

NEW YORK PAYS ABOUT \$7,000,000 YEARLY FOR ITS MUSIC



Geraldine Farrar, One of the Highest Priced Sopranos.

Opera the Biggest Item, But Other Sources from the Hand Organ to Symphony Make Up the High Amount.

SEVEN millions a year and "nothing to show for it," as a vulgarian might put it; a few tunes, a few chorals, a noisy ensemble, a crashing finale, the downward stroke of a conductor's baton, and "e finata la sinfonia."

Seven millions! Such is the booty which organ grinder and Caruso, German trombone and morning musical favorite divide up every year of New York's life.

And, speaking of organ grinders, how many do you think there are in New York City? Two millions? Guess again. Hundred thousand? No. Just 103 all told. There could be 197 more, for there are at the City Hall 197 licenses for hurdy-gurdying which year after year linger unissued. City regulations allow 600 of those "noise-makers" at large and a permit to spoil the silence from dawn to sundown and to gather in the cook's pennies and the sentimental maiden's dime costs only \$1.

This is undoubtedly the cheapest sort of music available. Some designate it as musical blackmail, for the tanned Sicilian who develops his biceps by frequent renderings of the intermezzo is not always offered small change to continue, but rather to interrupt his labors. This Sicilian picks up (literally) \$3 a day on the average. If we multiply 103 Sicilians by \$3, and multiply the total by 365 days we may easily, (counting out rainy days and snowstorms) account for pretty close to \$100,000 a year.

The next leak through which the cash of the musically inclined is enabled to ooze out is café music. Café musicians and hurdy-gurdy soloists have at least one thing in common, their programmes. The intermezzo seldom falls to its easy bathos to the seventy-five cent regulars with wine, and "Il Trovatore" is rendered by spaghetti house trios with fully as many discords as though a compatriot of Verdi's were whirling the crank of his mechanical piano. Of course the public does not pay for that music, but the intermezzo, and trims the portions or dilutes the red ink accordingly.

Nearly one hundred cafés and table d'hotes employ orchestras of generally three men—musicians are always designated professionally as "men." They receive salaries ranging from \$15 to \$30 a week, including one meal at night, and a glass of beer and a sandwich at midnight. If they were all paid upon prices they would receive a little more, but the fact that there are about three musicians' unions disagreeing on all details of organization enables union men to depart from the narrow policy of insisting on one particular figure when looking for work.

It is a fair estimate that \$300,000 is paid out yearly by proprietors of cafés for drowning their guests' conversation. Not too disparagingly should we speak of "cafés men." Go to the largest union on Seventy-sixth Street, a union with a membership of 5,000, and in the smoke-filled hall, where some thousand individuals parade around between the hours of 11 A. M. and 1 P. M., you will receive many shocks. Here is the snobbish young pianist whom you met at Mrs. B.'s and who turned up his nose when asked to play a waltz. To-night perhaps for a consideration of \$3 he will accompany at the corner of First Avenue and Fourteenth Street the stylish young violinist, whom you met at Mrs. W.'s and who will play with gusto "In the Shade of the Old Apple Tree." And they are only samples of many.

The fifty hotels of Manhattan which serve dinners with music give employment to about three hundred more "men" for nine months a year, and there goes another \$300,000, bringing the total up to \$700,000. To this add forty-four theatres, with about 500 musicians, and thirty vaudeville houses, with 300 more, averaging \$750,000 per year in salaries, and we have reached the million and a half.

A very important item in New York's musical budget is symphonic music. Several large local orchestras and one visiting organization take out of the public's pockets about \$350,000. A symphony orchestra is made up of eighty or one hundred musicians, and the average musician receives less than \$20 a week and some of whom are paid between \$50 and \$100.

Foremost in drawing power is the Boston Symphony, which visits Manhattan ten times a year. The box office of Carnegie Hall, where almost all orchestral concerts are given, gathers in every year over \$200,000 of the public's money. One-fifth of this, or \$40,000, goes to the Bostonians.



Caruso, The Highest Priced Opera Singer in the World.

about \$100,000 to keep. Seventy-five thousand dollars of it is earned through concerts in New York, and some more through concerts on tour, and the deficit (for every large orchestral organization is run at a loss) is made up by gifts from wealthy music lovers.

The New York Symphony Orchestra, the third on the list, is financed differently; the musicians are engaged for longer or shorter terms, according to their skill, some for fifty-two, some for forty, and some for twenty weeks, and the conductor, Walter Damrosch, instead of receiving a salary, is allowed to retain the difference between the earnings of the orchestra on tour and the cost of its keep to the society.

Its expenses amount to about \$100,000 a year, and its receipts in the city are about one-half those of the Philharmonic. The Symphony Society derives a certain income from renting its musicians to the Young People's Symphony and to the Oratorio Society for the various concerts.

The fourth organization of importance is the Russian Symphony orchestra, whose special aim is the popularization of Russian music. It gives only four concerts, however, and is pre-eminently a traveling orchestra visiting the large cities between the Atlantic and Pacific, so it does not drain off as much of the city's cash as the preceding organizations.

Finally the Volpe orchestra, made up chiefly of "cafés men" who are preparing themselves for positions in the larger orchestras, gives three or four concerts every season.

Keeping in mind the fact that the advance subscription to orchestral concerts almost equals the box office receipts we can state that the various orchestral organizations receive about \$350,000 a year. This brings our total up to \$1,850,000.

