

Berlin
Jan. 4, 1911

Dear Kate,-

You have probably been expecting a letter from me for a long time and with reason, for your first fine letter deserved an answer by return mail to say nothing of the way you have been bombarding my Berlin friends with cards lately. I intended writing several times urging you to keep up the good work but it wasn't necessary - I seldom went a place that I didn't hear your praises and I had to promise to write and tell you how this one ~~and~~ 'was delighted with your card from this place' and 'how thankful that one was for your card from that place' that I was almost bewildered. Then I had to lie out of a scrape and say I had written. Some didn't trust me with the important tidings and demanded your address which I willingly gave to get rid of them. You cannot expect an answer, for instance, from Mr. Levy. He is so old and blind that it is impossible for him to write. Mr. Ganz asked me to thank you and excuse him if he doesn't find time to write and thank you himself.

[Letter to Katherine Collins Hoffmann, EJC's sister.]

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But my heavens! The point is not that they answer but that they feel the family appreciates what they are doing for me. Mary and Annie wrote to Mr. Lesser this Christmas and needless to say, he was delighted. I was at Réhfeld's New Year's day and had to give them your address. It was really an act of charity to write them. The old man is getting very feeble and is deaf as a post. You know, he is your greatest admirer although he didn't speak one word with you. They all feel that they must be nicer to me to pay you back. When Mr. Levy got your last card he was puzzled for awhile to think what he could do for me and finally decided to present me with a fine new suit. Mrs. Kahn wrote asking for your address. Sometime (before I go to America) you must send Mr. Lesser a little present - nothing expensive - perhaps a little picture, calendar or something of the sort. There is no sense in ~~make~~ giving expensive presents to rich people who have everything they wish; you must simply show them that you think of them or that you give yourself the trouble to write them a card. Mr. Lesser knows, when you write him, that you wouldn't do it if he were not helping me but he feels flattered to think you give yourself

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Mr. Lesser knows, when you write him, that you wouldn't do it if he were not helping me but he feels flattered to think you give yourself

the trouble to 'jolly' him a little. You remember we used to laugh about the little things some artists do to stand in with the critics. Of course the critics are on to them but they see that the artist thinks it worth while to stand in with them and are thankful for the pains he takes.

As I said before your first letter was fine. I wrote home immediately, telling the folks about it so it was a misunderstanding when Mary told you I hadn't received it. Of course I intended answering but was too lazy.

You don't need to be afraid that I am giving up the piano; in fact I had to rest on account of a pain in my arm, the result of practicing too much. It lasted several weeks and I was mighty scared. However I took good care of myself and through bathing, massaging, and practicing piano (the real p) only an hour a day, I cured it. Of course I must give much time to the other things, conducting, composing, etc., as they are the things ~~at~~ that will make a great musician of me (if I ever become one), but realize what a crime it would be to give up the piano after toiling at it so many years. I have spells of worrying about the future as well as periods where I feel sure

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of success sooner or later. My ideal would be to have a position as conductor and use my piano playing on the side. That is so satisfying because one avoids the eternal traveling which I always despised. But we'll see what the Future will bring - the lookout is interesting to say the least.

Give my love to Madame and Mr. Rapp;
I intend writing Mme. very soon.

Have Lammie write me.

Lovingly
Ed.

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SAT. Berlin Jan. 6, 1911

Dear Folks,

The holidays have sure had a bad effect on you as far as writing is concerned. I may be wrong but it seems a long time since I have had a line from home. Celia must have so much time on her hands - she should write oftener. Mary & Ann are to be excused but Delia is as lazy as ever.

New Years is come and gone since I wrote. It was rather dull here; we had a dance in the pension but everyone seemed bored. The sole object of having anything on New Years Eve is to wish one another 'Happy New Year' at midnight, so we sat around while the clock crept from minute to minute (I never saw it go so slowly) with our eyes on the XII which was to deliver us for the party breaks up immediately after. Most of the young lads went to another ball or some kind of New Years shin-dig, but I had enough by ~~my~~ midnight and was glad to get to bed. You cannot imagine Berlin on that night; every one is wild. A young fellow told me that, after visiting several other places, he arrived at a prominent restaurant at 5:30 A.M. and had to wait a half-hour for a seat.

4 days later

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This is a fearful interruption; I started Saturday Evening but it was late and I fearfully tired. Now it is Tuesday afternoon and I have a little time before going to the Hochschule

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to play the tympani. By the way, I conducted a Mozart Symphony there last Friday. It is rather unheard of that I, in spite of the fact that I have left the school, should be allowed to conduct there once in a while but the director is so kind to me and seems to think especially much of my conducting. In this way I keep a little in practice besides getting the incentive to work - conducting inspires me tremendously. I may go back to the school at Easter and take the opera course only so as not to be overburdened. But who knows when I shall have another chance of standing before an orchestra, which means that I should try and learn as much in this line as possible before going home.

We had an awful blizzard Sunday. For a couple of nights I had noticed a circle around the moon and was expecting something of the kind. However a blizzard is a rarity in Germany and it isn't every winter that we have one. I went to early Mass Sunday and almost froze on the way. At noon there was a concert at the Philharmonie which I enjoyed immensely. Nikisch was in fine form so I had another chance of marveling at the genius of this great man. They say he is going to America in the spring; if possible go to one of his concerts. He is, according to my idea, easily the greatest of all.

Met Mrs. Ganz on the street lately and she informed me that she was going to Bremen that evening to meet Mr. Ganz. We are invited there Sunday for tea. By 'we' I mean the pupils. I am so anxious to hear about America and his success. Now I must think about my concert; I had been waiting for Mr. Ganz so as to find out his plans for the month of March for, of course, I want him to be here for it. Things are certainly getting

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serious. This will be my first appearance as a matured pianist, really the beginning of my career, so much is depending on it. I am confident of success - as much as is possible for a debutante in Berlin and shall probably be able to use the criticisms for America. Mr. Ganz offered to play something with me but I must refuse the offer. As long as it is my concert I want to be alone and try and keep the interest up all evening. Then a violinist, Wittenberg, one of the best known in Berlin, offered to play a sonata with me at the beginning which is a very distinguished way of opening a concert, but I have also refused that and am going to rely upon myself. It will be ideal if I can get Bechstein Hall, for there the acoustics are fine and the hall is just big enough for my friends.

It has been so cold for several days that the windows are frozen something unheard of in Germany. In most of the houses there is no steam heat and never an iron stove - just a big tile monument that stands up in the corner and never gets really warm. Luckily my room is in the corner and facing the court which is protected from the wind otherwise I should have an awful time. They say steam heat is unhealthy, but it is certainly more agreeable than this. The Germans manage to live in winter by having double windows and not letting them be opened for a moment. As it is the rooms are always cold. (ask Kate)

We have given up our trio rehearsals and I miss them very much. We had a couple of engagements in sight but they fell through so we lost interest. Then my own practice takes most of my time.

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There has been tremendous excitement in ~~West~~ Germany for the past week on account of election. Of course there is no president to choose but simply the members of parliament. However, the political affairs of the country depend upon the majority and as the parties here hate each other, there was enough rivalry. The socialists have been growing enormously for about 20 years in Germany and this time they proved that they are going to be the almighty factor in a few years. Their growth at this election is alarming to the government. One mustn't say it out loud here but I honestly believe this century will see the overthrow of the monarchy. The rabble despises the Kaiser and the nobility and has become arrogant on account of the success of the socialists in Portugal, China etc. I hate the nobility here. It is a degenerated lot of so called aristocrats who do nothing but live on the poor.

