

# Paquebot "La Lorraine"



A bord, le Paquebot Lorraine

Dear Folks -

I just have time for a

line. Everybody is writing letters which are taken off by the pilot at Sandy Hook. We just passed the Statue of Liberty and are going into the narrows.

The boat is magnificent and is cutting the waves in fine style, but of course we aren't out to the big ones yet.

I had a nice time in New York. Will tell you all about it when I write again. Jamieson and Arthur Forrest, the actor, (brother in law of Mr. Ganz) were the only ones at the pier that I knew. I don't think I will be sick. Enclosed is a list of the first class passengers - Ed.

Paqueboat "La Lorraine"

A bord, le Paquebot Lorraine

[date unknown : March?] 1906

Dear Folks -

I just have time for a line. Everybody is writing letters which are taken off by the pilot at Sandy Hook. We just passed the Statue of Liberty and are going into the narrows.

The boat is magnificent and is cutting the waves in fine style, but of course we aren't out to the big ones yet.

I had a nice time in New York. Will tell you all about it when I write again. Jamieson and Arthur Forrest, the actor, (brother in law of Mr. Ganz) were the only ones at the pier that I knew. I don't think I will be sick. Enclosed is a list of the first class passengers -

Ed.

The name of the steamship line is the  
'Compagnie Générale Transatlantique'  
Paquebot "La Lorraine"



A-bord, le Tuesday Apr. 17.

1906

Dear Folks -

We expect to arrive at Havre Thursday  
and think I will write and have this all ready to post  
from there or from Paris. I have seen so much since I  
left home that I don't know how to begin to tell about it.  
I have had some good times and some bad ones and  
of course I must describe both. Tuesday soon after leav-  
ing Chicago my teeth started to ache frightfully and  
kept me on edge all day and all night. I did not  
sleep any and so I saw some beautiful scenery  
along Lake Erie and the Hudson. The train was  
on the dot at New York and Mr. Ganz and Jamieson  
met us at the station. We went to a very nice  
hotel, the Victoria, and had our breakfast. We were  
looking for Mr. G's press notices of the night before  
when I spied a notice of Count Rozwadowski's  
death. Mr. Ganz was stunned and is hardly over  
it yet. After breakfast we went down to the pier  
and saw to our baggage steamer chairs etc.  
We met Miss Peterson and another lady down there  
and the whole crowd of us explored the boat and  
played on the piano which is a concert grand.  
Miss Peterson is a wild thing always on the  
go and always laughing. Miss Burwash is  
just the opposite, a big mope who doesn't  
know enough to come in out of the rain and

## INCOMPLETE

The name of the steamship line is the  
'Compagnie Générale Transatlantique.'

Paqueboat "La Lorraine"

A-bord, le Tuesday Apr. 17

1906

Dear Folks,

We expect to arrive at Havre Thursday so I think I  
will write and have this all ready to post from there or  
from Paris. I have seen so much since I left home that I  
don't know how to begin to tell about it. I have had  
some good times and some bad ones and of course I must  
describe both. Tuesday soon after leaving Chicago my  
teeth started to ache frightfully and kept me on edge all  
day and all night. I did not sleep any and so I saw some  
beautiful scenery along Lake Erie and the Hudson. The  
train was on the dot at New York and Mr. Ganz and  
Jamieson met us at the station. We went to a very nice  
hotel, the Victoria, and had our breakfast. We were  
looking for Mr. G's press notices of the night before  
when I spied a notice of Count Rozwadowski's death. Mr.  
Ganz was stunned and is hardly over it yet. After  
breakfast we went down to the pier and saw to our  
baggage, steamer chairs etc.

We met Miss Peterson and another lady down there and the  
whole crowd of us explored the boat and played on the  
piano which is a concert grand. Miss Peterson is a wild  
thing always on the go and always laughing. Miss Burwash  
is just the opposite, a big mope who doesn't know enough  
to come in out of the rain and



you have to give her a push every once in a while to wake her up. I had quite an experience that afternoon. Went out with Jamieson to Larchmont Manor and my teeth got so bad that I went to a dentist. Jamieson was in his chair from about 2:30 to 5:30. He took a nerve out of one tooth and put a rubber filling in to last me temporarily. I did not want to go to one in New York City because they charge about \$25 an hour and this lad was a jewel. He knew his business and only charged me \$2.50. Jamieson lives alone in a little house way out in the country and cooked a meal for he and I which was the most delicious I believe I have ever eaten. I didn't want to stay out there all night as it is eighteen miles from New York, so we came back to the hotel about 8:30. There was a grand piano in the parlor and of course nothing would do me but that I should play on it. There were about one hundred people in the parlor and I played for about two hours. Mr. Ganz and some friends of his who I know much have been critics, sat right near me and it was as good as ten lessons for he had never heard me play more than about one thing at a time and gave me some fine pointers after each piece. I slept fine that night and the next morning at 8:45 we took a carriage for the boat. You must be there not later than nine thirty. There were a big lot of people at the pier and many tears and waving of flags and handkerchiefs as the boat left. I felt in a kind of a trance and when the boat pulled away and they took in the gang plank I didn't care a snap although every one nearly was crying. The city of New York was a fine sight from the ship as was the Statue of Liberty and the thousands of small schooners in the harbor. I wrote that letter and some postals just after getting out of the Narrows and about noon the Pilot was taken off. He was a grand looking old sailor and as he went down the rope ladder and leaped into the row-boat like a cat everybody applauded and said to themselves, "Doesn't he know his business?" It takes a clever hand to bring that big boat between narrow openings in piers and bigly looking rocks. He knows the position of every rock and is an employee of the government. All that day the sea was very smooth and the ship flew along. I had lunch at one, bullion and sandwiches at three ice cream at five and a twelve course dinner at six thirty. Many times I thought of the warning not to eat much the first day but it was no use. I ate right through the dinner and felt grand. We walked around

you have to give her a push every once in a while to wake her up. I had quite an experience that afternoon. Went out with Jamieson to Larchmont Manor and my teeth got so bad that I went to a dentist. I was in his chair from about 2:30 to 5:30. He took a nerve out of one tooth and put a rubber filling in to last me temporarily. I did not want to go to one in New York City because they charge about \$25 an hour and this lad was a jewel. He knew his business and only charged me \$2.50. Jamieson lives alone in a little house way out in the country and cooked a meal for he and I which was the most delicious I believe I have ever eaten. I didn't want to stay out there all night as it is eighteen miles from New York, so we came back to the hotel about 8:30. There was a grand piano in the parlor and of course nothing would do me but that I should play on it. There were about one hundred people in the parlor and I played for about two hours. Mr. Ganz and some friends of his who I know must have been critics, sat right near me and it was as good as ten lessons for he had never heard me play more than about one thing at a time and gave me some fine pointers after each piece. I slept fine that night and the next morning at 8:45 we took a carriage for the boat. You must be there not later than nine thirty. There were a big lot of people at the pier and many tears and waving of flags and handkerchiefs as the boat left. I felt in a kind of a trance and when the boat pulled away and they took in the gang plank I didn't care a snap although every one nearly was crying. The city of New York was a fine sight from the ship as was the Statue of Liberty and the thousands of small schooners in the harbor. I wrote that letter and some postals just after getting out of the Narrows and about noon the Pilot was taken off. He was a grand looking old sailor and as he went down the rope ladder and leaped into the row-boat like a cat everybody applauded and said to themselves, "Doesn't he know his business!" It takes a clever hand to bring that big boat between narrow openings in piers and [bigly?] looking rocks. He knows the position of every rock and is an employee of the government. All that day the sea was very smooth and the ship flew along. I had lunch at one, bullion and sandwiches at three ice cream at five and a twelve course dinner at six thirty. Many times I thought of the warning not to eat much the first day but it was no use. I ate right through the dinner and felt grand. We walked around

the ship ten times which is about two miles as the promenade is six hundred feet long on both sides. I went to bed about ten thirty with the impression that sea sickness, as Dr. Donavon said, is imagination. Next morning I was awakened by being nearly thrown from my berth and the roaring of the waves. The sea had become very rough and the wind was blowing a hurricane. I had a horrible taste on my mouth and knew what was coming. I managed to dress myself and crawl up onto the deck and there, helped along by the fierce plunging of the ship and the sight of other people throwing up, I walked up to the bulwarks and fed the fish. Between then and nine o'clock that night I vomited eighteen times. A person feels relieved for a while but as the boat never stops plunging you are soon in line for another spell. Nearly everybody was sick that day and the ringing of the bells for dinner or the sight of a fellow with a tooth-pick or something to eat was a signal for everyone to vomit. Next day was Saturday and as the storm kept up I could not stir out of my berth. Easter Sunday was the same way. In a storm you are not allowed to open anything so from Friday to Sunday evening I did not know whether it was night or day and for the three nights slept with my collar and tie on. Thinking it was Easter Sunday morning I read that letter that Mary Moody wrote me.

the ship ten times which is about two miles as the promenade is six hundred feet long on both sides. I went to bed about ten thirty with the impression that sea sickness, as Dr. Donavon said, is imagination. Next morning I was awakened by being nearly thrown from my berth and the roaring of the waves. The sea had become very rough and the wind was blowing a hurricane. I had a horrible taste on my mouth and knew what was coming. I managed to dress myself and crawl up onto the deck and there, helped along by the fierce plunging of the ship and the sight of other people throwing up, I walked up to the bulwarks and fed the fish. Between then and nine o'clock that night I vomited eighteen times. A person feels relieved for a while but as the boat never stops plunging you are soon in line for another spell. Nearly everybody was sick that day and the ringing of the bells for dinner or the sight of a fellow with a tooth-pick or something to eat was a signal for everyone to vomit. Next day was Saturday and as the storm kept up I could not stir out of my berth. Easter Sunday was the same way. In a storm you are not allowed to open anything so from Friday to Sunday evening I did not know whether it was night or day and for the three nights slept with my collar and tie on. Thinking it was Easter Sunday morning I read that letter that Mary Moody wrote me.

INCOMPLETE





1906  
Paquebot "La Lorraine"  
A bord, le 19 Avril  
Thursday  
Dear folks,-  
There is great excitement on board to-day. We land at six o'clock this evening and are in sight of land very often. We have passed about fifty ships this morning and there is a cloud of sea gulls following after us. Since Tuesday I have felt fine. Sea sickness is good in one way. It takes the life almost out of you and puts you in a position to gain but is a hard test to say the least. Mr. Ganz has been sick a couple of times since then and I have had a dizzy head a couple of times but am perfectly hardened now. All day Tuesday the sea was smooth and I staid on deck nearly all day. In the evening I had my dinner in the dining room, the first time since Thursday. Wednesday was a little rougher and I had to be careful about eating. I got up at half past eleven so of course didn't have any breakfast. At lunch I ate every thing in sight including some things that I had never tasted before.

## ENVELOPE

Miss Mary Collins  
303 S. Centre St.  
Joliet  
Illinois  
USA

## LETTER

Paqueboat "La Lorraine"

A bord, le 19 April  
Thursday  
1906

Dear Folks,

There is great excitement on board to-day. We land at six o'clock this evening and are in sight of land very often. We have passed about fifty ships this morning and there is a cloud of sea gulls following after us. Since Tuesday I have felt fine. Sea sickness is good in one way. It takes the life almost out of you and puts you in a position to gain but is a hard test to say the least. Mr. Ganz has been sick a couple of times since then and I have had a dizzy head a couple of times but am perfectly hardened now. All day Tuesday the sea was smooth and I ~~staid~~ [stayed] on deck nearly all day. In the evening I had my dinner in the dining room, the first time since Thursday. Wednesday was a little rougher and I had to be careful about eating. I got up at half past eleven so of course didn't have any breakfast. At lunch I ate very thing in sight including some things that I had never tasted before

Last night was the big night and everything was fine. The dinner was a little quiet on account of the small number of people but it was very swell. The captain sat at the head of the largest table but of course we sat at our own little table in the corner. Every body got a little present, first thing, from the captain. I got a match safe <sup>in my</sup> got a button box and the girls got pin cushions, pin trays etc. We all had those dunce caps or whatever you call them, and started in on an eighteen course dinner. There were all kinds of soups, meats, deserts (ice cream, candy nuts and fine French cakes.) Champagne flowed pretty free. It is comical to see Mr. Ganz pass me by when drinking is in order. I don't believe he would give me any if I wanted it. At every meal there has been delicious wines on the table and a person could drink all they wanted. He generally takes some and gives some to the girls but never offers me any. The other day Miss Burwash brought some books out on deck and among them were sermons by Ingersoll, Voltaire and Mangasarius. I picked one up and was looking at it when he jerked it out of my hand.

Mr. Ganz called me for lunch so I will finish this now. I ate a fine lunch. The first course was snails. I don't care very much for them. But then we had some fine chicken, French fried potatoes, rice and spaghetti. We always have fine fruit and nuts at the last. I am worried about some things that Mr. Ganz said. He doesn't think we will be settled for some time and we may not be able to find places where they allow pianos together so I will be lucky if I can get a place alone, even, and where I can have a piano all day. The latest report is that we will not get to Havre before 8 tonight. You can write me at "Kleist Strasse 31 Berlin c/o Mrs. Mary Forrest Ganz. I will write from Paris

Ed.

Enclosed is a map of the voyage

Last night was the big night and everything was fine. The dinner was a little quiet on account of the small number of people but it was very swell. The captain sat at the head of the largest table but of course we sat at our own little table in the corner. Every body got a little present, first thing, from the captain. I got a match safe, Mr. Ganz got a button box and the girls got pin cushions, pin trays etc. We all had those dunce caps, or whatever you call them, and started in on an eighteen course dinner. There were all kinds of soups, meats, deserts (ice cream, candy nuts and fine French cakes.) Champagne flowed pretty free. It is comical to see Mr. Ganz pass me by when drinking is in order. I don't believe he would give me any if I wanted it. At every meal there has been delicious wines on the table and a person could drink all they wanted. He generally takes some and gives some to the girls but never offers me any. The other day Miss Burwash brought some books out on deck and among them were sermons by Ingersoll, Voltaire and Mangasarius. I picked one up and was looking at it when he jerked it out of my hand.

Mr. Ganz called me for lunch so I will finish this now. I ate a fine lunch. The first course was snails. I don't care very much for them but then we had some fine chicken, French fried potatoes, rice and spaghetti. We always have fine fruit and nuts at the last. I am worried about some things that Mr. Ganz said. He doesn't think we will be settled for some time and we may not be able to find places where they allow pianos together so I will be lucky if I can get a place alone, even, and where I can have a piano all day. The latest report is that we will not get to Havre before 8 tonight. You can write me at "Kleist Strasse 31 Berlin c/o Mrs. Mary Forrest Ganz." I will write from Paris.

Ed.

Enclosed is a map of the voyage.



Berlin Monday Eve.

Dear Folks,-

At least I am in the Fatherland and am beginning to get settled. From now on I will be perfectly comfortable and can dig in like I want. I think I left off on Thursday just after we had sighted the English coast. That was about eight o'clock in the morning. All day we saw signs of land fishing boats, birds etc. All this time, of course, we were going over toward the French coast and about four in the afternoon we saw "Les Cascades" a famous group of rocks with a tremendous lighthouse. About five, when I was down packing my trunk, they sighted Cherbourg with the French Fleet lying in the harbor. From that time we were never out of sight of land. About 9 a powerful searchlight was thrown out from Havre and after many signals and light flashings we went through the big gates into the harbor. The piers we passed along were magnificent with thousands of lights and crowds of people who cheered as the boat passed. There were all kinds of dogs on the piers too and when they set up a howl there was some noise. The Loraine was sending up sky-rockets all this time. When we came up to the landing place there was a lot more red tape a doctor coming on to the ship and all kinds of examinations. It was just ten when

Berlin Monday Eve.

22? April 1906

Dear Folks,-

At last I am in the Fatherland and am beginning to get settled. From now on I will be perfectly comfortable and can dig in like I want. I think I left off on Thursday just after we had sighted the English coast. That was about eight o'clock in the morning. All day we saw signs of [land's?] fishing boats, birds etc. All this time, of course, we were going over toward the French coast and about four in the afternoon we saw "Les Cascades" a famous group of rocks with a tremendous lighthouse. About five, when I was down packing my trunk, they sighted Cherbourg with the French Fleet lying in the harbor. From that time we were never out of sight of land. About 9 a powerful searchlight was thrown out from Havre and after many signals and light flashings we were let through the big gates into the harbor. The piers we passed along were magnificent with thousands of lights and crowds of people who cheered as the boat passed. There were all kinds of dogs on the piers too and when they set up a howl there was some noise. The Loraine was sending up sky-rockets all this time. When we came up to the landing place there was a lot more red tape-a doctor coming on to the ship and all kinds of examinations. It was just ten when

we went down the gang plank and stepped onto land. Gee! I was glad. Of course the ship was magnificent and the eating and waiting on were immense but I was glad to get on 'terra cotta' as the Irishman said. Any time of the day you could have anything you wanted. At twelve o'clock at night you could have ice cream or turkey or what ever you happened to say. During the day there were tables at intervals along the deck, covered with all kinds of sandwiches, fruit, nuts, ice cream etc. and take just what you pleased. The tips were high though each one gave away about ten dollars. Mr. Ganz never touched the piano once during the voyage and the four of us used to walk around it like animals around a piece of poisoned meat. There was no chance to play as the people would flock in and you felt as if you had to entertain them. Edna Peterson played a couple of times and the last night she played a solo. We didn't for the simple reason that we were not asked. Others on the program were the Orchestra and Monsieur ——— "from the Metropolitan House" as it said. The orchestra was bum. It played for about four hours every day and nearly drove Mr. Ganz crazy. He said it sounded better on the outside as you couldn't hear it out there. He is a great story teller but made a poor attempt at telling Irish stories. To come back to Havre most of the people said that night on the boat but we were so impatient to get on land and Mr. Ganz had so many things to do in Paris that we sneaked past the custom officers (which is a very easy thing to do) and went out on the street. There were hundreds of fierce looking fellows who surrounded us yelling in French to let them carry our baggage. They certainly were bad lookers and when Mr. Ganz had to leave us for a while to see about baggage or something else, I was a little scared as Pete could not speak a word of French and Miss Burwash speaks about as much as I do. After much furious talking between Mr. Ganz and the officials at the pier we lit out on the run for a railroad station. It was about a mile a way and the gang of us ran through the street of Havre like mad. When we got to the depot they had just closed the gates; the train had just left. Mr. Ganz was crazy and was going to lick the guide, an old fellow with a cane, but he had skipped as soon as Mr. G. had given him two francs. We got another fellow to take us back to the pier through a horrible district and across levees. There was a train leaving for Paris from there at 11:15 which was the special of the steamship company. We bought a

we went down the gang plank and stepped onto land. Gee! I was glad. Of course the ship was magnificent and the eating and waiting on were immense but I was glad to get on 'terra cotta' as the Irishman said. Any time of the day you could have anything you wanted. At twelve o'clock at night you could have ice cream or turkey or what ever you happened to say. During the day there were tables at intervals along the deck, covered with all kinds of sandwiches, fruit, nuts, ice cream etc and take just what you pleased. The tips were high though each one gave away about ten dollars. Mr. Ganz never touched the piano once during the voyage and the four of us used to walk around it like animals around a piece of poisoned meat. There was no chance to play as the people would flock in and you felt as if you had to entertain them. Edna Peterson played a couple of times and the last night she played a solo. We didn't for the simple reason that we were not asked. Others on the program were the Orchestra and Monsieur ——— "from the Metropolitan House" as it said. The orchestra was bum. It played for about four hours every day and nearly drove Mr. Ganz crazy. He said it sounded better on the outside as you couldn't hear it out there. He is a great story teller but made a poor attempt at telling Irish stories. To come back to Havre most of the people said [stayed] that night on the boat but we were so impatient to get on land and Mr. Ganz had so many things to do in Paris that we sneaked past the custom officers (which is a very easy thing to do) and went out on the street. There were hundreds of fierce looking fellows who surrounded us yelling in French to let them carry our baggage. They certainly were bad lookers and when Mr. Ganz had to leave us for a while to see about baggage or something else, I was a little scared as Pete could not speak a word of French and Miss Burwash speaks about as much as I do. After much furious talking between Mr. Ganz and the officials at the pier we lit out on the run for a railroad station. It was about a mile a way and the gang of us ran through the street of Havre like mad. When we got to the depot they had just closed the gates; the train had just left. Mr. Ganz was crazy and was going to lick the guide, an old fellow with a cane, but he had skipped as soon as Mr. G. had given him two francs. We got another fellow to take us back to the pier through a horrible district and across levees. There was a train leaving for Paris from there at 11:15 which was the special of the steamship company. We bought a



loaf of bread, four oranges, some sausages and two bottles of pop and got into the old train. The outside was worse than one of our box cars but the inside was very nice. I don't speak of that ride from Havre to Paris. The train was terrible. It didn't get started until midnight and finally pulled into Paris at 4 A.M. We didn't sleep any as we got laughing and told stories all the way. Rudolph Ganz, the great Swiss pianist entertained us by imitating cats and dogs. For an encore he imitated the crying of the goats of Switzerland. We went out the door of the "Gare, Saint Lazarre" which was our depot and there the sight took my breath away. There was as much life on the streets as at 8 o'clock in Chicago. Carriages were flying, restaurants were crowded and the glare of the electric lights was blinding. We passed women walking along leisurely with paint on an inch thick and outside the restaurants the sidewalks were jammed with tables. Imagine at half past four in the morning! We staid at the Hotel Terminus and I was almost afraid to go to bed. But I bolted my door good and was soon asleep. A fellow woke me pounding on the door and I was so tired that for a few minutes I couldn't think where I was. He just wanted to call me though, as it was 10.30 and Mr. Ganz had sent him. We had our lunch at the hotel and then went again to the custom house. They just took the

loaf of bread, four oranges, some sausages and two bottles of pop and got into the old train. The outside was worse than one of our box cars but the inside was very nice. Don't speak of that ride from Havre to Paris. The train was terrible. It didn't get started until midnight and finally pulled into Paris at 4 A.M. We didn't sleep any as we got laughing and told stories all the way. Rudolph Ganz, the great Swiss pianist entertained us by imitating cats and dogs. For an encore he imitated the crying of the goats of Switzerland. We went out the door of the "Gare, Saint Lazarre" which was our depot and there the sight took my breath away. There was as much life on the streets as at 8 o'clock in Chicago. Carriages were flying, restaurants were crowded and the glare of the electric lights was blinding. We passed women walking along leisurely with paint on an inch thick and outside the restaurants the sidewalks were jammed with tables. Imagine at half past four in the morning! We staid at the Hotel Terminus and I was almost afraid to go to bed. But I bolted my door good and was soon asleep. A fellow woke me pounding on the door and I was so tired that for a few minutes I couldn't think where I was. He just wanted to call me though, as it was 10:30 and Mr. Ganz had sent him. We had our lunch at the hotel and then went again to the custom house. They just took the



cover off Miss Burwash's trunk and never noticed any of the rest. In the afternoon we met Louis Campbell-Tipton and he took us around a little. We only had two hours but in that time I saw enough to repay me for the whole trip. We first went to the Credit Lyonnais which is Mr. Tewksbury's bank. He had just left but had also left a letter telling Mr. G. he would be at the "Grand Hotel." That is the best hotel in Paris so you can imagine what it is. On the first floor there is a regular park with fountains, trees and rare plants. There is an orchestra and a great many tables which of course are always filled with gorgeously dressed drinkers. We were ushered up to Mr. Tewksbury's room and there was the old lad with the same spectacles and grin. We were with him for about an hour and talked about happenings of the day before we came down to the fine points. By the way we came heard of the San Francisco disaster on the ocean through a wireless message. (Tuesday A.M.) He wanted to know what our plans were and seemed ready for business. There was a magnificent balcony outside his window so I just stepped out there for a while and left the two lads alone just as if by accident. The scenery from the balcony was indescribable. Right beneath me was the 'Boulevard des Italiens' filled with beautiful trees and shrubs. On the sidewalk just under the trees were tables with people drinking and in the street were stream

cover off Miss Burwash's trunk and never noticed any of the rest. In the afternoon we met Louis Campbell-Tipton and he took us around a little. We only had two hours but in that time I saw enough to repay me for the whole trip. We first went to the Credit Lyonnais which is Mr. Tewksbury's bank. He had just left but had also left a letter telling Mr. G. he would be at the "Grand Hotel." That is the best hotel in Paris so you can imagine what it is. On the first floor there is a regular park with fountains, trees and rare plants. There is an orchestra and a great many tables which of course are always filled with gorgeously dressed drinkers. We were ushered up to Mr. Tewksbury's room and there was the old lad with the same spectacles and grin. We were with him for about an hour and talked about happenings of the day before we came down to the fine points. By the way we heard of the San Francisco disaster on the ocean through a wireless message.

(Tuesday A.M.)

He wanted to know what our plans were and seemed ready for business. There was a magnificent balcony outside his window so I just stepped out there for a while and left the two lads alone just as if by accident. The scenery from the balcony was indescribable. Right beneath me was the 'Boulevard des Italiens' filled with beautiful trees and shrubs. On the side walk just under the trees were tables with people drinking and in the street were streams



of beautiful carriages and automobiles. As I was quite high I could see the Notre Dame Cathedral, the Eiffel Tower and a great many famous buildings also the Seine River. In about a half hour I went in again and Mr. Ganz was just ready to go. (Another accident) Mr. Tewksbury had told him that his main objection to me before was my health. You know I was not strong that summer that I staid at the Paulists and he was afraid I wouldn't stand the trip and study. But he was better impressed the other day as he said I looked much stronger. He gave Mr. Ganz his different addresses and wanted to know if I wanted any money now. So I guess that part is all right. Mr. T. was born in Mendota and lived most of his life there. Mrs. Judge Snyder formerly of Ottawa is his sister and his mother lives in New York. He is very well acquainted with Joliet. After leaving Mr. T. we met the others and had something to drink on the sidewalk. I had hot chocolate and cake and it was fine. Streams of people passed near enough to touch but people ate away just as if you they were at home. When you go to a restaurant you can eat either inside or out and it is not cold as the summer is much farther on than in America. After the lunch we went walking for nearly an hour through a beautiful district. Everything was wonderful. Saw the "Place de La Concorde" which is a big square filled with arches and statues erected by Napoleon and obelisks brought by him from Egypt. Starting from the square are the two most famous boulevard's in the world. The "Champs Elyssés" and the "Bois du Boulogne." Just opposite is the garden of the Tuileries which contains the art galleries of the Louvre. The other two sides are taken up by the Trocadero theatre the Notre Dame Cathedral and the Seine River. I could write pages on the beautiful buildings and the trees in front of them even on the business streets. It is a well known fact that half of Paris sleeps days and the other half nights. Theatres are advertised to begin at midnight and others from two to four in the morning. The whole ambition of everyone seems to dress and have a gay time. I think I could get sick of Paris in about a week. The train for Berlin left at ten P.M. and we got there about 9:30. Think of it! We paid 250 francs (\$50) for transferring our baggage. Lucky for me I only had one trunk and paid \$6 for it. You are only allowed 25 lbs. free. Isn't that ridiculous. Mr. Ganz rode first class but we three rode second. The difference was that he

of beautiful carriages and automobiles. As I was quite high I could see the Notre Dame Cathedral, the Eiffel Tower and the great many famous buildings also the Seine River. In about a half hour I went in again and Mr. Ganz was just ready to go. (Another accident) Mr. Tewksbury had told him that his main objection to me before was my health you know. I was not strong that summer that I staid [stayed] at the Paulists and he was afraid I wouldn't stand the trip and study. But he was better impressed the other day as he said I looked much stronger. He gave Mr. Ganz his different addresses and wanted to know if I wanted any money now. So I guess that part is all right. Mr. T. was born in Mendota and lived most of his life there. Mrs. Judge Snyder formerly of Ottawa is his sister and his mother lives in New York. He is very well acquainted with Joliet. After leaving Mr. T. we met the others and had something to drink on the sidewalk. I had hot chocolate and cake and it was fine. Streams of people passed near enough to touch but people ate away just as if you they were at home. When you go to a restaurant you can eat either inside or out and it is not cold as the summer is much farther on than in America. After the lunch we went walking for nearly an hour through a beautiful district. Everything was wonderful. Saw the "Place de La Concorde" which is a big square filled with arches and statues erected by Napoleon and obelisks brought by him from Egypt. Starting from the square are the two most famous boulevard's in the world. The "Champs Elyssés" and the "Bois du Boulogne." Just opposite is the garden of the Tuileries which contains the galleries of the Louvre. The other two sides are taken up by the Trocadero theatre the Notre Dame Cathedral and the Seine River. I could write pages on the beautiful buildings and the trees in front of them even on the business streets. It is a well known fact that half of Paris sleeps days and the other half nights. Theatres are advertised to begin at midnight and others from two to four in the morning. The whole ambition of every one seems to dress and have a gay time. I think I would get sick of Paris in about a week.

The train for Berlin left at ten P.M. and we got there about 9:30. Think of it! We paid 250 francs (\$50) for transferring our baggage. Lucky for me I only had one trunk and paid \$6 for it. You are only allowed 25 lbs. free. Isn't that ridiculous. Mr. Ganz rode first class but we three rode second. The difference was that he

had a berth and we sat up and saved seven dollars. You know everything is compartments on the European trains and there were three men besides us in one. They were German though and I guess were more afraid of us than we of them. In the morning we were in Belgium and the country and towns were rich. Everything was French as you know the Belgians are French. At 7 A.M. we crossed the German boundary and stopped a half hour to have our baggage examined again. I went into a little lunch room in the depot and had a piece of meat a roll and glass of hot milk. It tasted fine. Everything was German here where five minutes before everything was French. There were red table cloths and steins. It was quite a change from the olive oil and wine of France. We got to Cologne at 9 and I saw the cathedral from the train but did not get a chance to get over. All day we passed through rich German territory and famous old towns. About five thirty we went through Potsdam which is the summer home of the Kaiser also through the "Grünwald" his hunting grounds. At 6:03 we landed in Berlin. Mrs. Ganz and Roy were at the depot. Mr. Ganz acted like a kid and had the youngster sing several songs on the spot. The girls were taken to Mrs. McElwee's, which is to be their home, and

had a berth and we sat up and saved seven dollars. You know every thing is compartments on the European trains and there were three men besides us in one. They were German though and I guess were more afraid of us than we of them. In the morning we were in Belgium and the country and towns were rich. Everything was French as you know the Belgians are French. At 7 A.M. we crossed the German boundary and stopped a half hour to have our baggage examined again. I went into a little lunch room in the depot and had a piece of meat a roll and glass of hot milk. It tasted fine. Everything was German here where five minutes before everything was French. There were red table cloths and steins. It was quite a change from the olive oil and wine of France. We got to Cologne at 9 and I saw the Cathedral from the train but did not get a chance to get over. All day we passed through rich German territory and famous old towns. About five thirty we went through Potsdam which is the summer home of the Kaiser also through the "Grünwald" his hunting grounds. At 6:03 we landed in Berlin. Mrs. Ganz and Roy were at the depot. Mr. Ganz acted like a kid and had the youngster sing several songs on the spot. The girls were taken to Mrs. McElwee's, which is to be their home, and



I went temporarily to the Ganz's. We had supper at 8 and it was fine. Roast beef and fried potatoes, milk and fine rolls. I might describe my own room etc now. It is at 7 Kalckreuth Strasse, in the same block as Ganz's but around the corner. I have my breakfast in my room and my dinner and supper at their table. My piano is an upright, a good one, as we go to Switzerland in five weeks and it isn't worth while renting a grand. I was over to Spiering's Sunday and yesterday. Nicoline was operated upon last Monday and is getting along fine. We are going to see her Thursday at the hospital. My hand is getting tired so I will stop and write again in a couple of days. I am feeling great and take fine walks every day.

Lovingly  
Ed

I went temporarily to Ganz's. We had supper at 8 and it was fine. Roast beef and fried potatoes, milk and fine rolls. I might describe my room etc. now. It is at 7 Kalckreuth Strasse, in the same block as Ganz's but around the corner. I have my breakfast in my room and my dinner and supper at their table. My piano is an upright and good one, as we go to Switzerland in five weeks and it isn't worth while renting a grand. I was over to Spiering's Sunday and yesterday. Nicoline was operated upon last Monday and is getting along fine. We are going to see her Thursday at the hospital. My hand is getting tired so I will stop and write again in a couple of days. I am feeling great and take fine walks every day.

