Berlin Jan 9 - 1907.

Dear Folks,-

This is an ideal day for writing letters. It is snowing and raining together and to stir out is impossible. You can't imagine this kind of weather because you don't have it. Up until yesterday it was very cold and I went skating twice last week but now I expect we will have a siege of dark days and cold rain.

I had a pupil today. Mr. Da Motta got him for me. In other words, Mr. [Da Motta] is tired of him so he gives him to me. His name is Campbell and he is from Kansas City. About forty years old and plays wretchedly. I hope I can keep him though and wish I had about five like him. Da Motta's first concert took place last Friday. It was magnificent and the critics praised him to the skies. Of course some people said his playing was dry because they couldn't understand the big things on the program.

Tuesday was my lesson day. In the evening I went to a concert given by a French girl (pupil of Da Motta). She has one of those natural techniques, plays the hardest things with the greatest ease. His lordship Busoni was there applauding

orously. Dusonigave an or

vigorously. Busoni gave an orchestral concert last week which was a big success.

There is no sign of the suit up to date. I think it ought to be here.

The Davidsons left for home last Monday. There was quite a crowd at the depot to see them off. Their train left at 10:40 P.M. I had an engagement that same night way at the other end of town and had to take the train to be at the depot in time. On the way a chap started talking to me who said he was born near Chicago. He soon showed he was by cursing fearfully at the conductor (in English). Among other things he told him to 'shut his mouth.' I have laughed ever since. You know I haven't heard one curse since coming to Europe and for that fellow to break out in English with typical Chicago oaths and accent was like meeting an old friend.

Sauer plays with Nikisch next Sunday and I am going. Haven't heard an orchestra for about two months. I am going to accompany Spiering in his next Berlin concert the 8th of February. That will be great.

The forty marks from Kate came. I don't know her address so some one of you write to her and thank her. No news. This must be chopped off.

Lovingly Ed.

Dear Folks -

Just a few lines before I go to bed. The suit is here - at least in Berlin. I received a card from the Hamburg American line Sunday (the 12th) saying it is at the custom house. Also received Delia's letter this week. It was certainly a long time since any of you had written. My but you have been busy. Such rushing would put me on the bum in no time. It was interesting to read about Francis. He is a wonder. I remember him the last time I was in St. Paul. Kate seems to be full of business too. She must be doing fine. It will be great if her European trip doesn't fall through.

My cheque for January came today. It should come the first of the month but they are always

But Jam glad that

late. But I am glad that they think of me at all in the rush of correspondence that they have.

I have been thinking a good deal about the future lately and often fear for next year. The maturity it takes to play in public won't come to me until I am 25 at least. Some people are ready much younger but I am terribly slow. I was much more confident a year ago. Of course I am always sure of the final outcome but as the time flies and I realize that the next musical season begins in eight months and I will be thrown out on my own hook? at that time, there comes a dizzy feeling. Perhaps being in Europe has something to so with it for I see how utterly hopeless it would be to try for anything here where there are thousands struggling. Thank heavens, in America there is more room

and if the Chicago light is too strong next year I can fade away and play in small towns. Every week sees an improvement in me. At least I see it - perhaps not so much in my playing as in general experience and of course that has its effect on everything. I will play 100 per cent better in two years than I will next year but it will be too bad if the beginning is childish.

Miss Peterson will stay in Europe until April of 1909 making her stay exactly three years, while mine will be two and a half. If I play in Berlin I won't be until about November otherwise in August. There is not much chance of my giving a concert as a simple piano concert costs about \$175 with orchestra \$300. I would love to play though as it would help me in America.

I have been skating twice this week (with band accompaniment of course). When you are reading about the people being drowned in the Pois Du Bologna don't imagine Berlin is like it. The skating rinks are flooded fields - water two inches deep.

Spiering has gone to London for a week. Nicoline Zedeler is not well at all - this time her lungs.

Get busy and write Lovingly Ed.

Dear Folks,-

The last letter I wrote was probably a long time arriving. I thought I had posted it but instead had stuck it into a book. The suit arrived — it is a dandy but has cost me something. In the first place the duty was nearly five dollars. That is a robbery on the part of Hamburg line. You must have sent the others differently. Just think I paid about forty cents duty for the last package and that was for the socks and shift. the blue suit didn't cost a cent. The custom officers are blockheads and don't understand their business. Then it was too large. The first time I have ever had anything altered. It was disappointing as you probably got this one larger thinking I had grown

Saturday Jan 25.

and Ihavent (mygrowing day are over But I will get it from the tailors monday

and I haven't. (My growing days are over). But I will get it from the tailors Monday and will sport it immediately. The goods is magnificent and the cut swell, especially the sleeves.

This has been a dull week. I went to one concert - a popular orchestra concert in the Philharmonic. There was no skating either which I missed. Last week I went afternoons from 3 to five. The rink is a five minutes walk so there wasn't much time lost.

Tuesday was my lesson. Da Motta is as nice as ever but a little blasé after his concerts. Spiering plays two weeks from tonight. I will send you a poster.

Heard from Carl this week. He is in Stockholm having a hard time of it. He didn't have any money from America for three months. Now he gets a little

but must hustle to beef alive. He is studying with a chap by the name of anderson. Poor fellow. I see Mrs Lang quite often now. am accompany Mrs Brooksat her lesson. Mrs B. and I along very well this year I went to a concert with her lastweels. She lends me ber books. now is tremendous I meet new ones every day They all have long hair and such thin faces & of them haven't a thing to look forward to are working away like demons They all compose andareall around clever fellows. I met a young & renchman a dandy. He talked about boxing and all about it was a novely to me Lafter that reheard I can talkabout frize fighting and game him quantul seololand it was I near fainted Best Relidit fook in time to see whoit was. Haven't had a letter for tendays

but must hustle to keep alive. He is studying with a chap by the name of Anderson. Poor fellow.

I see Mrs. Ganz quite often now. Am accompanying Mrs. Brooks at her lesson. Mrs. B. and I get along very well this year. I went to a concert with her last week. She lends me her books.

The number of young musicians in Berlin now is tremendous. I meet new ones every day. They all have long hair and such thin faces. Some of them haven't a thing to look forward to but are working away like demons. They all compose and are all around clever fellows.

I met a young Frenchman this week who is a dandy. We talked about boxing and prize fighting and he knows all the fighters. to hear a musician talk about the ring and know all about it was a novelty to me. So after that rehearsal I can talk about prize fighting in French.

Busoni continues to be the lion. He is a tremendous personality and all the young musicians are crazy about him. I must tell you a funny thing. About two weeks ago at a concert a man was talking behind me during the playing. I turned around and gave him an awful scowl and it was Busoni. I near fainted. But I didn't look in time to see who it was. Haven't had a letter for ten days.

Lovingly Ed.

[This letter clearly was written in 1907; EJC wrote "06" in error. ~ JEC]

> Berlin Jan 26 06 1907

Dear Folks,-

Sat. Eve ten P.M.

Just got home from confession. I have lost track of the First Fridays and go to communion on Sundays about twice a month. I always [go to High Mass because he speaks English but he is a little ashamed of his English and lately?] he has sounded me as to how much German I know. Tonight while he had me there he asked me in German all about Da Motta and if I was still practicing the organ, for it was he who got me the permission. I could hardly keep from laughing as the German words came right into my mouth

and I answered him much to his amusement.

I have just been to one concert since I wrote last. It was Busoni's Thursday evening. A grand inspiration is the only way I can describe it. Both the hall and the stage were jammed. No matter how great the performer is you feel a little [???] is full but people are packed on the stage having room only for him and the piano.

The appearance of Busoni though, drove away every thought of anxiety for his is a personality that knows no fear. I never heard such playing in my life. Why his scales were so clear and crisp that the people just roared laughing. The program was terribly heavy as you will

probably see in the 'Leader' as I saw Miss Kerr sitting on the stage. The last number wasn't over until ten thirty and of course Busoni wouldn't play an encore. He sent a stage hand out to close the piano and you ought to hear the people yelling at [???] guy to get off the [stage?] when he put the lid [down?]. Then I got up all my nerve and went into the artists room to congratulate his lordship. Imagine, all by my lonesome without a friend around. When I got inside I wished I was out but there was no retreat. All the big musicians were standing around and the long haired pianists, Busoni's pupils were all there. Then there were society people and a big Italian delegation. I presume the ambassador etc. Just think what a place that room was, like going into a lion's den. Well these people were waiting to shake hands with Busoni when I butts in. When it came my turn he turned his back and went away. I got terribly cold for there were people standing around who were tickled to see him show these pupils their place. He moved away a little and started [talking] to another group of people. Mechanically I went too and when he was shaking hands with another person I took the left hand. He wheeled around

giving me the right and said, "Well how was it." Now that was a great compliment for he was speaking six or seven different languages to different people and for him to speak English to me showed that he recognized me. He gave me a fine handshake and I rushed out, luckily through [the right door for I was excited?]

It was quite nervy of me to [even?] speak to him but there were a couple of good reasons why I should. In the first place I was at his house the last day he played for his pupils and I knew he would think it kind of grateful if I kept after him. Then again he is

very fond of young players and likes to see them come after him. He will not go to them of course so they must follow him so it pleased him to have me come after him in the artists room and he just tried me by turning his back and walking away. Another important reason is that these men never [forget?] once you once you take the trouble to get to them and thank them for their playing. It is queer what memories they have. Busoni knows every person he has ever met and knows just how he met them. An example of it was shown to me not long ago. The night he gave a concert with Ganz and

D'Indy. I was [in the?] artist room for a minute and in line were? [???] people he shook hands without looking at them. I held his hand for a second until he turned around. Not long after I was up to his house on an errand for Mr. Ganz. When I was going he shook hands exactly the same as the night of the D'Indy concert, holding mine for a second to show that he remembered it. These men meet [so many?] people that they get a little tired of it and snub a tremendous lot of people, but they never forget a little favor towards them. Of course they remember other things too — for instance Busoni never forgets a pupil's performance at his house and no matter how many there are or how long it is since he has heard them play he picks out the talented ones and asks them to play as if he had them labeled.

I am getting my teeth fixed. I haven't had any trouble but I went and the dentist he said it was none to soon.

Last night I went over to see Carl. The landlord said he had been over that day but I was at the dentists. He hadn't been over since Sunday and I didn't go to see him but when I saw him I felt mean on account of not going sooner. He is like a fish out of

water and when I saw him that night I felt terrible sorry for him. He was sitting at a desk writing a letter home and looked a little [bummed?] I have laughed often at what he [said?] when I was going. He said that Berlin was a bum town and he was going alone to Glasgow in a short while. I persuaded him to stay [until the first of March??? hear ??? hear much for doesn't ???].

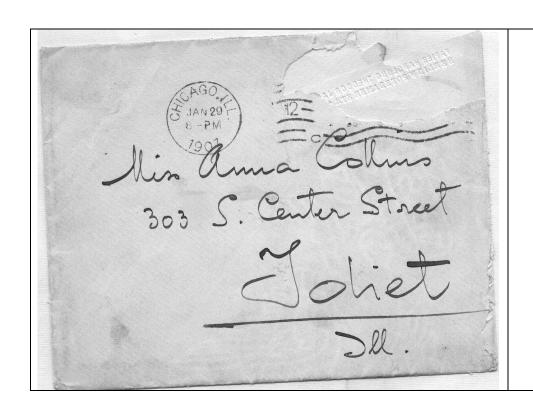
He condescended to ask me [go on the ???] day, when I told him I was go[ing?] down town to buy a ticket for Busoni's next concert to bring one for him. I'll bet he won't go to another concert while he is here.

## Sunday Evening

I quit writing last night at eleven

and will finish this now. Went to the Philharmonic concert this [morning?] Carl Flesch a violin[ist?] was the soloist. The orchestra [was?] magnificent. In the afternoon I went skating with Carl Fallberg and another fellow. Albert's next concert [is on the thirteenth of March ??? ask them to play on the eleventh ??? His picture was in an announcement and I was in the paper?] Got Anne's and Cele's letter yesterday. Am glad you heard Rosenthal

Lovingly Ed.



[This is a letter from Rudolph Ganz to Anna Collins, sister of EJC.]

Postmark: Chicago, ILL JAN 29 1907 8 PM

Miss Anna Collins
303 S. Center Street

Joliet
Ill.

Chicago, dan. 29.07

My dear Min Collins: I wish you could come to the city The commy tride Torma Kotel (360). talk with No Tendos in Pleus - John an

My Dear Miss Collins:

I wish you could come to the city on the coming Friday during the morning, any time between 10 -12. I am busy myself, but Mrs. Ganz will see you at her room in the Auditorium Hotel (360).

Have had a long talk with Mr. Tewksbury in New York and some complications have come

up which I never expected. He will give busines base (!). Pleas do not write aun time you get here some one else should un acceptable. I am our

up which I never expected. He will give no further money unless it be done on a business base (!). Please do not write anything to Edward. By the time you get here I will have looked after some one else, should Mr. T. proposition seems unacceptable. I am sure everything will come out all right. So, do not worry.

Please let me know if you can come.