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Of course I am still playing in the orchestra. You know I quit for a time and 'firmly resolved to amend my life' by concentrating more; but it is impossible - I shall probably never have the opportunity again to play in an orchestra and I must get all possible benefit from it for the few months that are left. That is the way I excuse myself although I am on to myself as big as a house, for, the principal reason for my doing it is simply that it is more fun than playing the organ or studying composition.

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I wrote to Kate last week after postponing it for several months. (Have you noticed, my spelling is fearful. Between the German and the French my English has suffered. In French most of the letters are silent, in English some of them, and in German every letter is pronounced. I really don't know if you write postponing with 'e' or without, ~~it~~ it is the same with all words ending in 'ing'! Do you write 'writing' with 'e' or without?

I have had a cold for about ten days but count upon its leaving in a day or two. Berlin is a vicious climate; it can be so warm and sunny for a few days and, without warning, turn bitter cold. This is generally followed by several days of wet snow or drizzling rain which goes to the marrow of the bones and makes all kinds of coats and rubbers useless.

It will be too bad if Celia leaves Chicago; if she would only stick it out for a while longer she would learn to like it. I know it is so different from Joliet that it is almost a shock but she would become used to the life and company in a short time. I used to despise Chicago but am sure I should get to enjoy it.

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gusted with myself ~~after~~ playing so miserably and asked Mr. Ganz to wait until I should be ready to play several things from memory. He took me at my word and is waiting still. (That was about three weeks ago) I hope he is not angry.

Tim's death was a shock. I of course was the person most closely connected with his early youth and bringing up and always regarded him as my protégé although the critter ignored me when I was home last time. It is a well known fact that women spoil a dog and soon after I brought Tim from the Valley he left me and went to my mother and sisters who let him do anything he pleased. It is really bad for a dog when he feels himself free and sure of his meals. His emigration to Illinois ~~was~~ had evil effects for in Minnesota he would have had less to eat and more exercise. I imagine he died of constipation & his stomach was also very weak.

Have had no word from Carl for such a long time. Does he live in Joliet? According to reports from Mr. Ganz, Miss Peterson is getting ahead. Annie has not written for so long. I have found out (by experimenting upon myself) that the only excuse for not writing is laziness. Lovingly Ed.

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But a few years in America will make a man of me, I am sure of that. This ~~taking~~ accepting patronage the whole time is a ruination to one's character; how can I hold my head up and be independent when I am owing every bite I eat to the generosity of others. Mr. Lesser and all of my patrons never make me feel what they are doing for me. But, just the same, I feel it and sweat under it. I am invited three times a week for dinner in wealthy families who know that I am living on patronage. It is mighty nice of these people and it is helping in the real sense of the word. They know that I work hard and see to it that I eat well so as to stand the strain. But suddenly I can't bear to go to these people any more; their kindness tortures me.

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Mr. Ganz is in Switzerland on a tour to be gone until Feb. 12. Roy has scarlet fever and as they are boarding he had to go to the hospital - the whole boarding house would be quarantined if he staid ~~there~~ ^{there}. Of course the poor chap couldn't be in the hospital all alone so Mrs. Ganz went with him and is also quarantined for six weeks. It is peculiar with the Ganz family - they all become ill at once. Mrs. Ganz is fearfully nervous and is always imagining she has some fearful disease. Then Mr. Ganz gets excited and also imagines that he is sick and at the same time Roy coughs a little or has a stomach ache. Of course he must be put immediately to bed.

I had a sore throat for about 3 weeks and felt miserably. But I was too negligent to do any thing for it for so long, so it stayed. The other evening I drank hot lemonade and had a bandage on my throat. Of course the next morning the sore throat was gone. If people would only take the trouble such things would last no time; but one is too lazy and waits for the sickness to go away of itself.

Was at a party Saturday evening until 1 A.M. I am always the first one to go as I am always bored to death at these affairs. But one can scarcely go before 1 o'clock as the supper lasts until 11 or later.

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The hostess is always furious at me for leaving so early as it is the coffee at 2 P.M. (just before leaving) is supposed to be the clow of the Evening, but what can I do? I don't dance and I can't sit in the smoking room with the men because I can't stand the smoke. Then for a man to leave early is an awful crime. The men are supposed to assist the hostess and see that the girls are amused and that they dance enough. Finally that they arrive home safely. But I, who was not brought up to be a ladies' man, am not equal to the occasion and, at the most, can stand it until 1. Next Saturday I am going to another one (you really can't get out of some of them). It is at the home of a doctor who, on account of having treated me successfully for the grip (!) last winter thinks that I am bound in friendship to him and his family. This time it will be still worse as only young people are invited. That means that I can not edge up to some old woman who is dying to gossip, but must be lively and on the lookout to do a favor for some young beauty such as to find her lost fan, or bring her some lemonade or give her a deft compliment. It is delicious to play the gallant for a while just for meanness and exaggerate it; to stand with one white glove on and, balancing the other carelessly, rack your brain to say clever things.

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Mr. Lesser wanted me to go to dancing school but I struck. He is furious when I tell him I was bored at a party given by people of quality. He thinks that young people should always be dancing and I tell him that all people who like dancing are fools. The young Germans (the boys) are generally quiet because it is in the race to be serious - they haven't the talent to talk about nothing. But not so with the French; they always have something to say, that is, they are always talking but what they say doesn't amount to shucks. However there is a certain cleverness in being able to keep things going. When I am with French people I feel stupid because I can't say anything. Their conversation turns around topics that the average German wouldn't think of, but they sit together for hours saying clever things about nothing. It is too bad I didn't have the chance to spend half of my European stay in Paris. It might have changed me more. There is a consolation in the thought that whenever I do go there I shall understand the language.

It is getting so warm in Berlin. You know that spring arrives here the first of March. I am longing for it. Lucky people who can go South in winter.

My letters may be coming slowly but yours are coming seldom. Lovingly Ed.

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NOT COMPLETE

Berlin Feb. 8 1911

Dear Folks,-

Anne's letter arrived today and was a great surprise - almost a shock. I can't quite imagine what could cause such a change in your minds for, even if you thought that staying another year in Europe would be of great artistic benefit to me, I supposed that you all wanted to have me home at any cost i.e. even if I had no prospects in America. It is certainly charitable of Schumann-Heink to take such an interest in me but don't think for a moment that that insures my success. To make a long story short, I shall in all probability leave for home the middle of July and arrive about the same time as two years ago. You see I have lost all faith in help from others - if I don't arrive at anything on the strength of my own efforts there is no hope for me. You remember I wrote lately that I am anxious to be home in order to concentrate more. Here, where I have so many different kinds of lessons and hear so much music, it is impossible for me to compose or, in fact, have any kind of original thoughts. I am under the influence of greater musicians than my self who bewilder me with all their knowledge. I must get away from professional [??] and music students and go with people [??] less about art than myself.

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I long to live in a quiet place where I can collect myself and think a little about the things I have learned in Europe. The point is, I am not ready to live in Berlin with all its brains; with all my study I have no real foundation. I have learned a little of a great many things but nothing thoroughly and so am influenced by everything.

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Sent with following letter Feb 19 1911

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It was quite a shock to hear of Father Foster's death. Several years ago he was strong and lively but gradually became quiet and seemed tired out.

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It would interest me to know what he died of. He had such a powerful frame that it could only have been some kind of organic trouble. Have been out to Max Bruch's several times lately. He recommended me to a church society which is going to give a performance of one of Bruch's oratorios next week where I am to play the organ. You remember I told you he had written me a beautiful letter; well he has written me many interesting cards lately which Mr. Lesser is saving for me until I go home. One day they will be very valuable - that is, when Bruch's correspondence is published.

