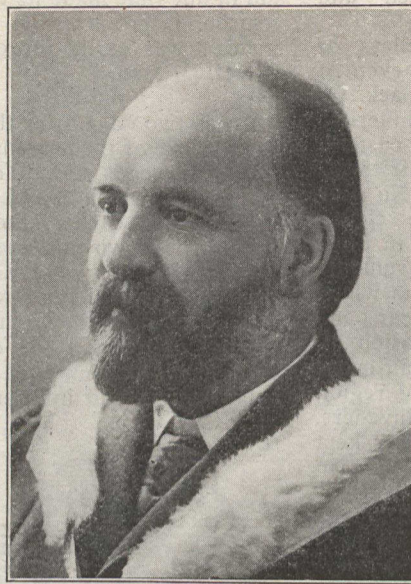




MR. FRANCIS FISHER POWERS,
Veteran Singing Teacher from New York,
Now Head of the Vocal Department
Columbian Conservatory, Toronto.



MR. GEORGE DIXON,
Studied in New York, Afterwards in Italy;
Now in the Vocal Department at the
Hambourg Conservatory, Toronto.



MR. A. T. CRINGAN,
The Man who First Systematized Singing in
the Public Schools of Toronto, was the
First Teacher of Mrs. Colin Campbell,
Now Studying Opera in Paris.



M. SALVATORE ISSAUREL,
The Husband of Beatrice La Palme is In-
structor in Operatic Singing, Colum-
bian Conservatory, Montreal.

Singing Teachers You Have Met

A few of the good ones in Canada are pictured on this page. There are many others. A few of the bad ones are briefly described below.

BY THE MUSIC EDITOR

THERE'S the individual who insists that he discovers the pupil's voice; which before he began to take heavy fees for light work must have been skulking round trying to avoid work. This ingenious person gives you to understand that if you formerly sang tenor you ought to be a baritone; or that a mezzo-contralto by habit is really a soprano by nature.

When in doubt—always say "mezzo." In this way you get credit for nice discrimination, and at the same time keep out of trouble. Because it takes a fine sense of justice to distinguish between a mezzo-soprano and a mezzo-contralto. And many a singing teacher has comforted regretful parents with the assurance

"Oh, well, of course you can't expect a mezzo voice to sing high C."

"Oh, no, I suppose not. But tell me—is a mezzo as good a voice as a soprano?"

"My dear Madam! The mezzo is really the most delightful voice in the world. It's so full of subtle nuances and luscious tone-colours—all the difference between wine and water or roses and calla lilies. Now, my dear," to the pupil, "won't you just show your mother what I mean?"

Pupil sings "The Rosary" in a middle key. Mamma sits on the edge of a chair, doing her best to be "en rapport" when the atmosphere is so precariously aesthetic; gets a frog in her throat because the pupil is hoarse; wonders what are the mezzo qualities referred to and if they are so different from the voice that used to sing "Neath the Shade of the Old Apple Tree" that it ought to have cost two hund—(sh!). However, on the final high note she is satisfied that the quality of tone is worth the price; and is quite convinced that to have her daughter's voice rediscovered as a mezzo instead of a common soprano is greatly worth while.

There is the teacher who always thinks that the pupil, no matter what teaching or teachers she has had before, must go back to first principles now, even though she is in the same college or conservatory. Of course there is a great advantage in this in the matter of experience. When the pupil gets through with her teachers she will have as many styles as last season's hats. But of course that costs money; which is what some teachers imagine vocal culture was invented for.

AGAIN there is the teacher who got all his ideas from one celebrated person somewhere and diligently fits them on to all his pupils. So that when the young baritones and tenors come out in recital everybody knows they are Mr. Blank's pupils, because they all sing as far as possible like he does. This is a good trade-mark proposition and has the advantage of not bothering with individuality, which after all, is often nothing but a series of defects. Some of these ready-to-wear teachers succeed in getting even pupils of the opposite sex to do imitations of themselves. This is genius.

Never overlook the teacher whose sole aim in life is to develop the big tone. This person is the Sandow of vocal culture. He believes in muscular voice production. His theory is that songs were written to show off the dynamic qualities of the voice. His studio is first cousin to the woman's corridor in a police station. His pupils are human megaphones.

Remember the apostle of vocal culture who tells you that the diaphragm is the real producer of tone. To him the whole mechanism of song resembles a steam engine. The larynx and the pharynx and the epiglottis are all patent arrangements for the production of tone—so-called; just as the boiler and the furnace and the steam-pipes have to act in conjunction to produce the phenomenon known as the steam whistle. The only restriction on this mechanical engineer in the art of singing is that he can't take a pupil's vocal mechanism apart and reconstruct it on a new basis. If he could he would have every voice the same as every other one, and all of them bad.

Do not omit the genial illusionist who pretends that there is nothing at fault in nature; that all you have to do is to open your mouth and concentrate your soul and sing just like the linnets sing; and that when you have overcome being nervous at the sound of your own voice he will proceed to teach you style and repertoire, not bothering you with any drudgery of tone-production. He is the irresponsible Ariel of the studio who tries to make himself think he imagines that singing is a divine gift and never a drudgery.

And there are many others. They all do some good and a lot of harm. Probably many a good teacher of to-day was the enthusiast of yesterday who took up with the latest fad without knowing what a fad it was till taught by experience and bad results. No one singing teacher can possibly



MR. HENRI DELCELLIER,
Director of la classe d'opera au Conserva-
toire de l'Université McGill.



MR. MERLIN DAVIES,
Head of the Vocal Department in the
McGill Conservatorium.



MDME. BENITA LE MAR,
Who Has Given Poetic Song-Interpretations
of Debussy, Max Reger, Brahms and
Hugo Wolf in many European
Cities. Now in Canada.



MISS EILEEN MILLETT,
At First a Pupil of Dr. F. H. Torrington at
the Toronto College of Music; Later
Studying Under European Teachers,
Now in Erie, Pa.

embody all the bad points of the art; which is at least something to be thankful for. Many a pupil has been successful in spite of bad teachers. Many a pupil would never be successful if taught by all the best teachers in the world rolled into one. There is such a thing as personality in singing, which cannot be taught in a studio. There is also such a thing as jolly good hard work, which must be gone through with by even a genius.

A Famous Harvest Hymn

A BEAUTIFUL harvest hymn that is now being sung in many Christian lands at this season of thanksgiving is "The Sower Went Forth Sowing." It was sung recently in a Toronto church and one's thoughts wandered back to the author, the Rev. W. A. St. Hill Bourne, whom when the writer knew him was Vicar of St. Luke's, Shepherd's Bush, near London. From thence he was transferred to Finchley. The hymn was written in 1874 for a Harvest Festival at South Ashford in Kent. As a writer well known in England, the Rev. S. C. Lowry, M.A., well says, "It is a very striking composition and introduces a note of warning which is not unheeded in Harvest Festivals, when commonly many people come to church who are seldom to be seen there on other occasions. Its tune is called St. Beatrice, and if the melody be somewhat sentimental it exactly suits the words. The origin of the tune is of pathetic interest. The words reached the composer, Sir Frederick Bridge, the famous organist of Westminster Abbey, when his little daughter Beatrice was dying. He set it to music at that time of deep anxiety, and, after she was taken from him, he named the tune in her memory."

E. T. C.