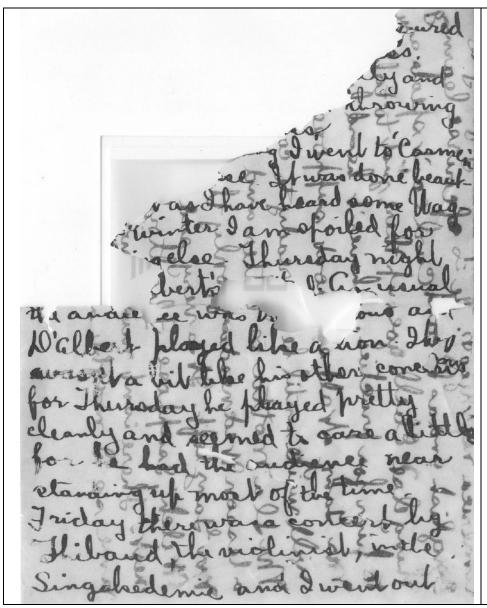
With best regards
Sincerely yours
Rudolph Ganz

[NOTE: This letter was dated 1906 but actually had to written in 1907 because EJC didn't leave for Europe until April of 1906. JEC]

Berlin Feb. 3, 1906

Dear Folks,-

Sunday evening. It is a cold damp night and everything is quiet. It has snowed every day for a week and there is a terrible time going on for the street cars, trains etc. The cars [don't start?] [???] snowing all night and there is a pile to clean off the tracks every morning. The street cars here don't run on the same kind of tracks as trains in America. The track is a groove instead of half a one and after the big sweeper goes over it the snow must be taken out as from an eave trough. In the middle of the streets the snow is so heavy that twice the



## [???]

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I went to 'Carmen'
[???] It was done beaut-
[ifully? ???] as I have heard some Wag-
[ner? ???] Winter I am spoiled for
[???] else Thursday night
[??? D'Al?] bert's [???] As usual
[???] was [???] and
D'Albert played like a lion. [This?] wasn't a bit like
his other concerts for Thursday he played pretty cleanly
and seemed to care a little for he had the audience near
standing up most of the time. Friday there was a concert
by Thibaud, the violinist, in the Singakedemie and I went
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out into the storm again. He has a beautiful tone but not much [fire?] and is miles below Ysaye and Kreisler.

Last night I went to [???] at the comic opera finishing up the week of nights out. Tosca is [a ??? work?] and leaves a powerful impression on a person. It is terribly tragic and shows the difference between the Italian and German opera.

Karl seems to be getting on pretty well. He goes skating quite often and quite chummy with Hans Ebell. He is that Russian pianist, pupil of Hoffmann of whom I told you and is probably going to America next year. He is of course learning English and as he can't Carl can't speak anything else Ebell goes up there just to talk to him for practice. I haven't heard [from?] Mr. Ganz at all [so I don't?] suppose [that he?] will write until he [is?] ready to [communicate.?]

Mr. Da Motta is [better?] and [I had?] a lesson Wednesday only [the?] Mr. Ganz left. It is very [sudden? Welch?] I suppose [???] next.

There isn't [???] so I might [???]

[Can't read the remainder of the letter due to deterioration ~ JEC]

Berlin Feb. 9, 1907

Dear Folks,-

Saturday again! It means that Saturday comes every second day and it is like a month since I was in Switzerland. Every day I think of [???] vacation I had last [???]. It would be appreciated. [??? new and ??? concert mainly young ??? these sometime]. Mr. Ganz has not said when or where he will take his vacation of whether he will have us come with him. There will probably be about eight pupils back with him and most likely he will be a wise guy and take them with him so they will study during the

summer. They will all be paying pupils though for Miss Peterson and I are the last free lesson pupils he will take. The 'Bogus' case had kind of made him bitter.

Mrs. Ganz is also furious about Miss [Shorey?]. The latter landed in Berlin about a year ago without a cent.

Mrs. Ganz [gave?] her two lessons a week free [for a year besides?] lending her money and getting her a position in the American [church?].

During Mrs. Ganz's absence in Switzerland the lassie skipped to another teacher who charges ten dollars an hour. His name is Gallaway and he is a farce. She calmly told Mrs. Ganz the second day after we came from Switzerland.

Where she is getting the money is a mystery to everyone. I see her once in a while and she is as gay as a lark.

I have been to [but one?] concerts since I wrote last, a violin and piano evening by Stavenhager and Berber. They played, among other things a [sonate?] by Busoni. It is a grand work but [??? equal to it?] to it especially Stavenhager [???] plays like an old woman. [???] eating his program during [???].

Thursday night was my French lesson. It is going [???] slow because I don't study [???] often miss the lessons on account of concerts. But I will keep on as it has to be [learned] some way.

Carl was over last night. He hasn't had any money from home since [???] and I guess his landlady had been [???] him for he is wondering on what [???] the German boats arrive. Now that was a great condescension for him to ask that. The other night down at Ebell's he did something that never happened before as far as I know. It showed that he hasn't quite so much confidence as of old.

I had been playing a little and got up for a second. He was right near and of course jumped onto the stool - he loves to play

after me to show the difference. Of course he started practicing and playing hard parts of different things over and over again. Ebell finally suggested that he play something and he started in with a flourish. Something happened for it was not going (can't read) well and he got red (can't read) got right up. The first time in my life that I have not seen him sit there until he was ready to go home. Mr. Buell plays Monday night. I haven't seen him for quite a while but he is most likely laying awake nights. Busoni plays on the thirteenth and Risenauer

## tomorrow.

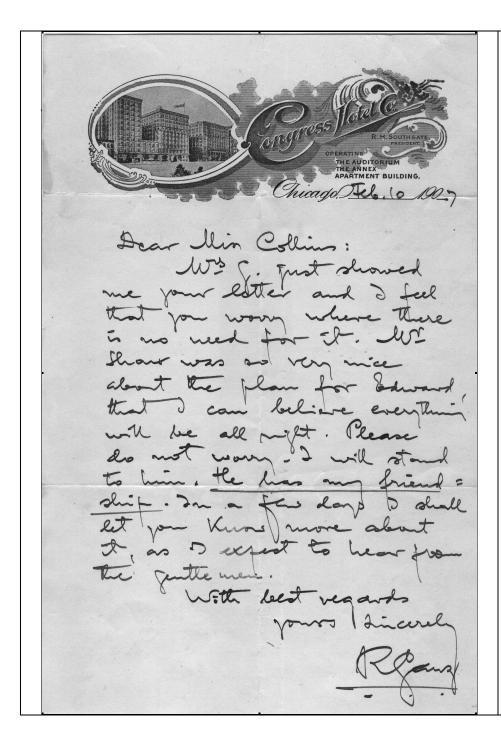
The principal news this time is that I am going to move the first of March. This time it is no trouble with the landlady but simply that she is going to move. It is only coming one month earlier for me as I would nave to go the first of April. You know the renting year begins then and it is only at that time that people who pay their rent can be turned out. The landladies must have some other reason and with me it is of course the practicing. There are certain pensions, most in fact, where they take music students but I don't want to go there as

they are full of Americans and with pianos going all around you, you can't do much work. So this house where I am living now is known as a 'respectable' house in that there are no [pianos?] in the building and I am the only music student. The buildings are all [large?] one holding about thirty families. My going out for my meals is of course the only difference from living in a pension. Well the people won't stand me any more and if I don't fade away soon [I?] will be pinched. One man has been to the police twice. It is of course disagreeable at the same time that it is [picnic?].

It is two days since I started this so I want to post it now.

Lovingly Ed.

You can write here until I send you my new address. I will give notice at the post office.



[Letter from Rudolph/Rudolf Ganz to Ann Collins, sister of EJC.]

CONGRESS HOTEL CO. R.H. SOUTHGATE PRESIDENT

OPERATING
THE AUDITORIUM
THE ANNEX
APARTMENT BUILDING

Chicago Feb. 10 1907

Dear Miss Collins:

Mrs. G just showed me your letter and I feel that you worry where there is no need for it. Mr Shaw was so very nice about the plan for Edward that I can believe everything will be all right. Please do not worry. I will stand to him. He has my friendship. In a few days I shall let you know more about it, as I expect to hear from the gentlemen.

With best regards
yours sincerely
R Ganz

Dear Folks,-

It is a few minutes after one. I have just quit practicing and can write for a half hour. The weather is quite cold with no sign of a change. This has been the coldest winter in years and there has been [???] be mighty glad when the Spring comes along and sends the snow flying.

Have been to a concert every night this week and am enjoying it hugely. Now to go to a concert every night in Berlin is a great deal different from going to a concert every night in Chicago. Although both cities

have about the same population, Chicago is about three times the size in area. Not a foot of ground is wasted in Berlin, no such a thing as an alley or field and the apartment houses are like a single big block of stone. So, although the concert halls are down town, it is much easier and quicker to get there and back that [than it?] would be living way out [???]. I generally walk but some times if I start out late there is the subway which takes you down in six or seven minutes.

Monday night was Mr. Buell's concert. He was frightfully nervous at first and several times I expected to see him break down. He hasn't an extra good memory, and of course

that hangs over a person like a cloud. Toward the end though he was guite at home and the audience was very enthusiastic. There were mostly Americans at the concert - his friends. It is not much of a compliment to any artist to have a lot of Americans there because the Americans go as a matter of course as they are music students. They are out for free tickets with all their might, too, which is disgusting. Then [a different?] crowd comes nearly every year so if you stay more than a year you lose those who go. Sydney Biden is not a bit popular with the Americans. He never sings an English song and never gives free tickets to Americans and in fact doesn't know them. But every time he sings he has a good audience of Germans who have bought their tickets and who will stay with him while [???] Berlin. George Hamlin is just the opposite. He isn't settled here and so gives his concerts and runs along. The Americans all [go?] to hear him but very few Germans.

Of course Mr. Buell's career in Berlin is ended. He is going to America next year because he will never be among the big ones and could just go on buying a concert every year without making a cent.

Tuesday night I went to an orchestra concert in the Philharmonic. It was called a 'popular concert' as are all the concerts on Tuesday, Wednesday and Sunday evening. The concerts are given by the Berlin orchestra and are immense. They play the best music so the only reason for calling it popular is that people sit at tables and are served beer. It is absolutely quiet during the numbers but there is a rest of five minutes between so that the waiters can get around with the booze. The admission is 75 penning (about 20 cents). Wednesday night was Busoni. He played even better than at the last concert and the people went wild. After the concert I saw Miss Peterson who said she had been in to see Busoni

so I decided to go in too. Carl was there and came in too. He had met Busoni in Glasgow and thought it would be nice to tell him about that time but strange (?) Busoni didn't remember him and Carl did[n't] have time to say anything so thick was the crowd.

Thursday I went to a concert of Richard Strauss compositions. Tonight I am going [to hear Miss?] Elvyn an American girl (from Chicago by the way). She is a pupil of Godowsky and plays mighty well, so they say.

Received several letters yesterday and today. There must be something up or you wouldn't be sending that check. Mr. Ganz

didn't tell me the result of his visit with Mr. Tewksbury so, although I haven't much money now the next few days will bring me some or won't. I wrote to Mr. Tewksbury about two weeks ago and will soon get an answer.

I am glad that Ann had an interview with Mrs. Ganz. I can just hear her telling how I need [a?] brushing up. (with that patronizing tone) Well between you and me and the gate post perhaps you will see some day which one of us needs the brushing up. She is certainly nice and can make a tremendous front. The difference between Mr. and Mrs. is astounding.

I will write to all those people (Dr. Moody, Mr. Schager etc.) when I get a chance. Just send my mail here and I will get it any way. I am going to live right in the neighborhood.

Lovingly Ed.

Congratulations to Delia on her 30th (isn't it?) birthday.

Berlin Feb 19, 1907.

Dear Folks,-

It is ten days since I wrote last. That is a terrible long time but I simply couldn't find the time. It seems I am busier than ever and still doing nothing. The day goes and I ask myself what has been done and the answer is "nothing." Received a card from Mr. Ganz yesterday. He spoke of seeing you all at Schumann Heink's concert. He told me to 'work hard.'

It will be too bad if Kate doesn't come to Europe. I have told so many that she was to be here.

Last summer when M

Last summer when Mr. Ganz read about Kate and told Mrs., the latter had her doubts as to Kate's ability to do it. So lately when I hinted to her that Kate was not getting along so well she said "I thought she wouldn't." Of course I set her right as to why things weren't going smoothly but I imagine she has her doubts.

Mr. Spiering plays again in March. I hope I will accompany better than at the last one.

Mary's five dollars was great. This is the nineteenth and my cheque for February hasn't showed up so far. I had to take one hundred marks of Mr. Tewksbury's money

up and leves where I but

which I am trying to make up. And here's where I butt in a little. I wish Celia could give up the idea of having showers etc. It probably doesn't cost much but you must save more or we will never get out of the hole. I don't bank on myself in the least and as I told you before you still have me on your hands and probably will have for a while. That business with the Mason and Hamlin Co. won't amount to much I imagine and altogether good things look farther off that ever.

Don't let this complaining of mine bother you for things could be much worse. I am simply being taken down from my high horse and pulling in my ambitions a little. But no one knows - perhaps things may turn out well. What I lack now is to be able to compose. It that were there my piano playing would grow in leaps. In other words, my piano playing is at a stand still because I am one sided and need to compose and get a bigger musical knowledge.

Tuesday was my lesson day. Tried to play some things by Liszt. Am going to a party Saturday - all Germans. Have been going to art exhibitions the last week. Will write again this week.

Lovingly Ed.

Dear Folks,-

The last two letters I wrote were a week apart and if I want to write twice a week it seems as though I must write one letter right after the other. The way the time flies is something terrible and I keep putting things off from day to day and can not find time for half the things I am supposed to do. The cold weather is at last disappearing and we are having snow storms, showers and sunshine all on the same day. (A sure sign of Spring)

The musical season has reached the turning point too and from now on the concerts will gradually get fewer. Of course that doesn't mean that there will only be a few but in comparison to a month ago they will not come so fast.

I missed a concert last night - that was a mistake. It was Glenn Hall's recital. Nikisch accompanied him mind you. Hall is a kind of protegé of Nikisch's. A few days ago I saw the announcement of it but forgot to look at the date not thinking that it would be so soon. Last night about ten-thirty when I was out walking with Carl, I saw a bill-board ad about it and could have kicked myself. I would have spoken to him after the concert for I think he knows me. D'Albert plays again to-morrow night. I am very anxious to go as he will likely play fine. The program is all Chopin and Liszt.

## Thursday

Could not finish this to day. I am just home from a French lesson. It is a shame the way the French is going. I could learn it in no time if I could study but I must first get the German which is beginning also to get hard. When a person has been studying a language for eight or ten months they get to a point where they can talk fairly well enough to get along. Then they come to a point where it is necessary to go down deeper and that is where the language becomes hard. I am just at that point now. From now on so many new things will pop out that it will seem to be getting harder every day.