Am invited to Mendelssohn's for supper this evening. They are magnificent people - so kind and natural and, of course, as descendants of Mendelssohn-Bartholdy, very musical. Roy Ganz has recovered from scarlet fever and is coming home Tuesday. Of course Mr. Ganz is tickled to death. So Delia has left Chicago. Too bad! It would have made a 'man' of her. So,
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Berlin March 17.

Dear Folks,-

Just this evening it occurred to me that today is St. Patrick's day. The Germans and the Irish haven't much in common so St. Patrick is unknown here. I remember at home it was a big day - great displaying of green ribbons and shamrocks with clay pipes on them (much to the disgust of Mrs. C.). Did J. P. Murphy wear the geranium in his hat today? He wasn't satisfied with a green silk ribbon or a shamrock put together with wire and green thread. He wanted something alive and, as shamrocks don't grow in the environs of Joliet, he wore a geranium. But he didn't need to wear any green on St. Patrick's day for he carried the Map of Ireland on his face the whole year around.

I remember the last St. Patrick's day that I was in America. I went to a Chicago Orchestra Concert and afterwards into the artist's room to see Leon Marx. I had a green ribbon on and so was the laughing stock among all those German musicians. It is hard to tell what nationality I am now. I am so at home among Germans and speak their language so well that they never suppose I am a foreigner. It is nice to be a little cosmopolitan for then you are able to understand

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and get along with anyone. The most Americans are, for instance, helpless ~~and~~ among Germans or, in fact, any place in Europe. After the Opera one night last week I went to a restaurant with a young American whom I accidentally met. It seemed so strange for me to talk English and be with one of my countrymen. I hadn't spoken my mother-tongue so much at one time since I was home two years ago.

The Gaynor family arrived lately and I was so glad to see them for they are terribly clever and it is nice to have a family of friends to whom you can go once in a while. They are the only Americans I know and since they left Berlin about a year ago I ~~hadn't~~ ^{haven't} been in an American family. This time Mr. Gaynor is with them. It is tremendous to think that Mrs. Gaynor gets enough royalties from the sale of 'The Slumber-Boat' to take the whole family to Europe every year. The parents are traveling in Italy just now and the girls are staying in Berlin.

Yesterday was class-lesson-day at Ganz's. Among other things I played 3 little pieces by Mr. Ganz which made quite a hit. They are the first things of his that I have studied which means that I intend to play all of his compositions. I am awakening more and more to the fact

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Haven't heard any music this week (that is, any concerts) but am going to a song recital tomorrow and to the Nikisch concert Sunday. It is the last concert of the season given by the Philharmonic orchestra which puts me in mind that the season here is nearly at an end. It went like a breath of wind. I thought I should give a concert at the end of this year but my plans have stranded. Mr. Ganz was in favor of it but Mr. Lesser was against it and after a long conversation between the two it was decided to call it off. Mr. Ganz had even ordered the hall for March 26 without consulting Mr. Lesser and the latter felt rather put out. Mr. L. was giving me the means to study at the Hochschule and, of course, was right in demanding that I take advantage of the opportunity, while Mr. Ganz was angry that it took so much time away from my piano practice. Mr. Lesser believed (and rightly) that I had enough on my mind and that it would be injurious to my health to strain me any more. It is now

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My writing so seldom has a bad effect on you all - you are doing the same thing. But perhaps it is the laziness that comes with the spring. Mother must get out and work in the garden just as soon as possible. I am longing for a fine walk in the woods. Lovingly Ed.

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Berlin. June 3, 1911.

Dear Folks,

This is better than usual of late; I wrote a week ago yesterday. During the winter the days went by so fast that I didn't keep track of them and sometimes, when I thought that it was a week since I had written, it was two and often three weeks. I still feel sorry about staying another year; if the summer were only over it would be no time for the winter goes like a flash. It would be fine if Mother could go to Minn. Too bad I can't send you some cash to help the good cause along, but of course it is impossible, as I ^{can} scrape only enough together to go to Switzerland.

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We are having an 8 days vacation at the Hochschule on account of Pentecost. It begins again the 8th and then there are still 7 weeks of grinding. But you bet I shall not stand it until Aug. 1 but shall skip out July 20 at the latest. Thank Heaven! I don't have to stay here in August; that is the most tiresome month in the whole year.

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At the last class lesson Abell of the Courier and Miss Kerr of the Leader were at Ganz's; perhaps they will write something about it. I played a Beethoven Sonata and a Liszt Polonaise. Abell seemed to like it. By the way, there was a flashlight taken of the pupils a short time ago which turned out very well. I shall send one of them to you. I must buy some of my old time writing paper; this is much too expensive.

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Dear Folks; You see from the enclosed postal that Dr. and Mrs. Renz have arrived. In Mrs. Renz's last letter from Vienna she informed me that they would be here Wed. the 12th but when I telephoned to the hotel ^{that day} the clerk informed me that they were already three days there. They came with one of Cook's parties and took in all the sights of Berlin without telling me ~~because they feared I would be bored riding~~ around with that crowd in one of those 'seeing Berlin' wagons. Of course they were right - I was glad that they had done it. Mrs. Renz looks perfectly natural except for the difference that ten years make in any one. Dr. looked differently; I remember him with his moustache and now he is clean shaven. They invited me to dinner at their Hotel that evening and so we gossiped about everything. We hardly knew where to begin at and jumped from Naples to St. Paul, then to Vienna and then to Joliet. Now after two days of talking and telling about our experiences and travels ~~we~~ the conversation is beginning to have some connection. They seem to have had a wonderful trip and of course Mrs. Renz is not going to recover from it for years. To Dr. everything is old, as he has been here, so his enthusiasm takes on a milder form.

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Sunday A.M.

Mr. and Mrs. Renz left early this morning. In spite of the fact that I didn't get to bed until 2:30 A.M., I was up again at 6:30. We had been together every day and evening so, of course, I couldn't let them go to the depot alone, although they were angry with me for doing it. We were up late every night so I have a slight feeling of relief when I think that they are gone and I can come back to regular living. Last night it was the theatre again and supper after; during the daytime it was art galleries, zoological gardens etc. - not to forget tea at the finest hotels. But it was the night life which interested Mrs. Renz. Being rather green concerning European customs, she howled with delight at every new thing she saw.

I like Dr. Renz very much too. He is a little dry and rarely speaks, but is a man to be depended on.

A week from today I shall be settled in Switzerland I hope. Three of us from the pension are going on the same train Friday. We land in Basel at 6:30 Saturday morning, intend to stay there several hours and leave for Berne at 2:12 P.M. There we change cars, the others for Neuchatel and Interlaken and I for Montreux. At least ten pupils of Mr. Ganz are living there now and I am afraid that they will be too near. To hear my colleagues practicing and to speak English the whole time is not what I am going to Switzerland for. I can't think of anything more to write now but there is a prospect of having more news when I get to the land of the snow-mountains.

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Clarens (Montreux)
July 25 1911

Dear Folks,- Again my address has changed and you can see by the heading that it is very Frenchy. Have been here for two days now and am beginning to feel quite at home.

