1923

Official Souvenir Program: First Annual Festival, Central Maine Festival Association, New Armory, Lewiston, October 7 and 11, 1923

Central Maine Festival Association

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First Annual Festival

Central Maine Festival Association

New Armory, Lewiston
October 7 and 11, 1923

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THE Armory, in the drill hall of which the Central Maine Festival is held, is one of the best in New England, if not the very best Infantry Armory in New England. The drill hall is 163 feet long and 109 feet wide, and with the balcony has a seating capacity of 4,000.

The Armory was built by the City of Lewiston with state aid of $65,000, which was but a fraction of the cost of building and equipping.

On each side of the building are quarters for the National Guard, of which there are two companies in Lewiston, “E,” a rifle company, and “H,” a machine gun company, of the 103rd Infantry. There are provisions for another company and, with a makeshift, still another company, if ever required. These companies hold weekly drills on Monday and Tuesday evenings through the year, with the exception of when they are in camp for fifteen days in the summer.

In the basement are a kitchen and dining room—“mess hall,” the soldiers call it; rifle and pistol range, vehicle space, shower baths, boiler and coal rooms, etc.

The first step toward building an armory in Lewiston was taken twenty-eight years ago, and almost without end a few interested men and women have been pushing the cause. More than twenty years ago the city purchased an “Armory lot” on Bates Street and hopes rose high. In 1917, the Legislature appropriated $50,000 toward an armory in Lewiston, and people thought the end was in sight. But one thing

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and another intervened and not until January, 1922, when Mayor Newell and the aldermen, at a forum committee meeting of the Chamber of Commerce, notified the state, in accordance with the law, that Lewiston wanted under the state law to commence the construction of an armory, was the dream an actuality.

Mayor Brann and his aldermen pushed the job along, a building committee, consisting of Major James L. Moriarty, E. P. Webster, Dr. Robert J. Wiseman, William P. Gray and Mayor Brann, being placed in charge by the city fathers. Capt. Daniel S. Dexter, 103rd Infantry, represented the National Guard on this committee.

Selection of plans, discussions and conferences night after night and day after day were held, and at last the plans of Miller & Mayo, Portland architects, were accepted, and after several weeks of work the committee awarded to T. F. Moreau & Co., Lewiston, the contract for general construction in September, 1922. The unusually severe winter delayed construction several weeks.

In addition to furnishing suitable means of training the National Guard, which is a community interest not widely known but nevertheless vital, the Armory, with its spacious drill shed, provides a center for musical, educational and social activities for Lewiston, Auburn and the county. Although constructed under the law which gives the state ownership of the building, the Legislature has prescribed that the drill hall shall be available, when not interfering, of course, with its military requirements, "for such other public gatherings as the municipal officers may authorize." The state maintains the building, as is proper,—the training of the National Guard being of the functions not only of the federal but the state government. Hence, under the law, the Armory can be used for all sorts of big affairs—athletic meets, automobile shows, balls, music festivals, concerts, conventions—in short, anything of a nature to require such a large building.

There is considerable pride, and pardonable, most agree, on the part of Lewiston people in this building; in its architectural beauty; in its location, which is bound to become, with the adjacent athletic field, a civic center; in the initiative of the city fathers, who were at all times agreed that the Armory should, consistent with the requirements, be second to no Armory in New England.

It is hoped that, in conjunction with the Armory grounds, Central Avenue will be made into a boulevard with a grass plot and ornamental lighting poles in the center; that all the land owned by the city, including the athletic park, be treated in a vast and comprehensive plan of landscape gardening, playground interests and athletic park facilities. Its possibilities are almost unlimited. The Armory opens up a new era of civic enterprise.
We have more than a selfish commercial interest in these two cities. We believe them to be two of the very best home towns in all New England, and this new Auditorium, and these splendid musical entertainments are a distinct community asset.

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Music is the art directly representative of democracy. If the best music is brought to the people, there need be no fear about their ability to appreciate it.—Calvin Coolidge.

FOREWORD.

The First Music Festival in the new Armory marks a "red letter day" in the history of Central Maine. It shows a tremendous amount of enterprise and public-spirited enthusiasm on the part of her citizens. The committee who undertook this work have kept all their promises, and carried it to a successful finish. They deserve the thanks of all.

The Lewiston and Auburn Chorus has always been an important factor in the Festivals of Western Maine. It was in Lewiston that Director Chapman first launched his Festival plans twenty-seven years ago, and it was Homer W. Chase, the enterprising business man of Auburn, who had faith in the project, and the courage to step forward and help Mr. Chapman to organize choruses all over the state. Probably the Festival would have been given in Lewiston had there been a suitable building for the purpose. Director Chapman promised if one was ever built that he would come and dedicate it to Music, if the committee so desired. Since that time Mr. Chapman has become well known all over the state, and it seems fitting that he should give the first music festival in the new building, and thus fulfill the promise of long ago. He has had much experience with choruses and thinks the Festival Chorus of Lewiston and Auburn is one of the very best he has ever conducted. Great credit is due to the local conductors and musicians who have done so much hard work to perfect this chorus.

