

Berlin

Jan 8, '10

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The socks arrived yesterday in a sorry looking plight. They were not torn but looked all tangled up and sticking out of the wrapper on all sides. It took long enough for them to arrive but I appreciate them more just for that reason. Of course I don't need them (?) Mr. Lesser's present has not

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I sent no post cards at New Years which is a terrible thing. I bought the cards but simply didn't have the character to sit down and write them.

I got some nice presents for Christmas besides the ones you sent. Mr. Lesser gave me a beautiful stick pin, Mrs. Ganz gave me 10 Marks (!) and an Italian Countess whom I met on the Deutschland sent me a picture from Rome. Another lady gave me a sofa pillow and the people at whose home I was Christmas Eve gave me a bottle of wine (the usual Christmas present in Germany), a tie and a cake.

New Years Eve I was with Mr. Lesser at a little party. It was rather tiresome as the principal pleasure consisted in waiting until the clock struck twelve and then congratulating every one on the new year. It was terribly exciting. We left soon after twelve and I went home to bed. That was rather unusual for me on New Years for every other year I have been down

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town all night. Last year Kate and I were together and went around visiting cafes until 4 A.M. It is terribly rough in the <sup>town</sup> down district; nearly every one is intoxicated and the police have no control. I thought I would show it to Kate last year otherwise I should not have gone. I had been there twice before that and when you have seen it once there is nothing new to be seen.

Absolutely nothing of importance has happened this week. The Hochschule is in the usual running order and I am there nearly every day. It is a wonder I don't arrive at something with all my studying. But that is the way with art - you study for years without reaching anything when suddenly your work seems to come together and you find yourself an artist. That is the way it will be with me. I shall find what I am looking for all of a sudden. Of course that is the way it appears; I am improving every day and my success will be the result of a fearfully slow development which is so slow that I can scarcely notice it. But better slow and sure than quick and not lasting. So many young musicians make a sensation on their first appearance and then sink into oblivion after the

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second. A young pianist played here this week who last year was heralded as the coming one. After his performance the other night the critics and public were disgusted and he got such bad criticisms that he will scarcely be able to live them down. Jamieson's portrait of me is finished and I am delighted with it. He left last Sunday for Munich and as it wasn't dry, couldn't take it with him and as it wasn't dry, couldn't take it with him so I sent it to him today. He was disgusted with his stay in Berlin as well he might have been. I saw him only in the morning when I went to sit and was either invited out in the evening or had work to do at home so that he had to amuse himself as best he could.

The German papers give long accounts of the cold and snow in America. It must be fierce. We have fine weather now; once in a while there comes a cold day but it is generally dry and oh joy! the days are becoming brighter.

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Berlin  
Jan. 18, '10

Dear Folks,-

It was quite a shock yesterday to get two letters from home. Mary hadn't written in a long time. The announcement of Carl's marriage is no surprise - to the contrary, he had a pile of news to wait so long in Joliet where every inhabitant is a gossip by profession. I feel sorry for him in a way. The girl is, of course, much above him and will certainly have a good effect upon him but he'll get tired of her.

I have done no studying, to speak of, during the last week. It has been one of those slacking up periods which come over me once in a while. I feel perfectly well at these times but have no pleasure from my work. Then suddenly I go to a great concert and get an incentive to start out again.

There was a concert at the Hochschule last night in honor of Prof. Rudo of the patriarchs in Berlin musical circles. I played the tympani for the first time in public. It was rather exciting and I was very nervous in the beginning for fear of coming in at the wrong time. I received my baptism of fire, as the Germans say.

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about any first experience. After the concert (which began at 6 P.M.) I ate supper with Mr. Lesser. He has received nothing from you and I have told him Annie sent a little remembrance. I asked Kate to send him something at Christmas but she didn't do it. You must have had a fine time and her family. I can't understand how she keeps up this traveling; to go over the same ground several times must be fearful. Frank is mighty easy to stand; it. I wish Kate would get tired of it sometime and have Schumann Heink take me for a year or two. It would be a fine beginning in America for me and I would have the delicious feeling of earning something and being independent. I went to 'Madame Butterfly' at the Opera Friday evening. It was well given and was especially interesting as the principal parts were sung by Americans. That is very appropriate as most of the characters in the play are Americans. It is the first of any account which mentions America in the text and is for that reason a novelty. But Puccini owes America a great deal and is doing right in showing it. I am sure from now on the scenes of many plays will be laid in the United States. It would give the country an

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artistic reputation which at present, it lacks.

I have heard about the troubles the Chicago Orchestra is having. It seems too bad that things which have stood for years can be thrown over in a moment.

Kramer certainly deserved something better than dismissal after the many years he has slaved there.

A young man in Berlin, Harry Weisbach, has been offered the position of second concertmeister. He is quite a friend of mine - we have played together. It does not seem entirely right that he is going in over the heads of so many and other older players (the chap is 22) but he has influential friends and, I think, better.

You should hear Busoni and see him - for to see him is almost as much as to hear him. I think he is the most striking looking man I have ever seen. Mr. Ganz is regretting that he is not in America this year; Carrenus and Busoni being the only ones there have too much to do and so he would have had a fine season.

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According to the German papers you are all freezing. It makes me shiver to think of the wind that comes down from the direction of Chicago and goes to the very marrow. I can almost feel that stiff breeze that cuts your face when you go toward Michigan Ave. It seldom becomes very cold in Berlin which is a blessing for nearly everyone. There is steam heat in the new houses but a German stove is no good in zero weather. I think I have described this to you several times. When I say to my landlady that my room isn't warm enough she puts her hand on the stove and says, "It is warm".

It has poured rain for several days and has been quite warm so it will not be long until we have grass. You see I have to talk about the weather to fill up a couple of pages.

The criticism of St. Mary's Christmas music was magnificent - particularly the account of how the director 'switched his choir on in the finale.' It was quite a surprise to hear of Delia's being at a ball. Nothing of the kind has happened in our family for years. Don't let Mrs. Collins tear down the house when she is tearing down the wall paper. Lovingly Ed.

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I saw a marionette play for the first time in my life. Mr. Lesser was with and also saw one for the first time although he is 52 years old.

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I saw a marionette play to night for the first time in my life. Mr. Lesser was with and also saw one for the first time although he is 52 years old.

I enjoyed it immensely; the first part was an operetta by Pergolesi and was most interesting. Pergolesi lived in the first half of the 18<sup>th</sup> century so the music reminds one of Haydn or Mozart. The dolls on the stage were manipulated perfectly and it was often hard to believe that they were not doing the singing and speaking. There was something so old fashioned about the whole affair - the men dolls wore powdered wigs and the women hoops and the little orchestra played so quaintly. On such an occasion one sees how the times have changed and how the past fades away without leaving any impression.

#### Tuesday Evening

Today was rather busy for me; I had a lesson in score reading this morning at the Hochschule. Rushed back to a rehearsal at 3, played the timpani at a 'Lohengrin' rehearsal from 4 to 5 and then went to a tea at Ganz's. This last was very nice because there were very few people there and we had a nice chat and a little music. I went over to Gaynor's this evening for the first time this year, but ~~staid~~ only a few minutes as they were going out. Mrs. Gaynor is a good soul and I would go over often but for lack of time. She seems to be doing a land office business with her songs for the three (two daughters) are going on a trip which

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I suppose you are all ready for Lent; have decided what you will fast from etc. In our family Lent always meant more on account of the church music to be prepared. It is a strenuous time for organists. Today is the climax of the carnival in Germany. In most towns it lasts for a couple of weeks and during that time the people go crazy. Berlin is of course too big for such a thing it would be very dangerous here but for instance, in Munich it is the big event of the year. Jamieson told me all about it when he was here. The people go out in the streets with the most outlandish costumes and try to do freakish things. Houses are all open and a stranger may make a visit any time. Fancy receiving a stranger in a hideous costume and having to entertain and feed him. It would be a great thing for the tramps in America. There are dances, street parades and confetti battles tonight and the whole town will be wild. The Germans don't give in to Lent without a struggle. I am invited to Mr. Lesser's to a musicale tonight. Of course it will be very indecent (?) there listening to Beethoven and Mozart. I accompanied at a concert in the Hochschule and last Sunday evening and earned 25 marks. It was what you

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would call a peoples' concert. These are impossible in America because the common people there aren't interested in music, but in Germany they are a necessity. The admission is very little and the hall is always packed. On week day evenings there are free concerts for workers and they are always filled. One evening it is for house servants, then again for waiters, and so on. The people come a half hour ahead of time and are delighted with themselves. Once a week there are concerts in the Philharmonic for the German youth. The Philharmonic orchestra plays the best music and poor school children are admitted for almost nothing. No wonder that music is understood and almost nothing is played at the class lesson at 7:10. I enjoy them immensely because it is the only chance of opportunity to get routine and then it is the only chance of meeting Americans. It is more of a strain to play for your colleagues than to play in public for it is a kind of competition and every one is anxious to be the best. Mr. Ganz is getting quite an international class now. There are even a few Germans there which is the best sign. If American students come to Berlin they study only with some one who is known in America and that is why all those who have played in America have so many American pupils. Then as Mr. Ganz charges so much, it is almost impossible for him to have many Germans.

