siebenjährige am Klavier

## AMERICA'S GREAT BANDMASTER

### Sousa Will Show the Kaiser What Real Martial Music Is.

Chicago Chronicle.  
 Sousa is to play before Emperor Wil-  
 liam, having already charmed Berlin crit-  
 ical and fashionable audiences by his  
 flashing and brilliant effects in musical  
 leadership.  
 Kroll's garden is the most noted  
 resort in the German capital, and in its  
 opera house as well as under its trees the  
 best music of the continent may be heard  
 throughout the year. Having convinced  
 Berlin at Kroll's, nothing remains for  
 our players but to win the kaiser.  
 They will win him. William is more  
 than an amateur in both composition and  
 execution. The critics, especially the  
 French and British, professed to smile at  
 his „Song of Aegir," but the song con-  
 tinues to sell enormously throughout the  
 empire, to be sung by choruses and in  
 families that distinguish music from pol-  
 itics. That is complete test.  
 The kaiser is especially fond of martial  
 music. At Berlin on the silver jubilee  
 of Sedan, he had the bands of forty regi-  
 ments under the windows of the schloss  
 and listened entranced while, under the  
 batons of two directors, the massive music  
 rose reviving the marches of Frederick  
 the Great and the composers of still ear-  
 lier times. He can wield a baton him-  
 self, and drill an orchestra as readily  
 as he sets a squadron in the field.  
 Sousa will charm the kaiser. Our na-  
 tive American airs will engage the kai-  
 ser's ear with their strange melancholy,  
 their dreamy dances and their weird re-  
 ligiousness of camp meeting and river  
 bank. But it is the versatility of the  
 American band, its dazzling gymnastics  
 and capricious variations of everything  
 known to music that will more completely  
 convince the accomplished kaiser that we  
 are not a people without melody.

### Notes

In a special cable to the New York  
 Tribune C. I. Bernard states that „Dur-  
 ing the last week one of the most fre-  
 quented corners of the exposition has  
 been the neighborhood of the stand  
 where Sousa's American band plays.  
 Great interest is manifested in native  
 American compositions, folksongs and  
 descriptive music, which are a revela-  
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 Frenchmen. Among the bystanders the  
 opinion was everywhere the same: „Very  
 original," „Tres chic," „Beautiful,"  
 „That's the kind of music we want."  
 Among the listeners to the American  
 band were M. Theodore Dubois, director  
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 M. Carre, director of the Opera Comique,  
 and several leaders of French military  
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 band of the Garde Republicaine said:

„This is exactly the sort of music our  
 countrymen want in order to play up to  
 our reputation. We are likely to per-  
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 above the heads of 99 out of 100 listeners.  
 We get succes d'estime, but we fail to  
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 the music of the future or the music of  
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 live. This popular descriptive music is  
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 positions in future.“

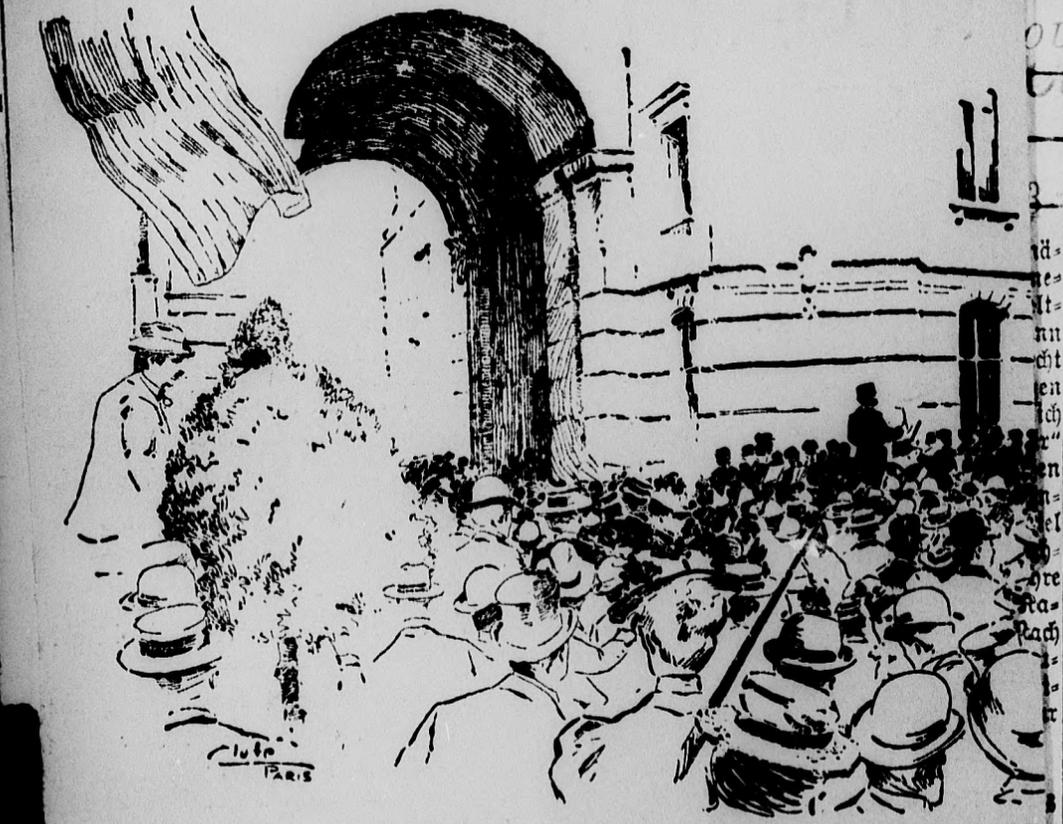
„A professor of the Paris conservatory,  
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 friends say that this homely Ameri-  
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 return to the earliest endeavors at com-  
 position. This is a great mistake.

Cutting from \_\_\_\_\_  
 address of Paper \_\_\_\_\_  
 date \_\_\_\_\_ JUN 3 1900

## BELGIAN HONOR FOR JOHN



SOUSA'S BAND BEFORE THE AMERICAN PAVILION AT

[SPECIAL CABLE TO THE HERALD.]  
 HERALD BUREAU,  
 No. 49 AVENUE DE L'OPERA,  
 PARIS, Sunday.  
 In recognition of the success of the con-

certs given by Sousa's Band in Belgium, the  
 Academy of Arts, Science and Literature of  
 Hainault has conferred upon Mr. Sousa a  
 grand diploma of honor and decorated him

Seite; der brave Washington zur Seine  
 hinaus. Ueberall hocht der amerikanische  
 Adler auf einer runden Kugel wie ein  
 glühender Vogel auf einem zu

Cutting Bureau in the World.

Address of Paper: ATTLE, WABE

g from ANGELES, CAL.

Notes

In a special cable to the New York Tribune C. I. Bernard states that "During the last week one of the most frequented corners of the exposition has been the neighborhood of the stand where Sousa's American band plays. Great interest is manifested in native American compositions, folksongs and descriptive music, which are a revelation to Parisians, and have called forth the highest praise from all classes of Frenchmen. Among the bystanders the opinion was everywhere the same: "Very original! "Tres chic! "Beautiful! "That's the kind of music we want." Among the listeners to the American band were M. Theodore Dubois, director of the French Conservatory of Music; M. Carre, director of the Opera Comique, and several leaders of French military bands. One of the members of the band of the Garde Republicaine said:

"This is exactly the sort of music our countrymen want in order to play up to our reputation. We are likely to perform music far too abstract, away above the heads of 99 out of 100 listeners. We get succes d'estime, but we fail to stir the masses of the people to enthusiasm, as the American band does. Besides American descriptive music, the American band plays a classical repertory—Chopin, Liszt, Beethoven—fully as well as we do. I feel certain that the example given by this American band will be followed by the majority of French military orchestras, on account of the immense hold it obtains over the ordinary listener's emotions. Call it the music of the future or the music of the past, it is the music required by the mass of the people, because it stirs their heartstrings, makes them feel and live. This popular descriptive music is a revelation to us here, and will have a marked influence on our national compositions in future."

"A professor of the Paris conservatory, who is celebrated both as an organist and as a composer, when asked if he did not think such descriptive music rather too trivial and not sufficiently elevated, replied most emphatically: "Not at all. We musicians living in our music day by day, all become too

... and forget that if there is a heart there is also a heart. We French composers give food to the former, but do not touch the latter. Some of my friends say that this homely American descriptive music is nothing but a return to the earliest endeavors at composition. This is a great mistake. Whether it be Colonne's orchestra interpreting Wagner's "Ride of the Valkyries" or Sousa's band portraying lively scenes of everyday American life, cutting down the high-

g from MORGEN JOURNAL  
Address of Paper NEW YORK

Und nun auch noch allerlei Unregelmäßigkeiten und Durchschereien in der amerikanischen Kommission der Pariser Weltausstellung! Und das unter einem Mann wie Ferdinand Peck von Chicago, der nicht nur ein besonderer Favorit der derzeitigen Washingtoner Nachhaber ist, sondern sich auch auf der Columbianischen "World's Fair" unbestreitbare Weltausstellungs-Sporen geholt hat. Wäre es nicht gerade im Hinblick auf diese letzteren für Herrn Peck viel besser gewesen, wenn er dem alten Sprichwort nach: "Bleibe in Lande und nähre dich redlich!" sich als Ausstellungs-Kapazität auf Chicago beschränkt hätte? Nach Allem, was jetzt von Paris her durchzufikern beginnt, ist die jüngste Amerikanische Weltausstellungs-Behörde nicht nur gepöckelt, sondern auch gepackt gewesen.

An demselben Tage, an welchem das nordwestliche Haus eröffnet wurde, eröffnete Herr Peck, der amerikanische Generalkommissär, den amerikanischen Palast. Dieser Palast ist wirklich nicht sehr ansprechend: ein hoher, weißer, kaffig nüchternen Raften, auf den man eine mächtige weiße Ruppel wie eine Fliegenglocke gestülpt hat. In einer tristen Säulenhalle vor der Front leidet der brave Washington zur Seine hinaus. Ueberall hockt der amerikanische Adler auf einer runden Kugel wie ein saft brüllender Vogel auf einem zu

gähnt, daß schlechte Wetter zur Nacht an die zahllosen Statuen, die dort sich errichten ließ, die Worte so: "Es ist genug!" Man möchte unter amerikanischen Adler (die noch zahlreicher sind als die schon allzu zahlreichen Statuen) etwas Ähnliches schreiben.

# Lücken,

Kein Volk (auch die Engländer nicht) hält außerhalb der Heimath so zusammen wie die Amerikaner. Mitten im schönsten Völkerdurcheinander schaffen sie sich immer ein kleines Amerika — ein Stück eigenes Heim. Jrgendwo wohnt immer ein Sternbanner, irgendwo brütet immer ein Adler, und wo das Banner weht oder der Adler brütet, da vereinigen sich die Vereinigten Staaten. Der amerikanische Generalkommissär hat eine Musikkapelle aus New York verschrieben, die "Sousa Band". Dieses Orchester ist bisher das einzige, das in der Ausstellung auf einem der Plätze spielt, — wenn die Fremden nicht für die Musik sorgen, der Französischer Generalkommissär denkt nicht daran. Die "Band" des Herrn Sousa spielt an jedem Nachmittag auf der Invaliden-Platz. Ihre Mitglieder haben dunkle Uniformen und sehr gute Lungen, denn sie spielen fast ohne Pause. Sie beginnen mit der amerikanischen Hymne, lassen die Marschmusik folgen, und dann giebt es "Tannhäuser" und "Yankee Doodle", so viel man will. Zwei Fahmenträger mit dem Sternbanner stehen auf der Treppe des Musikpavillons. Ringsherum aber lagert sich Amerika... Pünktlich um 3 Uhr sitzt auf jedem Stuhl eine Miß. Dazwischen räkeln sich höchst ungenirt die Jünglinge, — wenn sie nicht in Kniehosen gekommen sind, haben sie die Beinkleider wenigstens einen halben Meter weit umgestrempelt. Feistglänzende, glattrasierte Großwähler von New York und Chicago, denen es viel gesünder wäre, zu Fuß zu gehen, lassen sich in Rollfauteuils herum-schieben. Wenn die Nationalhymne gespielt wird, steht Alles auf. Und die jungen Damen, die mit Stolz die ersten Pariser Hüte tragen, beginnen den großen Weltausstellungs-Fixir und theilen auf-fordernde Blicke aus. Aber das sind Wechsel, von denen man weiß, daß sie selten eingelöst werden.

Auch der Palast auf dem "Quai des Nations" soll ein Heim für die Söhne und Töchter Amerikas sein — und weiter nichts als ein Heim. Man findet dort keinen Ausstellungsgegenstand, kein anderes Landesprodukt als Amerikaner und Amerikanerinnen. In der hohen domartigen, nur mit Sternbannern geschmückten Halle giebt es in drei Etagen drei eiserne, rund um die Halle laufende Galerien. Das erinnert an ein mehr praktisch als elegant inskaliertes Bantgeschäft, oder mehr noch an ein Auswanderungsbureau. Man steigt auf hölzernen Treppen, auf wahren Dienstbotentreppen, von Etage zu Etage. Unten an der Halle und an den drei Galerien liegen nischenartige Zimmer — für jeden Staat ein Raum. Jeder der Vereinigten Staaten hat sein Zimmer selbst möblirt, und keiner von ihnen wird sich dabei zu Grunde gerichtet haben. Einfache Holz-möbel — im besten Falle ein paar Leder-sessel — ein Tisch mit Zeitungen, ein Gestell mit Adreßbüchern und Wörterbüchern — ein paar Photographien oder Land-skarten. Lauter Wartesäle!

Hier werden sich die Bürger und Bürgerinnen von New Orleans, Cincinnati und Philadelphia Rendezvous geben. Sie machen es sich bereits bequem. Kein über-flüssiger Luxus stört die Gemüthlichkeit. Hier kann man ungeschaut die Füße auf die Stühle legen und ungenirt auf den Fußboden spucken. In weiser Vorsorge ist nirgends ein Spudnapf aufgestellt. In dem Zimmer von New York steht unter dem Bilde des honorable Elihu Root, zur Zeit Kriegsminister, ein Klavier. Ein siebenjähriges Baby übt unter dem wach-samen Auge der Mutter die Tonleiter. Ein etwas jüngeres Kind der Familie rutscht bebenlich auf einem Sessel hin und her — es hätte Unrecht, wenn es sich geniren wollte — der Sessel verträgt auch das! Die Siebenjährige am Klavier

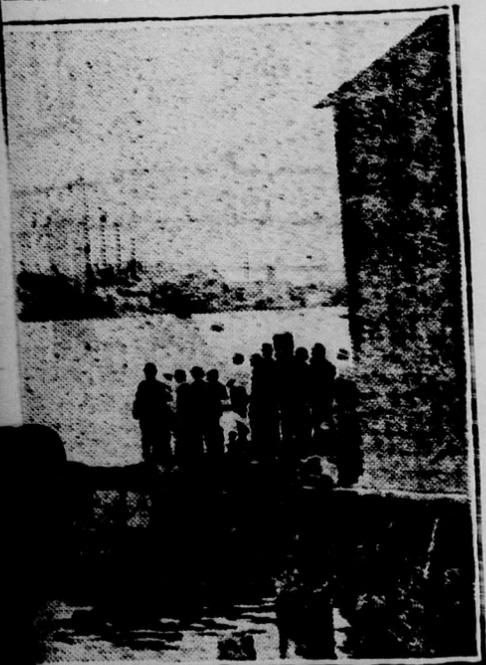
## AMERICA'S GREAT HANDMASTE!

### Sousa Will Show the Kaiser What Real Martial Music Is.

Chicago Chronicle.  
Sousa is to play before Emperor William, having already charmed Berlin critical and fashionable audiences by his flashing and brilliant effects in musical leadership. Kroll's garden is the most noted resort in the German capital, and in its opera house as well as under its trees the best music of the continent may be heard throughout the year. Having convinced Berlin at Kroll's, nothing remains for our players but to win the Kaiser. They will win him. William is more than an amateur in both composition and execution. The critics, especially the French and British, professed to smile at his "Song of Aegir," but the song continues to sell enormously throughout the empire, to be sung by choruses and in families that distinguish music from politics. That is complete test. The Kaiser is especially fond of martial music. At Berlin on the silver jubilee of Sedan, he had the bands of forty regiments under the windows of the Schloss and listened entranced while, under the batons of two directors, the massive music rose reviving the marches of Frederick the Great and the composers of still earlier times. He can wield a baton himself, and drill an orchestra as readily as he sets a squadron in the field. Sousa will charm the Kaiser. Our native American airs will engage the Kaiser's ear with their strange melancholy, their dreamy dances and their weird religiousness of camp meeting and river bank. But it is the versatility of the American band, its dazzling gymnastics and capricious variations of everything known to music that will more completely convince the accomplished Kaiser that we are not a people without melody.

Cutting from NEW YORK JOURNAL  
Address of Paper NEW YORK  
Date JUNE 3, 1900

# REGATTA



ALEX REGATTA.

Boat Club—E. Keller, bow; M. Metzler, stroke. First Bohemian Boat Club—William C. Grassill, bow; William Vesely, stroke. Won by Unions. Time, 5m. 29 1/2 s. Bohemians second. Time, 5m. 31 s. Lone Stars, third. Directly the pistol cracked the "Bo-hoos" assumed the lead, with the Unions in close attendance. The Lone Stars were never in it after the first quarter. All interest in the race revolved about the struggle from the half mile on, it being nip and tuck right up to the finish, with the Unions a half length to the good of the "Bo-hoos."

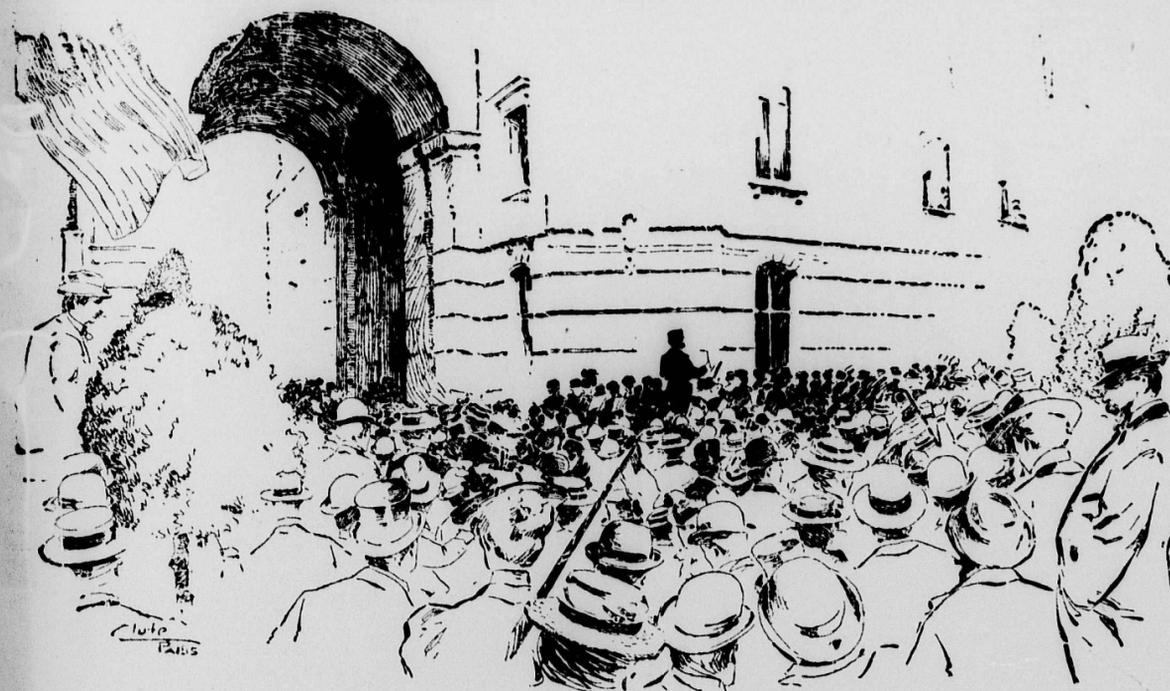


Special Correspondence of the Plain Dealer.  
**PARIS, May 14.**—At the opening of our national pavilion this afternoon John Philip Sousa began the exercises. He played the "Marseillaise," and the Americans, college men and girls, people who have made Paris their home for many years, and the proverbial tourist alike waved and cheered approval as defiantly as they did a little later when the band became more distinctly patriotic and beat the air with "The Star Spangled Banner."  
 There was no denying the enthusiasm of the crowd. It was American to the core. Everybody who had anything to wave waved it, and such a chatter prevailed as, in all probability, the French capital never saw before and never will again until the United States dedicates another pavilion. And the Americans who

disturb the equanimity of George Washington keeping guard beneath.  
 It was an embarrassing thing not to know where the republic of Andorre was. I had struggled through with Saint-Marin and Bosnia-Herzegovine and a few others without letting the various gentlemen with whom I talked see the exact limit of my knowledge of their respective lands. But the man from the republic of Andorre made me look him directly in the eye, and he spoke English. So there was no hope of having him think he might have misconstrued my French.  
 As I say, he got a firm hold of my eye, and then he asked me if I had ever visited the republic of Andorre. It wasn't any stretch of the imagination to say I had not, but when he pursued his investigations and demanded: "How near have you been to the republic of Andorre?" I, like

of the propagators of the Paris exhibition. When one admits that women have been permitted to contribute lace and tapestry and painted china the story is very nearly told. Exhibits in the departments of education and sociology are the exception, and in fine arts the distinction of sex is, of course, unknown.  
 French universities have existed for nearly 700 years, since the Sorbonne was founded in Paris in 1219. On the other hand, if American universities are more recent, they have been already many years in existence, and it is astonishing that there should not as yet have been established relations between the universities of the two countries. Other nations have from time to time sent students to Paris to the different schools of the "Latin quarter," as it is commonly called; they were so numerous in the middle ages that they founded schools which were named after

soon shown its...  
 At a banquet recently given in Paris the American University...  
 The American students have the tradition of middle-age students have formed a club in Paris, Qu Conti, where they have their reunions. Moreover, on national days, Thanksgiving, Washington's birthday, etc., all the students of American universities give a banquet, to which they invite the French celebrities and the American men of note that happen to be in Paris at the time.  
 We in France congratulate ourselves about such results, and wish to see the Franco-American movement increase every year, for American students going back to their homes after having studied in France will carry back with them a little of the spirit of the Latin civilization. We do not wish to discuss here which is the better influence—the German or the Latin—but, in any case, we think that the German spirit was going to take too large a share of influence in the United States and that, thanks to this reform in the French universities, a new current will bring a little diversity among the scientific methods which come to America from Europe.  
 France also sends to America her students, and it will be another service which the Franco-American committee will have done, directing to America the young Frenchmen who wish to study those very modern sciences in which American universities hold such a prominent place, as electricity, mechanics and experimental psychology. If we want to look for further consequences of the movement we should see that young men who have studied in France will have shared the same joys, will have preserved the same memories, and will have brought back to their own country the same spirit of inquiry and of progress.



Sousa's Band before the American Pavilion.

are now Parisians, who have lived here long enough to have passed the stage of telling people "how good it is to hear the mother tongue," and who look upon the man who wears a little copy of the stars and stripes in his buttonhole with a certain kind of pity, smiled almost scornfully at our display of spirit and remarked among themselves that they wished Americans wouldn't do that sort of thing.  
 There were really two companies of people taking part in this inauguration. One division got inside the building and saw Mr. Peck transfer the keys, metaphorically speaking, to M. Picard. Another and larger detachment crowded around the bandstand just outside the building and kept time with Sousa and his familiar two-step.  
 When the exercises inside were over and the people who had been in got out or went down stairs to take "light refreshments," the second division had its turn and a good long opportunity to admire a gorgeous display of tri-colored bunting, shields bearing the names of the different states in the union and an enormous electric chandelier, said to be the biggest thing of its kind ever manufactured.  
 The dedication ceremonies themselves were simple and made a short speech of prayer, and M. Picard responded for the French. The main floor was the scene of the ceremony. The

Bowser in "Amos Judd," blushed and turned away my head. This afternoon I bought a geography.  
 If the Paris exposition does no more for the people who visit it than arouse them to a knowledge of who's where on the other side of the world, it will scarcely have lived in vain. And if you, individually, are sufficiently in earnest to be willing to seek a conversation with each of the thirty-nine nationalities represented in the exposition, there is absolutely no telling what the results may be. When you get through, if your experience is similar to mine, I fancy you will walk up to the front door of the republic of Andorre or Timbuctoo, as the case may be, and ask with a calmness born out of the depths of experience: "In what language would I better talk here?"  
 My own intimate acquaintance with these many tongues is all due to the woman question. If I hadn't been obliged to ask China whether anybody she knew had made ric-rac for the fair I never would have had a living realization of the fact that an occasional Chinaman speaks French like a native. I was assured, by the way, that China hadn't sent a woman exhibitor, and was incidentally led to believe that the celestials thought themselves in luck.  
 There was no great linguistic develop-

the nationalities of their students. The "Scotch school" is still existing, as well as the "Irish school."  
 Why are French universities so little known by American students? It comes from the fact that American students began to visit European universities only since the middle of the nineteenth century. From the time of Napoleon I French universities were organized so that the instruction, although excellent, was of no avail to foreigners. Napoleon, in accordance with his despotic character, had centralized in his own hands all the universities; he had organized them like regiments; they were all similar; their examinations were the same. When a student entered any of those universities he passed a series of examinations for which he received from the state a diploma. This diploma entitled him to teach in the schools of the state; the student was paid by the state; he became a functionary of the state; these privileges were reserved to Frenchmen only; thus foreigners were barred from them. This was the more to be deplored because the studies in these universities were kept at a very high standard. But it accounts for the absence of American students and the attraction they would be going to Germany, where every student's wish was granted to them.  
 It was only on his return from Germany that an American student, Mr. Harry J. Furber, jr., today a lawyer in Chicago was struck by the great value of the scientific studies of the French universities and the difficulties American students had to encounter in taking advantage of them. He was at the same time astonished to have ignored so long the existence of French universities, and grieved to see that his countrymen did not avail themselves of the opportunities to get acquainted with them. He resolved to attempt to bring about a reform which would benefit both countries, and in a document which he sent to the department of public instruction of France he submitted the fact that American students would like to attend French universities, but could not do so, because they were barred by law from entering.  
 Mr. Furber had the good luck to make this statement at the very moment France was changing the whole organization of the superior schools system. The strict limitations set by Napoleon had been found too narrow, so the republic decided to break them and restore freedom to the teachers, as to all citizens. As an immediate consequence foreigners were admitted to all universities and could receive degrees as well as Frenchmen.  
 This last result was obtained by the intervention of the Franco-American committee, formed precisely for the purpose of bringing about the necessary reforms. It is composed of two parts, one in France, the other in America, comprising prominent instructors of the two countries. The American representative in France is Mr. Henry Breal, corresponding secretary of the Franco-American committee, No. 70 Rue d'Assas, Paris, who will always be happy to give free information to all American students desirous of knowing anything about French universities. The representative of France in America is Mr. Harry J. Furber, jr., No. 659 Rookery building, Chicago. All favors asked from the French government have been granted, and advantages are now the same for French and American students.  
 The law of 1896 has given freedom and autonomy to French universities. They are no longer entirely dependent on the government. They are free now to govern their own finances, to receive gifts, to create chairs and to give diplomas. There remains from the old organization only this advantage, that the government name the professors, so that the teaching is of equal value in the fifteen universities of France.  
 The law of 1896 in thus maintaining the level of excellence has not barred the universities, however, from becoming individual and preserving the originality which comes to them through their geographical position, their traditions, their customs. This explains why Nancy, situated in the middle of a beer producing country, has created a school of brewing; why Grenoble, so near Italy, has a special chair of Italian history of fine arts, and Montpellier, at the foot of the Pyrenees, a chair of Spanish history. Clermont-Ferrand, placed in the center of a volcanic region almost unique in the world, has courses in mineralogy, supplemented by scientific excursions in the central region of France, so rich in practical demonstrations of this particular branch of study.  
 Each university is thus stimulated by a sort of local pride, and vies with the others in excellence and hospitality. It is to further this latter that some of them have created courses in French, which are given in August and September, and are specially intended for foreigners who want to follow the classes of the university in winter and wish to perfect first their knowledge of the language.  
 It is well to recall here that all teaching



Buying stamps at the postoffice in the American Pavilion.

guests of honor, such as Mrs. Potter Palmer, who wore a gorgeous black and white gown and a white feather boa; Mrs. Peck and her daughters, Mrs. John A. Logan, the Porters and Col Webb C. Hayes were seated directly opposite the commissioners general in the first balcony. When the speeches were over Sousa played "My Country," and everybody started on an inspection tour. Everything was open to visitors—the reception and commission rooms, the quarters reserved for women's organizations and the serving of afternoon tea—that most convenient of all the conveniences the United States pavilion has to offer, the postoffice and the really handsome rooms furnished by the states of Massachusetts, New York and California.  
 So the United States pavilion was opened. The Turkey tower was still in place—the opposition of our own commission didn't seem to bring it down—but our old chariot shone resplendent above our own turrets, and there was naught to

ment to be derived from my interview with Mr. Spearman of the British commission, but I learned some hard facts to the effect that if women were where they ought to be, stockings would be better darned and there'd be less fooling around expositions.  
 At the end of this interview with Mr. Spearman, I felt decidedly reprieved for fooling around myself, and beat a hasty retreat to the French headquarters, only to be told that the French still thought women were "all for love," and that as far as the exposition was concerned their contributions were merely a sideshow. This, too, was a blow, but nothing to what the Russians had in store for me.  
 All the officials at the czar's exposition office lined up, gave me thorough inspection and then burst into wild laughings. Apparently they thought I was a sort of advance guard to the woman exhibition myself, and, judging by the extraordinary bursts of mirth I in this advance capacity elicited, I am at a loss to know what

from \_\_\_\_\_

of Paper \_\_\_\_\_

# ODD COLLECTIONS SHOWN AT PARIS.

*Many Noted Frenchmen Have Loaned Their Private Treasures to the Exposition—Sousa's Big Hit—Backwardness of the Show Has a Telling Effect on the Gate Receipts.*

PARIS, May 22.—The small palace of fine arts at the exposition is devoted to a "retrospective exhibit of French art." The visitor who expects to find the building filled with paintings and statues will be surprised. The exhibit illustrates some of the beginnings of French art, but it is rather such a collection as one would seek in a museum. But while the official designation is misleading the exhibit itself has many remarkable features. The building that is to stand for future generations has a unique arrangement, to start with. Its galleries have the form, roughly speaking, of a bent bow, with a large court, decked with palms and dotted with basins of water, inclosed in walls of blue and white mosaic. The gallery, corresponding to the string of the bow, is a single, straight hall, its walls hung with tapestries and its floor marked off in regular spaces by pieces of ancient armor. The building corresponding to the bow proper has two parallel galleries, with frequent openings between them. The visitor can make the round in the minimum of time; there is no getting lost in a labyrinth of chambers and every nook is well lighted.