Glenn Hall did not make such a success last night according to the reports of several people who were there and who told me about it this afternoon. There was a big

reception for him this afternoon. I would liked to have been in on it but wasn't invited.

I have not heard from Mr. Tewksbury so far. I wonder what the old chap is going to do. I have money enough to last me for two weeks and then will borrow some from Miss Peterson or the Spierings.

Mr. Spiering plays in Cologne to-morrow night. Every time he plays any place he practices his things over with me so I have been over there two or three times this week.

My lesson was yesterday. Da Motta is fine and tells me great things at every lesson. Only for his physique he would show most of them where to back in.

Since starting this letter & heople to leave it he knows it I am sure

Since starting this letter I have received one from Mrs. Ganz sending me ten dollars and telling me about Mr. Tewksbury. You are a great pack of faint hearted people to leave it to her to tell me about it. What do you suppose I am a weakling not to be able to stand such a thing.

Why in no time I will be able to manage. I hope all the people in Joliet won't know about it. I was at lunch at Spiering's today. Mr. Spiering wasn't home but when he knows it I am sure he will do everything he can for me.

Was at the Philharmonic

Concert Mesterday. Busoni

concert yesterday. Busoni was the soloist and played like a king.

Yesterday afternoon I was over to Edgar S. Kelly's house. He is the principal theory teacher in Berlin and has a tremendous following. There was quite a crowd, there, of young musicians and I played. He has a magnificent Bechstein so it went fine. I was mighty glad. Saw the piece in the Leader about the musical at Mrs. Langfeld's (fudge). Nicoline is going to play again tomorrow night and I will get ten marks for the accompaniment.

New developments in the

moving business . I Lewberbury and fred

moving business. In fact I'm not going to move. The crazy Portier has suddenly decided that somebody worse might come in my place and so told my landlady to try and keep me. Of course I was glad to stay as it takes time and money to move. Miss Peterson is furious at Mr. Tewksbury and predicts that he will die a bad death.

Heavens don't do any signing business. That is nonsense. If matters came to that point I could come home and earn six hundred dollars pretty quick and pay him back. What I have

learned this year will stay with me and can't be taken away. I wonder what the Simon Hinks? I will write to him tomorrow.

Lowingly

Ed.

learned this year will stay with me and can't be taken away. I wonder what Dr. Simon thinks? I will write to him tomorrow.

Lovingly Ed.

Berlin Feb 28. 1907.

Dear Folks,-

This is the first evening I have been home in a long time. It is generally a concert or some kind of a musical that keeps me out in the evening but I think there will be a rest now as most of the concerts are over.

Cele's was the last letter I got which was about a week ago. Sometimes I get a lot in a bunch but this week I haven't had a single one. Perhaps I didn't tell you I got a letter from Mrs. Boguslavski. It was a long letter filled with apologies for not writing [writing] sooner etc. with no word about Bogus - not even saying he was on earth. She hopes I'll answer and she promises not to be so negligent again. (The

young scamp). She sent the letter to Miss Peterson's address however she found that out. It is a shame I haven't written to Dr. Moody, Mr. Schager or any of those people but I will very soon. I haven't thought much of my finances lately. I answered Mrs. Ganz's letter in glowing terms saying that things weren't as bad as they looked. Once you get started things run easy but getting started is the hard part. Of course when I had no thought of money I didn't bother trying to get in with people so don't know very many. Mrs. Ganz spoke of Mr. Ganz's talking with Mrs Shaw. It would be fine if he took an interest in me but I will never be satisfied until I am earning my living. It is great to depend only on your

self for a living.

The musical Nicoline played at Tuesday night was quite nice but typically German. It was a dinner followed by a musicale. Nicoline was at the dinner as she knows the people but I was ordered for ten o'clock. There were about forty people there. The women were quite nice but the men were like pigs - great big fellows who puffed when they breathed and talked fearfully when the music was going on. The hostess was Frau Regierungarat Seebold. The R---- is a title and every time you speak to her you must say it out in full. There were numerous barons and baronesses there but none of them very distinguished looking. They all acted guite ordinarily which was very nice and when we were ready to begin the hostess asked me it I could see the notes well I said "pretty well" and before you could say two words she gave the piano a push that sent it spinning into the light. It was a Steinway grand but didn't phase her.

I was talking to Spiering the other night about my affairs and he gave me a lot of suggestions. I am going to go after the organ in the American church. Spiering says when I begin to worry I can start

and worry them. I think he can help me a lot. If I can earn my living for a while it will be the grandest thing imaginable. I have answered ads for English lessons, accompanists etc. and have received a new English pupil today.

I would like to play for a German singing teacher for a while. They know a pile and one of the things I would learn would be some more German. I will cut this short now and write in a day or two again.

Lovingly

Ed.

Dear folks, - (April fool)

It is six thirty A.M. I am starting this morning with getting up early. All winter I had been going to bed very late four or five nights in the week so it was useless to try and get up early. But now the concerts are few and far between and I am going to get up at six. Next Friday Busoni plays which I think is the last concert of the season.

Easter Sunday this year was quieter than usual. Of course last time I was very quiet (in my berth) but there was no organ playing or even waves yesterday. Carl went to church [most likely as he was?] very

dressy - fancy vest, silk hat, Prince Albert coat etc. He was always very neat and now has the British ideas that this 'waist coat' must be worn with these trousers and knows all the proprieties.

The weather is still beautiful and this whole week has been ideal. I forgot to tell about Good Friday in Germany. It is the biggest day in the year and is a little funny. The stores are of course closed and everybody goes to church, but it is more like the fourth of July in America. The people don't buy new clothes for Easter Sunday but for Good Friday and everyone is on parade on that day. I had a spat with the landlady about practicing. She won though so I didn't

play any. Yesterday too I was not supposed to practice. But you can play a little. They seem to see a difference between practicing and playing. So in the afternoon I played some but as the landlady was going out for the afternoon she suggested to me that I better quit soon, reminding me of the holiday. But I had a good 'play' while she was out.

There are a great many Irish in Berlin. Two thirds of the 'Americans' are Irish and some of them with fierce names. It is no disgrace here but you don't know people are Irish unless you ask them. This race is ashamed of itself. But one Irishman can spot another so I can generally pick them out. My best pals now are Hendricks and O'Brien who would be known from their names alone. One night about two weeks ago I was at a little party at a Mr. Furlong's. He is an artist and by the way, whenever any of you get a chance to go into the Wellington Hotel in Chicago and look at a picture of two lions. He has painted it. He asked me if I had noticed it and was awfully sorry that I had to say "no."

Well at this party there were quite a few Irish

people. One girl, Miss Hannett, was direct from Ireland. Hendricks and his chum Vickery were there besides a few others. Then there were of course, quite a few Americans and English. I came late and upon arrival saw a chap standing up telling stories to the whole crowd. One glance was enough to tell he was Irish. He had an awful mug. Dr. Donavon's or Ed Lennon's wouldn't compare with it. It was Vickery. Now these two fellows told stories until the crowd shrieked. Why they never heard anything like it. But the two lobsters when they would tell Irish stories would leave off the brogue as they were most likely ashamed

of it. I just thought, if the Irish only had a chance. Only for these chaps the party would have been a flat failure and neither Vickery nor Hendricks were more entertaining than the average Irishman but the Americans and English never heard anything like them.

In my last letter I talked about Carl and his doings. Of course that will never get out of our house but I don't want even you people to think any the worse of him. He is only a big lobster, hardly anybody takes him seriously. He is going back to Scotland for a month and then to Sweden. It won't be so long now until he gets home and he will have a hard enough time of it then.

Mr and Mrs Fallberg are terrible

Mr. and Mrs. Fallberg are terribly anxious to have him do something and expect him to do a whole lot when he comes back. But they have a mighty limited view of things and are deathly afraid I will do something without Carl's knowing it. In their last letter they told him that I was going to play with an orchestra this winter and to be sure and go. They were informing him on the quiet in case I hadn't told him. They said my sister told Spears. They probably meant Celia. Look out for that chap he is a powerful talker.

I am invited to a swell little party at Hendrick's next Thursday. Among the guests will be Xaver Scharwenka and I am practicing his variations on the quiet in case I should be asked to play.

It would be fine if I could send all those people cards, Charlie, Mrs. Dalton etc, but just now I can't. Wish I knew where we were going this summer. This beautiful weather makes one feel like skipping to Switzerland.

Lovingly Ed.

Berlin

NOTE: Though dated 1906, this letter had to have been written in 1907, since EJC didn't go to Europe until mid-April 1906. JEC.

Berlin Apr. 8 06.

Dear Folks,-

Monday noon. It is almost a week since I wrote last although I promised to write oftener. I don't know what's the matter these days, the day seem about an hour long and a week is gone in no time. It will soon be a year since I arrived [and it's terrible?] to think what a [short time?] a year is. It is just as [Carl said to?] me last night. When [I got to Europe] I thought I would be an artist with two years practice. When he goes home next December he will have finished his three years stay with apparently no better prospects than when he left America. He goes back to Glasgow next Monday. Poor chap! he says

he will play in London twice before he goes to America, but he kind of forgets that it costs more to play in London that anyplace and he could never get the money. Then he would have nobody at the concerts on account of being unknown.

I have been to three concerts this week. Two by Busoni and an orchestral concert. Busoni's principal concert was in the Philharmonic and was called a 'popular evening.' He was out of form in some things and didn't seem so at home in that tremendous hall which is also a dance hall and much like a big barn.

The weather is beautiful and although the nights are very cold the sun comes out every day and we will soon have [flooding?].

The Germans love [plants and?] the balconies are beginning to look like [gardens?]. I will soon have the plants on my balcony for the landlady has been fussing with them for a week. Received a letter from Mr. Ganz this week. I get fifty dollars monthly which is guite enough but doesn't do [more?] than pay my expenses. We are going directing to Switzerland. I am crazy with joy. You can't imagine the feeling of going back to Switzerland when your have once been there. I certainly will have a glorious time roaming over the hills with no responsibilities. It is so glorious to get up high and stop reading every once in a while to look down on a few lakes and cities. Then to practice on the edge of the lake and look up at the Alps. Switzerland is different from other summer resorts because you have country and city right together. For instance, at Hertenstein everything was quiet and country like but we could take a beautiful ride across the lake and in a half hour come to Lucerne which is a regular carnival in the Summer.

Paris doesn't compare with it. When I used to go to Minnesota there was no city in sight and it was terrible to stick there without meeting anyone worth talking to.

It makes one cosmo-

politan to go to Switzerland in summer for then the cream of every nationality is there and no one is there who hasn't some right to be whether it's wealth or brains.

## Tuesday

Yesterday afternoon there was a musical at Mr. and Mrs. Thackara's. He is the U.S. consul and she is quite a society and club woman. Nicoline played and I accompanied her. There was quite a fine crowd and I had a good time. There was a Miss Potter, there a former pupil of Zeisler and friend of Miss Pace who heard of me in Chicago and introduced herself. She is going to study with Busoni next winter. Busoni is not going to be in

Berlin anymore but in Vienna.

Musha! great doings in Joliet, with cantatas and Mamie Brennan's wedding. Berlin wants to look out.

I have no more news as indeed there is nothing to write about. Am studying Shakespeare and Byron.

Lovingly

Ed.

Berlin Apr 13 <mark>19</mark>07.

Dear Folks,-

I can write for a few minutes now and finish this some other time. There is less news for me to write about every time. The concerts are not only getting seldom but I get tired describing them. Then again there are such fine concerts in America that you hear almost everything that's good. The Ganzes leave New York the 2nd of June on the Lorraine. That makes the fourth trip they have taken on the same boat. We may not see Mr. Ganz in Germany at all. Two years ago they went from Paris to Zürich and will, most likely, do that this time. Mrs. Ganz told

Miss Peterson that we couldn't go to Switzerland before the 15th of June and may be not before the first of July. I am a little disappointed as after the first of June Berlin is dreadful. Most of the people are gone and it is fearfully hot and dusty. Now it is beautiful. Of course it is fine all over now but particularly in a big city. I will never forget our day in Paris last year. We had a lunch on the sidewalk on the 'Boulevard des Italiens,' and to sit and watch what was going by was wonderful. There is a great difference in Europe and America after all. America is so young it has no experience but here everything has been finished and the people have more time for their comfort. That idle

hands business is certainly true. The people live much cleaner in America than here. The leisure class in Europe is tremendous so they are worse morally but brighter intellectually as they spend more time 'learning things.'

People here are more independent some way. They are not a bit self conscious and do what they please without caring two cents for anybody else's opinion.

This is a fright. I started this Saturday and now it is Monday. Two things of importance have happened since then, first, I played yesterday at a musical at DaMotta's and secondly, Carl left this morning.

The musical was given by Da Motta's pupils and was fine. About twelve of them played and some were great. I was fearfully nervous principally because I played last and sat there listening to the others from 4:30 to 7 and waiting for my turn. Another thing that made me nervous was the fact that I made the assertion to a chap that I could play better than a certain other fellow and what did he do but tell a lot of others and they gave me the laugh saying that I would have a chance to show up today and they would tell me afterwards if I made good. So I was down to play three Paginini etudes, beastly things, and it was in the middle

of the first one that I began to see the keys. But on the whole I played better than usual and was given quite an ovation.

Da Motta goes to South America on a tour the first of May to be gone until October. I am awfully sorry and will have to practice alone until Mr. Ganz comes. Da Motta is great and certainly tells me [where to] back in at every lesson. He is a fiery little fellow and I catch it if I do the same thing wrong twice. He can play about every piece written and next Sunday is going to play for the pupils. They will request things and he will play them (by memory of course). He asked Busoni if I couldn't study with him this summer and Busoni said 'yes' if I went to

Vienna. Da Motta had quite forgotten about Ganz until I told him that I would study in Switzerland this summer.