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I should have written this Monday at the latest but waited, hoping to give an interesting account of my second appearance as conductor, which appearance took place at the Hochschule today. But the charm, which anything, done the first time, has, was not there. I was not even nervous and it was my nervousness which made the thing so spicy last time. Then ~~the~~ the delicious experience of feeling foolish ~~failed~~ was not present to day - In fact I felt very blasé and much like an old conductor who wishes to retire. I scarcely uttered a word because the teacher stood near me and saw fit to make all the corrections necessary besides conducting with me a good part of the time. But still it was a valuable experience and will come to my aid next time. I saw today how much I learned the first time. Was at the theatre with Mr. Lesser tonight. It is such an agreeable change off from concert going especially as there are such fine actors in Berlin. I should so like to hear a good play in English; I have never heard one in my life so I can't imagine how it is. German has become my mother tongue and another language on the stage would sound very strange to me. It is a great pity that there

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is no time to study French. I speak no better than when I came and see no chance of learning it. Have Annie and Cele started their French lessons with Mrs. Fallburg?

Harry Weisbach the new sub-concertmeister, sailed for America Sunday. I was talking to him last week; he seemed quite delighted with his prospects as well he may. If you should happen to meet him he will tell you all about me and our playing together. He seems to have a big pull with the orchestra trustees as he has already played there and has been supported in Europe by a wealthy Chicago man.

I read in the paper that Mahler and Weiss pounded each other at a rehearsal in New York. They are both dangerous men and when two such come together there must be pounding. To begin with Weiss is kind of crazy from over work and dissipating. He causes more trouble and scandalous talk in Germany than all the other musicians together, which is saying a good deal. Mahler is a fearfully nervous man and with his vicious temper is getting into scrapes the whole time. It is not easy for musicians to get along; when we play chamber music at Mr. Lesser's there is always the danger of the thing's ending in blows. When you are playing, your nerves <sup>are</sup> at a high pitch and when some one

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Dear Folks,-

Every time I write a piece of winter is gone and when you get this letter the cold will have surely left you. I despise the winter and if I had the money should go to Palermo or Algiers during the cold months. I don't know which is worse, the freezing cold in America or the icy rain in Berlin. When it rains it is not so cold but still you shiver; we had no winter here - nothing but rain and dark days. Some friends of mine just arrived from Italy and are delighted to get back to warm Berlin; they nearly froze to death in Rome! They say there are no stoves there. But now is the time the people are going to Rome. They all want to be there for Easter. It must be fine to go to high-mass Easter Sunday in St. Peter's Church. Thousands go just for that.

I called on Mrs. Staehle about a week ago. I had never met her but had seen her often and her face seemed familiar. I met Francis once at Mrs. Dr. Werners about five years ago but of course, she has changed from a kid to a young lady in the time. They are both very nice and have traveled quite a good deal. It seemed funny to talk with Daly's neighbors and to hear Mrs. Staehle tell how Mrs. Daly gave the youngsters candy. When the old lady was not able to walk to our house to give me the buttons she hit upon the Staehle girls as my

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March 16. 1910.

Dear Folks,-

Every time I write a piece of winter is gone and when you get this letter the cold will have surely left you. I despise the winter and if I had the money should go to Palermo or Algiers during the cold months. I don't know which is worse, the freezing cold in America or the icy rain in Berlin. When it rains it is not so cold but still you shiver, we had no winter here - nothing but rain and dark days. Some friends of mine just arrived from Italy and are delighted to get back to warm Berlin; they nearly froze to death in Rome! They say there are no stoves there. But now is the time the people are going to Rome. They all want to be there for Easter. It must be fine to go to high mass Easter Sunday in St. Peter's Church. Thousands go just for that.

I called on Mrs. Staehle about a week ago. I had never met her but had seen her often and so her face seemed familiar. I met Francis once at Mrs. Dr. Werners about five years ago but of course, she has changed from a kid to a young lady in that time. They are both very nice and have traveled quite a good deal. It seemed funny to talk with Daly's neighbors and to hear Mrs. Staehle tell how Mrs. Daly gave the youngsters candy. When the old lady was not able to walk to our house and give me the buttons she hit upon the Staehle girls as my

successors and kept them supplied. I feel kind of sorry for the Staehles; something must be wrong that the family is so divided. When Marie was here it was not so bad for Mrs. Staehle, for Marie was so lively and made things interesting by practicing the piano half the day. But here are these two women, Francis going to school, and Mrs. Staehle sitting home trying to kill time. Of course they haven't a piano so their lives must be rather tiresome.

Since I last wrote I have conducted twice and with more success each time. It is really becoming interesting now that I have a little routine and don't hesitate to stop the orchestra and try, for instance, the celli alone at a difficult place. As they are all students and haven't much experience in orchestral playing, they must be interrupted every little while. You must remember that this is the 'little orchestra'. There are two at the School: the big one in which I play the tympani, and this little one, made up of very young players. Yesterday we had an overture by Beethoven. First we played it, stopping at difficult places and polishing them up, and then, at the end, from start to finish without interruption. That is as much as one can do in the time (one hour). The lesson lasts two hours but there are always two conductors and the other gets impatient if I take any over time. I am afraid the director will not let me conduct so often next semester. Mr. Lesser was talking to him lately and asked him to have me as often as

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Last week I was <sup>at</sup> a musical evening at Mrs. Gaynor's. She and her daughters played and sang their own compositions which are not very deep but clever. They sang 'The Slumber Boat' as a trio. There were 80 people there - mostly all Americans.

A chap said 'good evening' to me and introduced himself as Howard Wells of Chicago. Of course I was glad to see him but he is a terribly tiresome fellow and I imagine a pretty fierce player. I am going to call on him soon; Mrs. Wells is also here. (That is Mrs. Wells of lecture recital fame)

It is interesting for me to meet these musicians whom I knew when I was a youngster. For instance I met Howard Wells at the musical convention in Joliet about seven years ago. Then I looked up to him as to an old man and a great musician. When I talked to him the other evening he seemed like a pal of mine - in fact I felt much older than he. These American musicians don't know the conditions in Europe; they play the piano pretty well but have no idea of music in general and, when Mr. Wells talked so naively and innocently about his 'work' and his debut in Berlin next winter, I felt like giving him some fatherly advice and describing the danger to which a young musician contemplating an appearance in Berlin, is exposed. The main point is that one is able to grow. He always was and always will be 'Howard Wells of the American Conservatory', which

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Monday was class lesson day at Ganz's. I had a lesson at Kahn's just before and, as the Hochschule is quite a distance, came an hour late to Mr. Ganz but however, not too late to play some variations for two pianos by Brahms with him. I told him about Wagner's wanting me for next winter with Kocian and he laughed at it. In the first place Wagner has no money and Kocian no personality. We would open in San Francisco with a brilliant fiasco and the tour would suddenly be called off. Of course it would be fine to be with Schumann Heink but I am afraid of her reliability. She might be disappointed with my playing in the first concert and let me go without thinking twice about it.

The American art exhibition opened in Berlin today. I hope it will be a success which is hardly to be expected, as it will suffer by comparison with the English exhibition of last year and the French which ended last week. However it is a good beginning and as the same pictures will be exhibited in the principal cities of Europe there is a chance that they will leave an impression.

The Hochschule closes Saturday Evening with a concert; the vacation lasts three weeks. However I shall have my lessons with Ganz and Kahn during that time which means that I shall not be idle. Mr. Lesser thought it a good joke (the 'bill book' as you call it). You have his postal card, by this time. Write him a souvenir card once in a while as to keep even with Kate. Lovingly Ed.

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Berlin  
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Dear Folks,

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I am rather lonesome for the Hochschule to begin. Although I have more peace and can work with more concentration when it is closed, I miss the excitement of seeing so many music students tearing wildly around with music rolls. It is also rather exhilarating to play in the orchestra and have the prospect of conducting once in a while.

Friday I had a piano lesson with Ganz, and yesterday theory with Kahn. My lessons with the latter are becoming quite interesting now; I am studying the fugue and entertaining hopes of understanding it some day. I also have the pleasure (?) of accompanying Mrs. Kahn once a week. She is very nice and that is what tides me over the hour for her singing is a torture.

Gregorowitch was here and is gone again. I did not meet him as he did not come to the party that evening, but I went to his concert which was a passable success. I was surprised at his appearance; instead of looking the artistic and dissipated fellow that I had pictured him, he is fresh and jovial. His playing was quite a disappointment. Mr. Lesser had told me that he seldom practiced and of course that is a bad sign; however I was expecting him to play like a genius anyway. But since his last appearance here he has married and taught for years in a conservatory where he has vegetated and become a professor.

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A young lady from Boston and pupil of Mr. Ganz makes her debut with orchestra tomorrow night. That is the third time this winter that a pupil of Mr. Ganz has come out. Mr. G. would like to have the play but Mr. Lesser is rather against it. I am rather neutral; sometimes I would like to play and again I am rather afraid. Miss Peterson's playing is in a way, more finished than mine although I have much more talent. But she is ready (as the Germans say), that is she has gone as far as she will go and of course, then it is time to begin. The more talent one has, the longer it takes to mature for talent is simply raw material which must be worked into shape. I have shown (at least my teachers say) great talent in all branches of music - piano playing, conducting, composing etc, and to gather this all in is what is keeping me down. At 22 Mr. Ganz accepted the position as director of the piano department at the Chicago Musical College.

If I had studied and finished High School instead of playing ball and running around the streets I might know more now but I should probably have ruined my health.

Am going to a concert this evening which will be great. The great Mottl is going to conduct and Lilli Lehmann is the soloist. She can't sing now but it is interesting to hear her and think what she used to be. She is the creator of many of the Wagnerian roles and was a favorite of

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I started eating in a pension (boarding-house) a couple of days ago. It is the place I came to with Mr. Ganz when I first came to Berlin. My landlady had been cooking for me but told me lately that it was too much for her; so I started eating in a restaurant but didn't keep it up long as I can stand only home cooking. In the boarding house it is much nicer as there is an interesting lot of people and all eating at the same table. There are about 20 there and among them Swedes, French, Americans and Germans.