Many noted French collectors have loaned their treasures for the exposition, and it is interesting to note what curious shoots the collecting mania has taken. It is easy to understand Paul Garnier's predilection for watches of the sixteenth century, for his collection is its own justification. The old timepieces have many quaint forms, and genuine art was employed in decking some in chased gold and glittering stones. In shape some look like hearts, bottles, muff boxes, crosses, censers and gongs, and others have queer forms, unlike anything in common use to-day. Several are so large that their owners must have had servants to carry them. But what must be said of Dolsteau's collections of old keys and locks? And yet there are keys with parables in their black iron and locks with processions of saints in relief.

There is a different note in Bernard Franck's beautiful "Cabinets de Bal." What stories of romance and intrigue they would

tell of the seigneurs and the grande dames of the thirteenth century if the ball programmes inclosed in the jeweled cases should reveal their secrets! These cases resemble elongated match boxes, and they were designed to carry the tablets on which dancing engagements were inscribed. There are many exquisite pieces among them, some with miniature portraits of fair women, and all with some such motto as "Souvenir" or "D'Amitie."

If one prefers historical association, there is the jewel cabinet of Marie Antoinette, large enough for a sideboard and still gay in its gilt and mother-of-pearl. Not quite so sentimental are the armors worn by Francois II. and Henry II., a little the worse for the wear, and yet good as bargains in second-hand iron clothing. If one is of a religious turn, rather than martial or sentimental, he may find solace in the contemplation of a cape worn by Pope Clement in 1308. Its golden threads still outlining pictures of saints and flagellants. The exhibit is particularly rich in relics of the Catholic church, which gave so much employment to art in the earlier ages. These remains have been so subdivided that one may see collections of crosses and even of the wooden combs of canonized holy men as far back as the ninth century. The Cathedral of Rheims has contributed the "resurrection" piece given it by Henry II. in 1547. It shows the figure of Christ arising from His tomb, which is surrounded by the sleeping Roman sentinels. More gruesome is a wooden carving of the Roman epoch showing the life-size figure of the wounded, emaciated Christ on the cross.

Does one desire to go back to the beginnings of France? There is C. Boulanger's collection of glassware of the Gallo-Roman and Merovingian eras. Mme. Plique's Gallo-Roman pottery is ornamented with figures and scenes from the life of that time. Celtiberian weapons, jewels from Merovingian tombs, swords of the thirteenth century, cash boxes with iron bands and massive locks, big trunks with elaborate carvings, Albert Maignan's collection of necklaces of the sixteenth century, early ceramics from Sevres and St. Cloud—all these contribute to the variety of this "art" exhibit. Baron Gustave de Rothschild has shared his good

fortune with the public by exposing some bronzes by Coyzevère. The Marquis de Thuisy shows his collection of fine jewel caskets, many of them with women's portraits. A rare display is made by the painted enamels of J. Porgis, representing classic and biblical scenes.

There are many clocks of curious form. One has its works mounted on the pipe of a small organ, which is said to play at regular intervals when the timepiece is running. A more ingenious piece is in the form of a marble urn surrounded by the statues of the Three Graces. Around the mouth of the urn is a movable band marked with the hours. The works within the marble cut, turn the band, so that the finger of one of the graces pointed at the band indicates the time. The urn also has a cover with a movable band marked for the minutes. It must be evident from this hasty survey of the Petit Palace des Beaux Arts that it has a collection of great interest, though its flavor is antiquarian rather than artistic.

Sousa's band has come and gone and left a pleasant taste in the mouth. Americans are proud of their distinguished compatriot, and are looking forward to his return after a tour through Germany. He gave the French people a new sensation, and the man who can do that is sure of the good will of the world-weary Parisians. His "American music" quite captivated the natives. The published programme was made up, for the most part, of classical music, which was what the French expected, but it was in the encores that the ennuied Parisians found a fresh flavor. Sousa was great enough—or shrewd enough, if you prefer—to reward the plaudits of his countrymen with the popular airs of America, and he made a master stroke of it.

To see and hear Sousa's band playing rag-time tunes in the court of the Esplanade des Invalides was an experience to be remembered. Above the band towered the palace of national manufactures, bristling with statues looking down on the strange invasion. Near by was the avenue newly created to honor the Czar of the Russias, and within sound of the cornets rested the ashes of Napoleon. The visitors were almost surrounded by the pinnacles of the exposition buildings, and the flags of many nations

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BECAUSE of the little airs and graces that Bandmaster Sousa affects in conducting his wind-jammers and skin-thumpers, they have given him a feminine sobriquet in Paris—"la Sousa!" As far as femininity is concerned, just at present at least, he compromises by appearing, when off duty, with a popular American actress, whose name and garb are masculine to a degree. Together Sousa and the actress attract any amount of attention, both of them wearing handsome vizzor caps pulled well down over the eyes and snug little waistcoats buttoned quite up to the neck. They posed, one night recently, with chins in hand and elbows on the balcony railing of one of the most notorious "slum" resorts of Paris. Some Americans who were there recognized them, and going to the manager of the place put him "on." The manager had a brief consultation with the leader of his orchestra, and in the middle of a slow, languorous waltz the instruments dashed into the "Washington Post." The dancers stopped and gazed inquiringly at the orchestra, who, to a man, gazed at Sousa and the actress, who were finally compelled to acknowledge the ovation.

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Do all other countries hear mostly of their own Fair Commissioners at Paris through newspaper correspondents and others, just as we hear mostly of Peck and his doings? Probably there is an English commissioner of some importance, and again somebody who represents Germany in that capacity; but in this country one is made to feel that they are but small local busybodies compared with what Commissioner Peck is. At least according to the despatches Mr. Peck is more than "holding his own" over there; and, indeed, is a sort of leading spirit. And when he

goes out officially, with Sousa and his band along to add the welding note of harmony to all that he says and does, he must be indeed a focus for the eyes of all countries.

fluttered from the sculptured turrets on all sides. The American colony was represented every afternoon by several thousand of its members, and the local concern that rents chairs at 2 cents a sit found it the biggest bonanza up to date. After the first two concerts many Frenchmen joined the colony and were quite as enthusiastic as the yankees.

It would have been a daring thing for Sousa to give the music of a cake-walk and of a Sioux war dance if he had not known his audience, but he played to the gallery, if you please to put it that way, and the novelty of the thing pleased even the critical natives. The American leader has a catchy knack of suiting the action to the music, and his mannerisms were a never-failing delight to Americans and Frenchmen alike. He entered so completely into the movement of the rhythmic measures that he apparently was on the verge of shuffling through a plantation walk-around at times. The music and the motion touched happy chords in American memories, and the aliens from across the sea made the court ring with their wild, enthusiastic cheers. The spectacle of a yelling mob, with waving hats and canes, was always enough to draw all the French within hearing to join the fringe. There were always two American guards present to wave Old Glory when the band played "The Stars and Stripes Forever." The handsome clean-cut appearance of the visitors in their neat, modest uniform made a striking contrast with things European. Altogether the Americans scored a notable triumph.

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The glamour of the Orient will be strong in the garden of the Trocadero, and the French colonies will contribute much to the picturesqueness of that section of the great fair. French India is represented by one of the most striking of the structures. Resembling a pyramid in its general contour, it is a copy of a famous temple of East India. It is done in white staff unrelieved by any color, and its sides are covered with decorations. The approach to the temple is between two lines of animals resembling lions with frogs' mouths. The portal is profusely ornamented with the gods and the animals of eastern mythology. The outer faces of the pillars are covered with religious figures in bas-relief. At either side of the opening is a horse rampant and bearing a holy rider. At the top of the arch is a figure of a Vishnu flanked on either side by a figure that would be mistaken for a bull if it had horns and might be mistaken for a horse if it didn't look quite so much like a bull. The temple is surrounded by a frieze illustrating scenes from the lives of the oriental deities. Above the frieze are numerous panels with elephants and holy figures, and the intervening spaces are filled with conventional ornaments. The temple is a fine sample of the ornate architecture of the East, which has been reproduced with great fidelity and effectiveness.

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Among the national pavilions that of Italy seems to have captured the popular fancy, being the most attractive. It is the largest structure of its kind, and its pavillon near the Invalides bridge at one end of the Street of Nations makes it particularly prominent. It is the florid Italian architecture that catches the eye. The broad facades are covered with fretwork, with Cupids and statues that give the building something of an ecclesiastical air. These ornaments rise above the pavilion in towering pinnacles, and the roof also supports five gilded domes with something of the Byzantine in their lines. Around the middle of the building like a brilliant girdle is a frieze with a gilded ground, on which rows of Cupids are represented as engaged in various industries peculiar to man. Altogether it is the most ornate piece of architecture on the street, and it is shown off to the best possible advantage when the observer approaches by the bridge across the Seine.

The building has one big hall inside rising to the roof and surrounded by balconies. It is filled with exhibits of Italian products—ceramics, glass work, laces, mosaics, iron work, marbles, etc.—and in each small booth there is a native of sunny Italy ready to strike bargains for the surrounding exhibits.

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The United States pavilion, by the way, is almost unique in having no exhibit and no hawksters. Its halls are not incumbered with canned corn and bottled beet root. Visitors are not pestered by noisy hawkers of gaudy gewgaws. All these things have been relegated to their appropriate sections, and the pavilion has an air of quiet dignity becoming a great and rich nation. It has been fitted up as a free clubroom, a rendezvous and a haven of rest for the American pilgrims. A leading Parisian daily, in speaking of this feature, attempted to show off with a little English, and this was the result:

"The United States Pavillon is devoted and designed with the comfort's american view. It sembles nothing so much comfortable as American-Club House."

This French redacteur also calls the Loy Legion of Honor the "Roayl Legion," but he proudly boasts of having had two conversations with Architect Coolidge, these aberrations may be attributable to the seduction of American hospitality. At any rate, he did glowing justice to the reading, smoking and lounging rooms, the elevators and the other things that will minister to the comfort of the visiting yankees.

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The unreadiness of the exposition doubtless caused a considerable loss in revenue by reason of the light patronage. The loss will not fall upon the exposition or the government, but upon the people who bought and paid for the 65,000,000 tickets in advance. During the first month the paying admissions frequently fell below 50,000 per day. On several Sundays the attendance has reached 150,000, because Sunday is a holiday with Parisians—at least with those who do not continue the grind of work without interruption, for most of the shops are not doing business as on week days. To redeem the millions of outstanding tickets there must be an average of about 375,000 per day. The double and quintuple charges will help to pay the debt, but that system has done little thus far.

Take the official figures for any day at hazard and analyze them. Here is a sample, for example, of 73,766 admissions, but only 38,471 were paid for. It is interesting to note that there were only 992 entries before 6 o'clock in the morning, when two tickets are demanded. Visitors who want elbow room may have it during the first two hours of the day by paying the moderate price. There is also a double charge after 6 o'clock in the evening, and the paying entries for the night in question numbered only 820. At the Vincennes annex the paid admissions for the day numbered 361, which represents to the exposition a revenue of \$72.20. The report indicates that there were 35,294 free admissions, but these figures do not fairly represent the number of "dead-heads." There are many artisans at work on buildings and many laborers engaged in installing exhibits. French workingmen as a rule go out three times a day to eat or drink, and many of them were counted several times. Several thousand men in executive positions are counted at least twice a day. Many persons having bridges rather than climb one of the four bridge streets, pass out of the exposition, as the street on the ground level and re-enter at the gate opposite.

Here is another recent day with admissions reported at 105,970, but only 63,181 were paid for, making 41,889 that were free. The admissions during the period of double charge numbered only 1,018 in the morning and 3,753 in the evening. The entries at Vincennes annex were 718. Veteran visitors comment on the fact that the French have dropped their word "billet" and adopted "tickets" for the little blue bits of paper which are given to the exposition.

ments of the spell that Paris casts over most visitors. It is not easy to solve the riddle of the Parisian charm, but one cannot deny the enchantment, and few there are who can successfully resist its seductive influences.

Of course, there is no rose without a thorn. Waiters will take advantage of a foreigner's ignorance to charge double price for coffee, and the newcomer may wake up in the morning with a fine collection of coins that he cannot pass on a cabman, but experience always was a dear teacher. There is a painfully insufficient number of green benches scattered about the ground for the convenience of weary visitors, but there are thousands of chairs. Many a foreigner is puzzled when a woman in black approaches, begins to chatter in French and waves strips of blue or green paper at him. Around her arm is a band with an inscription in yellow letters, "Sieges Recette." She collects 2 cents for the use of the chair and hands over a slip of paper, which is a receipt. There is another woman in black, but with the sign, "Sieges Controle." Sitters must show her their receipts to be punched, and she collects from those who have no slips to show. Some Americans are inclined to resent this petty business, but the two

sous entitle one to keep his chair all day if he chooses. There are many occasions, as for the concerts of Sousa's Band, when even a well-disposed management could not be expected to provide benches for all comers, and at such times the system of renting chairs is a godsend to the weary.

But there are some "customs of the country" that work to the advantage of the man who foots the bill. It doesn't take a yankee long to discover that by ordering a 6-cent glass of beer or an 8-cent cup of coffee he may occupy a choice seat in front of a cafe for hours. The garcon who pays 5 francs a day for the privilege of waiting on customers may secretly fret and fume on busy days and nights as he counts the tips that go to other tables, but never mind. The foreigner is not responsible for the custom, and besides he has a grudge against garcons in general for the bad silver they have shoved off on him. Let the visitor sip his drink as leisurely as he pleases and listen to the music till the cows come home. So long as he delays paying for the drink the garcon is helpless and can say nothing. What would you? It is the custom of the country. Sweet is revenge.

FREDERIC BENZINGER.

ticket  
ive adm  
With Jun  
here will doubtless be a notable increase in  
the attendance. The show will be practically  
complete, and the flood from foreign land  
will have set in. The weather, which here  
before has often been too chilly for comfort  
will be mild enough to tempt one to sit out  
of doors o' nights under the trees to drink  
a bock or sip cassis and water. The "tree"  
may be in a tub, and the bock may not be  
the best of beer, but the air will be balmy  
the Seine will flash back a myriad of dancing  
lights, and the night will be filled with  
music. Almost every national pavilion on  
the Seine has a cafe on the terrace below it,  
nearly on a level with the river. Several of  
the cafes have concert halls, and most of  
them have orchestras. The visitor may  
promenade up and down the quay to the  
sweet strains of gypsy, Hungarian, Spanish  
and Turkish bands, study the gay crowds of  
French and foreign visitors and enjoy the  
illuminations lining the opposite side of the  
Seine and running off into the distance and  
darkness. It is this outdoor life with its  
lights, its mery chaff, its chic women and its  
lively music that is one of the essential ele

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JUN 3 1900

### PUT LIFE INTO THE GERMANS.

#### Peck and Sousa Stir Them up at the Paris Fair.

1884.

**The Turks, However, Are Given the Cold Shoulder by Americans—Opening of the Corn Kitchen—Great Electrical Spectacles—Clever War Exhibits.**

[From Our Special Correspondent.]

PARIS, May 22, 1900.



NE of the French papers remarked the other day that Mr. Ferdinand W. Peck, the United States commissioner-general to the exposition of 1900, was doing more inaugurating than President Loubet himself. This has been literally true for the past fortnight. And, from present appearances, when Sousa comes back from his triumphal tour in Germany, his company will be equally indispensable at all exposition functions.

Peck has certainly made himself known among his confreres. While few persons could name at once, without reflection, the English commissioner, the German or the Belgian, certainly nobody, least of all the French themselves, are in doubt as to who heads the United States commission.

A few days ago Peck and a party from the commission went down the river to Vincennes to open formally the United States section of the machinery exhibit there. They took the boat back, sharing it with Sousa's band. When the boat had reached the front of the German national palace on the Seine front, Peck ordered the boat to stop, and requested the band to play the German national hymn. The German building was being inaugurated, quietly and with moderate enthusiasm, that afternoon. Sousa's band played the hymn, and the German commissioner-general, the German ambassador to Paris, and various other high functionaries of the Franco-German set here, appeared on the balcony and bowed in a dignified manner to the Americans in the middle of the river.

This did not satisfy Mr. Peck, who seemed to think they ought to show more spirit at the compliment he was paying them. So he stopped the boat at the nearest wharf, ordered everybody off, and then the whole line, headed by Sousa, marched to the very doors of the German building, where the "Wacht am Rhein," the "Marseillaise" and American national hymns were played over and over again.

Up to the appearance of that boat in the Seine nobody had been aware that the German building was being inaugurated. It took the United States' energetic commissioner to advertise the fact. The occasion called forth the expected enthusiasm from the Germans, and the evening papers spoke of the occurrence as "a pretty international compliment." Mr. Peck's point was gained.

But Mr. Peck did not help at the inauguration of the Turkish building, opened on that same day, at the further end of the "foreign line." He had to pass it before he reached the German pavillion, but not a flag was lowered, nor did Sousa's band manifest any inclination to tune up. To say nothing of the little misunderstanding existing between Turkey and the United States, Mr. Peck has had his own row with the Turkish exposition commission, and was threatening, a few weeks ago, to call an American man-of-war to fire on Constantinople if the towers on the Turkish building, that mask the United States building almost completely from view, were not instantly taken down. No "compliments" are exchanged between the Turks here and Americans.

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#### Sousa in Bremen.

Die Zeitungsberichte über Sousa's geistiges Konzert in Bremen sind entschieden ungünstig und besagen übereinstimmend, daß jede deutsche Militärkapelle wesentlich besser sei als die amerikanische. Boehm's berühmte Marinekapelle von Wilhelmshaven giebt hier gleichzeitig Konzerte vor überfüllten Häusern. Sousa wird aber den Boehm's Konzerten nicht beiwohnen.

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JUN 4 1900

## BELGIUM HONORS SOUSA.

### Noted Bandmaster Given a Diploma and Cross of Merit.



BANDMASTER SOUSA, HONORED WITH A DECORATION AT THE PARIS EXPOSITION FOR THE EXCELLENCE OF HIS MUSICAL WORK.

PARIS, June 3.—In recognition of the diploma of honor and decorated him with success of the concerts given by Sousa's the cross of artistic merit of the first Band in Belgium, the Academy of Arts, class. Science and Literature of Hainaut has a similar decoration has been bestowed conferred upon Mr. Sousa a grand di-upon Mr. Hinton, Mr. Sousa's manager.

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JUN 5 1900

#### SOUSA IN BREMEN.

Bremen, Germany, June 5.—The celebrated band of John Philip Sousa, the famous American musician and composer, will give concerts here this evening and to-morrow evening.

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ss of Paper PHILADELPHIA, PA.

JUN 5 1900

**Sousa at Bremen.**  
Bremen, Germany, June 5.—The celebrated band of John Philip Sousa, the famous American musician and composer, will give concerts here this evening and to-morrow evening.

MAILED: LOGO.

# ALL STORY OF THE MOST ATROCITIES

## Is Declared Under Oath That Cannibals Were Del White Men on the Congo & Whole Villages Wi Mutilated Because the Natives Did Not

BY FRANTZ F

several weeks almost incred-  
le stories have been afloat  
cerning alleged atrocities  
ed by agents of the Societe  
reale Anversoise (Antwerp  
ercial Society) on the blacks  
Congo ...strict leased to them  
e Belgian Government. The  
nce lately has come in from  
ny sources that Belgium has  
e greatly excited over it, and  
investigation is to be made.  
y of the reports were made pub-  
irst by the Brussels newspaper,  
Petit Bleu, and it is a corre-  
ndent of that journal who sup-  
s here the first complete story of  
e atrocities and the accompany-  
illustrations.

able term of ninety years the conces-  
sion of forests in the basin of the  
Mongalla, with the exclusive right of  
trading in all the products of these  
lands. This concession permits the  
renting, for the term of fifty years, of  
all the lands situated in the Mon-  
galla valley. On the other hand, the  
society pledges itself to pay to the  
State 300 francs for every 1000 kilo-  
grams (practically a ton) of india  
rubber obtained, 150 francs for the  
same quantity of wax or copal, and 5  
per cent. of their value in the Euro-  
pean markets for ivory and the other  
products of the country.

From the moment of the creation of  
this society it provoked intense dis-  
satisfaction on the part of those who  
had private interests in the Congo,  
and who were unwilling to cope with  
an opposition trading company that  
was favored in every way by a gov-  
ernment interested in its success, and  
therefore extremely wonderful.

### PREMIUM ON CRUELTY.

That the agents who had charge of  
collecting the india rubber obtained  
by the natives might be as zealous as  
possible and eager to get together  
large stocks of the commodity, a prem-  
ium, which increased proportionately  
to the number of kilograms got in, was  
allowed to them. This plan was only  
too likely to excite the rapacity of  
certain greedy agents of the society  
who were in haste to become rich.

What in Europe would merely have  
been a stimulant to work became, un-



india rubber to the commercial  
depot they are received by the  
agent of the society surrounded  
by soldiers; the baskets are  
weighed, and if they do not con-  
tain five kilograms the blacks  
receive there and then one hun-  
dred strokes of the lash. If there



### THE SICKENING DETAILS.

BRUSSELS, May 23.—Revelations  
ly made of the atrocities commit-  
by the representative of the So-  
Commerciale Anversoise in the  
ighborhood of the Mongalla River,  
the Congo region of Africa, have  
Belgium and the whole civilized  
d with horror. The members of  
society are accused of massacring  
mutilating natives, of killing chil-  
of crucifying women, of burn-  
villages—a shocking list of crimes  
mitted by persons who had been  
these regions of Central Af-  
ilize savage tribes and to  
nto the mysteries of

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**SOUSA DOES NOT CHARM BREMEN.**

BREMEN, Wednesday.—Press comment on Sousa's concert yesterday is distinctly unfavorable, the American band being accounted much inferior to German military bands. An unfriendly spirit toward America and the Americans is manifest in much of the criticism, as also in the fact that Woehl's naval band, of Wilhelmshaven, is giving concerts here simultaneously with Sousa. Sousa will not attend the Woehl's concerts, which are drawing crowded houses.

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**Sousa in Berlin.**

Ein Berliner Montagsblatt schreibt: John Philip Sousa, in Amerika als Komponist zahlreicher Operetten und Dirigent eines beliebten Orchesters, in Europa bisher nur als Komponist der „Washington Post“ bekannt, hat gestern in Krolls Garten eine Serie von Konzerten eröffnet. Es verlohnt sich, die Konzerte zu besuchen. Nicht wegen der Musik, die da gespielt wird. Sie gehört durchweg der minderwerthigen Gartenliteratur an und auch das, was Herr Sousa „Suite in drei Sätzen“ nennt, ist nichts viel anderes, als dreimal die „Washington Post“; einmal im Allegro, dann im Adagio und zuletzt in Presto. Auch nicht wegen des Orchesters. Das ist nicht besser als irgend eine deutsche Militärkapelle. Es verlohnt sich, zu Kroll zu gehen, um Herrn Sousa dirigieren zu sehen. Er macht das nämlich ganz anders als alle Anderen. Er macht nicht etwa die oder jene Bewegung, die oder jene Nuance aus dem Orchester herauszuladen: er läßt sich vielmehr durch das, was er hört, zu einer höchst abwechslungsreichen, lebhaften Pantomime inspirieren. Bald scheint er in der Linken die Hügel eines Biergespanns, in der Rechten die Peitsche zu halten und dann kuschelt er sehr anschaulich nach dem Takt der Musik. Bald steht er, den Kopf zielend zur Seite geneigt, die Flinte im Anschlag, um den folgenden Fortissimoschlag der großen Trommel als Schluß zu illustriren. Er schwimmt, er tanzt, er nimmt Rechterhosen ein — immer alles nach dem Takt der Musik. Es ist schon der Mühe werth, Herrn Sousa dirigieren zu sehen.

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**The Ragtime in Paris.**

“*SOUZA, le grand Souza!*” Thus the newspapers of Paris. And upon investigation who does this personage turn out to be, but our own Mr. John Philip Sousa, apotheosized. Paris worships him and his band—“*le plus illustre des fanfares Americaines.*” Paris is enraptured with the leader's “*gestes d'automate*” and chest bestarred with medals; delighted with “*Dixey*” and “*Marching Through Georgia*”; above all in a frenzy over “those inimitable ragtime upon which dance themselves the cake walks, of origin negro, which are the rage in New York, from music halls to drawing rooms.”

At his opening concert on the 5th of May, the American colony (led by “M. Peck, the very elegant Commissioner-General of the United States”) gathered to welcome “M. Philipp Sousa.”

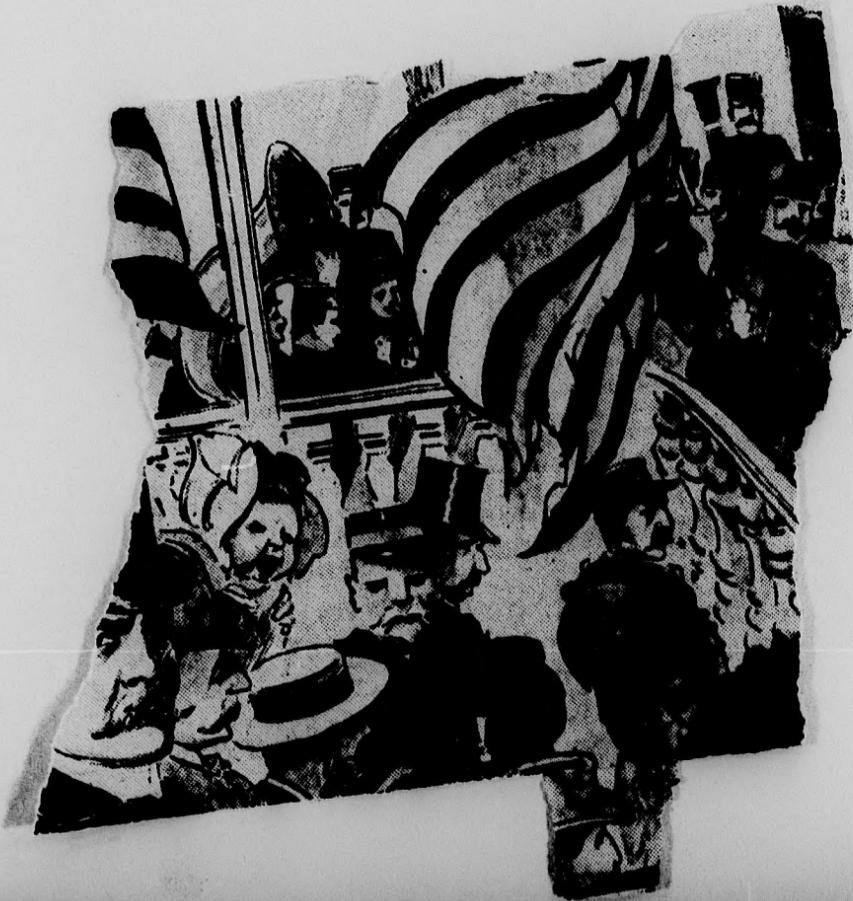
The reporter of a Paris paper observed the colony with scientific interest. He observed that when the ragtime was heard a significant rustle went through the audience, and that when the band had finished the *Stars and Stripes* the hearers were delirious. There arose “frenzied applause, violent whistles (supreme indication of approval).”

Thus then has Paris ascertained what American music is, and what our composers create. A pleasant prospect for the intelligent American, the subscriber to seats at the Boston Symphony Orchestra, or the Philharmonic, or the Thomas concerts, who may by chance visit the Exposition.

“You shall hear some of your own music,” says the polite Parisian. “Oh, we know it well here; it delights us, the ragtime. We have learned it of your distinguished M. Sousa. He composes your national music, is it not so?”