Well Carl is off and quite happy at leaving Berlin. I staid [stayed] at his house last night and went down to the depot with him this morning. He looked like a soldier of fortune going off and admitted that he was much wiser than when he came. We got along fine, anybody can get along with him, and I was sorry to see him go.

If you really can afford to send me a suit why I won't refuse it. It is number 35 I think; however you can guess it just like the last one.

Lovingly Ed.

Berlin Apr 20 1907.

Dear Folks,-

I really must finish this letter today so I can start on my twice a week writing again. For the last month or so I haven't written as often as during the winter but am sure I can write twice a week from now on.

Since Carl left I have been in nights reading or studying my German. We used to go to a café or for a walk every evening but there was a terrible lot of time wasted and I have noticed an improvement in the German just this week. Of course we always spoke English together.

The only important thing in the theatrical line this month was

a two weeks run of Shakespearean plays by a company from London headed by Beerbohm Tree. He has a big reputation but according to those who went he fell flat. At any rate the whole company was fearfully roasted in the German papers. I intended to go but delayed getting my seats until too late.

There is no other news interesting. The weather has suddenly become cold during the last couple of days and every one is frozen.

I had my lesson yesterday. My last one is next Saturday. You know Da Motta is going on a tour to South America. Of course one cannot have an inspiration always and during the last week I have been kind of in the dumps. Time is flying faster than it ought

and this last year was in a terrible hurry. If we only lived some place besides Joliet I wouldn't care but to have to go there unless I have something to show will be terrible. Heavens! if I can only get some good engagements the first year I am there. But they must come. Gee Whiz! I can't fail.

I am thinking every day about Switzerland. My but it will be great to come out of the depot at Lucerne and see the beautiful city and the lake and the mountains. Then to take the boat across the lake to Hertenstein and get into my little room over the post office and go through the woods and along the lake every morning early on the way to the hotel for my breakfast. I tell you that's living. I am sure I wouldn't know what to do if we were going to stay in Berlin all summer. My vacation last year spoiled me and its me for the country every summer after this if I have to foot it (which is easy enough). I haven't heard from Jamieson for a long time but last summer we planned some walking trips for this year. I hope they will mature.

Are you people going to have a vacation this summer? I suppose Mrs. Collins will take a street car ride now and then to West Park.

Lovingly Ed.

Berlin Apr 23, 1907.

Dear Folks,-

Tuesday evening. Just came in from a walk. It has rained fearfully the whole day and has only cleared up a few minutes ago. It was a fine little walk I had from the Kaiser Allee to [No?]llendorff Platz and home through Wittenberg Platz. These platzes are little squares with trees and flowers and set off the city so beautifully. That is one thing that the American cities haven't. It is fine to come into one of these little parks. Most of [???] round and the big [???] to fence them in like [???] [Got a letter from ?]

Carroll this morning. She didn't say anything about technic though even though Annie and Celia call her Mary Technic. She is pretty clever just the same and knows as much as the next one. She sent a program of a concert Mr. Ganz played at the mound.

There is going to be a musical at Spiering's next Tuesday. I am going to play the Prelude Choral and Fugue by César Franck and play the accompaniment for Nicoline. There will be a fine crowd there critics [even?] so I am delighted to play [but it] will be kind of hard with the critics sitting around and your colleagues, who are also your [???] leaning all over the piano [??? staring?] you in the face.

A year ago Sunday we arrived in Berlin. I was [???] Sunday and someone happened to ask me how long I had been in Berlin. It was half past five so I said in a half hour I would have been here a year. You know we arrived at six P.M. on the 21st of April. At six o'clock I was playing for them and the thought came as to whether there was a year's improvement or not. At times there doesn't seem to be much.

There are hardly any more concerts and and I don't see any more ahead for me. Mascagni [gave a concert] last Saturday and played the [Intermezzo] from 'Cavalleria' among other things. He also directed the fifth Symphony of Beethoven 'a la Italienne' that is conducted the orchestra with his hands and head and the audience with the tails of his coat. Imagine Beethoven getting [that]! a sacrilege!!

The coal wagons are not filling the streets so much. It may sound funny to say the coal wagons 'fill' the streets but they do. A coal wagon is a little dray and is pulled by a man and a dog. The bricks of coal are [loaded?] on it very neatly and isn't much of a load for [the man?] when his dog is big. These dogs are grand [and?] bear this fierce insult of being harnessed with very [little?]

objection. But once in awhile one sees that they are too wise and weren't made for it. For instance I have seen a big brute standing in his harness in front of a saloon barking furiously for the man to come out. They can't stand waiting and pull desperately just as if they were drowning their troubles in work. As a whole, though, hey are treated decently. In winter when they are waiting out side they have a board to lie down on and a blanket over them but there is a sad expression in their big eyes as they see other curs running the streets and feel the harness.

# Wednesday Noon.

Didn't have time to finish [???] at once. I was over to [???] this morning and played? [???]

with Mr. Spiering. It was supposed to be a rehearsal with Nicoline but she was sick. She has a sick spell every once in a while and is anemic. After all I am not going to play a solo Tuesday only the accompaniments. Mr. Spiering explained to me, and he is quite right, that as the [reception?] is for Nicoline and really her debut, the whole interest must be centered on her. When he asked me to play the other day I thought of that and would even have felt a little guilty to play.

I guess I will cut this off and post it. There will be no excitement until Mr. Ganz comes [???].

Lovingly Ed.

Berlin April 30 1907.

Dear Folks,-

Here it is a week ago today since I wrote last. It is terrible how short the day is in Berlin. Things start moving so late in the morning that nothing begins before ten. Then there is no afternoon because dinner isn't over until nearly four and no evening because supper isn't over until eight thirty and everything is locked up at ten including their pianos. I am even worse fixed?. I can't play after nine. The weather is getting warm now. This morning is beautiful and there surely can be no more cold weather.

This has been a very late spring in Germany which has caused

the country restaurant keepers to lose a lot of money. The minute spring comes with warm weather the people take trips out in the country and drink beer. All around Berlin there are these big parks with restaurants which only run in the summer. The chairs and tables are under the trees and there are crowds every day.

Of course lately on account of the cold weather the people have eaten in town. It has also been a loss to the restaurants in Berlin. The proprietors have their chairs and tables on the sidewalk and it makes one shiver to think of sitting out there. The German people as a whole aren't ambitious and cannot resist idling time away in the cafés.

They will sit for several hours over a pile of newspapers and one glass of beer. I think that is how the Germans get a reputation for drinking beer. AS a rule they drink continually but don't get much down. I have seen American chaps stay in a cafe ten minutes and then get out. But during that ten minutes they can drink as much as it takes a German to do in ten days.

Of course Germans never drink water. That is a fact. When they are thirsty they take beer. Once in a while you see a waiter rushing with a glass of water. Follow him with your eye and you will see an American sitting at the table where the water was set down.

(Tuesday P.M.)

This afternoon is the musicale at Spiering's. There are going to be about seventy five people there including a number of critics so if I play the accompaniments well it will be something.

I see Mrs. Geist and Ketchan quite often. Mrs. Geist writes to Kate quite often but doesn't tell that she gets an answer.

It is four thirty and the musicale begins at five so I will have to go.

Lovingly Ed.

### INCOMPLETE

Berlin May 18, 1907.

Dear Folks,-

Eleven P.M. Must be in bed at twelve so here goes for a half hour. There isn't much to write about. I have been having a very regular existence of late - doing the same things every day and still no excitement in sight - at least until we go to Switzerland. Then I will have lots to tell about!

I guess Monday was the last day I wrote. Tuesday and Wednesday I read a little and practiced less. Thursday came the German lesson. After the lesson I went down to Mr. Lesser's for a few minutes. You know to keep German friends you must go and call on

them at least once a week if it is only for a few minutes. I staid [stayed] but five minutes but through going got an invitation for his birthday party which came off today. I had a very slow but interesting time. All his friends brought flowers except yours truly.

Most of the people were musicians among them Wirth of the Joachim quartet. He is a great old patriarch about seventy years old and fine appearing. The musicians stood around him as though he were some rare flower. Along with the others I was introduced to him and was quite proud of the to meet him. He is almost blind and the young men scrapped to decide which one could lead him out of the door. Of course there was music - trios

etc read at sight by these fine musicians— most of the things played being compositions of persons present. A lady also tried to sing some songs by Grieg. It didn't break up until eight o'clock. A German crowd gets a little heavy sometimes and the way they can sit for hours listening to classical music is the wonder of the Americans.

The Germans don't like the Americans as a rule and I seldom meet an American at any of these affairs. The Americans are a little out of place here as you can judge from a little experience I had this afternoon. To make a long story short, I sat on the sofa. Now in Germany it is terrible for a young person to sit on the sofa. Even if there are no other seats in the room you must stand although the sofa might be empty. This afternoon I had stood for two movements of a long sonate for piano and violin and just at that moment feeling how good it must be to have a seat and seeing the sofa partly free I walked over to it and planted myself. I didn't realize what I was doing until an English girl ordered me off and told me my crime with some embellishments. She said I sat down so heavily that an old lady at the other end was near upset and almost fell on me.

INCOMPLETE

### INCOMPLETE

Berlin May 24, '07.

Dear Folks,-

This week was marked by my having lunch with Mr. and Mrs. J.C. McKeon, the latter a sister of Mr. Tewksbury. He sent me a letter last week telling me something about them. (I enclose his letter).

To begin with do not pronounce that name 'Mc yon' but Ma - ke - own.

They are fine especially Mrs. who is a beauty. He is very nice but a typical American banker and that means a man with no feelings for any kind of art. He must be very bright in his line, but excuse me from his 'line.'

They sent me word to come about five or between five and

six and I went at 5:45 fearing I was going to run into a prig in Mrs. but I am sorry now I didn't go earlier as she was just beginning to tell me about Mr. Tewksbury when it was time for them to go to the opera. It seems that Mr. T., in the beginning, agreed to keep me in Europe only a year and if I wasn't able to do anything at the end of that time he was to have security to go farther. But it is over now at least the disagreeable part of it and seeing that Mr. Tewksbury thinks as much of me as ever, I kind of expect him to do more for me.

## <u>May 25</u>

As usual it takes me two or three days to write a letter. The Spierings have gone - I received a card from Nicoline from South

Termany this morning. Mr. however, is stil london where I have his concerts were a great

Germany this morning. Mr, however, is still in London where I hear his concerts were a great success. Everybody is playing in London now as this is the best part of the season.

Berlin is a little deserted just now - people are leaving and it is beginning to be a hot and dusty. There are beautiful gardens and parks, though, that redeem everything and so I won't die before we leave although last year we were in Switzerland by the last of May.

I haven't written to anyone in Joliet and I feel pretty guilty but I don't see any change in sight. The fact is, letters take up a tremendous amount of time and must be cut out.

My French is going along merrily. Mlle. Garcia, my teacher, is fine and what is better wants me to hurry up and be able to go to concerts and talk French with friends of her who are coming for next winter. French is hard at first but being a Latin language I will learn it quicker than I did German.

Have heard from Jamieson quite often lately. He is a fine chap. Last winter, that time I had no money, I had written him a letter asking for some but just when it was ready to go, the cheque from the Cable Co. came. You know he has lots of money and cares about as much for it as a

INCOMPLETE

Berlin June 14, 1907.

Dear Folks,-

# Friday noon.

I haven't had a letter from home for about two weeks. What is the matter? I suppose they will all come tomorrow, though, including Mr. Ganz's which I am anxiously waiting. My cheque is later this month than ever and I am afraid there is some more trouble at head - quarters. As soon as I see Mr. Ganz there will have to be an understanding for although I can get along on fifty dollars a month, I must have enough to get out of my debts contracted that time when Mr. T. left

me. There was a month and a half then that I borrowed and each cheque was only enough to cover my debts so after paying them I had to make new ones to pay my living expenses. Just now I am in debt sixty dollars with no chance of getting out unless I get a special sum for that purpose. I have not a cent in the bank or anywhere to fall back on and any little expense that comes up for instance my washing or buying a book or some music compels me to run around and scrape up the money. I have borrowed from Jamieson and from Miss Peterson lately and although Jamieson doesn't need the money Miss Peterson does and I feel guilty

acching her wante

keeping her waiting.

For the last week I have been angry with Mr. Ganz for although he is very busy he should let the Cable Co. send the cheque regularly as he knows what it means to not get it. He sends the cheque himself which seems to me foolish. I don't even know where we are going this summer and that is very disagreeable because I want to start now with Jamieson (who is also going to Switzerland) and travel by easy stages stopping at points of interest. That wouldn't cost any more that the regular trip and would be so much more enjoyable.

After I see Mr. Ganz things will be explained— if not I am afraid you will have to send me ten dollars a month until I get straightened out.

Last Sunday I was at a musicale at Spanuth's. Miss Peterson played. Among the guests were Mr. Blass and conductor Hertz of the Met. Opera Co., Mme Sembrich and Mr. Kreisler.

Had dinner with Mr. Loughran and Anna last Monday. Will probably see them in Switzerland this summer.

Maybe, though, we won't got to Switzerland

at all. From the looks of things Mr. Ganz is going to stay only a short time in Europe.

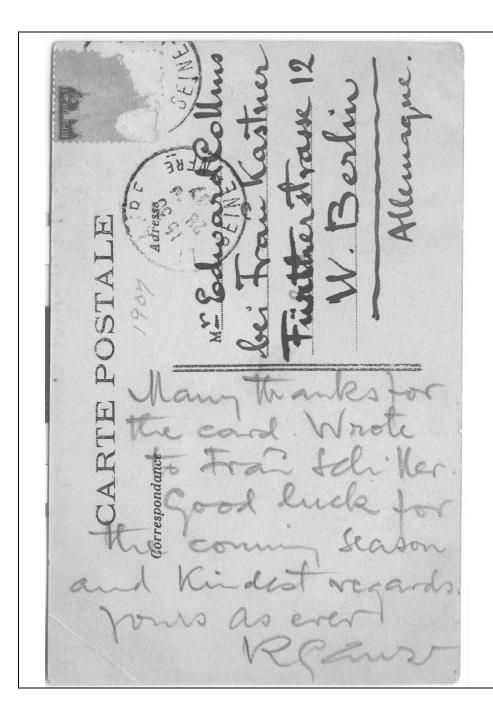
Don't be disgusted with this complaining letter. I am perfectly well but have had the blues lately and have been kind of savage toward everybody.