Roosevelt is certainly being entertained like a king. He arrives in Berlin in May and promises to be the man of the hour. The Kaiser has planned something for every moment of

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Dear Folks -

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You will be surprised to hear that I am studying conducting with Max Bruch. A couple of weeks ago I told Mr. Lesser how I should like to have these lessons and of course, he found the means of getting them for me. He wrote to Mr. Levy (the old man who, on account of bad eyes, dictates his compositions to me) asking him to recommend me. Bruch is an old friend

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I shall get a great deal of benefit from these lessons not only in learning how to conduct but in coming under the influence of such a great master. Although he is about 73 years old, he has more fire than most young men and makes the wittiest and most sarcastic remarks about the blunders of the would-be conductors. In criticizing, he often quotes from poetry or dramas; for instance, yesterday he said to me, "thy undecided movements betray thy weak soul" as the poet says."

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As supper in Germany is at 7:30 and the concerts begin at that time you must eat a bite at 6:30 and rush away because the halls are from a half-hour to an hour's distance. When the concert is over you must eat something so it is 12 before you are home and in bed. After a concert I am always hungry as it is always more than a lesson to me. I remember one night in New York when I went to the opera with Mr. Tewksbury, we went right home and to bed in regular American fashion. I suffered from hunger during the night but managed to get along with the aid of Florence Peterson's fudges. The next night I went with Kate and, as we went to a German restaurant afterwards, I had no hunger pangs that night.

Now I have my supper every night at the pension and am home at 8:30. Dinner is at 2 and of course one must come punctually; not like in the restaurant where you can come when you please.

Miss Peterson played again with orchestra last night; the concert was in the Philharmonic which holds the position in Berlin that the Auditorium does in Chicago. She had a big success. The youngster's career has begun and she will surely make a name for herself. She has an ideal personality for public playing - she is good looking and bold as brass. This last may be a little strong so one could say she is not afraid of the devil. She is a social success which is half of any public

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I suppose you will have a great deal to tell about the opera. It must be exciting to hear such an all-star cast and in an Italian opera. The German opera doesn't give much chance to the singer to display his beautiful voice; here the main point is musicianship and endurance. But the Italians have a different idea and I don't know but that I like it better. They never forget that they are on the stage and in the most tragic moments

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when the tenor is holding high notes for hours and threatening to stab every one on the stage, I must roar laughing. There is something so ingenuine about it all and so typically Italian. You know they are the biggest cowards on earth and the biggest talkers and that is the reason the opera appeals to them so. They are such born losers that they are natural actors. I want to be serious when I hear a symphony or a string quartette but when I go to an opera I like to hear tremendous bragging and see the Italians go through their terrifying antics which don't amount to shucks.

There was an American opera performed in Berlin Saturday night. The music was written by a certain Nevin and the text is taken from Indian legends. Of course there was much excitement here and wondering to see how Indians behave on the stage and hear their music as the composer has lived for years among them and studied their folk songs. Articles appeared in all the papers mentioning what an event it was - the first Indian opera etc. The leading theatres of Europe had sent representatives to the premiere with a view of having it eventually performed in their towns. To make a long story short, it was a magnificent failure. Most of the critics remarked that it was too poor to criticise and a few went so far to

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For the last week it has been fearfully cold here. It rains most of the time - this cold rain which makes your hands numb and goes to the marrow. This is unheard of in Germany where Spring comes always ahead of time. The restaurant proprietors have had their chairs and tables out on the sidewalks for weeks but are waiting in vain for customers; it would not be very pleasant to sit out eating in this weather. But it can't last much longer so the outlook is not bad.

I must write to Kate soon, she is such a shark for sending postals to Mr. Lesser.

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Berlin, May 10, 1910

INCOMPLETE

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Dear Folks,-

Dear Folks,-

I have just come in from my supper and, with that agreeable function just behind me, and the pleasant prospect of spending a quiet evening just ahead of me, I am in the right mood to send a letter. This so-called 'quiet Evening' is a rarity here as well as at home; I was furious last summer that we had company every day and despise being out evenings in Berlin, but I haven't the character to decline when I am invited principally because I am afraid of offending my friends, and they are people who are good to me.

I am afraid it is a long time since I wrote last; at least I can't think when it was so. I don't know where I left off telling my experiences. I don't believe I told you about conducting the second symphony of Beethoven. One of my colleagues who was supposed to conduct on that day, became suddenly ill so the director gave me his time. I had the field all to myself and conducted the two hours. It was great - at least the second hour where the orchestra was a little warmed up and I had overcome all nervousness. In the beginning it always goes crooked;

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The musicians are not in the least interested in what I am saying and of course, when I notice that, I despair of doing anything with them. The first movement of the symphony was horrible last Wednesday - they grumbled furiously when I interrupted them and laughed sarcastically at my corrections. As it is a pupils' orchestra and they are not being paid, they do almost as they please. Most of them hate playing in the orchestra and do it only because it is compulsory.

But the second movement came - a beautiful slow piece and not very hard. It went fine and as that put everyone in a good mood, the rest of the time was a pleasure. It is a big jump to the symphony from the shorter pieces I had conducted; I only hope I shall have the chance often. I asked the director to let me conduct soon again and he said 'I had my nerve'.

The rehearsals of the new work by Max Bruch took place last week. I played the organ much to the astonishment of the orchestra musicians who had known me only as a tympani-player. Bruch seemed quite pleased and yelled to me once in the middle of the piece, 'Very good Mr. Collins'. He is a comical old fellow; speaks a few words of English and uses them on every occasion even when they are entirely out of place. He says my conducting

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But it is different when one must go to school until the first of August. Last year, when I sailed for America July 18, I was compelled to get a dispensation from my lessons for the last ten days.

The concert in honor of Schumann's 100 Birthday took place Saturday evening. In the first half of the program I played the tympani and in the second, organ. Bruch was quite pleased and wrote me a beautiful letter. I shall send it as soon as my friends here have all seen it.

Next Tuesday there is a concert to celebrate the 100 anniversary of Queen Louise's death. It will be quite interesting; royalty will be there en masse and the program is taken from the works of Mozart and Gluck, two musicians who were helped and encouraged by the great queen.

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The great military parade takes place today. It is a grand sight which every one should see. I was there three years ago and shall never forget it. It is in reality a review of the troops by the emperor; they march past him with a 'parade step' which is really magnificent. The cavalry is even more interesting than the infantry on account of the beautiful horses. Last but not least comes the artillery lumbering along. One realizes for the first time what a great machine an army is, and what war is.

But today's parade must take place without the emperor. He has had a boil on his wrist for several days. At least that is what the papers say although it seems funny to me that such a trifle should prevent his attending the parade. The people fear it is something worse. It seems to me that when great men become sick they don't get well again.

Thursday A. M.

I conducted a symphony by Haydn at the Hochschule yesterday. It came quite by accident - one of the young men was unable to come. I had no pleasure from it although the orchestra played better than usual. A big fat cellist, who sits directly in front of the conductor's desk, hates me and by glaring at me the whole time tries to frighten me. He is lazy as sin and makes no

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effort to play with any feeling. No amount of scolding on my part has any effect on him - he simply ignores me. Of course I can not say anything to him directly - the conductor is never allowed to make personal remarks. And then, as he is much older than I am, I can't call him down on the side. But it is different in a good orchestra where the musicians are paid. At the royal opera, for instance, they behave like angels - principally because they must. If one of them forgets himself and looks around to see what is going on on the stage, he is fined. One minute late means a fine. Richard Strauss often dismisses a candidate with the remark that he is too fat, I can't use him. Unlike Caesar, he wants thin men around him.

I was out to supper last night in a fine family but, unfortunately, had to listen almost the whole evening to a young doctor playing the violin. These amateurs are wonderful people; they could die for joy when they are playing and the worst of it is, believe that the listeners are dying of the same thing.

Mr. Ganz is playing in Switzerland. Last week he played two concertos at the German musicians' convention in Zurich. Mrs. Ganz invited me to dinner last Saturday when we had a fine chat!! I see Mr. Lesser very seldom now; he doesn't like it but I can't do differently. It is a half hour's ride.

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A Jew who felt ill, asked a friend to recommend  
a doctor. The friend did this and told Mr. Cohn  
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Jamieson was in town a couple of days last week but I didn't see him through my own fault. That is: I simply avoided him. It would be a pleasure to be with him once in a while and I can learn much from him in every way, but it is impossible. In the first place I am so tied down with my studies, I haven't a moment during the day and if I lose a night's sleep I am no good for a week after. So when he invited me to an after theatre supper at the best hotel in Berlin to meet some friends of him, among them Miss Cable and Miss Lacey of Chicago, I declined on the pretext of having something to do that evening. I knew I would not get home until morning and besides there was another reason, viz: I had no tuxedo. His family isn't wealthy but he always has plenty of money and, as his tastes are very expensive he uses up quite a little cash every month. So to be with him for even a day would mean giving out half of my monthly allowance. He would not think of eating in any but the most expensive restaurants and prefers taking

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I forgot, in my last letter, to put in the program of the Queen Louise memorial and am sending it in this. You will notice that the requiem was sung in the original Latin in spite of the fact that the German court is protestant. But anything else would be fearfully out of place on a death anniversary.