Left Berlin Friday afternoon at 3:25. The trip was fearfully hot and tiresome and besides that, I traveled with the Pension mistress who is just about like her colleague, Jenny Crowe, (Lord have mercy on her soul) and who insisted on talking the whole time. I can't bear to talk in the train, one must yell so loud. We sat up the whole night but I managed to sleep a couple of hours; ~~it is~~ about like traveling in a chair car in America - you can bend the seats every way. At 5:30 the next morning we crossed the boundary between Germany and Switzerland, and at 6 were landed in Basel. This is a wonderful city in summer; it is called 'the door of Switzerland' because most of the railroad ^{lines from France and Germany} come into this country via Basel. Traffic is tremendous there just now and it seems as if the whole world is emptying its rich people into the little town. French and German are the prevailing languages although every waiter and bellboy speaks English and Italian. We had our breakfast in the depot and also went through the ~~custom~~ custom house, which, by the way, is nothing. They ask you if you have anything to pay duty on and all you have to do is say 'no'. They never dream of ~~off~~ opening your trunks.

We left there at 7:15 and arrived at Berne at 9:40. My landlady changed ~~suddenly~~ for Interlaken there and

NOT COMPLETE

Clarens (Montreux)
July 25 1911

Dear Folks,- Again my address had changed and you can see by the heading that it is very Frenchy. Have been here for two days now and am beginning to feel quite at home.

Left Berlin Friday afternoon at 3:25. The trip was fearfully hot and tiresome and besides that, I traveled with the Pension mistress who is just about like her colleague, Jenny Crowe, (Lord have mercy on her soul) and who insisted on talking the whole time. I can't bear to talk in the train, one must yell so loud. We sat up the whole night but I managed to sleep a couple of hours; it is about like traveling in a chair car in America you can bend the seats every way. At 5:30 the next morning we crossed the boundary between Germany and Switzerland, and at 6 were landed in Basel. This is a wonderful city in summer; it is called 'the door of Switzerland' because most of the railroad lines from France and Germany come into this country via Basel.

Traffic is tremendous there just now and it seems as if the whole world is emptying its rich people into the little town. French and German are the prevailing languages although every waiter and bellboy speaks English and Italian. We had our breakfast in the depot and also went through the ~~custom~~ custom house, which, by the way, is nothing. They ask you if you have anything to pay duty on and all you have to do is say 'no'. They never dream of ~~off~~ opening your trunks.

We left there at 7:15 and arrived at Berne at 9:40. My landlady changed ~~suddenly~~ for Interlaken there and

I was supposed to go on to Montreux; but I suddenly had a bright idea. Mr. Ganz wasn't expecting me until 6 that Evening and I was so dirty and tired from the trip that I went to a little hotel and slept 3 hours. After eating my dinner I took in the town (Berne is interesting because it is the capital) and then a 4:15 train for Lausanne. Ganz was teaching at the conservatory there and was just about ready to take the train when I called for him. We went to Montreux together and after I had left my grips at this house, we went to his villa. Mrs. Ganz's brother, Mr. Forrest, and her sister Mrs. Wolff are there for the summer.

The next day Mrs. Brooks comes prancing along, quite unexpectedly. The lassie is having a great time here—has been home for about two years. Last ~~year~~ winter she lived in a pension in Lausanne to learn French and in the spring went to Paris. Of course she is terribly clever now, knows the world inside and out besides speaking several languages.

This neighborhood is beautiful but has one drawback—the heat. It is really a winter resort ^{and} because the climate is so mild, is a favorite place for consumptives. Now there are none of them as they are able to stand their home climate at this time of year, but in the early Spring the place is overrun. Montreux, much like Lucerne, is a city of beautiful hotels. Almost every building is some kind of a house for visitors; even people who can't pay much can ~~live~~ live here—there are simple little inns all over. The heat reminds me of the summer in Joliet; perhaps not so bad because there is always a breeze from the lake. Lake Lemane (or Lake Geneva as many people call it) is a body of water about 5 miles wide and about 40 miles long.

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NOT COMPLETE

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July 29 / 1911.

Dear Folks,-

Today I am a week here and have already changed my domicile. Last week I lived in a little boarding-house called Villa Jasmin and since yesterday I am living in a larger and better one called Pension Schaffner. I didn't attempt to practice in the other place it was so noisy. There were any amount of youngsters in the house who yelled all day and the people in the next room had a parrot who screamed and carried on the live long day. Besides that, the street was noisy and the touring autos sent clouds of dust right up into my room. This place is in the midst of an immense garden and it might be miles away from the street, it is so quiet. I rented a piano right away and can practice undisturbed. Of course,

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to my principal occupation will be learning the French language which is a tremendous study now that I am getting an idea of the fine points. I have a lesson every day so I must be on the jump to prepare it. My teacher is a lady from Paris with a beautiful accent and great experience. She is very conscientious and does her best with me. I see that in the short time I am to be here I cannot expect to learn a great deal, but it will be a step farther. I have been studying French for five years but so irregularly that I have learned only the beginnings. The grammar is not as hard as the German but the pronunciation makes you twist your mouth a little. (Didn't the French priest in St. Paul say that Annie had the best accent he had ever heard? Ask Delia.) By the way I forgot to say anything about Delia's engagement to Heinrich. Well I am glad; as Mary says, it saves the family. But who knows? Some fine day I shall be hearing that Mary and Ann are contemplating changing their names. I told Mr. Lesser about it and he immediately insisted upon writing a card - another German custom. Have not seen much of the Ganzes lately. Mr. is terribly busy so I could not think of disturbing him often, and as for being chummy with the other inmates of the house, it is out of the question. Had a short attack of indigestion just before leaving Berlin which wasn't helped any by traveling, so I had it here for several days. The change is doing me good though, and if it keeps on like it has done I shall be all right in a couple of days. Lovingly Ed.

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Forgot that I had this page left.
Mr. Ganz has about fifteen of his pupils here but they are all living at Lausanne. He teaches one day a week there at the conservatory and a few of them come to Clarens for their lessons. I have not seen any of them as yet but I hear they are all working hard and making great progress. This winter is going to have a pile of good things in store for me if I have my health. I don't intend to work harder than usual but will prepare myself to go home by practicing the piano as I should. I only hope you will all be well that there will be nothing to worry about at either end of the line. Mrs. Renz was robbed of most of her jewelry at the hotel in Berlin. I was sorry it had to happen there; now she has such a disagreeable remembrance of the place after my doing my best to make her like it.

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Clarene (Montreux)
Aug. 10, 1911.

Dear Folks; - It seems the time passes even more quickly in Switzerland than it did in Berlin and instead of having many new experiences to tell, as I thought I would, nothing is new. This is my fourth summer here so you see I know the country pretty well (it isn't so awfully big) and am doing the same things that I did every summer and which I have already told you about numerous times. If you could find and read my letter that I wrote from Hertenstein five years ago, you would know just about the way I pass the time here.

We are directly on the edge of the Lake of Geneva which is some what larger than the Lake of Lucerne but has almost exactly the same kind of mountains for a border. We can see across the lake and into France but that is crosswise, to look towards Geneva, which is at the other end, is like looking at the sea - you see only the horizon. The water is clear as crystal and sky-blue. Sometimes a stiff gale blows and then there are tremendous white caps and breakers like on Lake Michigan. If I wake up in the night I can hear the waves rolling in and when there is a storm, they often wake me up. My window is about 30 feet from the water. There is a beautiful shady quay which runs clear around the lake (at least at all the places where there are towns) and I love to go walking there mornings and evenings. The people who live in Montreux

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Sometimes a stiff gale blows and then there are tremendous white caps and breakers like on Lake Michigan. If I wake up in the night I can hear the waves rolling in and when there is a storm, they often wake me up. My window is about 30 feet from the water. There is a beautiful shady quay which runs clear around the lake (at least at all the places where there are towns) and I love to go walking there mornings and evenings. The people who live in Montreux

or along the country roads complain of the awful heat but here I don't notice it. We have a lovely garden right on the edge of the water and when I sit out there on a bench a cool breeze comes over from the lake and drives away the heat.