Have also been almost idle as far practicing is concerned. Not having a teacher on top of being a little tired from last winter will keep me away from the piano for a couple of weeks.

You can continue to write here and I will have

letters sent after me.

Lovingly Ed.

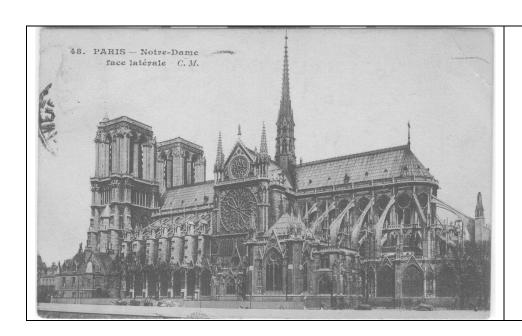


[Postcard from Rudolph Ganz to EJC]

[Spring / Summer 1907]

Mr Edward Collins Bei Fraü Kastner Fürtherstrasse 12 <u>W. Berlin</u> Allemagne.

Many thanks for the card. Wrote to Fraü Schiller. Good luck for the coming season and kindest regards. Yours as ever, R Ganz



48. PARIS – Notre-Dame face latérale C.M.

[photo image of Notre Dame Cathedral]

### HOTEL HARRER

THEODOR WOLTER

TELEPHON NO. 126.

HEIDELBERG, DEN 24 Juni

ELECTRISCHES LICHT

Dear Folles. Monday evening. We have just finished supper and I will write for a few minutes. This is the fourth day here and we except to stay three more. Herdelberg is worth stay ing several dayoto see so there has been something to interest us all the time became scharated. Cit last, after going to the hotels and station I located him. That afterwoon we went out oleran Left Cassel Monday at 10 4. m. and the Rhine and there we started walking. The country is

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Dear Folks,-

Monday evening. We have just finished supper and I will write for a few minutes. This is the fourth day here and we expect to stay three more. Heidelberg is worth staying several days to see so there has been something to interest us all the time.

You were probably surprised to hear of my leaving Berlin. We decided on the trip quite suddenly and packed and arranged everything in two days. Jamieson was in Berlin consulting about his eyes which are all right except for being overworked. So he jumped at the suggestion to make this trip. He staid [stayed] in Berlin several days and we had dinner together at his hotel every evening. A week ago Saturday we left Berlin, J. at 8 a.m. and I at 1 p.m. He arrived at Cassel at 3 p.m. but I didn't until 1 a.m. He thought I would come at 8 p.m. and of course wasn't at the train to meet me. That is how we became separated. At last, after going to the hotels and the police station I located him. That afternoon we went out to 'Wilhelm's Höhe.' I sent you cards from there. In the evening went to the opera. Left Cassel Monday at 10 a.m. and arrived Coblenz 4 p.m. That was where we first sighted the Rhine and there we started walking. The country is

alorious and Ivill never forget those three days Coblens to nackenheim. If is the wine Magners of eras more they are very well also ere as Jamelson gas never got my lo I and fact along famously. He iovery proper

glorious and I will never forget those three days from Coblenz to Nackenheim. It is the wine producing country and the vine yards are all on the sides of the hills.

Every bit of the land is historic and we will appreciate Wagner's operas more for having made this trip. In the three days and a half we walked sixty miles. The second night at Bingen I was pretty foot-sore but the next day was as good as ever. Mayence (German 'Mainz') is very interesting.

I got some mail there including the cheque from Mr. Ganz which I was disappointed in not getting at Berlin. There is a magnificent cathedral at Mayence. We arrived at Heidelberg Friday evening at 7:30. That same evening the students had a torch procession which was fine. Went to high mass Sunday to a church about seven times as big as St. Mary's. At 11:28 took a train for Heppenheim and spent the rest of the day with the Spiering's. They are very well also Nicoline who is fat. Left there at 9:09 and got to Heidelburg at 10.

Our walking may end here as Jamieson has received word to meet some people in Paris in a week. If he goes I will stay a few days at Spiering's as Mr. Ganz doesn't expect me in Zürich until July 11.

What do you think! Mr. Shaw never got my letter acknowledging the first cheque. Mr. Ganz seemed quite angry as well he might be. Of course I wrote immediately to both Mr. Ganz and Mr. Shaw to Mr. G. at Paris trusting he will go to the same hotel as last year.

J. and I get along famously. He is very proper and at meals

HOTEL HARRER	74
THEODOR WOLTER	
TELEPHON NO. 126, ELECTRISCHES LICHT.	HEIDELBERG, DEN190
straight face. He has going through the cours and nose glasses. He having special wall in common ones. It everything including thinliology and a lot of what the names mea	inself. It sometimes takes me to been a wary effensive looks especially along with his brickoborbers, camera also has an advantage over me in being shoes while I am walking a how a tremendous benowledge of a chemistry, biology, psychology of other ologyo' that I don't even knew the has also read every books are him leave. Fare my neph address
Heard from Dr Sim	don't go on will write there and have Heppenheim. on and I v moody lately Willens
over tonorrow.	lowingly Ed.

serves me and then himself. It sometimes taxes me to keep a straight face. He has a very expensive look especially going through the country with his knickerbockers, camera and nose glasses. He also has an advantage over me in having special walking shoes while I am walking in common ones. He has a tremendous knowledge of everything including chemistry, biology, psychology, philology and lot of other her 'ologys' that I don't even know what the names mean. He has also read every book or poem worth reading.

I will be sorry to have him leave. Gave my next address Strassburg but if we don't go on will write there and have letters sent back to Heppenheim.

Heard from Dr. Simon and Dr. Moody lately. Will answer tomorrow.

Lovingly Ed.

Rudolf Ganz ZÜRICH

[This letter is from Rudolph/Rudolf Ganz to EJC, who likely was in Berlin or en route from there to Zurich.]

Rudolf Ganz ZÜRICH Bahnhofstrasse 40

Wednesday
July 3rd 1907

My dear Edward:

Received your letter and enjoyed hearing from you. Would have liked to give you a better welcome than I can give you just now. Things seem to go wrong some way. Mr. T. had written to me that he would be glad to see me for luncheon at the Waldorf on my passing through N.Y. I did all I could, wrote and telephoned 4 times, went there myself a number of times. He had left notice that he could not see anybody. I was

told by the clerk that m was leaving, failed. I came in not be cleared in a of time, I will challenge The in sult given me. I cannot matter. Addressed a Wi Show In the steamer as he had seen W-T. the week latore I readed N. J. I hope or better I know that I will us again tolan. ) back to America as

told by the clerk that my missives reached him all right. My last effort to get an answer out of him when I was leaving, failed. I cannot account for this in the least. And should the misunderstanding not be cleared in a short time, I will challenge him for the insult given me. I cannot tell you how I feel in the matter. Addressed a letter to Mr. Shaw from the steamer, as he had seen Mr. T. the week before I reached N.Y. I hope or better I know that I will get and answer from him, but perhaps it will not do us any good at all. Will write a few lines again today. I first intended writing to you to Berlin to be ready to go back to America, as

you are on your way here it changes everything. You will have to await future happenings in Zurich. Do not feel discouraged as yet, everything may come out all right. But I assure you that I am disappointed in these rich men. They have another caprice for each new dollar.

We had a fine trip and found our whole family in good health. Roy has grown and is very clever little man, loving, speaks French, german, italien, etc.

It is too bad Mr. S. did not get your letter.

Give my best regards to Mr. Jamieson and accept our kindest greetings.

Your friend Rudolph Ganz Hepfenheim July 9/07

Dear Follos-

Dear Folks,-

This is rather slow coming principally on account of being rather roughly used by my patrons. The enclosed letter will explain itself. I will probably be home this summer unless things take a change. I don't understand things in the least and probably won't see Mr. Ganz as he said in a later letter, 'it is no use of my spending more money by coming to Zürich - I might as well start for America from here'. It was quite a shock but I am kind of used to those things now. It seemed that things were going along fine when the Cable Company evidently decided to quit.

It will be a great disappointment to change everything before my time has come. It is a fine experience with rich men though. Fool I was not to see that the talent for making money includes, too, the talent for keeping it.

There is not much news to write from here. You got the postal, no doubt, from the crowd on the fourth. We were up to Spiering's that night and had fire works and ice cream. I play with the violinists (there are six of them?) often.

Can you send me that ten dollars this month? If so send it here as I will not leave until Mr. Ganz hears from America.

Lovingly Ed.

Zürich July 13/<mark>19</mark>07.

Dear Folks,-

Am writing this in the post office. Mary's cheque came this morning but it is enclosed. My hard luck struck me particularly hard this morning - perhaps because it is the 13th. I was up to Ganz's talking to the two Mrs. when three letters came to me from Heppenheim - one of them the cheque.

Well Mr. Robert Kelly cashier spoke a good word for his ability and the city of Joliet when he wrote ten marks on the cheque in one place and forty in another. Of course I jumped on the cheque— it was a sure case of getting money from home and didn't notice the mistake right away.

Mr. Ganz Sr. noticed it though and among other things I apologized for the town from where I came. Kelly is certainly a rube— one of the first things to look at is if the figures in the two places agree and he couldn't even see his mistake then.

It is a great disappointment as it will be so long coming back but don't cable the money as it isn't worth it.

Mrs. Ganz gave me twenty francs this morning and I guess I won't starve until it comes.

When Kelly changes the cheque tell him to put his initials near the figures in the corner. If he wants any more information tell him to write to New Lenox. Mr. Ganz has gone on a mountain trip so I didn't see him. Mrs. [Rudolph Ganz?]

is very angry with Mr. T. and says she can't understand him. She has had a fierce time looking for pianos and places to practice and is very much worked up over everything. Mrs. Brooks arrived yesterday but ??? left right away for Lungern where we will be this summer. It is not far from Lucerne.

I had a fine trip from Heppenheim — stayed over night in Basel. Zurich was a great sight with decorations. On the way to Mr. Ganz's I ran into Mr. Forrest who was strolling around looking at the market.

Mrs. Rudolph and the other Mrs. were both home. Mrs R. was a little angry that I came which was a magnificent reception. But the trip from Heppenheim cost only \$1.50 and I am living

Chapter here than I did there?

cheaper here than I did there. Then the temptation to see Mr. Ganz and find out every thing ??? was too strong so I came. Of course I haven't seen Mr. Ganz and probably won't as I must wait here and see what happens. Had quite a time yesterday finding a room. The hotels are all full and I finally had to hunt in the paper. Am now in a pension which is all right.

I forgot to tell about another piece of cussed hard luck in connection with the cheque. Mary had written saying she was sending ten dollars but then added some thing about Mr. Ganz that had better have been left out. I might have had the cheque cashed on the strength of the letter and Mr. Ganz's reputation but of course I couldn't show it. They asked for it and I said I

threw it away. Mrs. Ganz Sr. wanted the stamps (she has a foreign collection) and I had saved them for her. They thought it awfully funny that I saved the envelope and not the letter and it was only fifteen minutes from the time I received it.

Mrs. Ganz was right near when I read it and took the cheque out of my hand - she could have seen the letter at a glance but luckily I saw it first and stuck it in my pocket. So you see how safe you are writing anything like that.

I may be here three days or three weeks - it depends on when I hear from America. Mrs. Ganz expects the Cable Co. to send me the money to come home so my chances of staying are slim.

The funny part of the affair is

received a card from ms.

that I received a card from Mr. T., saying "Sorry not to have seen Mr. Ganz when he passed through."

I wrote to Mr.  $\mathbf{T}.$  about a week ago and expect an answer next week.

Miss Peterson comes tomorrow night and the whole crowd leave Zürich Monday. I am going to live with Mr. Ganz Sr. after they go. He is a fine old chap and bright as a dollar. Mrs. Ganz Sr. is also fine. Mrs. Rudolph has a good heart but traveling or any kind of excitement works on her nerves and she loses her head. Roy is big and healthy— speaks about six languages.

Don't do anything rash - borrowing money or the like and for Ann in particular - no cablegrams. Things must come to a

crisis pretty soon and the worst thing that  $\frac{\text{could}}{\text{can}}$  can happen is that I  $\frac{\text{would}}{\text{will}}$  will simply have to go home.

Lovingly Ed.

40 Bahnhof str.

Kaiserstuhl Aug. 3 1907.

Dear Folks,-

This is the first time for about two weeks that I have had a chance to write a letter. Suppose you got the postal cards including the one from Lucerne. The trip to Lungern was beautiful; from Lucerne the train scarcely moves as it is a cog wheel track and very steep. I had my dinner here and in the afternoon went up to the hotel. Mr. Ganz looks fine - is fat and is as much of a cut up as he always was.

Kaiserstuhl is a village of three houses about a mile from Lungern. I always walk when I go to see the others. It is the most beautiful walk you can imagine. This whole

part of the country is too beautiful for words. We are right in the heart of the mountains - not like at Lucerne seeing them miles away. Why right in front of my door a steep cliff shoots up, it seems, almost to the sky. Back of the house there is another one so this is in a deep valley. You can't imagine the view especially early in the morning. On two sides are these big cliffs.

Then I can look down the valley and see all the big fellows (Eiger, Yungfrau etc.). They are all snow and glisten in the sun like diamonds. Of course there is a beautiful little lake within a stone-throw of the house and the mountains are reflected in it. You can imagine how high these hills near the house are when you know that the sun doesn't get over the top of them until nearly noon.

aradually and solv

But it is the snow mountains that are the sight although there are generally banks of clouds around them.