Jamieson was in town a couple of days last week but I didn't see him through my own fault. That is: I simply avoided him. It would be a pleasure to be with him once in a while and I can learn much from him in every way, but it is impossible. In the first place I am so tied down with my studio. I haven't a moment during the day and if I lose a night's sleep I am no good for a week after. So when he invited me to an after theatre supper at the best hotel in Berlin to meet some friends of him, among them Miss Cable and Miss Lacey of Chicago, I declined on the pretext of having something to do that evening. I knew I would not get home until morning and besides there was another reason, viz: I had no tuxedo. His family isn't wealthy but he always has plenty of money and, as his tastes are very expensive he uses up quite a little cash every month. So to be with him for even a day would mean giving out half my monthly allowance. He would not think of eating in any but the most expensive restaurant and prefers taking

cabs to riding in street cars. I believe he works hard at times but always has time to be in society and to travel all over the continent. He probably worked well all winter in Munich but when spring came he had to get out - could not stand being cooped up in one city so long.

I wrote a special delivery letter to the hotel but am not sure whether he received it or not. I promised to come to the hotel and visit him but when the time came could not drive myself to it. ~~Any one~~ ~~else~~ would be furious at me but he knows me - rather finds me droll because I am such a curious specimen - and I shall not be surprised to hear from him soon again, perhaps from America or Japan.

Met Nicoline Zedeler on the street yesterday. She has the same sad face and the same weak voice as of old. At first she intended walking past without speaking, as of course, she had her instructions from Spiering. But I hailed her and she couldn't very well run away. She is going on a tour around the world with Sousa starting in the Fall. Has been in America some time. I was in a hurry and besides it was embarrassing for her to be talking to me so we said only about two words. I should have liked to ask her about Nick and her mother and if the poor creatures are leading a tolerable existence. It will be interesting to watch her future. She certainly has a great talent but her will is completely broken through living with the Spierings. Mrs. is worse than Mr. though in a quieter way. Nicoline never talks above a whisper even when they are not

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around. It is impossible that she should have the least bit of individuality; she makes the impression of being a slave. I thank Heaven that I have nothing to do with Spiering. The thought of the man and his ugly nature threatened to sour my life and my whole day was filled with thoughts of hatred toward him without seeing a chance of breaking away. But Mr. Lesser keyed me up to the point where I was able to show a little nerve and so the crash came and I am the winner.

Thursday afternoon was class lesson day at Ganz's. About 6 of the pupils played; my numbers were a prelude and fugue of Bach and three pieces by Brahms. Instead of the usual tea we had lemonade and cake after. There is to be one more in July, before Mr. Ganz goes to Switzerland. I enjoy the things first; because it is good practice playing before the pupils and then because I get to see a few Americans and speak a few words of English. By the way, my French is improving in strides; there are some Frenchmen in the pension who can't speak German so it is a fine opportunity for me.

Friday noon I had a private lesson with Ganz and staid for dinner. Roy is growing and becoming very wise. He recites German, French, and English poetry beautifully, plays the piano, goes to dancing school and to grammar school. He had his seventh birthday a short time ago. Imagine the

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advantages such youngsters have.

Ate supper with Mr. Lesser last Evening; we see each other so seldom that our meeting is quite an event. He scolds me for keeping away so much but I only laugh and tell him I am looking for time instead of having it to spare. We are going to the opera tonight and that is the last he will see of me until the end of next week. I sometimes telephone and ask him 'how goes it' but that is also getting tiresome for then he always asks me why I haven't been around and finding excuses ~~doesn't~~ often works at the telephone.

There is not a note of music in Berlin except in the parks and on the streets when a troop of soldiers goes by. Many of the Berlin musicians are gone to London where the season is now at its height. It must be cool there in June or that wouldn't be possible. It is some cooler the last few days here - at least the nights are endurable. I am practicing the piano diligently much to the neglect of my other studies.

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Dear Folks,

Berlin

June 28, 1910.

I always begin a letter early in the morning for only then I have the hope of getting it finished before night. I seldom have the time to write one without a stop. It was quite a shock to receive Ann's 'epistle' yesterday; even Mary has lagged lately which, of course, is on account of the many closing exercises in town in all of which she takes part. Celia will, no doubt, have a glorious time at Nye; wherever Kate is one is sure of getting plenty of sleep and that doesn't go against Delia's grain. I don't suppose Kate ever gets up when she has nothing to do. Mary will also have a most enjoyable vacation accompanying Pete evenings and dividing her time in the valley between Uncle Jim's and Uncle Frank's. It is fearful when one thinks of Dr. Moody's sitting the whole day on the same spot and not a soul to talk with. This last is the worst for he is a tremendous talker. Mrs. and Mary are wonders.

There was an ~~off~~ operatic performance (Aida) at the Hochschule Saturday Evening. I did not enjoy it quite as much as the Lohengrin performance last winter principally because the orchestra was not so good and as for the singers, they were ~~vicious~~. Just the same it was fun to sit in the dark corner with my little light in front of me and count the measures until it was time to come in. You know the kettle-drums can only be used in certain places. They make a great effect in very

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exciting moments on the stage for instance, when some one makes a threatening speech, the drums roll softly; after a combat, when people are lying around dead and the guilty have made their escape, you generally hear the tympani alone. Funny that at moments like these, when everything is still, soft beating of the drums increases the silence like the ticking of a clock. Then at the end of an act, especially in the Italian opera, after the hero and heroine have sung a duett with the most impossible holding of high Cs, the tympani make a terrible racket and fire the audience into applauding.

The director of the orchestra becomes on Tuesdays and Fridays has lost his position through lack of ability and Willy Hess, his successor, takes hold this afternoon. Everyone at the Hochschule is wondering if he will make good. He was concertmeister in Boston for several years and before that conducted an orchestra in Cologne, so he is at least a man of experience. The other fellow knew a great deal about music in general but hadn't a spark of fire. He was so terribly polite to the musicians that they ran over him and tuned when he was talking - which is a fearful breach of orchestra etiquette. He couldn't become excited even in the concerts so ~~the~~ it was impossible for him to inspire the pupils. In a good orchestra where the musicians are paid, it pays to be polite, but in a pupil's orchestra where there is no prospect of being fired for not paying attention, they become very independent and do whatever they please provided

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It seems that when you suffer from cold we are melting and vice versa. May and the first two weeks of June were unbearable and now it promises to become very cold. I do hope it will not be so cold in Switzerland. I intend leaving here the 20th of July and staying at Kaiserstuhl four weeks. Then I am to call for Mr. Lesser at a Bohemian bathing resort (Marienbad) and we shall take a trip through Austria and South Germany, landing in Oberammergau soon after Sept. 1. One stays there, at the most, 3 days for there is no use in seeing the Passion Play more than once. There will certainly be a great tumbling of baggage and scrambling for rooms in the little town. Ten thousand Americans alone are expected. Although Mr. Lesser is a pious Jew he is very anxious to see the play; he always claims not to be a 'Christ-killer' for he says not the Jews but the Romans killed Christ. The Ganz family is going to be at Lungern which is half an hour's walk from Kaiserstuhl. This summer will probably be an exact repetition of ~~last~~ three years ago. Ganz ~~se~~ lived at the same hotel and I lived with the

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Tuesday Evening

Well Willy Hess came and conquered this afternoon. He is a tremendous musician and a born conductor; I can't understand how a man can have such a sharp ear. He hears the smallest mistake and corrects it in a way that makes you respect him. I am sure the orchestra will improve 100% under his direction, at least I am glad to play for I can learn much from him. I shall surely write Dr. Moody and Fr. O'Brien this week.

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Berlin July 4, 1910.

Dear Folks,-

I sit here pen in hand in peace while you are surrounded by the deafening noise of cannon crackers and revolvers. When I got up this morning I thought of the way I used to jump out of bed at 4 o'clock on the 4th of July and tear around till late at night. Mrs. Collins had a hard time chasing Jim Shepley away from the house so that he couldn't wake me, but it was the noise she made scolding him that always woke me. The first summer in Hertenstien there was a great display of fireworks to please the American tourists; then on the 14th of July there was another display to please the French. Finally the third display on the 1st of August was in honor of the Swiss themselves. This year I shall miss the first two but not the Swiss national day. Of course in Germany the people never hear of Independence day except when the list of dead appears in the paper. But there is generally a little celebration given by the Americans in a park outside of town but I don't even know where it is this time so little am I in touch with my countrymen. Mrs. Ganz left for Switzerland last week. Roy and the French governess went with her so Mr. Ganz is quite alone.

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They intend spending a few days in Zürich before going into the mountains. I shall also be in Zürich this summer on the way to call for Mr. Lesser who spends the month of August in the neighborhood of Munich. The trip to Luzern is via Weimar and Frankfurt - a beautiful ride of about 18 hours. I know the way pretty well having been over it four times.

Wednesday. It is discouraging to think how long it has been since I ~~wrote~~ started this letter. But the interruption this time couldn't be helped; Monday night I had a bilious attack which used me up for two days. I must have eaten something which didn't agree with me. It was a lively remembrance of my sea-sickness the first time I came to Europe and the first time I have had it since coming to Berlin.

The Americans did have quite a celebration Monday; there were races followed by supper and ball. The ambassador made a speech to the 900 Yankees who were there. At midnight they went to the down town hotels where the news of the Johnson-Jefferies fight arrived. The seven hours difference in time delayed the telegrams until that time. Many people in Berlin won or lost money on the fight. The accounts of the battles between the whites and blacks appeared in all the German papers and are hardly to be believed. That these lynchings can happen in a civilized country in the twentieth century is fierce.

