

Symphony Concerts Never to Be Same After High-Jinks of Players' Party to Friends

Deficiency Fund Subscribers Treated to Weird Musical Performances in Gala Event in Orchestra Hall.

BY MARGOT JR.

THE symphony concerts will never be the same again.

No matter how restrained the conduct of the orchestra itself, no matter how reserved the audience, shades of a bassoon quartet, a kitchen symphony and a fan dancer will hereafter forever inject their own particular charms into interpretations of Wagner, Beethoven, or Brahms.

Last night Dr. Frederick Stock and the Chicago symphony were hosts at what they cheerily termed a family party. Their guests, packed into every available inch of seating and standing space from footlights to galleries, were people who have subscribed to the deficit fund of the orchestra. The guests entertained, too.

In an evening devoted to such high jinks as have never before been witnessed within the hallowed walls of Orchestra hall, the audience started off by singing the chorus from the wedding march of the Rubinstein "Feramors" suite. After that it contented itself with applause, uproars of cheering and springing to its feet whenever the action on the stage reached "touchdown" proportions of excitement.

Voegeli Arrested Amid Cheers.

Henry E. Voegeli, manager of the orchestra, now proudly bears the distinction of being the only man to be arrested while thousands cheered. Just as the fan dancer, an orchestra man who in pink tights, a wig, and a fan, the size of a quill pen, was really getting his stride, an irate policeman marched down the aisle to the stage.

"See here, you're violating the law," he boomed at Prof. Esser in the scene for three trumpets. They had just tooted themselves onto the stage with "Hail, Hail, the Gang's All Here," and they replied to the officer with further toots, faintly insulting.

"Very sorry," he answered, "but I'll have to arrest you. You can't get away with this sort of thing on Michigan avenue."

Buck Passed to Manager.

"The man you're after is Mr. Voegeli," the trumpets replied. "There he is." And in the first police raid on Orchestra hall, Mr. Voegeli with the entire trumpet scene was escorted to the paddy wagon.

Varieties of music on the program were no wider than the methods of their expression. One number of the trumpet scene was that undulating moan, "tum de tum, tum tum; dum de tum de tum de tum" immortalized by Little Egypt at the first Chicago world's fair. There was Will Blailock's sentimental solo, "I like spaghetti," sung to variations on "A Carnival of Venice" as Theodore Thomas' orchestra played it in New York about 1880. There were Strauss waltzes in the thin tones of Tony Godetz' zither, and German folksongs played by the entire orchestra as a dozen different music masters might have written them.

Beethoven in Kitchen Style.

Beethoven used to get musical themes from songs of birds and rustling of trees, Karleton Hackett, the "disillusionist" for the evening, announced. Scripts of Beethoven's have been found in the kitchen of an ancient Austrian inn, but he could scarcely have had last night's kitchen symphony in mind as he composed. A huge stove covered with tin skillets, and two long tables laden with pans and bowls, comprised the instruments. Four chefs, done up in whiskers, mustachios and voluminous caps presided over the kitchen, gayly tapping out the allegretto movement from Beethoven's eighth symphony. The audience wouldn't let them stop after one number, so with equal agility they played Schubert's "Moment Musicale" a la dishpan.

Being a director of the orchestra association has its advantages, especially after a deficit has been cleared. Last night the directors and their wives were invited to stay for a private party after all the other guests had gone home.

Mr. and Mrs. Cyrus Adams, Mr. and Mrs. John Paul Welling, Mr. and Mrs. Edward L. Ryerson Jr. and the Chalkley Hambletons with their two daughters, Jessica and Elizabeth, were some of those who remained to dance with the off-duty musicians. The mezzanine foyer was cleared and a dance orchestra came in to do the playing.

Mrs. Adams in Claret Crepe.

Mrs. Adams wore a gown of claret-colored crepe that brought out the silver of her hair, and Mrs. Ryerson, a dusky brunette, wore crepe the shade of an iris. Mrs. Welling, who like the other two, wears her hair straight off her forehead, was gowned in a spring print of black and green.

Peggy Hambleton, who was with the John Winterbothams, wore a black satin jacket quilted in large white squares. Mrs. Winterbotham, just back from Bermuda, accented her new tan with a wide white feathered ruff over her fuchsia gown.

Mrs. Edwin Dewes must have ac-

cepted her invitation by return mail. She had seats in the third row, just ahead of Connie Fairbanks and Fred Poole. Grace Dewes, who wore pendant earrings to match her burnt orange gown, Dorothy Dewes and Louise Neff were with Mrs. Dewes.

Brides Mother Hears March.

Mrs. D. Mark Cummings, having recovered from the excitement of her only daughter's wedding on Saturday, arrived in time to hear Rubinstein's wedding march done in merry mood. She and the Secor Cunninghams climbed one stairway to the boxes as the Arthur Bissells and the Charles Hamills climbed the other.

Henri van Bruggham, visiting conductor for whom Mrs. Frederick Haskell gave a dinner before the party, was pressed into service before the evening was over. At the last report, he was still standing on Michigan avenue in the rain, trying to corral a car for his hostess.

Mrs. Fenton Wears New Coiffure.

Mrs. Howard Fenton, wearing a new coiffure of tight curls piled high on her head, and Mrs. Francis Johnson had main-floor seats together. Mrs. Johnson's starched black lace ended in a wide ruffle. Mrs. Ambrose Cramer's gown was black taffeta, bouffant and youthful.

Mr. and Mrs. James Douglas, Janet Fairbank, Catharine Noyes, Eleanor Holden, Mr. and Mrs. John Elliott, the Harve Badgerows, the Lloyd Lafins, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Bartholomay, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Meeker, Col. and Mrs. A. A. Sprague, Mr. and Mrs. John Adams Chapman were some of those who laughed at the antics of the usually serious symphonists.

Others were Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Burnham, Mrs. Robert Gregory, Mr. and Mrs. John Simpson, Durand Smith, Arthur Meeker Jr., Mrs. Jacob Baur, Mrs. Wilhelm Ludwig Baum, Helen Bell and English Welling, Mrs. Ralph Hamill, Mrs. Cyrus Bentley and Arthur Barnhart Jr.