Another form of "high brow music," which also costs a good deal, is the soloist's recital. The debut of beginners or artistic attempts of oldsters who in their called "drawing power," make up about a hundred concerts a year. But they do not make much of a ripple in the stream of gold which flows from the pockets of music lovers. But there are others.

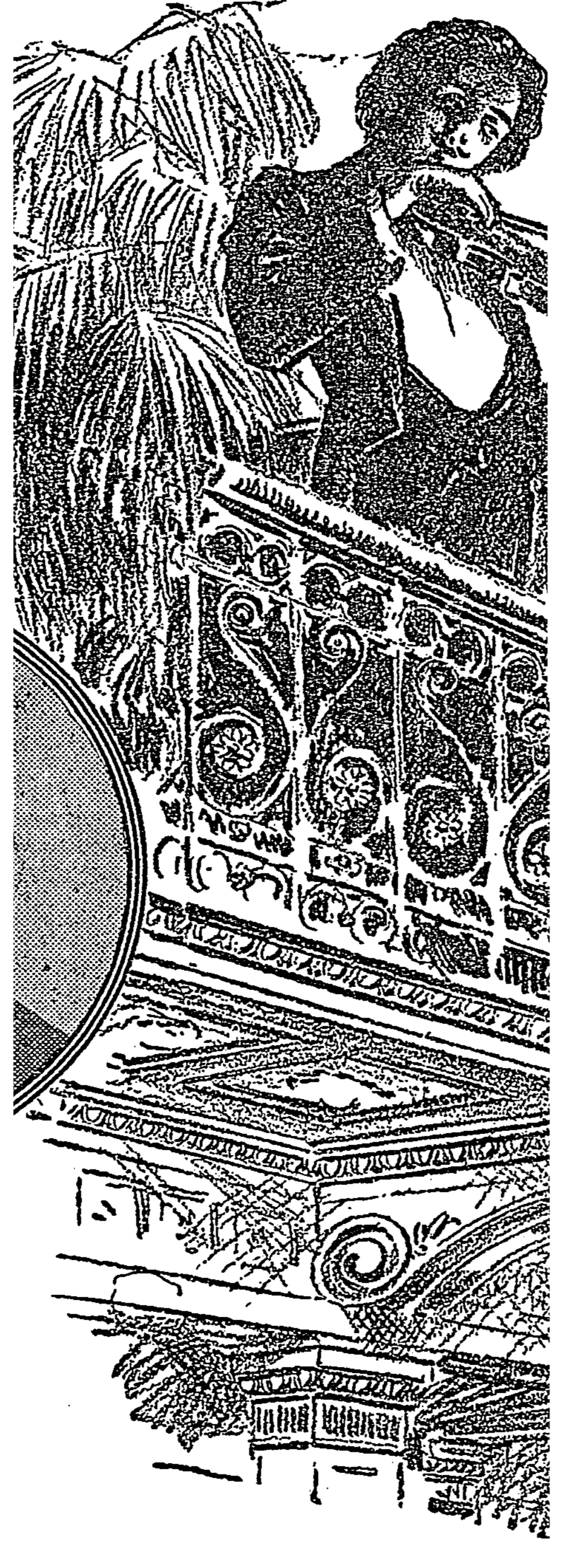
The king of these is undoubtedly Paderewski, who plays every time to a "50,000 house," and the show words slang expressed by the Queen is Marcella Sembrich, who draws on the average \$5,500; the most successful of violinists is young Mischa Elman, for whose concerts the public buys some \$3,500 worth of tickets; the fourth and fifth ranks are taken by two pianists, de Pachman and Busoni, whose best records were \$3,000 and \$2,500, respectively.

Chamber music appeals to a more restricted portion of the public, for the crowd, would rather, as Mr. Dooley might put it, "listen to a hundred men than to three or four for the same amount of money." Still, the various trios and quartets, not to forget the morose players, are said to absorb some \$30,000 a year.

Certain private recitals must be considered a much larger outlay, for one of the "society groups" addicted to the morning musicale habit engages soloists whose fees aggregate as much as \$3,000 per concert.

Until the English militant suffragettes made a name for themselves the world at large considered the suffrage work a quiet, humdrum business carried on without a large expenditure of energy or effort. Mrs. Catt's round-the-world trip will cap a decade of work often exciting as well as adventurous. The suffrage leaders give their time and their money entirely to the cause. The work which has been done by Mrs. Catt and Dr. Anna Howard Shaw, President of the National Woman Suffrage Association in the West, reads like the adventurous history of the early settlers—and it was pioneer work.