Lovingly  
Ed

Berlin  
Wed. Apr. 25

Dear Folks,

By the time I got to Berlin in that letter my hand was so tired writing that I had to cut short. Saturday night I slept like a log as I hadn't lain down for two nights. Got up at nine Sunday and went to mass at St. Matthew's church. I was a little late as there was a great deal of confusion on account of confirmation and there were immense crowds so I had to stand. The choir and organist are exactly the same as in all German churches. They had congregational singing and you know the rest. After dinner which is at 2, we all went over to Spiering which is only four blocks from where I live. They were not at home so we all went walking until supper time. Supper is always at half past seven. Monday we rented pianos (mine is a Seiler) and in the afternoon I moved into my regular room. Yesterday I practiced quite a little and about 9 in the evening went walking. Every few blocks there are beautiful little parks and I staid out until after ten. When I came home the doors were locked and I had to get the door-keeper out of bed and it cost me ten cents. So I learned something. You can't stay out after ten unless you pay this fellow something for opening the door.

Berlin  
Wed. Apr. 25  
1906

Dear Folks,

By the time I got to Berlin in that letter my hand was so tired writing that I had to cut short. Saturday night I slept like a log as I hadn't lain down for two nights. Got up at nine Sunday and went to mass at St. Matthew's church. I was a little late as there was a great deal of confusion on account of confirmation and there were immense crowds so I had to stand. The choir and organist are exactly the same as in all German churches. They had congregational singing and you know the rest. After dinner, which is at 2, we all went over to Spierings which is only four blocks from where I live.

They were not at home so we all went walking until supper time. Supper is always at half past seven. Monday we rented pianos (mine is a Seiler) and in the afternoon I moved into my regular room. Yesterday I practiced quite a little and about 9 in the evening went walking. Every few blocks there are beautiful little parks and I staid [stayed] out until after ten. When I came home the doors were locked and I had to get the door-keeper out of bed and it cost me ten cents. So I learned something. You can't stay out after ten unless you pay this fellow something for opening the door.



I forgot to say that Mr. and Mrs. Ganz went to Switzerland Monday to be gone ten days. Mr. Ganz has a few engagements there which will keep him away until the fifth of May. But I have plenty to practice until he comes back. It is impossible to tell all I have learned since I left home. The traveling has even effected my playing and I feel that I have improved a lot already. I would not exchange what I have learned about traveling, hotels etc. for anything. I know so much more about dealing with people and buying things that I feel as if I were ten years older. Such things can only be learned by experience. The Fräulein who takes care of Roy Ganz is very nice. She is a Catholic and takes Roy to church with her every Sunday. By the way, Catholic churches are thick as flies here. The one I go to is only two blocks away. It is a great deal like St. Mary's except that it is a little richer and has marble pillars and mosaic floors. Edna Peterson and I went to Spiering's Monday and were to Mr. Spiering for quite a while. He told us to come Thursday and see Nicoline so we went there this morning. She is in a hospital a little way from her house and we went there. She got terribly excited when she saw us and started asking me questions so fast that we had to leave for fear of tiring her. She looks fine and will be up Sunday. The Spierings are going to Heppenheim soon and she will build up there although it will be some time before she can practice. Edna Peterson is very cute but has beaux on the brain a little. She was at the Philharmonic concert last Tuesday with Mrs. Cameron. The McElwee's, where she and Miss Burwash live, are fine people and have lived in Berlin twelve years. Miss McElwee is a piano teacher and knew Spears slightly and Moritz Emery very well. There are twelve students living in their house and when the all get practicing it sounds like the Chicago Musical College. There is a pianist under me who practices all day long and a violinist on the same floor as me. People are very cranky about practicing and everytime I hear the bell ring I think it is some one asking me to quit for a while. But lucky for me I am in a place where I can practice any time I want except after nine and then the man in the next room objects. Frau Löblich looks and talks just like old Mrs. Hoffmann and can't speak a word of English. In the morning I have two glasses of milk but the one at my supper I have to pay extra for. My piano is right up to the window and it was great.

Thursday noon.

I forgot to say that Mr. and Mrs. Ganz went to Switzerland Monday to be gone ten days. Mr. Ganz has a few engagements there which will keep him away until the fifth of May. But I have plenty to practice until he comes back. It is impossible to tell all I have learned since I left home. The traveling has even affected my playing and I feel that I have improved a lot already. I would not exchange what I have learned about traveling, hotels etc. for anything. I know so much more about dealing with people and buying things that I feel as if I were ten years older. Such things can only be learned by experience. The Fräulein who takes care of Roy Ganz is very nice. She is Catholic and takes Roy to church with her every Sunday. By the way, Catholic churches are thick as flies here. The one I go to is only two blocks away. It is a great deal like St. Mary's except that it is a little richer and has marble pillars and mosaic floors.

Edna Peterson and I went to Spiering's Monday and were to Mr. Spiering for quite a while. He told us to come Thursday and see Nicoline so we went there this morning. She is in a hospital a little way from her house and we went there. She got terribly excited when she saw us and started asking me questions so fast that we had to leave for fear of tiring her. She looks fine and will be up Sunday. The Spierings are going to Heppenheim soon and she will build up there although it will be some time before she can practice.

Edna Peterson is very cute but has beaux on the brain a little. She was at the Philharmonic concert last Tuesday with Mrs. Cameron. The McElwee's, where she and Miss Burwash live, are fine people and have lived in Berlin twelve years. Miss McElwee is a piano teacher and knew Spears slightly and Moritz Emery very well. There are twelve students living in their house and when they all get practicing it sounds like the Chicago Musical College. There is a pianist under me who practices all day long and a violinist on the same floor as me. People are very cranky about practicing and every time I hear the bell ring I think it is some one asking me to quit for a while. But lucky for me I am in a place where I can practice any time I want except after nine and then the man in the next room objects. Frau Löblich looks and talks just like old Mrs. Hoffmann and can't speak a word of English. In the morning I have two glasses of milk but the one at my supper I have to pay extra for. My piano is right up to the window and it was great.

to have a nice breeze flow against my face but today a Dutchman yelled savagely at me from an up stairs window across the street and I guess he said to close the window so now I practice a while and then write or something else with the windows open. The German people are terribly sloppy and simple. After coming from Paris their dress was all the more noticeable. The women all wear those flat straw hats and all carry baskets while the men are frights with their white shirts and swallow tail coats in the daytime. St. Matthew's church is near a big market place and yesterday I walked all through it. It is where the poor people trade and is a fright. Meat and butterine are sold at the same store as shoes and stockings and when the old women buy they round everything down into a big bag whether it is Limburger cheese or a clothes line. The streets are very clean and the street cleaners all work nights. The kids play on the streets altogether and the noise is frightful. The boys all wear high water pants and the girls skirts are a foot longer in the back than in the front. Right near where I live there is an elevated railroad. It runs on a trestle for a ways

to have a nice breeze flow against my face but today a Dutchman yelled savagely at me from an up stairs window across the street and I guess he said to close the window so now I practice a while and then write or something else with the windows open. The German people are terribly sloppy and simple. After coming from Paris their dress was all the more noticeable. The women all wear those flat straw hats and all carry baskets while the men are frights with their white shirts and swallow tail coats in the day time.

St. Matthew's church is near a big market place and yesterday I walked all through it. It is where the poor people trade and is a fright. Meat and butterine are sold at the same store as shoes and stockings and when the old women buy they round everything down into a big bag whether it is Limburger cheese or a clothes line. The streets are very clean and the street cleaners all work nights. The kids play on the streets altogether and the noise is frightful. The boys all wear high water pants and the girls skirts are a foot longer in the back than in the front. Right near where I live there is an elevated railroad. It runs on a trestle for a ways



and then runs down a grade into a tunnel. The people think that is great and there are crowds around watching the train go into the tunnel. They are certainly rubes. Of course I have not seen any of the artistic side yet as I have not been to any concerts and of course the season is practically over now. Send me a Joliet paper once in a while and give Savory's my address so they will send me those four photographs. If it doesn't cost much to send those two pair summer union suits I wish you would do it as I might as well have them to take to Switzerland but if it costs much don't as I can buy them cheaply here.

Ed

and then runs down a grade into a tunnel. The people think that is great and there are crowds around watching the train go into the tunnel. They are certainly rubes. Of course I have not seen any of the artistic side yet as I have not been to any concerts and of course the season is practically over now. Send me a Joliet paper once in a while and give Savory's my address so they will send me those four photographs. If it doesn't cost much to send those two ~~pair~~ summer union suits I wish you would do it as I might as well have them to take to Switzerland, but if it costs much don't as I can buy them cheaply here.

Ed.

To Berlin May 1st.

Dear folks- I hope by this time that you have my 'Lorraine' letters as they were supposed to leave Haver the 21st. I guess I told you about going to see Nicoline Zedeler. She is getting along very well but has intense pain every once in a while. The Spierings certainly are her good angels. She is in a grand hospital and fine people come to see her every day. I have often thought that it is a good thing she is not home for she would certainly have had a hard time but for the great surgeon and fine care. Just as Mr. Spiering and I were coming out of the hospital he hailed a little fat fellow and gave me an introduction to him. It was Godowsky! I was greatly disappointed in his personality. He reminded me of a little pig but his playing everyone here is wild over. I hope I will get in with some of those people soon. I can't get over how much I have learned since I left home. Traveling in a foreign country is a tremendous education and I would not exchange all I have learned for anything. Then living here in Berlin is a great educator. Every move I make I see something new and I have learned so much about taking care of my clothes and looking decent in front of the rest of the people in the house. Eating in the pension is fine nerve practice too. I have a fierce appetite these days and as everything is passed around it takes nerve to eat enough. But I am doing fine and manage to get enough of

To Berlin May 1<sup>st</sup>  
1906

Dear folks- I hope by this time that you have my 'Lorraine' letters as they were supposed to leave Haver the 21st. I guess I told you about going to see Nicoline Zedeler. She is getting along very well but has intense pain every once in a while. The Spierings certainly are her good angels. She is in a grand hospital and fine people come to see her every day. I have often thought that it is a good thing she is not home for she would certainly have had a hard time but for the great surgeon and fine care. Just as Mr. Spiering and I were coming out of the hospital he hailed a little fat fellow and gave me an introduction to him. It was Godowsky! I was greatly disappointed in his personality. He reminded me of a little pig but his playing everyone here is wild over. I hope I will get in with some of those people soon. I can't get over how much I have learned since I left home. Traveling in a foreign country is a tremendous education and I would not exchange all I have learned for anything. Then living here in Berlin is a great educator. Every move I make I see something new and I have learned so much about taking care of my clothes and looking decent in front of the people in the house. Eating in the pension is fine nerve practice too. I have a fierce appetite these days and as everything is passed around it takes nerve to eat enough. But I am doing fine and manage to get enough of



good meat, vegetables and milk. Often I buy cakes and bread and have a lunch in my room. The bakery goods here is away ahead of the American stuff and about every third store is a bakers shop. They have the grandest cookies that I ever tasted and every thing has so much cream and eggs in it. I had a hard time getting used to the milk which is boiled by order of the health department. My dinner costs about 30 cents and my supper about 20. That is considered very expensive and the pension where I eat is one of the best. I guess I mentioned Mr. Merrill in my last letter. He is a violinist and lives in the same house as I. One meets so many kinds of people that it is interesting to watch them and see how quickly you can find out what they are and what is their history. To begin with he is from Minneapolis and knows every musician there and in St. Paul. It seemed as if I met some one from Joliet. I knew very quickly that he was quite a society chap when he started telling about being so much at Katherine Gordon's. He also talked a great deal about Frank Danz, Arthur Koerner etc, although he didn't know Kate. Secondly his playing is shameful. I can't compare him to anyone except it would be Annie Wise. He came in a couple of times a day for about a week. Brought music with him and of course I had to play with him. We have murdered the Beethoven symphonies several times and lately it has been so terrible that I would burst out laughing. Lately he comes in occasionally but only for a minute and without his violin. He has coats and hats for every day of the week and his smoking jackets etc. are rich. Sunday I went with him to the Zoological gardens which are right in the neighborhood. I enjoyed it immensely. There was every variety of animal there. Besides seeing all the common animals that I saw at home, lions, tigers, bears, panthers etc, I saw all kinds of strange animals from Asia and Africa. There were yaks and all variety of mountain animals from Tibet and sacred animals from India. Big bulls with horns on several feet long and animals with humps on their backs. There was every kind of camel and every kind Zebra, gazelle, gnu etc. The animal that attracted the most attention was an American buffalo. There were many more kinds but as we followed the crowd past the hundreds of pens and cages I didn't get time to look at some of the names. Then the gardens were better than any I ever saw in America. I can't describe the rich beds of roses and tulips or the lagoons filled with swans and all kinds of richly colored water fowl. Then of course it wouldn't be German unless there was music so there were two fine bands. They were far apart so to accommodate the crowds one would play and then the other. That part of the grounds was filled with tables and we had a lunch. The reputation the Germans

good meat, vegetables and milk. Often I buy cakes and bread and have a lunch in my room. The bakery goods here is away ahead of the American stuff and about every third store is a bakers shop. They have the grandest cookies that I ever tasted and every thing has so much cream and eggs in it. I had a hard time getting used to the milk which is boiled by order of the health department. My dinner costs about 30 cents and my supper about 20. That is considered very expensive and the pension where I eat is one of the best. I guess I mentioned Mr. Merrill in my last letter. He is a violinist and lives in the same house as I. One meets so many kinds of people that it is interesting to watch them and see how quickly you can find out what they are and what is their history. To begin with he is from Minneapolis and knows every musician there and in St. Paul. It seemed as if I met some one from Joliet. I knew very quickly that he was quite a society chap when he started telling about being so much at Katherine Gordon's. He also talked a great deal about Frank Danz, Arthur Koerner etc, although he didn't know Kate.

Secondly his playing is shameful. I can't compare him to anyone except it would be Annie Wise. He came in a couple of times a day for about a week. Brought music with him and of course I had to play with him. We have murdered the Beethoven symphonies several times and lately it has been so terrible that I would burst out laughing. Lately he comes in occasionally but only for a minute and without his violin. He has coats and hats for every day of the week and his smoking jackets etc. are rich. Sunday I went with him to the Zoological gardens which are right in the neighborhood. I enjoyed it immensely. There was every variety of animal there. Besides seeing all the common animals that I saw at home, lions, tigers, bears, panthers etc, I saw all kinds of strange animals from Asia and Africa. There were yaks and all variety of mountain animals from Tibet and sacred animals from India. Big bulls with horns on several feet long and animals with humps on their backs. There was every kind of camel and every kind Zebra, gazelle, gnu etc. The animal that attracted the most attention was an American buffalo. There were many more kinds but as we followed the crowd past the hundreds of pens and cages I didn't get time to look at some of the names. Then the gardens were better than any I ever saw in America. I can't describe the rich beds of roses and tulips or the lagoons filled with swans and all kinds of richly colored water fowl. Then of course it wouldn't be German unless there was music so there were two fine bands. They were far apart so to accommodate the crowds one would play and then the other. That part of the grounds was filled with tables and we had a lunch. The reputation the Germans

have for drinking beer is greatly exaggerated I think. Of course a great many drink beer with their meals but Sunday there was as much chocolate and coffee on the tables at the Zoological gardens as there was beer. Mr. and Mrs. Ganz are coming home Friday. He sent me three pupils a postal each from Switzerland and told me to take the girls out walking but I have only seen them twice since we have been here. At McElwee's where they live there are twenty five girls staying. I had seen a lot around there but never imagined there were so many. Of course Mrs. McElwee has a big responsibility with that mob and she looks me over so and asks me so many questions that I never go there any more. This is a great neighborhood for celebrated musicians. George Fergusson the vocal teacher lives just around the corner and not far away are Arthur Hartman, Spiering, Godowsky, Mark Hambourg and Geraldine Farrar. About a quarter of a mile away is the Tiergarten which is a famous park. Everything here is the army. Half the men in Germany are soldiers and you meet all degrees of officers on the streets. I have seen bodies of soldiers march and I tell you they are well trained. It certainly straightens men up and gives them good training in minding their superiors but makes them terribly lazy. They have hardly any thing to do and a great many of them

have for drinking beer is greatly exaggerated I think. Of course a great many drink beer with their meals but Sunday there was as much chocolate and coffee on the tables at the Zoological gardens as there was beer. Mr. and Mrs. Ganz are coming home Friday. He sent me three pupils a postal each from Switzerland and told me to take the girls out walking but I have only seen them twice since we have been here. At McElwee's where they live there are twenty five girls staying. I had seen a lot around there but never imagined there were so many. Of course Mrs. McElwee has a big responsibility with that mob and she looks me over so and asks me so many questions that I never go there any more.

This is a great neighborhood for celebrated musicians. George Fergusson the vocal teacher lives just around the corner and not far away are Arthur Hartman, Spiering, Godowsky, Mark Hambourg and Geraldine Farrar. About a quarter of a mile away is the Tiergarten which is a famous park.

Everything here is the army. Half the men in Germany are soldiers and you meet all degrees of officers on the streets. I have seen bodies of soldiers march and I tell you they are well trained. It certainly straightens men up and gives them good training in minding their superiors but makes them terribly lazy. They have hardly any thing to do and a great many of them



stay in it all their lives and become officers and have people take off their hats to them. Then too they draw fat salaries which are out of the taxes of the working people. I am having a hard time with the police bureau. Every new comer has to fill out a big blank telling all about him even his religion. I went to the police with mine but the fools of clerks who deal entirely with foreigners can speak only German. So I will have to get some one who can go with me to interpret. Another thing I must get is a passport. I guess I could have got one before I left home but I didn't think I needed any. Neither of the girls have any and we have to go before the American Counsel and pay \$2 for one.

I got Annie's letter this afternoon. I feel sorry for Mr. Schager. I went with Merrill to the Hochschule. There are three departments - music, painting and technology. The technical school is the largest and is a beautiful big building. The art school is next and looks a great deal like the art institute in Chicago. The music school is principally for violin. Joachim is the head of it so of course most of the students are violinists. They have a most beautiful concert hall with an immense pipe organ. You could tell just by going into the hall that here was a musical centre. I was all through

stay in it all their lives and become officers and have people take off their hats to them. Then too they draw fat salaries which are out of the taxes of the working people.

I am having a hard time with the police bureau. Every new comer has to fill out a big blank telling all about him even his religion. I went to the police with mine but the fools of clerks who deal entirely with foreigners can speak only German. So I will have to get some one who can go with me to interpret.

Another thing I must get is a passport I guess I could have got one before I left home but I didn't think I needed any. Neither of the girls have any and we have to go before the American Counsel and pay \$2 for one.

I got Annie's letter this afternoon. I feel sorry for Mr. Schager. I went with Merrill to the Hochschule the other day. There are three departments. Music, painting and technology. The technical school is the largest and is a beautiful big building. The art school is next and looks a great deal like the art institute in Chicago. The music school is principally for violin. Joachim is the head of it so of course most of the students are violinists. They have a most beautiful concert hall with an immense pipe organ. You could tell just by going into the hall that here was a musical centre. I was all through

the building and the inside is very costly. I was a little disgusted with the looks of the students. You know violinists are generally long haired fellows and these were frights. Some had shaggy hair down to their shoulders and some looked like wild men. They were pacing up and down the halls moaning and humming and some were making fierce gestures while others were eating meat, bread and everything else and getting inspiration at the same time. They are wholly apart from the outside world and only know music. They are disgusting because precious few of them have talent and fewer amount to anything. The big musicians in Berlin and in every other place for that matter, are the most ordinary looking men and know how to walk without letting everyone know they are musicians. Joachim is the most honored musician here more on account of his age and what he has been of course. Heingartner, Richard Strauss and Richard are about even for second place. Then comes D'Albert who is first among the pianists. Busoni, Hambourg and Godowsky are next and are about even. Busoni and Godowsky are the only great ones that accept pupils so there is the Camp Busoni and the Camp Godowsky and the rivalry and hatred of one for the other is intense. Being a pupil of Ganz I belong to the Camp Busoni but as Spiering is in the Camp Godowsky and also Nicoline Zedeler and Sidney Biden, I have friends on both sides. I have to go now to the police bureau and go through a lot of red tape so will quit for the present.

Ed.

Herrn E- C-  
Kalckreuth Str. 7

Berlin W.

Per. Ad. Löblich

the building and the inside is very costly. I was a little disgusted with the looks of the students. You know violinists are generally long haired fellows and these were frights. Some had shaggy hair down to their shoulders and some looked like wild men. They were pacing up and down the halls moaning and humming and some were making fierce gestures while others were eating meat, bread and everything else and getting inspiration at the same time. They are wholly apart from the outside world and only know music. They are disgusting because precious few of them have talent and fewer amount to anything. The big musicians in Berlin, and in every other place for that matter, are the most ordinary looking men and know how to walk without letting everyone know they are musicians. Joachim is the most honored musician here more on account of his age and what he has been of course. Then comes D'Albert who is first among the pianists. Busoni, Hambourg and Godowsky are next and are about even. Busoni and Godowsky are the only great ones that accept pupils so there is the Camp Busoni and the Camp Godowsky and the rivalry and hatred of one for the other is intense. Being a pupil of Ganz I belong to the Camp Busoni but as Spiering is in the Camp Godowsky and also Nicoline Zedeler and Sidney Biden, I have friends on both sides. I have to go now to the police bureau and go through a lot of red tape so will quit for the present.

Ed.

Herrn E- C-  
Kalckreuth Str. 7  
Berlin W.

Per. Ad. Löblich



Berlin. May 5th  
Dear Folks-  
I have just come from my dinner and will write a little before I start practicing. Mr. Spiering sent me a postal from Weimar telling me to go and see Nicoline today so I went this morning. She is going to leave the hospital Wed. and going to live in a private family for about a month. The Spierings have left for the country and have stopped in Weimar for the Liszt festival. My I would love to see Weimar. Liszt's home was there for a long time and that is where he turned out Tausig, D'Albert, Rosenthal, Sauer, Reizenauer and nearly all of the other great pianists. Chopin lived there for a long time and did the poets, Goethe and Schiller. I am going to get a hair cut today. I wonder how the barber will cut it? There was a young fellow named Steiner up with Mr. Merrill yesterday. He is from Dubuque and was surprised when I told him I played there (at the Mound). He is a violinist and played for a dance that the pupils of St. Clara's college had a couple of years ago. Maybe Mary Carroll knew him. It is terribly exciting to meet any one from America especially if they are from a place that you know something about. I am afraid I will be some time learning the German as I don't want to use my

Berlin. May 5<sup>th</sup>  
1906

Dear Folks-

I have just come from my dinner and will write a little before I start practicing. Mr. Spiering sent me a postal from Weimar telling me to go and see Nicoline today so I went this morning. She is going to leave the hospital Wed. and going to live in a private family for about a month. The Spierings have left for the country and have stopped in Weimar for the Liszt festival. My I would love to see Weimar. Liszt's home was there for a long time and that is where he turned out Tausig, D'Albert, Rosenthal, Sauer, Reizenauer and nearly all of the other great pianists. Chopin lived there for a long time as did the poets, Goethe and Schiller. I am going to get a hair cut today. I wonder how the barber will cut it? There was a young fellow named Steiner up with Mr. Merrill yesterday. He is from Dubuque and was surprised when I told him I played there (at the Mound). He is a violinist and played for a dance that the pupils of St. Clara's college had a couple of years ago. Maybe Mary Carroll knew him. It is terribly exciting to meet any one from America especially if they are from a place that you know something about.

I am afraid I will be some time learning the German as I don't want to use my

eyes only when I have to. It is absolutely necessary to know German French and English over here. I never saw anything like the way people can change from one language to another and talk one as good as the other. Common people who are not counted as being very well educated can nearly always speak several languages. They teach English and French in the public schools. All the people who eat at the pension where I eat can speak English and Frau Löbilich's daughter works for an American dentist and speaks English as well as I do. You know the American dentists are away ahead of the German and so everybody goes to the American dentists. Kaiser William's dentist's name is Davis and he is from Ohio. I was finally fixed up with the police. Was there for a half hour in the 'sweat-box' Wednesday. I had to tell Pa's name and his business, Ma's name and her name before she was married and everything about my life and what my plans were for years to come. The old Dutch examiner couldn't see how any body's name could be Bridget. He could understand Bertha or Betty but after much arguing wrote down Bridget just as I spelled it for him. He let me off without a passport principally because it aggravated him to try and make me understand him and because it was just dinner time. But inquire for one for me at home. I don't know where you would get it but I think a letter with any official seal of Joliet or from a post office official would do. They are liable to come after me for one yet and I suppose I will have the same trouble in Switzerland. I started a letter to Kate yesterday and will finish it today. It is too bad she can't be here for a season as people are after accompanists like wolves. I am very anxious to see the business part of Berlin. You know I live in the outskirts and have not been down town once. Mr. Ganz will not be home until tomorrow. Just thinks he had to hire a room across the street from his house to practice in. People are so cranky about practicing. When a person wants to rent a room he has small chances of finding a good place if he is a music student. Luckily I struck a very good place where most of the people are away during the day and those who are home like it. But then there are several floors with a different family on each and I have to be careful with everyone. Last night I went out walking until 9:30 and as the fellow next to me wasn't home the old lady said I could practice. It

eyes only when I have to. It is absolutely necessary to know German French and English over here. I never saw anything like the way people can change from one language to another and talk one as good as the other. Common people who are not counted as being very well educated can nearly always speak several languages. They teach English and French in the public schools. All the people who eat at the pension where I eat can speak English and Frau Löbilich's daughter works for an American dentist and speaks English as well as I do. You know the American dentists are away ahead of the German and so everybody goes to the American dentists. Kaiser William's dentist's name is Davis and he is from Ohio.

I was finally fixed up with the police. Was there for a half hour in the 'sweat-box' Wednesday. I had to tell Pa's name and his business, Ma's name and her name before she was married and everything about my life and what my plans were for years to come. The old Dutch examiner couldn't see how any body's name could be Bridget. He could understand Bertha or Betty but after much arguing, wrote down Bridget just as I spelled it for him. He let me off without a passport principally because it aggravated him to try and make me understand him and because it was just dinner time. But inquire for one for me at home. I don't know where you would get it but I think a letter with any official seal of Joliet or from a post office official would do. They are liable to come after me for one yet and I suppose I will have the same trouble in Switzerland. I started a letter to Kate yesterday and will finish it today. It is too bad she can't be here for a season as people are after accompanists like wolves. I am very anxious to see the business part of Berlin. You know I live in the outskirts and have not been down town once. Mr. Ganz will not be home until tomorrow. Just think, he had to hire a room across the street from his house, to practice in. People are so cranky about practicing. When a person wants to rent a room he has small chances of finding a good place if he is a music student. Luckily I struck a very good place where most of the people are away during the day and those who are home like it. But then there are several floors with a different family on each and I have to be careful with every one. Last night I went out walking until 9:30 and as the fellow next to me wasn't home the old lady said I could practice. It



wasn't long before I heard terrible  
pounding right underneath me. That  
is the way they have of telling you to quit.  
In some places they turn on electric  
bells and yell fearfully. Enclosed  
is a card a fellow sent up to me. I  
didn't know it was against the law  
to have your window open, but it is and  
he asked me to close mine one day  
and I wasn't going to do it at first but  
finally did. Have Mr. Schager trans-  
late it. You have got to be very care-  
ful here as you are fined for foolish things.  
There are spies and detectives walking  
all around and inspectors for railroads  
and cars. If a conductor misses you and  
the inspector asks you for your receipt  
you are fined. For every cent you pay  
you get a receipt and when you haven't  
got one they suppose you have cheated  
them some way. Everything is owned  
by the government and in a park especially  
on Sunday you are nearly always asked  
for a receipt of your admission and if  
you happen to drop it or throw it away  
they suppose you have jumped the fence  
and fine you.

Have everybody write to me but  
I won't promise to answer the letters.

Ed.

Kalckreuth Str. 7  
Pre. ad. Loblich Berlin W.

wasn't long before I heard terrible pounding right  
underneath me. That is the way they have of telling you  
to quit. In some places they turn on electric bells and  
yell fearfully. Enclosed is a card a fellow sent up to  
me. I didn't know it was against the law to have your  
window open, but it is and he asked me to close mine one  
day and I wasn't going to do it at first but finally did.  
Have Mr. Schager translate it. You have got to be very  
careful here as you are fined for foolish things. There  
are spies and detectives walking all around and  
inspectors for railroads and cars. If a conductor misses  
you and the inspector asks you for your receipt you are  
fined. For every cent you pay you get a receipt and when  
you haven't got one they suppose you have cheated them  
some way. Everything is owned by the government and in a  
park especially on Sunday you are nearly always asked  
for a receipt of your admission and if you happen to drop  
it or throw it away they suppose you have jumped the  
fence and fine you.

Have everybody write to me but I won't promise to answer  
the letters.

Ed.

Kalckreuth Str. 7  
Pre. ad. Loblich

Berlin W.

Berlin. Monday May 14.

Dear Folks,-

I have a few minutes to write as it is too early to begin practicing I suppose you got the Grünewald postal. I wrote it while we were eating. It is a beautiful place and the car ride out to it is through the swellest part of Berlin. The very wealthy people have immense villas and there are any number of them out that way. They are big castles with towers and balconies and have beautiful gardens and big iron fences. One must go up to the fence and ring a bell. Then the gate-keeper comes and lets you onto the grounds. Then there are a few more servants to pass before you get to the door. Of course no one gets to the door but people of the same class. I have a fine time where I take my meals. The German people are the happiest at their meals and you sit for a half hour after everyone is through eating. The name of the pension is "Starke-Rettberg". It is run by two old maids, Fräulein Starke and Fraulein Rettberg. Fräulein Starke is very nice but Fraulein R. is one of those kind who don't eat to save money. She sits next to me and can hardly control herself if I take anything twice. On the other side of me is a young Russian girl who is studying music in Berlin. Then come Mr. and Mrs. Ganz. Then the

Berlin. Monday May 14.  
1906

Dear Folks,-

I have a few minutes to write as it is too early to begin practicing. I suppose you got the Grünewald postal. I wrote it while we were eating. It is a beautiful place and the care ride out to it is through the swellest part of Berlin. The very wealthy people have immense villas and there are any number of them out that way. They are big castles with towers and balconies and have beautiful gardens and big iron fences. One must go up to the fence and ring a bell. Then the gate-keeper comes and lets you onto the grounds. Then there are a few more servants to pass before you get to the door. Of course no one gets to the door but people of the same class.

I have a fine time where I take my meals. The German people are the happiest at their meals and you sit for half hour after every one is through eating. the name of the pension is "Starke-Rettberg." It is run by two old maids, Fräulein Starke and Fraulein Rettberg. Fräulein Starke is very nice but Fraulein R. is one of those kind who don't eat to save money. She sits next to me and can hardly control herself if I take anything twice. On the other side of me is a young Russian girl who is studying music in Berlin. Then come Mr. and Mrs. Ganz. Then the



rest of the Russian family consisting of the mother and another daughter and a son who is going to school. They are certainly well bred. You can see it in every move of them. Then there are two Jewish women. Up until a while ago there was an Englishman and his son there but they left and I am glad. Those fellows were the most superior chaps you could imagine. I am going to have a lesson at 10 this morning. Mr. Ganz has a Bechstein concert grand in his room and it is a whale. The action is terrific and I am like a baby at it.

It is 3 p.m. now. I had to go to my lesson this morning so could not finish. The Bechstein pianos certainly are frights. I can hardly move them. We have nothing like them in America for heavy action. The German players all have big heavy hands and heavy touches and they would not play any other piano. Mr. Ganz was not at dinner he is invited out by the Americans all the time. Dr. Ziegfeld is in town. Mr. Ganz had dinner with him, Emil Paur and H. J. Mason Saturday. Mason is the 'it' in the Mason and Hamlin business. Mr. Ganz got a letter from the Cable company with a check for \$10 for me. They apologized for not sending it sooner explaining that they didn't know my address. Mr. G. also got a letter from Jamieson thanking him for the good time he had in New York. Jamieson thinks I am mad at him. I was but I will write when I get a chance. He said something in New York about priests and I jumped on him.