Sometimes when I must go to Montreux to buy something I swelter and think it is fearfully hot but when I get back into this ~~shady~~ garden, I imagine that I am in another climate. Clarens is a suburb of Montreux and is more unprotected - there is often a draught here between the mountains. It is interesting to watch the winds and the storms. Montreux is bounded on the north by a big mountain which is almost like a chain of mountains, because it stretches along for miles. Of course no north wind can come there so it is a favorite resort for consumptives in winter. It is built up from the water and just glistens in the sun. It is amusing to watch the storms that come from Geneva. They are from the South and follow the lake to Montreux. Of course ~~the~~ when they get there they can't climb over that big mountain on the North and ~~it is~~ in a short time we have them again - coming back. The thunder grumbles as if it were furious at being penned up and having to turn back.

Lucerne was perhaps a little ^{and} more interesting because it is more of a railroad centre, there is a more international public there - especially more Americans and English.

Here the Russians are in the majority. All the anarchists and bomb-throwers who are thrown out of Russia flee here and are let alone because Switzerland, being a republic, is not afraid of them. There are Russian churches in nearly all the large towns on the shores of Lake Geneva.

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For instance: in this pension there are thirty people only four of whom aren't Russians - two people from Prague, a lady from Berlin and myself. They all speak perfect French as do most of the Russians. I can't help liking the people; they are natural and hearty but eat like pigs. The men eat with their knives and the women ~~have~~ have their heads almost into their plates. But it is wonderful how talented they are; they can learn anything without ~~any~~ trouble and the children talk like grown-ups.

Mr. Ganz lives quite near here and so I am often there. We all go bathing together afternoons at a bathing house in the neighborhood which is fine sport. Swimming is certainly the best exercise on earth because it is so exhausting; if you swim a half-hour every afternoon, it is enough to offset the nervousness from sitting at the piano the whole day. I am sure to swim ten minutes shakes up the body more than to walk five miles. I am to have my first lesson tomorrow and am glad of it for I have been practicing well and am in fine form. Some new piano pieces of Mr. Ganz appeared in lately and he promptly presented me with them with a nice dedication. I am practicing only three hours a day but I am feeling so well that these three are as good as six in Berlin. My French teacher comes at 10 every morning and, with bathing and practicing, the day goes very quickly. There are some young people there who haven't anything to do so they don't know how to kill the time. It is a awful strain to be alone and sit around with nothing to do. I did it for a couple of days that I wasn't feeling well. I told you about it - an attack of indigestion which lasted about a week. I ate nothing but eggs and toast and tea, sat in

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I wrote to Kate lately asking her to send me \$10. I intended that you shouldn't know anything about it but, after considering the matter, have decided to let you not only know about it but am also going to ask you to send me 10 to be sure of it. Perhaps she can't send it right now. I went over my allowance a little by taking a French lesson every day and, although I can easily borrow it from Mr. Ganz, it would, of course, be more agreeable if you would send it. I know your funds are pretty low after the summer but I can send it back to you as soon as I arrive in Berlin. Ann is going to stay here until Sept. 10 so you can send it directly to this address: Pension Schaffner, Clarens (Montreux) Switzerland. Then I am going to ask Ann or Cele to send me a 'Gem' nail-clipper or something like it. There is no such thing to be had here and my old one is lost. You can send it first-class but at the 2 cent rate either to this address or Starcke-Rettberg in Berlin.

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Was swimming this afternoon for the first time in about two weeks. We had a week of cold rainy days and, as I don't enjoy swimming when my teeth chatter and my body is blue, I waited for the sun. It came a couple of days ago.

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and the water is again ideal. Of course there were a million youngsters there (it seemed to me) that come now every day after school. It is interesting to see the different nationalities in their bathing suits and to recognize them. Anyone can tell an American walking on the street on account of his belt with a vest and his clothes much too large for him, or an Englishman in his knickerbockers and ugly straw hat, or a German with his high water trousers and loud tie out of place; but when they are alongside of each other just as Nature made them these signs disappear, and you must have experience and a good eye to tell them by their features, build, haircut, etc. The Americans certainly have the best figures. They are muscular and light as feathers on their feet. The Englishman is also muscular but generally emaciated, and has a rather stiff gait. The German is easy to tell on account of his thick 'middle' - the sign that he comes from the land of beer. He falls into the water like a barrel and when he swims there is as much from around his feet as at the back of a steam boat.

Was at Chillon yesterday again. This time it was even more interesting because I went with some interesting Russians who hired a guide. He told us the whole history of the place and showed us where famous men visiting the place had cut their names in the stone. I saw Lord Byron's, Victor Hugo's, General Moltke's and many another great man's name there. But if I should attempt to disfigure the pillars with my name I would be pinched; they want only great men's names there to make the place more interesting.

Received a letter from Delia today which was a hard shock. I can't imagine where she got the energy to write. When she is married she will be a lady of leisure, I suppose, and

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then she will write enough for the whole family. What are Henry's relations like? What does he do anyway?

Mr. Ganz is going to have a class lesson at his home next Tuesday. It is the only one he has had this summer so it will be interesting to see and hear the pupils again. Thank Heaven! I didn't have to live in that awful place Lausanne. It is a regular oven and dustier than Joliet. The whole town is an endless chain of hills so you have to be continually climbing. Most of the pupils live there and I guess they have been having a nice time among themselves. I was glad not to be in the midst of them for the sake of my French and, in fact, the only glimpse I got of them was when they passed by the pension on the way to their lessons. Mr. Ganz's parents are visiting there now. It was so nice to see them; Mr. Ganz and I talked and laughed about the hard time I had that summer in Zürich and of the two weeks I spent with him.

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in the French race to be polite it doesn't make any difference if they are Swiss-French or real ones.

But somehow I enjoyed the scenery in the German Switzerland more: it was more intimate and countryfied while this is so gigantic and cityfied. I haven't seen one cow this summer much less heard the tinkling of their bells. Neither do the French-Swiss yodel (shout like the shepherds in the mts.). The cows and the shepherds were the charm of the place. The country is divided into districts, about the size of our counties, called cantons. It is peculiar: this canton, for instance, is Protestant while the one right next to it is Catholic. If you go on a big mountain trip and cross several cantons you sometimes find the religion changed as often as you cross the boundary. In Montreux there is a beautiful Catholic church but there are several Protestant churches and all the peasants are Protestants. One Sunday I crossed the lake with some people and we suddenly found ourselves in a Catholic canton where there was not one Protestant.

Am leaving here a week from Wednesday; the time will soon be here for me to go back to Berlin and begin my last winter's work there for who knows? how long. At any rate it has been a beautiful summer and I am rested and strengthened. Shall write again from here. Lovingly Ed.

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Berlin Sept. 19, 1911

Dear Folks,-

You have had to get along with very little news from me lately; it was a happy thought to send you a card from Basle and let you know my whereabouts, but then I suppose you expected me to write immediately from Berlin. However I have been terribly unsettled and only to-day have the room which I am to have this winter.