The hill (it is really a mountain) back of the house goes up gradually and is dotted with little villages and patches of woods. I can just hear the cowbells tinkling but the cloister bells are pretty loud and come across the lake every few minutes. Of course everything is Catholic here.

This morning out walking I passed the priest going on a sick call. He had a whole procession of altar boys with candles also a chap in front who rang the bell all the time. The peasants prostrate themselves right at their work.

At night when the farmers call the cows it is wonderful. They have a peculiar kind of call which is the weirdest thing I ever heard. Some times three or four men call together ene taking different parts and it is a regular quartette. They do it in perfect tune and hold on to the last note until it dies away. Then there are the echoes. But the thunder makes the interesting echoes. You can hear it running along the ridges and it ?? almost seems calling over to others which answer back.

No use saying anything more about it as it must be seen. It surpasses anything that one can ever expect from it. Switzerland is certainly sublime. I am living in the post-office same as last summer. It seems funny doesn't it? Have two rooms. One for practicing.

There is a little inn next door and that is where I eat. The meals aren't elaborate but are pure stuff.

The pians basil come yet but will robally be here today. It is from he

The piano hasn't come yet but will probably be here today. It is from Lucerne.

Mr. Ganz doesn't know any more about Mr. Tewksbury than I do. He is a mystery. Wrote him from Zürich Wednesday but am afraid he will not be in Paris for a couple of weeks. Mr. Ganz will give me what money I need. Will probably be here for two months even if T. doesn't answer.

The cheque arrived Wednesday. What struck you to send it to Heppenheim? I have not had a letter from <del>fo</del> home for about three weeks now - not since the twelfth of July.

Lovingly Ed.

Bürgeln - Obwalden Schweiz

(is enough address)

Kaiserstuhl Wed eve. - Aug 7. 1907

Dear Folks,-

Received my first mail from home (at Kaiserstuhl yesterday).

For heaven's sake don't worry about not knowing my address. One of the things a person does on leaving a town is to give their new address so you can write to any place I have been since coming to Europe and the letter will be forwarded. The postal authorities in Europe are especially clever and nothing is lost.

Since coming to Switzerland I have received forty dollars of which the first cheque of ten was sent back. The twenty came with a crash. Don't send any more until I let you know.

Big news! Heard from Mr. Tewksbury yesterday. A very angry

letter in which he scolds Mr. Ganz very much and also takes a few falls out of me. He says the agreement was only for the first eight months so I should have gone home with Mr. Ganz last December. He tells me, "I didn't back out as you think." So the ranks are thinning out and only the Cable Co. is left. What they will say decides everything. Mr. Ganz wrote to them again yesterday asking them to cable either 'continue' or 'voyage'.

It is certainly the funniest state of affairs I ever saw in my life.

I have been enjoying myself immensely the past week. If I have to leave Kaiserstuhl soon it will be a pity and I will be mighty lonesome for it. The piano came Monday. It was a big event here. The farmers came from miles around to see it. It will be the subject of conversation in this

part of the country for a month. Mr. Ganz's brother heard some fellows in a restaurant talking about it very excitedly.

Have been to see the Ganz's twice this week, Monday and today when I had my lesson. It is the first lesson in five months. Mr. G. showed me some new exercises.

It is a beautiful walk from here to Lungern along the margin of the of the lake. I have walked home from here at 11 p.m. every night and it is dark as a dungeon. I just revel in a thing like that. For instance the other night when I had to wait every once in a while for a flash of lightning to show me the road. There are big trees on both sides so you can imagine how dark it is. The distance is almost two miles but I walk it in forty minutes easily.

Mr. and Mrs. Ganz Sr. are still at Lungern. They are the real thing. The old chap and I are thick.

My landlady is a typical Swiss woman. I must be eating something all the time or she is insulted. And just think I don't take my meals here. Just the same she gives me a lunch morning and afternoon. She must fix my room ten times a day and is always brushing or pressing my clothes.

About half a mile from here (where you see the little chapel on the card) is the town Burgelu. The post office in Kaiserstuhl goes by that name while the railroad station is called Kaiserstuhl. You can address either place just so you get in 'Obwalden' Lovingly Ed.

Kaiserstuhl Aug. 9. 1907.

Dear Folks,-

Just a few lines to keep things moving. The fixed cheque arrived yesterday. That makes forty dollars since I came to Switzerland. That's pretty brave but you can't keep that going especially since you will all be out of your jobs for a while, so don't send any more until we see what happens. I was up at the hotel today. Mr. Ganz showed me Annie's letter. It was very nice and I am especially glad Ann 'withheld criticism.' You can't think a person grand one minute and because something disagreeable comes up think him horrid. Mr. Ganz says

onswer as apon.

he will answer as soon as he hears from Mr. Shaw. I am fixed fine as far as bed and board go so there is no immediate trouble. I will come home any day sooner than have you trying to keep me here. Fifty dollars a month is a pile in some cases.

I am practicing only four hours a day (mornings from 8 to 12) but am working furiously on German. Everybody says it is the most difficult language and it certainly is. It breaks your head to read a classic German book but three months more will give me a boost.

Mr. and Mrs. Ganz leave tomorrow morning. They pass through here and I will see them. Mrs. is very excitable and has been packing her trunk for about a week. She always has something for me grapes, chocolate or cookies. It re-

tons

minds me of Mrs. Daly's giving me the candy buttons.

I guess she has had a hard time with those four Ganz boys. They have the reputation in Zürich of having put more than one school teacher out of the business.

It started to blow this evening and is certainly terrifying. They don't have storms like in America. About once a week a storm comes that generally lasts about forty eight hours. All that time the wind is breaking the trees like matches. Kaiserstuhl is in a big valley and the wind comes tearing up with fierce power. These wind storms do a lot of damage and the people just stop work and wait for the finish.

My landlady is certainly funny. She is one of those people who can't use up there [their] time and are bored unless they are talking to someone. They haven't enough brains to entertain themselves. So she comes in every few minutes with some foolish excuse wanting to tell me something and is delighted to give me something to eat. Mr. Ganz thinks I have struck a soft place.

They are the most pious people I ever saw. To cook an egg soft they say five Our Fathers but if they want the egg hard keep it in until they say ten.

Lungern is a beastly little town. Something on the style of Eden Valley and I am glad to be here in the country.

Mr. Lennon's death was guite a shock.

Lovingly Ed.

You see I wrote this letter about four days ago. In the meantime  ${\tt Mr.}$  Tewksbury has sent me a thousand francs to go home.

I was sure of moving him someway with my letters from Zürich. His angry letter was in answer to my letter from Heppenheim in which I told him he backed out. Of course when I got his letter explaining his situation I wrote immediately, from Kaiserstuhl, apologizing and saying that Mr. Ganz hadn't told me of the arrangements made. The cheque came from London.

So the chances are ten to one

that I will leave here the first of September. Of course there is a possibility of their continuing and I earnestly hope they will as I don't want to leave Europe this year. It would be so much better to take it out in one stay than to leave home again after a couple of years.

Why the Cable Co. backed [down?] is the next mystery, in this mixed up affair, to be solved and I am anxiously waiting for their 'yes' or 'no' which will come either Saturday or the first of next week.

Had a lesson yesterday. I am fearfully lonesome for Berlin mind you. That city takes a hold of a person with iron claws. I must quit as the mail train will come in a few minutes.

Lovingly Ed.

Kaiserstuhl Aug. 29 19'07.

Dear Folks,-

Have received quite a few letters from home lately so must pay a few back and write oftener. It is 7 A.M. I get up every morning at six and as I am perfectly free the whole day there is time for a lot of things. I practice about seven hours a day and the rest of the time go walking, read or study German. This is a good place for my German. The landlady speaks fine which is a rarity in Switzerland. Then of course no one speaks English like in Berlin. That is a bad place to learn German.

One naturally gets in first with the Americans and as nearly every German speaks English and is dying to keep in practice you are used as a tool. The Americans are very poor linguists and have that reputation. They haven't much talent and don't

care about any language but their own. The Russians are the ones though. I guess it is because their own language is so hard that every other one seems easy.

Another year in Berlin will fix me fine as I intend to read a lot. After that I can give my whole attention to French.

Heard from Nicoline yesterday. The whole crowd has been in Berlin since the 21st of August because of a whooping cough epidemic in Heppenheim. The Spierings were afraid of their kids' getting it. Nicoline plays in Berlin the 31st of October. She will do fine and is delighted with herself.

The Davidsons (pupils of Spiering) must be glad to be out of Heppenheim. It is a place like Rockdale and is a night-mare to me. I will never forget my stay there. The whole crowd gave a concert at the 'Halber Mond' hotel. Kirk Towns was there - sang

and treated flowholo grown to a chambagne s

and treated the whole crowd to a champagne supper after. I went on a great mountain trip but won't tell about it as you would write and tell me I am a fool. But never mind I was never so strong as this summer and it's the mountains that have done it. Yesterday the Ganz's passed through Kaiserstuhl on their way home from a trip. Mr. Sigrist and I are going on the Rigi before I go to Berlin.

There is a beautiful woods right in front of the house. It covers the whole cliff and is a great place to go walking. You ought to see the scenery there. Big boulders have rolled down and are covered with moss. The trees are so thick that you can't see any sky. I go into it nearly every day with my music paper - just like a real composer. About fifteen minutes walk up the hillside is an open place (no trees) and such a view. Night before last I went up there to see the sunset and staid [stayed] until it was dark. Of course I got lost and crawled home feeling for a friendly tree or stone. You can imagine how dark it was. I could feel a tree but not see it.

About one hundred automobiles pass the house a day. They are always filled with the swellest tourists which often are Americans and they take their hats off to an American flag that I have stuck on the roof.

Heard from Dr. Moody and Fr. O'Callaghan this week.

No more time or news so will quit.

Lovingly Ed.

Bürglen

Obwalden

Bürglen (not Bürgeln) Sept,6 19'07.

Dear Folks,-

The days fly so fast that I never remember the last time I wrote but hope it isn't over a week.

Last Saturday night Mr. Sigrist and I went on the Rigi. It was a fine trip principally on account of doing it last year. Every thing was familiar. We first went to Lucerne and from there to Weggis by boat. The Schloss Hotel looked just the same as last year so did the post office where I used to practice. It was so fine to see familiar faces. I saw people from the hotel and the family that runs the post office in Hertenstein and when we got off the boat at Weggis there were many last sum-

mer faces. We staid in Heggison

mer faces. We staid [stayed] in Weggis until 10:30. Mr. Sigrist had never been on the Rigi and I got my dates mixed a little in trusting to memory with the results that we lost an hour before getting on the road. It was glorious walking. Although we had no moon the path is very broad so we didn't need to stop. I remembered every stone tree or shed from last year. Of course we had a lunch for about six with us and took a fall out of it at 'Rigi Kaltbad' at 2 a.m. Reached the 'Kulm' (top) at 3 where we intended waiting until 4:30 for the sun rise but had to go down on account of the cold. Arrived in Weggis at 7, took the boat for Lucerne at 8. Left Lucerne at ten and arrived Kaiserstuhl 11:45.

Sofrancis macmillan is in the alfo, Jell ann a stenografter in Zürich caught a co dastweet. ann better take care. to Lucirne where his much warmer. I will stay a week longer then back to dear old Rest

So Francis Macmillan is in the Alps. Tell Ann a stenographer in Zurich caught a cold last week. Ann better take care.

The weather is very cold. You know this whole district is 2500 feet above sea level and the first of October brings snow. It is beautiful though cool brisk wind and winter clouds driving over the peaks. The Ganz's leave Monday. Mrs. Ganz can't stand cold and must go down to Lucerne where it is much warmer. I will stay a week longer then back to dear old Berlin.

There are going to be a lot of new Americans in Berlin this winter and many that I know. It is a beautiful city and the ideal of the musician. No wonder they all flock there. Mr. Ganz has been telling me about the fighting among the musicians in Chicago. Mr. G. had a fight with Mrs. French not long ago so I suppose he is getting it in the Leader. It is disgusting the way graft and pull are ruling musicians now a days. The mean little scheming that goes on is impossible to believe.

The train will be here in a few minutes and anyway there is no news

Lovingly Ed.

Dear Folles,

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beginning to think the news hadn't

reached you. The postal card is

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Mary Carroll looks like an auto.

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like her mother in a couple of

gears.

Dear Folks,-

Must write in ten minutes. Got two letters yesterday from Mary and Annie. I was waiting a long time for them and was beginning to think the news hadn't reached you. The postal card is pretty good. Delia is the best looking of the three but I hope she will lose the dreamy eyes soon. Mary Carroll looks like an automobile tourist. Those veils are swell. Poor Mercede has a bad face. She looks like the women that are on the streets of Berlin nights. She will surely look like her mother in a couple of years.

I don't know what many means not tal Charlie Collins into the Clore. I we always were though - gi good away strangers before ours have not been dangerous in the people go prepared. The occidents ha to pools (always foreigners) who go on the

I don't know what Mary means not taking Charlie Collins into the choir. That is the way we always were, though - giving everything good away, strangers before ourselves.

Mrs. Ganz, Mrs. Brooks and Miss Peterson left Monday but Mr. Ganz staid until this morning.

You will probably be glad to hear that I made my last mountain trip (for this summer) Tuesday. It was with Mr. Ganz and we went to the top of three peaks. Left at 5 A.M. and back at 4 P.M. It was a hard trip and we did the amateur's trick of drinking at every spring. Of course, you know, that stiffens you and makes you lazy. We had glorious views on every side which made the trip one of the best I have made. It was no ladies' trip though.