I am crazy to get to Switzerland as Mr. Ganz says the climate is grand. I hope I will get heavy now for that is a great deal to do with piano playing. I feel as if I don't know anything and am starting over again. Mr. Merrill plays with me occasionally again and he is certainly a fright. He is very nice fellow though and is one of those dry jokers. He said to me the other day "Are you Irish, Collins?" I said "Yes." "Full blooded?" I said "Yes." He said, "I knew it because you laugh at my jokes." I would love to get in with the American colony. They are the whole thing here. The American club is a block

rest of the Russian family consisting of the mother and another daughter and a son who is going to school. They are certainly well bred. You can see it in every move of them. Then there are two Jewish women. Up until a while ago there was an Englishman and his son there but they left and I am glad. Those fellows were the most superior chaps you could imagine.

I am going to have a lesson at 10 this morning. Mr. Ganz has a Bechstein concert grand in his room and it is a whale. The action is terrific and I am like a baby at it.

It is 3 p.m. now. I had to go to my lesson this morning so could not finish. The Bechstein pianos certainly are frights. I can hardly move them. We have nothing like them in America for heavy action. The German players all have big heavy hands and heavy touches and they would not play any other piano. Mr. Ganz was not at dinner he is invited out by the Americans all the time. Dr. Ziegfeld is in town. Mr. Ganz had dinner with him, Emil Paur and H. J. Mason Saturday. Mason is the 'it' in the Mason and Hamlin business. Mr. Ganz got a letter from the Cable company with a check for \$10 for me. They apologized for not sending it sooner explaining that they didn't know my address. Mr. G. also got a letter from Jamieson thanking him for the good time he had in New York. Jamieson thinks I am mad at him. I was but I will write when I get a chance. He said something in New York about priests and I jumped on him.

I am crazy to get to Switzerland as Mr. Ganz says the climate is grand. I hope I will get heavy now for that is a great deal to do with piano playing. I feel as if I don't know anything and am starting over again.

Mr. Merrill plays with me occasionally again and he is certainly a fright. he is very nice fellow though and is one of those dry jokers. He said to me the other day "Are you Irish, Collins?" I said "Yes." "Full blooded?" I said "Yes." He said, "I knew it because you laugh at my jokes." I would love to get in with the American colony. They are the whole thing here. The American club is a block

away from here and they often have swell musicals and receptions there. There are no paper boys here. On the street corner there is a big automatic box and you put in two cents and the paper comes out. It is a fright the number of dogs that run the streets. Some are as large as calves but the majority are these long bodied dachshunds. Busoni is back in Berlin. Mr. Ganz saw him yesterday. I will play for him some time soon. He only teaches in the summer so my chances of taking from him this winter are pretty thin. I was at an organ concert last night. It was a Bach recital by Straube from Leipsic. I was as glad to hear the organ, am a little lonesome for it and Straube is the best organist in Germany. Mr. Ganz gave me a comp and I was mighty glad I went as it was magnificent. When a fellow can play a big program of Bach and hold your attention and make you enjoy it he is a master. It was very encouraging to hear such playing and I am going to hear the organists this winter. We leave for Switzerland the first of June and will be gone just 100 days. I have had letters from Mary, Annie and Cele. Do it some more. Ed. Per. ad Löblich Kalckreuth Str. 7.

away from here and they often have swell musicals and receptions there. There are no paper boys here. On the street corner there is a big automatic box and you put in two cents and the paper comes out. It is a fright the number of dogs that run the streets. Some are as large as calves but the majority are these long bodied dachshunds.

Busoni is back in Berlin. Mr. Ganz saw him yesterday. I will play for him some time soon. He only teaches in the summer so my chances of taking from him this winter are pretty thin.

I was at an organ concert last night. It was a Bach recital by Straube from Leipsic. I was so glad to hear the organ, am a little lonesome for it and Straube is the best organist in Germany. Mr. Ganz gave me a comp and I was mighty glad I went as it was magnificent. When a fellow can play a big program of Bach and hold your attention and make you enjoy it he is a master. It was very encouraging to hear such playing and I am going to hear the organists this winter. We leave for Switzerland the first of June and will be gone just 100 days.

I have had letters from Mary, Annie and Cele. Do it some more.

Ed.

Kalckreuth Str. 7.

Per. ad Löblich



1906  
Berlin  
Thursday May 17.  
Dear Folks,-  
I forgot to put in that card the last time I wrote and I suppose you wondered where it was. I am enjoying myself immensely these days. Of course the practice keeps me busy in the day time, but in the evening I go walking and come to parks etc that are regular fairylands. Last Monday was down to "Unter den Linden." It is the most famous street in Berlin. In the middle is a broad walk for people, lined on both sides with immense linden trees, shrubs and beds of flowers. Then on both sides of that are the places for vehicles. Nearly all the government buildings of Germany are on this street and they are wonderful. At the end of the street is the royal palace and the Kaiser rides down Unter den Linden every day. He is a god here and on every street in every park and in every street car there is a place where only the Kaiser is allowed. On some streets there are immense gates and there is always one reserved for him and soldiers stand on guard to see that no one else uses that one. In every car there is a seat that no one ever sits down on except him though

Berlin  
Thursday May 17.  
1906

Dear Folks,-

I forgot to put in that card the last time I wrote and I suppose you wondered where it was. I am enjoying myself immensely these days. Of course the practice keeps me busy in the day time, but in the evening I go walking and come to parks etc that are regular fairylands. Last Monday was down to "Unter den Linden." It is the most famous street in Berlin. In the middle is a broad walk for people, lined on both sides with immense linden trees, shrubs and beds of flowers.

Then on both sides of that are the places for vehicles. Nearly all the government buildings of Germany are on this street and they are wonderful. At the end of the street is the royal palace and the Kaiser rides down Unter den Linden every day. He is a god here and on every street in every park and in every street car there is a place where only the Kaiser is allowed. On some streets there are immense gates and there is always one reserved for him and soldiers stand on guard to see that no one else uses that one. In every car there is a seat that no one ever sits down on except him though

he never rides on a street car. When he leaves the palace it is known all over Berlin and as he goes down the street the police blow a bugle and every person and every horse must stand still while he is passing. God help you if you are caught walking or with your hat on. You must not talk back to any official because everything is owned by the government and so that is an offense against the Kaiser. If you are caught making fun of his picture you are up the spout.

I am getting to like Berlin more every day but am crazy to hear some music. There is no such a thing as a ticket left for any performance.

Monday when I went up to my dinner imagine how glad I was to see Mr. and Mrs. Ganz sitting there. They went away the second day we came so I had to handle my own canoe but as I have said I will never get over how much I have learned since I left home. Our Swiss vacation is going to be great. We are going to a small town called Herckenstein on Lake Lucerne. There is a big hotel there which, in summer, is full of American guests so I expect to meet some fine people. The girls are going to stay at the hotel and have a piano between them but as only one piano is allowed to a party, Mr. Ganz and I have rooms in a farmhouse a little ways down the road. I will have a piano all to myself. We will all eat at the hotel and breakfast is served out doors right on the margin of the lake. I guess that will be rotten.

Yesterday I was at a pink tea at Miss Beren's. She is a pupil of Mrs. Ganz. We had tea in cups that at first sight looked like thimbles, and cookies that would fit easily in the cavities in my teeth. The one that could be the most polite was it but towards the end it got very rough and some even told a funny story. Tomorrow a whole bunch of us are going to Grünwald at Potsdam. It is a great forest fifty miles long and I think we will have a fine time. One of the most beautiful streets I have seen is called "Zieges Allee". It has trees on both sides but no sidewalks. You walk on a beautiful lawn with beds of tulips all along. About every fifty feet there is a monument to some German emperor and in all there must be two hundred. There are no common monuments.

he never rides on a street car. When he leaves the palace it is known all over Berlin and as he goes down the street the police blow a bugle and every person and every horse must stand still while he is passing. God help you if you are caught walking or with your hat on. You must not talk back to any official because everything is owned by the government and so that is an offense against the Kaiser. If you are caught making fun of his picture you are up the spout.

I am getting to like Berlin more every day but am crazy to hear some music. There is no such a thing as a ticket left for any performance.

Monday when I went up to my dinner imagine how glad I was to see Mr. and Mrs. Ganz sitting there. They went away the second day we came so I had to handle my own canoe but as I have said I will never get over how much I have learned since I left home. Our Swiss vacation is going to be great. We are going to a small town called Herckenstein on Lake Lucerne. There is a big hotel there which, in summer, is full of American guests so I expect to meet some fine people! The girls are going to stay at the hotel and have a piano between them but as only one piano is allowed to a party, Mr. Ganz and I have rooms in a farmhouse a little ways down the road. I will have a piano all to myself. We will all eat at the hotel and breakfast is served out doors right on the margin of the lake. I guess that will be rotten.

Yesterday I was at a pink tea at Miss Beren's. She is a pupil of Mrs. Ganz. We had tea in cups that at first sight looked like thimbles, and cookies that would fit easily in the cavities in my teeth. The one that could be the most polite was it but towards the end it got very rough and some even told a funny story. Tomorrow a whole bunch of us are going to Grünwald at Potsdam. It is a great forest fifty miles long and I think we will have a fine time. One of the most beautiful streets I have seen is called "Zieges Allee". It has trees on both sides but no sidewalks. You walk on a beautiful lawn with beds of tulips all along. About every fifty feet there is a monument to some German emperor and in all there must be two hundred. There are no common monuments,



either but are like size and are white marble. The Thiergarten is very beautiful and I often walk down there. Berlin is laid out very poorly as far as convenience to strangers is concerned. At intervals there are big squares. The Germans call them stars because a great many streets start from there and go in every direction, so there is no such a thing as knowing what direction you are walking. Streets bend and then suddenly stop in front of a big building but begin again around on the other side.

I will try and write like a week but if the letters don't come regularly don't worry as they are liable to just miss a boat and have to lay over for several days. I can read the leader at Mrs. Ganz's. I bought the Courier the other day and there was a piece about Nicoline Zedeler in it. She said she got your letter (Annie's). It is getting late so I will go to bed.

Love to all

Ed.

Kulckreuth Str. 7

Berlin W.  
Per. ad. Loblich

either but are like size and are white marble. The Thiergarten is very beautiful and I often walk down there.

Berlin is laid out very poorly as far as convenience to strangers is concerned. At intervals there are big squares. The Germans call them stars because a great many streets start from there and go in every direction, so there is no such a thing as knowing in what direction you are walking. Streets bend and then suddenly stop in front of a big building but begin again around on the other side.

I will try and write twice a week but if the letters don't come regularly don't worry as they are liable to just mess a boat and have to lay over for several days. I can read the leader at Mrs. Ganz's. I bought the Courier the other day and there was a piece about Nicoline Zedeler in it. She said she got your letter (Annie's). It is getting late so I will go to bed.

Love to All

Ed

Kulckreuth Str. 7

Berlin W

Per. ad. Loblich

Berlin  
Monday May 21.  
Dear Folks,-  
Cele's letter came this morning and I was very glad to get my first mail at Löblich's. Don't write here any more but to - Schloss Hôtel  
Hertenstein (bei Luzern)  
Per. ad. Rudolph Ganz Schweiz  
I expect to get to bed at about 3 a.m. as I have to pack my trunk before morning. We are sending the trunks ahead as it will cost very little now. Isn't that silly. Everything in Europe is so old fashioned. They are so afraid that they will be cheated. Saturday after my lesson I went to the Dresender bank to have my account straightened out. I left 800 marks (\$200) in the bank and am taking 700 to Switzerland. I left Chicago with \$548 (\$248 of my own and \$300 of Mr. Tewksbury's). My expenses to Berlin were about \$175. Since I came to Berlin I have spent about \$50 and will have to spend about \$25 more. This talk about things being so cheap here is hot air. Of course one can

Berlin  
Monday May 21.  
1906

Dear Folks,-

Cele's letter came this morning and I was very glad to get my first mail at Löblich's. Don't write here any more but to -

Schloss Hôtel

Hertenstein (bei Luzern)

Schweiz (Schweiz means Switzerland)

Per. ad. Rudolph Ganz

I expect to get to bed at about 3 a.m. as I have to pack my trunk before morning. We are sending the trunks ahead as it will cost very little now. Isn't that silly. Every thing in Europe is so old fashioned. They are so afraid that they will be cheated. Saturday after my lesson I went to the Dresender bank to have my account straightened out. I left 800 marks (\$200) in the bank and am taking 100 to Switzerland. I left Chicago with \$548 (\$248 of my own and \$300 of Mr. Tewksbury's). My expenses to Berlin were about \$175. Since I came to Berlin I have spent about \$50 and will have to spend about \$25 more. This talk about things being so cheap here is hot air. Of course one can



live in a garret and have one meal a day for very little but to live respectably costs just as much or more than in America. The German people certainly are music mad. There are, in the musical season, about a dozen concerts a night and most of them are well attended. It is awfully discouraging to see the immense number of students. In Berlin there are 300,000 music students and 100,000 of them are pianists. These are not like the Chicago Musical College students either but are mostly foreigners who on account of being specially talented, come to Berlin. The Russians are the most successful. Besides having much talent they have tremendous physiques and practice and play like demons. I do hope I will get some weight now as it is absolutely necessary. Wednesday night by a Swiss Choral society. I am going to a concert. Thursday I am going to Busoni's. He has a reception day twice a month and people go there to meet him. You go into the house and out again and there are always crowds. I was out to see Nicoline Zedeler yesterday. She left the hospital about a week ago and is staying at Zehlendorf which is about like Minooka from Joliet. She is getting along very well but wait until I describe the place where she is staying. It is exactly like Uncle Frank's farm, you can't see the house until you get onto the porch and the shrubs and vines are so thick that it is almost as dark as night. She must keep perfectly quiet and not hear much noise so they picked this place out for her. If a bird chirps it sounds like a gun shot and to walk through the woods and over the dry twigs reminds you of the streets in Chicago. Everything is so still that every little noise is heard all over the grounds. The worst is yet to come. It is a home for old ladies and there are ten of them there all about 75 years old. They smoke pipes and play chess all day and never speak so the whole place is like the grave. Can you imagine anything more lonely. To add to the solitude there is a monastery right near and the monks have prayers every little while.

live in a garret and have one meal a day for very little but to live respectably costs just as much or more than in America.

The German people certainly are music mad. There are, in the musical season, about a dozen concerts a night and most of them are well attended. It is awfully discouraging to see the immense number of students. In Berlin there are 300,000 music students and 100,000 of them are pianists. These are not like the Chicago Musical College students either but are mostly foreigners who on account of being specially talented, come to Berlin. The Russians are the most successful. Besides having much talent they have tremendous physiques and practice and play like demons. I do hope I will get some weight now as it is absolutely necessary.

I am going to a concert Wednesday night by a Swiss choral society. Mr. Ganz says it will be great. Thursday I am going to Busoni's. He has a reception day twice a month and people go there to meet him. You go into the house and out again and there are always crowds. I was out to see Nicoline Zedeler yesterday. She left the hospital about a week ago and is staying at Zehlendorf which is about like Minooka from Joliet. She is getting along very well but wait until I describe the place where she is staying. It is exactly like Uncle Frank's farm, you can't see the house until you get onto the porch and the shrubs and vines are so thick that it is almost as dark as night. She must keep perfectly quiet and not hear much noise so they picked this place out for her. If a bird chirps it sounds like a gun shot and to walk through the woods and over the dry twigs reminds you of the streets in Chicago. Everything is so still that every little noise is heard all over the grounds.

The worst is yet to come. It is a home for old ladies and there are ten of them there all about 75 years old. They smoke pipes and play chess all day and never speak so the whole place is like the grave. Can you imagine anything more lonely. To add to the solitude there is a monastery right near and the people have prayers every little while.

save some money and ...  
and the bells ring every time. They  
ring all night too and at midnight  
when everything is like a cemetery  
they ring out and she says it reminds  
her of death. She is certainly going  
through an awful ordeal out there  
with no one to speak to. At night  
she gets so home sick that she is  
afraid she is going to die. I was glad  
I went for I played all the pieces  
I used to play on the trips and all  
our trios for her. There was an old  
piano out there which is played on  
about every ten years and I played for  
about two hours. It certainly revived  
her. I would love to live out there  
for a summer and practice but  
she can't practice a note so the time  
drags on and worries over the  
lost practice all the time. She is  
only going to be there a week longer,  
though, and when she goes to the  
Spierings it will not be so awful.  
We are going to have a great time  
in Switzerland. There are going  
to be ten people in the party and if  
I don't weigh 150 pounds by the end of  
the summer I'll eat my shirt.  
I could write pages on the beautiful  
country and the funny customs  
of the people but it would be use-  
less. Try and

and the bells ring every time. They ring all night too and at midnight when everything is like a cemetery they ring out and she says it reminds her of death. She is certainly going through an awful ordeal out there with no one to speak to. At night she gets so home sick that she is afraid she is going to die.

I was glad I went for I played all the pieces I used to play on the trips and all our trios for her. There was an old piano out there which is played on about every ten years and I played for about two hours. It certainly revived her. I would love to live out there for a summer and practice but she can't practice a note so the time drags on and she worries over the lost practice all the time. She is only going to be there a week longer, though, and when she goes to the Spierings it will not be so awful.

We are going to have a great time in Switzerland. There are going to be ten people in the party and if I don't weigh 150 pounds by the end of the summer I'll eat my shirt.

I could write pages on the beautiful country and the funny customs of the people but it would be useless. Try and



save some money and see Paris and Berlin especially and you will never regret it. Mary, Annie and Cele ought to start studying French and German because you simply are not tolerated over here unless you can speak several languages. The priests nearly all speak English and a Dr. Moser at St. Matthew's church speaks perfectly seven languages.

Tuesday A.M.

I had a lot of fun packing my trunk last night. Mr. Merrill helped me and I never laughed so much in my life. He is kind of slow and apparently dull and I had him working on the fly. He was tying bundles of music at a pretty fast clip and when I would send him out of the room after anything he would bark and say, "The little puppy dog is pretty busy." When I would give him something to do he would say, "Gee but you're a spoiled kid."

The Swiss are mostly Catholics and in Lucerne everybody is a Catholic. There are only three houses in Herten-

save some money and see Paris and Berlin especially and you will never regret it. Mary, Annie and Cele ought to start studying French and German because you simply are not tolerated over here unless you can speak several languages. The priests nearly all speak English and a Dr. Moser at St. Matthew's church speaks perfectly seven languages.

Tuesday A.M.

I had a lot of fun packing my trunk last night. Mr. Merrill helped me and I never laughed so much in my life. He is kind of slow and apparently dull and I had him working on the fly. He was tying bundles of music at a pretty fast clip and when I would send him out of the room after anything he would bark and say, "The little puppy dog is pretty busy." When I would give him some thing to do he would say, "Gee but you're a spoiled kid."

The Swiss are mostly Catholics and in Lucerne everybody is a Catholic. There are only three houses in Herten-

Stein but it is a famous summer resort.  
Tell Rich Burke he will always have something coming. You must call up those people because I don't want to spend the money for stamps. I don't need to be grouchy but as my meals cost me so much I don't want to spend any more than I have to. I paid ten cents on Cele's letter.

Will write soon again.

Lovingly

Ed.

stein but it is famous summer resort.

Tell Rich Burke he will always have something coming. You must call up those people because I don't want to spend the money for stamps. I don't need to be grouchy but as my meals cost me so much I don't want to spend any more than I have to. I paid ten cents on Cele's letter.

Will write soon again.

Lovingly  
Ed.



Berlin May 25.

Dear Folks-

I got a letter from Spears yesterday but none from home so I was quite disappointed. Cele's is the only one that has come to Löblich's so far. Joliet is certainly getting very musical. I will soon be like Berlin(?) The concert Wednesday evening by the Swiss singing society was fine especially the soloists. There are two hundred voices in it and of course they are drilled very correctly. They sang some very difficult songs by Schubert, Richard Strauss and Liszt but could learn a few points from the Madrigal. The tenors yelled frightfully and not always on the key. The soloists were Mme. Welti-Herzog who has a voice like a flute, and Anna Hegner violinist. Mme. Herzog ranks next to Sembrich here and Fräulein Hegner has a great technique. I sat in the cheapest place in the house. It was back of the boxes and when you wanted to see the performance you had to get up and go to the edge. It was filled with long haired geniuses who have more hair

Berlin May 25.  
1906

Dear Folks-

I got a letter from Spears yesterday but none from home so I was quite disappointed. Cele's is the only one that has come to Löblich's so far. Joliet is certainly getting very musical. It will soon be like Berlin (?).

The concert Wed. evening by the Swiss singing society was fine especially the soloists. There are two hundred voices in it and of course they are drilled very correctly. They sang immensely difficult songs by Schubert, Richard Strauss and Liszt but could learn a few points from the Madrigal[elry?]. The tenors yelled frightfully and not always on the key.

The soloists were Mme. Welti-Herzog, who has a voice like a flute, and Anna Hegner violinist. Mme. Herzog ranks next to Sembrich here and Fräulein Hegner has a great technique. I sat in the cheapest place in the house. It was back of the boxes and when you wanted to see the performance you had to get up and go to the edge. It was filled with long haired geniuses who have more hair

than money. After the concert Mr. and Mrs. Ganz and those Russian people went to a restaurant but I went home. Miss Burwash and Miss Peterson. Miss B. is having a hard time of it. She has always had all her mother's and father's attention and it killed her to be neglected at times. She was so mad at the Gangs for not walking home with her that she raked them over the coals pretty hard. I felt mighty uncomfortable when she kept telling me what her mother would say if she knew her daughter was walking home at ten o'clock at night without a chaperon. The distance was three blocks but she was scandalized. Miss Peterson is just the opposite. She has had to drill a little for herself and is right at home among strangers. Yesterday (Ascension Thursday) was a big day here. The stores were all closed and nobody worked. The masses were the same as on Sunday and the pianos didn't work hard either. Mr. Ganz told me he got a letter from Moses yesterday. I haven't received Dr. Moody's letter so far and we go to Switzerland Wednesday so it will have to hurry. Mr. G. is going to bring over about ten pupils with him ~~next year~~ next year. He will certainly have a time with them. Mrs. Ganz will certainly have a time too. She is one of the most highly educated people I know of and she certainly makes us three step around. She is kind of touchy and feels if you don't kind of respect her highly. The other day I opened their parlor door in a hurry and said, "Say, is Mr. Ganz in there?" She said, "Mrs. Ganz, is Mr. Ganz in there?" Another day I was walking through the hall fast and said "Hello." She said, "A-a-a-a Good morning." She and I are very good friends though and she is going down town with me Monday to help me buy some clothes for the summer. I suppose Mrs. Collins will live in the garden this summer. Get Tim clipped if you can. All the dogs are clipped except their heads and tails. There are so many dogs here that you have to walk carefully to avoid stepping on them. Their muzzles make them very nervous and they always go for you but is nice to make a kick at them and know that they can't bite. - Annie's letter with the jokes was fine. Mr. Merrill is making copies of the Dutchman and the bicycle.

than money. After the concert Mr. and Mrs. Ganz and those Russian people went to a restaurant but I went home with Miss Burwash and Miss Peterson. Miss B. is having a hard time of it. She has always had all her mother's and father's attention and it kills her to be neglected at times. She was so mad at the Gangs for not walking home with her that she raked them over the coals pretty hard. I felt mighty uncomfortable when she kept telling me what her mother would say if she knew her daughter was walking home at ten o'clock at night with out a chaperon. The distance was three blocks but she was scandalized. Miss Peterson is just the opposite. She has had to drill a little for herself and is right at home among strangers.

Yesterday (Ascension Thursday) was a big day here. The stores were all closed and nobody worked. The masses were the same as on Sunday and the pianos didn't work hard either. Mr. Ganz told me he got a letter from Moses yesterday. I haven't received Dr. Moody's letter so far and we go to Switzerland Wednesday so it will have to hurry. Mr. G. is going to bring over about ten pupils with him ~~yesterday~~ next year. He will certainly have a time with them.

Mrs. Ganz will certainly have a time too. She is one of the most highly educated people I know of and she certainly makes us three step around. She is kind of touchy and feels it if you don't kind of respect her highly. The other day I opened their parlor door in a hurry and said, "Say, is Mr. Ganz in there." She said, "Mrs. Ganz, is Mr. Ganz in there." Another day I was walking through the hall fast and said "Hello." She said, "A-a-a-a Good morning." She and I are very good friends though and she is going down town with me Monday to help me buy some clothes for the summer. I suppose Mrs. Collins will live in the garden this summer. Get Tim clipped if you can. All the dogs are clipped except their heads and tails. There are so many dogs here that you have to walk carefully to avoid stepping on them. Their muzzles make them very nervous and they always go for you but is nice to make a kick at them and know that they can't bite. Annie's letter with the jokes was fine. Mr. Merrill is making copies of the Dutchman and the bicycle.



Did I tell you that there are three Chicago people at the pension, Mrs. [Field?] and two daughters. They are going home in a few days. They live on the north side and the old lady belongs to the Germania Club. It is terrible all the money I will have to spend for clothes. I must have six union suits at \$2.50 apiece, and at least a dozen pair of socks, a light suit, some soft shirts, ties, collars, etc. and 4 nightgowns. Then when I get to Switzerland I will have to buy tennis shoes, duck trousers straw hat etc. Aint that a fright. But the people I am with have clothes by the barrel so I have to blow myself. Spears told me to go and see [Sieve sing?]. He lives only four blocks from me so I will go tomorrow. There are no mosquitoes here in summer and most of the people eat their meals out on the balconies. It looks fine at night to see them lit up. I did not go to Busoni's. He has an attack of nervous prostration. Will write Wed. just before I leave. Ed.

Did I tell you that there are three Chicago people at the pension, Mrs. [Field?] and two daughters. They are going home in a few days. They live on the north side and the old lady belongs to the Germania Club.

It is terrible all the money I will have to spend for clothes. I must have six union suits at \$2.50 apiece, and at least a dozen pair of socks, a light suit, some soft shirts, ties collars, etc. and 4 nightgowns. Then when I get to Switzerland I will have to buy tennis shoes, duck trousers straw hat etc. Aint that a fright. But the people I am with have clothes by the barrel so I have to blow myself.

Spears told me to go and see [Sieve sing?]. He lives only four blocks from me so I will go tomorrow.

There are no mosquitoes here in summer and most of the people eat their meals out on the balconies. It looks fine at night to see them lit up. I did not go to Busoni's. He has an attack of nervous prostration. Will write Wed. just before I leave.

Ed.

12. February 1906  
1906 Berlin May 30.  
Dear Folks-  
Mary's letter just came. Too bad about Tim and Mr. Carey. Also that I will not see the chap from Porter's brewery. My piano was taken away yesterday and I have had all kinds of time to kill since. It would be terrible if I couldn't practice. Yesterday I went to Sieveking's but he had gone to Paris the day before. Mr. Spears said he would go the 10th of June and yesterday being the 29th of May, I thought sure I would see him. I will write Spears from Hertenstein and get Sieveking's address for next fall. It is 9 o'clock now and our train goes at 3:15 this afternoon. We will get to Lucerne tomorrow morning. I am crazy to see Switzerland but will have a hard time with the language as I can't speak a word. It is a dialect between the French and German and is awfully hard. When I was looking through my overcoat pocket yesterday I found this five dollar bill. It is as valuable as waste paper over here so you might as well have it. The check was not accepted either and Mr. Ryder would have to send a money order and I would lose money to get it cashed.

Berlin May 30.  
Wed. A. M.  
1906

Dear Folks-

Mary's letter just came. Too bad about Tim and Mr. Carey. Also that I will not see the chap from Porter's brewery. My piano was taken away yesterday and I have had all kinds of time to kill since. It would be terrible if I couldn't practice. Yesterday I went to Sieveking's but he had gone to Paris the day before. Mr. Spears said he would go the 10th of June and yesterday's being the 29th of May. I thought sure I would see him. I will write Spears from Hertenstein and get Sieveking's address for next fall.

]It is 9 o'clock now and our train goes at 3:25 this afternoon. We will get to Lucerne tomorrow morning. I am crazy to see Switzerland but will have a hard time with the language as I can't speak a word. It is a dialect between the French and German and is awfully hard.

When I was looking through my overcoat pocket yesterday I found this five dollar bill. It is as valuable as waste paper over here so you might as well have it. The check was not accepted either and Mr. Ryder would have to send a money order and I would lose money to get it cashed.



I was out to Nicoline's again Monday. She goes away today with Mrs. Spiering's parents. There was an old Russian lady out there who used to be a pianist and she knew everything I played. The German people certainly appreciate music. One of the servants out there was tickled to death when I was playing and she listened outside the door for a long time and understood it too.

Traveling here is very hard for a foreigner. When you go on the elevated you buy your ticket from a slot machine. I always travel third class going a short distance and it costs two cents. There are guards on the stairs who punch your ticket and give it back to you. When the train comes along there is no one to tell you anything and you must open the door which always sticks and go into an apartment according as your ticket is first, second or third class. Isn't that foolish to ride in a compartment for a few blocks. There is no conductor so you must guess when you come to your station. Then get up and open your door and give your ticket to a fellow outside. You are fined \$25 if you make a mistake. The doors of the cars open just like the hack doors in America and a passenger coach looks just like a long back with a great many big handles sticking out. There is a long plank stretching the entire length of the car like on our open street cars. The engine looks like one of those steam rollers on the streets and goes about as fast and the whole train jolts like a State Street car. One of the American Pullman cars would crush the tracks.

This such an old country that everything has been planned to last for centuries. You see parks and gardens that look like stage scenery and are kept in perfect order. Nothing is made of wood. A wooden house is unknown even in the outskirts of the city. I have seen all the royal palaces and royal theaters etc. They are awful looking old barns and would not be tolerated in America. We certainly don't appreciate our own country. The Joliet courthouse would make the palaces and government houses here look like a million dollars all spent (as Merrill says). But they have more grass trees and flowers in Berlin than there is in Illinois. I can't get over the way beer drinking is exaggerated. There are twelve people at our pension and there have not been two bottles of beer drank since I came. The students of the

I was out to Nicoline's again Monday. She goes away today with Mrs. Spiering's parents. There was an old Russian lady out there who used to be a pianist and she knew everything I played. The German people certainly appreciate music. One of the servants out there was tickled to death when I was playing and she listened outside the door for a long time and understood it too.

Traveling here is very hard for a foreigner. When you go on the elevated you buy your ticket from a slot machine. I always travel third class going a short distance and it costs two cents. There are guards on the stairs who punch your ticket and give it back to you. When the train comes along there is no one to tell you anything and you must open the door which always sticks, and go into an apartment according as your ticket is first second or third class. Isn't that foolish to ride in a compartment for a few blocks. There is no conductor so you must guess when you come to your station. Then get up and open your door and give your ticket to a fellow outside. You are fined \$25 if you make a mistake. The doors of the cars open just like the hack doors in America and a passenger coach looks just like a long back with a great many big handles sticking out. There is a long plank stretching the entire length of the car like on our open street cars. The engine looks like one of those steam rollers on the streets and goes about as fast and the whole train jolts like a State Street car. One of the American Pullman cars would crush the tracks.

This such an old country that everything has been planned to last for centuries. You see parks and gardens that look like stage scenery and are kept in perfect order. Nothing is made of wood. A wooden house is unknown even in the outskirts of the city. I have seen all the royal palaces and royal theaters etc. They are awful looking old barns and would not be tolerated in America. We certainly don't appreciate our own country. The Joliet courthouse would make the palaces and government houses here look like a million dollars all spent (as Merrill says). But they have more grass trees and flowers in Berlin than there is in Illinois. I can't get over the way beer drinking is exaggerated. There are twelve people at our pension and there have not been two bottles of beer drank since I came. The students of the

universities drink but in a funny way. They take their books after school hours and go to a restaurant and order a glass of beer. They study and write for hours and in that time drink a glass of beer. The restaurants are beautiful. Tables outside with beautiful ferns and flowers all around you and the students must order something to sit there and they seldom drink more than one glass. Of course the back men and street cleaners have beer and bread for their meals but a Dutchman can waste more time drinking one glass a beer than an American could drinking seventy five. Let me know Fr. O'Brein's address in Ireland and I will write him from Switzerland. Write immediately and tell me if you get this. Ed.