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Dear Folks,-

The laziness which creeps over one, as the middle of July comes, has crept over me and made me practically good for nothing. The worst of it is, one can easily invent an excuse, at this time of year for instance: 'tired after the winter's work', or 'now is the time everyone is taking a vacation, why can't I?' If these two fail there is the heat to fall back on. (That is, if one is in America; here that is no excuse for July in Berlin is ideal) After the 4th there is no excitement so there is nothing to do but to bawl time until the lazy season is over.

Received Mary's letter with Miss Cutler's ~~itiner~~ itinerary. The latter is certainly well informed for she is taking in the sights worth seeing with a cunningness which would do credit to an old European traveler. But for a little incident we could meet ~~in~~ <sup>the 26th of</sup> July in Lucerne; I intended leaving Berlin the 25th, arriving in Lucerne the morning of the 26th and going directly to Kaiserstuhl. We should certainly have been on the same train for she intended going to Interlaken on the ~~the~~ 26th and will surely take the morning train. (Kaiserstuhl is on the way to Interlaken)

Miss Cutler was always very clever and on the lookout for knowledge. She will have the time of her life this summer and will know how to appreciate it after.

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I have practically no new plans for the summer. Who could have plans going to Switzerland? There is so much to see that when you begin to plan you must quit all tangled up. I intended meeting a young man in Lucerne and going on a trip with him; we tried to decide on something definite but the more we talked the more we confused each other, so we gave it up preferring to decide only when we are ready to start out.

I forgot to say that the incident which prevents my seeing Miss Cutler is the fact that I am to conduct the orchestra on the 27th. In spite of the fact I am furious at having to stay in Berlin 2 or three days longer, it is better to take the opportunity as it is the last lesson of the year and the teacher would not forgive me if I should ignore it.

I have written to the people at Kaiserstuhl that I am coming and they are delighted, especially the youngsters. Of course a stranger is an unheard of thing in the little village and anyone who brings a piano with him is a real curiosity. When the piano came last time, the peasants for miles around came to see it and felt of it carefully. A couple of times I played for them and they roared laughing. Mrs. Ganz is probably in Lungern (near Kaiserstuhl) by this time after a visit with Mr. Ganz's parents in Zürich. She left Berlin because she couldn't stand any more music; for the last month Mr. Ganz has been teaching at home and when the pupils were not playing he was,

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so the piano never stopped. She will certainly get a rest this summer as the president of the village has refused Mr. Ganz the permission to have a piano. Three years ago he practiced in the schoolhouse and on account of having the windows open, was heard for miles around. The hotel guests made a furious protest so he is practicing in Berlin until the first of August in order not to be too long without a piano. I used to enjoy visiting them evenings; a train goes from Kaiserstuhl right after supper so I used to arrive just when they were ready to sit out. The walk back to Kaiserstuhl at about eleven o'clock was beautiful especially on moonlight nights.

Berlin seems so deserted; it must be because there are fewer children playing on the streets. The school vacation commenced last week and immediately whole families begin to leave the city. Cabs and autos are flying to the depots and packed trains leave every few minutes for the mountain districts. It seems everyone is taking some kind of a vacation. The janitor of this house rented a piece of ground about 10 ft. square in a woods and his children go there every day to dig in the sand. Any one near Berlin who owns a grove fences off little patches of it and rents them to people who can't leave the city. Sometimes there are thousands of youngsters playing here.

My letters are fearfully disjointed now because I must hunt around for things to write, but I can easily make up for it when I leave Berlin. Now, absolutely nothing happens

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Berlin July 17 / 1910

Dear Folks,-

Although I have had no letter from home for about a week, news came to me this morning from Joliet. One George Stahl sent me a postal card on which he writes that my sister and many friends from Joliet send their kindest regards. So I know from that that the town is still alive and howling. I can't place the gentleman however. He regretted not being able to visit me, over which inability I did not mourn particularly.

Mary and Cele are probably with Kate now. They will certainly have a 'restful' time and it will be especially fine for Mary if she can accommodate herself to Kate's routine. I mean Mary should learn a little from Kate in the way of fitting herself to any situation and letting the world take care of itself. Celia will have the time of her life and will be a comfort to the inhabitants of the place.

I haven't much time to think about my trip to Switzerland as the lessons at the Hochschule are coming at the same pace; however it is only a few days until I pack my trunk and go to the mountains. You can not imagine how happy I am to get away from Berlin for a while. The last two have been especially tiring, perhaps because I am to get to Switzerland. When you have once been you are spoiled for every other place and

Berlin. July 17, 1910.

Dear Folks,-

Although I have had no letter from home for about a week, news came to me this morning from Joliet. One George Stahl sent me a postal card on which he writes that my sister and many friends from Joliet send their kindest regards. So I know from that that the town is still alive and howling; I can't place the gentleman however. He regretted not being able to visit me, over which inability I did not mourn particularly.

Mary and Cele are probably with Kate now. They will certainly have a 'restful' time and it will be especially fine for Mary if she can accommodate herself to Kate's routine. I mean Mary should learn a little from Kate in the way of fitting herself to any situation and letting the work take care of itself. Celia will have the time of her life and will be a comfort to the inhabitants of the place.

I haven't much time to think about my trip to Switzerland as the lessons at the Hochschule are coming at the same pace; however it is only a few days until I pack my **[trunk?]** and go to the mountains. You can not imagine how happy **[I?]** am to get away from Berlin for a while. The last two **[???** have been especially tiring, perhaps because I **[wanted?]** to get to Switzerland. When you have once **[been there?]** you are spoiled for every other place and **[???**



spending the summer in any other country. You can realize that when I mention only one thing: when I get up in the morning at Kaiserstuhl and look out of the window I see a row of glorious snow-capped peaks glistening in the sun and reflected in a little crystal lake near the house. I often wondered why this reflection could be seen only very early in the morning (I used to get up at 5:30) but ~~it is~~ finally discovered the reason. The town is in a very deep valley and in August the sun does not shine over the big cliffs on either side until about 8 o'clock ~~of a late~~. Up until that time the light in this deep valley is indirect, that is - it is the light from the sun's rays and not from the sun itself. I mean this way:

But as soon as the sun's rays strike directly on the lake the panorama is gone.

It is peculiar too that, although the mountains are clear very early in the morning, when the sun comes up clouds gather around them and the beautiful view is lost.

Chapel is only a quarter of a mile away and the little bell in the chapel which rings every few minutes, can plainly be heard in 'Kaiserstuhl'. The natives are glad that I am coming for then they have high mass. There is a parochial school there and in winter a nun who is away in summer. The last year I had some difficulty with the choir.



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The music was good in the morning but at benediction in the afternoon it was bad. The reason was that most of the choir members were shepherds and could not come down from the mountains only once a week for mass. I suppose they had a difficult time getting away from the flock for that length of time.

A young violinist from Berlin is going to stay for a while in the same house and I am sure we shall have a fine time together. He is a protege of Mr. Lesser who is sending him on this vacation at the same time forbidding him to take his violin for fear he will work the whole time. I have been improving so much in my piano playing lately that I hate to think of being without a piano for the whole month; so I have about decided to have one even if I practice only an hour a day.

Tuesday July 19.

You see how I am interrupted; I seldom have time to finish a letter at one blow, this one for instance, has taken three days. Mary's letter came yesterday and was quite newsy. Moody must be in a desperate way to buy enough to eat. There is nothing like having a 'trade' such as school teacher or stenographer for they can get steady work. For women not to be able to do anything in particular means clerking in any kind of a store and being knocked about from one position to another.

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The teacher in score reading informed me today that the last orchestra lesson is called off, so I may be able to leave Berlin on the 25th after all, and may see Miss Cutler. It occurred to me today that the chap from Joliet who wrote me the card is Prof. Stahl that awful violinist. But in spite of all that it was nice of him to think of me and I shall thank him for it. Had a talk with Willy Hess today. He complimented me greatly on my timpani playing and is so glad that I am to play in the orchestra next winter! It is especially flattering when you make a 'hit' with something which you don't consider your best talent. If the conductor would say I was a pig as tympani player I could console myself with the thought that I was doing it only for fun. Hess is not so conceited as I first supposed.

Have Mary write me often from the Valley, it will be fun to hear about R. T. O'Brien and Jim Fitz.

Don't forget my address from July 25 to August 20—  
Bürglen Obwalden  
Switzerland  
Lovingly  
Ed.

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Bürglen, Obwalden, Switzerland  
July, 29, 1910.

Dear Folks,-

My sudden change of address accounts for the tardiness of this letter; I left Berlin Wednesday and as I had lessons almost up until train time and had to pack my trunks and make the inevitable 'good-bye' calls, I could not think of writing. But now that I am here among the peasants with no piano or music paper in the neighborhood, I am compelled to take a magnificent rest and shall write to several people whom I owe letters since a year or more. The trip from Berlin was a strain and I arrived here worn out. The ride itself was exactly 22 hours with three times change of cars and a custom house. I could not sleep a wink on the train on account of the heavy traffic, people getting in and out at every station, and landed at Basel at 6 A.M. To Lucerne was a two hours ride and from there to Kaiserstuhl two hours more. I had a wait of several hours in Lucerne and as the weather was beautiful, took a walk around the city, visiting the points of interest which I hadn't seen for three years. The town was alive with Americans, stately severe looking women with nose glasses and hollow-cheeked, nervous looking men. I can tell my countrymen a mile off. They distinguish themselves in museums and churches through

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audacity and loud talking yesterday in the cathedral at Lucerne there was as much loud talking as at a bazaar.

