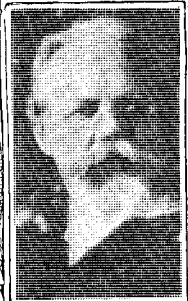


CALENDAR OF FAMOUS MUSICIANS, SEPTEMBER



E. Humperdinck
Born September 1, 1854
Eminent Contemporary
German Composer
Best known works: The delightful operas *Hänsel und Gretel*, and *Die Königskinder*. He has also had distinguished career as musical educator.



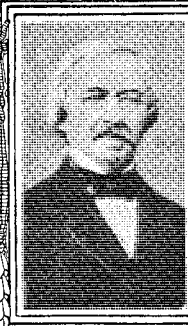
Giacomo Meyerbeer
Born September 5, 1791
Died 1864
Famous Operatic Composer
Best known works: *L'Etoile du Nord*, *L'Africaine*, *Les Huguenots*, and *Robert le Diable*.



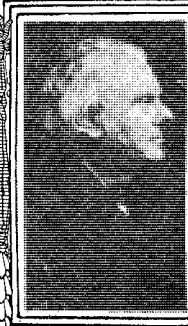
Antonin Dvorak
Born September 8, 1841
Died 1904
Distinguished Bohemian
Composer
Best known works: The well-known Slavonic Dances, the Stabat Mater, and the symphony composed in America, *From the New World*.



Maria Luigi Cherubini
Born September 14, 1760
Died 1842
Famous Composer, Teacher
and Theorist
Best known works: His masses, the opera *Anacreon*, and his work on Counterpoint and Fugue. He was many years head of the Paris Conservatoire.



Theodore Kullak
Born September 12, 1818
Died 1882
Distinguished Pianist and
Educator
Best known works: Wrote many pieces for piano and many valuable instructive works notably, *School of Octave Playing*. Founded a famous conservatory.



August Wilhelmj
Born September 21, 1845
Died 1908
One of the world's greatest
Violinists
Best known work: Transcriptions from the works of Wagner, and a violin school. Was also known as a great teacher of his instrument.

HOW I WROTE THE SPANISH DANCES.

BY MORITZ MOSZKOWSKI.

I THINK it was about the middle of my seventeenth year that, as often happens to both old and young musicians, I was in sore need of money. I could think of only two ways to get what I wanted: to borrow or to compose something. After turning over, for several days, the advantages and disadvantages of both ways of bettering my circumstances, I concluded I would borrow. Therefore, I went to those two of my colleagues with whom I was on most familiar terms, Philipp and Xaver Scharwenka, in hope that I should not find their fortunes at so low an ebb.

Philipp was at home, sitting on a sofa and smoking a pipe. I sat down by him and asked if he had a cigar. He said that he was out of cigars, but that I could smoke a pipe. So I took a pipe and looked around for tobacco, but sought and sought in vain. Finally Philipp said:

"You needn't hunt any longer, Moritz; there is no tobacco here."

Then I began to grow a little angry, and said: "Do you know, Philipp, that is drawing it rather strong? You offer me an empty pipe, let me look for tobacco in vain, and then coolly tell me there is none here, and yet you yourself are smoking. Give me some tobacco."

"If you will smoke what I am smoking, I am satisfied," answered Philipp, who emptied his pipe and prepared it anew by drawing out of a hole in the sofa some of the sea-grass used to stuff it, which he put in his pipe. For a moment I was speechless with astonishment.

WHEN SCHARWENKA SMOKED HIS SOFA.

Now it was clear that I could not borrow money from a man who was using his sofa for smoking. I went back home, sat down at my table, and began to look through my sketch book. A motive of a Spanish character struck my eyes, and at the same moment arose the thought that I would write a set of Spanish dances. I worked rapidly, and in several days had finished my Opus 12, the *Spanish Dances* for four hands. I had only the last few notes to write as Philipp Scharwenka stepped into my room.

"Good day, Moritz," he said; "you may be glad that you need not go out, for it is wretched weather."

"Since we are speaking of wretched things," said I, "what are you composing now?"

"Oh, nothing," said Xaver, who was accustomed to this kind of conversational tone from me; "but you appear to be at work; do you need money?"

"Right you are," said I, "and you can do me a service by playing through these four-hand pieces and telling me what you think of them."

We tried the dances, and then Xaver said: "I would rather have lent you some money, so that you would not have had to compose." But that was only a return thrust.

An hour later I called on Simon, the publisher, who promised to let me know in a few days if he would bring the pieces out. When I saw him several days later he said he had shown the pieces to several experienced critics and they had advised him to take them. The question now was what I wanted for them.