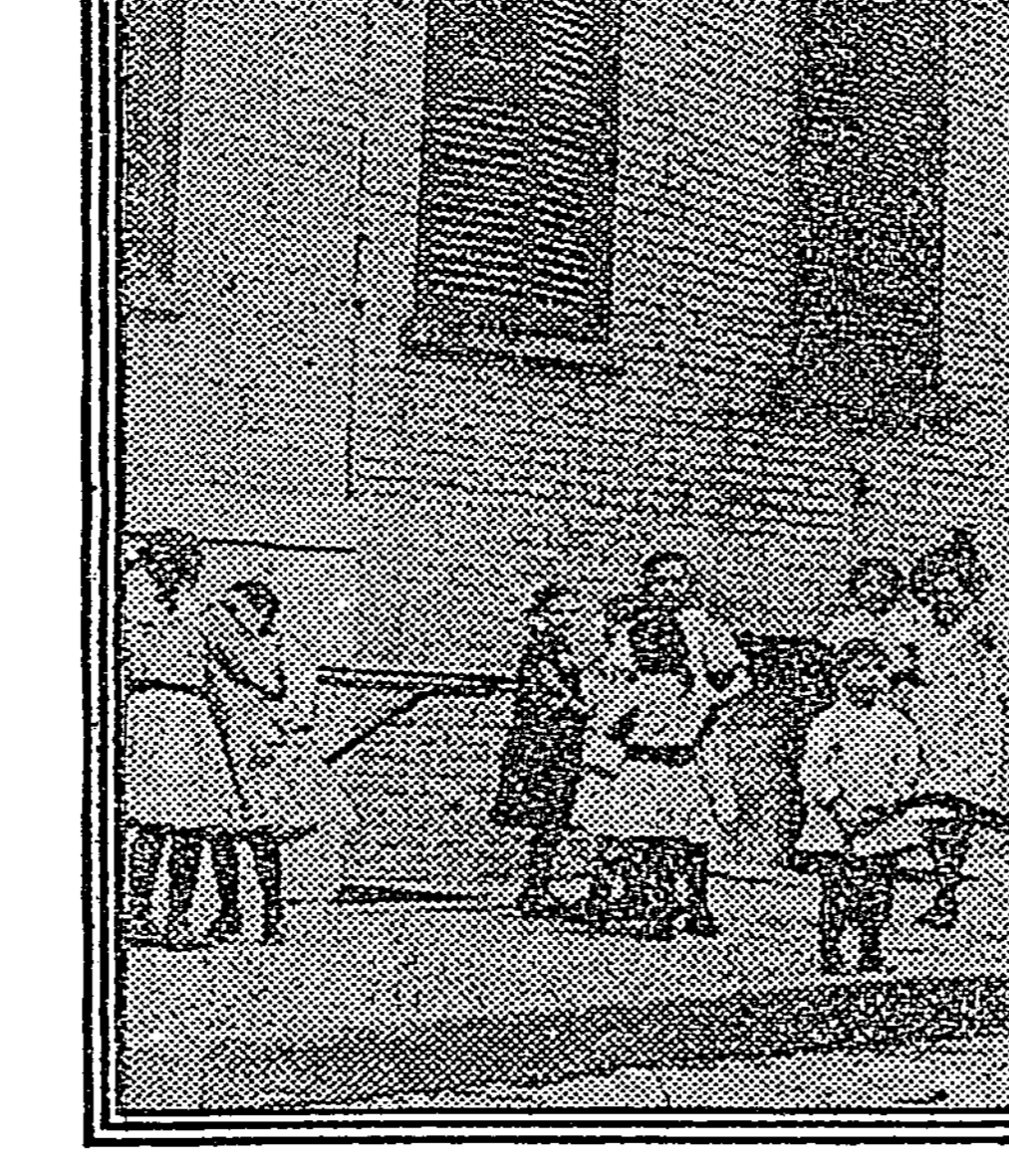
Mrs. Catt and Dr. Shaw have told for their Trans something of what a suffrage leader's work really is and has been. "My first suffrage campaign," said Mrs. Catt, "gave me typhoid fever, cost me \$1,000 in money, ten weeks in bed, and



Soloist recitals and chamber music represent an expense of some \$120,000, which added to the previous total of \$1,850,000 makes \$1,970,000.

Where one has to deal with very large figures, however, is at the Metropolitan Opera House. A wag once defined opera as the most expensive variety of noise. Still it is not quite as expensive as the faithful phalanx of press agents would have us believe. The legends which crystallize around the question of opera singers' salaries are countenanced by a good many people, the singers whom it flatters, the management of the Metropolitan whose business it promotes, the press agents who hope thus to impress people more deeply, the public which loves to believe the unbelievable. But those legends are legends just the same.

It is perfectly true that for one appearance in concert, Caruso, the highest priced male singer in the world, receives \$3,000.



The Organ Grinders Pick Up Nearly \$100,000 a Year.

and that the lowest single fee paid Geraldine Farrar, the highest priced woman singer in New York, is about \$1,500. This gives us no clue, however, as to their yearly salary, for they are under contracts covering a large number of performances and extending over several years.

However, little light is shed on the subject from those who know, the fact remains that the Metropolitan Opera House employs 20 sopranos, 28 mezzo and contraltos, 38 tenors, 29 baritones, 10 basses, 4 conductors, (one of them Arturo Tos-

canini at \$50,000 a year,) 7 assistant conductors, 2 chorus masters, a chorus from fifty to one hundred, an excellent orchestra of 100, and a ballet of 40.