Well, there is no doubt that Mr. Sousa does represent, with his music, the preference of the majority of Americans. It is very likely that even in the American colony—made up of comparatively intelligent persons—a “selection” of Mr. MacDowell's, played by the Boston Symphony Orchestra, would not have caused such a tossing up of hats as that which followed Mr. Sousa's rendering of the *Stars and Stripes*.

It would be pleasant to have the United States represented among the nations by the best musical organization in the world, since that happens to be an American organization. But there is some comfort on the other hand in the reflection that, of their kinds, both Mr. Sousa's band and Mr. Sousa's music are excellent.



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# A HOME FOR AMERICANS IN PARIS.

By Jessie Trimble.

Special Correspondence of The Post.

PARIS, May 14—At the opening of our National pavilion this afternoon John Philip Sousa began the exercises. He played the "Marseillaise," and the Americans, college men and girls, people who have made Paris their home for many years, and the proverbial tourist, alike waved and cheered approval as defiantly as they did a little later when the band became more distinctly patriotic and beat the air with "The Star Spangled Banner."

There was no denying the enthusiasm of the crowd. It was American to the core. Anybody who had anything to wave waved it, and such a chatter prevailed, as, in all probability, the French capital never saw before and never will again until the United States dedicates another pavilion. And the Americans who are now Parisians, and who have lived here long enough to have passed the stage of telling people "how good it is to hear the mother tongue," and who look upon the man who wears a little copy of the Stars and Stripes in his buttonhole with a certain kind of pity, smiled almost scornfully at our display of spirit and remarked among themselves that they wished Americans wouldn't do that sort of thing.

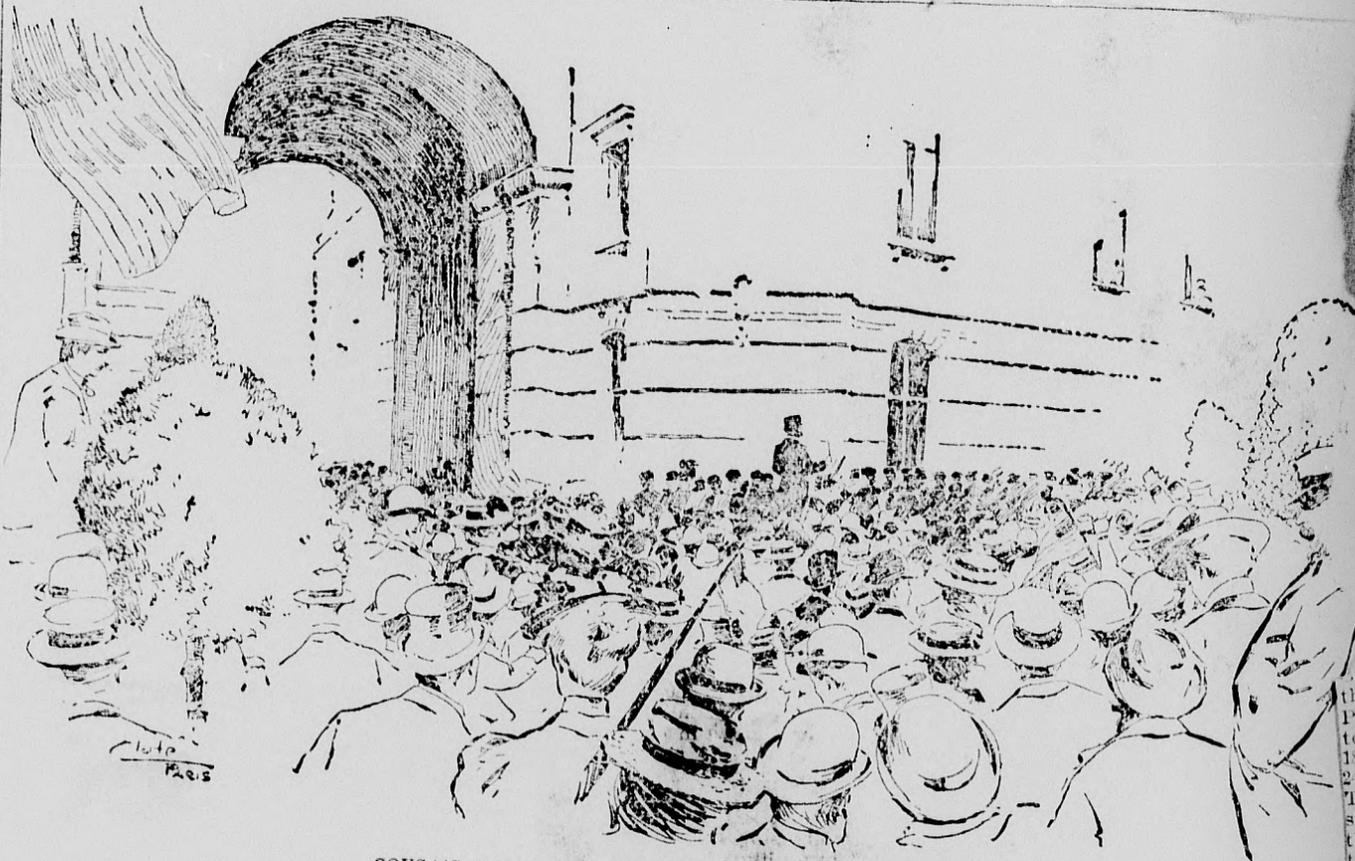
There were really two companies of people taking part in this inauguration. One division got inside the building and saw Mr. Peck transfer the keys, metaphorically speaking, to M. Picard. Another and larger detachment crowded around the band stand just outside the building and kept time with Sousa and his familiar two-step.

When the exercises inside were over and the people who had been in got out or went downstairs to take "light refreshments," the second detachment had its turn and a good, long opportunity to admire a gorgeous display of tri-coloredunting, shields bearing the names of different States in the Union and anamous electric chandelier, said to be

speech of presentation, and M. Picard responded for the French. The main floor was the scene of the ceremony. The guests of honor, such as Mrs. Potter Palmer, who wore a gorgeous black and white gown; Mrs. Peck and her daughters, Mrs. John A. Logan, the Porters and Colonel Webb C. Hayes were seated directly opposite the commissioners-gen-

visitors—the reception and commission rooms, the quarters reserved for women's organizations and the serving of afternoon tea—that most convenient of all the conveniences the United States pavilion has to offer, the postoffice and the really handsome rooms furnished by the States of Massachusetts, New York and California.

So the United States pavilion was open-



SOUSA'S BAND BEFORE THE AMERICAN PAVILION.



ed. The Turkey tower was still in place—the opposition of our own commissioner didn't seem to bring it down—but our gilded chariot shone resplendent above our own turrets, and there was naught to disturb the equanimity of George Washington, keeping guard beneath.

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ions and hopeful as to the record made by their photographic appliances.

The most striking piece of the apparatus on the ground at Pinehurst, N. C., was the photo-heliograph. This consisted of a long tube of cotton duck with one end in an underground cabin. At the other end was a five-inch lens which gives an image of the sun four inches in diameter. Five negatives were taken with this instrument during totality. It was designed to bring out the inner corona and the chromosphere prominences.

Near this was a shed containing two equatorial telescopes, a small equatorial mounting for the polarization of the corona, and a large polar axis carrying a number of separate instruments. The equatorials were used for sketching the corona by hand. The equatorial mounting carried two cameras provided with double image prisms, one giving two images of the corona itself, the other two images of the corona spectrum. Besides these there was a small telescope containing polarizing apparatus in the tube. All these instruments belonged to the Johns Hopkins university party. They were used to determine the amount and direction of the polar light in the corona.

On the polar axis there were two Dallmeyer lenses mounted side by side. With these a number of photographs were taken to determine whether the distribution of the substance giving the bright green line in the corona spectrum is the same as that of the other particles. Besides these there was a small telescope for eye work and a camera containing a lens with wide aperture and extremely short focal length. This was exposed throughout totality, the object being to record as much as possible of the longest streamers of the corona, the brighter central part being much over exposed. This lens belonged to the Yale university and was operated by Mr. Kent, of New York, formerly a Yale student and now at Johns Hopkins.

It was noticed to extend four diameters from the sun's limb, or a distance of 3,000,000 miles, where it faded away indefinitely, like the trail of a comet. Dr. See worked on the outer edge of the corona, but because of its faintness photographic record was impossible. The corona consisted of three principal streamers of about equal length and one of about half the length of the other three, and of curved rays from the poles of the sun, which were very conspicuous."

Prof. J. R. Eastman, who operated one of the equatorial telescopes, said:

"The corona was fainter than in 1878, but of nearly the same general form. The striated structure in 1878 was scarcely apparent. The solar prominences, or the chromosphere, instead of the usual carmine or light crimson, was remarkable for being light pink. It is very unusual to see these light pink prominences; I have never seen them before. With the telescope which I used I was unable to see the striation that has frequently been seen in the middle corona. In this case it was shown only on the outline. The seeing to-day was good; the weather was as favorable as I have ever seen."

Prof. Eastman in 1869 took part in the observations of the total eclipse in Iowa, in 1870 at Syracuse, Sicily, and in 1878 in Colorado, and in 1887 he observed the transit of Venus at Cedar Keys.

Prof. H. C. Lord, of the State university at Columbus, O., whose work was distinct and separate from that of the government astronomers, made the following statement:

"In order to tell when to make my exposures, I watched the sun through a spectroscopic, making one exposure immediately preceding the occurrence of the flash, another as the sun went into totality and another at the instant of its appearance, followed by a fourth as soon as the flash spectrum had disappeared, repeating this series of observations in an

difficult to explain, and they will require careful comparison of all observations taken. While the moon was moving over the sun before the total obscuration was reached I observed there was a certain lighting of the air; after it had become perceptible the darkness came, and then it was repeated.

"This was so surprising that I would have rejected it as an illusion, but afterward Prof. Sligh, of Newberry college, and others who took observations a mile away, stated they had observed similar obstructions in the light. It was as if light clouds had passed over the sun; yet there were no clouds whatever. It is too soon to say what the cause of this phenomena was.

"One of the observations made indicates that the telescopic and photographic focus for the corona is not the same as for the sun itself. The instrument, which was in focus for the sun, did not show for the corona at all. It was not until the eye-piece had been removed that the corona came into view with the new focus. This is another curious phenomenon.

"One explanation of it is that the corona is nearer to the earth than the sun is. But this is one of the things that must be explained later. No attempt was made by our party to look for an extra Mercurial planet, and nothing of that kind was seen.

"The corona was a very beautiful and extensive one, and both Venus and Mercury were plainly seen with the naked eye. The corona showed four principal rays, two on each side, one of these extending at least as far as Mercury. The shadow bands were unexpectedly faint and indistinct. Their movement was from the southwest."

"In regard to the corona, we had assembled around our station great numbers of visitors and had fenced in our station, and the visitors greeted with a cheer the approach of totality. The darkness of totality was about that of twilight half an hour after sunlight. It was still possible to read coarse print through the totality. The effect on animals was decided. Birds flew about in alarm and sought the trees. Some turkeys in the farm yards nearby went to roost, and a duck put his head under his wings. A dog nearby ran about in great distress and fright.

"The station had been chosen with special reference to securing and seeing the oncoming of the moon shadow from the west. We had a western outlook extending, I would say, 15 miles, that was unobstructed. When the totality began the shadow did not sweep through the intervening territory as expected, but there was a sudden darkening of the western and southwestern horizon of what looked like an enormous bank of deep purple black clouds gathering and gradually mounting higher and higher until it reached the mid heaven, and then the whole landscape was enveloped in a light resembling a faint moonlight.

"The corona appeared with great suddenness. It stood forth with extreme distinctness, and every astronomer instantly recognized that it had a typical form, the type of corona which is characteristic of the minimum period of sun spots. It consisted of four distinct ray-like streaks, extending two east and two west from the sun. The largest of these reached, as seen with a small telescope, at least as far as the planet Mercury, which appeared very bright in the darkened sky, about two and a quarter degrees directly west of the sun.

**PITTSBURGH & WESTERN RY.**  
 Schedule Effective May 20, 1900.  
 Leave B. & O. Station, Pittsburg, Central Time  
 For Chicago, 10:25 a. m., 12:25, 1:37  
 p. m.  
 Cleveland, 5:25 a. m., 7:25 p. m.; Akron  
 Youngstown, New Castle, Ellwood City, 5:15  
 a. m., 7:25, 9:37 p. m. Leave P. & W. Station  
 Allegheny, Central time, for Chicago, 2:40 p. m.;  
 Cleveland, Akron, Youngstown, 7:00 a. m.,  
 12:40 p. m.; Kane and Bradford, 7:00 a. m.,  
 Clarion, Foxburg, 7:30 a. m., 12:15 p. m. New  
 Castle, 7:00 a. m., 12:40, 14:50 p. m.; Ellwood  
 City, 7:00 a. m., 12:15, 12:40, 14:50 p. m.; Butler  
 7:30, 7:00, 14:40 a. m., 12:15, 12:40, 15:15 p. m.  
 (On Sundays, Butler train leaves B. & O.  
 Depot 2:25, Allegheny 2:40 p. m.) Erie, Mead-  
 ville, Mercier, Grove City, 7:00 a. m., 12:15 p. m.  
 Pullman Sleeping Cars on all through trains  
 between Pittsburgh and Chicago.  
 \*Daily. †Except Sunday.  
 C. W. BASSETT, G. P. A.

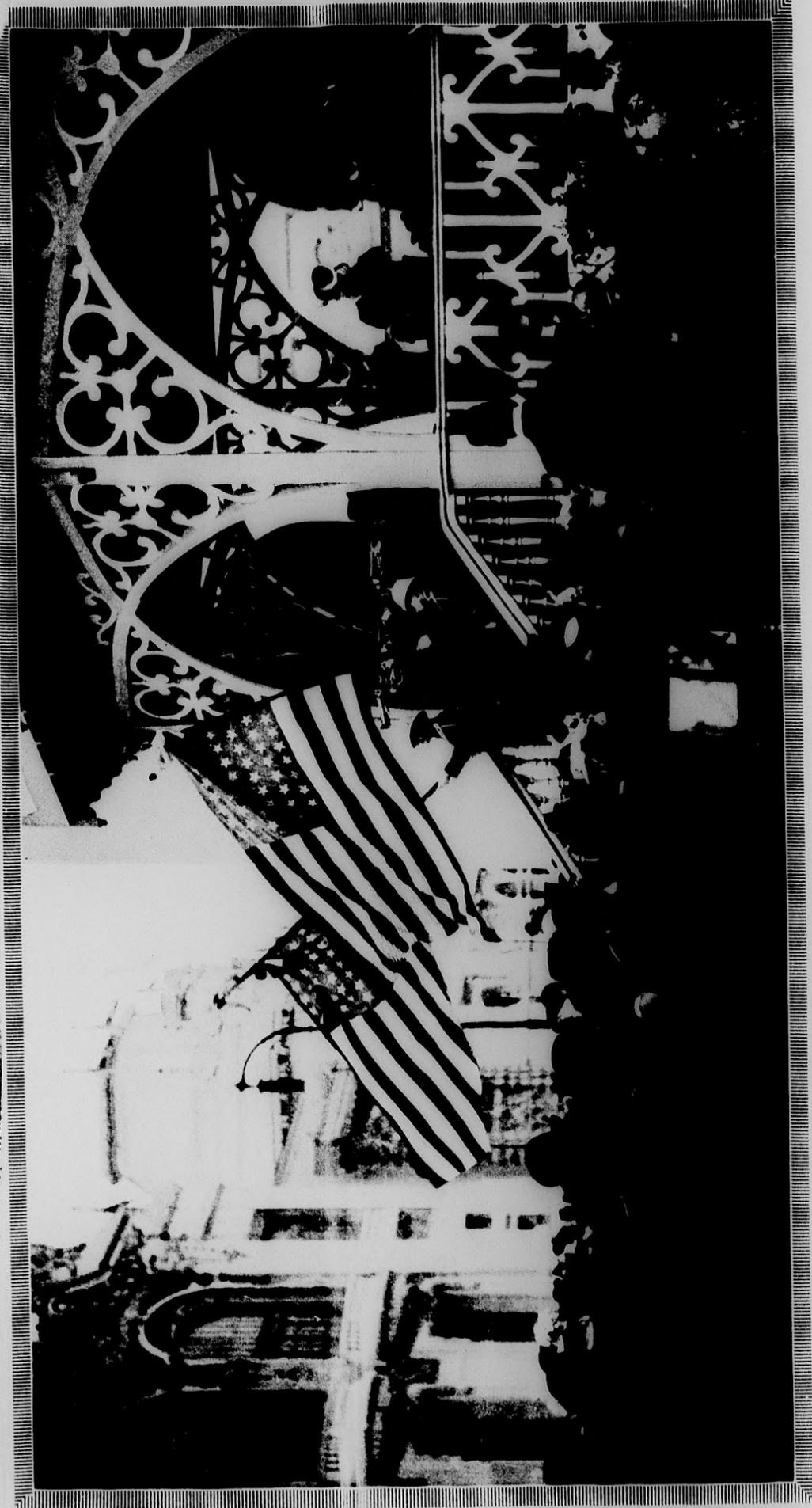
**From Union Station.**  
**Allegheny Valley Railway**  
 in Effect May 27, 1900. [Eastern Standard Time]  
 LEAVE  
 Corry and DuBois..... 7:15 am  
 Braeburn..... 7:20 am  
 Kittanning..... 8:15 am  
 BUFFALO DAY EX..... 9:10 am  
 DuBois and Williamsport..... 9:10 am  
 East Brady..... 10:00 am  
 Valley Camp..... 12:15 pm  
 Titusville, DuBois & Wm'spt'l..... 1:40 pm  
 Braeburn..... 3:00 pm  
 Kittanning..... 4:15 pm  
 Oil City and DuBois..... 5:05 pm  
 Valley Camp..... 5:15 pm  
 Valley Camp..... 5:45 pm  
 Kittanning..... 6:15 pm  
 Valley Camp..... 7:15 pm  
 Emletton..... 8:15 pm  
 Braeburn..... 10:15 pm  
 BUFFALO NIGHT EX..... 10:45 pm  
 Braeburn..... 11:35 pm  
 DuBois..... 9:10 am  
 Emletton..... 9:20 am  
 Braeburn..... 12:40 pm  
 Valley Camp..... 6:45 pm  
 Kittanning..... 8:30 pm  
 \*Daily. †Except Sunday. ‡Sunday only.  
 Pullman Parlor Buffet and Sleeping Cars on 8:10 am and  
 10:45 pm trains for Buffalo daily.  
 Pullman Parlor Buffet Car on 5:05 pm train for Oil City daily.  
 Pullman Parlor Buffet Car on 1:40 pm train for Oil City  
 daily, except Sunday.  
 Connections are made at Duffwood, except Sunday, with  
 Philadelphia and Erie Div., Pennsylvania R. R. for Emporium,  
 St. Mary's, Lock Haven, Williamsport and Sunbury.  
 CHAS. B. PRICE, JAS. P. ANDERSON,  
 Gen'l Supt. Gen'l Pass'r Agent.

**PITTSBURGH AND LAKE ERIE RAILROAD.**  
**CLEVELAND SHORT LINE.**  
 Schedule in Effect Nov. 24, 1899.  
 CENTRAL TIME. | Depart. | Arrive.  
 Chic. & Cleveland "Flyer"..... 7:15 am | 11:15 am  
 Youngst'n & Cleveland Mail..... 8:25 am | 9:55 am  
 Lake Chautauqua Fast Line..... 12:30 pm | 6:30 pm  
 Buffalo & Erie Express..... 1:25 am | 9:30 pm  
 Cleveland & Chicago Ex..... 2:30 pm | 1:30 pm  
 Buffalo & Erie Express..... 2:30 pm | 11:15 am  
 Cleveland "Flyer"..... 6:00 pm | 6:35 pm  
 Buffalo & Cleveland Ex..... 12:20 pm | 6:15 am  
 Cleveland & Youngst'n Accom..... 7:35 am | 5:10 pm  
 Beaver Falls Accommodation..... 6:45 am | 5:35 pm  
 Beaver Falls Accommodation..... 9:30 am | 6:40 pm  
 Beaver Falls Accommodation..... 12:15 pm | 12:30 pm  
 Beaver Falls Accommodation..... 3:30 pm | 4:10 pm  
 New Castle & Oil City Ex..... 4:30 pm | 9:30 pm  
 Beaver Valley Express..... 5:15 pm | 9:30 pm  
 Fayette City & New Haven..... 6:30 am | 7:00 am  
 McKeesport & Fayette City..... 11:40 am | 12:25 pm  
 Fayette City & New Haven..... 1:30 pm | 4:35 pm  
 Fayette City Express..... 5:20 pm | 9:35 pm  
 Trains depart for Ellwood City, 15:25 a. m.  
 10:25 a. m., 12:50 p. m., 12:50 p. m., 14:30 p. m.  
 P. C. & Y. trains for Carnegie and Mead-  
 mont, 15:35 a. m., 17:45 a. m., 12:15  
 12:00 p. m.  
 \*Daily. †Daily except Sunday.  
 ‡Notice—4:00 p. m.  
 Youngstown only.  
 City Ticket Office  
 8, 10, 12, 14, 16, 18, 20, 22, 24, 26, 28, 30, 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, 46, 48, 50, 52, 54, 56, 58, 60, 62, 64, 66, 68, 70, 72, 74, 76, 78, 80, 82, 84, 86, 88, 90, 92, 94, 96, 98, 100

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THE CROWD LISTENING TO SOUSA'S BAND ON INAUGURATION DAY OF THE UNITED STATES PAVILION

SOME ENTERTAINING FEATURES OF THE PARIS EXPOSITION

145

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Date \_\_\_\_\_

# KIND WORDS FOR US.

Urbane English Account of the Opening of the U. S Pavilion

## AT THE PARIS EXPOSITION.

Busts of the Lamented Lincoln and McKinley Arrest Attention—Effective Painting of the Stars and Stripes—Exposition is the Visible Expression for the World's Peace.

Gayest and liveliest of all the scenes yet witnessed in the Street of Nations was the opening of the palace of the United States by the American Chief Commissioner, Mr. Peck, and M. Picard, commissioner general of the World's Show. For four hours, from half-past two o'clock, a continuous stream of people poured through the building and overflowed in spaces round about it. The American colony in Paris contributed its thousands to the multitudes of visitors. Its English cousins, on the principle that blood is thicker than water, were in great force. I saw there many Chinese and Japanese. For four hours the place was as polyglot as Babel, and Uncle Sam was, in the terminology of society, "at home" to all the world. Old Mr. Bull, if I may put it figuratively, must have felt a healthy satisfaction at his wonderful offspring's appearance and management of the day's work. "At home" to all the world," I have just said. The commissioner of the United States said it better, and put the whole meaning and purpose of this Street of Nations into a nutshell, when, in his address to M. Picard and the French republic, he described this assemblage of more than twenty palaces on the Quai d'Orsay as an international hearth, the pleasant memories and the friendly influences of which would survive the World's Show.

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The palaces on the Quai d'Orsay, each built in some style characteristic of the state it represents, are merely the visible ceremonial symbols of their respective governments' interest and participation in the universal exhibition, and are intended for official receptions and as places of call and information and communication for all who care to make use of them. Surmounted by its lofty white dome, the palace of the United States consists of a large square block, divided into basement, area, and three galleries. The area, an undivided space open to the dome above, is surrounded by an arcade which is divided into comfortably furnished recesses that are to serve as offices and reception rooms. Each of the three arcaded galleries that rise perpendicularly over the inner boundary of the arena is divided in the above manner and for the like purpose. In one of the recesses is a short series of pictures or portraits of red Indian chiefs, all in their feathers and wampum belts. They might have dropped out of Fenimore Cooper's books to array themselves in those brilliant hues. There surely is Chingachook, that romantic red man who enchanted the days of our youth. In a recess down below is the hawk-nosed, hawk-eyed portrait of President McKinley. The painting is perhaps a little more hawkish than the President's marble bust on the other side of the arena.

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The ceiling of the dome is, of course, painted. You would perhaps expect to see there a group of allegorical figures, an eagle, a classical young lady posing as Liberty, a picture of the Pilgrim Fathers, while the rude Atlantic played pitch and toss with their immortal cranky little tub of a ship. But that is not Uncle Sam's way. Uncle Sam made up his mind to be original, so what has he done? He has adorned the ceiling of that whiplash-dome of his with a single huge picture of the Stars and Stripes twisting and flapping in the wind. A most effective painting is that of the Stars and Stripes. I would have liked to see somewhere in this building a memorial of the first American flag. The first flag had, I believe, for its emblem a tree and a rattlesnake. Some historians have attributed to Paul Jones the honor of the invention, but it also appears that Paul Jones, for the sound of whose guns in the Firth of

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The Sousa Band has arrived safely on the other side and on Sunday afternoon, May 6th, played for two hours on the Champs de Mars, which is the very center of the Exposition grounds. A concert was also given in the Art Palace, which was more select in its character. There is every reason to believe that the Sousa band abroad will be a triumphant one.

them is adorned with the Stars and Stripes. Along the fronts of the galleries, and at short intervals, are placed small shields bearing the name of every state and territory in the Union, and every one of them is adorned with the Stars and Stripes. This omnipresent emblem, together with the French tricolor, made a brilliant display in the summer sunlight, when the American commissioner, with M. Picard, entered the palace. Both, it need hardly be said, were loudly cheered by the crowds within and without. In honor of France their approach was announced by the strains of the "Marseillaise," performed by Mr. Sousa's magnificent band, which was stationed outside. This body of musicians has come specially from the states to perform at the exhibition. Later in the year it is going to make the tour of Europe and to teach the maestros of the Old World a thing or two. You should try to induce the Sousa band to perform in London.

I need not dwell upon the American commissioner's short speech or M. Picard's short reply. The gist of the first named was contained in the figurative expression to which I have alluded in the beginning of this letter, and it might also serve as the text of M. Picard's reply. Both speakers regarded the exhibition not only as the show of the world's industry, but also, and even more, as the visible, tangible expression at the century's end of aspiration for the world's peace and for the brotherhood of mankind.

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### Sousa's European Success.

SOUSA and his band continue to enjoy popular success abroad. At Paris they are established favorites. At Berlin they appeared at Kroll's Garden. The soloists, Herbert Clarke, Corni, and Pryor have won favor. The band will play at the German Court by invitation of the Kaiser.

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## JOHN PHILIP SOUSA AS SEEN IN BERLIN.

The German Times, published in Berlin, Germany, just received, has the following news of our own Sousa:

The past week at Kroll's Garden, which served to introduce to the Berlin public Sousa and his famous American Band, was one of remarkable interest. The overwhelming success which attended them from the first start must have been deeply gratifying to an organization accustomed to nothing else but success from the time it first attracted attention

some years ago as the official Marine Band at Washington. Mr. Sousa, who is a born leader, is a man of many talents. It is not given to every successful conductor to be an equally successful composer and librettist besides; John Phillip Sousa is all these and more. He never fails to inspire his men with his native energy and unbounded enthusiasm. The discipline in his band, every member of which is an artist, is perfect. Their precision, correct intonation, tone coloring and rendering of the various numbers of their extensive repertoire resemble the work of a virtuoso on his instrument, so complete is the ensemble. The band is composed of young men principally, who infuse into their performances a snap and vigor which is contagious. To use an Americanism, Sousa and his band have caught on here and no mistake about it; they have taken Berlin by storm. Germans everywhere are fairly wild over Sousa marches and they are bound to become as popular as the Strauss waltzes. The Washington Post march has been very popular throughout Germany for some time, and it is known in every German home. Mr. Sousa's conducting of his marches is unique. Our German friends admit from anything they have ever heard and confess themselves completely captivated, and indeed I know of no band its equal. On Thursday I heard them play overture of "Tannhaeuser"—Wagner, and scenes from the same composer's "Lohengrin;" the smoothness, beautiful effects and quality of tone they produced in these selections were surprising and must be heard to be appreciated. Those who did not hear the Sousa Band play Wagner have missed a wonderfully effective performance.

The Thursday programme was a musically interesting one, and besides Sousa's suite, "The Last Days of Pompeii," were played his "The High School Cadets' March" and "The Stars and Stripes Forever," destined to become one of the most popular marches. With the audiences that filled Kroll's nightly to overflowing the Sousa marches were chief favorites, as was attested by the applause and expressions of delight which greeted the first few bars of every march played, and nothing would do but a frequent repetition of each in turn. As was the case when this band appeared in Brussels, the people went wild with enthusiasm, many of the men throwing up their hats and the ladies waving their handkerchiefs and cheering; encore followed encore on a programme of eighteen numbers, and the last piece was given with as much vigor as was the first one. The sextette from Lucia-Donizetti, as played by Messrs. Pryor, Chapman, Lyons, Williams, Mantia and Wardwell, was received with stormiest applause and was re-demanded. Negro melodies, plantation songs, American national airs, as likewise German national and Volkslieder, formed a prominent feature of the programmes, which besides many well-known compositions by the conductor and other well-known American composers contained selections from Wagner, Bizet and others. All the soloists were enthusiastically received, and were all so very satisfactory, doing Suite "The Three Quotations" and "Songs of Grace and Songs of Glory," in the latter he has given a beautiful setting to "Nearer, My God, to Thee" and "Rock of Ages," and the manner in which the band played these made me feel as if I had suddenly entered a sacred edifice; the tones were like that of a grand organ softly played; "Rock of Ages" particularly pleased me, being very effectively arranged.