Now all hopes are to be realized. The beautiful building, the handsomest in the state, built for a State Armory, has the finest auditorium for music and for conventions, and the best assembly room in the state. It will be dedicated to Music by this Festival. For it is to Music that we look for the uplift, the refinement, the educational inspiration that will prove of lasting benefit to all people. Happy indeed should be the residents of these "twin cities" over their attainment. They may well feel proud, for all have given generously of their time and money to make this event possible. All honor to Central Maine and its spirit of enterprise! Congratulations and best wishes for future success! May this be the first of a long series of Music Festivals that will make Lewiston and Auburn as famous musically as their sister cities, Bangor and Portland. Hail, all hail, to the Maine Music Festivals!
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The only art that Heaven gives, That earth returns to Heaven and lives
Forever as the Christ of arts, Is music born of human hearts.—LIEBRECHT

FRANCES PERALTA

Armand Tokatyan, the new lyric tenor of the Metropolitan Opera Company, is a native of Bulgaria but of Armenian parentage. His boyhood days were spent in Egypt where he went to school, and first attracted attention as a singer in the church chorus. Later he went to France to learn his father’s business, as a chemist, but he preferred to sing and came back to Egypt where he started to sing in Musical Comedy. Later he had the good fortune to meet many prominent Italian artists, and he attracted the attention of the Artistic Director of the Theatre Sultanian of Cairo. He was then sent to Italy to study with Nino Cairone, of Milan. He made his operatic debut in Puccini’s “Manon Lescaut” at Modena with much success. He then toured Italy, singing in Cavalleria Rusticana — Butterfly — Faust — Bohême — and other Operas. Sixteen months ago he came to California to visit some Armenian friends. A concert tour was arranged for him in the principal cities of California. In these concerts he was so well received and given such encouragement that he went to New York. Gatti-Casazza of the Metropolitan Opera House heard him, and recommended him for the tour with the Scotti Grand Opera Company. Mr. Tokatyan sang in “Tosca,” “Oracolo,” “Cavalleria Rusticana” and last season sang the same Operas at the Metropolitan Opera House, and created the role of “Lucio” with Lucrezia Bori in the Opera “Anima Allegra.” He made such a success that the Composer of the Opera sent him his autographed photograph, thanking Tokatyan for his assistance which helped to make the success of the opera. Tokatyan is re-engaged at the Metropolitan Opera House, as leading tenor for the next entire season.

“But the one of the cast who really stood out, who, unless all signs fail, grasped a career in a single evening, is Armand Tokatyan, the new Armenian tenor of the Metropolitan company. As Dona Sacramento’s comic retainer, ‘Lucio,’ Mr. Tokatyan was as volatile as Mercury, as mischievous as Till Eulenspiegel, as lyric as Apollo. When you listened to his melting serenades it was with ears wooded and won, and straightforward you had to hold your sides over the merry deviltry of his antics at his liege lady’s solemn prayer service. In so far as ‘Anima Allegra’ catches on here, it will be largely thanks to Armand Tokatyan.”

—Town Topics, New York City, February 22, 1923.
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Miss Nadworney's grandparents were patrons of music in Petrograd. Her father and mother sang together, and from childhood Devora sang Russian folk-songs, to the accompaniment of her father's guitar. Her first appearance was as a pianist at the age of ten, for which she won a gold prize. Singing, however, was her more natural mode of expression. At college she was voted the class singer. Her actual study of the voice began with Johanna Jayer, a disciple of Julius Stockhausen (Royal Professor at Frankfort am Main), who with Jenny Lind, was a famous pupil of the great Garcia. After three months of study Miss Nadworney was engaged for church singing, oratorio and concert. When she started her operatic training, she learned twelve roles in nine months, and then was engaged for public performances, "Siebel" being her first role. Her foreign training having taken place in America, Miss Nadworney was eligible for the National Federation of Music Clubs Contest, in which she won the State District and National prizes. These resulted in appearances all over the country.

"Like a luminous star in the promise of music, 'out of' America, came the exquisite voice of Devora Nadworney. She won immediate response with the Gretchaninoff 'My Native Land,' sung in Russian. Here is an eerie quality of spiritual understanding that gets the very essence of the music, and the voice is luminous and warm, with a resonance that she holds in her greatest climaxes. She sings in big form, too, holding vibrancy alike in her soft passages. She gave with exquisite pathos the Leroux 'Le Nil,' with that oriental depth of the odalique in the warmth of her refrain. Lightly, with velvet tone, and true spirit, she gave with high artistic appreciation a gypsy song of 'Paisiello.'"—Washington D. C., Times, March 22, 1923.