Hôtel Schloss  
Hertenstein (bei Luzern)

Per. ad. Rudolf Ganz  
Switzerland

I have received 6 letters, 5 from home and one from Spears.

universities drink but in a funny way. They take their books after school hours and go to a restaurant and order a glass of beer. They study any write for hours and in that time drink a glass of beer. The restaurants are beautiful. Tables outside with beautiful ferns and flowers all around you and the students must order something to sit there and they seldom drink more that one glass. Of course the back men and street have beer and bread for their meals but a Dutchman can waste more time drinking one glass a beer than an American could drinking seventy five. Let me know Fr. O'Brein's address in Ireland and I will write him from Switzerland. Write immediately and tell me if you get this.

Ed.

Hôtel Schloss  
Hertenstein (bei Luzern)  
Switzerland  
Per. ad. Rudolph Ganz.

I have received 6 letters, 5 from home and one from Spears.



I Hertenstein Switzerland  
Friday - June 1st

Dear Folks,-

I have seen so much in the last two days that I can just mention the principal things. We left Berlin at three fifteen Wednesday after much worrying and scrapping over baggage tickets etc. I never enjoyed anything quite so much as that ride. There were eight of us (Miss Shorey and a few others are coming later). Our first stop was Halle, Handel's birthplace. The trains stop a long time at stations and lots of people get off and walk up and down the station platform. The next stop was Weimar. I near went crazy when I saw Weimar written on the depot. I could almost see Liszt and all his pupils walking around the streets. Chopin lived there for a long time as did Wagner and of course it is the birthplace of Goethe and Schiller. When we left the town we went up a big grade and could look back and see the town down in the valley. It looked gorgeous with the sun shining on it. There are only about ten thousand people there but it is the most aristocratic town in Germany and forty years ago was the music and art centre of the world.

I

Hertenstein Switzerland  
Friday - June 1<sup>st</sup>  
1906

Dear Folks,-

I have seen so much in the last two days that I can just mention the principal things. We left Berlin at three fifteen Wednesday after much worrying and scrapping over baggage tickets etc. I never enjoyed anything quite so much as that ride. There were eight of us (Miss Shorey and a few others are coming later). Our first stop was Halle, Handel's birthplace. The trains stop a long time at stations and lots of people get off and walk up and down the station platform. The next stop was Weimar. I near went crazy when I saw Weimar written on the depot. I could almost see Liszt and all his pupils walking around the streets. Chopin lived there for a long time as did Wagner and of course it is the birthplace of Goethe and Schiller. When we left the town we went up a big grade and could look back and see the town down in the valley. It looked gorgeous with the sun shining on it. There are only about ten thousand people there but it is the most aristocratic town in Germany and forty years ago was the music and art centre of the world.

## II.

The next stop was Eisenach (Bach's birthplace). Fugues were standing at every corner and some got on the train. At Eisenach there is a big Catholic University and at the depot we saw about two hundred students for the priesthood and their professors. Just after leaving Eisenach we passed near the Wartburg Castle. It is on the top of a mountain and so we could just see the towers of it from the train. That is where Wagner wrote Tannhäuser and the story is laid there. Liszt lived there top for a short time and that is where Liszt taught his first pupil Tausig when he (Tausig) was fourteen years old.

We had our supper on the diner that evening and it was certainly swell eating. The car was full of Americans and they talk much louder than the Germans so there was a loud time. Some from New York and some from San Francisco who are going to do the whole of Europe this summer. We had a sleeper and went to bed

The next stop was Eisenach (Bach's birthplace). Fugues were standing at every corner and some got on the train. At Eisenach there is a big Catholic University and at the depot we saw about two hundred students for the priesthood and their professors. Just after leaving Eisenach we passed near the Wartburg Castle. It is on the top of a mountain and so we could just see the towers of it from the train. That is where Wagner wrote Tannhäuser and the story is laid there. Liszt lived there top for a short time and that is where Liszt taught his first pupil Tausig when he (Tausig) was fourteen years old.

We had our supper on the diner that evening and it was certainly swell eating. The car was full of Americans and they talk much louder than the Germans so there was a loud time. Some from New York and some from San Francisco who are going to do the whole of Europe this summer. We had a sleeper and went to bed



about ten-fifteen. The sleep berths are like those of a boat and you have to sit in the other car until you are ready to go to bed. There is no room to sit down on the bed which is a foot wide in the lower. We passed through so many fine towns in the night, Frankfort and Strassberg among them but there is no place to look out, only a hole in the top for air and you sleep the cross way and not the long way of the car. Speaking of Frankfort reminds me of Hugo Hermann. He lives there. Do you know that he is going to teach at the Chicago Musical College next year. The whole family is going including six kids. Dr. Ziegfeld is in Berlin and is making desperate efforts to bring the College out of its crisis. We all got up at 5:30 in the morning and the first Swiss town we saw was St. Ludwig. At 6 we got to Basel and had our breakfast in the depot. When we were eating, Mr. Ganz's brother Paul came in. He lives there and is the editor of a paper. He is one of those quiet awkward looking fellows who can make or break a many reputation through his paper. We left Basel at 7:15 and passed through tunnels and over precipices and could look down and see little towns in the valleys every one with their big church steeple sticking up in the middle. At 9:30 we arrived at Lucerne. It is a fine town and the buildings are away ahead of any of those in America (in towns of 30,000 people). We went to a piano store and rented pianos and then walked around the town a little. We went over a bridge that was built in the fourteenth century and it is covered with a wooden roof that has never been repaired. On the ceiling there are paintings of Swiss battles. Some of them have worn off but some are quite plain. Think of them being there for six hundred years. From Luzern you can see Mt. Pilatus, Mt. Rigi and a great many others most of them with their heads above the clouds and snow capped. I forgot to say that there is as much English spoken

about ten-fifteen. The sleep berths are like those of a boat and you have to sit in the other car until you are ready to go to bed and there is no room to sit down except on the beds which are a foot wide. I slept in the upper berth and Mr. Ganz in the lower. We passed through some fine towns in the night, Frankfort and Strassberg among them but there is no place to look out, only a hole in the top for air and you sleep the cross way and not the long way of the car. Speaking of Frankfort reminds me of Hugo Hermann. He lives there. Do you know that he is going to teach at the Chicago Musical College next year. The whole family is going including six kids. Dr. Ziegfeld is in Berlin and is making desperate efforts to bring the College out of its crisis.

We all got up at 5:30 in the morning and the first Swiss town we saw was St. Ludwig. At 6 we got to Basel and had our breakfast in the depot. When we were eating, Mr. Ganz's brother Paul came in. He lives there and is the editor of a paper. He is one of those quiet awkward looking fellows who can make or break a many reputation through his paper. We left Basel at 7:15 and passed through tunnels and over precipices and could look down and see little towns in the valleys every one with their big church steeple sticking up in the middle. At 9:30 we arrived at Lucerne. It is a fine town and the buildings are away ahead of any of those in America (in towns of 30,000 people). We went to a piano store and rented pianos and then walked around the town a little. We went over a bridge that was built in the fourteenth century and it is covered with a wooden roof that has never been repaired. On the ceiling there are paintings of Swiss battles. Some of them have worn off but some are quite plain. Think of them being there for six hundred years. From Luzern you can see Mt. Pilatus, Mt. Rigi and a great many others most of them with their heads above the clouds and snow capped. I forgot to say that there is as much English spoken

in Lucerne as Swiss. The American express Co. has an office there and advertisements in the store windows are mostly in English. We saw all kinds of Americans and all of them talking as loud as Jennie Crowe. At every corner in Lucerne there are big telescopes and it costs to look through them. It must be fine to see the hotels and railroads on the mountains which look about a quarter of a mile away but are from 25 to fifty. There are excursions every day and the docks at Lucerne are crowded with tourists. Boats leave for the foot of the mountains every half hour and we took one at eleven. Lake Lucerne is like an immense river. It is very long but in some places very narrow. We passed beautiful villas and chateaus on the way to Hertenstein and of course had the mountains on both sides. It only takes twenty minutes to go to Hertenstein. I sent you the picture of the landing. You would have to see these things though to know what they looked like. We had lunch

in Lucerne as Swiss. The American express Co. has an office there and advertisements in the store windows are mostly in English. We saw all kinds of Americans and all of them talking as loud as Jennie Crowe. At every corner in Lucerne there are big telescopes and it costs to look through them. It must be fine to see the hotels and railroads on the mountains which look about a quarter of a mile away but are from 25 to fifty. There are excursions every day and the docks at Lucerne are crowded with tourists. Boats leave for the foot of the mountains every half hour and we took one at eleven. Lake Lucerne is like an immense river. It is very long but in some places very narrow. We passed beautiful villas and chateaus on the way to Hertenstein and of course had the mountains on both sides. It only takes twenty minutes to go to Hertenstein. I sent you the picture of the landing. You would have to see these things though to know what they looked like. We had lunch



at twelve-thirty. I must tell you something about the hotel and the ground though, before I get any farther. It is certainly the swellest outfit I ever saw in my life. The entrance and furniture in the lobby are immense and on the first floor there are fine writing rooms, billiard rooms and the grandest parlors I ever saw in my life. There is a brand new Bechstein grand there and every little detail is up to the same standard. They have an elevator which is a very rare thing and the elevator boy, porters etc are dressed to kill. On the second floor is the dining room and it is certainly exquisite. The side that faces the lake is all glass and you can look out on the mountains, water or woods as you please. It is tinted in pink and blue and the gas fixtures are beautiful. The chairs are little blue seats and the table linen dishes etc are the real thing. Last but not least comes the eating and it makes you happy. For breakfast this morning I had a pitcher of milk, about a pound of butter (Swiss butter) honey, raspberries and a dish of rolls (Swiss rolls). Then lunch is six courses and dinner in the evening twelve courses, served by the waiters in their dress suits. There are not many people there yet as it is a little early but in a couple of weeks it will be filled. They certainly treat you fine. Today I told the waiter I didn't want any meat and without saying another word he brought me some of the finest eggs I ever ate. Everybody is a Catholic here and he guessed why right away. There is a little chapel right near the hotel. I forgot to say that in Lucerne there are big crucifixes hanging up on the streets and along the lake on both sides there are shrines. I thought I would describe the grounds but I can't. I simply held my breath at every step I took. Of course I don't sleep at the hotel as they allow only one piano to a party of people. I live about a quarter of a mile from there. It is a beautiful walk lined on both sides with woods and plants in tubs and at night there are electric lights.

at twelve-thirty. I must tell you something about the hotel and the ground though, before I get any farther. It is certainly the swellest outfit I ever saw in my life. The entrance and furniture in the lobby are immense and on the first floor there are fine writing rooms, billiard rooms and the grandest parlors I ever saw in my life. There is a brand new Bechstein grand there and every little detail is up to the same standard. They have an elevator (which is a very rare thing) and the elevator boy, porters etc are dressed to kill. On the second floor is the dining room and it is certainly exquisite. The side that faces the lake is all glass and you can look out on the mountains, water or woods as you please. It is tinted in pink and blue and the gas fixtures are beautiful. The chairs are little blue seats and the table linen dishes etc are the real thing. Last but not least comes the eating and it makes you happy. For breakfast this morning I had a pitcher of milk, about a pound of butter (Swiss butter) honey, raspberries and a dish of rolls (Swiss rolls). Then lunch is six courses and dinner in the evening twelve courses, served by the waiters in their dress suits.

There are not many people there yet as it is a little early but in a couple of weeks it will be filled. They certainly treat you fine. Today I told the waiter I didn't want any meat and without saying another word he brought me some of the finest eggs I ever ate. Everybody is a Catholic here and he guessed why right away. There is a little chapel right near the hotel. I forgot to say that in Lucerne there are big crucifixes hanging up on the streets and along the lake on both sides there are shrines. I thought I would describe the grounds but I can't. I simply held my breath at every step I took. Of course I don't sleep at the hotel as they allow only one piano to a party of people. I live about a quarter of a mile from there. It is a beautiful walk lined on both sides with woods and plants in tubs and at night there are electric lights.

Last night I staid up at the hotel  
until nearly ten and I certainly enjoyed  
that walk home over the hills and  
across little bridges. The post office  
is in the same house with me and  
so I am right in the centre of the town  
which consists of three houses.  
I have a room right on the lake  
and to look out of the window and  
see the storms going on in the mountains  
and drink in the fresh air is great.  
There are cows all over and the air  
always smells of them and I love it.  
We are expecting our pianos today  
and so I am looking around at  
everything while I am idle. Am  
going to Lucerne tomorrow. It costs  
ten cents and the ride is worth ten  
dollars. It is very tiresome to  
write so I will quit for this time.  
Write often. Every body is getting  
mail by the barrel but me. I got  
Savory's pictures from Berlin yesterday.  
Lovingly Ed.

Schloss Hotel  
Hertenstein (bei Luzern)  
Per. ad. R. Ganz  
Switzerland  
The Germans spell Lucerne-Luzern.

Last night I ~~staid~~ [stayed] up at the hotel until nearly  
ten and I certainly enjoyed that walk home over the hills  
and across little bridges. The post office is in the  
same house with me and so I am right in the centre of the  
town which consists of three houses. I have a room right  
on the lake and to look out of the window and see the  
storms going on in the mountains and drink in the fresh  
air is great. There are cows all over and the air always  
smells of them and I love it. We are expecting our  
pianos today and so I am looking around at everything  
while I am idle. Am going to Lucerne tomorrow. It costs  
ten cents and the ride is worth ten dollars. It is very  
tiresome to write so I will quit for this time. Write  
often. Every body is getting mail by the barrel but me.  
I got Savory's pictures from Berlin yesterday.  
Lovingly Ed.

Schloss Hotel  
Hertenstein (bei Luzern)  
Switzerland

Per. ad. R. Ganz

The Germans spell Lucerne Luzern.



Sunday  
June 3.  
1906

Dear Folks,-

Cele's letter just arrived forwarded from Berlin. It was funny about the priest's knowing Miss Neff. Be sure and send me the names of the medal winners at the college this year. Annie can get a list of them with the program for the commencement concert by going to the college.

I am enjoying myself immensely. I get up at half past six and go over the hills to the hotel for my breakfast. The fine meals continue. Six courses at lunch and ten at dinner. At lunch we have two kinds of meat all kinds of vegetable and fruit. Then at dinner everything you can think of, winding up with ice cream and nuts. I don't see how they can give such fine meals for so little money. I forgot to tell you about the two other ladies, Mrs. Brooks and Mrs. Wentworth, both pupils of Mrs. Ganz. Mrs. B. was sick every minute of the sea trip and got sick on the train from

Sunday  
June 3.  
1906  
Dear Folks,-  
Cele's letter just arrived forwarded from Berlin. It was funny about the priest's knowing Miss Neff. Be sure and send me the names of the medal winners at the college this year. Annie can get a list of them with the program for the commencement concert by going to the college.  
I am enjoying myself immensely. I get up at half past six and go over the hills to the hotel for my breakfast. The fine meals continue. Six courses at lunch and ten at dinner. At lunch we have two kinds of meat all kinds of vegetable and fruit. Then at dinner everything you can think of, winding up with ice cream and nuts. I don't see how they can give such fine meals for so little money. I forgot to tell you about the two other ladies, Mrs. Brooks and Mrs. Wentworth, both pupils of Mrs. Ganz. Mrs. B. was sick every minute of the sea trip and got sick on the train from

Berlin so there was a hot time. They are both very nice particularly about their practicing. They rent a room right next to mine and it is impossible for both pianos to go at the same time. Miss Burwash, I think, looks desperate. She is a great big soft thing and doesn't eat a thing. Mrs. Peterson eats quite a little but Mrs. Ganz has stomach trouble and picks things out. Mr. Ganz has a huge appetite and the things never come too fast for him. Mrs. Ganz is disgusted with the appetites men have and is trying to persuade us that half the courses would be enough. I told her to let the good work go on and she started off on a lecture. She said, "Why Mr. Ganz never refuses a thing and Collins too enjoys it immensely-the two men." She gets so mad to see us eat everything and talks about men just like Mary does. Says they are in it for themselves etc. The people at the hotel are dead swell and every thing is ahead of the finest summer resorts in America. I didn't buy my summer clothes in Berlin but in Lucerne last Sat. Mrs. Ganz went with me and she is a terror to store-keepers, waiters etc. She fights for a cent so I got everything at the lowest possible price. Two suits, one blue and a gray for \$9 apiece. They are stunning. I had to get a white tennis hat, tennis shoes and two pair of duck trousers. I got some line colored shirts too. In the store I would go in a little room and put each pair of trousers on and then come out until she would see if they fit. All night Sunday I went to the "Hof Kirche" in Lucerne to Mass. The little gasoline launch goes every Sunday for those who want to go to church. The ride was immense. The Hof Kirche is the finest church I was ever in my life. They have about ten altars and the stations are big oil paintings. There are any number of magnificent statues. It was a pontifical high mass and everything went off fine. The

Berlin so there was a hot time. They are both very nice particularly about their practicing. They rent a room right next to mine and it is impossible for both pianos to go at the same time. Miss Burwash, I think, looks desperate. She is a great big soft thing and doesn't eat a thing. Mrs. Peterson eats quite a little but Mrs. Ganz has stomach trouble and picks things out. Mr. Ganz has a huge appetite and the things never come too fast for him. Mrs. Ganz is disgusted with the appetites men have and is trying to persuade us that half the courses would be enough. I told her to let the good work go on and she started off on a lecture. She said, "Why Mr. Ganz never refuses a thing and Collins too enjoys it immensely-the two men." She gets so mad to see us eat everything and talks about men just like Mary does. She says they are in it for themselves etc. The people at the hotel are dead swell and every thing is ahead of the finest summer resorts in America.

I didn't buy my summer clothes in Berlin but in Lucerne last Sat. Mrs. Ganz went with me and she is a terror to store-keepers, waiters etc. She fights for a cent so I got everything at the lowest possible price. Two suits one blue and a gray for \$9 apiece. They are stunning. I had to get a white tennis hat, tennis shoes and two pair of duck trousers. I got some line colored shirts too. In the store I would go in a little room and put each pair of trousers on and then come out until she would see if they were all right. Sunday I went to the "Hof Kirche" in Lucerne to Mass. The little gasoline launch goes every Sunday for those who want to go to church. The ride was immense. The Hof Kirche is the finest church I was ever in my life. They have about ten altars and the stations are big oil paintings. There are any number of magnificent statues. It was a pontifical high mass and everything went off fine. The



organ and organist are fine and the choir was good. They sang a fine mass and the soprano soloist was great. It was a relief to hear something besides congregational singing long drawn out and the women's voices sounded like America. There was a choir of monks up in front who sang the responses. The church was packed and there were a great many strangers, principally Americans, who gawked at the altars and turned around to see what was going on up in the gallery. Any time Sunday morning you can go to the church and be in for five masses all going on at the same time. Mass was over about eleven thirty and I had an hour to walk around the town. There is an Episcopal church there too and the Americans and English rushed to it at a rate that would scare you to death. There were some English chaps came into church on the same launch that I did from Hertenstein. It is comical to go into a store in Lucerne and ask for what you want in English and have the clerks speak English. Every building in Lucerne is a hotel except

organ and organist are fine and the choir was good. They sang a fine mass and the soprano soloist was great. It was a relief to hear something besides congregational singing long drawn out and the women's voices sounded like America. There was a choir of monks up in front and sang the responses. The church was packed and there were a great many strangers principally Americans, who gawks at the altars and turned around to see what was going on up in the gallery. Any time Sunday morning you can go to the church and be in for five masses all going on at the same time. Mass was over about eleven thirty and I had an hour to walk around the town. There is an Episcopal church there too and the Americans and English rushed to it at a rate that would scare you to death. There were some English chaps who came into church on the same launch that I did from Hertenstein. It is comical to go into a store in Lucerne and ask for what you want in English and have the clerks speak English. Every building in Lucerne is a hotel except

There is a doctor in this house who is here on his annual rest and the poor fellow has a hard time. Bright and early he goes off to the woods with his lunch and don't come back until night. He hates the practicing so that he stays away from the house as if there was smallpox in it. At the hotel there is an old professor of mathematics who thinks we are about the worst lot he ever came across. Roy Ganz lets a whoop out of him at the table sometimes and the old fellow near goes wild. There is a band concert here every Thursday and Sunday afternoon and I have my window open and am listening to the music while I am writing (can't you hear that two-step they are playing.) I am a little blue these days thinking about music. The years of experience one must go through are discouraging and my lack of weight and breadth are my greatest enemies. I will get stronger I suppose but if my frame does not get bigger I will always be handicapped. Since I have left home I have not met one boy who had less strength than I. The kind of strength it takes to play in public is not alone wiry strength but brute strength and weight. I do hope I will get some soon for that is one of the things I need most now. I am perfectly well but am built so slightly that every note is an effort for me. I got a letter from Dr. Moody yesterday. He sent me Kubelik's program. I guess I know it off by this time. In the evening when the moon rises over the mountains and lights the lake up we sit out on the grass and watch it. Never saw anything like it before. Every afternoon we play croquet and when Mrs. Ganz's racquets come from Zurich we will play tennis. This morning I walked over to Weggis. It is about a mile following the shore of the lake and is like a little fairyland.

There is a doctor in this house who is here on his annual rest and the poor fellow has a hard time. Bright and early he goes off to the woods with his lunch and don't come back until night. He hates the practicing so that he stays away from the house as if there was smallpox in it. At the hotel there is an old professor of mathematics who thinks we are about the worst lot he ever came across. Roy Ganz lets a whoop out of him at the table sometimes and the old fellow near goes wild.

There is a band concert here every Thursday and Sunday afternoon and I have my window open and am listening to the music while I am writing (can't you hear that two-step they are playing.)

I am a little blue these days thinking about music. The years of experience one must go through are discouraging and my lack of weight and breadth are my greatest enemies. I will get stronger I suppose but if my frame does not get bigger I will always be handicapped. Since I have left home I have not met one boy who had less strength than I. The kind of strength it takes to play in public is not alone wiry strength but brute strength and weight. I do hope I will get some soon for that is one of the things I need most now. I am perfectly well but am built so slightly that every note is an effort for me.

I got a letter from Dr. Moody yesterday. He sent me Kubelik's program. I guess I know it off by this time.

When the evening when the moon rises over the mountains and lights the lake up we sit out on the grass and watch it. Never saw anything like it before. Every afternoon we play croquet and when Mrs. Ganz's racquets come from Zurich we will play tennis.

This morning I walked over to Weggis. It is about a mile following the shore of the lake and is like a little fairyland.



a few houses up on the bluffs and a few stores and the depot down town. It is called the city of hotels. The hotels have a reputation for being the swellest in Europe and rooms costing \$50 a day are nothing. I got back to Hertenstein at 1:15. Yesterday and today are the first fine days we have had since we came. There has not been such rain here in 20 years and it is unusually cold. There are hotels along the lake every few rods and the proprietors are losing heavily as the people haven't started to come out yet. We expect to have a hard time when the season is well on. People are complaining already about our practicing. Miss Burwash and Miss Peterson practice four hours apiece so the piano in the hotel goes light hours a day. The guests are principally people of brains who come here to rest in the summer and they are in agony. Mr. Ganz has a room in a house a little ways from there so he is all right. I am all right, too, except for the two who yell two hrs. apiece next door to me. When they practice I must quit.

a few houses up on the bluffs and a few stores and the depot down town. It is called the city of hotels. The hotels have a reputation for being the swellest in Europe and rooms costing \$50 a day are nothing. I got back to Hertenstein at 1:15.

Yesterday and today are the first fine days we have had since we came. There has not been such rain here in 20 years and it is unusually cold. There are hotels along the lake every few rods and the proprietors are losing heavily as the people haven't started to come out yet. We expect to have a hard time when the season is well on. People are complaining already about our practicing. Miss Burwash and Miss Peterson practice four hours apiece so the piano in the hotel goes light hours a day. The guests are principally people of brains who come here to rest in the summer and they are in agony. Mr. Ganz has a room in a house a little ways from there so he is all right. I am all right, too, except for the two who yell two hrs. apiece next door to me. When they practice I must quit.

I had to quit this letter several  
times and it took me about four  
days to finish it. If you do not  
write oftener I will stop a little.  
I get a letter about every two  
weeks. I sent a circular of the  
hotel this morning.

Lovingly  
Ed.

I had to quit this letter several times and it took me  
about four days to finish it. If you do not write  
oftener I will stop a little. I get a letter about every  
two weeks. I sent a circular of the hotel this morning.

Lovingly  
Ed.



Hertenstein  
June 14 06.

Dear Folks,

Annie's letter came last night and I was very glad of to get my first mail direct. Always write the address just as I have written it and it will not be delayed. "Bei Luzern" means near the city of Lucerne. The word meaning Switzerland is Schweiz. Since I last wrote not much of importance has happened. We have got over the first excitement and are settled well for the summer. The eating at the hotel is even getting better. Mr. and Mrs. Ganz said they never saw anything like it. The meat melts in your mouth and they pass everything twice and if you don't take much they look at you as if you were crazy. There are two things I don't like about the place. One is that you can get everything you want by speaking English, and the other is that the place is so swell that collars that don't touch your ears are scandalous. There are so many visitors each year in Switzerland that storekeepers and businessmen

INCOMPLETE LETTER

Hertenstein  
June 14 1906.

Dear Folks,-

Annie's letter came last night and I was very glad to get my first mail direct. Always write the address just as I have written it and it will not be delayed. "Bei Luzern" means near the city of Lucerne. The word meaning Switzerland is Schweiz. Since I last wrote not much of importance has happened. We have got over the first excitement and are settled well for the summer. The eating at the hotel is even getting better. Mr. and Mrs. Ganz said they never saw anything like it. The meat melts in your mouth and they pass everything twice and if you don't take much they look at you as if you were crazy. There are two things I don't like about the place. One is that you can get everything you want by speaking English and the other is that the place is so swell that collars that don't touch your ears are scandalous. There are so many visitors each year in Switzerland that storekeepers and businessmen

must speak English. It makes me feel small to see hotel porters and oarsmen speaking three or four languages. It will be hard for me to make any progress with German and French this summer. Everything is dead swell. The whole country is a park and all over there are benches and tables where one can rest or eat. There is no such a thing as the country. Fields of grain are unknown. The principal work is in dairy products. The cows roam all over the mountains and very often there is a carcass of one that went too near the edge for some grass. Every foot of ground is used for something and you come across the finest gardens of vegetables on hill-sides so steep that you have to crawl to climb them. Yesterday noon we took our lunch out in the woods. It was great. The cook at the hotel fixed it up and we had everything you could think of. After lunch we went wading in the lake. That evening there was a magician at the hotel. There are crowds of those kinds of fellows roaming through Switzerland giving performances and taking up collections. This fellow was a sleight of hand performer and he was fine. The entertainment was in the dining room. He was a Frenchman and could speak nothing else. He ate newspapers and spit them out as ribbons and flags. Once he shook his hands and a pigeon flew out. He asked me to come up in front and the crazy son-of-a-gun started taking eggs out of my mouth, handkerchiefs out of my ears and sausages from under my coat while the crowd howled laughing. After that he asked me to let him take a handkerchief and thank heaven, I had one. I shiver when I think of how I would have felt in case I didn't have one. The room was full of swell people and to show them that there was no fake about the trick he was going to do, he opened the handkerchief and showed them both sides of it. Thank heaven again it was white as snow. Everybody gave a franc (20 cents). We have had musicians too who play at dinner time. You have to give them

must speak English. It makes me feel small to see hotel porters and oarsmen speaking three or four languages. It will be hard for me to make any progress with German and French this summer. Everything is dead swell. The whole country is a park and all over there are benches and tables where one can rest or eat. There is no such a thing as the country. Fields of grain are unknown. The principal work is in dairy products. The cows roam all over the mountains and very often there is a carcass of one that went too near the edge for some grass. Every foot of ground is used for something and you come across the finest gardens of vegetable on hill-sides so steep that you have to crawl to climb them. Yesterday noon we took our lunch out in the woods. It was great. The cook at the hotel fixed it up and we had everything you could think of. After lunch we went wading in the lake. That evening there was a magician at the hotel. there are crowds of those kinds of fellows roaming through Switzerland giving performances and taking up collections. This fellow was a sleight of hand performer and he was fine. The entertainment was in the dining room. He was a Frenchman and could speak nothing else. He ate newspapers and spit them out as ribbons and flags. Once he shook his hands and a pigeon flew out. He asked me to come up in front and the crazy son-of-a-gun started taking eggs out of my mouth, handkerchiefs out of my ears and sausages from under my coat while the crowd howled laughing. After that he asked me to let him take a handkerchief and thank heaven I had one. I shiver when I think of how I would have felt in case I didn't have one. The room was full of swell people and to show them that there was no fake about the trick he was going to do, he opened the handkerchief and showed them both sides of it. Thank heavens again it was white as snow. Everybody gave a franc (20 cents). We have had musicians too who play at dinner time. You have to give them



something too. Today was a legal holiday all the stores in Lucerne were closed. I intended to go to church there in the motor boat at 8:30 but when I went down to the hotel the motor boat was out of order and the whole crowd had gone on the regular passenger boat which I could have taken with ease had I known about the other. Then I made up my mind to go to church at Weggis. At 8:40 a boat came to Hertenstein going toward Lucerne and I got on it. I was told that the next boat to Lucerne after 8:30 was 12:15 but I got on this one anyway and of course didn't go to Lucerne but to Kehrsiten a little town across the lake. I tried to go to Lucerne from there but would not be in time for mass so I took the next boat back to Weggis and got there just in time for everything to be over. I was mad that I didn't get to Lucerne because all our party went to see the procession. They all intended to go on the motor boat but on account of living at the hotel were told in time to run over and get the other one. I live right near

something too.

Today was a legal holiday all the stores in Lucerne were closed. I intended to go to church there in the motor boat at 8:30 but when I went down to the hotel the motor boat was out of order and the whole crowd had gone on the regular passenger boat which I could have taken with ease had I known about the other. then I made up my mind to go to church at Weggis. At 8:40 a boat came to Hertenstein going toward Lucerne and I got on it. I was told that the next boat to Lucerne after 8:30 was 12:15 but I got on this one anyway and of course didn't go to Lucerne but to Kehrsiten a little town across the lake. I tried to go to Lucerne from there but would not be in time for mass so I took the next boat back to Weggis and got there just in time for every thing to be over. I was mad that I didn't get to Lucerne because all our party went to see the procession. They all intended to go on the motor boat but on account of living at the hotel were told in time to run over and get the other one. I live right near

INCOMPLETE LETTER

Hertenstein June 19.

I 1906

Dear Folks-

Mrs Ganz is giving Mrs Brooks a lesson next door so I am requested to quit and will write while Mrs Brooks is breaking her neck trying to sing a scale. Annie's letter came last night with the news of the ending of Mrs. Farley's strenuous career.

I was at Lucerne Sunday and yesterday. It is so funny to meet crowds of Americans going along and talking so fast and loud. Sunday I saw the famous lion of Lucerne. It is only a statue of a lion but I stood and looked at it about an hour. If I can buy a picture of it at the hotel I will send it in this letter. I see hundreds of new and strange things every day but it is impossible to write about them.