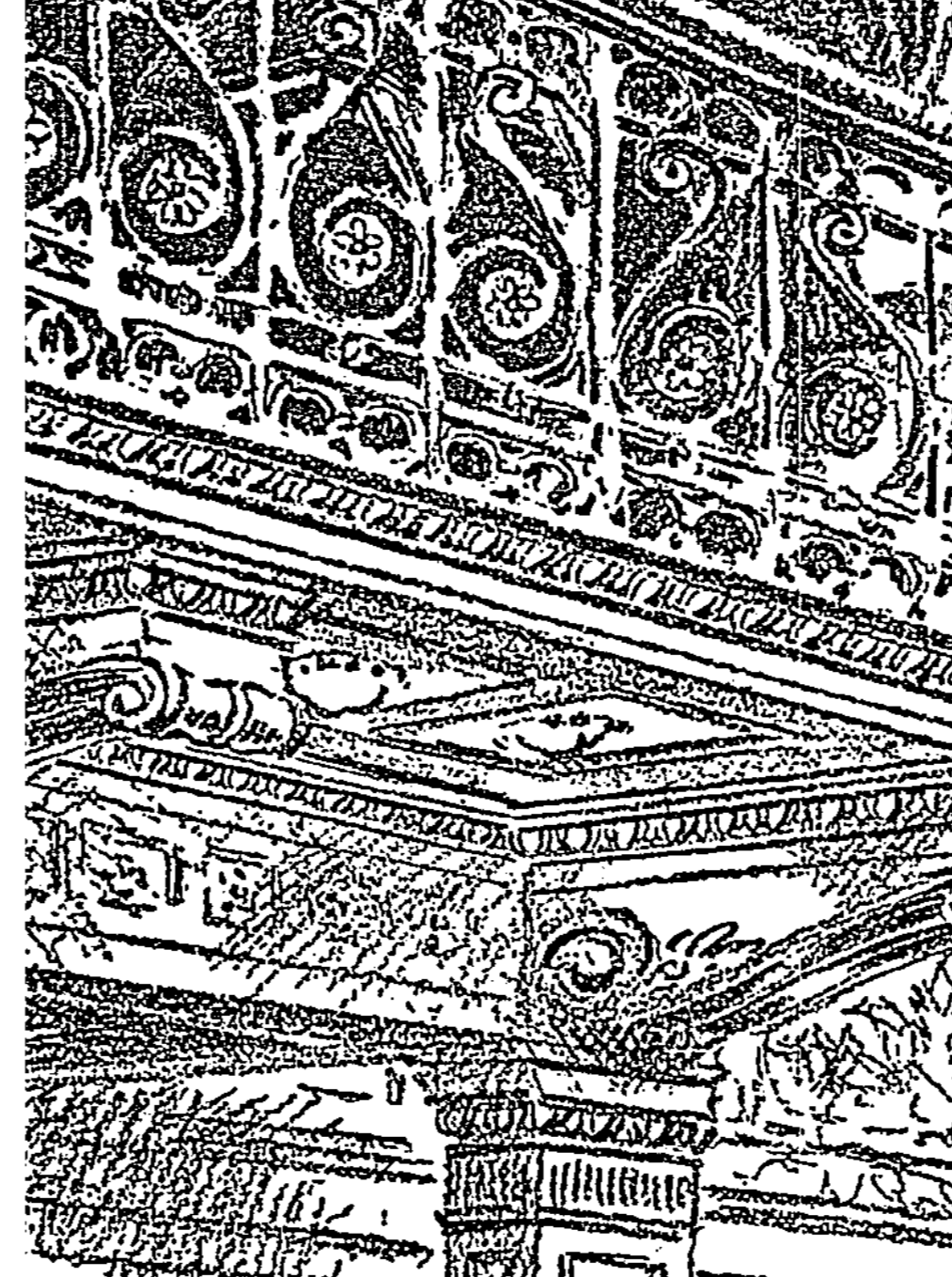
What does this all cost? The Metropolitan gives some eighty-eight performances during the season. Box office receipts and advance subscriptions amount to from \$6,000 to \$10,000 a performance, or from \$528,000 to \$850,000 a year, which is not very much. It is true that a grand tier box costs \$5,280 a year, but there are only nineteen grand tier boxes.

If we credit the rumor according to which the yearly deficit of the Metropolitan adds up to \$700,000 we can assume that the cost of this institution to the community is about \$1,500,000 a year. When we deduct from this \$1,500,000 the interest on money invested, advertising bills, scenery, royalties, orchestra, chorus, ballet, and office salaries, wages of stage hands and other expenses, we are compelled to discount heavily the stories as to what the 123 singers making up the company have to divide up between themselves.

Let us add this \$1,500,000 to our previous \$1,970,000. Total: \$3,470,000. For those whose musical hunger is not appeased by barrel organ moans, who cannot afford tickets to recitals and who will never get a glimpse of the bediamonded horseshoe, the city provides freely concerts whose number and quality has increased considerably in the last year.



Arturo Toscanini, The Highest Conductor in the World.



Mischa Elman, One of the Highest Paid Violinists.



Gustav Mahler, The Highest Paid Symphony Conductor in the World.



Restaurant Music Is a Big Item.

ment piers and the 310 given in the parks have not been treated, as in the past, to popular jingles and patriotic but hackneyed tunes; in the past year park concerts especially have attained, under the artistic guidance of Commissioner Stover, an unusual degree of excellence.

The pier orchestras number twenty-one men at \$21 a week, the leader drawing double pay. Musicians performing in parks receive \$5 per concert. Unless a special orchestra is engaged, as in the case of the Volpe Symphony Orchestra, park orchestras are made up, like pier bands, of twenty-one players.

This does not by any means exhaust the list of musical items for which we pay directly or indirectly. We must not overlook the heavy toll levied for "occasional music," if we may use that expression,