I arrived at Kaiserstuhl at 1:30 so tired that I could hardly walk from the depot. But after a two hours sleep in the afternoon I felt some better and made up my mind to visit Mrs. Ganz in the evening. The day before when I said goodbye to Mr. Ganz he advised me to visit his wife and son as they were so lonesome. Roy had not been well for some time but last night she had red cheeks and ate like a thrasher. I left the hotel at 9:30 and arrived in Kaiserstuhl at 10:30; ~~th~~ every inch of the road seemed familiar, even the toads that hopped out of my way seemed old acquaintances. There is a little inn here with a light in front of it and when I come around a curve in the road a mile away this little lamp strikes me in the face like the headlight of an engine.

The mountains are grander than ever - perhaps because I am more able to appreciate them now. Yesterday afternoon I sat on a log for hours staring at them. There are three varieties and I scarcely know which is most beautiful. Those in the neighborhood are smaller than the others and are covered with pine woods and meadows. Every now and then you can hear the shepherds calling the cows. The row back of these is a line of higher mountains. They look grey and dreary because very little vegetation grows up that high. Then finally come the peaks making the third row. They are pure white especially in the morning when the sky is blue.

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But you can seldom see them for any length of time - clouds gather around them every few minutes.

I intended taking a walking trip with a young violinist but we have decided to give it up. He is going to spend a couple of weeks with me here and, when I go to visit Mr. Lesser, is going to Italy. We should have enjoyed the walking trip immensely but the rainy season has set in and we would often be interrupted. Then again it is fearfully expensive; you eat twice as much as usual and, on account of staying at a different hotel every night, must be continually giving tips.

There are only two mail trains a day here so I will have to ~~send this~~ quit and send this off. I shall write again in a couple of days.

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Bürglen, Obwalden  
August 10/910.

Dear Folks,

Rained nothing but rain. I wonder how the clouds can hold so much. Last Monday I went with Heber for an excursion on the Lake of Lucerne; that night it began to rain and hasn't stopped since. (Today is Thursday) Monday was the first fine day we had in two weeks so of course we were delighted and hoped the disgusting rain would take a little rest. But no; I have given up all hope of enjoying my vacation here. You can't imagine what it is like because you are living at sea-level, but to be 2000 feet high means that fog accompanies the rain. Although it is in the middle of the day I can not see 50 yards away. The fog is a solid mass and may lie here for days. Then the ice cold rain with it that falls in steady streams; it is disheartening.

I feel sorry for the tourists, the Americans especially, who have only a limited time in Europe and must see as much as possible. They can stay only 2 or 3 days in one place. The trains from Lucerne to Interlaken go right past here and I can almost

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see the disgust written on the faces of the passengers. They are standing out on the platforms hoping against hope that the fog will clear up for a moment that they may have a glimpse of the mountains.

Heber left the house in desperation this morning intending to see something in spite of the weather. He went to look at a famous gorge not far from here, but will not see anything and will be soaked into the bargain.

But it is the same all over; the Berlin people who are at bathing resorts are going home in hundreds. Mr. Lesser has given up hope and is sitting with a grim determination to wait for the time to go home.

Mr. Ganz must be furious; he had earned a good vacation and, being a Swiss, counted so much on taking a few mountain trips. He was down to Bürglen last Saturday. We took a little walk on the country road, which is the best one can do under the circumstances.

Writing letters and reading are my two occupations. There ~~are~~ <sup>is</sup> a large number of people to whom I write only once a year, in Summer, because I have no time in Winter. Every day the number is diminishing and if this weather keeps up I shall soon have settled them all. My mail is forwarded promptly from Berlin. Yesterday I received the letter from Celia, Kate, Frank et. al.

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We made only one mountain trip but it was a corker. The first night we slept in a shepherd's hut. The bed was a pile of fresh hay into which we crawled and slept soundly. The second night was worse - we had only straw this time. But I managed to get in some sleep here, too, and felt rather fresh the next morning. A few hours more walking brought us to Engelberg where the tour ended. From there we took the train back to Bürglen. In one of the shepherd's huts I milked a cow much to the astonishment of the natives. I happened to have my nose glasses on, and Heber thought I was inspecting the cow to find bacteria. Out of 48 hours gone we climbed 19.

Mr. Lesser has written me several times and seems glad that I am to visit him. We shall surely have a fine time as I am just in the mood to visit a fine bathing resort. After living in a wild mountainous district among the most ignorant peasants you can imagine.

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it will be an agreeable change to see sickly dissipated people from all the large cities of the world. In Marienbad there are 3 springs. The most famous one is for fleshy people; fatties of every country come here and after drinking this water go home with lighter hearts. Everything is fearfully expensive so there is no chance in sight of ever visiting it on my own hook, but Mr. Lesser, although very economical at home, is fearfully extravagant on his travels and we are sure of having the best. But poor King Edward is missed this year. He was always the principal attraction there and never failed to stay at least four weeks.

I have seen very little of Mr. Ganz lately. He went off with a guide for several days and overtaxed himself so that he has been resting for about a week. Besides that, he has fallen in with some French people who play bridge every evening and to disturb a game of bridge is an awful crime.

Of course I missed Miss Cutler; she was here one day before me and is home already I suppose. There are not so many Americans in Lucerne as there were last month. The ocean liners will be packed from now on. Even the officers must give up their rooms and sleep on deck. I should have enjoyed taking a ride across the waves this summer but that doesn't go every year.

My next letter will be from Marienbad or possibly Munich. Of course you must send my letters to Berlin as heretofore. Lovingly Ed.

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Franzensbad, Bohemia  
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Although it is less than two weeks since I left Switzerland, it seems like two years. In Berlin, where nothing happens worth mentioning, two weeks are like two days, but I have seen so many strange cities and interesting sights lately that I seem to have lived years. We left Kaiserstuhl Monday August 22 at 6.40 A.M. and arrived in Munich at 6.30 P.M. after changing cars five times and going through the Bavarian custom house. Our baggage was examined on a boat crossing Lake Constance which is the boundary line between

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Switzerland and Bavaria. When we got into the latter territory (Bavaria is, of course, a province of Germany) everything was different - everything was quaint and old fashioned, which was all the more striking because Lucerne was so modern and elegant. At one place on the road the train came to a stop and puffed in vain for a half hour trying to go ahead. We were stuck and had to send to the next station for an engine which came and gave us a push. The conductor explained afterwards that we were just at a big curve and then the tracks were slippery from the rain. I asked him if the train always got stuck on rainy days and he answered in all sincerity, "not always". And that was the best train on the road and runs only in the season to accommodate the foreign tourists.

It was lucky that we got rooms in Munich. On account of the Passion Play everything is overcrowded and nearly every hotel turns away 300 guests a day. The people sleep in the depots. I sent you a card the second night there, just after we had come from the theatre. On the third day, at 9 A. M., I left for Marienbad-Heber stayed in Munich. Had to change cars

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twice and pass the Austrian customhouse. (Bohemia is a province of Austria).

Mr. Lesser met me at the train in Marienbad and seemed delighted at my healthy appearance. I think I sent you a picture of the hotel where we lived. Mary should come to Marienbad and see the fat women and she would stop wishing to be like them. They are the ugliest and unhappiest people on earth and almost kill themselves trying to lose a few pounds. I knew a woman who ate one light meal a day for two weeks and couldn't lose an ounce. The strain of fasting and drinking salt spring water generally injures the heart. Of course some people have great success and take off 40 or 50 pounds in a month; then they go home overjoyed, thinking they are saved, but in less than a month they have gained that much and more. The principal topic of conversation is, "how much have you lost," and in every store and at every street corner there are scales. The owners of these scales charge 2 cents to weigh you and they do a land office business. You are given a slip of paper with your exact weight written on it so that you can know how much you have gained or lost the next time you get weighed.

The principal occupation is drinking water. At 6:30 in the morning there are long lines of people waiting their turns to get a glass full of salt water. We lived right near the principal spring so I was waked every morning by the orchestra which begins playing at 6:30. At noon another kind of water is drunk and, of course, there is another concert; in the evening it is the same way. Everyone has a glass and goes about sipping. The first day it disgusted me but the second day I had become used to it and on the third drank with them. I took cures for diabetes, thin blood, heart disease, liver complaint, Bright's disease and I don't know what all else, just because I couldn't stand around and see the others do it. Most of the water, especially the sulphur and iron springs, tasted awful, but I downed it because the others did.

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The principal occupation is drinking water. At 6:30 in the morning there are long lines of people of people waiting their turns to get a glass full of salt water. We lived right near the principal spring so I was waked every morning by the orchestra which begins playing at 6:30. At noon another kind of water is drunk and, of course, there is another concert; in the evening it is the same way. Everyone has a glass and goes about sipping. The first day it disgusted me but the second day I had become used to it and on the third drank with them. I took cures for diabetes, thin blood, heart disease, liver complaint, Bright's disease and I don't know what all else, just because I couldn't stand around and see the others do it. Most of the water, especially the sulphur and iron springs, tasted awful, but I downed it because the others did.

But most of the people suffer from obesity and for them the salt spring is the best. It is an awful physic. Would you believe it that the seats in the theatres and street cars are much bigger than ordinary, and benches which usually accommodate 4 people are made to hold 2 in Marienbad.