It seems as if Mr. Ganz waited to get me over here to show me how little I know. If I play some

Hertenstein June 19.  
I 1906  
Dear Folks-  
Mrs Ganz is giving Mrs Brooks a lesson next door so I am requested to quit and will write while Mrs Brooks is breaking her neck trying to sing a scale. Annie's letter came last night with the news of the ending of Mrs. Farley's strenuous career.  
I was at Lucerne Sunday and yesterday. It is so funny to meet crowds of Americans going along and talking so fast and loud. Sunday I saw the famous lion of Lucerne. It is only a statue of a lion but I stood and looked at it about an hour. If I can buy a picture of it at the hotel I will send it in this letter. I see hundreds of new and strange things every day but it is impossible to write about them.  
It seems as if Mr. Ganz waited to get me over here to show me how little I know. If I play some



II

of the Rubinstein concerto and he thinks I am pleased with myself he will say, "you see when Rubinstein came down on those chords he made the orchestra look like thirty cents". Then he shows me orchestra scores that are Greek to me and not long ago topped everything off by giving me ten works by Brahms that are killers. He is going to give three concerts in Berlin with orchestra this fall and he has certainly arranged things cleverly. Busoni is going to conduct the first, Emil Paur the second and D'Indy the third. I read the Courier and the Leader yesterday and saw the medal winners. Poor Miss Neff she must feel terrible. Last night at dinner Mr. Ganz talked about some of his experiences at concerts last year and we near split our sides laughing. He told too of the tremendous pull some artists have and of the scheming and fighting that is going

II

of the Rubinstein concerto and he thinks I am pleased with myself he will say, "you see when Rubinstein came down on those chords he made the orchestra look like thirty cents." Then he shows me orchestra scores that are Greek to me and not long ago topped everything off by giving me ten works by Brahms that are killers. He is going to give three concerts in Berlin with orchestra this fall and he has certainly arranged things cleverly. Busoni is going to conduct the first, Emil Paur the second and D'Indy the third.

I read the Courier and the Leader yesterday and saw the medal winners. Poor Miss Neff she must feel terrible. Last night at dinner Mr. Ganz talked about some of his experiences at concerts last year and we near split our sides laughing. He told too of the tremendous pull some artists have and of the scheming and fighting that is going

on in the Chicago Orchestra. Dunstan Collins (who is the agent for the Courier) and Florence French stop at nothing to knock each other and the way the piano companies are running things is terrible. Rosenthal will be in America this winter and be sure and hear him. Mr. Ganz says he will make a show of the Weber Piano company by breaking their pianos in public. Lhevinne is going to play the Steinway and between he and Rosenthal space will be limited for Mr. Ganz. I have learned nothing lately and that is that I can't talk about anything but music. The majority of musicians never talk music when they are together. It is awfully hard not to especially when we are eating and things are kind of quiet. If we start talking music Mrs. Ganz gets mad as a hatter and you can't imagine how hard it is for musicians to talk anything else. (June 2 P)

The poor Irish get knocked terribly by Mrs. Brooks and Miss Burwash but I don't say a word any more. At first I used to lay them out but it is talk wasted. Miss Burwash isn't so bad but after Mrs. Brooks tells about her Irish servants getting drunk Saturday nights and going to church Sunday mornings she winds up by saying before the whole crowd "you know Edward I have no prejudice for I am Irish, my name was Conlon before I was married." It kills me when she says that for she eats like a rube and says the roughest things at times. Her favorite expression is, "I haven't been so hot since Hek was a pup." On Sundays at the Hof Kirche in Lucerne there are a great many English speaking people and some of these days expect to meet

on in the Chicago Orchestra. Dunstan Collins (who is the agent for the Courier) and Florence French stop at nothing to knock each other and the way the piano companies are running things is terrible. Rosenthal will be in America this winter and be sure and hear him. Mr. Ganz says he will make a show of the Weber Piano company by breaking their pianos in public. Lhevinne is going to play the Steinway and between he and Rosenthal space will be limited for Mr. Ganz. I have learned one thing lately and that is that I can't talk about anything but music. The majority of musicians never talk music when they are together. It is awfully hard not to especially when we are eating and things are kind of quiet. If we start talking music Mrs. Ganz gets mad as a hatter and you can't imagine how hard it is for musicians to talk anything else.

(June 20)

The poor Irish get knocked terribly by Mrs. Brooks and Miss Burwash but I don't say a word any more. At first I used to lay them out but it is talk wasted. Miss Burwash isn't so bad but after Mrs. Brooks tells about her Irish servants getting drunk Saturday nights and going to church Sunday mornings she winds up by saying before the whole crowd, "you know Edward I have no prejudice for I am Irish, my name was Conlon before I was married." It kills me when she says that for she eats like a rube and says the roughest things at times. Her favorite expression is, "I haven't been so hot since Hek was a pup."

On Sundays at the Hof Kirche in Lucerne there are a great many English speaking people and some of these days I expect to meet



some Knights of Columbus.  
I sent the picture of the Lion last  
night.  
I have not sent any postal stamps of  
those people so I suppose I am  
in for it.  
— Lovingly  
Ed.

some Knights of Columbus. I sent the picture of the Lion  
last night.

I have not sent any postals to any of those people so I  
suppose I am in for it

Lovingly  
Ed.

July 4 06

Dear Folks,-

It is three thirty. We had our lunch in the woods today in honor of the 4th and I just arrived so will write for a few minutes. It has been quite cool for the last few days. The weather changes every week or so. My practice has been interfered with sadly the last few days. More people are arriving and we have so much fun that I can't leave and go practicing though I am miserable when I am not practicing. It is by no means time wasted though for one must learn in a swell crowd how to say something and not sit as if you imagined everybody were staring at you. I suppose I told you about a week ago Sunday. The whole Ganz family was here. Four boys, Paul,

July 4 1906

Dear Folks,-

It is three thirty. We had our lunch in the woods today in honor of the 4th and I just arrived so will write for a few minutes. It has been quite cool for the last few days. The weather changes every week or so. My practice has been interfered with sadly the last few days. More people are arriving and we have so much fun that I can't leave and go practicing though I am miserable when I am not practicing. It is by no means time wasted though for one must learn in a swell crowd how to say something and not sit as if you imagined everybody were staring at you. I suppose I told you about a week ago Sunday. The whole Ganz family was here. Four boys, Paul,



Rudolph, Emil and Hans and about forty cousins. Old Mrs. Ganz has been here for two weeks. She and the old man left yesterday. There is a swell French family at the hotel. The kind that have had their money for generations. They are these terribly polite French and have new outfits every day. Sunday I went to church at Weggis. When I was walking up the road I saw a white parasol way ahead of me. It was Miss Burwash. She is one of those kind that would just as soon go to any church. She seemed quite impressed knelt down and stood up with every one else. In the middle of mass the French family came in. They had come in the motor boat and invited us to ride home. We accepted and had a fine time on the way home. Miss Burwash speaks perfect French but poor me had to grin and point to things. In the afternoon Edna Peterson and two of the French girls went rowing to Weggis with a Mr. Noble and I. He is from New York and is one of those dangerous guys - here with his mother and sister. There was a band concert at 4 p.m. In the evening we had a hot time. Everybody was feeling foolish so we jumped the rope and played blind man's buff until ten. The Frenchman had been in Lucerne that day and brought home a bunch of fireworks. He went out in the launch to several little towns shooting the fireworks off from the boat and yelling like mad. We got back to the hotel at 11:15 and a rich guy

Rudolph, Emil and Hans and about forty cousins. Old Mrs. Ganz has been here for two weeks. She and the old man left yesterday.

There is a swell French family at the hotel. The kind that have had their money for generations. They are these terribly polite French and have new outfits every day.

Sunday I went to church at Weggis. When I was walking up the road I saw a white parasol way ahead of me. It was Miss Burwash. She is one of those kind that would just as soon go to any church. She seemed quite impressed knelt down and stood up with every one else. In the middle of mass the French family came in. They had come in the motor boat and invited us to ride home. We accepted and had a fine time on the way home. Miss Burwash speaks perfect French but poor me had to grin and point to things. In the afternoon Edna Peterson and two of the French girls went rowing to Weggis with a Mr. Noble and I. He is from New York and is one of those dangerous guys - here with his mother and sister. There was a band concert at 4 p.m. In the evening we had a hot time. Everybody was feeling foolish so we jumped the rope and played blind man's buff until ten. The Frenchman had been in Lucerne that day and brought home a bunch of fireworks. He went out in the launch to several little towns shooting the fireworks off from the boat and yelling like mad. We got back to the hotel at 11:15 and a rich guy

from Lucerne treated the whole crowd to beer and lemonade.

I got home at 12.

Monday afternoon Edna Peterson and I were invited to tea at a Miss Stocker's in Lucerne. We got home at seven. In the evening things were quiet so I went to bed early. Tuesday all day was quiet. I got this letter from Mr. Tewksbury about 11 A.M. It certainly made me feel good. If you notice the address he has written 'Hotel and Pension Hertenstein'. I told him they don't like the looks of pianists at the Hotel Schloss so I had to rent a room five minutes walk from there. The Hotel Hertenstein is five minutes walk from the Schloss Hotel and as he knows the neighborhood perfectly he supposed I practiced and slept there but my house is right back of it. Tuesday at dinner we had two Swiss singers. They sang those

from Lucerne treated the whole crowd to beer and lemonade. I got home at 12.

Monday afternoon Edna Peterson and I were invited to tea at a Miss Stocker's in Lucerne. We got home at seven. In the evening things were quiet so I went to bed early. Tuesday all day was quiet. I got this letter from Mr. Tewksbury about 11 a.m. It certainly made me feel good. If you notice the address he has written 'Hotel and Pension Hertenstein.' I told him they don't like the looks of pianists at the Hotel Schloss so I had to rent a room five minutes walk from there. The Hotel Hertenstein is five minutes walk from the Schloss Hotel and as he knows the neighborhood perfectly he supposed I practiced and slept there but my house is right back of it. Tuesday at dinner we had two Swiss singers. They sang those



Alpine songs beautifully and gave all kinds of calls for cows etc. It was certainly interesting. After dinner we had a dance. They were about twenty couple and I had a swell time. It was boiling hot in the evening so everybody was soaked in a few minutes. The Europeans dance so fast that you almost get dizzy. It only lasted until 10:30 as we have one often. This morning it was beautiful not a cloud in the sky. I lay down nearly all morning and at noon we took a lunch up into the hills. We were right in the midst of a bunch of cherry trees and we could pick big black ones by just standing on the ground. We expect to have a fine time tonight, will write about it next time.

Lovingly  
Ed

Alpine songs beautifully and gave all kinds of calls for cows etc. It was certainly interesting.

After dinner we had a dance. There were about twenty couple and I had a swell time. It was boiling hot in the evening so everybody was soaked in a few minutes. The Europeans dance so fast that you almost get dizzy. It only lasted until 10:30 as we have one often. This morning it was beautiful not a cloud in the sky.

I lay down nearly all morning and at noon we took a lunch up into the hills. We were right in the midst of a bunch of cherry trees and we could pick big black ones by just standing on the ground. We expect to have a fine time tonight, will write about it next time.

Lovingly  
Ed.

Hertenstein  
July 8 1906.

Dear Folks,-

I will write before I go to bed. It is ten p.m. and I have just come from the hotel. Nearly every night we play games but some nights every body is tired and goes to bed early. Here is a big billiard room in the hotel and there are a great many other games there so you can always interest yourself even if no one is around. I guess I didn't tell you about the evening of the Fourth. The Frenchman (his name is Poulot) steered our party into a little dining room and had arranged a beautiful dinner. There was a big American flag for a table cloth and every one had a small flag. He had bunches of beautiful flowers for everybody and we had soup a la Roosevelt, roast beef a la Chicago etc. After dinner he gave each one a horn. You sang into it and made a

Hertenstein  
July 8 06.  
Dear Folks,-  
I will write before I go to bed. It is ten P.M. and I have just come from the hotel. Nearly every night we play games but some nights every body is tired and goes to bed early. There is a big billiard room in the hotel and there are a great many other games there so you can always interest yourself even if no one is around. I guess I didn't tell you about the evening of the Fourth. The Frenchman (his name is Poulot) steered our party into a little dining room and had arranged a beautiful dinner. There was a big American flag for a table cloth and every one had a small flag. He had bunches of beautiful flowers for everybody and we had soup a la Roosevelt, roast beef a la Chicago etc. After dinner he gave each one a horn. You sang into it and made a



noise much like singing into a comb but forty times as loud. The whole crowd paraded all around the country singing everything and bringing the natives out in terror. The proprietor of the hotel had some red lights and a lot of day rockets and he shot them off about 10 p.m. We went out in the motor boat (Mr. Poulot's invitation) and shot off a big lot of Roman candles and red lights that float on the water and look hideous. Every place there was shooting and illumination. We could see the display at Lucerne and all around the lake there was a ring of fire. This is the American money that keeps Switzerland going so the hotel keepers knew what they had to do. About ten thirty it began to pour rain and the Japanese lanterns that we had on the boat began to droop so we went back to the hotel. I went home to bed right after that.

Thursday Mr. and Mrs. Ganz went to Zurich and got back Friday night. Mrs. Ganz is not well and was in bed Saturday and Sunday. This morning I went to an organ recital at the Hof Kirche in Lucerne. Miss Burwash and Miss Peterson went too. There are concerts every morning at eleven and every Monday and Thursday evenings. There was a pretty good crowd there - mostly Americans and as it costs a franc to get in the organist makes quite a haul. He is fine though and plays this class of music all the time. The organ is very big and is all hand carved on the front. If you can read the French on the back of the program you will see that it was built in the year 1651. Friday was Mr. Eschmann's birthday. He is Mr. Ganz's uncle and the author of that technical book.

noise much like singing into a comb but forty times as loud. The whole crowd paraded all around the country singing everything and bringing the natives out in terror. The proprietor of the hotel had some red lights and a lot of skyrockets and he shot them off about 10 p.m. We went out in the motor boat (Mr. Poulot's invitation) and shot off a big lot of roman candles and red lights that float on the water and look hideous. Every place there was shooting and illumination. We could see the display at Lucerne and all around the lake there was a ring of fire. It is the American money that keeps Switzerland going so the hotel keepers knew what they had to do. About ten thirty it began to pour rain and the Japanese lanterns that we had on the boat began to droop so we went back to the hotel. I went home to bed right after that.

Thursday Mr. and Mrs. Ganz went to Zurich and got back Friday night. Mrs. Ganz is not well and was in bed Saturday and Sunday. This morning I went to an organ recital at the Hof Kirche in Lucerne. Miss Burwash and Miss Peterson went too. There are concerts every morning at eleven and every Monday and Thursday evenings. There was a pretty good crowd there mostly Americans and as it costs a franc to get in the organist makes quite a haul. He is fine though and plays this class of music all the time. The organ is very big and is all hand carved on the front. If you can read the French on the back of the program you will see that it was built in the year 1651.

Friday was Mr. Eschmann's birthday. He is Mr. Ganz's uncle and the author of that technical book

that I studied last year. He sent  
him a postal and he sent each  
one one back. He says "to the  
three E's (Elvira, Edna, Edward)  
from the fourth (Eschmann) with  
thanks etc."

Mary's papers came yesterday.  
I devoured the account of  
Gaffney's getting the bicycle.

Lovingly  
Ed

that I studied last year. We sent him a postal and he  
sent each ~~one~~ one back. He says, "to the three E's  
(Elvira, Edna, Edward) from the fourth (Eschmann) with  
thanks etc."

Mary's papers came yesterday. I devoured the account of  
Gaffney's getting the bicycle.

Lovingly  
Ed



Hertenstein  
July 16 06

Dear Folks,-

How the time flies! It is a week all but one day since I wrote and I intended to write twice a week. But I always have plenty to write about so will write oftener after this. Mrs. Ganz's brother, Arthur Forrest the actor, arrived last Wednesday. He is a rather pompous chap and so I am rather in his way. He is Mansfield's right hand man but wasn't in Joliet. He is a bright fellow and likes music immensely. I have to play Arthur Koerner's piece for him every little while. We had two more arrivals Saturday. Mrs. Wolff, Mrs. Ganz's sister, and a friend of hers from New York. They came over on the Loraine and were at Aix le Bains for two weeks. Mrs. Wolff is a widow and has a very prim piece. We had a swell dance Wednesday.

Hertenstein  
July 16 1906

Dear Folks,-

How the time flies! It is a week all but one day since I wrote and I intended to write twice a week. But I always have plenty to write about so will write oftener after this. Mrs. Ganz's brother, Arthur Forrest the actor arrived last Wednesday. He is a rather pompous chap and so I am rather in his way. He is Mansfield's right hand man but wasn't in Joliet. He is a bright fellow and likes music immensely. I have to play Arthur Koerner's piece for him every little while. We had two more arrivals Saturday. Mrs. Wolff, Mrs. Ganz's sister, and a friend of hers from New York. They came over on the Loraine and were at Aix le Buins for two weeks. Mrs. Wolff is a widow and ~~has~~ is a very prim piece.

We had a swell dance Wednesday.

The dining room of the hotel is a regular ball room and we had an orchestra of three pieces and all kinds of refreshments free.

Saturday was the big French holiday. It is the same as our Fourth of July. We all chipped in and bought the Poulots each a gift. After dinner there was a great illumination in front of the hotel. There were over five hundred Japanese lanterns around the little Schloss Bay and all kinds of those railroad lights. We went out in the launch for about an hour to look at the lights in the other towns and it was certainly fine. We had a dance after, until eleven. I was the orchestra. "Rag time Jimmy" took immensely and the "Waltz of the Flowers" was encored. Yesterday I went to church at Weggis. It is such a beautiful walk along the shore of the lake and the road is one of these big white ones and is crowded with tourists walking along. There is every nationality on the globe and I know the sound of all the languages. There was fine music at mass. An orchestra, horns, cellos and all the rest, and a fellow played a cello solo at the offertory. Yesterday there was the International Regatta at Lucerne and the Poulots and our crowd went in the launch. The races were terribly exciting and the rowers worked so hard and yelled to each other so much that we were all nervous wrecks when it was over. There were thousands of people watching from land and thousands in launches and row boats. At the finish there was a big kind of a grand stand jammed with people. We went up along side of it and I heard Mr. Ganz say "Oh hello" to some people. It was Mme.

The dining room of the hotel is a regular ball room and we had an orchestra of three pieces and all kinds of refreshments free.

Saturday was the big French holiday. It is the same as our Fourth of July. We all chipped in and bought the Poulot's each a gift. After dinner there was a great illumination in front of the hotel. There were over five hundred Japanese lanterns around the little Schloss Bay and all kinds of those railroad lights. We went out in the launch for about an hour to look at the lights in the other towns and it was certainly fine. We had a dance after, until eleven. I was the orchestra. "Rag time Jimmy" took immensely and the "Waltz of the Flowers" was encored.

Yesterday I went to church at Weggis. It is such a beautiful walk along the shore of the lake and the road is one of these big white ones and is crowded with tourists walking along. There is every nationality on the globe and I know the sound of all the languages. There was fine music at mass. An orchestra, horns, cellos and all the rest, and a fellow played a cello solo at the offertory. Yesterday there was the International Regatta at Lucerne and the Poulots and our crowd went in the launch. The races were terribly exciting and the rowers worked so hard and yelled to each other so much that we were all nervous wrecks when it was over. There were thousands of people watching from land and thousands in launches and row boats. At the finish there was a big kind of a grand stand jammed with people. We went up along side of it and I heard Mr. Ganz say "Oh hello" to some people. It was Mme.



Bloomfield Zeisler and her husband. The Ganz's went this morning to call on them.

It is noon and I want this to go at twelve fifteen so will stop. Received Cele's postal yesterday but don't send me any more of them. I know very well what the Joliet post office looks like and a letter is much better.

Lovingly

Ed.

Bloomfield Zeisler and her husband. The Ganz's went this morning to call on them.

It is noon and I want this to go at twelve fifteen so will stop. Received Cele's postal yesterday but don't send me any more of them. I know very well what the Joliet post office looks like and a letter is much better.

Lovingly  
Ed.

Friday July 20 06.

Schloss-Hôtel et Pension

HERTENSTEIN

Lac des Quatre-Cantons

Dear Folks,

It is nine P.M. and I will write at the hotel, for a change, before I go home. We have had some awfully hot weather the last couple of days and last night had the worst storm I have ever seen in my life. It came about ten o'clock. The edge of the lake is only about twenty feet from my window and the waves almost came up to me. The lightning was awful and it lit up the mountains and lake with an uncanny light. The wind though was easily the winner. My old house rocked back and forth and the noise was deafening.

This morning Miss Peterson Miss Burwash and I went up Mt. Bürgenstock. We left Hertenstein at 8:40 and went across the lake to a little village called Kehrsiten. We took the railroad from there and went to the top where there are several fine hotels. Joining Mt. Bürgen

Friday July 20 1906.

Schloss-Hôtel et Pension

Hertenstein

Lac des Quatre-Cantons

Dear Folks,-

It is nine P.M. and I will write at the hotel, for a change, before I go home. We have had some awfully hot weather the last couple of days and last night had the worst storm I have ever seen in my life. It came about ten o'clock. The edge of the lake is only about twenty feet from my window and the waves almost came up to me. The lighting was awful and it lit up the mountains and lake with an uncanny light. The wind though was easily the winner. My old house rocked back and forth and the noise was deafening.

This morning Miss Peterson, Miss Burwash and I went up Mt. Bürgenstock. We left Hertenstein at 8:40 and went across the lake to a little village called Kehrsiten. We took the railroad from there and went to the top where there are several fine hotels. Joining Mt. Bürgen



stock is a much higher mountain called the Hammetschwand. There was a beautiful path to the top of it and so we walked. The path was built in 1903 and is hewn out along the side of the mountain. You walk along and look down thousands of feet into terrible chasms and most of the way the side of the mountain was as perpendicular as a wall. After we had walked about an hour we came to a stop and had to go to the top in an elevator. It is the most famous in the world and thousands of tourists go up in it. It goes up through the rock for a long ways and suddenly you come out into the light. When I looked out of the window I was certainly scared. The land was directly under us so far that we could hardly see it and here we were going up in this dinky little box pulled up by a little cable. If that cable broke we would be falling yet. The elevator runs inside a little frame about five times as tall as the Masonic Temple in Chicago. The owners certainly make a fortune as it costs fifteen cents to go up and it is generally full. If I can get a picture of it I will send one. We walked down to the Bürgenstock in about an hour and took the train down about 1:30. The train is nearly as terrifying as the lift because the cable that holds it does not look strong and there is no hope if it breaks. I sent a picture of it from Kehrsiten. I forgot to say that on the Hammetschwand we heard a real Alpine Horn. It is about eight feet long and made of wood. The old peasant who played it was a typical old Swiss and stays there to play for people. You are supposed to give him a couple of cents. We left Kehrsiten at 2 and arrived at Hertenstein at 2:30.

I intended finishing this at the hotel but you can do nothing if you stay around there. There is so much laughing and yelling that if I want to study or write I must come

stock is a much higher mountain called the Hammetschwand. There was a beautiful path to the top of it and so we walked. The path was built in 1903 and is hewn out along the side of the mountain. You walk along and look down thousands of feet into terrible chasms and most of the way the side of the mountain was as perpendicular as a wall. After we had walked about an hour we came to a stop and had to go to the top in an elevator. It is the most famous in the world and thousands of tourists go up in it. It goes up through the rock for a long ways and suddenly you come out into the light. When I looked out of the window I was certainly scared. The land was directly under us so far that we could hardly see it and here we were going up in this dinky little box pulled up by a little cable. If that cable broke we would be falling yet. The elevator runs inside a little frame about five times as tall as the Masonic Temple in Chicago. The [owner?] certainly make a fortune as it costs fifteen cents to go up, and it is generally full. If I can get a picture of it I will send one. We walked down to the Bürgenstock in about an hour and took the train down about 1:30. The train is nearly as terrifying as the lift because the cable that holds it does not look strong and there is no hope if it breaks. I sent a picture of it from Kehrsiten. I forgot to say that on the Hammetschwand we heard a real Alpine Horn. It is about eight feet long and made of wood. The old peasant who played it was a typical old Swiss and stays there to play for people. You are supposed to give him a couple of cents. We left Kehrsiten at 2 and arrived at Hertenstein at 2:30.

I intended finishing this at the hotel but you can do nothing if you stay around there. There is so much laughing and yelling that if I want to study or write I must come

to my room as the temptation to get up and kick things around with the rest is too great.

Mr Ganz has been giving me some lectures on personality lately. A personality must be built up just like anything else and to have one you must be able to make an impression with everything you do and say. I am in with a bunch of great personalities so of course I am the smallest one in the crowd. For instance Mr and Mrs Ganz have seen and been with nearly every great person living. Then Mrs Wolff who is a widow, by the way, has been in every country, speaks several languages and knows how to do everything. Then of course Mr Forrest is well on in years and has been on the stage for twenty years.

It is getting late so I will go to bed.  
Received Annie's 4th of July letter Wed.  
Lovingly

to my room as the temptation to get up and kick things around with the rest is too great.

Mr. Ganz has been giving me some lectures on personality lately. A personality must be built up just like anything else and to have one you must be able to make an impression with everything you do and say. I am in with a bunch of great personalities so of course I am the smallest one in the crowd. For instance Mr. and Mrs. Ganz have seen and been with nearly every great person living. Then Mrs. Wolff who is a widow, by the way, has been in every country, speaks several languages and knows how to do everything. Then of course Mr. Forrest is well on in years and has been on the stage for twenty years.

It is getting late so I will go to bed. Received Annie's 4th of July letter Wed.

Lovingly  
Ed.



6.30 P.M. Florence Italy  
July 28 '06.

Dear Folks, - Here I am in the land of lemons and stilettos and will write before I go to supper. I have so much to say that I don't know where to begin. Ruth (Frank's wife) wrote me about two weeks ago telling about his being sick but seemed hopeful. Last Tuesday I got a telegram saying he was very low. That night I got ready intending to go next day but backed out when Mr. Ganz explained how I couldn't afford it and how dangerous it was to go not knowing a word of Italian. Frank died Tuesday night but I didn't know until Thursday morning. Mr. Ganz met me on the way to my breakfast and told me to get ready. I left Hertenstein at 12 and Lucerne at four. All the scenery I have seen in and around Lucerne is nothing compared to the ride from Lucerne to Milan. I saw the whole business as far as mountains are concerned. All the Alps and the Apennines. The southern Alps are tremendous and the precipices and cataracts are only equalled by the shaky bridges and tunnels.

6:30 p.m. Florence Italy  
July 28 1906.

Dear Folks, -

Here I am in the land of lemons and stilettos and will write before I go to supper. I have so much to say that I don't know where to begin. Ruth (Frank's wife) wrote me about two weeks ago telling about his being sick but seemed hopeful. Last Tuesday I got a telegram saying he was very low. That night I got ready intending to go next day but backed out when Mr. Ganz explained how I couldn't afford it and how dangerous it was to go not knowing a word of Italian. Frank died Tuesday night but I didn't know it until Thursday morning. Mr. Ganz met me on the way to my breakfast and told me to get ready. I left Hertenstein at 12 and Lucerne at four. All the scenery I have seen in and around Lucerne is nothing compared to the ride from Lucerne to Milan. I saw the whole business as far as mountains are concerned. All the Alps and the Apennines. The southern Alps are tremendous and the precipices and cataracts are only equalled by the shaky bridges and tunnels.

It took exactly sixteen minutes to go through the St. Gothard tunnel and there were others almost as long. I saw in a Joliet paper about Munroe's trip over the same line and the tunnels are mentioned. I saw everything connected with William Tell's life and old monasteries and castles built in the 5th century. At Chiasso the first town on the Italian frontier I had to get off with my satchel and go to the custom officers. They generally come on to the train but in Italy you have to go out to them. Then I had to go back and find my place in the train. We arrived at Milan at 10:35 and I had to change trains. I must tell you about my worry about making connections. I was supposed to leave Lucerne at 3:59 but the train left at 4:20. It is due at Milan at 10:30 and the train for Florence leaves at 10:40 so you can imagine how I felt with the train a half hour late nearly the whole way and ten minutes difference between the trains at Milan. I pictured myself going out to a bum hotel in Milan and taking a train for Florence next day meanwhile telegraphing Mr. Ganz that I was stranded and Ruth that I would be late. There is a big exposition at Milan and the place is jammed with the worst characters on earth. But the Italian engineer saved the day by flying along and getting into Milan only five minutes late. He had made up twenty five minutes and that gave me five minutes to get the other train. I jumped out and shot off my Italian vocabulary to a porter who took me on the run through underground passages and up winding stairs to another part of the immense depot and there stood the train just ready to leave. I gave the fellow a franc which is a monstrous tip over here but I would just as soon have given him 50. I told you about the compartments I guess. They have doors just like hacks and you find yours and open it and go in. No sign of conductors or anyone to tell you if it is the right train and as I was traveling 2nd class I dare not make the mistake of going into any other.

It took exactly sixteen minutes to go through the St. Gothard tunnel and there were others almost as long. I saw in a Joliet paper about Munroe's trip over the same line and the tunnels are mentioned. I saw everything connected with William Tell's life and old monasteries and castles built in the 5th century. At Chiasso the first town on the Italian frontier I had to get off with my satchel and go to the custom officers. They generally come on to the train but in Italy you have to go out to them. Then I had to go back and find my place in the train. We arrived at Milan at 10:35 and I had to change trains. I must tell you about my worry about making connections. I was supposed to leave Lucerne at 3:59 but the train left at 4:20. It is due at Milan at 10:30 and the train for Florence leaves at 10:40 so you can imagine how I felt with the train a half hour late nearly the whole way and ten minutes difference between the trains at Milan. I pictured myself going out to a bum hotel in Milan and taking a train for Florence next day meanwhile telegraphing Mr. Ganz that I was stranded and Ruth that I would be late. There is a big exposition at Milan and the place is jammed with the worst characters on earth. But the Italian engineer saved the day by flying along and getting into Milan only five minutes late. He had made up twenty five minutes and that gave me five minutes to get the other train. I jumped out and shot off my Italian vocabulary to a porter who took me on the run through underground passages and up winding stairs to another part of the immense depot and there stood the train just ready to leave. I gave the fellow a franc which is a monstrous tip over here but I would just as soon have given him 50. I told you about the compartments I guess. They have doors just like hacks and you find yours and open it and go in. No sign of conductors or any one to tell you if it is the right train and as I was traveling a 2nd class I dare not make the mistake of going into any other.



I got in with four other fellows and when I was setting down my things I stepped on one's foot. He glared at me and said "Gratsi" (thanks) and so I was reminded that I was in Italy and not with Germans whom you can step all over with out their saying anything. I sat up all night and didn't sleep any. At 6.30 <sup>05/4</sup> I got to Florence and took a cab to the Hotel Chapman. Ruth was not there but had gone to a convent. I went to the convent and am here now. I intend going back to Lucerne tomorrow but may have to stay as she is sick in bed her self and may not be able to leave on the steamer Thursday. I do hope she will be better for I simply must go back to my work and of course I have to pay for my room at Hertenstein too while I am here. I have seen as much in Florence in the last few days that I can't tell about it this time but will write soon again. Lovingly Ed.

I got in with four other fellows and when I was setting down my things I stepped on one's foot. He glared at me and said "Gratsi" (thanks) and so I was reminded that I was in Italy and not with Germans whom you can step all over with out their saying anything. I sat up all night and so didn't sleep any. At 6:30 a.m. I got to Florence and took a cab to the Hotel Chapman. Ruth was not there but had gone to a convent. I went to the convent and am here now. I intend going back to Lucerne tomorrow but may have to stay as she is sick in bed her self and may not be able to leave on the steamer Thursday. I do hope she will be better for I simply must go back to my work and of course I have to pay for my room at Hertenstein too while I am here. I have seen as much in Florence in the last few days that I can't tell about it this time but will write soon again.

Lovingly  
Ed.

Hertenstein  
Friday Aug. 3.

