Braving Ruffo, Lion of Baritones, in His Dressing-Room Back Stage

BY HARVEY B. GAUL

THERE was a roar as of a million bulls of Bashan!

"What is it?" asked friend wife. "Are they feeding the lions at the Zoo?" On being assured that it was only Titta Ruffo "warming up" in his dressing room, and that no harm could possibly come to her, she observed: "It sounds as if they were feeding him meat."

And with that we made our way over to the "bull-pen," where the most baffling of basses was exercising his giant's voice in some sort of a "Fee, fie, fo, fum" Italian vocalization. Certainly here was a voice to devour music critics, bored ushers and la claque Italianne, all in one Gargantuan breath. With knees a la castanets, we knocked at the lion's

"Entrare! Entrare! Coom een!" bellowed a voice that might easily have knocked over the walls of Jericho had the Israelites known of it.
"Ooh! I'm afraid!" gasped friend

"Nonsense," we calmed her in our most married manner. "He won't hurt you. He's just bidding us to come in from the heart out, or rather from the disphragm neart out, or rather from the disphragm up. He's as harmless as a turtle dove."
"Ola! Ola!" shouted the Gulliver of baritones. "I am glad to see you. Cheche, what am I going to sing? Why, man, look at your program!"
"That's just it," we explained, "but there are no programs. As yet they have not arrived."

And right then and there the balloon

not arrived."

And right then and there the halloon went up and the Italian fireworks began. There were verbal set-pieces and three-colored Roman candles, gesticulating pin-wheels, sputtering crackers and a number of half-exploded remarks that ended in mid-air.

"Misericordia! Strano! Zaprista!

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What am I to do? They will not know what is it I sing. They will not know what the Signorina Fitziu sings, Ohime! Such a state—"

what is it I sing. They will not know what is it I sing. They will not know what the Signorina Fitziu sings. Ohime! Such a state—"

"Animo, caro Titta," purled a lovely treble voice from a near doorway. Nothing matters. The programs will come, so let us wait a few minutes."

Whereupon the Junoesque Anna Fitziu and Titta sat down and, as the novelists have it, "conversation became general."

"So you liked my "Pagliacci' business?" said Titta Ruffo. "There is more I could do, but it would detract from the singing and acting of the others, and as it is I think I make just a little too much of the rôle. So many people ask me why I make my Tonio so ugly. Well, he is a clown, is he not? And are clowns ever pretty? Non, non, a clown is a buffoon, un pagliaccio, something of what the French call a gobemouche, and that is what I make him. All the way from the ridiculous opera hat to the crazy costume, the awkward gestures and clownish clumsiness, I try to keep it in character, and not make a parlor gentleman of him."

We opined that he got far away from the boudoir type of baritone, and he continued: "Next year I am to be guest singer at the Metropolitan. Ah, then New York will see me in several rôles. I don't know just now what I am to sing, but several works are being discussed, maybe 'Il Barbiere.' I like the giorale rôle, and they say I sing it fine."

"He is the best tonsorial artist I have ever seen," broke in Anna Fitziu. "It would be a pleasure to be shaved by him. Why, if he were to ask, 'Bay rum or comb it dry?' his very intonation would be worth a twenty-five cent tip."

"Adulazione, adulazione," blushed Titta Ruffo. "She makes a flattery of me. Certainly 'Il Barbiere' offers the baritone the grand opportunity for voice and presence. Well, we shall see. Next year I am to do many concerts. My managers have arranged concerts for me all over the country. Ah, that is the way to learn geography. Every city I go, I see the sights; the monuments, the parks, the poople and the streets. I like to sing concerts. Every

"Zitto," interrupted Titta Ruffo, "look at mine. Do I not look like the William Farnum of the cinematograph? I have the neck and what you call it, 'the sport shirt.'"

shirt."

"Grazia," said we. "You do resemble William Farnum, but you set more like Douglas Fairhanks, and if Miss Fitziu was only a little smaller she might be Mary Pickford, 'America's Sweetheart'—whatever that is."

"She is a sweetheart anyway," claimed Titta Ruffo. "Wait until you hear her sing the Arditi 'Il Bacio,' then you will hear the real vocal kiss."

"That's all very well," we said, "but we don't like our kisses vocalized."

"Viva," said Miss Fitziu. "The programs have arrived. Let us get ready to begin."

to begin."

And with a final bellowing and humming that sounded like an aeroplane motor getting under way, both singers 'tuned up' preparatory to astonishing the hourgeoise and knocking the 'boobery' (thanks. Mr. Mencken!) right out of their six-dollar seats.

In looking over the program we discovered that it wouldn't have made the slightest difference whether there had been one or not, as the audience knew every number on it, due to a Victrola education.

Mary Gibbon, Gifted Philadelphia Violinist, Marries U. of Penn. Mathematician

PHILADELPHIA, June 17.—Mary Gibbon, Philadelphia violinist, was married yesterday to Dr. Irving Babb, professor of mathematics at the University of Pennsylvania, where the bride's father was for many years professor of Latin. Mrs. Babb received her early musical education in this city and later studied in Berlin and other European centers. She was one of a group of Philadelphia

talent studying in Berlin at the time. She gave an interesting recital here at the time of her return in conjunction with Aline von Bärentzen and was heard on many other occasions, receiving warm critical commendation both here and in New York. For the past year she has been teaching in this city, and had a connection with one of the city's most important conservatories. W. R. M.

William H. Wylie Sings at Deshler Hotel in Columbus

COLUMBUS, OHIO, June 26.—Another success was added to the already long list recorded for William H. Wylie, the New York tenor, when he appeared as one of the principal soloists at the concert given at the Deshler Hotel on the evening of June 20. Mr. Wylie sang the

"Pagliacei" aria and other well chose numbers, disclosing admirable vocal a tistry which won for him many roun of applause. On his way back to No York he was heard in another const at Cannonsburg, Pa., on the evening a

Anne Stevenson Goes to Seattle for Ve cation Stay

Anne Stevenson, the New York was instructor, and her husband, Frederic Dixon, pianist, will leave New York m July 5, for Senttle, where they will ver Mr. Dixon's sister. Miss Stevenson a taking her first real vacation since a began her teaching career. They we both return to New York to resume that work on Oct. 1. work on Oct. 1.



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