America Wins a New Composer from Foreign Prison Camp

The Remarkable Story of Young Bryce Treharne, Welsh Musician, Whose Distinctive, Creative Gifts Have Already Made a Big Impression Here—Fascinating the Muse on Acorn Coffee and Bread Made of Straw, Chopped Potato and Plum Flour—How a Censor Saved His Scores

A PRISON camp does not strike the average composer as the ideal place in which to work, neither does a diet of acorn coffee and bread, the staple fare in which to nourish composers. Yet times makes the Irish and Welsh near of place in which to work, neither does a varied life, from which he has drawn his special dreams. But Mr. Treharne's name is not familiar to American concert-goers, but it is safe to say that this same composer was not yet old enough to see the time. A group of his songs, really exquisite bits of composition, written in high order, have recently been published and Mr. Vincent d'Indy's program of his works sung by Louis Douglas, of New York. America has listened recently to French, Russian, German and Italian composers, and in Mr. Treharne's work will be given the composition of national music by Russians, Italians, and Polishmen, and in the Keg of Stratification, which at times makes the Irish and Welsh near of the Orient, is very easy to work.

One is inclined to picture the composer as a man apart, a bit aloof from his fellow men, sitting in a special little world in which he weaves his dreams of his special dreams. But Mr. Treharne is actually a sprightly person. On the island's celebrated "soldier and sailor," too, he has been busy "do all sorts of things," and the result has been a highly variegated life, from which he has drawn only for the fine work, he has already done and the still more pretentious things which he has in the making.

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