The train left Basle at 5 that afternoon and arrived in Berlin at 9 A.M. I had to change again at Frankfurt at 11 P.M. That is the most disagreeable thing about traveling 3rd class: there are seldom any through cars so every few hours you have to pack out with your baggage and find places in another train which is generally overcrowded already. Arriving at Starcke Rettberg's I was informed that the house was full and that my old room had been rented for the whole winter. So I had to hike off with my trunk and find something. I tried in several pensions and finally found a room a few doors from there - Kleiststr. 28, where I am now and where I shall be for the rest of my stay in Berlin. It is a dandy place, clean with fine food and nice people. I intended staying only a few days because the price was too high, but when I came to tell the landlady I was going, she asked me to stay and came down 20 Marks a month in her price. Of course that is a big difference so I accepted immediately. Yesterday I brought over my books and music which had been at Starcke-Rettberg's and to-day I am to move upstairs in a fine big room exactly suited to a musician.

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Here, as in most large pensions, there are special rooms for music students. This landlady rents three floors and on each floor she has two rooms which she rents to pianists. That is very agreeable for we are hunted and despised by humanity and are glad to find any kind of a place. These music students' rooms are always away at the end of the corridor - miles away from everyone else in the house. My landlady assures me that no one will complain of my practicing, which is necessary, as I can't practice if I have the feeling that someone is cursing me in his sleeve.

But I am forgetting the most important thing to thank Mary for the cheque. It came Sept, 4, a week before I left, and just filled the hole. It was certainly great - I felt like a man just let out of prison. Lucky that I asked you for it too, for Kate's didn't materialize. Perhaps she didn't get my letter. What caused this financial embarrassment was the magnificent style of my French lessons. I had a lady from Paris come every morning and give me a lesson in the garden of the hotel - the people thought I was a millionaire. But who knows when I shall be among French speaking people again, so I took advantage of the opportunity. The class lesson at Ganz's that afternoon was very nice. It was fine to meet the pupils again after not having seen them for so long. After the music we had refreshments out in the yard. Mrs. Becker, an old pupil of Mr. Ganz, whom I knew in Chicago, was there. The last week or ten days in Switzerland I went to the Casino in Montreux every day - sometimes twice a day.

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The day I arrived in Berlin I telephoned to Lesser's but, much to my surprise, was informed that he hadn't returned. His servant told me that he had suddenly taken a violent cold in Franzensbad and was compelled to stay there a few days. However, it wasn't very serious for he arrived two days later. I met him at the train and have seen him almost every day since. Yesterday we were at Bechstein's to rent a piano which I hope will come to day so that I can start working. Our trio concert takes place Nov. 2. That isn't very long now - so we must get to work at the rehearsals. My own concert takes place at the end of the season - the exact date I don't know.

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Sunday I was at Mendelssohn's but didn't get to see them as they were just going out. I left my card and can go another time soon. Their place is even more beautiful now than it was in Spring on account of the colored leaves.

It was a shock to hear from Delia this summer. I must write a German letter to Henry. Now please don't have an elaborate wedding - it is so common. Have an early mass - low mass I would have - high mass will be too much of a strain on all of you. There is no need of a big wedding breakfast. Have one like Kate's and invite just a few priests and Henry's parents. It would be ~~to~~ really laughable to make a splurge when you are in such a tight fix financially.

I hope this will be the last irregular writing on my part for the whole winter - until I come home I must soon begin to think about that too.

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Kleiststr. 31 + Berlin, Oct. 1, 1911

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Did I tell you about my piano? I have a magnificent Bechstein concert-grand - it is a beauty. Hitherto I have had a Seiler baby-grand for which I paid 20 Marks a month. Of course my ambition had always been a Bechstein (although the Seiler wasn't bad) but a Bechstein is very expensive - 40 Marks for a small grand - and ~~as that is too much~~, I despaired of getting one. However, I went to their store with Mr. Lesser who is well known there, as elsewhere - when he came in all the clerks ~~rushed~~ rushed up and made him a grand bow. To make a long story short, he put a bug into the head man's ear to such an extent that I was given a concert grand for twenty Marks a month. It was a big surprise and I was wild with delight. It is the first time in my life that I have had a good piano to practice on. My room is easily as big as our parlor and the piano takes up one whole wall - it is a monster with lions' heads at the ends of the key-board. The action is heavy and tired me easily at first but now I am getting used to it. The tone is glorious and I enjoy hearing myself play - quite a new feeling.

We have started rehearsing for our trio concert which takes place at Bechstein Hall on Nov. 2. The first notice of it appeared in yesterday's paper; it was only a line but it was exciting enough to see my name. I felt as if my career had begun and that I was being challenged to come out and show what I can do. I am sure we will have a nice success; we certainly play better than any of the chamber music organizations (that is, among the young musicians) that I have heard here.

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Even if the critics jump on us, we are assured of a financial success, thanks to Mr. Lesser, who will bring up all the rich Jews in line. Then we have arranged the program very diplomatically by playing firstly a trio by Gernsheim, who is a big gun here and who can be of great use to us, secondly a sonata for violin and piano by Kahn, who was my composition teacher at the ~~who~~ Hochschule and who, I am hoping, will give me private lessons this winter and thirdly, a trio by Mendelssohn, which will be a compliment to his descendants, our patrons, and who we are hoping, will show their appreciation by taking a bunch of tickets. You see we are awful schemers, but one must be to amount to something. Beethoven and Schubert et. al. don't need any young musicians to exploit their works, but living composers do, and you put them under your obligation by playing their compositions in public. It was again Mr. Lesser's idea to play a modern program; with his keen Jewish business sense he saw the benefit we can derive by standing in with Gernsheim, Kahn and the Mendelssohn family.

But we are pretty sure of the latter anyway. I was there with Heber (the violinist of our trio) last night to supper. Afterwards we played three piano quartets, Herr von Mendelssohn playing first violin. I am always so delighted to be there, they are so genuine and natural. They seem to be fond of me as, indeed, they have shown it. I am counting on being at their home often this winter which will have a good effect on me musically as well as socially. You know how I always despised going out; well I must overcome that now to a certain extent and try and be with these kind of people as much as possible.

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Was interrupted yesterday and had not a moment to continue this until this evening. Today was the big Jewish feast day and so I was busy the whole day. Now they are over and I can look forward to getting my salary. Although they were a strain I enjoyed them immensely. St. Mary's choir behaved like angels in comparison to these. I heard the best stories of my life during the sermons and managed to be given the most delicious candy at the most solemn parts of the service. They are frights these young people.

The service began at 9 this morning and lasted until 6:30 this evening with one hour's rest. So for 8 1/2 hours I sat on the organ bench - rather on the harmonium bench which was twice as hard on account of having to pump. But I managed to read a novel at the same time. The chanter sings long psalms, sometimes lasting twenty minutes to a half hour and then the choir answers with an 'amen'. While he was singing I read and, just when we were to answer, a young fellow standing near me gave me a nudge and snatched the book out of my hand just in time to let me play the 'amen'. He then promptly gave it back to me and I started reading again. Of course the choir also has long lingos to sing (in Hebrew) and I often had to transpose them suddenly. It reminded me of how I used to chase Fr. Foley up and down the organ when he was singing the preface. Mr. Lesser and I sent a card to Delia lately. She and Henry must write Mr. Lesser immediately. Shall try and turn over a new leaf in the writing line. Lovingly Ed.

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The program to-day is dedicated to Gustav Mahler and so turns out to be a memorial concert. The poor fellow is being honored now that he is dead but, when he was living, everyone was his enemy and helped to bring him down to his grave. But that is the way it goes with all the musicians.