"I have a brilliant idea," I said; "I propose that you pay me an exceptionally good price, which will get talked about in the papers and thus make a big stir about the pieces."

But it made no impression on the publisher. He thought that so pretty pieces needed no such advertising, and besides that, Beethoven, Mozart, Schubert and others always had sold their compositions cheaply, and as a publisher he felt obliged to accept such traditions. In vain I sought to change his mind by suggesting that he ought not to compare me with Beethoven; he would listen to no distinction between us in that respect, and paid me a small price, with which I finally withdrew, tolerably well satisfied, at least, to be relieved of my present necessities.

When the *Spanish Dances* were published, several weeks later, they found a good sale. Some years later they were known everywhere, being taken up in various editions and arrangements.

I consider this as one of the works which first made me known to the musical world in general. Of course, the publisher profited largely by it, and all because Philipp Scharwenka had no tobacco and could not lend me money.

WHEN THE DUTCHMAN DIDN'T FLY

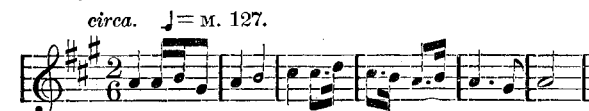
By DAVID BISPHAM

[Mr. Bispham intended the following amusing anecdote for the August issue of THE ETUDE, which was devoted to "The Merry Side of Music." Unfortunately it did not arrive in time.—EDITOR OF THE ETUDE.]

SOME years ago when I was singing in grand opera, Mme. Gadski and I made a great success in Wagner's "Flying Dutchman," which we performed many times in America, and subsequently at Covent Garden Theater, London. In this time-honored temple of music, where I had been singing for years, and where I had previously enacted the rôle of Vanderdecken, I begged in vain for a rehearsal with my ship, for I had grave doubts whether this ancient vessel's sailing quarters had improved with time. But I was forced to trust to the good fortune which usually attends me, and upon arriving on the scene I climbed to the deck of my vessel, where I stood in solitary grandeur, as the storm raged about me, and we sailed eerily into harbor. Did I say into harbor? No such luck! One of the wheels of the flimsy structure, which was being pushed from beneath by eight husky Englishmen, became jammed in a wide crack in the old, historic stage, and I found myself some ten feet from the haven where I would be, while the wind machine screamed in my ears and the stormy main, heaved into billows by numerous small boys beneath the floor-cloth, was lashed into fury around me. There I stood in the lightning-streaked air, too far from land to jump off, with the water too deep to wade ashore, while the ship tossed uneasily beneath my feet. Was this due to the briny deep? No! 'Twas the husky Englishmen struggling in vain to loosen that obstreperous wheel from the embrace of the crack. Dr. Muck, who is now coming to conduct the Boston Symphony Orchestra, was directing this memorable performance. He put down his bâton perforce, seeing my predicament, and laid his head upon his desk, his shoulders shaking with laughter; and the men of the orchestra, one after another, peeped over the footlights, while the audience waited in breathless silence for further developments. These were immediately forthcoming, for the masts and sails trembled, the hull of the vessel rose and fell, ominous grunts and groans were heard from the hold, and suddenly, with a forcible epithet, not suited to a fashionable Covent Garden audience, was heard—"Why, the — don't you shove 'er along, Bill?"—to which came the reply after another grunt, "Ow can I when the blasted thing 's stuck farst in the staige?" This was truly a poser. The audience hearing it, shrieked with merriment. The head stage carpenter also hearing it, and realizing my predicament, obtained a great plank, which he bore upon his head into the middle of the stage, wading, apparently, up to his neck in the water. Then placing one end of the plank upon the ship at my feet, and the other upon the rocky shore, he most affably remarked, loud enough for the whole house to hear, "Now, you can get hoff, sir!" With a further outburst of mirth from the audience I went ashore, and the "band played on!"

THE EFFECT OF RHYTHM.

IN a recent trial involving musical contestants in a prolonged and somewhat dreary case in the London courts, an expert witness was asked to define Rhythm for the benefit of the court. The witness, Dr. McNaught, thought for awhile and then sang the following melody:



The court waited patiently for the illustration and Dr. McNaught calmly announced that he had just sung the notes of the English National Hymn, *God Save the King* ("America") with the rhythm changed. Nobody in the court recognized the tune and Dr. McNaught carried his point.

The classic masters were content with a few themes and concentrated their effort on the modification and combination of these, while the invention of a lavish profusion of novel ideas has been the more consciously the aim of the romantic composers.—Dickinson.