Dear Folks,-

It is Sunday since I wrote so I must hurry with this to get it off in decent time. I hope you got my letter from Florence. The hired man at the convent posted it. My four days at Florence were very exciting. When I went to the convent the sisters (who are from Ireland) had a room all ready for me. Ruth was not up as it was not yet seven but she came in when I was eating my breakfast. After breakfast we went down town. She had to go to Cook's on business and then we went out to the morgue where Frank's body was. Cooks are famous agents. They sell excursion tickets to all parts of the world and are a boon to American travelers. They have offices in nearly all large cities and during the summer they are overrun with business. They have charge of the sending of Frank's body and it is

Hertenstein  
Friday Aug. 3.  
1906

Dear Folks,-

It is Sunday since I wrote so I must hurry with this to get it off in decent time. I hope you got my letter from Florence. The hired man at the convent posted it. My four days at Florence were very exciting. When I went to the convent the sisters (who are from Ireland) had a room all ready for me. Ruth was not up as it was not yet seven but she came in when I was eating my breakfast. After breakfast we went down town. She had to go to Cook's on business and then we went out to the morgue where Frank's body was. Cooks are famous agents. They sell excursion tickets to all parts of the world and are a boon to American travelers. They have offices in nearly all large cities and during the summer they are overrun with business. They have charge of the sending of Frank's body and it is



no small job as there is a great deal of red tape about getting a body out of Italy. All kinds of signatures and seals must be had. They are charging \$600 to send it. It is put inside of several boxes and labeled 'mantel piece' as the sailors would throw it overboard if they found out what it was - they are so superstitious. I did not see Frank as the coffin was sealed. That morning I was all through Dante's house. Sat in his chair, was in the room where he was born and saw all kinds of relics of his life including the first edition of the Inferno. At dinner that day I met two young priests from Chicago who studied in Rome, colleagues of Dennis Dunne, and who know everybody I know. Fr. Rogers is a class mate of Mark McEvoy and Fr. O'Heron knows all the Joliet priests. There are four nuns there too and I certainly had an interesting time. Two of them are teachers in St. Gabriel's parish and the others are Dominicans from Sinainawa. When I played at the mound they told me about two of their nuns who were studying in Europe and here they were in Florence. They have studied there all winter. One is a singer and the other is a pianist. Every evening I played for them and for the other nuns. Sunday I went to some of the picture galleries and to the Dumo or Cathedral. I can't describe the galleries except to say that I saw the great works of Raphael, Michaelangelo, Correggio, da Vinci and others. Just think of that! When I studied those Perry pictures in school a few years ago I never dreamed that I would see the originals. Everything is centuries old in Florence.

no small job as there is a great deal of red tape about getting a body out of Italy. All kinds of signatures and seals must be had. They are charging \$600 to send it. It is put inside of several boxed and labeled 'mantel piece' as the sailors would throw it overboard if they found out what it was - they are so superstitious. I did not see Frank as the coffin was sealed. That morning I was all through Dante's house. Sat in his chair, was in the room where he was born and saw all kinds of relics of his life including the first edition of the Inferno. At dinner that day I met two young priests from Chicago who studied in Rome, colleagues of Dennis Dunne, and who know everybody I know. Fr. Rogers is a class mate of Mark McEvoy and Fr. O'Heron knows all the Joliet priests. There were four nuns there too and I certainly had an interesting time. Two of them are teachers in St. Gabriel's parish and the others are Dominicans from Sinainawa. When I played at the mound they told me about two of their nuns who were studying in Europe and here they were in Florence. They have studied there all winter. One is a singer and the other is a pianist. Every evening I played for them and for the other nuns. Sunday I went to some of the picture galleries and to the Dumo or Cathedral. I can't describe the galleries except to say that I saw the great works of Raphael, Michaelangelo, Correggio, da Vinci and others. Just think of that! When I studied those Perry pictures in school a few years ago I never dreamed that I would see the originals. Everything is centuries old in Florence.

and the buildings are falling to pieces but these pictures are as fresh as though they were done yesterday. I liked "The Madonna of the Goldfinch" by Raphael best of all but I was disappointed in "The Adoration of the Magi" by da Vinci.

The Duomo is fine. It covers about an acre of ground and is made of different colored stones. The dome is several hundred feet high. I was to the very top - walked up 463 steps - those narrow winding stairs with a little light now and then. It would certainly be a fine place for ghosts as there are graves in the walls. If you get a chance read 'Romola' by George Eliot and bear in mind that I have seen every thing she mentions. I read it a couple of years ago and it was certainly fine to see the thing. Saturday Ruth was a little sick and went to bed. Sunday she had a fever of 104 and Monday the doc-

and the buildings are falling to pieces but these pictures are as fresh as though they were done yesterday. I liked "The Madonna of the Goldfinch" by Raphael best of all but I was disappointed in "The Adoration of the Magi" by da Vinci.

The Duomo is fine. It covers about an acre of ground and is made of different colored stones. The dome is several hundred feet high. I was to the very top - walked up 463 steps - those narrow winding stairs with a little light now and then. It would certainly be a fine place for ghosts as there are graves in the walls. If you get a chance read 'Romola' by George Eliot and bear in mind that I have seen every thing she mentions. I read it a couple of years ago and it was certainly fine to see the things.

Saturday. Ruth was a little sick and went to bed. Sunday she had a fever of 104 and Monday the doc-



tor told me to leave town. It is not regular typhoid but is called Roman fever. It always attacks strangers who aren't used to the water and heat. The sisters are all nurses and had a great many patients in the house. There was a young fellow from Pennsylvania there and he wanted me to come in and see him every day and I had to. When I was in and out of Ruth's room all day and as the fever is contagious everyone told me to pack up. She asked me to stay longer as there is no one who can do any business down town for her. Monday morning, though, I went to Cook's twice and saw that everything was fixed about the body. When I left Monday afternoon I did not say good bye to her as she was asleep and I was just as glad as she will have a dreary time of it there in the boiling heat and of course there is a chance of her not recovering she is so run down.

tor told me to leave town. It is not regular typhoid but is called Roman fever. It always attacks strangers who aren't used to the water and heat. The sisters are all nurses and had a great many patients in the house. There was a young fellow from Pennsylvania there and he wanted me to come in and see him every day and I had to. Then I was in and out of Ruth's room all day and as the fever is contagious everyone told me to pack up. She asked me to stay longer as there is no one who can do any business down town for her. Monday morning, though, I went to Cook's twice and saw that everything was fixed about the body. When I left Monday afternoon I did not say good bye to her as she was asleep and I was just as glad as she will have a dreary time of it there in the boiling heat and of course there is a chance of her not recovering she is so run down.

I arrived at Lucerne at 6.30 and took the first boat to Hertenstein arriving there at 8.20. Mrs. Brooks and Mrs. Wentworth have left and Mr. Forrest goes Tuesday. We leave the seventeenth so don't write here any more but wait until I can send you my address in Berlin.

I just received a postal from Fr. O'Brien at Paris. He and F. A. are coming to Lucerne to-night and I am going to meet them at the depot. Will write again tomorrow.

Lovingly

Ed.

The picture of Annie and Tim is fine - also perfect of Ma's hand.

I arrived at Lucerne at 6:30 and took the first boat to Hertenstein arriving there at 8:20. Mrs. Brooks and Mrs. Wentworth have left and Mr. Forrest goes Tuesday. We leave the seventeenth so don't write here any more but wait until I can send you my address in Berlin.

I just received a postal from Fr. O'Brien at Paris. He and F. A. are coming to Lucerne to-night and I am going to meet them at the depot. Will write again tomorrow.

Lovingly  
Ed.

The picture of Annie and Tim is fine - also perfect of Ma's hand.



Berlin  
Aug 21 06.

Dear Folks-

I intended to write before leaving Hertenstein but we left suddenly and all my time was taken up with packing. We intended to leave Monday (yesterday) but instead left Saturday. Mrs. Ganz came to Berlin last Thursday and found a place the next day and as Roy wasn't well Mr. Ganz decided to go Saturday. I left Hertenstein Saturday morning at 8:25.

I am shocked at the money I spent this summer, 1200 francs (\$240). How is that for two months and a half. Mr. and Mrs. Ganz were surprised too and told me to go slower this winter. Of course I can because I can live as well and cheaper here. My meals at the Schloss hotel cost me a dollar a day and my room 20 cents a day. My piano bill was \$15. Clothes were about \$75 and the rest

INCOMPLETE

Berlin  
Aug 21 1906.

Dear Folks-

I intended to write before leaving Hertenstein but we left suddenly and all my time was taken up with packing. We intended to leave Monday (yesterday) but instead left Saturday. Mrs. Ganz came to Berlin last Thursday and found a place the next day and as Roy wasn't well Mr. Ganz decided to go Saturday. I left Hertenstein Saturday morning at 8:25.

I am shocked at the money I spent this summer, 1200 francs (\$240). How is that for two months and a half. Mr. and Mrs. Ganz were surprised too and told me to go slower this winter. Of course I can because I can live as well and cheaper here. My meals at the Schloss hotel cost me a dollar a day and my room 20 cents a day. My piano bill was \$15. Clothes were about \$75 and the rest

was taken up in traveling - to Lucerne and back and my trip to Florence. I spent very little that wasn't necessary but the money just flew. I got very economical from the moment I left the hotel - traveled second class into Lucerne and third class to Berlin. The third class isn't bad and I saved about six dollars. The rest traveled second class and sat in a plush seat while I sat in a wooden one. I enjoyed the trip very much. Had to change trains at Basel and intended to leave enough time to see that doctor (Stahl's friend) but my train left at two o'clock instead of at five as I had thought so I didn't go out of the depot. I passed through many fine towns notably Karlsruhe and Heidelberg. The train arrived at Frankfurt at 9 and I had to change again. Slept quite a little during the night because I lay down and used my overcoat for a pillow. Arrived in Berlin at 7:40. I took a cab for the pension where I used to eat and in front of the house I met Edna Peterson just getting out of a cab. It seemed funny to meet her in front of the house after coming on different trains and into different depots. I went to high mass Sunday and arrived home at 12. We have dinner at 2 and supper at 7. After dinner I went out to hunt a room for myself. Edna Peterson came with me and we soon found one that suited me immensely. The Ganzes live at 124 Potsdamer Str. and Miss Burwash lives with them. You cannot imagine how glad I am to be able to find a place for myself and get along without their having to do everything for me. Mrs. Ganz doesn't like Miss Burwash a bit simply because she will not do anything for herself. Last spring in Berlin she cried nearly all the time because she thought she

was taken up in traveling - to Lucerne and back and my trip to Florence. I spent very little that wasn't necessary but the money just flew. I got very economical from the moment I left the hotel - traveled second class into Lucerne and third class to Berlin. The third class isn't bad and I saved about six dollars. The rest traveled second class and sat in a plush seat while I sat in a wooden one. I enjoyed the trip very much. Had to change trains at Basel and intended to leave enough time to see that doctor (Stahl's friend) but my train left at two o'clock instead of at five as I had thought so I didn't go out of the depot. I passed through many fine towns notably Karlsruhe and Heidelberg. The train arrived Frankfurt at 9 and I had to change again. Slept quite a little during the night because I lay down and used my overcoat for a pillow.

Arrived in Berlin at 7:40. I took a cab for the pension where I used to eat and in front of the house I met Edna Peterson, just getting out of a cab. It seemed funny to meet her in front of the house after coming on different trains and into different depots. I went to high mass Sunday and arrived home at 12. We have dinner at 2 and supper at 7. After dinner I went out to hunt a room for myself. Edna Peterson came with me and we soon found one that suited me immensely. The Ganzes live at 124 Potsdamer Str. and Miss Burwash lives with them. You cannot imagine how glad I am to be able to find a place for myself and get along without their having to do everything for me. Mrs. Ganz doesn't like Miss Burwash a bit simply because she will not do anything for herself. Last spring in Berlin she cried nearly all the time because she thought she



was being neglected and this summer at Hertenstein hung around and butted in until Mrs. Ganz had to say she could live with them. But it is not as nice as it sounds for as they only allow one pianist on each floor she has her room (a dark dirty little place) on the floor below and only sees them at their meals.

I live about two miles from them and Edna Peterson about a mile. That young lady doesn't hang around and wait until everything is done for her. She is fixing everything herself and the Ganzes admire her for getting out and doing it alone.

I must tell you about my place. It is on the fourth floor and is a Garten-haus room. That is, it looks into the court instead of onto the street but I like it better because it is quiet and not so public as the front rooms. I have a beautiful little balcony and am sitting out on it now. I have beautiful plants all around

was being neglected and this summer at Hertenstein hung around and butted in until Mrs. Ganz had to say she could live with them. But it is not as nice as it sounds for as they only allow one pianist on each floor. She has her room (a dark dirty little place) on the floor below and only sees them at their meals.

I live about two miles from them and Edna Peterson about a mile. That young lady doesn't hang around and wait until everything is done for her. She is fixing everything herself and the Ganz's admire her for getting out and doing it alone.

I must tell you about my place. It is on the fourth floor and is a Garten-haus room. That is, it looks into the court instead of onto the street but I like it better because it is quiet and not so public as the front rooms. I have a beautiful little balcony and am sitting out on it now. I have beautiful plants all around

INCOMPLETE

Berlin  
Sept 18.

Dear Folks -

The last letter I wrote hasn't been posted yet so you will probably get both together. It seems terrible that it should take four days to write it and post it. I had to quit a couple of times and then it lay finished for two days and I forgot to mail it. I go out to my dinner and supper and often think of things when I am at the bottom of the stairs and it is impossible to go back for to get to my room one has ninety-six steps to climb. Spiering's have ninety-two and the Ganz's an even hundred. Often I forget to take an umbrella and when I get out on the street and see that is raining I walk down to my meals and have it pour on me rather than go back. All the musicians live on the top floor and it is very rare that they are allowed any place else. I had my lesson yesterday and as

Berlin  
Sept 18.  
1906

Dear Folks-

The last letter I wrote hasn't been posted yet so you will probably get both together. It seems terrible that it should take four days to write it and post it. I had to quit a couple of times and then it lay finished for two days and I forgot to mail it. I go out to my dinner and supper and often think of things when I am at the bottom of the stairs and it is impossible to go back, for to get to my room one has ninety six steps to climb. Spiering's have ninety-two and the Ganz's an even hundred. Often I forget to take an umbrella and when I get out on the street and see that is raining I walk down to my meals and have it pour on me rather than go back. All the musicians live on the top floor and it is very rare that they are allowed any place else.

I had my lesson yesterday and as



usual felt like giving up after it. I look at things a little differently now though. It is both an encouraging and discouraging way. It is that I will simply have to keep going and wait. The fellows that I am contending with are all men most of them close to thirty and of course they have the experience that only comes with years. I have not met any as young as I am. Every season there are a couple of concerts given by young artists twenty-two and twenty-three years old and it is a sensation on account of their youth. It is wonderful to what perfection piano playing is brought to here. There are fellows here who would make any of the American pianists look sick and still are hardly known here. A young fellow is not endured at all. No matter how gifted he is he hasn't years back of him and so he has to get out of the way of the old fellows. Pianists like Josef Hoffmann, Lutschg, Ganz etc. give their recitals but run along until they are

usual felt like giving up after it. I look at things a little differently now though. It is both an encouraging and discouraging way. It is that I will simply have to keep going and wait. The fellows that I am contending with are all men most of them close to thirty and of course they have the experience that only comes with years. I have not met any as young as I am. Every season there are a couple of concerts given by young artists twenty-two and twenty-three years old and it is a sensation on account of their youth. It is wonderful to what perfection piano playing is brought to here. There are fellows who would make any of the American pianists look sick and still are hardly known here. A young fellow is not endured at all. No matter how gifted he is he hasn't years back of him and so he has to get out of the way of the old fellows. Pianists like Josef Hoffmann, Lutschg, Ganz etc., give their recitals but run along until they are

ready to buy another. Concerts are bought here with very few exceptions. We often hear of such and such a person coming to Berlin to buy 10,000 marks worth of concerts. They are all given under the direction of the Hermann Wolff bureau. A person goes to him and names the hall, orchestra etc that he wants and after figuring a while Wolff tells him how much it will cost. Then the ambitious one worries about getting the people to come and the night of the performance plays or sings to empty seats and next day the critics cut him up in small pieces. Wolff doesn't care. The hall and other expenses have been paid for by the poor person who has been scraping up his pennies for several years. There are 1200 concerts this season and they are nearly all paid for. Imagine the big haul that bureau gets. It is just to get their name on the program that causes all the trouble. The musical season has begun and posters are beginning to fill the windows. There are so many absurd things done for policy. The cousin of Hermann Wolff is Hugo Wolff the song writer. All the singers sing Hugo Wolff songs because it pleases the manager. Then when a person gives a concert they must keep out enough money for a dinner for the critics and presents for them. The way to touch the Berlin critics first to play well but just as important have an expensive banquet after and give them all they want to eat and drink. One of the critics telephoned Mr. Ganz to come out and see him and Mr. G. was delighted. There has not been a word about his concerts and the first one is very near, the 1st of October. Spiering on account of playing here last year got this magnificent notice in one of the

ready to buy another. Concerts are bought here with very few exceptions. We often hear of such and such a person coming to Berlin to buy 10,000 marks worth of concerts. They are all given under the direction of the Hermann Wolff bureau. A person goes to him and names the hall, orchestra etc that he wants and after figuring a while Wolff tells him how much it will cost. Then the ambitious one worries about getting the people to come and the night of the performance plays or sings to empty seats and next day the critics cut him up in small pieces. Wolff doesn't care. The hall and other expenses have been paid for by the poor person who has been scraping up his pennies for several years. There are 1200 concerts this season and they are nearly all paid for. Imagine the big haul that bureau gets. It is just to get their name on the program that causes all the trouble. The musical season has begun and posters are beginning to fill the window. There are so many absurd things done for policy. The cousin of Hermann Wolff is Hugo Wolff the song writer. All the singers sing Hugo Wolff songs because it pleases the manager. Then when a person gives a concert they must keep out enough money for a dinner for the critics and presents for them. The way to touch the Berlin critics first to play well but just as important have an expensive banquet after and give them all they want to eat and drink. One of the critics telephoned Mr. Ganz to come out and see him and Mr. G. was delighted. There has not been a word about his concerts and the first one is very near, the 1st of October.

Spiering on account of playing here last year got this magnificent notice in one of the



papers last Sunday- "Herr Theodore Spiering will give a recital at the Singacademie Oct. 8th."

I am going to buy some concert tickets this week. That is another item that the music students have to think of. D'Albert is going to give five concerts this winter and at the first he is going to play seven Beethoven sonatas. Don't make a fright? It doesn't bother that old guy though. Risler is going to play the thirty two Beethoven sonatas in eight concerts - four sonatas every fourth evening. There is a memory for you. The night of Mr. Ganz's first concert, Godowsky gives a recital and Weingartner gives an orchestra concert. It is impossible to find an open night.

In regard to sending me socks or anything like that - it would strike me as being pretty fine. It is simply impossible to buy anything nice over here. In Lucerne there are so many

papers last Sunday- "Herr Theodore Spiering will give a recital at the Singacademie Oct. 8th."

I am going to buy some concert tickets this week. That is another item that the music students have to think of. D'Albert is going to give five concerts this winter and at the first he is going to play seven Beethoven sonatas. Isn't that a fright? It doesn't bother that old guy though. Risler is going to play the thirty two Beethoven sonatas in eight concerts **four sonates** every fourth evening. There is a memory for you. The night of Mr. Ganz's first concert, Godowsky gives a recital and Weingartner gives an orchestra concert. It is impossible to find an open night. In regard to sending me socks or anything like that it would strike me as being pretty fine. It is simply impossible to buy any thing nice over here. In Lucerne there are so many

swell visitors that thing are all right  
but in Berlin!! Then I have spent  
so much money that I might save a  
little if for nothing else than to make  
a good showing to Mr. Tewksbury.  
Mr. Ganz gave me some ties the other  
day. They are some of his old ones  
he doesn't wear them any more  
but they satisfy me perfectly. Mrs.  
Ganz gave Edna Peterson a lot of  
stuff too. I guess I told you that Mr.  
Ganz offered me a dress suit that  
is a little too small for him. Of  
course it is my luck not to need it.  
It is impossible to describe the  
greediness and closeness of the  
German landladies. They are frights.  
They do such sneaky things. Frau  
Miller is kind of nice but has  
the usual traits. She noses into every  
thing and if she hears me moving any  
thing around she will knock at the  
door and ask me a foolish question  
at the same time trying to look past  
me. But I fill up as much of the door  
as I open and she is disappointed.  
Then the way she tries to find out.

swell visitors that thing are all right but in Berlin!!  
The I have spent so much money that I might save a little  
if for nothing else than to make a good showing to Mr.  
Tewksbury. Mr. Ganz gave me some ties the other day.  
They are some of his old ones he doesn't wear them any  
more but they satisfy me perfectly. Mrs. Ganz gave Edna  
Peterson a lot of stuff too. I guess I told you that Mr.  
Ganz offered me a dress suit that is a little too small  
for him. Of course it is my luck not to need it. It is  
impossible to describe the greediness and closeness of  
the German landladies. They are frights. They do such  
sneaky things. Frau Miller is kind of nice but has the  
usual traits. She noses into every thing and if she  
hears me moving anything around she will knock at the  
door and ask me a foolish question at the same time  
trying to look past me. But I fill up as much of the door  
as I open and she is disappointed. Then the way she  
tries to find out



everything about me, how much money I have etc.

Berlin is certainly a beautiful city - the pity of it is that the people are so ugly looking. I thought that only the poor class went to America but to walk down the streets of Berlin is like going upon N. Hickory St. in Joliet. The real fine Germans never show themselves except in carriages or automobiles. The Jews in Berlin are a fine crowd and are the only people who buy the good seats at concerts. It is funny the way every one is so grouchy here. "Free if possible" is the motto of the students and they about run the place. The music students are only a part of them. There are thousands of medical students and many other kinds.

The other night I met some Americans at a little party at Mr. Moore's. One of them a Miss Lawrence studied at the American Conservatory in Chicago and I have often read about her in the Leader. There was a Cyril Graham there of whom I have also heard. He is a harmony teacher at the American conservatory. Miss Lawrence is studying with Lutschg and goes to Dresden for her lessons. Lutschg is going to be in Dresden this year. I am awfully sorry for if Busoni don't like me I was counting on taking from him while Mr. Ganz is away. Our visit to Busoni's has been postponed until next Monday the 24th. Mr. Ganz got that message from one of the critics and had to go Monday afternoon. I could have gone alone but I would sooner wait until he can be there. It is no great thing to go. Any body can come in off the street and sit down while the pupils are dying of fright. Cele's letter came this morning. I don't know the number of my socks but there are only a few sizes and you can about guess.

everything about me, how much money I have etc.

Berlin is certainly a beautiful city the pity of it is that the people are so ugly looking. I thought that only the poor class went to America but to walk down the streets of Berlin is like going upon N. Hickory St. in Joliet. The real fine Germans never show themselves except in carriages or automobiles. The Jews in Berlin are a fine crowd and are the only people who buy the good seats at concerts. It is funny the way every one is so grouchy here. Free if possible is the motto of the students and they about run the place. The music students are only a part of them. There are thousands of medical students and many other kinds.

The other night I met some Americans at a little party at Mr. Moore's. One of them a Miss Lawrence studied at the American conservatory in Chicago and I have often read about her in the Leader. There was a Cyril Graham there of whom I have also heard. He is a harmony teacher at the American conservatory. Miss Lawrence is studying with Lutschg and goes to Dresden for her lessons. Lutschg is going to be in Dresden this year. I am awfully sorry for if Busoni don't like me I was counting on taking from him while Mr. Ganz is away. Our visit to Busoni's has been postponed until next Monday the 24th. Mr. Ganz got that message from one of the critics and had to go Monday afternoon. I could have gone alone but I would sooner wait until he can be there. It is no great thing to go. Any body can come in off the street and sit down while the pupils are dying of fright. Cele's letter came this morning.

Lovingly  
Ed

I don't know the number of my socks but there are only a few sizes and you can about guess.

Berlin  
Oct 15-06

Dear Folks,

Perhaps by the time you get this you will have seen Ruth McIntyre and her brother. I have written several times to Florence and she has answered. She sent me two postals too, one from Lucerne, which made me feel lonesome for beautiful Switzerland, and the other from Holland. She sailed the day before yesterday (13th) and if the boat that this letter gets is fast I can tell you to expect her. It will be interesting to see which gets there first.

Friday I had my German lesson at four, rehearsed with Nicoline at five and went to Risler's concert in the evening. Risler is French you know and has that sparkling technic and lighting speed that every Frenchman has. But it takes some other

Berlin  
Oct 15 1906

Dear Folks,

Perhaps by the time you get this you will have seen Ruth McIntyre and her brother. I have written several times to Florence and she has answered. She sent me two postals too, one from Lucerne, which made me feel lonesome for beautiful Switzerland, and the other from Holland. She sailed the day before yesterday (13th) and if the boat that this letter gets is fast I can tell you to expect her. It will be interesting to see which gets there first.

Friday I had my German lesson at four, rehearsed with Nicoline at five and went to Risler's concert in the evening. Risler is French you know and has that sparkling technic and lighting speed that every Frenchman has. But it takes some other



nationality to play Beethoven and it is a mystery to me why he is playing only Beethoven. Of course he is the only one living who can play the thirty two sonatas from memory so of course it is a big ad for him. Saturday I went down to Wertheims with Mr. Buell. It is about a two mile walk from Charlottenberg (the part of the city where all the students live) and we went through the Tiergarten on the way. It was beautiful. The Tiergarten is an immense park with little streams running through it and imagine the walk through the dead leaves and over little bridges about five in the afternoon. There is a box office at Wertheims and I bought some concert tickets. Then we went looking around and it is certainly wonderful. About like Field's but not so much ladies' stuff more ornaments, pictures books etc. Sunday Morning at twelve I went

nationality to play Beethoven and it is a mystery to me why he is playing only Beethoven. Of course he is the only one living who can play the thirty two sonatas from memory so of course it is a big ad for him.

Saturday I went down to Wertheims with Mr. Buell. It is about a two mile walk from Charlottenberg (the part of the city where all the students live) and we went through the Tiergarten on the way. It was beautiful. The Tiergarten is an immense park with little streams running through it and imagine the walk through the dead leaves and over little bridges about five in the afternoon. There is a box office at Wertheims and I bought some concert tickets. Then we went looking around and it is certainly wonderful. About like Field's but not so much ladies' stuff more ornaments, pictures, books etc. Sunday morning at twelve I went

to the first public rehearsal of the Philharmonic orchestra and heard Nikisch conduct and Saint Saens play. Nikisch must be great or he wouldn't be in his place but Weingartner eats him alive. The orchestra was beautiful in some places but very seldom filled the place. I was glad to get a look at Saint Saens. He is a big fat Frenchman seventy one years old but very vigorous looking. These fellows who can take things easy like he has done don't get old. He played things easy like he has done don't get old. He played wonderfully but Frenchy. Has the usual flesh fingers and played scales like flutes. There was a great crowd there. I sat in the 'Loge Sade'. It is the cheapest place in the house and there is where you see the struts and true lovers of music. There are no regular seats there but you get a chair and plant yourself where you please. Of course there is a lot of confusion and lots of scolding but there is a policeman there and he keeps order. There is such a difference between the halls in America and in Europe. The Singakademie has grass and trees around it and if the concert is in the day time no electric lights are used at all. At the concert Sunday in the midst of a soft movement a little dog barked furiously outside and spoiled that whole part. I just thought of the Auditorium where you take elevators and climb winding stairs and if the world was coming to an end outside those inside wouldn't know it. I had my lesson this afternoon and my French lesson this evening. I like the French immensely but I don't have time to study to get. Will quit and post this now.

Lovingly Ed.

to the first public rehearsal of the Philharmonic orchestra and heard Nikisch conduct and Saint Saens play. Nikisch must be great or he wouldn't be in his place but Weingartner eats him alive. The orchestra was beautiful in some places but very seldom filled the place. I was glad to get a look at Saint Saens. He is a big fat Frenchman seventy one years old but very vigorous looking. These fellows who can take things easy like he has done don't get old. He played wonderfully but Frenchy. Has the usual fresh fingers and played scales like flutes. There are no regular seats there but you get a chair and plant yourself where you please. Of course there is a lot of confusion and lots of scolding but there is a policeman there and he keeps order. There is such a difference between the halls in America and in Europe. The Singakademie has grass and trees around it and if the concert is in the day time no electric lights are used at all. At the concert Sunday in the midst of a soft movement a little dog barked furiously outside and spoiled that whole part. I just thought of the Auditorium where you take elevators and climb winding stairs and if the world was coming to an end outside those inside wouldn't know it. I had my lesson this afternoon and my French lesson this evening. I like the French immensely but I don't have time to study much. Will quit and post this now.

Lovingly Ed.



Berlin  
Monday Oct 29, '06

Dear Folks,-

Another month gone. It terrifies me when I think how quickly the days go by and that by the time you get this I will be twenty years old. I am away about seven months now and it won't be long before it will be a year. This game of music is fearful. So few win and they after giving so much for it. Yesterday afternoon I was over to Spiering's. Nicoline had about ten people over there and we had a lot of music. It is only when you play for people that you realize what it means to be a public performer and that is why playing in public is the greatest experience in the world. There were four or five German people there, Mr. Buell, Miss Burwash, Miss Peterson and I. We had a dandy tea at five o'clock. That is all the go over here. On the restaurant windows you see written "five o'clock tea". It is

Berlin  
Monday Oct 29, 19'06

Dear Folks,-

Another month gone. It terrifies me when I think how quickly the days go by and that by the time you get this I will be twenty years old. I am away about seven months now and it won't be long before it will be a year. This game of music is fearful. So few win and they after giving so much for it. Yesterday afternoon I was over to Spiering's. Nicoline had about ten people over there and we had a lot of music.

It is only when you play for people that you realize what it means to be a public performer and that is why playing in public is the greatest experience in the world. There was four or five German people there, Mr. Buell, Miss Burwash, Miss Peterson and I. We had a dandy tea at five o'clock. That is all the go over here. On the restaurant windows you see written "five o'clock tea." It is

getting just as popular here as in England. Mrs. Spiering is awfully nice and ~~certainly~~ certainly entertained us. We always sit around a big table and have tea, cake and sandwiches and every body talks at the top of his voice. Sometimes where music students have a tea there are probably seven different languages being talked at once and every body must understand three at least. After the tea Nicoline and I played two sonatas for violin and piano - one by Tartini and one by Beethoven. Miss Burwash was asked to play and to the great surprise of Pete and I she did. We were the only ones there who know how nervous the poor thing gets and I knew that she just did it to try and conquer her self. Of course the inevitable came her hands froze stiff and she broke down a couple of times but managed to get to the end. Of course when anybody strikes a wrong note in Berlin everybody knows it. It was up to me next and I played a Brahms Rhapsody.

getting just as popular here as in England. Mr. Spiering is awfully nice and certainly entertained us. We always sit around a big table and have tea, cake and sandwiches and everybody talks at the top of his voice. Sometimes when music students have a tea there are probably seven different languages being talked at once and everybody must understand three at least. After the tea Nicoline and I played two sonatas for violin and piano - one by Tartini and one by Beethoven. Miss Burwash was asked to play and to the great surprise of Pete and I she did. We were the only ones there who know how nervous the poor thing gets and I knew that she just did it to try and conquer her self. Of course the inevitable came her hands froze stiff and she broke down a couple of times but managed to get to the end. Of course when anybody strikes a wrong note in Berlin everybody knows it. It was up to me next and I played a Brahms Rhapsody.



and a Listz polonaise only half decently. If I could have played some more I would have done much better because it took me those two pieces to get myself settled. That is what is so discouraging. I don't fear to play a bit but when your audience is your colleagues it requires more effort because they are anxious to play too and you feel as if you are taking their time. Then the greater experience it takes to make it interesting to them because they are fidgeting around and thinking how differently they would play this part or that. Of course they have studied it (the piano students) and are familiar with every note besides having heard all the good works played by the best artists. Miss Peterson played fine as she always does. She hasn't reached the stage where she is the least bit self conscious and plays with all the freedom of a kid. Mr. Buell wouldn't play at all. He says "no" right in the beginning because he says it isn't worth the worry. He is right in a way because none of us are finished players so we always are dissatisfied with ourselves. He gives a recital in February in Beethovens Saal and I feel sorry for him. He is scared to death. Yesterday I went to the second Philharmonic concert. There is a public rehearsal Sunday mornings at twelve and the concert Monday evening. The orchestra played a new symphony by Bruckner. It is immense. I love to hear new things now because I am beginning to grasp them quicker. Mischa Elman was the soloist. He is very big in Europe and deserves to be. He is about eighteen years old and wears ordinary clothes so that only his face tells his age. He played the Tschaikowsky Concerto, the one I played with young Hermann in Chicago.

and a Listz polonaise only half decently. If I could have played some more I would have done much better because it took me those two pieces to get myself settled. That is what is so discouraging. I don't fear to play a bit but when your audience is your colleagues it requires more effort because they are anxious to play too and you feel as if you are taking their time. Then the great experience it takes to make it interesting to them because they are fidgeting around and thinking how differently they would play this part or that. Of course they have studied it (the piano students) and are familiar with every note besides having heard all the good works played by the best artists. Miss Peterson played fine as she always does. She hasn't reached the stage where she is the least bit self conscious and plays with all the freedom of a kid. Mr. Buell wouldn't play at all. He says "no" right in the beginning because he says it isn't worth the worry. He is right in a way because none of us are finished players so we always are dissatisfied with ourselves. He gives a recital in February in Beethovens Saal and I feel sorry for him. He is scared to death.