The mountains I have been on this summer have not been dangerous in the least. The fact that we never once took ice picks or ropes explains everything. As for going out in storms I don't quite understand you. When it is raining of course we didn't go and if you mean snow storms, those happen only on the highest mountains and people go prepared. The accidents happen to fools (always foreigners) who go on the

most danderous mount

most dangerous mountains without guides. This has been a terrible summer for deaths. Every day a couple fell, mostly on the Jungfrau. That is a terrible mountains and an amateur can't tell the solid ice from the glacier and so he suddenly goes under. Last week three bravos laughed at a guide when he warned them of a dangerous path they intended taking and their bodies will probably never be found. I saw Mr. Ganz at the train for a second this morning and he said there were two dead boys (14 and 16 yrs) in the baggage car who fell yesterday. There is also danger in walking near cliffs. Last week a boulder

rolled down and killed a girl right near here. She was walking along the road with a parasol and didn't see it coming. Very often there is a roaring sound in the mountains which means that the land is sliding. It is an offence against the law to cut a pine tree on the mountains side because it keeps the rocks in place.

I was up to the Hotel last night. Mr. Ganz told me some of his traveling experiences and read me some he is writing for a Swiss magazine. Nothing as funny as traveling experiences. Mr. G.

wrote Mr. Shaw that I would not only face the public but the critics as well next year. Will have to hustle to make good.

I leave Saturday and am going to Ganz's for dinner in Zurich. You can write to 14 Culmbacher str. My old room is taken but I think Fräulein Müller can find another one in the neighborhood.

Will write from Zürich.

Lovingly Ed.

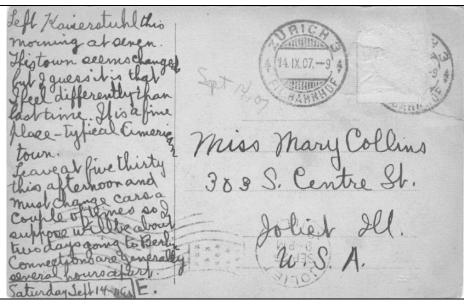


## Postcard picture

Kaiserstuhl Switzerland?

14 September 1907

Ε.



Left Kaiserstuhle this morning at seven. This town seems changed but I guess it is that I feel differently than last time. It is a fine place—typical American town.

Leave at five thirty this afternoon and must change cars a couple of times s0 I suppose will be about two days going to Berlin.

Connections are generally seven hours apart.

Saturday Sept 14- 11AM

Zurich 3 14.IX.07.-9 FILBAHNHOF

Sept. 14, 07

Miss Mary Collins 303 S. Centre St. Joliet Ill. U.S.A.

> Joliet SEP 25 9-PM ILL.

Dear Folks,-

You see by the old time envelope and paper that I am back in Berlin. This is my third day here but the first that I have become really settled. The trip from Zurich was fine - that is I enjoyed it more than most twenty hour trips. Left Zürich at 6:40 p.m., Basel at 11:40, changed again at Frankfurt at 5:30 a.m. and arrived in Berlin 2:40 p.m. That was the climax to a lot of bumming and tramping around this summer. I have covered a lot of ground since Jamieson and I left Berlin last June.

Had a nice time in Zurich Saturday. Mr. and Mrs. Ganz Sr are grand. Mrs. nearly foundered me so I would stand the trip well and the old chap

came to the depot with me. Rudolph leaves for America the 28th. I hated to say good bye to him but he will be back in April.

Staid [stayed] Sunday and Monday at the Starke-Rettberg Pension as my old room was gone. But Fräulein Müller had bustled around and I had a number to pick from. This is the best of them so here is my address. Fürther Str. 12 (bei Frau Kastner).

The room is even better than the last one and I don't expect to have so much trouble about practicing. The only thing so far is hardly worth mentioning the family over head have a music-box and they keep it going all day as revenge on me. It bothers sometimes but there is consolation in the fact that the thing won't last long at the rate it is going now.

Miss Peterson arrived at the pension

gesterday and had no lieldat first ) finding a place for a girl to rush around and

yesterday and had no luck (at first) finding a place. It is particularly hard for a girl to rush around and trust to getting into a respectable house. Luckily a German lady went around with her and succeeded finally.

You walk along the streets and read the cards hanging out on the iron fences until you find something to suit. Klavierspieler (pianists) are seldom allowed. Fräulein Müller looked at 12 different rooms but a piano player could have peace in but 2 of them.

Saw Nicoline and Mr. Spiering last night. N. looks fine and is getting ready for her concert the 31 of October. Poor Nicolai is having hard times. Did you read about that boy who caught fire and ran up to Nicolai for help but burned to death and dropped on Nick's beautiful cello smashing it. Isn't that fate? He and his mother are moving about three times a month and are having terrible experiences.

Am going to call on Mr. Lesser this afternoon. The first concert is the 3rd of October and the first Philharmonic concert the 15. I am going to have a great winter if this music-box croaks.

Lovingly Ed.

Fürther str 12.

Berlin Tuesday Sept. 24. 1907

Dear Folks,-

I find it is a week since writing last so there is the old complaint of the time's slipping away. Of course there is nothing to take up time but my own work so the day is not as short as it will be when the concerts come. The first of October will see the first ones and by the tenth they will be in full swing.

Received Anne's letter from Dubuque yesterday and a postal from Mr. Ganz. He sails Saturday on 'La Provence' of the French line. Mrs. Ganz comes to Berlin tomorrow. Since writing last, I have been to Mr. Lesser's three times. The first was Wednesday. He seemed glad to see me and says I have

grown this summer. There was great excitement at his house that day. Several young men came to say 'good - bye' who are engaged for the Boston Symphony orchestra this season and are already gone. All the young men in Berlin are crazy to go to America so this is quite an event for these. One of them is quite a friend of me and is going to speak to Mr. Ganz who is the soloist at the first concert. Two days after I was there again and accompanied a Russian in the Mendelssohn concerto.

It is fine the way these young fellows come to Mr. Lesser's. He is very wealthy and interests himself for young musicians and as he is a man of leisure he has them there every afternoon.

Being quite a fine violinist

is a good critic and sother are very glad to come

he is a good critic and so they are very glad to come. He has a magnificent violin and a viola besides (as I think I told you) a library containing all the good chamber music written.

Sunday night I was there for supper with two violinists. One of them was sub concertmeister of the Philadelphia orchestra and the other was a pupil of Joachim. We played together and the way those fellows read at sight is wonderful. That's the German style - they believe in not only having a technique but everything else to boot. It is certainly fine for me as they are all older, by several years, than I.

Since Joachim's death they are studying with Wirth. Mr. Lesser was talking to Wirth this week and gave him my name. I am going to accompany the Russian at his lesson next week. Isn't that a cinch? The students are glad when they can be near these men. Wirth is about seventy and has played second violin in the Joachim quartet for forty years so I will take his word for anything he says.

Berlin is more beautiful than ever. I have been walking in the public gardens and they are divine. The people with whom I am living are ideal and I am sure we will get along fine this winter.

Lovingly Ed.

Fürther Strasse 12 (bei Kastner) (don't forget the dots)

Dear Folks,-

It is 11 p.m. I am just home from a concert - the second one of the season. The first was last night. It seemed good to go to a concert after such a long rest but I was disappointed by hearing a bum pianist— one Günzburg a Russian and pupil of Busoni.

I staid [stayed] for only part of the program. The one to night was given by the Hekking trio. The violinist (Siegel) and the pianist (Adler) are American chaps and of course you know of Hekking. It is a fine chance for those fellows to play with him and of course he stands all expenses.

The hall wasn't half full so the poor fellow is going to lose money. They are to give six concerts so there

is a chance that he may make expenses. They played so well tonight that the people may turn out. Hekking is a wonder! He had training the lads to perfection and the Mendelssohn trio was great. But Brahms is pretty deep for young players and Hekking with his fifty years put the others out of the business. The bass was good and the soprano had a good voice but no arias especially Italian and French things should be on a program with Brahms. These arias always remind me of Mareschalchi's concerts. Luckily I had a book with me.

Here is the program just to show you how they are made up. You see it cost 20 pfenning (5 cents). Have a ticket for Kreisler's concert next week and am anxious for the time to come. He is the greatest thing out and you must hear him

this winter. I haven't heard or seen any thing of the Spiering's for the last two weeks. Mr. is so darn funny with his moods worse than Frank Hoffmann that I don't intend to go around there at all. Nicoline's concert is in October and I am wondering if I will be asked to accompany. Spiering's concert takes place the 10th. His posters are already out.

Only today my trunk arrived. I was rushing around the custom house all morning and that means a disagreeable time as the Germans there are so bull headed that you are treated like a dog and of course if you say anything you are pinched. I have been writing out things for the police stating my religion, my mother's name before she was married etc. The first two weeks for a stranger in Berlin are terrible. German red tape is miles long and sets you against the people right at the start.

Heard from Dr. Moody and Dr. Simon this week. Dr. S. is apparently booming.

The mule barometer is not bad either.

I must go to bed. Will write soon again.

Lovingly Ed.

Fürther str 12 bei Kastner Berlin W.

Berlin Thursday Oct 3.

Dear Folks,-

Am just home from a concert. It was given by a pianist named Wad from New York. He is the limit. Such playing ought not to be allowed. Maybe he has a 'wad' of money though so he can buy concerts. The critics will eat him without salt tomorrow so at least his career in Berlin is ended. These are just the preliminary concerts. The big fellows haven't as yet made their appearance. However next Monday Kreisler will kill some violin concerts and the first Philharmonic concert is the

fifteenth so we will soon be having something good.

In my last letter I forgot to tell about being at Wirth's.

It was a typical German studio scene. The students sat around and listened to each other play much like at Busoni's except that no fooling or laughing at bum playing is allowed. I accompanied only the Mendelssohn concerto and Wirth seemed pleased as he made arrangements to have me play often. The only excitement was his taking me by the collar twice and giving a fearful jerk to show a violinist how to go after a certain note.

They giggled at me as it is the beginner's mistake to get in his way. They give him free

play and keep to the walls with a chair in front of them. Before drawing the bow he spits on his hand just like a fellow who was going to swing a sledge would do.

The musicians are certainly dying lately. Reisenauer is the latest. He is a tremendous loss as his talent has no equal. The last years he has abused himself terribly never practiced and drank all the time. So it got him and he is not fifty years old. He was just at the height of his power.

I went to see Mrs. Ganz today. She had a tooth pulled and was pretty much bummed up after her trip. She brought with her one hundred dollars for me. (The first two cheques from Mr. Shaw) It is only today that I feel sure of staying this winter. Since the tenth of August I have lived on Mr. Tewksbury's money which I should be saving in case he should ask for it. So at last things seem to be running smoothly after a very strenuous summer. Mr. Shaw says he expects great things from Mr. Collins! Isn't that the limit? Well they'll have to stand for what comes as long as they've let themselves be caught. Another year to study though - that is a consolation.

The adventures of Willie Wall and Angie Makan are rich.
Lovingly Ed.

Berlin Oct. 8 1907.

Dear Folks,-

A year ago to night Mr. Ganz made his debut in Berlin. When I wrote the date of this letter I thought of it. It was also my first sight of Berlin musical life and although the time has flown I have learned a pile. Not one day has passed that could be called worthless. That is because there are such a fine crowd of people here and because every one is learning. This makes the great competition and gives an incentive that doesn't let you be idle. This is probably the last year that I will have to study right. The very fact that I don't amount to anything here gives me

lief to do just as I please because no one runs after me taking my time or bothers his head with what I am doing.

Last night was Kreisler's concert. But first I must tell about Schelling's. He is from New York a pupil of Paderewski and as he doesn't advertise is not so well known. I thought I would go as Mr. Ganz told often of the trials of Ernest Schelling. I expected to hear a nice player. But lo and behold you he is the greatest thing I ever heard. He is very delicate and they say he won't live long but still he has strength and plays Chopin just like Chopin played it. His

right hand plays like a violin and his left like a 'cello. He gives another concert the 18th and I will be there in forty ways.

Kreisler of course played like a giant. But the audience was the fine thing. The Americans turned out en masse and there were lots of new ones. They certainly make the Germans look like scrubs.

After the concert I was talking to several pupils from the Chicago Musical College who have just come over. Also signor Frosolono who played at Siegel Cooper's and often at Mareschalchi's. Last but not least Mr. and Mrs. Sauret. Kreisler must have been proud to have Sauret there. When he (Kreisler) was a young chap he won a medal in a big competition in Paris. The judges were Sarasate and Sauret.

Nicoline's concert is the 17th. I was not asked to accompany. One Fritz Lindemann is going to. He is the limit.

Mr. Ganz arrived in New York Saturday. Da Motta is coming next week.

Haven't had any letters this week.

Lovingly Ed.

Fürther str 12.

Berlin Dienstag 15 Oct. 1907

Dear Folks,-

Ann's letter this morning reminded me that I haven't written for a week. We are having beautiful weather - the regular Indian summer. It has lasted about two weeks with no sign of a change. I have been walking a pile lately and it feels fine.

Thursday night I went to a concert by Arthur Hartmann. He had a pretty good crowd - mostly Americans - but did not come up to expectations. I expected to hear something extra good but he is nothing

extraordinary.

Spiering played Saturday night. He played fine but didn't have much of a crowd.

Nicoline's concert is Thursday. She is not a bit nervous but of course isn't very strong and it is a big strain.

You know I play next year on condition, only, that I make the money. A concert in Bechstein Saal costs \$200. That is of course, a very small hall. Mrs Ganz would have me play in Beethoven Saal but that costs 400. So if I don't scrape up some coin before spring I will not play.

Had to stop for an hour. Mr. Beebe was up to see me.

We are going to play together often. He surprised me by telling me about his mother. Her name is Mrs. Bennet and she keeps a big boarding house. I had often heard of Bennet's pension as it is one of the best in Berlin but I never imagined that Beebe had any connection with it. He is studying very hard and seems to be very ambitions but I fear for him.

Tonight is Mr. Ganz's first appearance in American with the Boston Symphony Orchestra.

Da Motta comes tomorrow but will not give any lessons until the first of November. Can't blame him after being on the ocean several weeks. Mrs. Ganz is going to live in the Rettberg pension this winter. She intended having her own apartment but it is no fun finding one especially now when everybody is looking around.