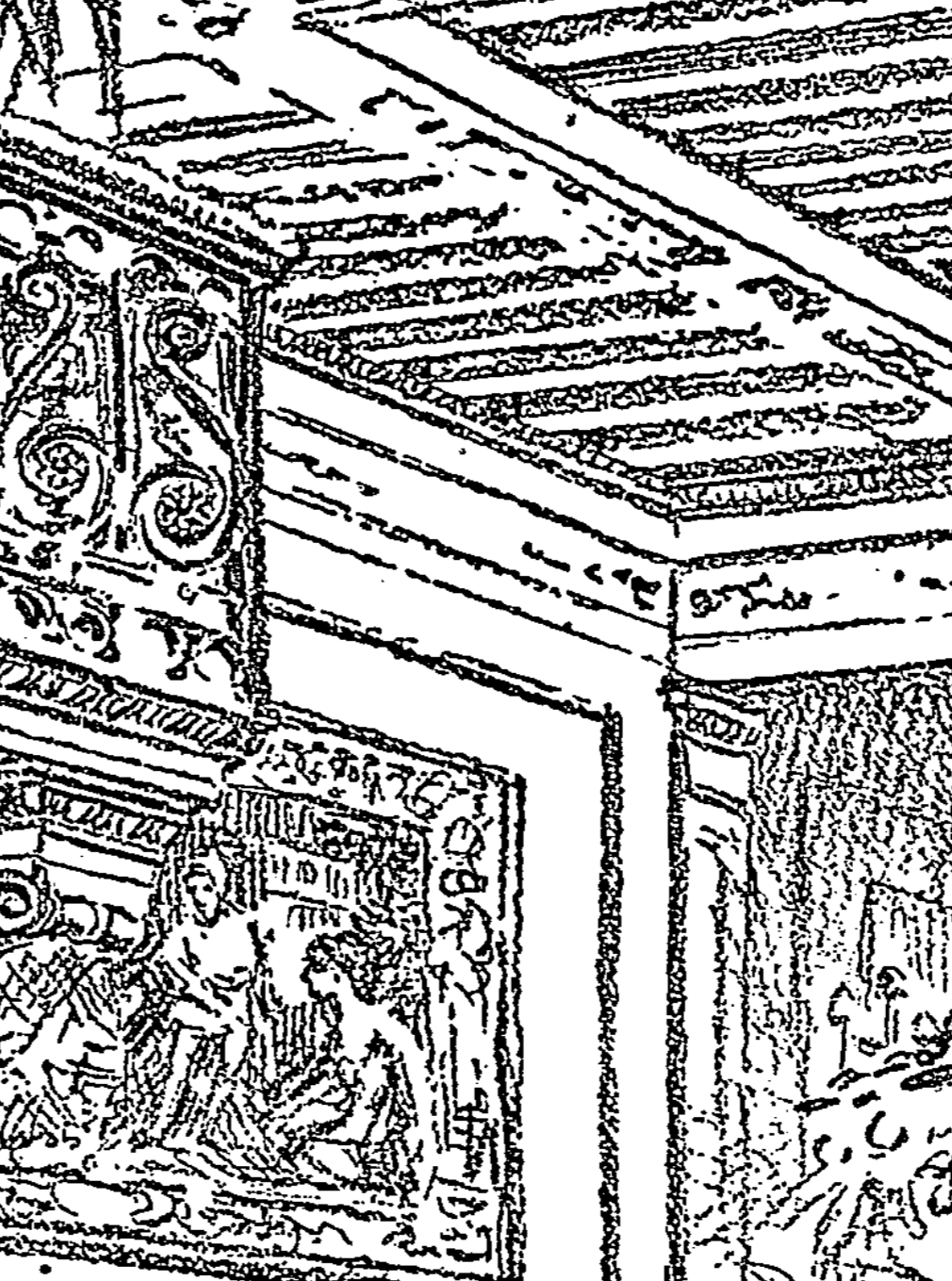
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The hundreds of thousands of individuals of all ages who attended the 800 concerts given last summer on amuse-