Mrs. Ganz came over to see me yesterday. It was quite a surprise as I supposed she was still in Switzerland. She came to tell me about two American girls who are to begin with Mr. Ganz when he returns, but who in the meantime will study with me. It will be a nice little income on the side and a good means of getting some experience. I only hope the pensions Wirtin (landlady) will not have any objection. Mr. Ganz sailed last Tuesday so will soon come in sight of the Statue of Liberty. It must be a delicious feeling to be going to America for a concert tour. It is the ambition of every musician here in Berlin but, alas! how few of them reach it. I remember the last time I came

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into the harbor of New York I was terribly depressed because I was coming back to my country without being that that I started out to be. But now I have a different feeling; next July when I come in sight of Coney Island I am sure I shall be happy and confident. I wrote a card to Mr. Ganz at Bremen c/o 'Crownprincess Cecilia' wishing him no white caps. He will laugh over it and think of our trip to Havre five years ago. They had a good joke on me; the first day out the sea was like a mirror and I nearly cried for disappointment. I was disgusted that it wasn't as rough as Lake Michigan and that it made less of an impression. I had read so much about the 'sea in anger' and heard Mrs. Collins tell so much about the 'power of God on the ocean', that I had been expecting different things and so couldn't be consoled. That the people for praising the fine weather and 'only wishing it would last.' Mr. Ganz just laughed in his sleeve and said 'wait you'll get enough'. Well the next day my friends the white caps came, big fellows that ~~just~~ jumped upon the deck and splashed salt water in our faces. You know the rest: I became fearfully sick and wished the white caps to the — but they didn't go. Ever since that Mr. Ganz has called me 'Master White Cap'. He arrives in New York Tuesday the 11.

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singer, the whole audience cried. I was invited to dinner and came an hour late (at 3 P.M.?) which was very disagreeable to me and, I suppose, still more so to the hostess. But I simply couldn't leave before it was over. In the evening I went to Mr. Lesser's and, after supper, played a whole program for him. I have already made big strides in my piano playing since I came from Switzerland. There is nothing like practicing regularly and now, that I am not at the Hochschule, I am able to do it. The school started today, by the way. I felt a little lonesome not being there. Hess asked me to play in the orchestra this winter and I shall most likely do it. It is such fun and such an education.

Of One of the pupils recommended by Mrs. Ganz has materialized - at least her father has. He came to see me this noon and made arrangements for the first lesson. He is a Doctor Wilson from Rochester Minn. and, on account of having lived in St. Paul several years, knows Kate and Dr. Renz very well. It will really be my first experience in this line so I am curious to see how it will turn out. Talent to teach is a talent by itself and one either has it or not; it cannot be learned.

The Mendelssohn Prize contest took place last week. You remember I played at it last year and went off with empty hands. This time I accompanied Heber, the violinist who captured 150 Marks. The first prize is 1500, and then the interest of a large sum is divided among the 4 next best. The interest this year amounted to about 600 Marks and

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as Heber was among the 12,500 marks fell to him.

It is almost winter in country now - the leaves have fallen and the fire is made in my stove every morning. I had an awful cold in my head last month which lasted about 10 days and which was the result of the big difference between the Lake of Geneva and Berlin. I remember how I noticed the change during the trip from Basel. We left there at 5 P.M. in a sweltering heat but the farther north we came the cooler it was. That wasn't because the night was cooler - it was simply a change of climate. In the morning I looked out of the window and the ground was covered with frost! Imagine the difference. But the cold doesn't disturb me once that I am used to it. I should be delighted if this weather would keep up; it is the rain in winter that I despise.

Hope Delia received Mr. Lesser's and my card. The ceremony is probably over by this time. Are they going on a wedding trip? Haven't had any news for a long time; what is the trouble? It is too bad about Frank. Swimming is only for healthy people. Frank should never go in with his nicotine blood. Cigarettes and cold water are a magnificent combination for rheumatism. Haven't heard anything about Mrs. Renz's jewels; they are gone for good. Schumann Heink sings here Friday. I intend going to see her soon. Did you write to Herrn von Mendelssohn? If not it doesn't make much difference and is too late now. Give my best regards to Father O'Brien.

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Dear folks, -
I must be Oct 26 1911

Now that Cele's wedding is past, you probably feel relieved. Many people look upon a wedding as something very gay but it makes the same impression on me as a funeral. That is of course silly. In German the word for wedding is 'Hochzeit' which literally means 'high time,' and the Germans celebrate it in this sense of the word. But I am glad for Cele; it is one of those that should marry. It seems perfectly natural to me that Kate and Cele should marry and Mary and Annie remain single. It will be the best thing for mother as there will be a little more life and change in the family. I thought Henry worked in a Bank in Joliet. Mr. Lesser (and I too) received Cele's cards and Mr. Lesser was especially delighted. It just **happened that I?** noticed his card.

We have been busy rehearsing for our concert and rushing around to sell the tickets. I am sending you a poster and the concert announcements out of Sunday's paper. You know there are no such unsightly bill-boards here as in America, but on every street corner there is a little round pillar covered with these yellow monsters. We had our picture taken lately and it is great. Perhaps you will not be so delighted with it when I tell you that my little mustache shows plainly on it which makes me look like a different person altogether. I was afraid to tell you about the mustache although I have had it since Spring. It is a little stubby one - 'English tooth-brush' as the Germans say, and very blond. The picture was posted in most of the music stores.

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concerts here they pay their money down in advance and
don't even try to sell a ticket; indeed they are delighted to
get the people there on complementaries and simply pay
their hard-earned cash for the pleasure of playing.
There is going to be a performance of Liszt's Missa Solemnis
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It seems they have no organists at the Hochschule -
the director himself asked me and I said yes -
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So the wedding took place the 18th? (It is two days since I started this letter so that I had forgotten about talking on that subject.) This letter is terribly late & you will surely think something has happened, so I must quit and get this much off in all haste.
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Berlin Nov. 6 1911

Dear Folks,-

Everything went beautifully. I mean our concert which took place last Thursday. The results were satisfactory from every standpoint. First the artistic side; we were all three in fine form and played as we hardly hoped to; the audience was very enthusiastic and gave us several recalls after each number besides storming the artists' room and overpowering us with compliments. Both Kahn and Gernsheim were there and seemed delighted. It was mighty well attended almost filled and that was very encouraging. It could have been packed but for two reasons; first, eighty tickets were reserved for the critics and their families and many of them didn't come or, if they did ^{they} ~~staid~~ ^{stayed} for only one number. (There were several other big concerts on that night notably, Sembrich's) secondly, several people bought more tickets than they used for instance Franz von Mendelssohn bought 20 good seats and used only five for his family. His brother Robert bought 10 and didn't use one - he was out of town. Of course it was some to know that those empty seats were all paid for but we would have liked to have seen them filled. The financial result was tremendous for a concert of this ~~size~~ ^{kind}. Imagine beginners in Berlin not only being able to pay the expenses but making 75 Marks apiece! I sold 100 Marks worth besides getting a great many to go who bought their tickets at the box office. Only one criticism has appeared up to now; it was in a morning paper the day after the concert and so was a good beginning. If the following ones will only be as good. Most of the critics write only once or twice a week and then bring

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a resumé of the concerts of several evenings. Am enclosing one criticism.

This month is certainly my best 'business' month since I came to Europe for I am going to earn (and have earned some) at least \$100 on the side. Am enclosing two little cheques for Mary and Ann. Mary's is the money she sent me last summer while the other \$10 will help Ann to pay for her 'black picture hat'. Perhaps I can send her a little more to help out on her 'Marquise gown and aigrettes'. (Whatever in thunder all those things are) However I must get the money for my concert together soon and then put aside for my steamer ticket in July. Have two engagements out of town this month, one at Magdeburg and the other at Götting. The concert at Magdeburg is with a violinist and will bring me 100 M.