"Miss Nadworney, contralto, is not only gifted with a voice of rich tonal quality and surprising volume, but also possesses a magnetic personality. Her interpretation of 'Le Nil' by Leroux, was one of the most impressive of the selections of the evening, for its intriguing oriental theme, deep and mysterious at first, then rising to dramatic heights, was admirably suited to her powers of expression."—Washington, D. C., Star, March 22, 1923.

Giovanni Martino made his debut at the Maine Festivals last year as Zuniga in "Carmen," a small role for him, but most graciously sung. This year he comes to us in the role that he has made famous in South America, Mexico and New York, as well as in Italy, the difficult part of Mephistopheles in "Faust." Mr. Martino is a favorite at the Metropolitan, where he has sung leading bass roles for several years, and is acknowledged to be one of the best actors in the company.

"Martino, though a young man, is truly a singer of 'the old school,' that school of rounded, finished, artistic work, which is only too rare nowadays."—Musical Courier.

"In the cast, the work of Giovanni Martino as Mephistopheles proved the triumph of the evening. Mr. Martino is the possessor of a powerful and wonderfully dramatic voice, with a spirit which never failed to excite the enthusiastic applause from his hosts of admirers."—Toronto World.

"Giovanni Martino, a Spanish bass, has a fine, resonant voice, deep, and there is something artistic in everything he does. He put dignity into his acting, as well as vocal beauty into his singing."—New York Herald.
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Melody is and ever will be the very power of music.—Ambrose.

Clara Gramling is the wife of Judge John Gramling, of Miami, Florida. With a beauty of face and figure, a graciousness of manner, charming personality added to the principal requisite, an unusually brilliant and dramatic soprano voice, Mrs. Gramling surely possesses all the requirements for the successful prima donna. She sings as the bird sings, although she has had excellent training. She makes her debut in this part of the country at these Festivals, and prefers, as she says, to come "unheralded and unsung" and to make her success entirely on her merit and ability. We therefore present this "sweet singer from Florida" without press comment.

CLARA GRAMLING

Charles Harrison, whose home is at Nyack, N. Y., has not been heard recently by eastern audiences save by way of the phonograph record. His tours have carried him into the West. This winter his concert bookings are all west of the Mississippi.

Mr. Harrison was not always a singer. In fact, it was not until the war came on that he devoted his entire time to the concert stage and the record studios. Before that he was in business, but business went to pot and Mr. Harrison for the first time made full use of the vocal powers that had been given him. "I didn’t begin to sing until I was 15 or 16," he said. "About that time some of us boys used to pile into the back seats in a Methodist church in Jersey City and join in the hymns. The choirmaster came around and asked me to join the choir. The second Sunday they told me I had been selected to sing a solo." Mr. Harrison discovered that he could read music at sight, though he had never had any training.

"When I joined the choir I was given a book and told to ‘sing that line.’ In a short time I could get along without the slightest difficulty. The strange thing is that there were no musicians in the family, unless I except my grandfather, who at one time had led a little country orchestra."

CHARLES HARRISON

Tom Williams possesses a voice of unusual range, of a quality that is at once clear, rich, full and brilliant. He uses it with the intelligent understanding of the mature artist. His voice, personality, and interpretative ability, combine in an artistry which make a profound impression upon his audience. Tom Williams early showed signs of ability to sing, winning several prizes as soloist in Eisteddfodau in and around his native village of Clydach-Gwm-Tawe, South Wales, before attaining the age of six. He occupied a place in the alto section of the village choir and loved singing school. He was trained in mechanical engineering, and was employed for several years by a steel plant construction firm as a draughtsman, but he never neglected nor lost interest in his voice. He studied music and singing in his home town, and later received lessons from the late James Stephen Martin, of Pittsburgh, and was popular as a singer in Western Pennsylvania. He had decided to enter a conservatory when his plans were changed by the outbreak of the war. He enlisted in 1917 and saw service with the army in France, where he appeared in army camps and hospitals as an entertainer. After his release from the army, he went to Boston to study at the New England Conservatory of Music, and became the pupil of George Ferguson, now of New York City, who remains his teacher and coach. He has appeared with great success in opera, concert and oratorio in the principal cities of New England, Eastern, Southern, and Middle Western states. He will sing in the Opera of Faust, the Requiem, by Verdi, and also in concert, and will surely prove a great favorite.

TOM WILLIAMS
The love of the beautiful, next to the spiritual perception of God, and eternal relationships, must be admitted to be man's crowning distinction.—Van Cleve.