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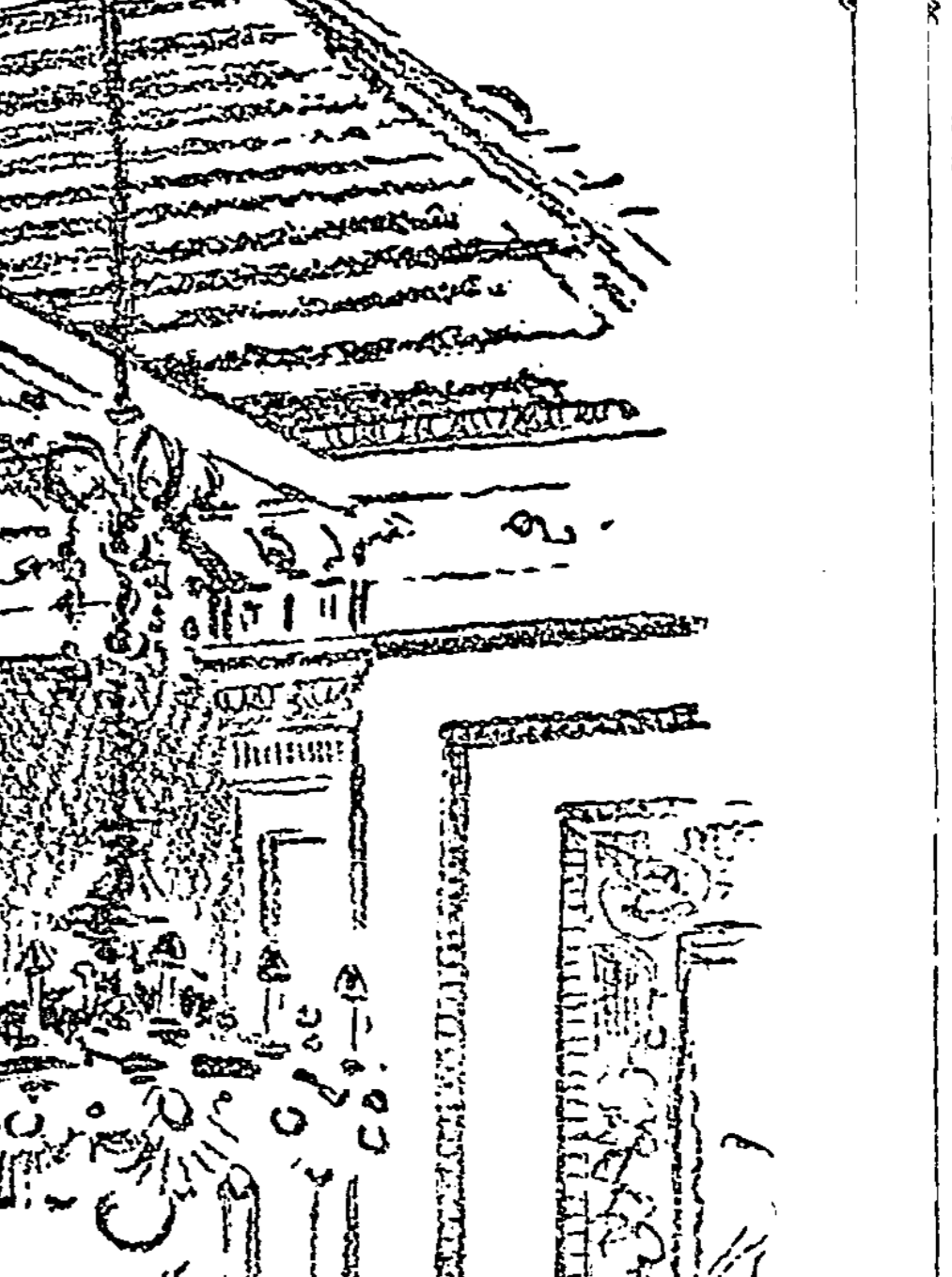
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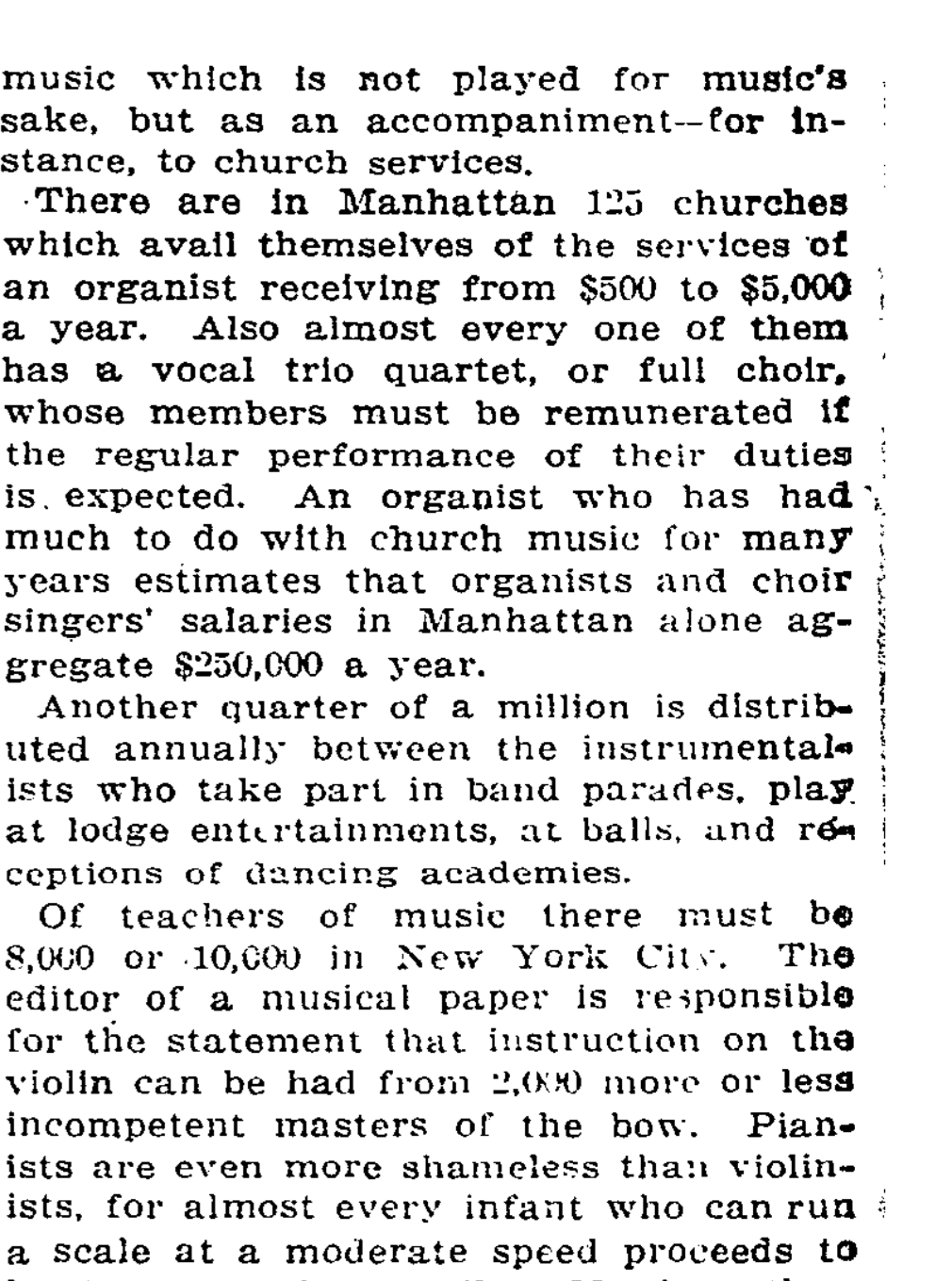
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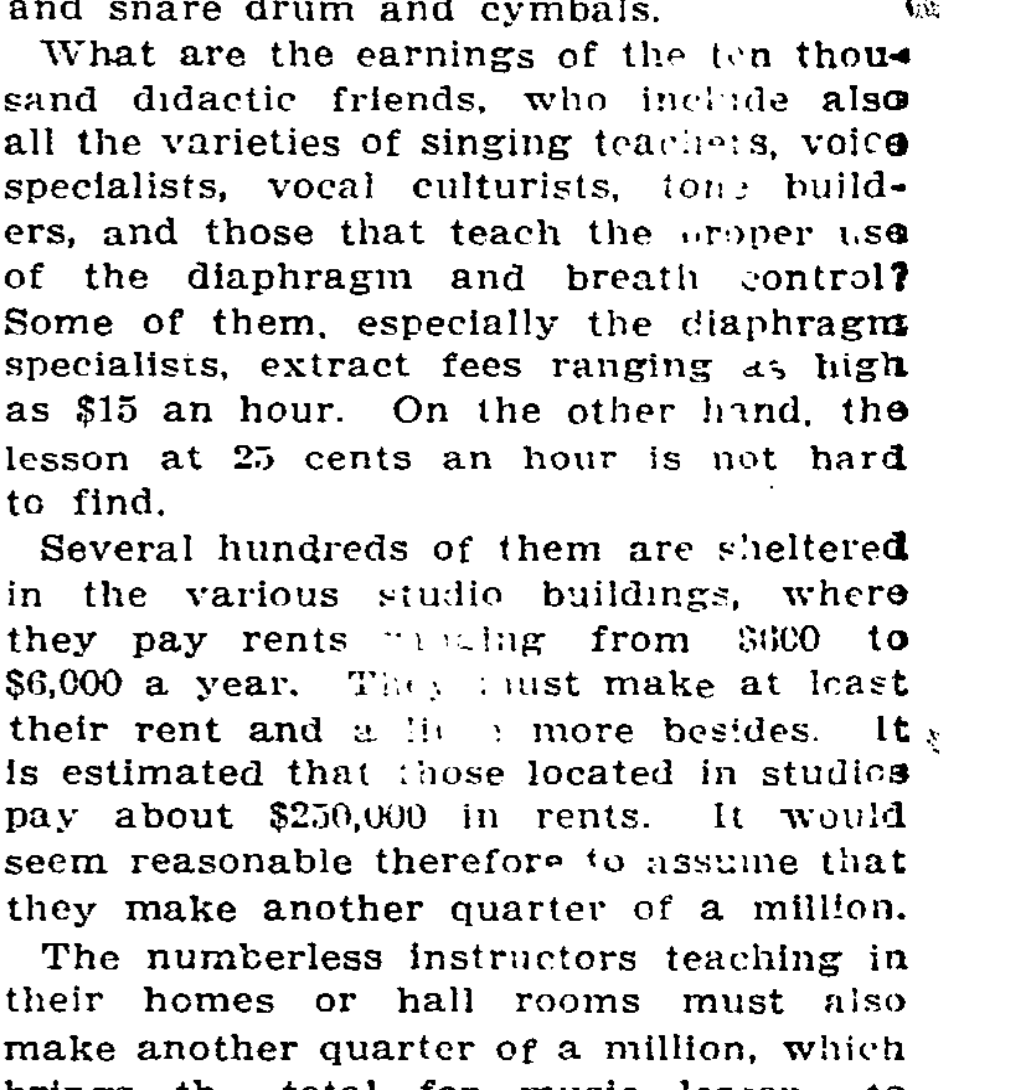
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PERSONAL SACRIFICES MADE BY WOMEN FOR SUFFRAGE