I was sorry to leave the place - everything was so amusing. If I have been here for about a week. Franzensbad (St. Francis Bath) has also many mineral springs but the principal attraction is mud baths. Mr. Lesser has been here 36 times so he is quite a well known figure. Our plans for the Passion Play are changed; it is so cold that it is impossible for Mr. Lesser to stand it. You know the play lasts all day and as the theatre has no roof the people suffer. A drizzling cold rain falls the whole time and the audience sits shivering. But that can't phase me - I would go if there was a cloud burst the whole time. So Mr. Lesser is going to send me alone; I leave here Tuesday Sept. 6 and the play is on the 8th. It is a 12 hours ride via Munich.

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Had a card from Mr. Ganz yesterday;  
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100 years since I came to Europe and  
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Frau Sigrist wrote me from Kaiserstuhl  
that a letter had arrived from home.  
I wrote her to send it here; have not  
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On the way to Berlin we are going  
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In the latter city I shall have a  
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Back to Berlin Sept. 12.

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Dear Folks,-

I am making a bad beginning this year by letting two weeks pass between my first and second letter; but that means a good ending and I am hoping that this winter will be a brilliant close to my European stay. Miss Peterson's sojourn ended Saturday when she sailed for America on the 'Deutschland'. We have both learned a great deal since we left New York on 'La Lorraine' 4 1/2 years ago but neither of us has become any where near what we thought we would. Miss Peterson learned more in a social way here; she was always clever in society and always managed to have rich friends. A prominent Berlin society woman took a great fancy to her and gave her everything her heart could desire; Edna had tremendous hats with plumes and brilliant, costly gowns without number. She was continually going to fashionable teas and after-theatre dinner parties, and was generally surrounded by a number of German officers. That all had a great effect on her and so she changed entirely - and perhaps to her disadvantage. She didn't take the trouble to say 'good-bye' to me or even tell me she was going, and instead of making a farewell call at Ganz's, she sent her card up. But I have been more with musicians and people with minds and that will do me more good than if I learned

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the ins and outs of society. In fact I took care to go <sup>only</sup> with people from whom I could learn something, and in every gathering was either the youngest or the most inexperienced. It has taken the confidence ~~of~~ out of me to a great extent but I shall gradually get it back as I grow.

Last Thursday Evening I was with Mr. Lesser and some young musicians in a restaurant. Among them was Hans Letz the concertmaster of the Chicago Orchestra. He also sailed Saturday on the Deutschland and was in Berlin for a day. The chap has had unheard of luck. He is now ~~23~~ 3 years old and went to New York with a woman 45 whom he afterwards married. He hadn't a penny when he landed and had a tough time the first year; suddenly he became concertmaster of the Chicago orchestra and is now the leading musician ~~there~~ <sup>in the</sup> America. We have planned to give concerts together next year. It is fine for me to have something in view and he can be a great help to me.

Mr. Ganz is also counting on Gunn's doing something for me. The latter was never my warmest friend but adores Ganz and will do anything he says. As the leading critic and well known musician Gunn has a strong voice in Chicago and the neighborhood. He was quite nice to me in Cable Hall the night of my concert and will probably bear no grudge against me because the times are

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passed when he was Moses' Champion at the College and deadly enemy of Spiering who favored me. The latter causes me some worry; he is a malignant enemy and will strain himself to injure anyone whom he dislikes. I would like to be without an enemy starting my career, but perhaps it will strengthen me to be compelled to do a little fighting. Mr. Ganz does not worry about my future and says I will surely have a position in America in a few years. Here there is nothing to be had; I could struggle for years and still be a 'nobody'. The ~~comp~~ competition is too great and public and critics yell for help everytime a young musician enters the field.

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are musicians from all over Germany coming, so the winner will have to go some. Outside of the Honor in getting the first prize there is a little purse of \$400 which the winner does not generally refuse. Besides playing an organ solo I am to accompany a young man (violinist). Had my first piano lesson of the season last week. Mr. Ganz has already 30 pupils, among them 12 young men. He gives his first concert October 14 together with a young conductor from Munich.

Mrs. Kahn wrote me a postal lately. The family is still at the sea shore. Kahn has three young daughters and they all have catarrh in winter so the sea air is the best thing for them. Mrs. K. had received a card from Kate.

I have had no letter from home for at least a week; not since the one containing the picture post cards. One of them is good except for Kate who looks like the side of a house. It is getting late and I must go to bed. Try and write me once a week.

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Berlin

Oct. 19, 1910

Dear Folks,-

Am sending a cheque for \$25 which is part of my pay for the Jewish holidays. Mary's letter came this morning telling me to keep my money, but I can easily spare this. I never buy anything outside of what I eat so I don't spend much. \$40 a month would not be much in America for one who had to pay room and piano rent outside of his board, but I get along easily on it. It is surprising how many little expenses must be paid by a person who is living alone; for instance: my washing (not my laundry) which didn't cost anything at home, costs me here about \$2 a month.

Your debts must be tremendous; it is a lucky thing that the creditors are so patient. Poor Dr. Clyne always did so much for us and for so little money - it would be a good idea to give him these \$25. If Kate would pay the undertaker a heavy load would be lifted.

It is very late so I must go right to bed. I wanted to seal this tonight so as to post it first thing in the morning. I shall write again this week.  
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If Ben Mr. Lesser told me that he had written a letter to mother and addressed it to 'Mrs. Peter Collins', I was scared that I hadn't written for two weeks. You will, of course, suppose that something <sup>has</sup> happened which prevented my writing and the letter from Mr. Lesser is an explanation; then you will make fearful things out of the German letters until someone translates them for you. It is just two weeks ago today since I wrote last; there have often been ten days between my letters but this time it is even worse. And I can't say that 'the excitement of having my birthday prevented me', or give some other lame excuse; yesterday was the same as every other day except for the fact that I received two birthday cakes. I can understand why old people do not enjoy being congratulated. They do not like to be reminded that they are not becoming younger. I am not so terribly old and still my birthday is no pleasure - it reminds me of how much I intended to accomplish before this time and how much I really have done. But I become wiser every year and my next birth-

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day will find me more capable than this one has.  
A year ago yesterday I got up after two weeks  
of the grip - that was a horrible time - I shall  
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really no vacation; I worked almost the whole  
time, so, when ~~the~~ the school year began, I  
was already tired out and it ~~only~~ needed only  
a little snow and wet feet to tie me down. I  
But the two weeks in bed were a grand rest  
for my nerves and stood by me the whole winter.  
This is the first year in five that I have  
not had a sick spell in November, <sup>and</sup> simply  
because last summer was my first real vacation.  
I don't believe I shall have a sick spell this  
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to the fine rest on the steamer in July. I shall  
probably sail on the President Grant again -  
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may be a blessing for business men but  
it is not my taste. In the day time it was not  
so bad but at night the vibration kept me awake.  
When the sea was very rough the propellers  
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to do and promising impossible things, but straight from the shoulder and convincing. She seems to think she (with Madame's help) can do something for me next winter. That is my outlook for the first year and I hope it will not disappear. The principal point for the beginning is to make some money; everything else can wait for a couple of years but without money I cannot do anything. If I had to give my whole time to teaching my own studies ~~would~~ <sup>will</sup> be neglected and I ~~would~~ <sup>shall</sup> follow in the tracks of so many gifted young musicians who vegetated into old fashioned pedagogues. Men who studied a great deal always had to take strict care of their finances so as not to be compelled to spend their lives earning a living. People say that artists have no business talent but they are generally wrong. Now-a-days it is impossible to amount to anything without an income so as to be independent and have time to work. It would be fine to accompany Schumann Heink if she would let me play solos too. Her audiences are representative and that ~~would~~ means that those millions of people who hear and hear of Schumann Heink would hear and hear of me. Kate advised me to write her immediately and make a bid for next year.

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Of course that would mean another winter away from home but it would not be like living in Europe with a ten days journey between us. Then, if I made good on the road, I could surely get a fine position in a conservatory; perhaps at Ziegfeld's.

But there is another thing to be thought of before that. It is my concert here in Berlin. Mr. Ganz is determined to have me give a piano recital in March in Bechstein Hall and of course it is up to me to get a program ready even if it is called off later. Mr. Lesser is very conservative and knows what it means to give a concert here, but Mr. Ganz believes it is necessary for America. If I happened to get a few good criticisms it would be something to show when I came home. I have so many lessons that I haven't much time to think about it; it can decide itself. In between times I shall work and get ready for anything that comes. Don't forget about not making any new debts at Christmas time.

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Dear Folks,-

Berlin  
Nov. 14 1910

Must write twice this week to make up for last time. Two letters came from home this morning and, of course, I was delighted. Anne has been rather negligent lately so I was rather surprised to hear from her. Miss Peterson's press notices were interesting; she seems to have many influential friends who will surely take care of her future. These club women are fearful creatures but generally have enough energy to push one. I know how men of money and influence run when they see one of them coming but it doesn't phase the club women; she runs after him and pulls his coat-tails until he coughs up. Such men as Stock or Neumann in Chicago are pestered with women's clubs who want engagements for their proteges. Mr. Ganz has no faith in a social success but I have. Of course in very musical cities where the critics are capable, it is necessary to know a great deal, but in most American cities the success of the artist depends on the number of club women he has backing him. They are such long winded talkers that they are the best advertising, and, of course, will stop at nothing. I can't imagine to whom I shall turn when I come back home; I am sure society women would never take to me nor I to them.