I haven't been working the last couple of days. About once a month there comes a time when I hate the sight of the piano and must wait until I get rested. There is no news in particular. Will write again this week.

Dear Folks,-

11 p.m. Just home from Sauret's concert. He played magnificently. The old fellows, after all, know the most. He had a full house but a great part of it was free tickets. You can get an idea of Berlin when you think of an artist like Sauret with one of the biggest reputations in the world giving free tickets. I thing he was afraid of Thibaud (who also played to night) and gave the tickets away to take the crowd from him. Thibaud and Sauret are by no means friends. It seems that Sauret deserted from the army and was expelled from

France. When Thibaud was in America he told it all over. That made Sauret furious and he wrote T. a letter telling him 'it was none of his business.'

So Sauret is living in Berlin and teaching. He has a crowd of pupils and is a thorn in the side of the violin teachers.

I have been to no other concerts this week but am going to several more this month.

Tomorrow is the Nikisch concert. In the afternoon there is a reunion of Mr. Da Motta's pupils at his home. He arrived this morning at five a.m. I was asked to go with several others to meet him at the station but not me.

Five o'clock on these foggy mornings is no fun. His poor old aunt,

Miss Gemke, has been in bed for three months and will probably be there much longer. I went over to see her last night. She is Da Motta's housekeeper manager and every thing else. It is hard for her to be sick because she is such a busy body. She speaks every language a going and so took charge of the lessons being able to talk to pupils of every nationality. Of course she adores Da Motta and here he is come and she wasn't able to meet him or have things ready for him.

Next week Sauret plays and I have my little ticket which is a prize as tickets to his concerts are scarce. The same evening Bauer plays. That is too bad as I wanted to hear him too.

I have been walking in the country lately and am enjoying it immensely but it takes time. This morning I was out four hours. The suburbs of Berlin are simply beautiful and so few people seem to realize it. Every body goes walking Sunday afternoons but the only time is the morning. Of course the people get up so late that there is no time for anything until afternoon or evening. They go to bed fearfully late. ???

I can't think of anything worth writing so will quit.

Berlin Saturday Nov 2.

Dear Folks,-

Only one more week for me to be twenty. It is fierce how old I am getting. Imagine twenty one! That is fierce. It seems, though, I will never be a man. Everybody thinks I am a kid.

It is about a week since I wrote but it seems like a day. Kate's success is great. She is certainly the best in the business in her line. She will have big success in Europe as the accompanist is noticed more. She is throwing me in the shade. I will have to get busy. There have been some fine concerts lately. Franz von Vecsey played with Nikisch last Sunday. He is

the little chap who was in America a couple of years ago. He had a divine gift. Kreisler is nothing alongside of him.

Thursday I heard Sauer who is of course the biggest pianist in Europe. He came up to his reputation and showed the students what the real technique is. He plays octaves about as easy as I play single notes. There was another pianist this week - Ansorge who has quite a reputation in Germany but is not for mine.

Have been to some teas lately. They are pretty general in Berlin. To go to a tea here simply means to go and have a cup a tea talk for a while, have some music and go home.

Mrs. Brooks had invited me

for tomorrow but in the mean time Mr. Da Motta asked me so I will go there especially as it will also be my first lesson. He is looking fine and expects to be in good health from now on. Some of his pupils were at his house for tea Sunday. He told about his travels and showed us pictures and souvenirs of his trip. He played thirty times in South America and many more in Spain and Portugal (Lisbon is his native town).

Was down to Mr. Lesser's yesterday. He read part of a letter from one of the young fellows who went to Boston last month. This fellow is delighted with America and with the orchestra.

On the way home from Lesser's I called on Mrs. Ganz and ran into a girls' tea. Had to play of course. Went walking with a young fellow to Wansee this morning. It was a fine three hours' sprint through woods and along the edge of a lake. He told me a funny story - a Jew (this young fellow is a Jew himself) who kept a clothing store had a coat and vest stolen from him. Next day he spied a fellow with his property and sicked a policeman after the chap. But when the policeman started out the Jew gave him instructions to shoot the fellow in the pants because the coat and vest belong to me.

Nothing more to say will write soon again. Lovingly Ed.

Dear Folks,-

I haven't any ink so must write this with pencil. It has just struck ten and I am not allowed to practice a minute over time. Frau Kastner watches the clock like a cat and and startles me with a vicious knock on the door when time is up. It makes me angry sometimes especially when I am in the middle of a very interesting thing. So what practicing is done must be at the same time every day and if something comes up to take your time you can't make up in the morning or the evening so the whole day is gone. I get up at 7:30 which is a

monstrosity to most of the Germans. When I told Mr. Lesser he said, "Donner Wetter."

I read the paper every morning. (Nearly all the papers are delivered early in the morning)

I can start practicing at nine but never do until ten because I must take a walk to be able to sit still until 2. Those 4 hours in the morning are great and are about the only practicing I get in. Nearly every afternoon there is some rehearsing with violinists or some errand to do and as the afternoon begins at 4 it isn't very long. The evening is spoiled as supper isn't over until 8:30. Of course nearly everyone stays up late. The cafés are great hang outs. The men, in particular, never

stay from evenings but sit in the cape until a loser. mottas interest in me. Her a wo will tell mea few things this wenter know before. I heavy with all my might almy

stay home evenings but sit in the cafe until 1 or 2 o'clock. Old chaps, too, play cards every night and always in the same café. It is very unusual for Germans to entertain at home. They treat their friends at a café.

Have been to several concerts this week. Sauer played bum at his second concert. I don't believe he ever practices a note. Tuesdays and Wednesdays I go to orchestra concerts in the Philharmonic. You know it is a tremendous dance hall and on these evenings there are nothing but tables. Between each number there is an intermission and rivers of beer are lost track of. But during the numbers it is deathly still.

Tomorrow noon is the Nikisch concert. Gottfried Galston pianist, is going to play. He is playing a great deal in Berlin this winter but the wise ones say he is a loser.

Had a lesson Tuesday. Mr. Da Motta is going to give me a lesson every week and I pay the same as for one every other week. So he is throwing in several extra hours a month, d'ye see? I am tickled to death but haven't told Mrs. Ganz. She may tell me not to take it and that will throw ice-water on Da Motta's interest in me. He is a wonder and will tell me a few things this winter that I didn't know before. I play with all my might at my

lesson. He is so full of energy and it is contagious.

The first cheque from the Cable Co. came this week. I mean the first one to this address. There was a little note with it and I guess they will keep me in mind once a month.

The weather is pretty cool, which means that the German stoves will get warm. It seems that the object is not to heat the room but the stove for at no time is the stove other than warm. You can lay your hands on it anytime. There is no real coal but little blocks of stuff like peat. The only way the Germans keep warm is by having double windows and keeping them shut. They are more afraid of a draught

than of a gun. It is impossible to have a window open the least bit nights and have any comfort the next day. Over at Fräulein Müller's the principal trouble was that on account of the window being open nights the things in the room became cold including the stove, and it was impossible to thaw them in less than a day. These people are awfully nice though, so I think there won't be any trouble.

Don't send anything for Christmas. You can send me a suit in the spring but there is nothing I need now.

Tomorrow is Luther's and Schiller's birthday. Famous men born on that day.

Berlin Nov. 15 1907.

Dear Folks,-

Just a few lines before I go to bed. I forget when I wrote last so you may have the same things told twice. Sunday I went to the Nikisch concert. Gottfried Galston, pianist, played. His [back?] is cooked. Nikisch directed the Faust Symphony of Liszt magnificently. In the last movement there is a male chorus, tenor solo, organ and orchestra. With Nikisch at the helm you can imagine what it was.

Tuesday and Wednesday were popular concert nights.

'Popular' means only that beer is drank. The programs are strictly classical and Dr. Kunwald, the director, knows his business perfectly.

Was down to Mr. Lesser's yesterday. Mind you Wirth had written to him asking for my address so I went to the Hochschule this morning. He was awfully nice to me and right away made arrangement for me to play a pile of accompaniments at his studio. I staid [stayed] from 10 to 1 today and heard six or seven play. It is a picnic. He says terrible things to the pupils especially the girls. He is terribly witty and I have to yell laughing sometimes. One fellow had

a cold this morning and Wirth said 'no wonder it was certainly unhealthy the way that chap played.'

The Hochschule is a government institution and most of the pupils have lessons free. They have the big head terribly - laugh at everything that isn't from the Hochschule. If they knew I wasn't studying there they would tell me to 'git' but Wirth is the only one who knows it.

I was at Mrs. Ganz's Monday night. She and I are great friends now. I stayed the whole evening, played and gossiped. To gossip in Berlin means to call other musicians down. I told her about Mr. Da Motta's giving me the extra lesson and she advised me to be careful and not come under too great obligations to him. So at the lesson Tuesday I told him about it and his answer showed the great man he is. He said "Well if you ever have the money and want to pay for it you can then but the principal thing now is that you have many lessons." I think that is about the finest thing imaginable. Any other artist of his standing would be insulted at my saying that 'I couldn't accept the lessons as I didn't want to be under obligations to him.'

Received a little shock this afternoon through

a letter from Mr. Tewksbury. You know after he sent me the cheque last summer I did the grand by writing to Mrs. McKeon, telling her about my luck with the Cable Co. and saying that I didn't need Mr. Tewksbury's cheque. At that time he had left for South Africa and hadn't sent me his address so I asked Mrs. M. to write and tell him about things and to send me his address so I could give back the £40. Mr. Ganz said he wouldn't take it back but this afternoon comes a letter from South Africa from him telling me how pleased

he is to hear of my going to stay another year and as long as I am not going to use the money to send it to him in Ceylon. Now the joke of it is that I haven't all the money. Before the first Cable Cheque arrived I had used 200 marks of it and now my assets all told are 600 marks. So I have to plant seed to grow 200 marks somewhere. I think I will borrow it from Mrs. Ganz and can pay her on installments.

So you see I wish you wouldn't send me clothes as I am not off your hands yet for although the Cable Co. will send the monthly cheque I don't

see any way of getting home next year especially as I have forgotten how to swim on account of not having had any practice last summer. Of course some thing may turn up that so I will be able to earn it but if ye year from now you had a hundred dollars in the bank and I hadn't any why things could be arranged yet.

The socks arrived this week they are fine - a perfect fit. T[h]anks!

Now don't get excited over this Tewksbury affair as there is a whole year to straighten it out.

Berlin Sunday Nov. 24.

Dear Folks,-

I guess it is a week since I wrote. The last few days have been the busiest I ever had. With playing accompaniments and rehearsing there has been no time to even practice my own things but it won't last long and besides I am learning a pile.

What do you think - even Mr. Spiering is pleased and I am going to accompany him a great deal this winter. Thursday am going to Potsdam and Saturday (7th of December) to Leipsic.

Besides that I have played a great deal at Mr. Lesser's and

am going there this afternoon. Yesterday I had three rehearsals and was all this morning at Spiering's. There have not been many good concerts lately - Busoni played last Sunday but I didn't go. They say it was great. Around the holidays people get tired going to theaters and concerts. It is a dull time for the managers.

Today is a big day in Germany. It is called Toten Fest which means dead feast. It is about the same as All Souls Day in America. Everybody goes to the grave yard with candles and lights them on the graves.

We have had snow several times this week and today it is quite deep. The kids are fierce

and you get hit pretty much when you go down the street. The people are great for skating and I see the rinks are crowded. They don't skate very gracefully - that would be impossible for a German but old and young go at it with all their might. Mr. Da Motta is fine. You know he wasn't well last year but that South American trip fixed him up fine. I played the Liszt C major at my last lesson and am going to play the Mephisto waltz next time.

It is fierce about Julia Wyman. She isn't known at all in Berlin but there is a Dora Moran who has sung quite often here. I wonder who this Dora Moran is.

I know Myrtle Elly Elvyn. She is very gifted - plays much like Carreño that is, beats the piano up but hasn't much sense. She always makes a hit with her looks as well as her playing.

I am not going to send the money to Mr. Tewksbury so soon. It is awful that I used it but I had to. I told him I had deposited it which at the time was true. But he can wait. I must run to my dinner.

Dear Folks,-

Saturday again. It was about this time last Saturday that I wrote from Leipsic. If you got the post card you already know something about the concert. There was a good audience and much applause. Spiering wasn't feeling well and forgot many times but played some things better that ever. Saturday the Courier and Leader chaps were there for lunch. They are both very nice but not extra clever. Sunday Mr. Payne, the man who invented the miniature music scores, invited us for dinner. You have probably seen those little

scores of all the great musical literature in books small enough to carry in your pocket.

Frank Hanna is as big and lazy looking as ever. He is the American consul at Magdeburg a place two hours from Leipsic. Mrs. Hanna is singing in the opera and having good success.

The last week has been tiresome for me. I have been out every night and spent the days playing with violinists and cellists. This rehearsing business will have to stop but it is going to take a long time for me to learn to say 'no.' These fellows will use you if you let them so I am going to quit it.

Today is a terrible day. It is snowing

and raining alternately and the slush is a foot deep.

The clarinetist under me had just started to practice. Pretty soon the pianist over head will begin. This pianist must be a woman and must look exactly like Celia for she plays just like her. She only knows the Flower Song and can only play the last part with one hand. The left hand plays before the right just like Delia's.

I sent Mr. Ganz a card from Leipsic.

Too bad you couldn't go to his concert.

## Sunday Dec. 15

Couldn't finish this yesterday. There is scarcely any thing to write. Berlin is getting ready for Christmas and the Christmas trees are lining the side walks. The stores are decorated beautifully, more so that ever before. I read a newspaper article lately that spoke of the improvements Germany has made in the last few years. For over a year now Berlin has had messenger boys and that is wonderful. What they have learned from the Americans has changed them immensely. Clothing store dummies have lately been introduced. Last year suits and dresses were hung on iron framework.

It is colder today and not raining. I will cut this out now and write again this week.

Merry Xmas Ed.