Teresa Carreño, One of the Greatest of All Women Pianists, Whose Death Occurred in New York on Tuesday, June 12

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The funeral of Teresa Carreño, who in private life was Mrs. Arcady Carreño, was held on Thursday, June 14, from her late home in the Dela Robins Apartments, at West End Avenue and Ninety-sixth Street. Her husband, who had been with her in this country, was present, and the honorary pallbearers were Ignace Jan Paderewsky, Arthur Rubinstein, Hugo Hensler, Walter Damrosch, Walter Rothwell, Josef Strauss, Mischa Elman, Franz Konzer, Albert Spalding and Charles Stewart.

Among others at the funeral were Emma Thurly, who made her opera debut with Carreño, as well as Mrs. Ed- ward MacDowell, whose late husband was Mme. Carreño's greatest pupil. Emelie F. Bauer and Mrs. Delphine Marsh gave the hymn, "Nearer, My God, to Thee," and Dr. Louis K. Ansopher of Columbia read a service for the dead.

The address delivered by Prof. Louis K. Ansopher of Columbia is a noble, touching tribute to the memory of the famous pianist, and has given expression to a sentiment which has been so often expressed in the press of late:

"As a song, she had the devoted spirit of selflessness and entire soul in the service of her friends. She had a true Cantab, curled heart and suavity of intercourse, and she possessed a gracious sovereignty of manner, as one whom Nature herself had crowned a queen.

She was a joyous mother, glowing in sacrifice for her children. She never allowed the emotions of a world career to make her less a mother than the woman who is content to work hard and quietly and entirely for her children.

As a woman, she was almost impossible to speak without exaggeration, because we are apt to discern in her the thoughtfulness, her graciousness, her will of iron, covered by a surface of warmth and gentleness. We know the warmth and quick, open heart, and the quiet, stately patience; we know the lifelong friends she had in the world of art, and we know the gentle aid with money, counsel, guidance and inspiration.

And as an artist, Carreño belonged to that small, august company of the great, divinely chosen of the world. She was a true aristocrat in every sense among musicians. She had the heart of an artist, the soul of gallantry. In her eagerness to encourage those who were called to carry the torch, after it must perforce fall from her hands, as it has done to-day—and in her order to give unstinted help to others following after, she always explained, "Place aux Jeunes." For forty years she was a glorious accomplishment of her generation. She played for President Lincoln in the White House and she played this year. She was always conscious of the sacred mission and the calling of the artist, and her devotion to her Art was her religion. It gave her a beauty apart. She had a bell in her heart that rang with beauty, be it in the twilight or the outpouring of the soul's expression of our personal devotion ought to be there given to the magic of what she leaves behind. her in the futility of words in the face of an August sorrow, and yet here, in the presence of the great Carreño's friends, and among the staunch Freemasonry of those who loved her and when she loved, some expression of our personal devotion ought to be made, even at the risk of portraying into the shy and sacred abode of all personal expressions."

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