Yesterday I went to the second Philharmonic concert. There is a public rehearsal Sunday mornings at twelve and the concert on Monday evening. The orchestra played a new symphony by Bruckner. It is immense. I love to hear new things now because I am beginning to grasp them quicker. Mischa Elman was the soloist. He is very big in Europe and deserves to be. He is about eighteen years old and wears ordinary clothes so that only his face tells his age. He played the Tschaikowsky concerto, the one I played with young Hermann in Chicago.

The Philharmonic is very big and so the violinist who fills the place must be a corker. Elman's tone is rich but a bit small - a great deal owing to his age - and so the orchestra had to play the tuttis, which are immense, very small to keep things in proportion. The last number was the Oberon overture by Weber. The concert wasn't over until two thirty so I had my dinner after everyone was through. Sauer played again Saturday night and is the man of the hour. Mr. Buell was there and says he is the greatest. Risenauer gives a recital Thursday and I am going. Be sure and hear Rosenthal and Lhevinne this winter and get your tickets early. I saw Busoni walking on the street the other evening but I didn't have the courage to speak to him.

The Philharmonic is very big and so the violinist who fills the place must be a corker. Elman's tone is rich but a bit small - a great deal owing to his age - and so the orchestra had to play the tuttis, which are immense, very small so as to keep things in proportion. The last number was the Oberon overture by Weber. The concert wasn't over until two thirty so I had my dinner after everyone was through. Sauer played again Saturday night and is the man of the hour. Mr. Buell was there and says he is the greatest. Risenauer gives a recital Thursday and I am going.

Be sure and hear Rosenthal and Lhevinne this winter and get your tickets early.

I saw Busoni walking on the street the other evening but I didn't have the courage to speak to him



although I could have just as well. Every day that I live I realize what a great man he is. Even when you look at him you see he is something out of the ordinary. He is of magnificent build and has that iron gray hair and it makes him look like a king. I guess I didn't tell you about his library. The day I was up there (that day he gave the last lesson of the season) I looked around the house a little and couldn't help seeing the books as they are in the same room as the piano. The walls are filled just like in a public library and he has everything worth mentioning in four languages. He has read everything and reads English as well as Italian and German as well as French. He is working all the time and has finished some magnificent compositions lately. He was a tremendous worker when he was young and Mr. Ganz said he had to be as he hasn't an extra good hand. He

although I could have just as well. Every day that I live I realize what a great man he is. Even when you look at him you see he is something out of the ordinary. He is of magnificent build and has that iron gray hair and it makes him look like a king. I guess I didn't tell you about his library. The day I was up there (that day he gave the last lesson of the season) I looked around the house a little and couldn't help seeing the books as they are in the same room as the piano. The walls are filled just like in a public library and he has everything worth mentioning in four languages. He has read everything and reads English as well as Italian and German as well as French. He is working all the time and has finished some magnificent compositions lately. He was a tremendous worker when he was young and Mr. Ganz said he had to be as he hasn't an extra good hand. He

likes students who aren't lazy and stirs the lazy ones up by playing for them. You have of course heard of those concerts he gives every year. They are orchestra concerts with soloists and are devoted to works seldom heard and those of new composers. Many young composers who haven't a cent get recognition in this way and Busoni goes down into his pocket and pays for orchestra, hall, soloists etc. The first one is the eighth of November. Ganz and D'Indy are going to assist and I suppose it will be great. D'Indy is going to assist at Mr. Ganz's next concert which takes place the third of November. I butted in on the rehearsal and expect to learn a lot from it.

When I first came I had an insane desire to meet a lot of musicians but lately I have changed in that line. It does you no good to know them unless you are one of them and for students to try and get in with artists is foolish; better wait until you can have something to show. So now I seldom follow the crowd to the back of the stage after a concert for your face becomes familiar and you are known as a 'congratulating student.'

I answered Carl Fallberg's letter and he wrote me again - says he is coming to Berlin about New Years. Since I wrote letters from Cele and Mary have come so I guess none are lost. Lovingly

Ed.

likes students who aren't lazy and stirs the lazy ones up by playing for them. You have of course heard of those concerts he gives every year. They are orchestra concerts with soloists and are devoted to works seldom heard and those of new composers. Many young composers who haven't a cent get recognition in this way and Busoni goes down into his pocket and pays for orchestra, hall, soloists, etc. The first one is the eighth of November. Ganz and D'Indy are going to assist and I suppose it will be great. D'Indy is going to assist at Mr. Ganz's next concert which takes place the third of November. I butted in on rehearsal and expect to learn a lot from it.

When I first came I had an insane desire to meet a lot of musicians but lately I have changed in that line. It does you no good to know them unless you are one of them and for students to try and get in with artists is foolish; better wait until you can have something to show. So now I seldom follow the crowd to the back of the stage after a concert for your face becomes familiar and you are known as a 'congratulating student.'

I answered Carl Fallberg's letter and he wrote me again says he is coming to Berlin about New Years. Since I wrote, letters from Cele and Mary have come so I guess none are lost.

Lovingly  
Ed.



Berlin Nov 6, 06.

Dear Folks,

It is eleven P. M. so

I will only start this and finish it tomorrow. I am just home from Risler's concert (his last). He played the last four sonatas and I near died of weariness. Each of them are slow and about fifty pages long and he dragged them out to the fullest extent. I sat next to two American fellows whom I met before and they had the music. Some of the sonatas had variations and Risler of course repeated each one as indicated. We got laughing and I had a bad time trying to keep from bursting out although I was shaking for an hour. One of them is a big sleepy fellow and he had to pinch himself to keep awake while the other fellow was laughing and

Berlin Nov 6, 1906.

Dear Folks-,

It is eleven P. M. so I will only start this and finish it tomorrow. I am just home from Risler's concert (his last). He played the last four sonatas and I near died of weariness. Each of them are slow and about fifty pages long and he dragged them out to the fullest extent.

I sat next to two American fellows whom I met before and they had the music. Some of the sonatas had variations and Risler of course repeated each one as indicated. We got laughing and I had a bad time trying to keep from bursting out although I was shaking for an hour. One of them is a big sleepy fellow and he had to pinch himself to keep awake while the other fellow was laughing and

and getting the fierce glares of the Germans. I guess I was the worst though for a lady said to me after, "Sie müssen in der Kinderstube bleiben" which means that I must stay in the children's room. I had her say it in several languages though to try and rattle her but she was game and when I said I didn't understand one language she gave me another. It is a bum crowd that goes to Risler's concerts especially the last ones which were pretty weary. They are mostly German students who will sit through anything and forget that they have the power to move. The Americans give their nationality away though by doing just as they please and if they don't like a thing they say so. Ganz's concert Saturday was a magnificent success. The

getting the fierce glares of the Germans. I guess I was the worst though for a lady said to me after, "Sie müssen in der Kinderstube Bleiben" which means that I must stay in the children's room. I had her say it in several languages though to try and rattle her but she was game and when I said I didn't understand one language she gave me another. It is a bum crowd that goes to Risler's concerts especially the last ones which were pretty weary. They are mostly German students who will sit through anything and forget that they have the power to move. The Americans give their nationality away though by doing just as they please and if they don't like a thing they say so.

Ganz's concert Saturday was a magnificent success. The



people went wild and he played three encores at the end. I had my lesson Monday afternoon and as usual felt like a whipped cur after it. Mr. Ganz never says a word and sometimes it is a bit of a pity but I am old enough to know how much praise isn't worth anything. Monday night I went to a concert by Zadora a Busoni pupil. He has a tremendous technique but it is the old story of no personality or magnetism which is the thing I fear most. Ganz was there but he left early to hear part of Alberto Jonas' concert. Zadora's program was arranged awfully heavy and wasn't over until ten thirty. Not many people were there at the finish. I saw Mrs. Busoni there. She ~~staid~~ [stayed] until the finish as he must congratulate the performer. She looked very bored and as usual was alone - catch Busoni going to those concerts, he would as soon get into a mad house. The pupils beg him to go but he says, "nay, nay" and Mrs. Busoni goes to try and cheer the student up. It is the same way at the lessons, when Busoni tells the girls to go and get married and the men to become street car conductors, she consoles them.

Wed. A.M.

These are beautiful. In the morning early it is quite cold but the sun soon comes out and it looks like September.

people went wild and he played three encores at the end. I had my lesson Monday afternoon and as usual felt like a whipped cur after it. Mr. Ganz never says a word and sometimes it is a bit trying but I am old enough to know how much I have to learn and praise isn't worth anything.

Monday night I went to a concert by Zadora a Busoni pupil. He has tremendous technic but it is the old story of no personality or magnetism which is the thing I fear most. Ganz was there but he left early to hear part of Alberto Jonas' concert. Zadora's program was arranged awfully heavy and wasn't over until ten thirty. Not many people were there at the finish. I saw Mrs. Busoni there. She ~~staid~~ [stayed] until the finish as he must congratulate the performer. She looked very bored and as usual was alone - catch Busoni going to those concerts, he would as soon get into a mad house. The pupils beg him to go but he says, "nay, nay" and Mrs. Busoni goes to try and cheer the student up. It is the same way at the lessons, when Busoni tells the girls to go and get married and the men to become street car conductors, she consoles them.

Wed. A.M.

These are beautiful. At the morning early it is quite cold but the sun soon comes out and it looks like September.

It is quite unusual for us to have a little rain and the German people love the sun so that everybody that can stays outdoors most of the time. They say that on Sundays the Grunewald is so crowded that it is hard to walk but I don't go on Sunday as it is much nicer during the week when you only have the big pine trees to look at.

I suppose the choir has started practicing for Christmas very likely Dubois' Mass. The singing must be pretty fierce some days but it can't equal the singing here. It is awful. Once in a while they have a quartet, (without organ of course) sing the whole mass. You can't imagine what it is like. The singers get inspired and not one has the pitch but they stick it out singing those dinky little masses with the runs and fugues. At the offertory or any convenient place the con-

It is quite unusual for us to have so little rain and the German people love the sun so that everybody that can stay out doors most of the time. They say that on Sundays the Grunewald is so crowded that it is hard to walk but I don't go on Sunday as it is much nicer during the week when you only have the big pine trees to look at.

I suppose the choir has started practicing for Christmas very likely Dubois' Mass. The singing must be pretty fierce some days but it can't equal the singing here. It is awful. Once in a while they have a quartet, (without organ of course) sing the whole mass. You can't imagine what it is like. The singers get inspired and not one has the pitch but they stick it out singing those dinky little masses with the runs and fugues. At the offertory or any convenient place the con-



gregation sings a choral and it is maddening. To do them credit, everybody sings and it is loud enough but they are away behind the organ and you couldn't hurry them if you yelled "fire".

I am going over to Sydney Biden's this afternoon. He asked me to call so I hope he will be home.

Christmas is coming soon but as usual I will not bear in mind "tis more blessed to give than to receive." This time, of course, it is absolutely necessary that I should not spend any money for I must keep within a limit if only for appearances to Mr. Tewksbury. I suppose all of you are breaking your backs trying to make ends meet, but sometime this winter I wish you could send me a gray suit of clothes. I don't need anything else and if you all chip in maybe it wouldn't break the bank. I mean a common, ready made

gregation sings a choral and it is maddening. To do them credit, everybody sings and it is loud enough but they are away behind the organ and you couldn't hurry them if you yelled "fire."

I am going over to Sydney Biden's this afternoon. He asked me to call so I hope he will be home.

Christmas is coming soon but as usual I will not bear in mind "tis more blessed to give than to receive." This time, of course it is absolutely necessary that I shouldn't spend any money for I must keep within a limit if only for appearances to Mr. Tewksbury. I suppose all of you are breaking your backs trying to make ends meet, but some time this winter I wish you could send me a gray suit of clothes. I don't need anything else and if you all chip in maybe it wouldn't break the bank. I mean a common, ready made

dark gray suit for a guy five feet eight inches tall  
and weighing 130 pounds. I thought it to cost more  
than fifteen or eighteen dollars. That is provided  
you are perfectly willing to get it. If not just  
say so and I will buy it here. My reasons for  
asking it are that the ready made clothes here are  
awful and then I will spend some money moving.  
I don't send me anything for Christmas because  
there is nothing that is of use to me except clothes and  
a suit is the only thing I need. Whatever altering  
would have to be done I could get done here.  
I can't think of anything else to write now  
so will close and try and mail this in  
decent time.

Lovingly

Ed.

dark gray suit for a guy five feet eight inches tall and  
weighing 130 pounds. It oughtn't to cost more than  
fifteen or eighteen dollars. That is provided you are  
perfectly willing to get it. If not just say so and I  
will buy it here. My reasons for asking it are that the  
ready made clothes here are awful and then I will spend  
some money moving. Don't send me anything for Christmas  
because there is nothing that is of use to me except  
clothes and a suit is the only thing I need. What ever  
altering would have to be done I could get done here.  
I can't think of any thing else to write now so will  
close and try and mail this in ~~decent~~ decent time.

Lovingly

Ed.



Merlin  
Nov. 11 - 06.

Dear Folks -  
Sunday Evening 9 P.M.  
I will write for a while before I go to bed. The last concert I went to was Busoni's popular concert last Thursday. It was immense. This paper that I am sending is the program but is not the regular kind that they have at concerts. The programs are generally books explaining every thing and costing ten cents. The program for this concert was changed suddenly so they printed it on this paper and stuck it in the book. Mr. Ganz was sick [for] two days [preparing] the concert and the rehearsal. Busoni played so everything was ready in case Ganz couldn't be there. But [he] got [there?] and although he felt [fine?] [he?] came out looking dreadfully [he played fine] better [even than?] at [other] concerts. Busoni conducted.

INCOMPLETE

Berlin  
Nov. 11- 1906

Dear Folks -

Sunday Evening 9 P.M.

I will write for a while before I go to bed. The last concert I went to was Busoni's popular concert last Thursday. It was immense. This paper that I am sending is the program but it is not the regular kind that they have at concerts. The programs are generally books explaining every thing and costing ten cents. The program for this concert was changed suddenly so they printed it on this paper and stuck it in the book. Mr. Ganz was sick [for] two days [preparing] the concert and the rehearsal. Busoni played so everything was ready in case Ganz couldn't be there. But [he] got [there?] and although he felt [fine?] [he?] came out looking dreadfully [he played fine] better [even than?] at [other] concerts. Busoni conducted.

ted the accompaniment for him but that was all he did on the program. D'Indy conducted his own compositions and the ones by Fauré. His own works are magnificent and he conducts like a master. He got a great ovation at the end. Unlike D'Indy's conducting was that of Busoni. He came out looking daggers on every side of him and bowed as if the audience ought to be glad to honor him. Of course he is frightfully erratic and can do anything he pleases. He looks awful when he conducts. He has these ~~skinny~~ shoulders and ~~skinny~~ legs and when he starts beating time his coat tails fly out as though he were running. I sat on the side balcony right near the stage and he scolded during the whole concerto. He is so nervous that his strokes are fast and jerky and sometimes he would yell "flute" or whichever ones he ~~thought~~ ~~thought~~.

ted the accompaniment for him but that was all he did on the program. D'Indy conducted his own compositions and the ones by Fauré. His own works are magnificent and he conducts like a master. He got a great ovation at the end. Unlike D'Indy's conducting was that of Busoni. He came out looking daggers on every side of him and bowed as if the audience ought to be glad to have [???]. Of course he is fright-[fully?] [erratic?] and can do anything he pleases. He looks awful when he conducts. He has these [???] shoulders and [skinny?] legs and when he starts beating time his coat tails fly out as though he were running. I sat on the side balcony right near the stage and he scolded during the whole concerto. He is so nervous [???] his strokes are fast and jerky and sometimes he would yell ["flute"?] [???] or whichever ones he [thought?] [???]



enough. Of course he was immensely  
 his pupils. I went back of the stage after and  
 Mr. Ganz. D'Indy was giving his auto-  
 graph away and I got one. This autograph giving is  
 silly. He just wrote his name for us and not even hearing  
 our names for a minute and not understanding [them from  
 the?] beginning. It was the same way when I shook [hands  
 with] Busoni. I don't think he saw me. He shakes hands  
 with thousands of people in a week and goes through it  
 [like] a machine. These men are certainly way above  
 ordinary men in knowledge and [???] and they simply don't  
 pay any [attention to most people]. Spiering was back of  
 [??? and when he held out his hand to say something] to  
 Busoni, he (Busoni) never saw [him?]. It wasn't that he  
 wanted to snub Spiering [but he?] simply didn't see him.  
 The big musicians [???] absolutely [??? such like] and  
 there [their] looks seem [to say] "hands off."  
 Biden was home the day I went to see him but I only ~~staid~~  
 [stayed] a few minutes as he had to go to rehearsal. His  
 mother was there— I guess she is living in Berlin. Biden  
 seems to be having fine success and says he [he has all]  
 he can do. He is going to give two recitals here his  
 winter. He has been all over Europe and has been to South  
 [America?] with Gerardy the cellist.  
 I was at the [Philharmonic?] concert this morning. It was  
 not as good as usual. The orchestra played two little  
 numbers and the rest [of the?] program went to the

[???] course he was immensely [???] pupils [???] shook  
 his hand warmly at [???]. I went back stage after and  
 [was talking to?] Mr. Ganz. D'Indy was giving his  
 autograph away and I got one. This autograph giving is  
 silly. He just wrote his name for us and not even hearing  
 our names for a minute and not understanding [them from  
 the?] beginning. It was the same way when I shook [hands  
 with] Busoni. I don't think he saw me. He shakes hands  
 with thousands of people in a week and goes through it  
 [like] a machine. These men are certainly way above  
 ordinary men in knowledge and [???] and they simply don't  
 pay any [attention to most people]. Spiering was back of  
 [??? and when he held out his hand to say something] to  
 Busoni, he (Busoni) never saw [him?]. It wasn't that he  
 wanted to snub Spiering [but he?] simply didn't see him.  
 The big musicians [???] absolutely [??? such like] and  
 there [their] looks seem [to say] "hands off."

Biden was home the day I went to see him but I only ~~staid~~  
 [stayed] a few minutes as he had to go to rehearsal. His  
 mother was there— I guess she is living in Berlin. Biden  
 seems to be having fine success and says he [he has all]  
 he can do. He is going to give two recitals here his  
 winter. He has been all over Europe and has been to South  
 [America?] with Gerardy the cellist.

I was at the [Philharmonic?] concert this morning. It was  
 not as good as usual. The orchestra played two little  
 numbers and the rest [of the?] program went to the

INCOMPLETE

Berlin  
Nov. 16

Dear folks,-

It is now over seven months since I left home. When I think of my music it seems that I have been in Europe about two weeks but when I think of all the things and cities I have seen it seems about seven years. Mr. Ganz will leave in about two weeks and I think he will get to Chicago shortly before Christmas. It will seem kind of funny when he leaves but will manage to find some people to take his place. I think I will study with Da Motta. My chances for Busoni are lost - he simply won't let a person play for him in winter he is so busy composing and playing. In the opinion of many Da Motta is greater than Busoni but that is impossible - however he is the next best.

INCOMPLETE

Berlin  
Nov. 16  
1906

Dear folks,-

It is now over seven months since I left home. When I think of my music it seems that I have been in Europe about two weeks but when I think of all the things and cities I have seen it seems about seven years. Mr. Ganz will leave in about two weeks and I think he will get to Chicago shortly before Christmas. It will seem kind of funny when he leaves but will manage to find some people to take his place. I think I will study with Da Motta. My chances for Busoni are lost - he simply won't let a person play for him in winter he is so busy composing and playing. In the opinion of many Da Motta is greater than Busoni but that is impossible - however he is the next best.



I am going to pay for them too. Five dollars a lesson. That is very cheap for him as he gets eight and ten dollars from many of his pupils. Mr. Ganz went and saw him and told him how things stood. I don't know what Mr. Tewksbury will say to it but it won't cost much for the short time that Mr. Ganz will be gone. To pay for them is the only way out of it because I can't put a poor face on me to [some ?] man and have him give me a free lesson once in a while and then when Ganz would come back say "good bye" and go back to Ganz. If I pay for them I will not be under any obligation. They say Da Motta is grand and I am sure the little change from the Busoni Camp will do me good. Da Motta plays several times this winter in Berlin and I am anxious to hear him. Wednesday I went to Godowsky's concert. I was a little disappointed [though sometimes he did great].

I am going to pay for them too. Five dollars a lesson. That is very cheap for him as he gets eight and ten dollars from many of his pupils. Mr. Ganz went and saw him and told him how things stood. I don't know what Mr. Tewksbury will say to it but it won't cost much for the short time that Mr. Ganz will be gone. To pay for them is the only way out of it because I can't put a poor face on me to [some ?] man and have him give me a free lesson once in a while and then when Ganz would come back say "good bye" and go back to Ganz. If I pay for them I will not be under any obligation. They say Da Motta is grand and I am sure the little change from the Busoni Camp will do me good. Da Motta plays several times this winter in Berlin and I am anxious to hear him.

Wednesday I went to Godowsky's concert. I was a little disappointed [though sometimes he did great].

To begin with he is handicapped fearfully. He is quite a bit smaller than John Spears and hasn't much more strength. He looks ugly when he plays because he is all 'gathered up'. It is in the little pieces by Chopin that he does things that are marvellous. His scales are like whistles and he never strikes a wrong note. The audience was composed mostly of American friends. German people don't like Godowsky very well. Some of his numbers were bum for instance a Beethoven Concerto and the Symphonic Etudes by Schumann are too big for him. He played four encores at the end among them 'Campanella'. After the concert when I was putting on my things I met Miss Lacey and Miss Cable. I guess I have spoken of them before but will speak of them again.

When I left home he gave me letters of introduction to [??] and one day last May I called there. Miss Cable [??] but Miss Lacey wasn't. We went to Switzerland soon after so I lost track of them. When Jamieson came to Berlin I went again with him and met Miss Lacey. She gave me a pressing invitation to come out in Munich so I decided not to go until he would be here. I guess he is mad about the night before he came up to my room and we got talking about philosophy (his favorite subject) and the clock struck twelve. I showed visible signs of weariness and during a grand ode to Plato I said I really had to go to bed. I was a fool to say it because he was telling me things that precious few know and although he acted very nice I know it hurt him for these fellows don't.

To begin with he is handicapped fearfully. He is quite a bit smaller than John Spears and hasn't much more strength. He looks ugly when he plays because he is all 'gathered up'. It is in the little pieces by Chopin that he does things that are marvellous. His scales are like whistles and he never strikes a wrong note. The audience was composed mostly of American friends. German people don't like Godowsky very well. Some of his numbers were bum for instance a Beethoven Sonate and the Symphonic Etudes by Schumann are too big for him. He played four encores at the end among them 'Campanella.' After the concert when I was putting on my things I met Miss Lacey and Miss Cable. I guess I have spoken of them before but will speak of them again. [You ???]

When I left home he gave me letters of introduction to [??] and one day last May I called there. Miss Cable [??] but Miss Lacey wasn't. We went to Switzerland soon after so I lost track of them. When Jamieson came to Berlin I went again with him and met Miss Lacey. She gave me a pressing invitation to come again but I haven't heard from Jamieson since he arrived. I guess he is mad at me for the night before he left he came up to my room and we got talking about philosophy (his favorite subject) and the clock struck twelve. I showed visible signs of weariness and during a grand ode to Plato I said I really had to go to bed. I was a fool to say it because he was telling me things that precious few know and although he acted very nice I know it hurt him for these fellows don't.



think of time and he has told me that in Chicago young artists used to come up to his studio and talk ethics philosophy and things like that until five o'clock in the morning.

I am awfully glad I met them again because they are the really swell kind. Miss Lacey is about forty five years old but she is so handsome that she looks about thirty. She is one of those people who knows everything. She speaks every language a going, has been all over the world and knows all about art, music literature etc. Miss Cable is much younger and while of course, she is very highly educated she isn't the queen that Miss Lacey is. They said the other night that I was related to them on account of the Cable Co. which Miss Cable's father owns. They were very glad when I told them who my patron was. Miss Lacey is a kind of Charlotte Rogan style but a little taller and her hair is gray. She is

think of time and he has told me that in Chicago young artists used to come up to his studio and talk ethics philosophy and things like that until five o'clock in the morning.

I am awfully glad I met them again because they are the really swell kind. Miss Lacey is about forty five years old but she is so handsome that she looks about thirty. She is one of those people who knows everything. She speaks every language a going, has been all over the world and knows all bout art, music literature etc. Miss Cable is much younger and while of curse, she is very highly educated she isn't the queen that Miss lacey is. They said the other night that I was related to them on account of the Cable Co. which Miss cable's father owns. They were very glad when I told them who my patron was. Miss Lacey is a kind of Charlotte Rogan style but a little taller and her hair is gray. She is

perfectly handsome and you are aware of what she knows the minute she opens her mouth. Miss Cable is a dandy looking girl too. She is studying in the University here just for fun. During the summer they travel and last summer were in Lucerne but of course I didn't know it or they didn't know we were there. I am certainly going to keep in with them for they are both millionaires and if I can get to know a few just a few educated people of their type I will feel quite at home this winter. I am sure that we will be good friends because you feel that they are the rare kind and as they both study vocal it will be a picnic to play for them. I wrote to Dr. Moody yesterday and will write to some of my other friends this week. My landlady is sweet as possible to me these days. I think she wants me to stay and if she asks me to I will

perfectly handsome and you are aware of that she knows the minute she opens her mouth. Miss Cable is a dandy looking girl too. She is studying in the University here just for fun. During the summer they travel and last summer were in Lucerne but of course I didn't know it or they didn't know we were there. I am certainly going to keep in with them for they are both millionaires and if I can get to know a few, just a few, educated people of their type I will feel quite at home this winter. I am sure that we will be good friends because you feel that they are the rare kind and as they both study vocal it will be a picnic to play for them. I wrote to Dr. Moody yesterday and will write to some of my other friends this week.

My landlady is sweet as possible to me these days. I think she wants me to stay and if she asks me to I will



but I would just as soon change because there are lots of fine places. It is hard to get along with such people because they expect you to tip them a lot because you are an American. Of course the Americans all have money or else they couldn't come here and so you must tip for everything. In every house there is a man called a porter. When you come to the front door you pull a knob and the door opens itself. He is always right near the door and if you don't live there he asks you whom you want to see and what's your business. I couldn't quite get you used to that at first and used to ask them what did they want to know for. It seems horrible too for in every house from twelve to sixteen families live and he is a kind of valet for the whole bunch. The porter for this building is a cobbler as are most of them, and he does his work in a little room right inside the door. You are supposed to pay him a little now and then but I don't and he thinks I am a miser. But it isn't right to do it because these fellows get good salaries to do nothing. Nicoline Zedeler told me that for a long time no one ever came to their house. She couldn't imagine what was the matter because they had always had callers. They found out that the porter had stopped their friends in the hall and told them that the Spierings weren't home when half the time they were. It was simply that Spiering hadn't been tipping the porter. Tips here are called "Trinkgeld" which means "drink money". When you get any information

but I would just as soon change because there are lots of fine places.

It is hard to get along with such people because they expect you to tip them a lot because you are an American. Of course the Americans all have money or else they couldn't come here and so you must tip for everything. In every house there is a man called a porter. When you come to the front door you pull a knob and the door opens itself. He is always right near the door and if you don't live there he asks you whom you want to see and what's your business. I couldn't quite get used to that at first and used to ask them what did they want to know for. It seems horrible too for in every house from twelve to sixteen family live and he is a kind of valet for the whole bunch. The portier for this building is a cobbler as are most of them and he does his work in a little room right inside the door. You are supposed to pay him a little now and then but I don't and he thinks I am a miser. But it isn't right to do it because these fellows get good salaries to do nothing. Nicoline Zedeler told me that for a long time no one ever came to their house. The couldn't imagine what was the matter because they had always had callers. They found out that the portier had stopped their friends in the hall and told them that the Spierings weren't home when half the time they were. It was simply that Spiering hadn't been tipping the portier. Tips here are called "Trinkgeld" which means "drink money." When you get any information

INCOMPLETE

Berlin

Monday 26.

Berlin  
Monday November 26. 1906

Dear Folks,

I intended to write Friday or Saturday but Monday has come around before I realize it. To begin with this will be my address for the winter. I knew the old lady wanted me to stay and when I suggested staying she was delighted. We fixed things up this morning in regard to fire practicing etc. The fire is the last of my troubles so far because I haven't any. It is not a bit cold now and I don't think the German winter is very bad at any time. However it was much colder during October and it may get brisk any time. I like this room very much and although a few people have been here to see the old landlady about my practicing they can't do anything as I keep within certain hours. Then I hate the tr

Dear Folks,-

I intended to write Friday or Saturday but Monday has come around before I realize it. To begin with this will be my address for the winter. I knew the old lady wanted me to stay and when I suggested staying she was delighted. We fixed things up this morning in regard to fire, practicing etc. The fire is the last of my troubles so far because I haven't any. It is not a bit cold now and I don't think the German winter is very bad at any time. However it was much colder during October and it may get brisk any time. I like this room very much and although a few people have been here to see the landlady about my practicing they can't do anything as I keep with in certain hours. Then I hate the [trouble?]



of packing my music etc. The main reason why the landlady is pleased is because she may not get anybody all winter. The students all have their rooms by this time and there are still many signs in the windows of rooms to rent. She has had a sign down in the front door (the front doors are always glass) for the last month saying this room was for rent but I suppose it is down now.

Last Wednesday was a 'Busstag'. That means a day of prayer and penance. It is only in Germany that they have these days and in the Protestant churches especially they are observed. I think the Kaiser gets them up for all business is stopped and he goes publicly to church. Thursday evening I played for Da Motta. He lives right near St. Thomas at seven in the evening a pupil there - a young deaconess and I arrived just as

of packing my music etc. The main reason why the landlady is pleased is because she may not get anybody all winter. The students all have their room by this time and there are still many signs in the windows of rooms to rent. She has had a sign down in the front door (the front doors are always glass) for the last month saying this room was for rent but I suppose it is down now.

Last Wednesday was a "Busstag." That means a day of prayer and penance. It is only in Germany that they have these days and in the Protestant churches especially they are observed. I think the Kaiser gets them up for all business is stopped and he goes publicly to church.

Thursday evening I played for Da Motta. He lives right near [???]. It was at seven in the evening. [???] a pupil there - a young [???] and I arrived just as

Lesson was finished I played the Liszt Polonaise  
when I was through he waited for about five  
minutes and said "yes" in that patronizing way that  
these men talk. He gave me complimentary tickets  
for his concert though and that is something. People  
say he is a wonder but he can't equal Busoni for  
the simple reason that you are afraid in his  
presence and that shows that he hasn't such a power-  
ful personality. My first lesson will be the 12th  
of December (Wednesday at 5 p.m.)  
Saturday night I went up to Schmidt's with Mr.  
Buell. The Geists were there Ketchan, Geis and her  
mother. They are quite nice. Mrs. is kind of hale  
and hearty but not overly well trained and the girl  
has a good voice. Of course we talked about Kate and  
I was afraid I would burst out laughing at the things  
they said. Mrs. Hoffman was sure she could come over  
here with them up until quite lately and she is having  
such trouble with her servants and every thing  
like that bothers her and she don't get time to practice  
much as she would like to. What do you think of that.  
Then Ketchan is going to hear from her regularly because  
Mrs. Hoffman said so and when I told them she  
hadn't written me since I've been here they started  
out on a tirade against the mail service in Germany  
which is perfect and swore that at least a dozen let-  
ters Ketchan also sang in Kate's choir for practice  
though except in a high place where the  
singers couldn't take the note Mrs. Hoffman would

the lesson was finished. I played the **Liszt** Polonaise  
[and when?] I was through he waited for about five  
minutes and said "yes" in that patronizing way that these  
men talk. He gave me complimentary tickets for his  
concerts though and that is something. People say he is a  
wonder but he can't equal Busoni for the simple reason  
that you aren't so afraid in his presence and that shows  
that he hasn't such a powerful personality. My first  
lesson will be the 12th of December (Wednesday at 5  
p.m.).