The enthusiasm at Kroll's during Sousa week continued unabated to the end, and such an ovation as the band received on the closing night is beyond description. This week they play in Hamburg.

A word of praise is due Mr. George Frederick Hinton, the capable director of Mr. Sousa's "El Capitan" is having a big success in London. Other operas written by him are "The Bride Elect," "Charlatan" and "Chris," this latter is being given with immense success in New York.

## Stripes—Exposition is the Visible Expression for the World's Peace.

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### Sousa's Band a Feature.

In the arena and galleries of the palace in the Street of Nations there are about sixty openings or bays

and on Sunday afternoon, say 4 o'clock, hours on the Champs de Mars, which is the very center of the Exposition grounds. A concert was also given in the Art Palace, which was more select in its character. There is every reason to believe that the Sousa band abroad will be a triumphant one.

them is adorned with the Stars and Stripes. Along the fronts of the galleries, and at short intervals, are placed small shields bearing the name of every state and territory in the Union, and every one of them is adorned with the Stars and Stripes. This omnipresent emblem, together with the French tricolor, made a brilliant display in the summer sunlight, when the American commissioner, with M. Picard, entered the palace. Both, it need hardly be said, were loudly cheered by the crowds within and without. In honor of France their approach was announced by the strains of the "Marseillaise," performed by Mr. Sousa's magnificent band, which was stationed outside. This body of musicians has come specially from the states to perform at the exhibition. Later in the year it is going to make the tour of Europe and to teach the maestros of the Old World a thing or two. You should try to induce the Sousa band to perform in London.

I need not dwell upon the American commissioner's short speech or M. Picard's short reply. The gist of the first named was contained in the figurative expression to which I have alluded in the beginning of this letter, and it might also serve as the text of M. Picard's reply. Both speakers regarded the exhibition not only as the show of the world's industry, but also, and even more, as the visible, tangible expression at the century's end of aspiration for the world's peace and for the brotherhood of mankind.

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### Sousa's European Success.

**S**OUSA and his band continue to enjoy popular success abroad. At Paris they are established favorites. At Berlin they appeared at Kroll's Garden. The soloists, Herbert Clarke, Corni, and Pryor have won favor. The band will play at the German Court by invitation of the Kaiser.

composer and librettist besides. John Philip Sousa is all these and more. He never fails to inspire his men with his native energy and unbounded enthusiasm. The discipline in his band, every member of which is an artist, is perfect. Their precision, correct intonation, tone coloring and rendering of the various numbers of their extensive repertoire resemble the work of a virtuoso on his instrument, so complete is the ensemble. The band is composed of young men principally, who infuse into their performances a snap and vigor which is contagious. To use an Americanism, Sousa and his band have caught on here and no mistake about it; they have taken Berlin by storm. Germans everywhere are fairly wild over Sousa marches and they are bound to become as popular as the Strauss waltzes. The Washington Post march has been very popular throughout Germany for some time, and it is known in every German home. Mr. Sousa's conducting of his marches is unique. Our German friends admit the playing of this band is different from anything they have ever heard and confess themselves completely captivated, and indeed I know of no band its equal. On Thursday I heard them play overture of "Tannhaeuser"—Wagner, and scenes from the same composer's "Lohengrin;" and the smoothness, beautiful effects and quality of tone they produced in these selections were surprising and must be heard to be appreciated. Those who did not hear the Sousa Band play Wagner have missed a wonderfully effective performance.

The Thursday programme was a musically interesting one, and besides Sousa's suite, "The Last Days of Pompeii," were played his "The High School Cadets" March and "The Stars and Stripes Forever," destined to become one of the most popular marches. With the audiences that filled Kroll's nightly to overflowing the Sousa marches were chief favorites, as was attested by the applause and expressions of delight which greeted the first few bars of every march played, and nothing would do but a frequent repetition of each in turn. As was the case when this band appeared in Brussels, the people went wild with enthusiasm, many of the men throwing up their hats and the ladies waving their handkerchiefs and cheering; encore followed encore on a programme of eighteen numbers, and the last piece was given with as much vigor as was the first one. The sextette from Lucia-Donizetti, as played by Messrs. Pryor, Chapman, Lyons, Williams, Mantia and Wardwell, was received with stormiest applause and was re-demanded. Negro melodies, plantation songs, American national airs, as likewise German national and Volkslieder, formed a prominent feature of the programmes, which besides many well-known compositions by the conductor and other well-known American composers contained selections from Wagner, Bizet and others. All the soloists were enthusiastically received, and were all so very satisfactory, doing well. "The Three Quotations" and "Songs of Grace and Songs of Glory." In the latter he has given a beautiful setting to "Nearer, My God, to Thee" and "Rock of Ages," and the manner in which the band played these made me feel as if I had suddenly entered a sacred edifice; the tones were like that of a grand organ softly played; "Rock of Ages" particularly pleased me, being very effectively arranged.

The enthusiasm at Kroll's during Sousa week continued unabated to the end, and such an ovation as the band received on the closing night is beyond description. This week they play in Hamburg.

A word of praise is due Mr. George Frederick Hinton, the capable director of Mr. Sousa's European tour.

Mr. Sousa's "El Capitan" is having a big success in London. Other operas written by him are "The Bride Elect," "Charlatan" and "Chris," this latter is being given with immense success in New York.

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CHICAGO, ILL.

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Germany

**PRESSURE FOR VENEZUELA.**

**Government Determined to Secure Desired Respect.**

SPECIAL CABLE  
From a CHICAGO RECORD Staff Correspondent.  
Copyright, 1900, by THE CHICAGO RECORD.

Bremen, June 6.—The National Zeitung of Berlin confirms the report recently included in one of these dispatches that the German government proposes to exert pressure on Venezuela to force that country to meet its obligations. The government, moreover, intends to strengthen the position of its South American consuls, a course which is deemed highly essential in order to avoid a repetition of the Maracaibo case, where the house of the consul was searched for revolutionists. The government proposes to stand by and uphold its consuls, whether they be men sent out from Germany or resident business men.

**Says Kruger Should Surrender.**

Some of the German papers now are advising the Boers to make peace with all possible speed. The Weser Zeitung and the Hannoverische Courier take the view that such is the only course left open to the burghers. The Courier says: "As a statesman and a soldier, President Kruger must know that he cannot succeed in expelling the English; that he has lost his game. He ought to admit this, to come out from the hills and surrender like a man. Then the further sympathy of the world would be assured."

**Criticises Sousa's Band.**

Bremen press comment on Sousa's concert yesterday is distinctly unfavorable, the American conductor's band being accounted much inferior to the German military bands. An unfriendly spirit toward America and the Americans is manifest in much of the criticism, as also in the fact that Woehlbier's naval band of Wilhelmshavn is giving concerts here simultaneous with Sousa. Sousa will not attend the Woehlbier concerts, which are drawing crowded houses.

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CHICAGO, ILL.  
JUN 6 - 1900

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**BELGIUM HONORS SOUSA.**

**The Noted American Bandmaster Given a Diploma and Cross of Merit.**  
In recognition of the success of the concerts given by Sousa's Band in Belgium, the Academy of Arts, Science and Literature of Hainault has conferred upon Mr. Sousa a grand diploma of honor and decorated him with the cross of artistic merit of the first class. A similar decoration has been bestowed upon Mr. Hinton, Mr. Sousa's manager.

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JOURNAL  
JUN 7 1900

**PASS NAVAL BILL**

Acceptance by Reichstag of Part Indicates Its Passage.

BERLIN, June 7.—The session of the German reichstag will close probably next Tuesday.

After an extended debate the reichstag accepted the first paragraph of the government's naval increase bill by a vote of 152 to 79. The acceptance of the whole bill is now certain.

Friends of the navy bill repeatedly referred to the American naval enlargement and ship subsidy bill.

Advise Kruger to Make Peace.

Some of the German papers now are advising the Boers to make peace with all possible speed. The Weser Zeitung and the Hannoverische Courier take the view that such is the only course left open to the burghers. The Courier says: "As a statesman and a soldier, President Kruger must know that he cannot succeed in expelling the English; that he has lost his game. He ought to admit this, to come out from the hills and surrender like a man. Then the further sympathy of the world would be assured."

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A report from Paris says that at the first performance of Sousa's band in the American section of the Paris Exposition the enthusiasm of the great audience of Americans that gathered to hear it did not break all bounds until the "Cake Walk" and other ragtime pieces were played. Then the American colony became delirious. It danced and whooped and demanded encores until the band was exhausted. That is bad, but not so bad as was feared. For a long time there was a dread in this country that the American Commissioners and their staff at Paris would array themselves in militia uniforms and open the American pavilion with a cake walk.

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Sousa has conquered Paris—not with his interpretations of operatic music, for in that field his band is one of many—but with his expositions in striking melodies and stirring rhythms of the contemporary American spirit. In his marches, in the many trifles with which he gives individuality to his programs, there are expressed the characteristics of the Nation—its push, its progress, its dash, its aggressiveness, its superb optimism. A Sousa march is American to the core, and so is the manner in which the composer, turned conductor, emphasizes it in performance.

Drittens giebt's auch wieder Concerte in Manhattan; der Fanciulli wird mit den 7lern den John Philipp Sousa vertreten. Und dabei fällt mir ein, daß der große John Philipp trotz Prebagent und Nabelbepeichen, trotz Wacht am Rhein und Pariser Ausstellung kein Erfolg ist. Die deutsche Presse ist höflich kühl und bemerkt sehr richtig, Herr Sousa spielt wie irgend eine unserer Militärtapellen — nicht schlechter, aber auch nicht besser. Einen persönlichen Erfolg freilich hat Sousa drüben genau so wie hier, allerdings einen Erfolg und der ist bei seiner manierirten Art des Dirigirens sehr wohl begreiflich.

Der Paul Henneberg, der Ihnen im Terracegarden zum Fisch die klassischsten Trauermärche spielt, damit Sie keine Gräten in den werthen Hals bekommen, und zum Eisdream den tollsten Galopp losläßt, damit das Gefrorene nicht kalt wird — der Paul bedauert es von Herzen, daß Sousa nicht ein überwältigender Erfolg gewesen. Er hoffte im Stillen, daß die amerikanischen Militärtapellen drüben Mode würden, dann wäre er nächstes Jahr nach drüben geschunkelt. Aber es kam annerich!

# CUSTOM-HOUSE CAUTIONS.

*American Baggage Checking System Follows You All the Way to Paris and Makes Things Easy.*

## TRAVEL HINTS UP TO DATE.

(Special Correspondence of the Sunday World.)  
Paris, May 30.

THE ordeal of passing your luggage through the French Custom-house no terrors if the baggage is given by the American line. The American line stops its line and a tender is sent to that port. Two of the line stop at Cherbourg. The baggage is examined as soon as you are allowed to board the Paris train. You need not bother with your ticket in New York. The steamship agent will take care of it to Paris. The cost of a Paris ticket will be through trunks which are checked during the voyage.

### Dealing with Customs.

For your cabin luggage, trunks and valises. One day or more before departure apply to the cabin steward. He will paste a Paris label on your trunk and give in exchange paper corresponding numbers. Reserve those carefully to show the customs upon arrival. This will cost you 25 cents per trunk. After that cabin trunks, valises and bundles will be placed in the baggage precisely like those checked at New York wharf.

The American line, whose steamers call at Southampton to Cherbourg and Havre, does not have them call at the French port on the return voyage. But the company sells through tickets to Paris.

Baggage via the American line can be handled in the same way as described above. The American line does not run a special train from Havre to Paris, but interpreters on Channel steamers, at the Havre docks and at the railway station will render the transfer an easy matter once your luggage is out of the way.

If you desire to take your baggage in London before proceeding to Paris you will find the English customs examination easy to pass. Tobacco, cigars and perfumery are about the only articles which might give you trouble.

When you leave London for the Continent you have your choice of six principal routes.

### The Routes from London.

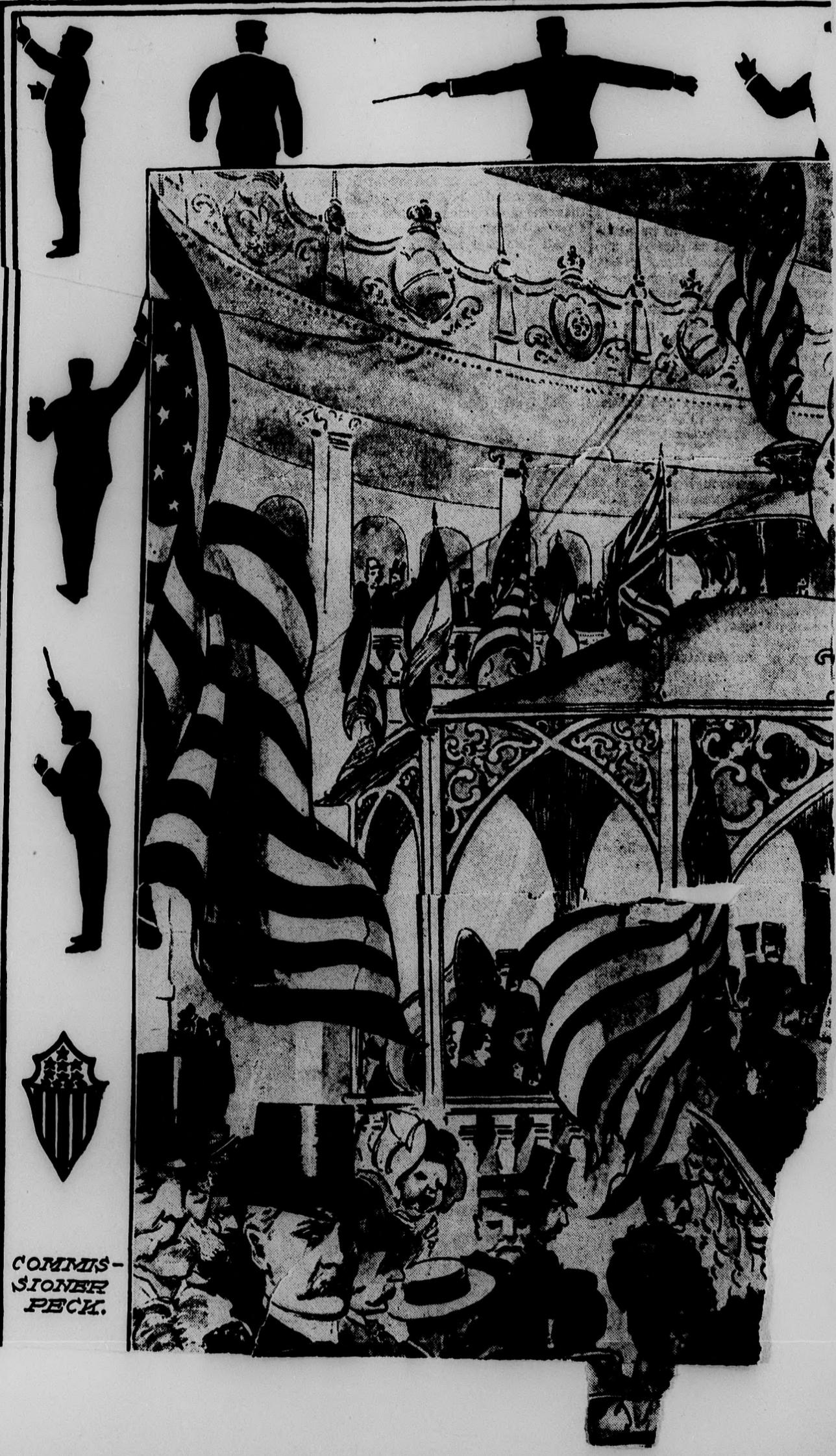
1. London, Harwich, Rotterdam—which is a visit to Holland. From Rotterdam trains will take you to France. Amsterdam, The Hague or Rotterdam you can also go through to Paris (Northern Station) without change of route.
2. London, Dover, Ostend—which will take you into Paris by fast Belgian and French



# PARIS WILD OVER

THE SUNDAY WORLD'S WEEKLY

FROM A SKETCH MADE UPON THE GROUNDS BY



COMMISSIONER  
STONER  
PECK.



London, Dover, Calais, Paris. This is the shortest route. The trip consumes but seven or eight hours. In summer time there are daily four departures each way, and during the Exposition there will probably be six. Crossing the Strait, here but thirty-two miles wide, takes from sixty to eighty minutes—not time enough to get thoroughly sick of life even though you get sick often enough. This is the favorite line of fashionable people.

London, Folkestone, Boulogne, Paris. Locally this is the same route as above; it runs over the same railway lines and uses similar boats. The crossing takes a little longer. This is the route generally chosen by the Queen when she visits the Continent.

London, New Haven, Dieppe, Paris. Via this itinerary, which is cheaper than the above, the journey takes from nine to ten hours, in which the crossing takes for about one half. This line has a larger passenger business than any of the others.

London, Southampton, Havre, Paris. This line offers still cheaper rates, though its steamers are certainly the most luxurious afloat. The crossing is rather long—seven hours usually.

There are other lines (Plymouth-Caen, Southampton-St. Malo or Southampton-Jersey-St. Malo), but they are far from direct, and, except for those who may want to explore Normandy and Brittany, not to be recommended here.

### The Arrival in Paris.

In London they will at the stations register your luggage through to Paris at the uniform cost of one shilling per article.

On through trains from Germany or Belgium baggage can likewise be checked through to Paris. On others it is examined at the first station after the frontier is passed.

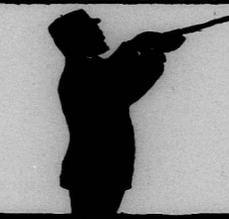
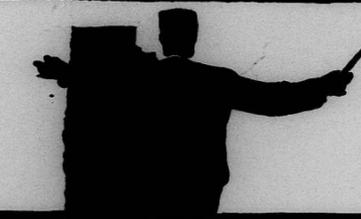
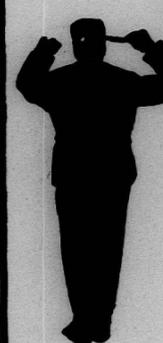
When you get to Paris it will be either at the Northern Station (Gare du Nord) or at the Western Station (Gare St. Lazare). In both are always railway interpreters who will assist you free of charge, though it is customary to give them a tip of from 10 to 20 cents.

If you do not need your heavy baggage at once the best way when you arrive in Paris is to take a cab (if you are not more than two or three people—one of the railway omnibuses if there is a large party) and drive to your hotel. The unloading of baggage, the sorting of it over the delivery counters and the inspection may consume two hours. Therefore if you are in a hurry to get your first glimpse of Paris it is better not to wait for your trunks now.

Later you may call and get your baggage inspected in another room, where all trunks left over are stored. You will then go through the ordeal much more comfortably.

When you call to release your things

MRS. POTTER PALMER



be sure to bring your tickets (brass checks are unknown on this side). Show them to any railway employee and say: "Je desire retirer ces bagages." A porter will accompany you to the proper place, help you through the examination and load everything on the cab.

Baggage in this country travels with the owner on the same carriage and not by separate express wagons. The cab charges are 30 cents for one or two passengers and five cents per trunk or valise—plus, naturally, the inevitable tip. Though the customs officers of France

will accept a franc to do what they are not bribable. money will induce them to let your goods; you will get in trouble if you propose any such transaction. If you say with the French that you show appreciation for

health, and your joy of being in France at last: "Je viens pour visiter l'Exposition; je n'ai rien a declarer. Voulez-vous examiner?" the douanier will probably apply his chalk mark on trust.

Two things more: First—Don't forget that bicycles, even when they have already been used, pay a duty of about \$7. The sum is refunded if you leave with the wheel within six months and if you then show your receipt. Second—Don't be in a hurry to trust

your trunk keys to the first porter who may offer to go or send to the station to bring your baggage. Even the best hotels in a time like this hire people they know little about. And it is a wise plan never to offer temptation or court trouble.

"This American age of haste and speed. The Parisian public automobilism, through this leader and his who really have been of the capital en face

ship with the Parisians to the highest pitch of music

### "The Stars and"

Of all his irresistible French are most taken and "Sousa's Forever." to hum or whistle played by Sousa's band as wildly as the music can could desire in

Not the French at times here gathered popular airs of the sees Russians, Turks doos and all manners tors applauding the Sousa's band, and ducing catches of So

At the close of each the ladies of the audience for the stand to show gallant leader and co his success. Most of tions were in America there were also complimentary French lips.

Western women promise assure Sousa that they never had an opportunity in their own land to home with them the music as the brightest travels.

### Sousa's Spain

On the day the Spaniards opened Sousa complimenting his nativity by playing The compliment was associated, and no incident more happily time lingering feeling of of Spanish toward the Exposition.

Sousa is reserving for the Fourth of July of Lafayette via called "The Spirit of composer says that he gest in the music the the French and Americaning them together in

In private as well as can leader has captured and his band were the of the famous \$10,000 Henry Thaw, the year icenaire whose attracting attention five musicians to and Sousa was the

There was only from the band Thaw handed \$1,500.

The newspaper ary to Mr. Sousa, as intensely modern terpreter of the age, to appeal to the und The Journal des Del torial:

"This American age of haste and speed. The Parisian public automobilism, through this leader and his who really have been of the capital en face



From No. 22 CENTRAL WHARF,  
Dept. Publicity and Promotion,  
Merchants and Manufacturers  
EXPOSITION...  
Boston, Mass., U. S. A.

**No. 1.**  
**SOUSA DELIGHTS THE FRENCH.**

**His Brilliant Reception in the French  
Capital.**

Cablegrams from the various correspondents in Paris of American newspapers all indicate that John Philip Sousa has made a great personal and artistic triumph in Paris. We are told in a cable to the New York "Journal" that "Nothing could surpass the enthusiasm of the reception accorded both the music and the musicians. American music is little known but was marvellously well received, and mere absence from home will not account for the fact that many veterans like Colonel Care, ex-Minister to Denmark, and Consul-General Gowdy shed tears when the band played in soul-stirring fashion 'The Star Spangled Banner.'" The Paris correspondent of the Associated Press states, "It is no exaggeration to say that the performances of Sousa's band have been the features of the Exposition the past week, and, while Americans are naturally delighted to hear the familiar national airs and popular marches and melodies, the intense enthusiasm displayed by the French audiences and the encomiums they have passed on the music and its interpretation have been most flattering to Sousa's fellow-countrymen."

The New York "Herald" publishes the following cable from its correspondent: "The distance between Washington and Paris seemed very short yesterday as I stood in the beautiful Esplanade des Invalides and saw the familiar figure of John Philip Sousa leading his superb band with his own peculiar force and swing, while the stirring strains of his marches filled the air. Every number played by the band evoked a double encore for each. The climax of enthusiasm was reached when the heart lifting melody of 'The Stars and Stripes Forever' was given with a dash and precision of which this famous organization is capable. The last note was the signal for a tremendous outburst of cheering in which I saw persons of many nationalities join."

In a eulogistic editorial the "Journal des Debats" says: "This American band symbolizes our age of haste and steam and electricity. The Parisian public, enraptured with automobilism, thoroughly understands this leader and his excellent musicians, who really have become favorites of the capital en fete."

From No. 22 CENTRAL WHARF,  
Dept. Publicity and Promotion,  
Merchants and Manufacturers  
EXPOSITION...  
Boston, Mass., U. S. A.

**No. 2.**  
**SOUSA CAPTURES PARIS.**

To say that Sousa is gratified with his reception in Paris would be to put his feelings in very inexpressive words, says the Paris correspondent of the New York Herald. Indeed he is enthusiastic over the way he and his band have been received. "Paris has given us a royal welcome," he said. "I can hardly express myself in fit terms. Our first concert was a tremendous success, and, despite the rain which has fallen on several afternoons we have had large and appreciative audiences."

"I find the audiences here very similar to the American audiences, and have come to the conclusion that people the world over have more or less the same likes and dislikes in music. In America stirring marches, such as 'The Liberty Bell' and 'El Capitan,' always evoke the greatest applause, and I find the same here."

"The Stars and Stripes Forever' march seems to me to have scored the greatest success with the French people. They are intensely sympathetic, and patriotic strains like this composition appeal to them as strongly as they do to Americans. On Saturday a group who stood listening to this selection waved their hats and cheered most vociferously."

"A very delightful compliment was paid to the band by a gentleman from Vienna, who came up after the concert was over and said, 'You have not a band but a living organ under your direction.' This I considered as the highest kind of praise as it is the unanimity and perfect ensemble in the band that I have always striven after. The individual members of the band are one and all of them soloists of much ability, but in concerted pieces they lose their identity completely and become parts of a machine, so to speak."

From No. 22 CENTRAL WHARF,  
Dept. Publicity and Promotion,  
Merchants and Manufacturers  
EXPOSITION...  
Boston, Mass., U. S. A.

**No. 3.**  
**SOUSA PLEASES THE FRENCH.**

**High Praise of his Band from a  
Professor and a Bandmaster.**

In a special cable to the New York Tribune, C. I. Bernard states that, "During the last week one of the most frequented corners of the Exposition has been the neighborhood of the stand where Sousa's American band plays. Great interest is manifested in native American compositions, folksong and descriptive music, which are revelations to Parisians, and have called forth the highest praise from all classes of Frenchmen. Among the bystanders the opinion everywhere was the same, — 'Very original'; 'Tres chic'; 'Beautiful'; 'That's the kind of music we want.' Such was the rapid fire of praises, without a dissenting voice. Among the attentive listeners to the American band were M. Theodore Dubois director of the French Conservatory of Music; M. Carre, director of the Opera Comique, and several leaders of French military bands. One of the chief members of the justly celebrated band of the Garde Republicain said: "This is exactly the sort of music our countrymen want in order to play up to our reputation. We are likely to perform far too abstract, away above the heads of ninety-nine out of one hundred listeners. We get success d'estime, but we fail to stir the masses of the people to enthusiasm as the American band does. Besides American descriptive music, the American band plays a classical repertory—Chopin, Liszt, Beethoven—fully as well as we do. I feel certain that the example given by this American band will be followed by the majority of French military orchestras on account of the immense hold it obtains over the ordinary listener's emotions. Call it the music of the future or the music of the past, it is the music required by the mass of the people, because it stirs their heartstrings, makes them feel and live. This popular descriptive music is a revelation to us here, and will have a marked influence on our national compositions in future."

"A professor of the Paris Conservatory, who is celebrated both as an organist and as a composer, when asked if he did not think such descriptive music rather too trivial and not sufficiently elevated, replied most emphatically: "Not at all. We Musicians, living in our music day by day, all become to abstract, and forget that if there is mind there is also a heart. We French composers give food to the former, but fail to touch the latter. Some of my confreres say that this homely American descriptive music is nothing but a return to the earliest endeavors at composition. This is a great mistake. Whether it be Colonne's orchestra interpreting Wagner's 'Ride of the Valkyries' or Sousa's band portraying homely scenes of everyday American life makes no difference; both are highly descriptive, both appeal directly to the heart and emotions."

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SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF.