Hardships of Travel and Physical Suffering Cheerfully Borne by Mrs. Catt, Dr. Shaw, and Others to Aid the Cause.

MRS. CARRIE CHAPMAN CATT, head of the Woman Suffrage Party in New York, and President of the International Woman Suffrage Alliance, which has organizations in twenty-three different countries, will leave New York on April 5 for a round-the-world suffrage organizing trip, the first ever undertaken.

In June Mrs. Catt will preside at the Convention of the International Alliance to South Africa. She will visit Australia and Zealand to study suffrage conditions there; will visit Tasmania, India, Siam, China, Japan, Korea, the Philippines, Honolulu, and Hawaii, and will start suffrage organizations wherever possible. The next militant suffrage movement will probably be made by the little Japanese suffragettes. Mrs. Catt will be accompanied by Dr. Aletta Jacobs, an Amsterdam woman, President of the Dutch Suffrage Association.

Until the English militant suffragettes made a name for themselves the world at large considered the suffrage work a quiet, humdrum business carried on without a large expenditure of energy or effort. Mrs. Catt's round-the-world trip will cap a decade of work often exciting as well as adventurous. The suffrage leaders give their time and their money entirely to the cause. The work which has been done by Mrs. Catt and Dr. Anna Howard Shaw, President of the National Woman Suffrage Association in the West, reads like the adventurous history of the early settlers—and it was pioneer work.

Mrs. Catt and Dr. Shaw have told for their Trans something of what a suffrage leader's work really is and has been. "My first suffrage campaign," said Mrs. Catt, "gave me typhoid fever, cost me \$1,000 in money, ten weeks in bed, and

my good health for many years. I think I got what was coming to me. I had some strange experiences in the West. The people were so poor! At one place where I took three meals I had bread and water-melon and tea for each meal and the people themselves had not had anything else for long time. I was once one of nine people sleeping in one room. It was a little story-and-a-half house with one living room down stairs and the sleeping room above. There were four beds in the room, two on each side, with the ends together. I slept with a young woman who taught school and who happened to be living there at that time, and the man and his wife were in the second bed on our side of the room and the five children of the family on the other. We all went to bed in the dark.