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appearance of Willy Hess <sup>as conductor</sup> and he certainly made good. It was probably the finest orchestral concert ever given at the school and was fully appreciated by the magnificent audience. Hess complimented me greatly for my tympani playing as did many other musicians. Sunday afternoon we had ~~chorus~~ rehearsal. I told you about this chorus, I think. It is made up of Kahn's friends and the rehearsals take place at his sister's home. Her husband presented her with a grand new house lately and last Sunday it was dedicated. We sang a mass of Mozart which was very appropriate (although the people are Jews). But I must quit singing for the simple reason that I injure my throat. People who have had no singing lessons generally sing wrongly with the result that they ruin the vocal chords. After singing in the chorus I have a sore throat for several days.

Sunday Evening there was music at Mr. Lesser's. I played a Brahms trio with two pupils from the Hochschule and a lady (contralto) sang some songs. Monday Evening I went to a concert given by the Philharmonic chorus. It was a magnificent performance of the requiem of Brahms. The chorus consists of 400 voices perfectly trained. The Philharmonic orchestra,

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with organ, accompanied. I got a ticket quite by accident; a friend of mine was prevented from going and presented me with his tickets. It is impossible to buy one as the club members are given the preference and get the tickets for their friends. The director (Siegfried Ochs) is a great musician and awfully severe with the singers. Last night, in the middle of a number, he rapped on the desk, gave the sopranos an awful lecture and ~~the~~ began the piece again. The audience giggled but that didn't bother him. It is fine to be in such a position that you can do such a thing and not be afraid of anyone. He is a wealthy man and conducts the choruses for art's sake - in fact he pays a large deficit at the end of every year besides ~~he~~ working himself half to death. It is that kind of man which raises music to such a high standard in Germany.

I have another lesson in the Hochschule. It is opera conducting. An old opera conductor was engaged lately to direct the opera school and form a class for ~~for~~ aspiring conductors. I haven't had a lesson as yet but hope they will begin next week. We may have a chance to conduct an operatic rehearsal. That would be an experience for me! By the way, my conducting is much better now. I should not be afraid to stand in front of any

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It is too bad that Mary and Mother are alone so much, but I am glad that Anne and Cele are boarding in Chicago. It will be especially good for Cele. The noise ~~to~~ and bustle may give her a little nerve - it is that that 'makes the world go round'. I must write to Kate this week and remind her of all she has to do for me next year. Through her accompanying Schumann Heink she has become acquainted with managers, critics and musical people in many cities and that may be of great value to me. I also ~~to~~ intend to write to Schumann Heink while the iron is hot.

Kate fears that I am neglecting my piano lessons for the Hochschule, but that isn't the case. What I have learned at the Hochschule the last couple of years will stand by me for the rest of my days. But the piano is my only outlook for the present. It is great the way you are knocking the debts on the head. Keep up the good work.  
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Dear Folks, -

It continually becomes harder for me to write because you know exactly what I do. If I had some new experiences once in a while my letters would not be so monotonous; I suppose I write the same things in every one of them. Had a letter from Mary this morning with Brune's criticism of Schumann Heink. I had to laugh at the bad English he writes. Since I am able to speak German I know exactly how a German writes English - he translates simply from his own language. But I am glad Brune has a job on the side. The fellow was serious and knew more than people thought. He didn't have a taking personality so he generally made a bad impression. It will certainly be great if I can get some work like that to do when I come home. The critic earns his money in less time than anyone else besides having the pleasure of hearing the concert.

Too bad the Staehle's are having such trouble. I am sure the fault is on the husband's side for Mrs. Staehle is a perfect character. She may have had too many ambitions for her daughters and her desertion was simply travelling to give them an education. Both girls are mighty intelligent; I was surprised how clever and educated Frances is. She ~~may~~ is not as brilliant as Marie and, of course, hasn't Marie's temperament, but surely has more brains than most girls.

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Marie is in no danger of losing her mind; she is peculiar only because she has more than the others.

If she were a Catholic she would surely become a ~~nun~~ and the mother of a community. I have seen many young people in Europe exactly the same. They are too deep and serious to take any pleasure in life and so they shun society and are looked upon as fools. These people are really the only ones who should become priests or nuns.

Called on Mr. Ganz the other day to arrange a lesson and as he had nothing to do for an hour we had a pleasant chat - talked principally about the outlook for next year. Both Mr. and Mrs. Ganz encouraged me tremendously and both are sure that I shall make my way in America. Mr. Ganz was delighted at the possibility of Schumann Heink's taking me, as it would be a magnificent opportunity to try everything that I have learned in Europe on the American audiences. Or if that failed I can surely get a position in a conservatory on his recommendation. However, that is not as desirable as there is always a danger of burying one's self without having time to study and keep up a repertoire. I have been quiet for five years and have studied faithfully and so the time must soon come where I shall put all this theory into practice. Think how grand it would be to become known all over America in one season and what routine I should get playing so often!

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Schumann Heink can easily be the making of me if she takes it into her head. Mr. Ganz informed me that he is to be in America next season for four months and intends to do his best while he is there. So the prospects are not so dark; I have, at least, friends who are anxious to see me successful.

I have quit playing the tympani. The last concert at the Hochschule was my farewell appearance in that role. It is too bad to give up something which is useful and pleasure at the same time, but I simply must concentrate myself more. It is ~~not~~ so much that the tympani playing took so much time, but it was on my mind when I was working at something else. It is a bad state of affairs to have too many irons in the fire; your energy is so divided that you do a little of many things but not much of anything. When I was practicing the organ I was thinking of conducting, when I was playing the piano I was thinking of the tympani, etc. Then there is no sense in my becoming an expert drummer; I have a certain routine and have learned a great deal about the orchestra and now is the time to quit.

Does Annie ever see Dr. Simon? Peculiar that he hasn't written since I was in America although I wrote him a couple of times.

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I must write to Mr. Tewksbury and the Cable men before Christmas. I don't suppose they have a good opinion of me. Haven't written them a line for about two years now although Mr. Tewksbury and Major Cleland were so nice to me. It is funny when I think of all the patrons I have had and until now haven't been a credit to any one of them. It is disgraceful to think of the way I have neglected the Cable Co. to say nothing of Mr. Tewksbury. But it is not too late; they may have a chance to be proud of me yet. Next year will show.

It must be hard to have you so divided between Joliet and Chicago. It is better that Annie and Celia board if only for the fact that Mother is spared the getting up early and the excitement of Anne's getting off every morning. Delia must feel rather strange in her unusual surroundings but I hope she will have the courage to stick it out for this winter.

I am only waiting for November to pass away. It snows day and night - the kind that melts as soon as it touches the ground and so the slush goes over the rubbers. Be sure and send me nothing for Xmas. Lovingly Ed.

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I seldom touch the organ and so I don't receive much benefit from those lessons; I haven't much time for my composition so it is out of the question to try and learn much in that line.

It is the same with all my other lessons. I long for the time to come when I shall not be surrounded by such great musicians who confuse me with new ideas every day and when I can have the time to work for myself and think about everything I have heard and seen in Europe. I could learn a great deal from going to the opera (there are magnificent performances nightly)

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but it is impossible -

free I am glad to stay

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cards to my patrons in Berlin every once in  
a while. By the way, write Mr. Lesser by  
return mail thanking him for the letter.  
He lives at Genthiner Str 37.

I earned \$10 accompanying at a party last  
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Well I am at it again but only until after Saturday. The old tympani-player came and begged me to come back for a while because the other young man who was to take my place proved a failure. Then Strauss has decided to conduct a series of Salome and Elektra performances and in both operas 3 tympani players are necessary. So the old fellow has more than enough to do outside of the Hochschule. There is an orchestra concert Saturday at the school and it is up to me to play the drums.

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Am going to the Strauss matinee tomorrow noon. I am mighty lucky to get tickets. The house is always sold out to people who have subscription tickets and if it weren't for Mr. Lesser who has a pull there, as well as every where else, I should not hear one of those beautiful concerts. Shall write again this week to make up for lost time. Lovingly Ed.

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Had two letters this week, one from Mary and one from Annie. I am glad Mother is so well; it is her liveliness which keeps her so strong. Activity keeps one from getting soft. It is too bad she cannot work in the garden or mow the lawn, but the winter will soon be over when once New Years is past. I long for the Spring too, and then the summer with the beautiful ocean trip. It may be a case of traveling second class but it is all the same to me; I haven't as much false pride as formerly.

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Of course Mr. Ganz was delighted as a concert tour in Spain is such a rare thing. He will be back next Thursday. The streets are again crowded with Christmas trees. All the public squares look like pine woods and it is sometimes difficult to walk through them. Of course every family must have a Christmas tree as well as every little shop and restaurant. It is typical German that Christmas trees of all sizes are to be had. That is, a poor family can buy a tree a foot high which ~~so~~ could probably accommodate 5 little candles ~~but~~ and, as every family must have one, they have their pleasure without spending more than they can afford. Dec. 26.

Christmas came in the middle of this letter and was exciting enough to prevent my finishing it. Christmas Eve, an Italian lady in the pension invited several young people to sit around her Christmas tree and I was one of them. Mind you, there was a large tree in the dining room of the boarding house but outside of that every person had a little one in his room. Between candy and these things that you pull and they crack and you get a tissue paper cap, we managed to kill the time until 11:30.

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Christmas night I spent at Mr. Lesser's cousins and had a fine time. They presented me with a dandy muffler. Another lady gave me ten dollars saying 'she really intended buying me something but, after considering, decided to let me buy it myself.' A fine way of excusing herself for giving me money. She knows I am no millionaire and knows the best present for people of that kind. Delia's letter was also a great surprise and a pleasure. I am sorry she intends to quit Chicago. If she would have a little

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