# AROUND THE EXPOSITION

By Genevieve Green

THERE is a grim fascination in visiting this Paris Exposition. Everything is so uncertain and so insecure that one grows to think of himself a hero for walking about in the most ordinary fashion, while to make the circuit in the electric tramway or to cross one of the numerous bridges requires the most pronounced recklessness and daring. One feels that the individual who crosses Niagara on a tightrope should begin to divide the honors. The pleasure of having "escaped" after an afternoon at the fair is worth traveling many miles to experience. It renders the bare fact of being alive a genuine delight and the possession of unsmashed legs and arms a most thrilling pleasure. Things are simply being thrown together in any way at all to produce an effect and to gather the coins. The falling of the bridge two Sundays ago when nine lives were sacrificed and many persons wounded has proven beneficial in starting a few investigations; still, I have been advised by some one who knows whereof he speaks to avoid the crowded days at the exposition. This person assures me that the structures are far from being solid and substantial. It is now said in undertones that in reality fifty-six people were killed by the falling of the bridge, but of course there is no way of corroborating nor of denying this rumor. The authorities are doing everything possible to hush up the matter, and

will arrive at its height. Some of the dresses that have been made on account of the exposition are really very ridiculous. For instance, camphor and quinine at the drugstores are more than twice as expensive as formerly. Candles have gone up considerably; even cotton dress goods, linings, whalebones and things of that description have taken exposition prices. The blanchisseuse is quite as independent as if she owned the whole exposition, and next week, they tell me, cab fares will be increased. It is a frosty day, indeed, when the Paris cabman is left on any of the good things that are going. He is a thing entirely apart, this Paris "cocher." He is unlike anything else that ever was created. He is a king, an autocrat, a tyrant and something of a hypnotist in the bargain. I sometimes flatter myself on not being easily frightened. I am not of the timid sort, but when a Paris "cocher" asks me twice or three times the proper fare I hasten to deliver it. He thrills me with his imperialism. "Here it is, most mighty sir," I almost utter as I deliver what he asks. "Do I possess anything else that you would like? Perhaps my jacket or my parasol would be of some use to you!" The moment that he has vanished around the corner it occurs to me that I should have fought it out with him. "Well, the next time I'll not be treated in that fashion," I declare most vehemently, but

that are legitimate must never be seen; it is only the illegitimate that is flaunted carelessly before the eyes of the world. When monsieur is at home, dining respectably with the lady who is his wife, he bursts with fury because the passers-by look in upon him, yet they may look as long and as often as they please when he dines upon the boulevard with the lady who is not his wife. Sousa's band is one of the attractions of the exposition. There is a life and go about it and a lack of "classicism," as we have it in Europe, that is really delicious. It is like a cooling ice after a very heavy dinner. After all, there are more people in the world who like "Home, Sweet Home" and "The Last Rose of Summer" than there are who like Wagner, if they would only "own up." But they won't "own up" and of course it is better in the cause of education that they do not. Should Wagner cease to be the fashion we should know very little about him. The minority who are really interested could never afford to keep the thing going. I often think of what Mark Twain said on a recent occasion, that Wagner's music was a good deal better than it sounded. Now, it is a comfort to know that Sousa's music is just as good as it sounds. It is popular, breezy and cheery, yet, thank heaven, we may say that we like it without striking at once an ignominious attitude. That the Americans are thick and numerous in town was quite evident the other day at one of the Sousa concerts. Even if other people are not materializ-

most as mechanically as buttons. 'Tis true, of late years a few Parisian artists have been trying to create a revival in the art of goldsmithing and have met with some success. Undoubtedly the Exposition will add stimulus to this revival. In the "Petit Palais" the Retrospective Exhibition presents a delightful field for study of this nature. There are the loveliest jewel caskets, headgear of lapis lazuli and gold, necklaces and finger rings besides crucifixes, missals and religious objects of every description, all superb examples of ancient or Renaissance goldsmithing. In this same exhibit are beautiful old tapestries and rare Limoges enamels, the cathedrals of France having sent their most cherished treasures. Very few of the foreign pavilions are yet open. In fact, Russia is the only important country that is ready to receive visitors. The aspect of these buildings conveys no idea whatever of the relative wealth and importance of the countries. Italy, that is probably the poorest nation on the face of the earth, has the finest pavilion; the tiny principality of Monaco has a building that should make England blush, while such countries as Roumania, Finland and Hungary have been most lavish in their expenditures. The United States has distinguished herself by having the ugliest building in the whole concern. The architect has tried to put the Washington Capitol into a very tiny space, the result being very grotesque. The thing is all dome and really looks like a little man with a very huge head.





Partisans generally are very anxious to add their names to the list of the disassembled. The unwary stranger who were expected to arrive in cotless troops to peep out slathers of the Partisans of the hotel's am pensions are ha empty, lacking ev the usual spig crowds. Of we the probable ty that the crowds at present some- thing like despair is to be atmosphere.

The next time it is the same old story. I am a doomed victim of these Stouffels. That I am not the only person in the world in whom the Paris "coaches" inspire this indelible awe I have lately learned to my satisfaction. A young man once at one of the downtown hotels, conducting the Paris branch of an Eng- lish law firm related to me his experi- ence with the Partisans. He said that whether he had gone to engage apartments for a very wealthy client, the "exposi- tion price" of the rooms, the proprietor told him, would be \$20 a day, this, how- ever, to include a carriage, with the ser- vices of a footman and a coachman. He wrote the condition to his client and re- ceived word by telegram, "Terms satis- factory, but insist on contract being signed." When the solicitor presented himself at the hotel with a prepared con- tract the proprietor refused to sign it. "I cannot sign a contract including the services of a coachman," he explained. In Paris it is impossible to know what the

far to the expected admission. He said that what we lacked to get us made up in excitement. This building is made with a sort of vestibule, the open door into the gallery. I took a chair to listen to the band without knowing that it was Sousa. Suddenly it struck up "Dixie" and the "Swanee River," calling of course, with the "Starspangled Banner." Well, the unexpected yet that went up from that crowd was something to be remembered. It came spontaneously from the throats of several hundred Ameri- cans who had thus accidentally jumped there. Women and children jumped on the chairs shouting and waving fan- tastically, while a man in the crowd pro- posed three big American cheers for the Stars and Stripes. In the midst of it all Sousa produced a huge American flag which he waved energetically. It turned out a most magnificent patriotic demon- stration and all entirely unpremeditated.

One of the most important objects to be seen at the Exposition is the gift in the Russian building which the czar has made to France. It is a map of France.

W. THORNDIKE

HOME SWEET HOME

THE ELEVATED SIDEWALK



THE  
PARIS  
COCHER



THE  
ELEVATED  
SIDEWALK

W. THORNDIKE

Parisians are very willing to add them the accident has become quite an undiscussable topic. The unwary strangers who were expected to arrive in countless troops to pour out slathers of money at the feet of the Parisians have not yet appeared. The hotels and pensions are half-empty, lacking even the usual spring crowds. Of course, there is always the probability that the crowds will arrive later, but at present something like despair is in the atmosphere. Later it will be too hot for people to remain any length of time. Paris in July and August is unbearable, and besides it is not "le grand chic" to be here during those months. The people who can afford to pay the exorbitant prices that the hotels are asking will not have sufficient interest in the exposition to suffer to see it. Students and teachers, those to whom the exposition would be the greatest inspiration, are forced out of Paris by the absurdly extravagant prices. The empty houses that up to date are rewarding these thrifty French notions have not produced the slightest tendency toward lowering the prices. Not at all. They have been being during all of these weeks; now they must catch up. The fever, instead of abating, becomes more delirious, and woe be unto you who

the next time it is the same old story. I am a doomed victim of these Svengalis. That I am not the only person in the world in whom the Paris "cocher" inspires this indefinable awe I have lately learned to my satisfaction. A young man conducting the Paris branch of an English law firm related to me his experience at one of the downtown hotels, whether he had gone to engage apartments for a very wealthy client. The "exposition price" of the rooms, the proprietor told him, would be \$250 a day, this, however, to include a carriage, with the services of a footman and a coachman. He wrote the condition to his client and received word by telegram, "Terms satisfactory, but insist on contract being signed." When the solicitor presented himself at the hotel with a prepared contract the proprietor refused to sign it. "I cannot sign a contract including the services of a coachman," he explained. In Paris it is impossible to know what the coachmen are going to do. They may go on a strike right in the midst of everything. I can guarantee the services of any other servant, but not of a coachman. He expressed himself as willing to take off a considerable sum and leave out the carriage, but the solicitor had instructions to insist on the carriage being included. He remained obstinate and at last the proprietor yielded, though most unwillingly, to contract for \$250 a day for his wife and child and a couple of servants. This will give some idea of the prices that the big hotels are asking.

The moving sidewalk is creating a great deal of dissatisfaction in Paris. This ingenious and comfortable structure is not confined to the exhibition grounds, but winds through several streets, very close to the second-story windows. Now, the Parisian is so far behind the times that he objects to performing his morning ablutions and otherwise revealing the secrets of his boudoir for the amusement of passers-by. How inconsistent people are! In America, where prudery thrives to the extent of putting clothes on the Venuses and the Apollos, we see nothing particularly shocking in the idea of elevated railroads, letting the world gaze in on one's private life, while the "natural," the unshockable Parisians, they who have no "mysteries" of any sort, are apoplectic with indignation over an elevated sidewalk. The Parisian still has the idea that when he is at home he mustn't be looked at. The finest houses in Paris are surrounded by real convent walls without a possible peep hole. In Paris the things

can be undoubtedly here in all of his extravagant glory. On coming out of the Art Gallery I took a chair to listen to the band without knowing that it was Sousa's. Suddenly it struck up "Dixie" and the "Suwanee River," ending of course, with the "Star-spangled Banner." Well, the unexpected yell that went up from that crowd was something to be remembered. It came spontaneously from the throats of several hundred Americans who had thus accidentally gathered there. Women and children jumped on the chairs, shouting and waving furiously, while a man in the crowd proposed three big American cheers for the Stars and Stripes. In the midst of it all Sousa produced a huge American flag which he waved energetically. It turned out a most magnificent patriotic demonstration and all entirely impromptu.

One of the most important objects to be seen at the Exposition is the gift in the Russian building which the Czar has made to France. It is a map of France, a metre square, most skillfully constructed in gems and precious metals and showing a cartographic picture of the land. The gold backing is of silver. The seas round the coasts, the departments inland, all the various features of mountains, plains, marshes, lakes and forests are deftly done with labradorite and lapis lazuli, agates and onyxes, malachite and carnelian, while the rivers are put in with pure platinum, a valuable material specially produced by Russia. The 100 principal cities and towns of France are all designated by various precious stones, Paris being marked with a large rose diamond the size of a hazel nut and sapphires, emeralds, rubies, turquoises, opals, jacinths, topazes, garnets and pearls are employed for the others. The names of the towns and rivers are all done in gold characters, and the total value of the labor aside from its scientific interest is put at £160,000. This beautiful map is a real triumph of the goldsmith's art and makes one think of ancient and forgotten chef d'oeuvres, such as the "breast plate of cunning work" described in the book of Exodus, with its twelve rows of precious stones according to the names of the children of Israel. It is certainly most regrettable that in these days of so much jewelry we have so little goldsmithing. In fact, the craft of Benvenuto Cellini and of the Anglo-Saxon monks who framed their missals in gold and silver and gems is almost a lost art, the tiaras, brooches and rings of modern society, being turned out al-

some one in apologizing for our building said that what we lacked in art we made up in sentiment. The building is made with a sort of vestibule, the open door idea that this writer considered emblematic of our hospitality. I am hoping that the "bighead" feature is not also emblematic. A short time ago the pupils of the Ecole des Beaux Arts were asked to decide by vote which of the Exposition buildings was the most successful from the artist's point of view and which the greatest failure. For the most beautiful building I believe the vote was almost a tie between Italy and Belgium, but for the ugliest the United States received a unanimous vote.

I am curious to know what the principality of Monaco is going to exhibit in this splendid building. The only enterprise in the country is the Monte Carlo bank, and how will it be represented for the edification of the visitor! A roulette table where the player always won would certainly be a unique and unrivaled attraction, beside which even our free California raisins would pale into insignificance. I tried to extract a little information about the Monaco exhibit from one of the attaches, but all to no avail. He smiled a sphinxlike smile and declared that this must remain a mystery till the opening day. I am sure that he was an ancient croupier. His manner of replying to my questions was quite as if I had blandly asked him to tell me the winning number. This guess on my part, I must avow, required no depth of divination. Every resident of Monaco is or has been or hopes to be a croupier. Every one else wins and goes away or loses and kills himself.

Those who work in high altitudes suffer not only from the rarefied air, but from mountain toothache. Mr. Hafner of Zurich finds that all the engineers and workmen on the Jungfrau Railway, are obliged to remain a considerable time at altitudes of about 2000 metres—a day and a half—above the sea level, after eight or ten days are seized with violent pains in several teeth on one side of the jaw, the gums and cheeks on the same side becoming swollen. The teeth are sensitive to pressure that mastication extremely painful. These symptoms increase in severity for three days, and then gradually entirely disappear. It seems to be purely a phenomenon of acclimatization, for all newcomers go through the complaint, and it appears never to recur.

# SUNDAY MEDIES OF ONE STO

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# SUNDAY PRESS PICTURES FROM THE PARIS EXHIBITION.



with unflinching fidelity although under difficulties and dangers of the most formidable character. They had to contend with a snowstorm so thick that in daytime a man could not see more than 100 yards, to pick their way in uncertain places among wreckage washing about their feet, and to face a gale laden with sharp sleet blowing some of the time seventy miles an hour. Surfman Richard Tobin had the south patrol from 8 to 12 o'clock in the forenoon of the 27th, but he did not reach the station on his return until 3 o'clock in the afternoon. He says: "I went down the beach to the key post, about three miles from the station. When I started from the station there was much wreckage on the beach, and the seas were coming over with such force that I was washed into the pond back of the ridge. It was blowing so hard that I was obliged to kneel down at times to get my breath. It was a hurricane from the northeast, and snowing so hard that I could not see any distance offshore. I kept on, and finally I had to take to the fields back of the beach. Then I was able to make better progress, and at last reached the post, and then started to return. I warned several persons in houses near by that they had better seek safety elsewhere, as the seas were breaking up against the windows. I helped two families—the women and children—to a safe place in another house, and also assisted a fisherman to haul his boats away out of danger. When I was through with these things I started for the station and had to travel along the fields, it being impossible to keep the beach. I got back to the station a little after half-past 3 in the afternoon."

At 9.30 a. m., just after he had started to return, he was, as he makes oath, right on the veranda of the cottage which was destroyed by the Columbia when the giant seas tossed her on shore, and at that time she had not been wrecked. He could see only about 100 yards, he says, and consequently he knows nothing of the whereabouts of the pilot boat at that time.

After he got back, about 3 o'clock, the storm made it impossible to maintain patrol until 12 o'clock midnight. At that hour Surfman John Curran, Jr., set out on the south patrol. The weather had moderated, but the wind was heavy, snow was still falling thickly, and the tide at various points was rolling across the beach. "I walked the regular beat," says Curran, "but of course had to keep back further on the beach, the sea had made such inroads. At about 1.45 o'clock, I should judge, I saw the schooner right in line of my patrol, lying on the beach."

From the time of day stated by these two men, it is clear that the Columbia went ashore between 9.30 o'clock in the forenoon of the 27th and about an hour and a half past midnight. Nobody saw the disaster, and nobody knows when it took place.

Maurice O'Hern, a fisherman, said he was with a crowd in a storehouse at Scituate Harbor about 12 o'clock, noon, of the 27th and that somebody—he thinks it was Bert Williams—told them there was a vessel ashore at Sand Hill, but gave no further information, and nobody sent any message of the statement to the life-saving station. If this report was true, and the vessel was the Columbia, she must have been cast on the beach between 9.30 a. m. and 12 o'clock noon or shortly after Surfman Tobin had passed the place on his return to the station.

O'Hern says he did not know where Williams got his information, or of anybody else who knew anything about it. He says he went to the place the next morning between 5 and 6 o'clock, and the Columbia then lay "clear up on the beach, say 250 feet from the edge of the sea, it being low water. There was a dwelling-house canted on to her. She must have hit it. The life-savers were on the scene."

As soon as Surfman Curran discovered the wreck, he returned to the station and told the keeper, who immediately (about 3.50 a. m.) went down to her with three surfmen. It was then too dark to see much, but they made sure that there was no living being on board the hulk, and then waited for daylight. It is stated that the body of a man had been found in the hold and taken away before this time. There was none in the hold or anywhere about the vessel when the life-saving men inspected her by daylight. On their way to the wreck they found one body. This was identified

were on the vessel were beyond the power of human aid before she struck the beach. Four of them must have been washed overboard at some earlier time, while the man who was found dead in the hold likely had died when the craft was being swept by the prodigious seas toward shore. The fact that both the chain cables had parted shows that the vessel had tried unsuccessfully to weather the storm by means of her anchors. At that time she must have been in dire distress, and there is no telling what straits her crew were then in."

## SCHOONER AND COAL BARGE GO DOWN

On the same day and on the same storm-swept coast, but further north, was lost the four-masted schooner Abel E. Babcock. She was a staunch vessel of nearly a thousand tons, but she struck in the night on Toddy Rocks, a mile off Hull, and when the morning came she had been pounded to fragments and all on board had perished. No person could be found who knew anything more of the circumstances of her loss.

At the same time and on the same group of rock, which ground the Babcock to pieces, was destroyed the steel coal barge "No. 4." Of the five persons on board the barge, two—the captain and a sailor—managed to reach the shore alive by clinging to a piece of the deckhouse. They saw a house near the beach and dragged themselves to it. The occupants of the house took the castaways in and warmed and revived them.

But their troubles were not yet over. While the people of the house were working over the half-drowned sailors they discovered that the sea rapidly was eating away the beach, and the house was in imminent danger of being swept away. Word was sent to the nearest life-saving station at Allerton Point, and the keeper, Captain James, came to the rescue; and as the men from the barge were still too weak to walk in the terrific tempest, he carried them in a cart to the station, where they were taken care of until the storm abated.

Some idea of the storm may be gained from the fact that though the barge and the schooner were pounded to pieces within a short distance of each other, the people of the barge neither heard nor saw anything of the death of the schooner.

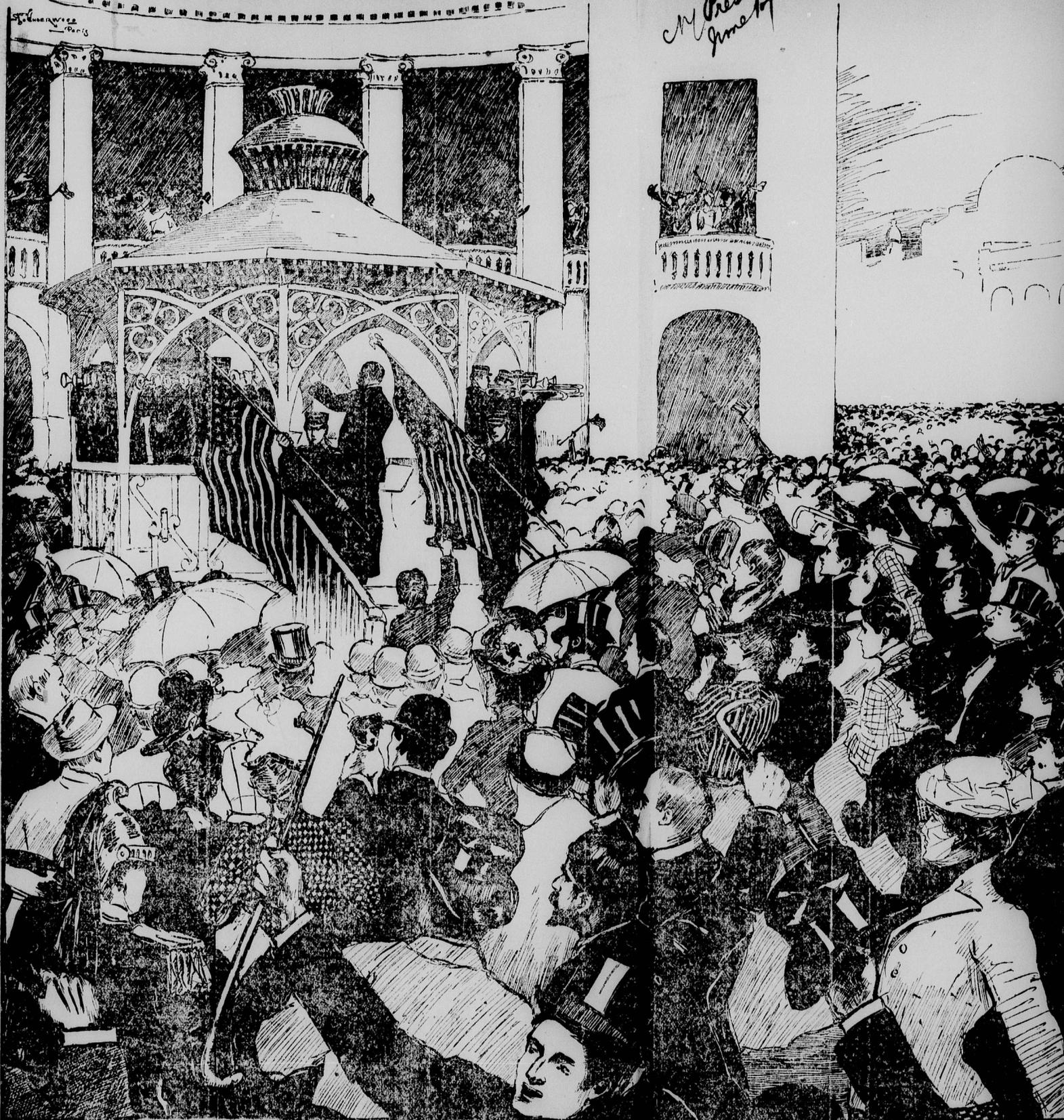
## TWO MORE CREWS ARE RESCUED

Another vessel lost in the storm was the schooner Calvin S. Baker. Three persons were lost from this vessel, which was wrecked on the Little Brewster Island, Massachusetts Bay, or Lighthouse Island, as it is designated on the chart, in the morning of November 27, two or three hours before daylight.

On Lighthouse Island stands Boston Light, the oldest in the country, which was established in 1715, and then lighted with tallow candles. It is to-day an imposing structure, its powerful lantern being almost 100 feet above sea level, and visible in clear weather sixteen nautical miles. For upward of a century and three-quarters its faithful gleam has guided the storm-tossed mariner to a welcome harbor; but on the night of November 26-27 he looked for it in vain, the impenetrable cloud of snow shutting it out completely until its sudden glare appeared close under his forefoot. The island lies one and one-half miles off that part of the coast where the Point Allerton life-saving station is located, the most prominent headland near the entrance to Boston Harbor, and the crew of that station rescued the survivors of the wreck of the Baker.

The storm probably struck no portion of the coast with greater power than in this vicinity, and the men of the Point Allerton station were engaged arduously during the whole period. Throughout the terrifying first night they maintained their patrols without interruption, although with extreme difficulty, the wind being so fierce as to compel them to frequently turn their backs and stop and crouch near to the earth for breath, while the rushing breakers, rolling clear across the gullies and incumbered beaches, would often make them run for their lives to the higher lands. As the night wore on and the tempest approached its climax, there reigned, on every

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*Press June 17*

SOUS, AT THE FAIR—HE DRAWS IMMENSE CROWDS, AND HAS MADE A "HIT" WHICH HAS SET ALL EUROPE TALKING.

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FRANCISCO, CAL  
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# HOW SOUSA HAS BEWITCHED THE PARISIANS WITH HIS BAND PLAYING AND HIS COMPOSITIONS.

**S**OUZA has won the hearts of the French people and the praise of the captious French critics. They are reveling in the musical message he has brought them and his dash and vigor and odd personality reflected in his band which never fails to give sympathetic re-

sponse, have hypnotized them into declaring, "It is new!" "It is beautiful!" "That is the kind of music we want." "This popular descriptive music is a revelation to us here and will have a marked influence on our national compositions in the future."

The part of the great exposition where

Sousa and his band are stationed, is a Mecca for the French people, and who does not understand the influence which draws them there. There was a similar pilgrimage in this city in the days of the Midwinter Fair. The devotees left never an unoccupied space within hearing distance when Sousa was giving a

programme, and how much greater is the attraction now that he has done so much in the intervening years. Since then he has composed an incredible number of things which set one's feet tramping, which make one tingle with the joy of living, which stir the patriotic impulses, in short which are teeming with human interest.

It is of the descriptive music, however, that the French have had most to say. There have been French editions of Sousa's marches and the "Liberty Bell" has enjoyed marked popularity, but from now on England and Germany will not have a monopoly of those swinging, ringing melodious compositions which have set the pace for armies

in peace and war and which have been the inspiration for society's "two-step," the lazy glide that has almost relegated the waltz to oblivion. And now, no one doubts, since the fun-loving, liberty-loving people across the ocean have adopted "our Sousa" that his marches, in honor of the deference paid to his rhythmical descriptions, will be heard in their country at affairs of state, just as the "Washington Post March," played by all the royal bands was heard when Queen Victoria made her appearance for the jubilee celebration.

Americans have taken as a matter of course the stirring descriptive music which they have been listening to these many years, but now that they have heard from their prophet in another country they are stimulated into making investigations of this thing that they have permitted to pass unheeded and which Theodore Dubois, the director of the French Conservatory of Music; M. Carre, directeur of the Opera Comique, and the leaders of several of the military bands pronounce as "the sort of thing our countrymen want."

They say that the bands of France have never been able to stir the people to enthusiasm as that of the Americans has. Because the visiting musicians are able to play the best classical as well as these popular compositions, commendation for them is unbounded. It was the leader of the band of the Garde Republicain who said with astonishment:

"Beside the American descriptive music, the American band plays a classical repertoire including Chopin, Liszt and Beethoven, fully as well as we do. I feel certain that the example given by this American band will be followed by a majority of our military orches-

tras on account of the immense hold it obtains over the ordinary listener's emotions."

Almost the very first of American descriptive music came from the pen of Sousa's predecessor, Patrick Sarsfield Gilmore of respected memory. It was he who took the voices of nature and the things of man's invention and found that he could make music tell their stories. His orchestration of these familiar things were always enjoyable numbers when played by Gilmore's band, a treasure of the East which came out to the West many years ago. Other people have written music of this character, but most every one is willing to accord honors to Gilmore and let his name "lead all the rest."

Critics place many of Sousa's descriptive melodious work in an intermediate place between the strictly popular and the highly classical compositions. The suite, "Three Quotations," comes in this category. The first number,

The King of France, with twenty thousand men,  
Marched up the hill and then marched down again.

Is the motive of a fantastic scherzo march of much melody and spirit. The second,

I, too, was born in Arcadia.

Tells tenderly of the woods and the primitive life there, and has the simplest, sweetest theme, worked out with Sousa's singular personality. Then in the third, "In Darkest Africa," is developed the ecstasy of the grotesque life of the negroes, the spirit which Dvorak wrought into his "New World Symphony" and which he urged the American musician to develop. "Sheridan's Ride" has been one of the motives for an inspiring composition.

Sousa's orchestration of the later-day "coon songs" and his own negro melodies have been heard and enjoyed throughout the length and breadth of this land during the last tour; but all these things have an ephemeral value compared with the descriptive music, the symphonic poems and suites of which may be played among the best.

One of the best known and strongest of Sousa's descriptive compositions is his "Chariot Race," the inspiration of which came from "Ben Hur." It opens with the triumphant call, and then come the clatter of the hoofs as the horses enter the arena and the "whip! whip!" No one has to question when the signal is given for the snorting horses to dash off. Past pillar and post the music takes them, and then the chariots whirl by in great but terrible splendor. Faster and faster they fly and louder and louder become the cheers. You hear the entreaties and execrations of the multitude, then the crash, and see the fall of the intrepid but careless driver. The awe-stricken silence is only momentary, and then, "On, on they fly with loosened reins—they round the curve—once around the course, neck and neck, the leaders pass the judges' seat—the frenzied cries of the multitude as the leader dashes by—and—the race is won!" Then the excitement dies away and the charioteers leave the arena and the great race is over.

Other leaders, who try to conduct this number, have some marks from Sousa—the forte, the pianissimo, the maestros, the "p'm and vivo," the "allegro furioso," but it takes Sousa to put in all that is between the lines and the notes.

Those who delve into the past will show you that Sousa might well be what he is, for he comes of good stock.

## GIRL WHO POSED FOR "COLUMBIA" IN THE EAST INDIAN GROUP OF THE DEWEY ARCH.

**I**N MAUDE COURTNEY, who is now playing an engagement at the California Theater, San Franciscans will have an opportunity of seeing the charming model who posed as the figure of Columbia protecting the Filipinos in "The East Indies" group of statuary that adorned the Dewey triumphal arch which was built by the citizens of New York and graced Madison square upon the homecoming of that honored naval hero. From the tip of her helmeted head to the soles of her sandaled feet not a drop of foreign blood flows in Miss Courtney's veins, and thus, as the long processions passed through the Twenty-fifth street end of the colonnade, a purely American girl welcomed home the Admiral after his successful campaign in the Orient.

The group, when placed in position, was thirty feet high and was one of the most striking features of the arch. The central figure, for which this sweet singer posed, was emblematic of Columbia, and the whole was intended to convey the idea of the benevolent influence of America. On either side of the figure of Columbia is a Filipino, one with a scythe, representing the peaceful art of agriculture; the younger figure on the opposite side showing the student, the thinker, the poet, and bringing out the thought of the benefits of education. The sculptor who modeled this attractive grouping was Charles A. Lopez, a young man of Spanish descent, who had just returned from Paris when he heard of the plans of the Dewey arch and he made up his mind that it was an excellent idea and would certainly be carried out. There was to be no remuneration for his work, as all sculptors donated their services in a spirit of patriotism.

The story of how Lopez discovered his model in Miss Courtney is most interesting. New York was agog with preparations for the reception of Dewey; plans for the great naval parade had been perfected; contracts had been awarded; hotel registers began to show the great influx of visitors; the arch had been designed, but Sculptor Lopez had not chosen his model for Columbia. Of the many artists who had lent their talent and genius to the perfection of the arch, none were more critical than Lopez. He had applied to him and had been rejected.

In trying to rid his mind of worry he had been listening to some of the passing turns at the roof-garden theater of one of the New York playhouses, when Maude Courtney appeared before the footlights and began to sing some of the songs that were long ago relegated to the shelves of attic closets along with old-fashioned portraits and the Dolly Varden gowns of grandmothers. Through the air there floated to his ears the strains of "Massa's in the Court."



MISS MAUDE COURTNEY

singer posed, was emblematic of Columbia, and the whole was intended to convey the idea of the benevolent influence of America. On either side of the figure of Columbia is a Filipino, one with a scythe, representing the peaceful art of agriculture; the younger figure on the opposite side showing the student, the thinker, the poet, and bringing out the thought of the benefits of education. The sculptor who modeled this attractive grouping was Charles A. Lopez, a young man of Spanish descent, who had just returned from Paris when he heard of the plans of the Dewey arch and he made up his mind that it was an excellent idea and would certainly be carried out. There was to be no remuneration for his work, as all sculptors donated their services in a spirit of patriotism.