Saturday night I went up to Schmidt's with Mr. Buell.  
The Geists were there Ketchan Geist and her mother. They  
are quite nice. Mrs. is kind of hale and hearty but not  
overly well trained and the girl has a good voice. Of  
course we talked about Kate and I was afraid I would  
burst out laughing at the things they said. "Mrs.  
Hoffmann was sure she could come over here with them up  
until quite lately - and she is having such trouble with  
her servants and every thing like that bothers her and  
she don't get time to practice much as she would like  
to." What do you think of that. Then Ketchan is going  
to hear from her regularly because Mrs. Hoffman said so  
and when I told them she hadn't written me since I've  
been here they started out on a tirade against the main  
service in Germany which is perfect, and swore that at  
least a dozen letters **[were lost?]**. Ketchan also sang in  
Kate's choir for practice **[???** though except in a high  
place where the **[??? singers?]** couldn't take the note  
"Mrs. Hoffman would



nod to Ketchan and she would take it" said Mrs. Geist proudly. "Kate's German is perfect too. She can tell you the meaning of any word in a song." I have no doubt for a fact that Kate doesn't know more than a dozen words in German. The whole outline of the conversation was that Kate is terribly neglected and not appreciated. Contrary to their description of her is the way Spiering talks about her. I was over there the other day and he called her down fearfully. A long time ago he sent her copies of his song with his compliments and she never acknowledged them. Sunday morning at twelve I went to the Philharmonic concert. I seldom go to high mass as I can't stand the music but I went last Sunday and as I am getting to understand the sermon it is interesting. High mass is at 9:30 over at eleven. At the Concert I

nod to Ketchan and she would take it" said Mrs. Geist proudly. "Kate's German is perfect too. She can tell you the meaning of any word in a song." Heavens I know for a fact that Kate doesn't know more than a dozen words in German. The whole outline of the conversation was that Kate is terribly neglected and not appreciated.

Contrary to their description of her is the way Spiering talks about her. I was over there the other day and he called her down fearfully. A long time ago he sent her copies of his song with his compliments and she never acknowledged them.

Sunday morning at twelve I went to the Philharmonic concert. I seldom go to high mass as I can't stand the music, but I went last Sunday and as I am getting to understand the sermons [it is?] interesting. High mass is at 9:30 and over at eleven. At the concert [???

mester the violinist, played. He had quite a big success but his tone is small and in that big barn of a hall his playing was insignificant.

Sunday evening Mr Buell and I went over to Miss Peterson's for supper. Miss Burwash and Miss Rief, Mr Ganz's ~~cousin~~ cousin, were also there. Miss Burwash goes next Sunday with the Ganzes so it was a farewell supper. We had a fine time viz ice cream etc.

It is pouring rain and in fact it drizzles some every day. The streets are terribly sloppy and they are sprinkled all the time which instead of cleaning them makes them worse. Down town in Berlin is much like in Chicago and at the big squares where a great many streets branch out there is always a terrible jam. The stores are decorated even now for Christmas.

mester, the violinist, played. He had quite a big success but his tone is small and in that big barn of a hall his playing was insignificant. Sunday evening Mr. Buell and I went over to Miss Peterson's for supper. Miss Burwash and Miss Rief, Mr. Ganz's cousin, are also there. Miss Burwash goes next Sunday with the Ganz's so it was a farewell supper. We had a fine time viz ice cream etc.

It is pouring rain and in fact it drizzles some every day. The streets are terribly sloppy and they are sprinkled all the time which instead of cleaning them makes them worse. Down town in Berlin is much like in Chicago and at the big squares where a great many streets branch out there is always a terrible jam. The stores are decorated even now for Christmas.



which is a much bigger day here than in America.  
Everybody gives everybody else a present and there is a great feasting. They have two days - the 25th and the 26th. Buell says they get sober on the 26th. Did I tell you I am going to take a trip to Dresden around Christmas time. I am going to walk it with Merrill. It is 90 miles from Berlin and we count on doing it in three days. Merrill is a long winded walker but I am sure I will distance him as we wrestled last week and I threw him easily. Every Sunday there are a bunch of students who walk to Potsdam. It is thirty miles from here and makes a fine walk in brisk weather. I was trying to get Buell to walk with us but when he asked what would he do for his night gown and tooth brush on the way, Merrill and I exchanged a look and advised him to go on the train. I think it will be a grand trip. We will spend three days on the way and two days in Dresden and come back on the train. It is a three hours ride. We will see the city and all the pictures including the 'Sistine Madonna' and then in the evening we will go to the opera. I will only lose three days from my practice as I can practice some at Dresden.

Don't send me anything for Christmas  
Calmbacher 14      Lovingly Ed.

which is a much bigger day here than in America.

Everybody gives everybody else a present and there is a great feasting. They have two days - the 25th and the 26th. Buell says they get sober on the 26th. Did I tell you I am going to take a trip to Dresden around Christmas time? I am going to walk it with Merrill. It is 90 miles from Berlin and we count on doing it in three days. Merrill is a long winded walker but I am sure I will distance him as we wrestled last week and I threw him easily. Every Sunday there are a bunch of students who walk to Potsdam. It is thirty miles from here and makes a fine walk in brisk weather. I was trying to get Buell to walk with us but when he asked what would he do for his night gown and tooth brush on the way, Merrill and I exchanged a look and advised him to go on the train. I think it will be a grand trip.

We will spend three days on the way and two days in Dresden and come back on the train. It is a three hour ride. We will see the city and all the pictures including the 'Sistine Madonna' and then in the evening we will go to the opera. I will only lose three days from my practice as I can practice some at Dresden.

Don't send me anything for Christmas

Calmbacher 14

Lovingly Ed.

Berlin  
Nov. 29 06.

Dear Folks,-

It is a shame I have to change the writing paper this time. It is a long time since I have written on anything but that thin white paper which after all is the best and lightest. I didn't notice there wasn't any until I was ready to write so this blue paper is passable. Today is Thanksgiving day but it is no holiday in Germany so everything looks just the same. The Americans however are going to have a banquet and ball at the "Kaiserhof". It will be fine and I would love to go but for two reasons first it costs seven marks and secondly I have a ticket for Risenauer's concert which is this evening. It is raining today that cold chilling rain with a piercing wind that makes you shudder to look out. Last Wednesday was my organ-practice day and I enjoyed it immensely.

Berlin  
Nov. 29 1906.

Dear Folks,-

It is a shame I have to change the writing paper this time. It is a long time since I have written on anything but that thin white paper which after all is the best and lightest. I didn't notice there wasn't any until I was ready to write so this blue paper is passable. Today is Thanksgiving day but it is no holiday in Germany so everything looks just the same. The Americans however are going to have a banquet and ball at the "Kaiserhof". It will be fine and I would love to go but for two reasons, first it costs seven marks and secondly I have a ticket for Risenauer's concert which is this evening. It is raining today that cold chilling rain with a piercing wind that makes you shudder to look out. Last Wednesday was my organ - practice day and I enjoyed it immensely.



I pay the pumper about ten cents an hour. Like all those fellows he is as lazy as possible and the minute the time is up he is around with his watch showing it to me. Mr. Ganz is going to let me take some organ music of his but I will have to buy some of the Bach works.

Friday Nov. 30.

I thought I could finish this yesterday but I went down town and didn't get back until it was time to go to Risenauer's concert. He played beautifully much better than last time of for the reason that this time he was sober. I guess I told you something about his other recital - he bowed at the wrong time and several times almost tripped over his chair. Last night he was very nervous, as usual, and forgot himself six or eight times but he is a born improviser and found his way back every time. After the concert Buell

I pay the pumper about ten cents an hour. Like all those fellows he is as lazy as possible and the minute the time is up he is around with his watch showing it to me. Mr. Ganz is going to let me take some organ music of his but I will have to buy some of the Bach works.

Friday Nov. 30.

I thought I could finish this yesterday but I went down town and didn't get back until it was time to go to Risenauer's concert. He played beautifully much better than last time for the reason that this time he was sober. I guess I told you something about his other recital - he bowed at the wrong time and several times almost tripped over his chair. Last night he was very nervous, as usual, and forgot himself six or eight times but he is a born improviser and found his way back every time. After the concert Buell

and I met the Geists and Schmidts and we went to a restaurant. I have probably told you about the Schmidts before this. Mrs Schmidt and Henry. He is about twenty five years old and takes his lesson from Krause with Buell. They are fine and I am mighty glad to know them.

They went to a circus and it wasn't over until after eleven. Risenauer's concert was over about a quarter after ten so Buell and I went to the restaurant expecting them to come about ten thirty. When eleven came <sup>and</sup> we were still waiting I decided to get busy and had goose etc (a la Thanksgiving dinner). I was through at eleven thirty and about that time Mrs Geist and Ketchan and Mrs Schmidt and Henry came in hungry as wolves. Of course they wanted goose too and when it came at ten minutes to twelve you should have seen them working to finish it before twelve as after that it would be Friday ~~off~~. We didn't get home until two o'clock and I got up this morning at ten. How is that for dissipation?

It is pouring rain again today and the wind is fierce. The days in winter are very short in Germany principally because it is very far north. In the morning at eight it is pitch dark and at half past three in the afternoon it is too dark to read without a light. They say here that it is always dark right after dinner which is true although it sounds funny, because we have dinner at 2 o'clock. We were to have

and I met the Geists and Schmidts and we went to a restaurant. I have probably told you about the Schmidts before this. Mrs. Schmidt and Henry. He is about twenty five years old and takes his lessons from Krause with Buell. They are fine and I am mighty glad to know them. They went to a circus and it wasn't over until after eleven. Risenauer's concert was over about a quarter after ten so Buell and I went to the restaurant expecting them to come about ten thirty. When eleven came ~~th~~ and we were still waiting I decided to get busy and had goose etc (a la Thanksgiving dinner). I was through at eleven thirty and about that time Mrs. Geist and Ketchan and Mrs. Schmidt and Henry came in hungry as wolves. Of course they wanted goose too and when it came at ten minutes to twelve you should have seen them working to finish it before twelve as after that it would be Friday.\* We didn't get home until two o'clock and I got up this morning at ten. How is that for dissipation?

It is pouring rain again today and the winds is fierce. The days in winter are very short in Germany principally because it is very far north. In the morning at eight it is pitch dark and at half past three in the afternoon it is too dark to read without a light. They say here that it is always dark right after dinner which is true although it sounds funny, because we have dinner at 2 o'clock. We were to have

\*Editor: At the time this letter was written, Roman Catholics were not supposed to eat meat on Friday's].



a little party at Mr Ganz's tonight  
in honor of their going but he suddenly  
by made arrangements by telegraph  
for an engagement at Cassel Ger-  
many so everything is called off.

Ysaye and DaMotta are going to  
play together tonight and I bought  
a ticket for it several days ago. When  
Mrs Ganz invited us down for to-  
night I sold the ticket to Buell and  
now when the party is called off  
I would love to go to the concert.

Sydney Biden's recital takes  
place the tenth of December and  
he has given me two comps for it.  
Received a letter from Mr Tewks-  
bury about a week ago. I guess  
he will write to me everytime  
I write to him which shows how  
nice he is. Mr Ganz is quite

a little party at Mr. Ganz's tonight in honor of their  
going but he suddenly made arrangements by telegraph for  
an engagement at Cassel Germany so everything is called  
off. Ysaye and DaMotta are going to play together  
tonight and I bought a ticket for it several days ago.  
When Mrs. Ganz invited us down for tonight I sold the  
ticket to Buell and now when the party is called off I  
would love to go to the concert. Sydney Biden's recital  
takes place the tenth of December and he has given me two  
comps for it. Received a letter from Mr. Tewksbury about  
a week ago. I guess he will write to me every time I  
write to him which shows how nice he is. Mr. Ganz is  
quite

pleased at the way I have taken care of my money lately. I have more now than he expected me to have and I can pay for my lessons from DaMotta with the money I have saved and not say anything about it to Mr Tewksbury.

The Chicago stores must be beautiful now. I can imagine how Field's is decorated. Wertheim's is fine and it is even more interesting because there are so many little novelties to buy. That store is the only big one in Berlin and around Christmas time no one is allowed inside except they know just what they are going to buy - no rubbering around. Then there are doors used only for those coming in and vice versa. My paper is getting filled so enough for this time  
Lovingly Ed.

pleased at the way I have taken care of my money lately. I have more now than he expected me to have and I can pay for my lessons from DaMotta with the money I have saved and not say anything about it to Mr. Tewksbury.

The Chicago stores must be beautiful now. I can imagine how Field's is decorated. Wertheim's is fine and it is even more interesting because there are so many little novelties to buy. That store is the only big one in Berlin and around Christmas time no one is allowed inside except they know just what they are going to buy - no rubbering around. Then there are doors used only for those coming in and vice versa. My paper is getting filled so enough for this time.

Lovingly Ed.



Berlin  
Dec 4 06.

Dear Folks,

I am still without my white paper so will have to use this again. Last Friday I went to the Ysaye - Da Motta concert - it was great. Ysaye is immense and the audience went wild. Da Motta just played the accompaniments and two sonates for piano and violin. He played fine but of course Ysaye just covered him up. Saturday night I went to Da Motta's own concert. He played mighty well but lacks personality. He is so modest and laughs like a boy when the people applaud him. To show his modesty - at the Ysaye concert at the last encore the music rack wasn't on the piano. Da Motta got right up and bringing it from the back of the stage he put it on himself while Ysaye

Berlin  
Dec 4 1906.

Dear Folks,-

I am still without my white paper so will have to use this again. Last Friday I went to the Ysaye - Da Motta concert, it was great. Ysaye is immense and the audience went wild. Da Motta just played the accompaniments and two sonates for piano and violin. He played fine but of course Ysaye just covered him up. Saturday night I went to Da Motta's own concert. He played mighty well but lacks personality. He is so modest and laughs like a boy when the people applaud him. To show his modesty - at the Ysaye concert at the last encore the music rack wasn't on the piano. Da Motta got right up and bringing it from the back of the stage he put it on himself while Ysaye

looked at him as much as to say, "Hurry and put it on", Of course Da Motta got nervous and couldn't find the grooves to slid it on. The audience laughed but Ysaye stood there very calmly while Da Motta was shaking all over and the perspiration dropping off him from work. He is very popular and Saturday night got a warm reception from a big audience.

Miss Burwash left Sunday morning. I didn't see her when she was going because she decided to leave one day ahead of the Ganzes and of course I didn't know anything about it.

She and I were very good friends before she left. At first we fought terribly but lately we have got along famously. She has German ways about her because her mother was born in Germany and

looked at him as much as to say, "Hurry and put it on." Of course DaMotta got nervous and couldn't find the grooves to slid it on. The audience laughed but Ysaye stood there very calmly while DaMotta was shaking all over and the perspiration dropping off him from work. He is very popular and Saturday night got a warm reception from a big audience.

Miss Burwash left Sunday morning. I didn't see her when she was going because she decided to leave one day ahead of the Ganzes and of course I didn't know anything about it. She and I were very good friends [???] before she left. At first we fought terribly but lately we have got along famously. She has German ways about her because her mother was born in Germany and



trained Elvira to always have a body guard. That is very well when you have some one to trot around with you but Mr and Mrs Ganz have other things to do so Miss Burwash was often obliged to do her own affairs without their aid. Lately she has changed in that line and last Sunday morning she trotted off to Paris alone to wait there for the Ganzes until the twentieth of December. She is pretty brave to go to Paris alone but it is the only way out of it as the Ganzes went to Switzerland.

Sunday night we went down to their house for a farewell time. There were quite a few people there and we staid until one A. M. Mr Ganz had a silly streak which made everybody howl. As there weren't enough chairs to go around he brought in a little table to sit on and of course went crashing through it. They left Monday morning at seven fifteen. I intended to go to the depot which would mean for me to get up at six and as I didn't get to sleep until about two, I didn't wake up in time. I felt terrible as Miss Peterson was at the depot - the only one of their friends to see them off. I had no way of being called so I really couldn't help it. Mr Ganz left me a lot of errands to do and this morning I did one of them. It was to go out to Lessman's house. He is the biggest critic in Berlin. Before I go further I must tell you something about Mr Ganz's affairs in Court. You remember that technical book, written by Mr Ganz's uncle, that I studied last year? Well

trained Elvira to always have a body guard. That is very well when you have some one to trot around with you but Mr. and Mrs. Ganz have other things to do so Miss Burwash was often obliged to do her own affairs without their aid. Lately she has changed in that line and last Sunday morning she trotted off to Paris alone to wait there for the Ganz's until the twentieth of December. She is pretty brave to go to Paris alone but it is the only way out of it as the Ganz's went to Switzerland.

Sunday night we went down to their house for a farewell time. There were quite a few people there and we staid [stayed] until one A. M. Mr. Ganz had a silly streak which made everybody howl. As there weren't enough chairs to go around he brought in a little table to sit on and of course went crashing through it. They left Monday morning at seven fifteen. I intended to go to the depot which would mean for me to get up at six and as I didn't get to sleep until about two, I didn't wake up in time. I felt terrible as Miss Peterson was at the depot - the only one of their friends to see them off. I had no way of being called so I really couldn't help it. Mr. Ganz left me a lot of errands to do and this morning I did one of them. It was to go out to Lessman's house. He is the biggest critic in Berlin.

Before I go further I must tell you something about Mr. Ganz's affairs in Court. You remember that technical book, written by Mr. Ganz's uncle, that I studied last year? Well

a fellow named Wiehmayer from  
Leipsic has written a book just  
like it and calling it brand new.  
Of course this nearly killed Mr  
Eschmann (Mr Ganz's uncle) so  
Mr Ganz is bringing suit against  
Wiehmayer to prove that he is a  
plagiarist. It is getting quite inter-  
esting and both are collecting sides.  
Public letters in the musical journal  
have been written by both and it  
will be fiercely fought. The trial  
will take place soon in Leipsic.  
Lessmann has a musical journal  
and it was through his paper that some of  
the letters were published. So this morning  
I went out there for some books connected  
with the affair. Lessmann is a wise old  
guy. He lives in Gross Lichterfelde. It is like  
going from Chicago to Tinley Park and the  
house is terribly hard to find. If he lived

a fellow named Wiehmayer from Leipsic has written a book  
just like it and calling it brand new. Of course this  
nearly killed Mr. Eschmann (Mr. Ganz's uncle) so Mr. Ganz  
is bringing suit against Wiehmayer to prove that he is a  
plagiarist. It is getting quite interesting and both are  
collecting sides. Public letters in the musical journals  
have been written by both and it will be fiercely fought.  
the trial will take place soon in Leipsic, Lessmann has a  
musical journal and it was through his paper that some of  
the letters were published so this morning I went out  
there for some books connected with the affair. Lessmann  
is a wise old guy. He lives in Gross Lichterfelde. It  
is like going from Chicago to Tinley Park and the house  
is terribly hard to find. If he lived



in Berlin he wouldn't have a minute's peace because everybody wants to be in with him

It has rained day and night for about four weeks and everything is sloppy.

I am going to several concerts next week - The Bohemian String quartet, Liza Lehmann, song recital, Sydney Biden (on the tenth), a Richard Strauss concert and an orchestral concert by Weingartner this coming Friday. I thought I would get seats for the opening performance of Salome but it is impossible.

Got a letter from Ann the other day. Heavens don't send me any money - I am making \$10 a month giving English lessons.

Lovingly  
Ed.

in Berlin he wouldn't have a minutes peace because everybody wants to be in with him.

It has raining day and night for about four weeks and everything is sloppy. I am going to several concerts next week - The Bohemian String quartet, Liza Lehmann, song recital, Sydney Biden (on the tenth), a Richard Strauss concert and an orchestral concert by Weingartner this coming Friday. I thought I would get seats for the opening performance of Salome but it is impossible.

Got a letter from Ann the other day. Heavens don't send me any money - I am making \$10 a month giving English lessons.

Lovingly  
Ed.

Berlin  
Dec. 14 1906.

Dear Folks,-

The end of the week has crept around before I know it so my letter this time will be a little late. Just the same it won't be as late as my letters from home. I get quite a few letters but those from home are pretty few and far between now. I heard from Carl yesterday and from Spears this morning. Carl will be in Berlin just after Christmas. Spears says his school is booming.

Last Monday I went to Sydney Biden's recital. He gave me some comps but my French lesson was the same night and I was bound

Berlin  
10 Dec 14 06.

Dear Folks,-

The end of the week has crept around before I know it so my letter this time will be a little late. Just the same it won't be as late as my letters from home. I get quite a few letters but those from home are pretty few and far between now. I heard from Carl yesterday and from Spears this morning. Carl will be in Berlin just after Christmas. Spears says his school is booming. Last Monday I went to Sydney Biden's recital. He gave me some 'comps' but my French lesson was the same night and I was bound



to go to that first. So at nine o'clock I tore down on the Subway getting to the hall at nine twenty and hearing the last four songs. I don't think his voice is as good as formerly and his range is pretty small. Of course it is the same beautiful voice but he never was much of a musician generally speaking so it gets monotonous. I went into the artists room after and was talking to him. Spaulin was there too and I shook hands with him. It was a vivid reminder of the night the two sang in Joliet.

Tuesday was a terrible day. It snowed all day and melted when it touched the ground. The streets were frightful and the slush was up to your knees.

Wednesday I practiced the organ from three

to go to that first. So at nine o'clock I tore down on the subway getting to the hall at nine twenty and hearing the last four songs. I don't think his voice is as good as formerly and his range is pretty small. Of course it is the same beautiful voice but he never was [much?] of a musicians generally speaking so it gets monotonous. I went into the artists room after and was talking to him. Spaulin was there too and I shook hands with him. It was a vivid reminder of the night the two sang in Joliet.

Tuesday was a terrible day. It snowed all day and melted when it touched the ground. The streets were frightful and the slush was up to your knees.

Wednesday I practiced the organ from three

to four and had my lesson from six to seven. I enjoyed the lesson immensely and am sure I will learn a lot from him this winter. He pays attention to details much more than Mr. Ganz and it will be very good for me as I see I was beginning to get careless. When I took my lesson from Mr. Ganz I played so nothing through without stopping and at the end he told me some things about it. Da Motta stops me every few measures and covers the music with pencil marks. I think Mr. Ganz's is the best in the long run but I need a kind of 'professor' for a little change.

In the evening I went to Salome. It was immense. Strauss conducted and there was a fine cast.

Thursday afternoon I had my German lesson, and after the lesson Miss Peterson and I went to tea at Lingen's. I think I have spoken of them before. They are Russians and old friends of the Ganz's. Going there showed me how green I was. It is art only fierce to think of what a person has to go through before they know anything. To begin with they are immensely wealthy and have a magnificent home in Staglitz - a suburb of Berlin. Frau Lingen is a poetess and was one of the biggest figures in St. Petersburg. Mr. Ganz has written music to some of her poems.

to four and had my lesson from six to seven. I enjoyed the lesson immensely and am sure I will learn a lot from him this winter. He pays attention to details much more than Mr. Ganz and it will be very good for me as I see I was beginning to get careless. When I took my lesson from Mr. Ganz I played something through without stopping and at the end he told me some things about it. DaMotta stops me every few measures and covers the music with pencil marks. I think Mr. Ganz's way is the best in the long run but I need a kind of 'professor' for a little change.

In the evening I went to Salome. It was immense. Strauss conducted and there was a fine cast.

Thursday afternoon I had my German lesson, and after the lesson Miss Peterson and I went to a tea at Lingen's. I think I have spoken of them before. They are Russians and old friends of the Ganz's. Going there showed me how green I was. It is art only fierce to think of what a person has to go through before they know anything. To begin with they are immensely wealthy and have a magnificent home in Staglitz a suburb of Berlin. Frau Lingen is a poetess and was one of the biggest figures in St. Petersburg. Mr. Ganz has written music to some of her poems.



Imagine the presence she has. There are three daughters and a son and of course they all know a few things. It wasn't really a tea for there were only two other fellows besides me, but heaven no they were both kings alongside of me. If one of them is a Russian and the other a German (although his name is Leonard and he speaks perfect English). The Russian's name is Ebell and he is one of the finest pianists I ever heard in my life. He is a pupil of Loffmann who has only this one. He played a whole lot and of course shook the place with his Russian hands and physique. Leonard is a painter and an all around clever fellow. He is twenty nine years old.

Imagine the presence she has. There are three daughters and a son and of course they all know a few things. It wasn't really a tea for there were only two other fellows besides me, but heavens they were both kings along side of me. One of them is a Russian and the other a German (although his name is Leonard and he speaks perfect English). The Russian's name is Ebell and he is one of the finest pianist I ever heard in my life. He is a pupil of Loffmann who has only this one. He played a whole lot and of course shook the place with his Russian hands and physique. Leonard is a painter and an all around clever fellow. He is twenty nine years old

but is as bright as these American fellows at forty. Ebell is only nineteen but looks much older and is a regular full grown man. Leonard has a studio in Berlin and has invited us to go and see it. He has been all over the world and told us his career in Paris was pretty strenuous. One time he made his living as a boxer but now is having some success as an artist. He is a splendid linguist and also plays the violin quite well. He knows all the musical literature and sings classical songs and dances a clog in the same breath. We had tea about six and Miss Peterson suggested going but they made us stay for supper and I was tickled to death. At the table there were just

but is as bright as these American fellows at forty. Ebell is only nineteen but looks much older and is a regular full grown man. Leonard has a studio in Berlin and has invited us to go and see it. He has been all over the world and told us his [career in?] Paris was pretty strenuous. One time he made his living as a boxer but now is having some success as an artist. He is a splendid linguist and also plays the violin quite well. He knows all the musical literature and sings classical songs and dances a clog in the same breath.

We had tea about six and Miss Peterson suggested going but they made us stay for supper and I was tickled to death. At the table there were just



we six young people and we had a fine time. Just think there were five or six languages spoken there and they changed from one to the other as easily as anything. Of course much of it was German and I was quite at home. I understood some of the French too but when they would shoot off Russian or Italian I was a lost baby. After supper we had some dancing and music. The Lingen girls can do anything like that. One of them studies with Ganz and plays fine. She also composes and sings beautifully. The other one is an artist. I have seen some of her work and it is fine. The two sing duets and do fancy dances together etc.

We ~~staid~~ [stayed] until eleven. Going home on the car. Leonard made a sketch of Miss Peterson. It was with a lead pencil in a little book he always carries around. I wish you could have seen it.

This is just the kind of people one meets in Berlin and it shows what smart people there are in the world. Both of these fellows <sup>are</sup> of course bigger personalities than I as that day showed but I am consoled with the fact that I learn from them every time I am with them. I got Ann's letter yesterday. Don't send gloves as I have some. I can't send anything as you realize for any money I make on the side I spend for organ practice and for extra lunches etc.

Lovingly Ed.

we six young people and we had a fine time. Just think there were five or six languages spoken there and they changed from one to the other as easily as anything. Of course much of it was German and I was quite at home. I understood some of the French too but when they would shoot off Russian or Italian I was a lost baby. After supper we had some dancing and music. The Lingen girls can do anything like that. One of them studies with Ganz and plays fine. She also composes and sings beautifully. The other one is an artist. I have seen some of her work and it is fine. The two sing duets and do fancy dances together etc.

We ~~staid~~ [stayed] until eleven. Going home on the car. Leonard made a sketch of Miss Peterson. It was with a lead pencil in a little book he always carries around. I wish you could have seen it.

This is just the kind of people one meets in Berlin and it shows what smart people there are in the world. Both of these fellows are of course bigger personalities than I as that day showed but I am consoled with the fact that I learn from them every time I am with them. I got Ann's letter yesterday. Don't send gloves as I have some. I can't send anything as you realize for any money I make on the side I spend for organ practice and for extra lunches etc.

Lovingly  
Ed.

Berlin  
Dec 31 06  
Dear Folks -  
"I guess I will write on  
the last day of the year and get this  
letter finished before '1907.'  
I forget whether I told you about being  
at Kreisler's concert. It was last  
Friday. He is immense - I don't think  
I ever enjoyed a violin concert so  
much in my life. ~~Satur~~ He played  
to a poor house, though, and it  
seemed awful. Of course nothing  
else could be expected two days after  
Christmas. Saturday night I went  
to a concert in the Singakademie.  
It was an orchestra concert with the  
assistance of Spiering and Miss  
Maurina - pianist. Spiering played

Berlin  
Dec 31 1906.

INCOMPLETE

Dear Folks,-

I guess I will write on the last day of the year  
and get this letter finished before '1907.'

I forget whether I told you about being at Kreisler's  
concert. It was last Friday. He is immense - I don't  
think I ever enjoyed a violin concert so much in my life.  
~~Satur~~ He played to a poor house, though, and it seemed  
awful. Of course nothing else could be expected two days  
after Christmas. Saturday night I went to a concert in  
the Singakademie. It was an orchestra concert with  
[the?] assistance of Spiering and Miss Maurina - pianist.  
Spiering played



the Bruch concerto and variations by Joachim. Miss Maurina played a new concerto by Hugo Kaun.

The Americans have been coming to the front steadily and now about half of the concerts have Americans on the program. Yesterday I was over to Spiering's rehearsing with Nicoline.

Tonight I am going to Geists and Spierings too. Am in the same fix that I was in Christmas.

That night up at Schmidts Mrs Geist invited us all for tonight. She asked Buell if he could come and he said "no" that he had another engagement. Then she asked me and I said "yes". Afterwards I asked Buell what his engagement was and he said "Spierings". I was

the Bruch concert and variations by Joachim. Miss Maurina played a new concerto by Hugo Kaun.

The Americans have been coming to the front steadily and now about half of the concerts have Americans on the program. Yesterday I was over to Spiering's rehearsing with Nicoline.

Tonight I am going to Geists and Spierings too. Am in the same fix that I was in Christmas. That night up at Schmidts Mrs. Geist invited us all for tonight. She asked Buell if he could come and he said "no" that he had another engagement. Then she asked me and I said "yes" afterwards I asked Buell what his engagement was and he said "Spierings." I was

I surprised and wondered if I was 'out' at their house for they hadn't as yet invited me. They had written Buell as he never goes there, but waited to tell me sometime when I would come over for a rehearsal. Of course I was glad to be invited and said yes forgetting that Geists would be a 'twelve o'clock affair' too. You know if you go calling in the evening you must leave before ten as the doors are locked at that time and you can't even get out. Of course the people themselves can come down and open the doors with their keys but when they live on the top floor and have to go back up again and every thing pitch dark it isn't very nice. So I intended to go to Geists until 9:45 and then go to Spierings before their doors would be closed. That was the tale told Mrs Geist and it worked she invited Buell and I for supper at 7:30. This door locking business is crazy. I think there ought to be a catch on the inside so that it couldn't be opened by any body on the outside, but to carry bundles of keys around so that you can get out is the limit. If you come to a house after ten and have no keys you must at most places be let through the gates and the gatekeeper must be paid. Then if it is very late the portiere gets out of bed and opens

[a bit?] surprised and wondered if I was 'out' at their house for they hadn't as yet invited me. They had written Buell as he never goes there, but waited to tell me sometime when I would come over for a rehearsal. Of course I was glad to be invited and said yes forgetting that Geists would be a 'twelve o'clock affair' too. You know if you go calling in the evening you must leave before ten or the doors are locked at that time and you can't even get out. Of course the people themselves can come down and open the doors with their keys but when they live on the top floor and have to go back up again and every thing pitch dark it isn't very nice. So I intended to go to Geists until 9:45 and then go to Spierings before their doors would be closed. That was the tale I told Mrs. Geist and it worked she inviting Buell and I for supper at 7:30. This door locking business is crazy. I think there ought to be a catch on the inside so that it couldn't be opened by any body on the outside, but to carry bundles of keys around so that you can get out is the limit. If you come to a house after ten and have no keys you must at most places be let through the gates and the gatekeeper must be paid. Then if it is very late the portiere gets out of bed and opens

INCOMPLETE