"At another place where I stopped the Postmaster met me at the station and said that I was to stop at his house, because he had the best accommodations. It was a little bit of a house with a single room, roughly built, with beams across the top. He was a widower with one daughter of 18. We had the meeting in a small wheat elevator with nail kegs for seats, and the lamp from the Post Office with a reflector for light. When we reached home I supposed the man of the house would sleep in the Post Office, as there was only one single bed and a settle in the house. But that was not the way they arranged it. The daughter hung a quilt over one of the beams to partition the room, the father-slept on the settle

and I with the daughter in the single bed. I remember there was a big feather bed on it, and I was trying all night to keep my balance and not roll off.

"In one place I spoke standing in front of a long line of babies lying on the floor back of me. The people were so poor and they had been having such hard times that they had a stolid look. They were just at the age to have young families, and almost every woman who came had a baby in her arms. They had driven on heavy lumber wagons for miles and miles to come to the meeting, and they looked so tired sitting on those hard seats, with our backs, holding the heavy babies, that I tried to make them more comfortable. The babies were wrapped up like little bundles so that they could lie on the floor comfortably, and after I had persuaded one or two mothers to put them down all the rest followed suit. The mothers looked a little afraid at first as I stood between them and the babies, but when they saw I was not very wild they grew more comfortable, and as one baby after another would send up a little squeal the mother would go and attend to it while I kept on with my talk."

In a recent Western trip Dr. Shaw was taken in a motor car from Belle Fourche to Spearfish, S. D., to speak in the only public hall in the town, in the Normal College.

After the speech she was driven to Deadwood to take an electric train for Lead, which she reached without supper just in time to speak. In leaving Lead

to meet an appointment to speak at Mitchell, S. D., a train broke down and to keep her engagement she was obliged to travel in a round-about way, taking three days and passing through three States. From Hot Springs, S. D., she went to Omaha, Neb., to Sioux City, Iowa, and from there to Mitchell, being up all one night and getting to Mitchell dinnerless again just in time for the meeting.

"That was nothing," said Dr. Shaw, "to the trip Miss Anthony (Susan B. Anthony) and I took twenty years before in the same State at about the same time of year and through almost the same part of the country. The roads then were almost impassable, following the trails made by buffaloes over the mountains, between the mountain chains. We drove thirty miles one day over these roads, the gullies so deep between our horses that if one had fallen in we should have had great difficulty in getting him out. We had a good meeting at Custer that night, miners and railroad men, and after the meeting, wearing great buffalo coats loaned by our host, we started out again for another and still longer all-night ride of forty miles over those same mountain trails to take a train at 5 o'clock in the morning."

I shall never forget the conversation that night and the drive through that wild country in the full moonlight, with everything sparkling white with frost. When we reached the station at last it was a little shanty, with the only furniture a stove and a cuspidor. Miss An-

thony was over seventy then, but she had wonderful ability to endure fatigue. She sat down on the floor with her arms around her knees and went to sleep, while I walked up and down the platform.

"They came and told us that the train was an hour late, then another and another hour, and finally, after waiting five long hours, our train arrived and we started, breakfastless—there was no place to eat.

"We reached Hermosa, where we were to speak that day, only to find that the clergyman of the town had persuaded the women that it would be wickered to hold a suffrage meeting on Sunday, and no arrangements had been made for it. Miss Anthony was disturbed to think we had taken that hard journey for nothing, and started out immediately to see about getting the opera house for the meeting, while I hunted up a printer to get out some bills for us and a boy with a bell to go around and distribute them. Miss Anthony took a little rest that afternoon while I found some people to preside and introduce us, ushers, and some one to take up the collection.

"But the Opera House was full to overflowing that night. People were standing everywhere they could get a foothold, and that hard journey for nothing, and the churches were closed because there was no one to go to them, and the choir came over and sang for us, and we took up a collection that paid the expenses of the meeting. We went back to the hotel happy, but I was so exhausted that I

have no recollection of how I reached my room that night, and when I awakened the next day I was lying on the bed full dressed, with my bonnet and coat on.

"All the experiences were not as hard as this, but there were many strange ones. There had been the great drought and the people were miserably poor, but they shared their poverty with us as generously as this year they have shared their prosperity. We slept in log houses, dugouts, and shanties, or we slept in railroad stations. The worst of the latter was when the benches had iron braces dividing them into seats, for then it was impossible to lie on them. We would turn the benches over and sleep on the under side.

"I remember being snowed in at a station once, and I slept in the telegraph booth. But that was very comfortable for there was a fire and I had a buffalo robe over me.

"One Sunday we were snowed in on a train. At the last station at which we stopped the conductor had advised every one to get out and find something to eat.

"God knows if I shall ever get anything to eat again," he said, and we all took his advice.

"I was bound for a meeting in Fairbault that time and we didn't get in. We were comfortable in the train, for there were stoves in the cars, and for we came to a stop we took the coal from the engine for the stoves. The train was filled mostly with gentlemen, who were playing cards, and not another woman was there. The conductor had heard me speak in some of the meetings and asked me if I would not hold a service, and I said I was willing if the men would stop their cards long enough. They did, we knew some of the Gospel hymns, and had a very good service.