The story of how Lopez discovered his model in Miss Courtney is most interesting. New York was agog with preparations for the reception of Dewey; plans for the great naval parade had been perfected; contracts had been awarded; hotel registers began to show the great influx of visitors; the arch had been designed, but Sculptor Lopez had not chosen his model for Columbia. Of the many artists who had lent their talent and genius to the perfection of the monument none were more critical than Lopez. Seemingly perfect models for the arch had applied to him and had been rejected.

In trying to rid his mind of worry he had been listening to some of the passing turns at the roof-garden theater of one of the New York playhouses, when Maude Courtney appeared before the footlights and began to sing some of the songs that were long ago relegated to the shelves of attic closets along with old-fashioned portraits and the Dolly Varden gowns of grandmothers. Through the air there floated to his ears the strains of "Massa's in the Cold, Cold Pound," "Ucle Ned," and "Way Down Upon the Suwanee River." Lopez started. "There is Columbia as I have conceived her," he said. He sought the manager and told him that he must see Miss Courtney at once. The spirit of it had taken possession of him and he could not be restrained. He was admitted to the little dressing-room behind the scenes, and impetuously told her that he had selected her for the personification of the symbolic goddess of the United States, and she must pose for the figure for the arch. She flushed with pride when she accepted, for what woman in the Republic would not have been proud to be selected as the model for that perfectly conceived goddess, Columbia?

For four hours each day for five weeks, without reward other than the pleasure which it gave her, in the midst of engagements upon which depended her livelihood, Miss Courtney posed for the statue.

When Sculptor Lopez was asked his reasons for selecting this vaudeville star for his model, he said: "There are three. The first, because she has arms that are almost perfect; second, her neck is particularly beautiful; and, third, she has never worn stays." Continuing, he said: "The neck and arms were to show in the statue, therefore they were of the utmost importance; the torso would, of course, be covered with drapery, and although it would not show as prominently as the neck and arms, it was necessary that it should be thoroughly and naturally developed."

The first figure chiseled by the sculptor he considered bad, claiming it did not do justice to his model, and so destroyed it. With his ideas more definitely fixed in his mind, he began his second attempt and in a very short time he wrought a figure which satisfied him. When the story of the group was first published, several persons appeared who claimed the honor of having posed for the figure of Columbia, but it belongs to Miss Courtney alone.

In height Miss Courtney is above the average of womankind, though she is

not conspicuously tall. She is an amazon in health and strength. Her shoulders are broad, neither square nor sloping, and possessing that peculiar curve at the base of the neck which is requisite for artistic perfection. Her brow is broad, her eyes full and blue; she has teeth that dazzle, a carriage that is queenly and a head that speaks of independence. She was born in Brooklyn about twenty-two years ago, and made her start in the theatrical profession in the American chorus at the Metropolitan Opera-house in 1895. She afterward sang the leading contralto role with the Henry J. Leslie opera company in "Dorothy," and sang the prima-donna roles with Rice's "1492" and "Evangeline" with great success. In 1898 she entered vaudeville, and has played almost all the circuits in this country ever since, making a decided hit with her old-time songs. From Los Angeles comes the following interesting story relative to Miss Courtney's vaudeville act: Three elderly ladies—sweet-faced gentlewomen, one with silvery gray hair, the others only lined with white—sat in a proscenium box in the vaudeville theater. Each held a bunch of violets. About the middle of the performance an attractive girl came upon the stage, and with a sweet, natural voice sang some of the old songs. Her voice had not been cultivated, but she sang the plaintive songs so sympathetically that the audience was fascinated and called for her again and again. The old ladies in the box could not restrain their tears, so much had her songs appealed to them, and when she left the stage she carried their violets. The girl was Maude Courtney.



Frank Wallace

by a majority of our military orchestras—

dan's Ride" has been one of the motives for an inspiring composition. Sousa's orchestration of the later-day "coon songs" and his own negro melodies have been heard and enjoyed throughout the length and breadth of this land during the last tour; but all these things have an ephemeral value compared with the descriptive music, the symphonic poems and suites of which may be played among the best.

One of the best known and strongest of Sousa's descriptive compositions is his "Chariot Race," the inspiration of which came from "Ben Hur." It opens with the triumphant call, and then come the clatter of the hoofs as the horses enter the arena and the "whip! whip!" No one has to question when the signal is given for the snorting horses to dash off. Past pillar and post the music takes them, and then the chariots whirl by in great but terrible splendor. Faster and faster they fly and louder and louder become the cheers. You hear the entreaties and execrations of the multitude, then the crash, and see the fall of the intrepid but careless driver. The awe-stricken silence is only momentary, and then, "On, on they fly with loosened reins—they round the curve—once around the course, neck and neck, the leaders pass the judges' seat—the frenzied cries of the multitude as the leader dashes by—and—the race is won!" Then the excitement dies away and the charioteers leave the arena and the great race is over.

Other leaders, who try to conduct this number, have some marks from Sousa—the forte, the pianissimo, the maestoso, the "pin and vivo," the "allegro furioso," but it takes Sousa to put in all that is between the lines and the notes.

Those who delve into the past will show you that Sousa might well be what he is, for he comes of good stock. Through his Spanish father, himself a musician, he has inherited romance and terseness of rhythm and from his German mother also a musician the mysticism and sentiment of her blood. Those who have a point of view from the hill-tops take all these things into consideration.

But as much as the French may think of Sousa and his work, which they think original, they will discover before the close of this world's great exhibition that his putting into music the life of America is getting to be a national characteristic. An interesting bit of evidence will be given by the Indian band, composed of Carlisle and other students, whose leader, Dennison Wheelock, has composed several aboriginal suites and native dances. In the rendition of them there are vocal interpolations, snatches of song and ecstatic cries.

This introduction of the human voice is effectively used by Sousa. Sometimes his men sing several measures, again they hurrah and sometimes a ringing laugh adds its glee to the gay ensemble. When the French go a little deeper for the cause of this innovation, which has given them a new zest, they will see that it is the expression of human emotion, with which they are really very familiar. The thing that is new in it all is the story of the vast country which has enough left of the pioneering element to make it picturesque. American musicians hear the wind which flows over the prairies like a mighty ocean, they heed the free life there, they listen to the singing and sighing of the breezes through the pines and hemlocks and redwoods; they hear the voices of nature in the endless variations, and in the spirit of good teachers, they are, all unconsciously, perhaps, trying to tell how much there is to enjoy in God's own country.

But much as the French may dislike to acknowledge it, this descriptive music they admire came from Germany, and was well developed before the petite Sousa, with his airy graces and Del-sarte gestures, was born. His idea he limited, but the spirit of his music is breezy, of the West, Western—the spirit of Columbia and of the new world.

ing from \_\_\_\_\_  
 Address of Paper SAN DIEGO, CAL  
 JUN 10 1900

To say that Sousa is gratified with his reception in Paris would be to put his feelings in very inexpressive words, says the Paris correspondent of the New York Herald. Indeed he is enthusiastic over the way in which he and his band have been received. "Paris has given us a royal welcome," he said. "I can hardly express myself in fit terms. Our first concert was a tremendous success, and, despite the rain which has fallen on several afternoons we have had large and appreciative audiences."

ing from \_\_\_\_\_  
 Address of Paper DES MOINES, IOWA.  
 JUN 10 1900

The English correspondents in Paris say that when Sousa's great band gave its first concert at the exposition, there was no particular enthusiasm on the part of the Americans present until it played some of Sousa's marches, a cake walk, and a few pieces in "rag time." Then the Americans fairly went wild in their enthusiasm, and the band was cheered to the echo. The Frenchmen could not understand the demonstration.

ing from \_\_\_\_\_  
 Address of Paper GRAND RAPIDS, MICH.  
 JUN 9 1900

**SOUSA IN PARIS.**

**The Playing Rag Time Stirred the Crowds Enthusiastic.**

Sousa's band has come and gone and left a pleasant taste in the mouth, writes a Paris correspondent. Americans are proud of their distinguished compatriot, and are looking forward to his return after a tour through Germany. He gave the French people a new sensation, and the man who can do that is sure of the good will of the world-weary Parisians. His "American music" quite captivated the natives. The published programme was made up, for the most part, of classical music, which was what the French expected, but it was in the encores that the ennuied Parisians found a fresh flavor. Sousa is great enough—or shrewd enough, if you prefer—to reward the plaudits of his countrymen with the popular airs of America, and he made a master stroke of it.

To see and hear Sousa's band playing rag-time tunes in the court of the Esplanade des Invalides was an experience to be remembered. Above the band towered the palace of national manufacturers, bristling with statues looking down on the strange invasion. Near by was the avenue newly created to honor the czar of the Russias, and within sound of the cornets rested the ashes of Napoleon. The visitors were almost surrounded by the pinnacles of the exposition buildings, and the flags of many nations fluttered from the sculptured turrets of all sides. The American colony was represented every afternoon by several thousand of its members, and the least concern that rents chairs at 2 cents a sit found it the biggest bonanza up to date. After the first two concerts many Frenchmen joined the colony and were quite as enthusiastic as the yankees.

It would have been a daring thing for Sousa to give the music of a cake-walk and of a Sioux war dance if he had not known his audience, but he played to the gallery, if you please to put it that way, and the novelty of the thing pleased even the critical natives. The American leader has a catchy knack of putting the action to the music, and his mannerisms were never-failing delight to Americans and Frenchmen alike. He entered so completely into the movements of the rhythmic measures that he apparently was on the verge of shuffling through a plantation walk-around at times. The music and the motion touched happy chords in American memories, and the aliens from across the sea made the court ring with their wild, enthusiastic cheers. The spectacle of a yelling mob, with waving hats and canes, was always enough to draw all the French within hearing to join the fringe. There were always two American guards present to wave Old Glory when the band played "The Stars and Stripes Forever." The handsome clean-cut appearance of the visitors in their neat, modest uniform made a striking contrast with things European. Altogether the Americans scored a notable triumph.

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 Address of Paper FRANCISCO, CAL  
 JUN 10 1900



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 Address of Paper PROB. BOSTON  
 JUN 16 1900

**SOUSA PRAISED IN LEIPSI**

**Concerts Draw Large Audiences and Are Praised by Critics.**

Leipzig, June 16.—John Phillip Sousa and his band have achieved an unqualified success in their four days' concerts in the Palmen Garten of Leipzig. The enthusiasm with which the American composer was greeted was not confined to the American colony, in the case of which it goes without saying. The series of concerts was a popular success, drawing audiences of as many as 10,000 persons, and won the good opinions of the musical critics besides.

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ess of Paper FRANCISCO, CAL

JUN 10 1906

the natives. The published programme was made up, for the most part, of classical music, which was what the French expected, but it was in the encores that the ennuied Parisians, found a fresh flavor. Sousa is great enough—or shrewd enough, if you prefer—to reward the plaudits of his countrymen with the popular airs of America, and he made a master stroke of it.

To see and hear Sousa's band playing rag-time tunes in the court of the Es-

house who couldn't have found gallons of

# PARIS HAS GONE RAG TIME WILD



## Bunch O' Blackberries. CAKE WALK (TWO STEP.)

ABE HOLZMANN.  
Composer of SMOKY MOKES  
CAKE WALK & TWO STEP.

Trin. *mf*

*pp - ff*



ALL Paris is raving over John Phillip Sousa and his band of lusty-lunged instrumentalists. The vim and dash of the American musicians, together with the lively American style of music which they are playing, have proved a decided innovation to gay Parisians. The principal topic of conversation all along the boulevards

these days seems to be the remarkable success which Sousa has met with in introducing "Le Temp du Chiffon," commonly known in this country as "rag time."

The native bands have taken up this peculiar style of distinctly American music, even going so far as to play the "Marsellaise" in rag time. It is also reported that many of the most blaze Pa-

risians are practicing the delicate steps of the cake walk, a feat which to them is extremely difficult owing to the French fashion of wearing boots with heels extraordinarily high.

Sousa has introduced many new melodies to the visitors at the Exposition, but the one which seems to have caught the populace is the characteristic cake walk march, "Bunch o' Blackberries," by the composer of the "Smoky Mokes" cake

walk, which was so popular in this country.

The principal strain from "Bunch o' Blackberries," over which the Frenchmen are going wild, is shown above.

It is being hummed, whistled and played in almost every nook and corner of the French capital, seemingly having been accepted by the natives as being far and away the best thing of its kind ever heard there.

concerts in the Palmen Garden. The enthusiasm with which the American composer was greeted was not confined to the American colony, in the case of which it goes without saying. The series of concerts was a popular success, drawing audiences of as many as 10,000 persons, and won the good opinions of the musical critics besides.

ing from PITTSBURGH PA  
 Press of Paper JUN 11 1900

**OUR CARICATURE PORTRAITS OF MEN IN THE PUBLIC EYE.**



JOHN PHILIP SOUSA, "THE MARCH KING."

Extract from Music  
 Date June 1900  
 Address of Journal \_\_\_\_\_

The celebrated Sousa Band are performing at the Paris Exhibition. Mr. Sousa informed a friend who went to meet him on the St. Paul at Southampton, that he would very much have liked to fix up a series of concerts in London before the band return to the States, as he felt confident of a much warmer reception in England than he could look forward to in Paris. This prediction would appear to have been partly fulfilled, as we read in a French paper that the American boys are anything but pleased with the chilly reception accorded to their performances at the Exhibition. If the Sousa combination do give musical London a chance of hearing them, we can promise them an enthusiastic reception and keen appreciation of their fine quality.

Cutting from MUSICAL COURIER  
 Address of Paper New York City  
 Date JUN - 9 1900

A. F. Adams of the John Church Company, who has been spending a month in Paris, has returned to London. Mr. Adams and John Philip Sousa were entertained by some of the officials of the Paris Exposition.

ESTABLISHED: LONDON, 1881. NEW YORK, 1884.

Cutting from TOWN TOPICS  
 Address of Paper New York City  
 Date JUN 14 1900

GERMANY has just given another proof of her warm friendship for this country by hissing Sousa's Band because the Parisians applauded it. Such straws will make a fine bonfire by-and-by.

ESTABLISHED: LONDON, 1881. NEW YORK, 1884.

Newspaper Cutting Bureau in the World.  
 Cutting from NEW YORK PRESS  
 Address of Paper \_\_\_\_\_  
 Date JUN 15 1900

With the closing of the Garrick comes the opening of Manhattan Beach, and we emerge from Mr. Gillette's thieves' den to be swept by ocean breezes. That long famous and now prosperous entertainment place has changed its musical programme for this summer. The concerts will be free. Such a liberal concession is enough to make Patrick Sarsfield Gilmore strike a false note in the heavenly choir, in which, it may be reasonably supposed, he is now playing first fiddle, if not, indeed, handling the baton. The eminent Irishman was as much of a money maker as Gillette. Although little of a musician, he was of great degree as a showman, and, like Barnum, he humbugged the public neatly and with prosperity. It was no uncommon thing for Gilmore to take in \$1,000 a day for his concerts at Manhattan Beach. After paying his salary of \$3,500 a week, which included the services of his men, these receipts left a handsome profit for Mr. Corbin. There was only one Gilmore, however, and when Patrick Sarsfield was translated the beach found no conductor who could fill his place. It might be supposed that Sousa, who has electrified Paris and won the applause of Germany, is a better man than Gilmore was. But John Philip thinks only of himself, whereas Patrick Sarsfield's sole thought was the audience. Sousa received a similar salary, but except on rare occasions he did not pay expenses. This year, therefore, the beach has employed a less expensive musician, and probably even with free concerts it will lose no more money.

Cutting from DRAMATIC REVIEW  
 Address of Paper SAN FRANCISCO, CAL  
 Date JUN 2 1900

**Sousa Complimented**

A very delightful compliment was paid to Sousa and his band by a gentleman from Vienna in Paris last week. He came up after the concert was over and said: "You have not a band, but a living organ under your direction."

Cutting from Music  
 Address of Paper New York City  
 Date JUN 9 1900

**SOUSA TICKLES THE FRENCH.**

I received a letter from Arthur Pryor this week from Paris, where he is making a great big success, playing trombone solos with Sousa's band, at the Paris Exposition. He says that the band is sweeping everything before it and the French people are carried away with the popular cakewalks and two-steps. "We are obliged to play my, 'A Coon Band Contest,' characteristic two-step, three times every day, and, of course, Sousa's marches take like wild fire, and they, like my piece, are always played with tremendous success. The members of the band are all well and never played better, and I can say that of myself, for I can never remember of playing better than at the present time."

very genius of Paris. His band compositions are enough to capture the enthusiasm of the French, but these are not all by any means. The man himself, his dashing air, his handsome, soldierly face, his jaunty mannerisms, his Spanish eyes, his thoroughly Latin magnetism—these, united with all the witchery of his matchless popular music and the precision of his trained musicians, have taken the Exposition multitude by storm.

Paris, to be sure, has its Garde Republicaine Band, which disputes with Lieut. Dan Godfrey's Coldstream Guards Band the military musical supremacy of Europe, but the Garde Republicaine musicians have no Sousa to flourish the baton over them and captivate the ladies with his black eyes.

When he conducted his first open-air concert in the Kiosk of the Esplanade des Invalides an American might easily have fancied himself at Manhattan Beach. And never at Manhattan Beach or anywhere in America did Sousa have a bigger or a more flattering audience.

Composer and players were at their best. "The Washington Post," "King Cotton" and "The Stars and Stripes Forever" went with a snap that lifted the hearers off their feet. Each one had to be repeated twice before the audience yielded its privilege applause, and John Phillip Sousa was obliged to bow again and again, his beaming features testifying to the delight which this tribute brought him.

He never looked so well or so happy. The enthusiasm of the French reached a warm place in his heart. It awakened all the responsiveness of his Latin nature. For while he owes all his success to America Sousa does not forget that his blood is Spanish, and his racial kinship with the Parisians keys him up to the highest pitch of musical fervor.

Of all his irresistible marches the French are most taken with "The Stars and Stripes Forever." It is fashionable to hum or whistle the melody. As played by Sousa's band it was cheered as wildly as the most patriotic American could desire in his own land.

Not the French alone, but all nationalities here gathered are learning the most popular airs of the United States. One sees Russians, Turks, Greeks, Japs, Hindoos and all manner of outlandish visitors applauding the vivacious strains of Sousa's band, and hears them reproducing catches of Sousa's melodies.

At the close of each concert many of the ladies of the audience made a rush for the stand to shake hands with the gallant leader and compliment him on his success. Most of the congratulations were in American accents, but there were also compliments from pretty French lips.

Western women pressed forward to assure Sousa that although they had never had an opportunity of seeing him in their own land they would carry home with them the memory of his music as the lightest feature of their travels.

On the day the Spanish pavilion was opened Sousa complimented the land of his nativity by playing Spanish airs. The compliment was greatly appreciated, and no incident could have been more happily timed to assuage the lingering feeling of hostility on the part of Spanish toward American visitors to the Exposition.

Sousa is reserving a brand new march for the Fourth of July, when the statue of Lafayette will be unveiled. It is called "The Spirit of Liberty," and the composer says that he has tried to suggest in the music the temperaments of the French and American people, welding them together in the finale.

In private as well as public the American leader has captured his laurels. He and his band were the dominant feature of the famous \$10,000 dinner, given by Henry Thaw, the young Pittsburg millionaire, whose extravagances are attracting attention. There were 65 musicians to 22 guests, and Sousa was the hero of the evening.

There was only one hour of music from the band, but for this service Mr. Thaw handed Mr. Sousa a check for \$1500.

The newspapers are very complimentary to Mr. Sousa, whom they recognize as intensely modern—and a musical interpreter of the age, splendidly equipped to appeal to the understanding of Paris. The Journal des Debats says in an editorial:

"This American band symbolizes our age of haste and steam and electricity. The Parisian public, enraptured with automobilism, thoroughly understands this leader and his excellent musicians, who really have become first favorites of the capital en fete."

Cutting from

Address of Paper

SOUSA IN GERMANY.

A High Tribute to the Work of the Organization.

The German Times of Berlin speaks as follows of the engagement of John Phillip Sousa and his band in that city:

The past week at Kroll's Garden, which served to introduce to the Berlin public Sousa and his famous American band, was one of remarkable interest. Mr. Sousa, who is a born leader, is a man of many talents. It is not given to every successful conductor to be an equally successful composer and librettist besides. John Phillip Sousa is all these, and more. He never fails to inspire his men with his native energy and unbounded enthusiasm. The discipline in his band, every member of which is an artist, is perfect. Their precision, correct intonation, tone coloring and rendering of the various numbers of their extensive repertoire resemble the work of a virtuoso on his instrument, so complete is the ensemble. The band is composed of young men principally, who infuse into their performances a snap and vigor which is contagious. To use an Americanism, Sousa and his band have caught on here and no mistake about it; they have taken Berlin by storm. Germans everywhere are fairly wild over Sousa marches, and they are bound to become as popular as the Strauss waltzes. Mr. Sousa's conducting of his marches is unique. Our German friends admit the playing of this band is different from anything they have ever heard and confess themselves completely captivated, and indeed I know of no band its equal. On Thursday I heard them play overture of Tannhauser—Wagner, and scenes from the same composer's Lohengrin; the smoothness, beautiful effects and quality of tone they produced in these selections were surprising and must be heard to be appreciated. Those who did not hear the Sousa Band play Wagner have missed a wonderfully effective performance. The Thursday program was a musically interesting one, and besides Sousa's suite, "The Last Days of Pompeii," were played his "The High School Cadets" march and "The Stars and Stripes Forever," destined to become one of the most popular marches. With the audiences that filled Kroll's nightly to overflowing the Sousa marches were chief attractions, as was attested by the applause expressions of delight which greeted the first few bars of every march played, and nothing would do but a frequent repetition of each in turn. As was the case when this band appeared in Brussels, the people went wild with enthusiasm, many of the men throwing up their hats and the ladies waving their handkerchiefs and cheering; encore followed encore on a program of eighteen numbers, and the last piece was given with as much vigor as was the first one. The Sextette from Lucia-Donizetti, as played by Messrs. Fryor, Chapman, Lyons, Williams, Mantia and Wardwell, was received with stormiest applause, and was redemanded. Negro melodies, plantation songs, American national airs, as likewise German national and volkslieder, formed a prominent feature of the programs, which, besides many well-known compositions by the conductor and other well-known American composers, contained selections from Wagner, Bizet and others.

Among the compositions of Mr. Sousa which met with great success here are: Symphonic poem, "The Chariot Race;" suite, "The Three Quotations," and "Songs of Grace and Songs of Glory;" in the latter he has given a beautiful setting to "Nearer, My God, to Thee," and "Rock of Ages," and the manner in which the band played these made me feel as if I had suddenly entered a sacred edifice; the tones were like that of a grand organ softly played; "Rock of Ages" particularly pleased me, being very effectively arranged.

The enthusiasm at Kroll's during Sousa week continued unabated to the end, and such an ovation as the band received on the closing night is beyond description. This week they play in Hamburg.

A word of praise is due Mr. George Frederick Hinton, the capable director of Mr. Sousa's European tour.

Mr. Sousa's "El Capitan" is having a big success in London. Other operas written by him are "The Bride Elect," "Charlatan" and "Chris;" this latter is being given with immense success in New York.

Cutting from

Address of Paper

It was observed at the first performance of Sousa's band in the American section of the Paris Exposition that the enthusiasm of the great audience of Americans that gathered to hear it did not break all bounds until the "Cakewalk" and other rag-time pieces were played. Then the American colony became delirious. It danced and whooped and demanded encores until the band was exhausted. The Frenchmen present couldn't understand it.

Cutting from

Address of Paper

CRONJE DEEPLY AFFECTED

Incident of the Boer General's Trip to St. Helena

Capt. J. W. Webster, who will pass into history as the man who took Gen. Cronje at St. Helena, is having a week's rest in New Orleans while his big transport, the Milwaukee, is getting ready for another trip to South Africa with a cargo of horses, says the New Orleans Times-Democrat. Captain Webster tells some interesting things about his distinguished prisoner. "I was rather nonplused to know what to do for the old gentleman's diversion. He and his wife would sit silent, side by side, for hours, holding each other's hand, and occasionally he would read a little in the Bible, but I was anxious to brighten him up a bit. Luckily I happened to think of the graphophone I had purchased during my visit to New Orleans. I rigged it up in my cabin, put in a Sousa's Band cylinder playing the 'President's March,' and then sent an invitation to General and Mrs. Cronje and one of the Boer officers who was also accompanied by his wife. They came in, and while making a pretext of exhibiting some photographs, I started the machine to going. At the first notes the whole party looked intently amazed, but, of course, they soon located the source of the sound. 'I heard you had a talking box that talked like a man,' said Cronje, through an interpreter. 'Is that it?' 'Yes, general,' I replied, and when the cylinder stopped I slipped on another containing Moody and Sankey's hymn, 'The Ninety and Nine,' which I had been told they sang in their own language. The effect was startling. They recognized the tune at once and Mrs. Cronje burst into tears, while the other woman lifted a quavering voice and began to sing the words in Boer Dutch. Her husband turned away and wiped his eyes, and I could see by the spasmodic clasp and unclasp of his hands that General Cronje himself was deeply affected. To relieve the tension I put in a record with a lively banjo solo, and in a moment the old gentleman began to smile and beat time with his feet and head, his gray beard wagging to the melody. It was funny to see him. When the music had ceased a black Kaffir boy, a body servant, who had followed the party in, said awesomely that there was a devil in the box. Cronje frowned down the suggestion, but asked whether it wasn't done by some trick, like ventriloquism, making an expressive gesture with his lips. To satisfy him I took the machine apart and explained the mechanism in detail. He grasped the principle very quickly and seemed deeply interested. I left the instrument at St. Helena."

Newspaper Cutting Bureau in the World

Cutting from

Address of Paper

At the first performance of Sousa's band, in the American section of the Paris Exposition, the enthusiasm of the great audience of Americans that gathered to hear it did not break all bounds until the "Cakewalk" and other ragtime pieces were played. Then the American colony became delirious. The Frenchmen present couldn't understand it.

Cutting from

Address of Paper

Date

Fanciulli and his New York band are to be the attraction at Manhattan Beach this summer, during the absence of John Phillip Sousa.

Newspaper Cutting Bureau  
Cutting from POST  
Address of Paper WASHINGTON, D.C.  
JUN 10 1900

## The Hit Bandmaster Sousa Has Made With the French People.

PARIS, May 30.

Special Correspondence of the Sunday  
Post-Dispatch.

SOUSA'S two weeks in Paris closed with a fanfare of trumpets, a storm of "Bravos!" a fluttering of lace handkerchiefs and a chorus, as wide as Paris, of "a bientot," which, being freely translated, signifies, "Hope to see you and your band again very soon!"

He has gone like any conquering hero to win plaudits in Brussels and play for the Kaiser in Berlin. The Stars and Stripes in melody and crash of instruments accompany him all over Europe, and Paris is whistling his marches, congratulating itself that he will return to enliven America's day on July 4 and France's day on July 14.

Never did a musician make a swifter popular success. Sousa appeals to the very genius of Paris. His band and his compositions are enough to capture the enthusiasm of the French, but these are not all by any means. The man himself, his dashing air, his handsome, soldierly face, his jaunty mannerisms, his Spanish eyes, his thoroughly Latin magnetism—these, united with all the witchery of his matchless popular music and the precision of his trained musicians, have taken the Exposition multitude by storm.

Paris, to be sure, has its Garde Republicaine Band, which disputes with Lieut. Dan Godfrey's Coldstream Guards Band the military musical supremacy of Europe, but the Garde Republicaine musicians have no Sousa to flourish the baton over them and captivate the ladies with his black eyes.

When he conducted his first open-air concert in the Kiosk of the Esplanade des Invalides an American might easily have fancied himself at Manhattan Beach. And never at Manhattan Beach or anywhere in America did Sousa have a bigger or a more flattering audience.

Composer and players were at their best. "The Washington Post," "King Cotton" and "The Stars and Stripes Forever" went with a snap that lifted the hearers off their feet. Each one had to be repeated twice before the audience yielded its privilege of applause, and John Phillip Sousa was obliged to bow again and again, his beaming features testifying to the delight which this tribute brought him.

He never looked so well or so happy. The enthusiasm of the French reached a warm place in his heart. It awakened all the responsiveness of his Latin nature. For while he owes all his success to America Sousa does not forget that his blood is Spanish, and his racial kinship with the Parisians keys him up to the highest pitch of musical fervor.

Of all his irresistible marches the French are most taken with "The Stars and Stripes Forever." It is fashionable to hum or whistle the melody. As played by Sousa's band it was cheered as wildly as the most patriotic American could desire in his own land.

Not the French alone, but all nationalities here gathered are learning the most popular airs of the United States. One sees Russians, Turks, Greeks, Japs, Hindoos and all manner of outlandish visitors applauding the vivacious strains of Sousa's band, and hears them reproducing catches of Sousa's melodies.

At the close of each concert many of the ladies of the audience made a rush for the stand to shake hands with the gallant leader and compliment him on his success. Most of the congratulations were in American accents, but there were also compliments from pretty French lips.

Western women pressed forward to assure Sousa, although they had never had an opportunity of seeing him in their own country, that they understood this leader and his musicians, who really are the pride of the capital.