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Was delighted with Mrs. Collins' criticism - how she received in 'black silk'. The next event is my birthday; am going to the theatre in the evening with Mr. Lesser.

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Berlin Dec. 5, 1911

Dear Folks,-

It seems to-day is the first breathing spell I have had for some time, so I must take advantage of it and write. I am looking forward to a more quiet time now until about Christmas, which will then most likely bring the usual string of tiring events. The climax of my 'dissipating' was reached last night; we had a ball here in the pension which lasted until 2 A.M. There are about 30 people (mostly young students) living in this house, and, with a number of outsiders, the crowd swelled to 50 or 60. It seems Fräulein Kähn (our landlady) gives these functions quite often but, as I haven't been here very long, it was the first one I experienced. The outsiders were all Germans, which gave the only local color to the affair as the inmates of the pension are all foreigners - North Americans, Brazilians, Russians and Norwegians. It was very nice though. I don't dance so I felt rather

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stop, but I enjoy watching the others dance.

Our trio concert has suddenly made us quite popular among a certain set, so we have been invited out a great deal lately. When you give concerts in Berlin you must make friends the kind that buy tickets, so when they invite you to their homes you daren't refuse. But it is awful - getting home late nights. You can't get up early in the morning so your work goes to the dogs. I have cut out going to concerts to a certain extent. They are even worse than society events for me because the music excites me so that I can't sleep for a long time afterwards. When I come home from a terribly tiresome party where I almost went to sleep, you can imagine that it doesn't take me long to dose off, but when I have been to a magnificent concert and have heard music that has set my nerves tingling, it is hours before I can calm myself.

Was at the last Nikisch concert. It was a Beethoven program. (Dec. 16 is the date of Beethoven's death) Schnabel, one of the best known pianists in Berlin was the soloist.

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I can hardly write on account of the music in the house. A violinist directly underneath is playing the most doleful melody, while a pianist a little ways down the hall is pounding a sonata of Chopin; another one on the other side is tearing off scales. It is depressing to hear them all for one is reminded of the tremendous competition and wonders what is going to become of us all. Everyone is terribly ambitious and is confident that he or she is going to conquer the world.

There is going to be a concert at the Hochschule Saturday Evening. I may play the tympani. I shall write to Henry and Dr. Moody this week. This idea with Schumann Heink is great - if it only materializes. The music students are getting noisier than ever so I shall have to practice to defend myself. (Of course when I play I don't hear them, which is the only reason for my being able to stay here.)

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Pending JPGs

Berlin Dec. 28, 1911.

Dear Folks,-

this is the last chance this year that I shall have to making the resolution to write oftener. Perhaps it will have some effect this time because it is a new Year's resolution. But I have no faith in promises especially when I make them myself because when a person really intends doing a thing or is in the habit of carrying out his promises, he doesn't talk about them.

The Christmas holidays passed very quietly. You can imagine how little excitement there would be at home if none of you had any church positions nor any music to prepare. It would even be a little more exciting if one had the prospect of hearing some good music but on Christmas the congregation here just sings a few extra hymns. The day after Christmas is also a holiday in Berlin-not only legal but for Catholics a holy day of obligation. I didn't intend going to mass on the 26th but went into the church for a few minutes about 11:30 and it was just as crowded as the day before.

Pending JPGs

Christmas eve we had a tree here in the pension. As I have probably told you every year at this time, Christmas is impossible in any house without a tree. Ours was a great big one, about 10 ft. high and beautifully decorated. We first stood around it and sang the songs that the Germans always sing on Christmas eve-first a hymn about the Christ Child and then a hymn of praise to the tree itself complimenting it principally on its constancy for 'it not only blooms in summer but in winter as well.' The tree seemed to be flattered although it didn't say anything. then we had the giving of presents; we all contributed towards a fur collar for our landlady and presents for the servants. Frl. Kahrn in turn gave each on of us something of no value but simply a remembrance. (It would have been no fun buying valuable presents for about 40 people) Then we had a gala dinner and a dance. All theatres and places off amusement are closed that night but the Germans don't have any scruples about having the time of their lives at home. This pension is really dangerous for a serious student like myself. It threatens to take my mind off my work with all its brilliant social affairs. The Russian Christmas takes place next week so the Russians in the pension (there are about 10) are going to give a grand ball. A week after the Brazilians are going to celebrate in honor of a young doctor who is going back to Brazil. It would be an ideal place for anyone who didn't have much to do every night there is dancing in the parlor (a tremendous room with a hard oil floor) where the music is furnished by on of the music students living here, followed by games of cards. o one gets up before 10 a.m. so you can imagine what it is like-one long house party. I don't have much chance to take part in the usual evening fun as I am generally out, but, when there is a full dress ball, I manage to stay home and enjoy them very much. On account of not being able to dance I can't do anything but sit around which is, however, much more interesting

Pending JPGs

Have been troubled lately with eczema. I suppose you know what it is? It itches just like hives and the skin finally peels off. It is terribly annoying and I had to quit practicing because I had it on my hands. It started on my feet but the doctor didn't make anything of it and assured me it would not last long. Then it appeared on my hands and I quit playing so as to prevent their perspiring. (Perspiration is very bad in fact any kind of dampness; the doctor forbid me to bathe or to wash my hands often) It is so ridiculous because one never knows where it comes from. It is no contagion but simply an inflammation of the skin caused by perspiration and then sudden cold. I had been wearing thick woolen socks which are probably the cause of it. Have been practicing again for several days as it has almost entirely disappeared from my hands although it is still 'alive and howling' on my feet. There is not much to be done-I mean not many remedies for it. Every night I put on a kind of zinc salve and in the morning talcum powder. Then one mustn't eat much rich food, especially meat. I have been going to the skin department of the city hospital for treatment. One of Mr. Lesser's nephews is there. Children have it a great deal and then men often have it in their beards. But to think that such a thing should happen to me who has never had anything like that!

Had a long letter from Kate lately also one from Anna Renz. The latter sent me a pair of silk socks and a tie to match as well as a kind of kid affair which I suppose is for socks or ties when one is traveling. At least I am going to use it for that. The 'hose' from Mary also arrived. I am especially glad to get them because I threw away all my heavy ones and was just intending to buy a lot of this kind.

Pending JPGs

No need to tell you that I didn't give a Christmas present although I received some nice ones, among others, a beautiful Beethoven Biography from an American woman here in the pension. You know it is against my principles to give presents as I think it should be against everyone's principles who hasn't any money. However I managed to buy a bouquet of violets and present them to Mrs. Ganz with due ceremony. Mr. Ganz will be here in about a week so I am hustling so as to play my program for him. As soon as he comes we shall arrange for my concert.

Called on Mendelssohns Christmas morning too. I hadn't been there for a long time but they were just as nice as ever. the concerts have let up for the holiday season but will let loose again just as soon as new Years is past. Was awfully glad to receive a Christmas Card from Miss Rogan. shall answer immediately. It is interesting to hear about Father Dunne; but his parish is doomed. Where the Jews once get a foothold there is no hope for anyone else. I am getting to despise the people more and more although I shouldn't on account of the help I have had from them. But that is just it: taken singly they are fine people but it is their clannish way that is so disgusting. It seems there are nothing but Jews in Berlin; I am always delighted when I can talk to a Christian. Well here's hoping again that I will keep my resolution to write more regularly.

Lovingly Ed.