Cutting from WASHINGTON, D.C.  
Address of Paper WASHINGTON, D.C.  
JUN 10 1900

### SOUSA IN GERMANY.

#### A High Tribute to the Work of the Organization.

The German Times of Berlin speaks as follows of the engagement of John Phillip Sousa and his band in that city:

The past week at Kroll's Garden, which served to introduce to the Berlin public Sousa and his famous American band, was one of remarkable interest. Mr. Sousa, who is a born leader, is a man of many talents. It is not given to every successful conductor to be an equally successful composer and librettist besides. John Phillip Sousa is all these, and more. He never fails to inspire his men with his native energy and unbounded enthusiasm. The discipline in his band, every member of which is an artist, is perfect. Their precision, correct intonation, tone coloring and rendering of the various numbers of their extensive repertoire resemble the work of a virtuoso on his instrument, so complete is the ensemble. The band is composed of young men principally, who infuse into their performances a snap and vigor which is contagious. To use an Americanism, Sousa and his band have caught on here and no mistake about it; they have taken Berlin by storm. Germans everywhere are fairly wild over Sousa marches, and they are bound to become as popular as the Strauss waltzes. Mr. Sousa's conducting of his marches is unique. Our German friends admit the playing of this band is different from anything they have ever heard and confess themselves completely captivated, and indeed I know of no band its equal. On Thursday I heard them play overture of Tannhauser-Wagner, and scenes from the same composer's Lohengrin; the smoothness, beautiful effects and quality of tone they produced in these selections were surprising and must be heard to be appreciated. Those who did not hear the Sousa Band play Wagner have missed a wonderfully effective performance. The Thursday program was a musically interesting one, and besides Sousa's suite, "The Last Days of Pompeii," were played his "The High School Cadets" march and "The Stars and Stripes Forever," destined to become one of the most popular marches. With the audiences that filled Kroll's nightly overflowing the Sousa marches were chief features, as was attested by the applause and expressions of delight which greeted the first few bars of every march played, and nothing would do but a frequent repetition of each in turn. As was the case when this band appeared in Brussels, the people went wild with enthusiasm, many of the men throwing up their hats and the ladies waving their handkerchiefs and cheering; encore followed encore on a program of eighteen numbers, and the last piece was given with as much vigor as was the first one. The Sextette from Lucia-Donizetti, as played by Messrs. Pryor, Chapman, Lyons, Williams, Mantia and Wardwell, was received with stormiest applause, and was re-demanded. Negro melodies, plantation songs, American national airs, as likewise German national and volkslieder, formed a prominent feature of the programs, which, besides many well-known compositions by the conductor and other well-known American composers, contained selections from Wagner, Bizet and others.

Among the compositions of Mr. Sousa which met with great success here are: Symphonic poem, "The Chariot Race;" suite, "The Three Quotations," and "Songs of Grace and Songs of Glory;" in the latter he has given a beautiful setting to "Nearer, My God, to Thee," and "Rock of Ages," and the manner in which the band played these made me feel as if I had suddenly entered a sacred edifice; the tones were like that of a grand organ softly played; "Rock of Ages" particularly pleased me, being very effectively arranged.

The enthusiasm at Kroll's during Sousa week continued unabated to the end, and such an ovation as the band received on the closing night is beyond description. This week they play in Hamburg.

A word of praise is due Mr. George Frederick Hinton, the capable director of Mr. Sousa's European tour.

Mr. Sousa's "El Capitan" is having a big success in London. Other operas written by him are "The Bride Elect," "Charlatan" and "Chris;" this latter is being given with immense success in New York.

Cutting from ANNAS, GA.  
Address of Paper ANNAS, GA.  
JUN 6 1900

It was observed at the first performance of Sousa's band in the American section of the Paris Exposition that the enthusiasm of the great audience of Americans that gathered to hear it did not break all bounds until the "Cakewalk" and other rag-time pieces were played. Then the American colony became delirious. It danced and whooped and demanded encores until the band was exhausted. The Frenchmen present couldn't understand it.

Cutting from WORWUNTER, MASS.  
Address of Paper WORWUNTER, MASS.  
JUN 10 1900

### CRONJE DEEPLY AFFECTED

#### Incident of the Boer General's Trip to St. Helena

Capt. J. W. Webster, who will pass into history as the man who took Gen. Cronje at St. Helena, is having a week's rest in New Orleans while his big transport, the Milwaukee, is getting ready for another trip to South Africa with a cargo of horses, says the New Orleans Times-Democrat. Captain Webster tells some interesting things about his distinguished prisoner. "I was rather nonplused to know what to do for the old gentleman's diversion. He and his wife would sit silent, side by side, for hours, holding each other's hand, and occasionally he would read a little in the Bible, but I was anxious to brighten him up a bit. Luckily I happened to think of the graphophone I had purchased during my visit to New Orleans. I rigged it up in my cabin, put in a Sousa's Band cylinder playing the 'President's March,' and then sent an invitation to General and Mrs. Cronje and one of the Boer officers who was also accompanied by his wife. They came in, and while making a pretext of exhibiting some photographs, I started the machine to go. At the first notes the whole party looked intently amazed, but, of course, they soon located the source of the sound. 'I heard you had a talking box that talked like a man,' said Cronje, through an interpreter. 'Is that it?' 'Yes, general,' I replied, and when the cylinder stopped I slipped on another containing Moody and Sankey's hymn, 'The Ninety and Nine,' which I had been told they sang in their own language. The effect was startling. They recognized the tune at once and Mrs. Cronje burst into tears, while the other woman lifted a quivering voice and began to sing the words in Boer Dutch. Her husband turned away and wiped his eyes, and I could see by the spasmodic clasping and unclasping of his hands that General Cronje himself was deeply affected. To relieve the tension I put in a record with a lively banjo solo, and in a moment the old gentleman began to smile and beat time with his feet and head, his gray beard wagging to the melody. It was funny to see him. When the music had ceased a black Kafir boy, a body servant, who had followed the party in, said awesomely that there was a devil in the box. Cronje frowned down the suggestion, but asked whether it wasn't done by some trick, like ventriloquism, making an expressive gesture with his lips. To satisfy him I took the machine apart and explained the mechanism in detail. He grasped the principle very quickly and seemed deeply interested. I left the instrument at St. Helena."

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Cutting from WASHINGTON, D.C.  
Address of Paper WASHINGTON, D.C.  
Date JUN 10 1900

Fanciulli and his New York band are to be the attraction at Manhattan Beach this summer, during the absence of John Phillip Sousa.

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Gilmore and the rest of them were excellent bandmasters in their day and generation. But this is an era of progress. As Sayres and Heenan and Yankee Sullivan would stand no sort of show before Jeffries, so Patrick Sarsfield Gilmore, champion that he was, would be to Sousa as a tallow candle to an arc light. When Sousa mounts the box, turns his back to the audience and begins operations, he seems to be set to music. Sousa has not only a musical ear, he has musical arms, legs, bones and muscles. His trim, well-shaped figure, in its perfectly fitting uniform, seems to exude music. His jet black hair is a fugue, and the small of his back a symphony, and the movements of his arms—how they sweep the chords of fire and passion, of love and glory, of tenderness and pathos! There is nothing that those arms cannot tackle from adagio to pizzicato. They do the crescendo and the diminuendo; the legato, rullentando, affectuoso, obligato and staccato; they reach out and gather in the larghetto, the andante, the allegro, the maestoso, the capriccioso and the scherzo; they get a collar-and-elbow hold and take fall after fall out of the vivace, the vellece, the prestissimo, the piccolo and the let-

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[Special to MUSIC TRADES.]

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**A. F. ADAMS.**

It is but the merest justice to say that much of the popularity attendant upon the John Church Co.'s catalogue in Europe is due to Mr. Adams' high intelligence and tireless energy. Born and reared in Boston, a few decades ago, he brought to Europe an unusual amount of what is here called Yankee energy, wisely directed by long and arduous training in the music trade of America. In addition he possessed the ability to adapt himself and his work to the difference in conditions between America and Europe, or, rather, to so mould conditions here as to insure success to the publications of the John Church Co. which are presented to this market.

Having been familiar by personal contact with Europe for many years, Mr. Adams landed in London permanently about a year and a half ago, well grounded in the needs and the customs of the musical world here.

Since that short time many of the local and instrumental numbers in the John Church Co.'s catalogue have become concert fixtures, and the public of this Kingdom and of the Continent have taken to them with amazing rapidity.

For instance, when the Sousa engagement at the Paris Exposition, as well as the German tour, was arranged, the burden of the work of introducing Sousa music to these peoples fell upon Mr. Adams. He, already, had played his first concert in Germany, and orders for 10,000 Sousa pieces had been placed with the John Church Co., and the French sales had been equally large. At this writing Sousa has become the rage in Paris among all ranks of the people, and the street gamins and working people whistle his tuneful, vigorous airs everywhere. With this as a beginning, there is no prophesying where the sale will rise to as soon as these great marches become universally known.

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For instance, when the Sousa engagement at the Paris Exposition, as well as the German tour, was arranged, the burden of the work of introducing Sousa music to these peoples fell upon Mr. Adams. He at once arranged for the publication of a new edition of these favorites, one suited to the French public, with new title-pages and titles that were understandable to the Parisian public.

"The Bride Elect" became "Les Affiance," "The Man Behind the Gun" (an Anglo-Saxon phrase that meant nothing to Frenchmen) appeared as "Marche Des Canonniers," "The Cotton King" became "Le Roi de Cotton," "Hands Across the Sea" is "L'Alliance," and so on through the list.

The German edition similarly appealed to the subjects of Kaiser Wilhelm in an idiom they could appreciate. "The Bride Elect" there becoming "Hochzeitsklänge," the success of both has already been phenomenal.

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JUN 16 1900

**SOCIETY AND PERSONAL MENTION.**

Miss Caroline H. Pemberton of the well-known Philadelphia family of that name spent some time among friends in the city last week while on her way to Dublin, N. H., where she passes the summer. She has become deeply interested and very effective in work for the negro as well as for the poor white children in Philadelphia, and is the author of the recently published novel bearing on the situation in the southern black belt, entitled "Stephen the Black,"—a tragic story of exceptional power, whose general reading cannot but have a strong influence for good in the settlement of the negro problem.

Theodore Geisel of this city, now visiting in Germany, writes from Berlin concerning the success of Sousa's band there, inclosing a program. He says:

It may interest you to learn that one of our leading American bands is giving concerts in Berlin Sundays. I sincerely hope that the

time is not far off when concerts will be given and theaters opened on Sundays in America. Last Sunday's concert, which I heard, was attended by about 6000 persons, a good many Americans among them.

**AT THE THEATRES.**

The Lenox Lyceum opened last night a summer season of concerts, vaudeville and operatic performances, under the management of George A. Blumenthal. The bill of last night was an earnest of what is to be presented in the course of the season. The principal thing on the programme was the Mikado. Judging from the plaudits of the audience, the melodious delights of Gilbert and Sullivan's charming opera never grow stale. Encores were plenty, and would have been even more numerous if the length of the programme did not forbid response.

The opera was sung and played well. The chorus, although not large, was adequate and well balanced. The most attractive figure in the cast was Nanki Poo, in which role George M. Tallman appeared. He sung well and acted with grace. R. E. Graham was the Mikado, William Blaisdell, Koko, and Edwin A. Clark a very good Pooh Bah. The Yum Yum was May Fiske, Pitti Sing, Bertha Hayden; Peep Boo, Estelle Wilmette, and Katisha, Hattie Arnold.

A vaudeville part served as preface to "The Mikado." The conclusion was an instrumental concert which included selections by Strauss, Sullivan, Herbert and Sousa.

**PARIS GOES RAG-TIME MAD**

All Paris is raving over John Phillip Sousa and his band of lusty-lunged instrumentalists. The vim and dash of the American musicians, together with the lively American style of music which they are playing, have proved a decided innovation to gay Parisians. The principal topic of conversation all along the boulevards these days seems to be the remarkable success which Sousa has met with in introducing "Le Temp du Chiffon," commonly known in this country as "rag time."

The native bands have taken up this peculiar style of distinctly American music, even going so far as to play the "Marselaise" in rag time. It is also reported that many of the most blasé Parisians are practicing the delicate steps of the cake walk, a feat which to them is extremely difficult owing to the French fashion of wearing boots with heels extremely high.

Sousa has introduced many new melodies to the visitors at the exposition, but the one which seems to have caught the populace is the characteristic cake walk march, "Bunch o' Blackberries," by the composer of the "Smoky Mokes" cake walk, which was so popular in this country.

It is being hummed, whistled, and played in almost every nook and corner of the French capital, seemingly having been accepted by the natives as being far and away the best thing of its kind ever heard there.—San Francisco Call.

EXAMINER  
Cutting from

Address of Paper

New York City.  
JUN 14 1900

Date

## The Paris Exposition.

[FROM OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.]

Inauguration of the American Pavilion.

EST

The Pavilion of the United States was opened on Saturday, May 12, with a reception to invited guests. The Commissioner-General of the Exposition, M. Picard; Sir Edmond Monson, the British Ambassador; the Duke de Sesto, Commissioner-General of Spain; M. Delyannis, Greek minister to France; Munir Bey and M. Lépine were present as honored guests.

Mr. Peck, Commissioner-General of the United States, and General Woodward, Assistant Commissioner-General, received the company. Mr. Peck and M. Picard stood at the head of the room. The United States Commissioners were stationed behind; near them were the foreign guests. The United States Ambassador, General Horace Porter, was also present. Mrs. Porter was in one of the galleries with Miss Porter, with other distinguished Americans visiting the Exposition—Mrs. Ferdinand Peck and her daughter, Miss Aline Peck, Mrs. Potter Palmer, of Chicago, and others. Among the distinguished French guests in the galleries were MM. Delombre, Arago, Ernest Carnot and Chardon, and the principal members of the American colony were also present in great force. The military attachés looked handsome in their white helmets. It was all very fine.

The Pavilion was first turned over to the Commissioner General by the architects, Mr. Charles A. Coelidge and Mr. Morin Goustiaux. Then Mr. Peck addressed M. Picard in English, saying that the great American nation had built this Pavilion, by the sufferance of France, upon the soil of the sister Republic. He rejoiced that we had been permitted to erect this structure upon the "rue des Nations," for these homes of the peoples of the earth, standing side by side, would promote the grand sentiment of fraternity which should exist between the nations. Mr. Peck concluded his speech with the sentiment, "Vive le Commissaire-General Picard, Vive l'Exposition Universelle de 1900, Vive la France!" He then presented the gold key of the Pavilion to M. Picard, who responded in French, to the effect that it was an exceedingly good fortune for him, as well as a profound pleasure, to offer his cordial congratulations to the distinguished representative of the great American Republic, and to send across the ocean the homage of his respectful admiration. He looked upon the building as the synonym of progress, work and peace, also as a superb monument erected in honor of the friendship of the two nations. He then thanked Mr. Peck warmly for the splendid souvenir which he had had the consideration to present him. He asked the assembly to salute the Star Spangled Banner, whose folds were so closely united with the French Tricolor, and concluded with

"Vive the United States of America, Vive its illustrious President, Mr. McKinley! Vive its commission, and especially Mr. Peck, its head!"

The reception then began, and 4,000 or more people passed in succession, and shook Mr. Peck and M. Picard by the hand. The crowd began assembling very early outside the handsome American building, which shone brilliantly white against the blue sky. On the summit of the dome the great eagle spread its golden wings, and gazed down with a contented air on the surging people. Sousa's Band, or "la musique Americaine," as it is designated here, was installed on a platform erected at the side of the Pavilion, and attracted enthusiastic audiences which came and went no further, for there stood a cordon of sergents de ville—policemen—good-natured but firm, who intercepted every unfortunate who had been so unlucky as to come around behind the building in hopes of finding a clearer passage to the front door. In vain he expostulated, said it was "brutale," he must pass, all to no purpose. It was like the entrance to Dante's Inferno. Who entered there, left hope behind! The policemen had opened a passage in the midst of the crowd for an imaginary procession which never came, and kept the people back on either side.

The band first played the "Marseillaise" with splendid effect, but there was no applause. The people listened with calm indifference with the exception of one—a gray-haired old gentleman standing on the steps and leaning on his cane. He respectfully took off his hat during the performance. Then began the "Star Spangled Banner." Every hat came off, and there was great applause. The French say we "look with emotion on our gilded eagles which adorn the Pavilion," and certainly we listened with enthusiasm to the glorious strains of the National anthem. The Stars and Stripes were floating everywhere to the fresh breeze, and a good piece of the equestrian statue of the Father of his Country in front of the building could be distinctly seen by the imprisoned crowd at the side.

Most of the audience had cards of invitation to the reception, and why these privileged ones were not admitted was probably for the excellent reason that there were already four thousand or more guests already inside the hall. The American portion of the press, certainly two-thirds, were very good natured, kind, and even seemed amused at the unexplained detention. They would explain that they had a friend over on the other side of the clear space, they must speak to him, they would come back soon, etc. A tall man, who somehow seemed to have come from Philadelphia, advanced with a determined air, said he had left his daughter, who could not speak a word of French, alone, in front of the Pavilion. She would be frightened to death. Couldn't he join her? No, he couldn't, he

must stay where he was. Sousa's band again struck up a patriotic air. It was really the signal that the reception was over. A sergent de ville, firmly holding back his part of the crowd, said soothingly, "Voilà la musique qui vient vous distraire!" At this moment several sergeants came rushing forward, joined hands in line in front of the people and planted themselves vigorously, as if they expected a violent rush. No one stirred; resignation had settled like a pall over every one. At length the people opposite began to move. Then suddenly a desperate move was made on the other, compacter side. With one violent impulse the crowd impelled itself forward, carrying everything before it, policemen and all. The sergent de ville, who has soothed the women by commending the music, seized the one nearest him, trying to slip away, by the wrist. She was whirled in front of him by the rush. He planted his heavy boot on her light American shoe, and held her firmly, till she was torn from him and he himself was nearly annihilated.

Every one was now free to enter the Pavilion. Everything was over, as far as the inauguration and reception were concerned; but there was still the handsome hall, with galleries surrounding it. The shields of the different States, draped with French and American flags, decorated the room; beautiful great palms and shrubs gave an elegant air to the otherwise empty hall. In the lower gallery is the post office conducted on the American plan, where any one can go to write his letters and post them there. Above are the club rooms of the various States of the Union, where the visitors are free to register their names, even though they happen into the wrong one. They assured us most courteously in Massachusetts that we might write our addresses in their book.

The French say that Americans are continually giving them an original surprise. The Pavilions of the other powers are fitted up with much elaboration, the accessories very elegant and luxurious, while the American building is exceedingly simple and unostentatious, more like an office in its appointments. On the other hand the American exhibits at the Champ de Mars, quai d'Orsay, at the Invalides and Vincennes, are exceedingly fine, very complete and skillfully arranged. The Pavilion is intended as a club room, where all can go.

The American post office is of great interest to the French. They come to examine it minutely, and watch its operations carefully. They study the American characteristics most assiduously, trying to explain to their own minds why we do so and so under certain conditions. It was curious to see the French policemen handle the American crowd on the day of the inauguration. They rushed at the people with extended arms, determination written

in every line of their faces, as if they expected a desperate resistance to authority. But as the Americans simply stood still and smiled at them, much amused at the demonstration, or politely asked a question, their faces gradually lost the grim expression and they became friendly. They may have looked for revolvers and bowie knives. The truth is that Americans are far more law abiding than the French. A French policeman does not expect to be obeyed, nor does a Frenchman ever obey. He is more likely to attack the man in authority, often wounds him desperately—not ruffians only, but people from whom one would not look for such conduct. CORNELIA WAITE COWANT.

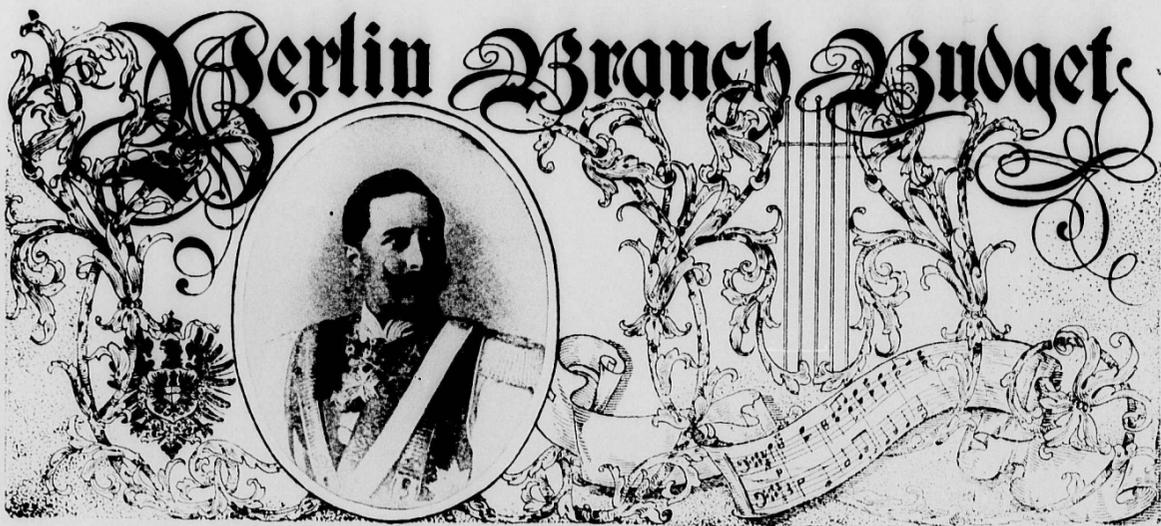
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MUSIC COURIER

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SOUSA



GERMAN HEADQUARTERS OF THE MUSICAL COURIER, BERLIN, W., LINKSTRASSE 17, May 23, 1900.

**J**OHAN PHILIP SOUSA'S European tour up to the present time has been a veritable triumph over every condition—except the weather! It is a mild statement that the playing of this superb American wind orchestra under Sousa's magnetic leadership has created a sensation on the Continent. In the first place the Sousa band has been preceded by a reclame quite uncommon in Europe. The features of the "March King" have been made familiar to all Berliners by thousands of American lithograph portraits distributed over the city, the press have quite outdone themselves in the matter of interviews, reprints of criticisms, pictures, &c., so that altogether Sousa is quite the man of the hour.

Of the Paris triumphs of our popular band Miss Fannie Edgar Thomas will have informed our readers ere this. Of its adventures after the organization left the French capital I learned particulars from the amiable composer of the "Washington Post" and from his indefatigable aide-de-camp, Colonel Georg Frederic Hinton, both of whom I found in and with the best of spirits at the Hotel Bristol. The tour opened at Brussels on the 16th inst. at the Théâtre de l'Alhambra, where all the big concerts are given. The reception accorded Sousa and his men in this music centre was really an ovation. The precision of attack, the perfect discipline, the artistic and refined ensemble and the rich tonal quality of the band were all much admired. Sousa made a great hit with his own compositions, both serious and martial, and the Belgians, just as the Berliners did, took most kindly to "rag time." The United States minister, the consul general and all the prominent Americans were present at all the concerts at which H. R. H. Prince Victor represented the royal family. At the end of the last concert Sousa was called out no less than fifteen times, the audience standing up and cheering.

At Liège, on the 18th, the bad weather continued, but despite the rain 5,000 people heard the American band's concert in the beautiful Jardin d'Acclimatation. Mr. Sousa was welcomed at the station by Ovide Musin, the well-known violinist, and after the concert the band was entertained by the directors of the Garden. Here, as in Brussels, both Sousa and the band scored artistic and popular successes. The soloists, Messrs. Arthur Pryor, Herbert L. Clarke, Walter Rogers and Frank Heil, have been greatly admired. The band jumped direct from Liège to Berlin on the 10th, traveling by the fast express on the best cars, to the great astonishment of most observers, for in Germany musical organizations are accustomed to travel third class and on the slow trains, if the fast ones don't carry third class accommodations.

The personnel of Sousa's Band has been the occasion of much favorable comment in Berlin also. No finer body of men have ever been seen here, and their dignified bearing in concert and on the street, as well as their rich but quiet uniforms, have alike been praised, and that in a city which, like no other one upon the surface of the globe, can and does boast of the greatest variety and taste in the matter of military equipments.

As I cabled you, the opening here at the New Royal Opera Theatre, formerly Kroll's Garden, on Sunday, the 20th, was a perfect ovation for Sousa. Although several thousand people shivered in the cold for hours, they greeted the popular bandmaster with enthusiastic acclaim. No less than twenty-three encores were demanded and given, and the Sousa idea of continuous music (with the

exception, of course, of the usual intermissions between each single group of pieces), immediately became popular in Berlin. Ambassador Andrew D. White, Consul-General Mason, First Secretary Jackson, Commander Behler, U. S. N., with their families, were among the audience, as well as Count Von Hochberg, the general intendant of the royal theatre; Privy Councillor Pierson, Secretary Blauk, and other German officials. The Berlin papers were all represented by their critics, and the notices of the Sousa concerts have been exceptionally favorable. The "March King's" mannerisms in conducting of course attracted immediate attention, and now the audiences crowd around the bandstand to watch Sousa's gestures. The aforementioned and also the other soloists have made individual hits. Yesterday the band was playing in the Opera House because of the rain, and the effect is much finer, the tone much more mellow and pure than in the open air.

Admirable is the cleanliness of the intonation, so rare in a military band, and the absence of the "brassy" quality to a degree one does not frequently meet with. The programs also contain some American compositions outside of those of the conductor, and thus I heard on the first day Kunkel's clever caprice, "Water Sprites," and in the evening two fine and characteristic movements from MacDowell's suite, "In a Haunted Forest," while I could get up no fancy for some excerpts from Gus. Kerker's "The Belle of New York." Monday night I listened to Gottschalk's "Pasquinade," and wondered why it did not impress me as much as it did when I heard it for the first time performed on the piano by Frank Gilder, and later on by our charming countrywoman, Teresa Carreño. Yesterday the first part of the program contained D. M. Levett's well-named "Harlequinade," which was applauded to the echo, and the same New York composer's "Columbus" will grace one of the programs toward the end of the week, which will also be the end of the Berlin concerts of the band. Meanwhile the enthusiasm at every one of the concerts so far given has been unparalleled in Berlin, and Sousa is now an accepted feature of German artistic life. The Sousa European tournee is under the direction of Col. George Frederic Hinton, who has with him George C. Crager as business manager. The band will sail for New York September 1 on the St. Paul, after having in the meanwhile absolved the tournee, of which the following is the complete, so far never yet completely published, itinerary:

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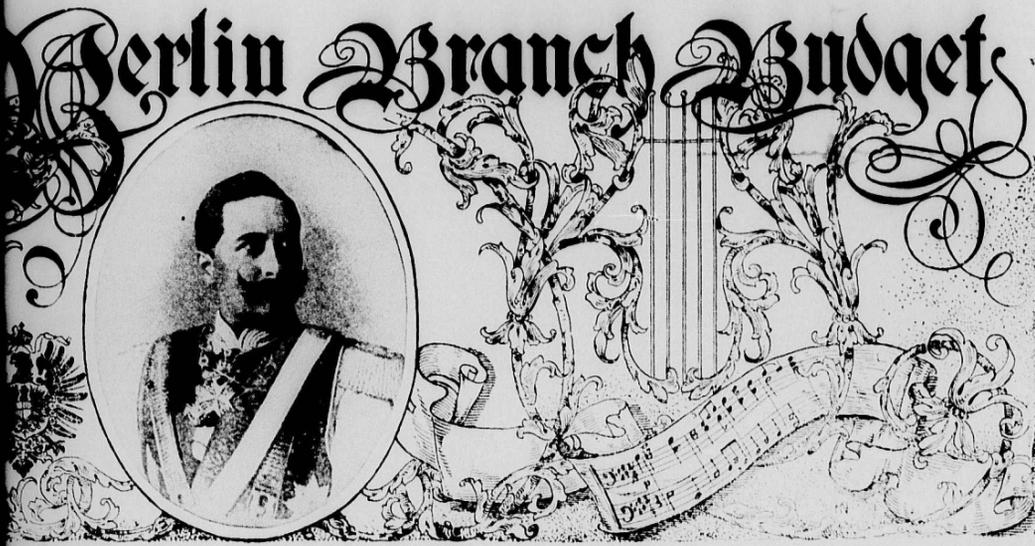
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- Thursday, June 7, and Friday, June 8—Tivoli, Hanover, Germany.
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- Saturday, June 23—Huttenscher Garten, Würzburg, many.
- Sunday, June 24—Kurkpark, Bad Nauheim, Germ.
- Monday, June 25, to Wednesday, June 27—Rosenlung, Frankfort, Germany.
- Thursday, June 28—Kurkpark, Wiesbaden, Germ.
- Friday, June 29, to Sunday, July 1—Flora, Colog, many.
- Monday, July 2—En route to Paris.
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- July 4—Grand American concert at Palais du Troc

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- July 4—Grand American concert at Palais du Trocadéro.

## John Philip Sousa in Paris.

THE MUSICAL COURIER, 21 RUE TAITBOU, PARIS  
MAY 17, 1900.

**T**HIS interesting chef d'orchestre had everything in his favor for his debut at the Exposition of 1900. Absolutely everything. Man could ask nothing more.

Time—just the moment of the affair when everything was at its rare and shortlived spring tide. Just after the rough and tumble of opening, just before the rush and heat of later days. Just before the moment when the freshness of curiosity was worn off, when music of various kinds, styles and qualities had worn the spirit and fatigued the ear palate. Just when every one was hungry and thirsting for refreshment and entertainment; just before people, dreading the crowds, had left the city; just after the first bulk of Americans investing the depots had arrived on the place, and when those resident were glad to see them—in fact, just at the nick of time!

Weather—had it been prepared by all the gods of fortune for a favorite son it could not have been a more lovely feast of climate.

It was indescribable, being French. The air was balmy, perfumed, clear, charged with promise that had not yet become a burden; a sun glorifying without intruding, a sky, a banquet hall of varying scenes, trees, plants, flowers, hope, courage and expectancy, all moving heavenward together. Everything to live for—no death!

Place—the nut and kernel centre and glory of all Paris, the royal Napoleon Esplanade, between the Tomb and the Champs Elysées, nearer the Champs Elysées than the Tomb; between the two grand palaces of the Beaux Arts, nearer the "Grand" than the "Petit."

Lovelier theatre could not have been chosen. On either side noble palaces with their artistic decorations, billows of marble steps and tasteful flag draping, in the centre the finished flooring as of a room, all around verdure and statuary, and the superb tranquillity of beauty; not a machine, not a shop, not a utility in sight or sound—all beauty, the cream of Nature and Art combined.

In the centre of the clean flooring was grouped a small circle of chairs, outside a larger circle, outside yet space to the palace steps. The hour was set for half past 3 in the afternoon. At half past 2 people were streaming up and down the steps visiting the galleries. At 3 o'clock the entire esplanade was covered with a mass of humanity of all nations and costumes, largely Americans, sitting, standing, chattering, waiting.

The first sign of anything about to happen was the arrival of a wagonload of stout American trunks. Americans in the place wondered how they ever got through, where everybody complains of the weight of American boxes.

Instead of a regiment of useless and snarly old people surrounding the cart, screaming themselves hoarse and wearing themselves out in gesticulation, one very quiet young man in uniform was there, from no one knew where, and without seeming to speak a word had the trunks unloaded and placed beside the place in a few seconds. Meantime another young man, equally quiet, but differently uniformed, blond as a "Munich," serious and steady, had drawn out, accordeon fashion, the inner circle of chairs (which had evidently been arranged beforehand) into a large circle, which reached the very feet of the spectators.

This was done without a false move, fumble, change or hesitation. The man who did it was not specially svelt or graceful, and had no theatrical gestures, but he had a per-

fectly pre-arranged plan in his head, and he carried it out apparently unaware that thousands of eyes of all colors were fixed upon him.

When the chairs were all arranged to suit him, a square flat box, like a steamer trunk of double dimensions, placed itself in front of the circle, and also in front of the big entrance door of the Grand Palace. There was no fumble, hunt or scream for the keys of this trunk after they were needed, for it had been already unlocked. When he lifted the cover a perfect flood of charming French sunlight rushed in, exploring every corner and kissing welcome to a number of pieces of white and gold wood lying in the folds of a scarlet cloth, and trimmed by a number of black folios.

Taking out the cloth he shook it in that round, thumby fashion in which men shake cloth, and put it one side. Then setting upon the ground the stoutest of the pieces of white and gold wood he screwed another piece on top of that, and upon that again the flat "pupitre" propre, which had a fine "S" worked into the centre. This pretty music stand finished, he laid upon it a small white and gold baton, took out the folios, shut up the flat box, spread the handsome red cover over it, stroked that both ways, saw that the corners were even, and glancing once more at the big palace door to see that all was "in line," gave an unconscious little nod of testimony as to the completeness of "the stage," and turned to something else.

By this time the other young man was untying a bundle of short irons, which looked like a soldier's bed done up for the march. When these fell apart they literally rose and walked, each on spindling spider legs, finding place in front of a chair, and stood there, waiting. A number of queer shaped cases were then ranged about among the iron legs, the neat folios were laid caressingly against so many chair legs, and a small book, like a Sunday school hymn book, fell upon each chair seat.

During this time these two young men had not crossed each other's path once, had not hurried or hustled, had not taken out a handkerchief to wipe brow or hand, had not made one false or fumbling move and had not apparently exchanged a word!

"They never speak!"

This is what astonishes the French in watching us work. At this juncture commenced that strange, weird sound which is outdoor clapping of hands, and down the sunlit esplanade, backs to the Tomb, filed a line of uniformed men, headed by two superb American flags. The applause increased, the flags saluted gracefully, the company turned into the place and filed into places among the chairs quietly and surely as into school benches, the woods their backs to the Champs Elysées, the trumpets backs to the Tomb, the horns and other big, queer, cup shaped instruments, like gilded factory chimneys, backs to the Petit Palace.

Into the big shining cups of these latter fell reflections in miniature of the palace buildings, giving the impression of a decoration special for the circumstance. Around the circle took their places some ten uniformed "guards" in white trimmings, very young and very charming to look at, joys for "the summer girl," headed in turn by one of their number in gilt edged uniform, who attracted much attention by his tall, soldierly form and handsome, romantic looking face. Two standard bearers completed the circle. The proud Stars and Stripes, too anxious to flaunt their soft folds over the faces of several dozens of spectators, were modestly held in check by the holders, whose gloves, by the way, of white suede, were immaculate and perfectly fitting, no big thumbs or dangling finger tips.

The forms of these flag bearers did not give the impression of having been cast in wooden moulds. The pride of youth and health, and fearlessness of the big flag of a big nation on a big occasion, all sorts of good things within reach.

The several stripes of the flags, as well as the sun, had been stitched together by machine, but with and though the bright colors seemed hungry for sun, you felt sure they would yield nothing to the sun.

The involuntary remark that rose to the lips of the entry of the men was, "What clean men!" shaved faces, trimmed mustaches, properly in view, shining white collars and cuffs, filled uniforms, made them a most agreeable sight. Without seeming to be "picked out" they were all well built, straight, head and polished looking a set of young fellows one would wish to see.

The dark uniforms, with black stripes, neat black velvet collars, gilt bands, eagles in front, were extremely neat and neat at out being rigidly disciplined, they gave the impression of uniformity of movement. Without seeming to be "picked out" they were also without awkwardness. They looked at each other, and without even looking a word to their favorite instruments. Many of them were reading newspapers, which they tossed under their feet. (The way reading is the United States! A secret of her success.) One or two of the men had their lapels of their coats to have in readiness in case a breeze should come up to disturb the majority of them were fair men—fair young expressions for the most part, and were distinctly handsome fellows, set off by two swarthy as Orientals, all at ease, and smiling.

The first thought one had in regard to them was, "ever could Americans find the time or the money to become professional musicians like that, making tournées and supporting their families—just on music, like foreigners?" Many of them remembered that they were for the most part foreigners, Germans born or naturalized, who regarded music as a life business because they loved it.

Here the weird clapping commenced again, far off, coming nearer and nearer till it was in one's ears, even pressing upon the nerves of the heart. The director was coming! When he looked for him out toward the Esplanade, the men, he came down the steps of the Grand Palace, and out upon the red covered stand; quick, radiant with well earned success and sunny, saluting to right and left without pomp or ceremony.

"What a handsome, foreign looking man!" was a general remark. For Sousa is much more than American in features and coloring, the country has set its seal upon all else. He is more foreign looking than is suggested by the traits so widely known. His uniform was of fit and finish, cap and collar neatly embroidered, the foreigner was still further accented by the high heels matching the arching instep, but not necessary, and by gloves smaller yet than a woman's hand, so that but one button could gird the wrist.

Many Spaniards were among the vast throng, reaching all ways as far as he could see. One heard the various remarks made by his countrymen about John Philip Sousa would have been glad to see him as was the case with the men all seemed as glad to see him as was the case with the applause did not cease for several minutes.

... he "planted his flag and captured the town!"

\* \* \*

The first brilliant debut said nothing of the growth, the ardor, the fever, so to speak, that followed his course during the short week he remained. One rarely sees anything similar to the involuntary compulsion of attention and interest which he created.

Day by day it was the same story. The circle of people streaming toward the place long before the hour set, growing larger and deeper and denser every time. On the last

... of our home and nest of our nest, whatever nationality Mr. Sousa may have by descent, he has espoused our national spirit and temperament with rare fidelity, and this musical child in our likeness is the result.

The other music he has clad, nourished and developed with the same peculiar touch as his own creations, a manipulation upon which their composers cannot be too highly congratulated, and for which we, as beneficiaries, cannot be too thankful.

Were these compositions and arrangements less musically good, they might come to be "too much of it," or







in some parts of Germany, many good judges will not admit that we rank with the highest. They place us midway between the two points. The English are particularly happy in the use of machinery and labor saving devices for accomplishing certain results in the manufacture of band instruments. If this is an important factor in the Englishman's success we should certainly be able to get considerable advantage from that sort of capacity for ourselves.

No one knows better than the American how to make machinery his willing servitor, and no one knows better than the American how to ingeniously combine mechanical skill and business ability in making a manufactured article commercially successful. Give us bands enough and we'll make and sell plenty of wind instruments.

able of being so deeply moved, what would he have said if he could have heard Sousa's Band?

Now, before going further and delving a little into the mysteries of band instruments a story may be related here, for it is known in England, and if it is not told quickly some conscienceless person on this side of the water will get hold of it and publish it as original. The incident happened in an English provincial town when a musical festival was given there. Robert Seymour was a bass drummer who had made all the reputation that could be made with that instrument or article, or whatever it is. Haydn's "Surprise Symphony" was on the program of one of the concerts at this festival, and the committee of local merchants, who were not deeply versed in musical lore, determined to ignore their fellow townsman, a drummer, who had expected to have a place when that composition was played. The "Surprise Symphony" has just one note for the drummer to play. That's the surprise. It's an English joke, although Haydn was not English. The celebrated drummer, Seymour, was engaged to whack the drum this one note for \$25, exclusive of his railroad fare, payable in advance, and he created an unequalled and unexpected surprise, for when that note was reached Mr. Seymour had let his wits go wool gathering, and he did not hit it at all. But he had his money all right, all right.

The following is related by Algernon Rose, Fellow of the Royal Philharmonic Society, London. Everyone who has dealt in brass instruments has heard of Henry Distin, who in 1850 opened a little store in London. He had scarcely a cent in his pocket after the manner of the story of how he obtained the "wherewithal," which he quickly augmented, is worthy of a niche in Smiles' monumental "Self-Help." He was in his shirt sleeves and was painting his store when a man entered, saying he wished to purchase a cornet. Mr. Distin told the customer that he was not yet unpacked, but that if he could wait a few minutes he would get him a beauty. The stranger waited, and Distin brought him a \$10 cornet from an importing house. Then he played upon it the "Carnival of Venice" with variations, and so delighted the man that he purchased the instrument for \$50, and this was the actual capital with which the great Distin business, afterward sold to Boosey & Co., was started.

What Master Pepys' feelings concerning wind music would have been could he have listened to it in the days of Kent bugles, ophicleides, &c., is hard to say; but if he could derive so much pleasure from the instruments of his own day the later ones could not have disturbed him. Speaking of the old ophicleide Mr. Rose says, of its great compass and its peculiar key system, that the hole nearest the bell is left open. It adds simply one more half note to the total produced. The clapper, or covering to this note, is  $3\frac{1}{2}$  inches in diameter, and it often rattles in manipulation. On one occasion an amateur ophicleide player was reproved for sounding a shake on his low C instead of on B flat. "Good gracious!" he muttered, "the B flat on my instrument is over far to reach, and to get a repetition on it is like doing a shake with a saucepan lid." During the era of Kent bugles, ophicleides, &c., succeeded the era of pommers, zinken, shawms and other instruments which buzzed, it would have been rather weird to modern ears to have heard a band of keyed instruments. But in the good old times the worthy citizens thought such a band a rattling good combination, and the rattling was probably like sitting in the loft of an old church organ and hearing the trackers going and imagining the music.

It is a curious fact that though the English are not overpoweringly musical, like the Germans and the Italians, their band instruments are not easily beaten by those of any nationality. The names of Distin, Boosey, Cubitt and many others have been famous in wind instrument manufacturing annals. The French, too, are great manufacturers of band instruments, and the names of Courtois and Besson will always stand for highest excellence. It is these that our American band instrument manufacturers have sought to rival, and that their rivalry is so powerful is additionally in their favor.

There is one thing that American manufacturers should carefully avoid, and that is the tendency to degenerate into mere show in wood and brass wind instruments. It is very nice to have these articles finished up to an apparently extra high pitch, but true musical tones, excellence of materials and a free action are also necessary.

It must be remembered that while no one places American manufacturers on the level of those that are to be found

let," "Tosca" and "Dame aux Camelias" by two such players will be worth many months of a life time.

Eight hundred candidates presented themselves this week at the Hotel de Ville in response to a demand for forty.

Litvinne did not sing as promised at the Baldelli concert on Friday evening, the singer being ill. The affair was one of the most interesting of the season, notwithstanding M. Baldelli being a royal host in himself. He is certainly one of the best living exponents of the real old Italian school of perfect breathing, perfect emission, perfect diction, ideal coloring and natural magnetic expression. He sang Mascagni, Rossini, Schumann, Mozart, Pergolese, Beethoven, holding the audience breathless. He was encoored continually and had an ovation before he opened his mouth, which is the surest means of making a singer do his best. M. Baldelli is of Florence, and has been a favorite baritone in Madrid for years.

Sarasate was marvelous as ever in the "Kreutzer Sonata" with M. Diemer and in his own compositions. M. Diemer was electric. Indeed, it seemed as if the musical fates did their very best to make the audience forget that a Litvinne ever existed.

Alcohol banished from the French barracks by General Gallifet! This measure alone is enough to immortalize him, and yet there are people, including some soldier boys, who do not appreciate the measure. Now, who will banish absinthe from the boulevards?

Examinations at the Conservatoire commence on May 21. Solfège and dictation compose the first series.

A most enjoyable concert was that given by Mme. Rosine Laborde for her pupils, with the assistance of prominent artists. The affair was largely attended and much praise bestowed upon the style, diction and voice placement of the young ladies.

It was rendered picturesque by the presence of several dashing officers, one of whom has recently become the fiancé of a very sweet and talented girl who is the adopted daughter of Madame Laborde, Mlle. Delaspre Laborde. "L'Étincelle," by Pailleron, was played in a remarkably artistic manner by this young lady and two artists of the city theatres. Madame Laborde was highly pleased with the work done by her classes.

M. Gaillard, of the Opéra, invited eighteen Japanese ladies to witness a representation at the Academy the other evening, placing boxes at their disposition.

There is a portrait of Menelik at the Luxembourg, made by Paul Buffet. It occupies the place of grand canvas by Détaillé which has been sent to the Exposition.

Speaking of paintings and expositions, a really meritorious and most interesting exposition of paintings in the city at this moment is that by Madame Fournets-Vernaud, wife of the popular basso of the Paris Grand Opera, M. René Fournets. This lady, who is pupil of the greatest French masters, has several works in the Salon, and has otherwise attracted considerable attention by her remarkable portraits.

Some twenty numbers compose this series, which is but one feature from her prolific brush. The portrait of Mlle. Marcel Dartoy, of the Opéra, of Mme. V—, "A Faune and Bacchante," "La Bonne Pipe" and "Distraction," which latter won a medal at a Toulouse exposition, are much admired. Many visitors are seeing the pictures. The next series will be wholly of "old characters." Madame Fournets, who is young and very beautiful, is highly instructed in art matters and gives admirable lectures on the subject. Americans are much interested in her and in her work.

M. Oumiroff, the Techeque baritone, previously spoken of, and who is one of the salon favorites of Paris, was the bright vocal light at Madame Laborde's concert. He sang several times, and was so sympathetic and agreeable, aside from his musicianly gifts, that he quite won all hearts. He is studying French at the Dumartheray School, 14 Rue Taitbout, and his diction is being rapidly perfected. M. Oumiroff was again heard with great pleasure in the artistic salons of the celebrated Techeque painter Muchard, whose peculiar panels have be-

ay- come the vogue in Paris. The baritone here sang Techeque romances and a prayer to his own accompaniment on the tek organ, and, among other things French, the "Hamlet" duo with a pupil of Madame Laborde.

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# MACON

Cleve, of Cincinnati;  
J.; Horan P. Dib-  
Chicago.

The annual closing and graduation recitals at the Conservatory of Music take place on the following evenings: Wednesday, June 13; Thursday, June 14; Friday, June 15; Saturday, June 16; Wednesday, June 20; Thursday, June 21; Saturday, June 23; Monday, June 25; Tuesday, June 26; Wednesday, June 27.

The first concert on June 18 presents the following program:

- Piano solo, Au Rouet, op. 85.....Godard  
Miss Elizabeth Ranly.
- Duo for two pianos, Homage à Händel.....Moscheles  
First piano, Miss Alma Dial.
- Piano soli—  
Kammenoi Ostrow, op. 10, No. 22.....Rubinstein  
Etincelles, op. 36, No. 6.....Moszkowski  
Mrs. Laura Womack.
- Song, Heart's Delight.....Gilchrist  
Miss Hilda Hyman.
- Violin solo, Zigeunerweisen.....Sarasate  
Le Roy McMakin.
- Piano soli—  
Poeme Erotique, op. 86, No. 2.....Schytte  
(For left hand alone.)  
Schatten Tanz, op. 37.....MacDowell  
Valse Impromptu.....Liszt  
Miss Hannah Hyman.
- Aria, Elsa's Dream (Lohengrin).....Wagner  
Miss Ada Ruhl.
- Sonata for piano and violin, op. 24, F major.....Beethoven  
Sigmund A. Klein and Le Roy McMakin.
- Concerto, A flat major (first movement).....Field  
Miss Corene Harmon.

An operatic school will be established in connection with the College of Music, next season. It will be under the personal direction of Mr. Van der Stucken. The first opera to be studied will be Mozart's "Don Juan."

The following concerning Mrs. Wm. McAlpin will be of interest:

Mrs. William McAlpin, during the past academic year, which she will soon close, has been devoting herself largely to the details of perfecting an operatic school. It was an experiment, but success attended it, because she was exceptionally well qualified for her task. She was herself the prima donna teaching, giving the results of her personal experience, marked by many triumphs of her operatic career abroad. Such personal contact brings the living present stage, with all its accessories, home to the class and to the student. At the late operatic evening, given at the old McAlpin homestead, scenes from "Martha," "Faust" and "Cavalleria Rusticana" were presented, with costumes and scenery. Mrs. McAlpin had prepared all the details. She directed both the acting and singing. These operas in her extensive repertory were so familiar to her and she knew their requirements so thoroughly that she succeeded in presenting an enactment that, in the main, did not belong to the amateurish stage. She tested her ability to direct an operatic school, and the result was such that she deserves every encouragement to continue her work in the future on a much larger scale. The possibilities of an American school of opera are without limit. It is a need that American musical culture has long felt. To supply it would mean to a great extent the emancipation of the American public from the exorbitantly salaried prima donnas and singers of Europe. No one could be better qualified to lead in this movement, which seems to be spreading in this and other cities, than Mrs. William McAlpin. She sang the part of Marguerite in Gounod's "Faust" for 615 nights on the European stage—and in all the other current grand operas. Only two years ago she won laurels abroad in "Cavalleria Rusticana," "Pagliacci" and other modern operas. She made a study of Verdi's "Otello." She perfected herself in the art of acting and pantomime under Pluque at the Grand Opera House, Paris. Mrs. McAlpin is going to remain in Cincinnati, and in the progress of her operatic school the musical prestige of the city will not suffer.

Richard Schliman, of the College of Music, has devoted himself to compositions during the past year.

J. A. HOMAN.

### To Succeed Alberto Jonas.

At a recent meeting of the board of directors of the School of Music, Ann Arbor, Mich., Albert Lockwood, of this city, was elected to take the place of Alberto Jonas, who, as previously stated in THE MUSICAL COURIER, has organized, at Detroit, the new Michigan Conservatory of Music, which he will direct.

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## From Paris.

### The Opening of the United States Building.

PARIS, May 14, 1900.

YESTERDAY was the event of this week at the Exposition.

The great pleasure of the fête is enhanced by the admirable position taken by all the best papers in Paris in regard to the States. There is neither fulsome praise nor patronage in the attitude, nothing but a sincere and enthusiastic praise of really praiseworthy qualities, which they acknowledge themselves they but too little know of or understand. If the Exposition serves no other purpose than this enlightening of the eyes of one country towards another, it will have well paid for all trouble, expense and annoyance attending it. One is made really happy in seeing the French, the best French, reading lessons from our habits and customs which commend themselves, while we, on the other hand, acknowledge ourselves deficient in possessions of which they may well be proud.

They can well, for instance, learn a most useful lesson from the able and truly American fashion in which the immense crowd was managed at the inauguration. Nothing could possibly have been better, more efficient, orderly, systematic, just or reasonable. All classes were satisfied, and the greatest number made happy, without apparent effort.

Everything had been anticipated. There was no back talk, no counter-ordering, no confusion of movement, anger, expostulation or unruly because stupidly arranged, or crushing. The French should learn the value of "In one door and out another," "Up one way and down another," "Keep to the right and keep to the left," which they so unfortunately ignore in their assemblies. They should likewise see the value of firm gentleness and silent firmness in the matter of regulation. The young guards whose business it was to enforce regulation had little to do, but when they had it was done in true United States fashion.

The precious places reserved for official dignitaries around the Sousa music, for instance, were maintained under the tremendous pressure which his music inevitably produces. Passages and turning points were kept clear and people shown to their places without a sound or a sign or waste effort.

What a lesson for French theatres! An Englishman in plaids and tweeds commenced puffing a cigar in a quarter where such luxury was understood to be out of place even without sign to that effect. A straight young fellow in white casque and uniform simply moved the chair in front of the man and made a slight gesture for him to pass through and out. The man got red, blue and white by turns, wriggled his chair legs into the gravel and signified his intention to profit by temporary residence in a republic. The guard said not a word, but kept one hand on the chair back, the other in polite gesture, his eyes riveted upon the smoker till that individual rose and shouldered out, very red behind his ears, and very surly between the shoulders. It did not require ten seconds, and the music was not disturbed and the thing was done.

Some fussy little ladies did not see why they could not be rolled in their bath chairs up the narrow passageway to the very caves of M. Sousa's bass drum. They had paid their money to go anywhere on the Exposition grounds they wanted to hear the music and their rollers were determined their clients' wishes should be observed. But two white gloved fingers of the guard raised before them, two smiling eyes and a twinkling mustache turned the entire outfits round before they had time to reach the passage or to create observation. He did not even tell them to turn, and he watched the little popping tempest of revolt with evident amusement. Not a word was spoken by him.

"They never speak, those Americans!"

From 2 o'clock till 6 one incessant stream of human beings passed up the Rue des Nations, flowed through the dense and foaming crowd, surged from all sides against the Sousa stand, passed up the steps and in the door of the

United States Building, disappearing forever (through the opposite door), and in that entire time not one person met that stream at any point, or caused one second's hesitation. In that time not a command was given, not a word spoken. Not a scene produced to turn attention for a minute from the absorbing interest of the Sousa worshipers. The wildest enthusiasm which, Vesuvia like, from time to time threw its burning lava about the place subdued and subsided and went back of itself into that sincerest of all applause for a musician, chained attention, all without a sound of command or controversy. It was inspiring. Here is one of the most useful lessons France could learn from the United States.

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Up to now visits to the Exposition are most tiresome and wasteful endeavors. True, there is much to be seen and studied and admired. One who lives in the city can choose some one subject, go directly to that spot, remain till exhausted physically or mentally, and return directly home. That is all very well for those living here. But for those here to see the Exposition entire in a certain time, or even who desire to see the most in a certain time, the case is hopeless.

Everything is scattered to the four winds with huge, hopeless, barren wastes between; strewn with carts, horses, boards, mortar, lime, machines, ropes, workmen, sand and dust, which in some places rests in white lakes. In addition, the whole place is cut up and confounded with bridges and entrances, walls, gates and fences, and one is prevented at every turn. In this way you are kept going round and round in a prescribed circle in which the whole morning or afternoon is lost, or one is so fatigued and soiled that the nearest way home is the one "attraction."

In addition, there is no system of indication as to direction of any kind. All the time is spent asking people who know nothing except what you can see as well as they. The whole thing is a desert, a troublesome wilderness, in which lie oases of bewildering beauty.

In addition, nothing is ready, absolutely nothing! You cannot place yourself in any section before any statue, picture, costume, wonder or delight, that you are not immediately interrupted by processions of limey men with boards and ladders, and paint pails, even wagons and machinery. Even the little kiosque in which Mr. Sousa plays is invaded by painters and nail hammerers the instant his men leave it. Worse yet, the work of completion goes on with a slow, almost cynical, indifference on the part of the workmen, who seem to laugh at the public's discomfort.

The truth of the matter is that the Exposition, to be ready this year, should have been just where it is now one year ago!

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An interesting feature outside of the Exposition is the completion of the restoration of the Chateau of Malmaison.

All know the tear laden history of this lovely home. All do not know just where it is from Paris, or how easily it may be reached. There are two ways, one on the train from the Gare St. Lazare, an ordinary train ride. Another and more interesting way is from the Etoile or Arc de Triomphe, by a steam tramway, which leaves at frequent intervals and trails through lovely and varied scenery between Paris and St. Germain to the very gate. The expense is but a few sous either way and the time short.

A rich Napoleon lover, M. Osiris, bought the property and has had it completely restored to its original condition at the time of Josephine's death. It is now given to the State to serve as a musée of the collections of Napoleon souvenirs.

As general, consul, emperor and exile, this was Napoleon's favorite property. Here Josephine died, and here rested the big money safe in which he left her bank account after the divorce. It speaks volumes for the advanced condition of mind of this Latin that there also exists in Malmaison a real, bona fide bath room of the time!

Last year at this same concert was made the début of an American artist of rare beauty of voice, temperament,

grace and piquancy, Mlle. Sylva. The singer had the most flattering success, and there were many presages of future success.

Since then Mlle. Sylva has scored the most encouraging triumphs in the best of Parisian salons, and to crown them was chosen to sing to the difficult public of Marseilles during the past season. She has conquered seventeen roles in four languages, and is ready, willing and worthy to make a really serious career as lyric artist.

She has been invited under brilliant conditions to sing in Hambourg at once; also at Frankfurt. At the time of going to Marseilles she refused terms at Brussels. These things show that the young lady has worth. Who of her country people are going to find it out and make her useful in one of her opera schemes? Mlle. Sylva is now in Paris after her return from Marseilles, and is prepared to talk with managers.

Mlle. Doria, after getting her pretty feet upon the threshold of the Paris Opéra Comique, hied her away to Brussels, where more ambitious conditions and a three years' engagement tempted her. Mlle. Doria has attracted the attention of the American colony here by the ardor of her temperament, the fascination of her person, and her beautiful voice.

Mlle. Lalla Miranda, likewise engaged at the Monnaie, is an Australian. The contract of Mlle. Relda with the Paris Opéra Comique closes this month.

A charming concert of this week was that given by the violin artist, Joseph Debroux, with orchestra, at Salle Pleyel. Third Concerto by Max Bruch, concertos by Sinding and Mendelssohn, a caprice by Fiorillo and fantasia-ballet by Lalo were on the program. The eminent violinist attained a high perfection of art interpretation, and was enthusiastically applauded. The concert was one of a series of recitals.

The works of Massenet were the basis of an admirable and highly interesting concert given by the Marchesi school April 18.

As usual the concert was divided into concert and opera work. M. Massenet himself in the best of humor and spirit accompanied the singers, thanking Mme. Marchesi in his genial way for giving him the privilege. Mme. Massenet, one of the most graceful, charming and gracious of women, was present and had the place of honor amongst the guests.

Miss Gledhill of London, Miss Rolker of New York, Miss Kingston and Miss Nagel of Melbourne, Miss Russell of Sidney, Mlle. Christon from The Hague, Mrs. Batcheller from Boston, Miss Ada Adams from Chicago, Miss Ormsby from Nebraska, Mademoiselle Gau from Africa, and Madame S'Pertat, a Parisienne, did honor to their preparation as concert singers. In the opera class Miss Elizabeth Parkinson, of Kansas City, Mademoiselle Gacia Calla of Boston, Mademoiselle Romaneck of Stuttgart, Mlle. Marny of Breslau, and the gifted Doria of the Monnaie at Brussels were the interpreters of the master's music.

The Landgrave of Hesse, the Countess de Tornielli, wife of the Italian ambassador, and Mme. Ambroise Thomas were among the notabilities who thronged the entire lower floor of the Marchesi home. Madame seemed unusually happy and looked well. Her social tact and talent as well as that of her distinguished husband were appreciated before an ample buffet which is always one of the features of these agreeable musicals.

On the 9th Madame gives a charity concert. On the 20th her pupils will again be heard in public concert.

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Another Roi de Rome, Roi de Paris, comes upon the horizon in the shape of an opera by M. Georges Hüe, a Prix de Rome of 1870. It is to be mounted at the Grand Opera.

The departure of Sara Bernhardt and Coquelin for America is causing much discussion. The French like it that their artists travel and this charge is one of the most serious laid at the doors of the tragedienne, however, is in store for Americans, especially those who understand French. "L'Aiglon."



HIL.