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Tschaikowsky  Fifth Symphony
(a) Rimsky-Korsakov  Le-coq-d'or
(b) Massenet  Madrilene
(c) Wolf-Ferrari  Intermezzo

(a) Bizet  Adagietto
(b) Liszt  Polonaise

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The Opera of "Faust"

FRANCES PERALTA
Soprano
DEVORA NADWORNEY
Contralto
ARMAND TOKATYAN
Tenor
GIOVANNI MARTINO
Bass
TOM WILLIAMS
Baritone

Characters of the Drama
Faust ...............Armand Tokatyan
Tenor
Mephistopheles ......Giovanni Martino
Basso Cantante
Valentine .............Tom Williams
Baritone
Marguerita ............Frances Peralta
Soprano
Siebel, Martha.......Devora Nadworney
Mezzo-Soprano
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ACT I
1. Scene and Chorus 2. Duet

ACT II
3. Chorus
4. Scene and Recitative
   Aria
   Song of the Golden Calf
5. Scene and Chorus
   Chorale
6. Waltz and Chorus
   Scene

ACT III
7. Intermezzo and Song
   Scena and Recitative
8. Cavatina
   Scena—Attention!
9. Scene and Aria
   The Jewel Song
10. Scena and Quartette
11. Duet

ACT IV
12. The Spinning-wheel
   Song
13. Scene and Serenade
14. The Soldiers' Chorus
   Recitative
15. Scena and Serenade
   Song
16. Trio, The Duel

ACT V
17. Final Trio
   Prison Scene
   Apotheosis, Chorus of Angels

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Irene Leakey
Dorothy Owens
Virginia Wallace
Elizabeth Maloney
Marjorie Butler
Margaret Costello
Ruth Wilson
Fania Proctor
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Inez Ramsdell
Virginia Palmer
Evelyn Testa
Christina Hoxie
Isabel Testa
Frances Minnehan
Katherine Burke
Zelia Harris
Muriel Bonnick
Irene Cole
Hazel Geddes
Leah Dvorak
Nette Supowitz

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Ashon, Mrs. Ethel
Bailey, Mrs. Chilton
Bartlett, Mrs. Isa
Bean, Hazel
Beaver, Helen
Blair, Muriel
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Couillard, Yvette
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Dealy Margaret
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Garceon, Marion
Garceon, Mrs. Wm. M.
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Keeny, Mrs. George
Lawrence, Mrs. Ethel
Lawry, Mildred
Lavton, Catherine
Lawton, Mrs. Marie
Leakey, Gladys
Leakey, Mrs. Julia
Leakey, Irene
Leonard, Mary
Litchfield, Mrs. J. H.
Littlefield, Charlotte
Lloyd, Mrs. Marie
Lounge, Delphine
Lounge, Margaret
Low, Mrs. Martha
Lynch, Katherine
Mann, Mrs. Gladys
Martin, Cora
McCarthy, Bertha
McGraw, Mrs. Belle
McIlroy, Margaret
Mckusick, Mildred L.
Mellewes, Mrs. Eliza
Mesettey, Emma

ALTOS
Alford, Mrs. Lena
Bartlett, Mrs. Chas.
Bearsor, Dorothy
Blum, Exilda
Bradbury, Mrs. Alden
Butler, Mrs. Dorothy
Chanell, Birdina
Coombs, Martha
Cote, Adrienne
Cotton, Mrs. George B.
Cummings, Alice V.
Cummings, Alice Y.
Davidson, Mrs. John
Deshaies, Mrs. Marion
Gatke, Mrs. Mark
Godin, Lotta
Goss, Mrs. E. L.
Goss, Mrs. Gertrude
Hartshorn, Mrs. W. H.
Haskell, Eleanore
Hilley, A.
Horne, Rosalie
Jordan, Mildred E.
Litchfield, Mrs. C. A.
Litchfield, Elanor
Lombard, Celeste
Martin, Mrs. Ruth
McIlroy, Mrs. R. C.
Miller, Carrie E.
Morey, Mrs. Maude
Parker, Mrs. E. E.
Parker, Mrs. G. L.
Phillips, Mrs. Dora
Phillips, Mrs. William
Picher, Mrs. F. E.
Quimby, Mrs. Fred
Ruggles, Dorothy
Scrutton, Mrs. Eldora
Shackford, Mrs. Emily
Sirio, Clara
Solomon, Mildred
Soile, Lillian
Spaulding, Mrs. F. E.
Stevens, Mrs. Wm. R.
Tremblay, Mrs. Marie
Tremblay, Ruth

TENORS
Bailey, Clinton
Boothby, Charles
Crafts, S. T.
Dow, Harold
Frank, A. C., Jr.
Gatchell, Mark
Gelder, George
Horner, George
Horr, E. C.
Jaibert, Arthur
Jones, G. Edon
Lemmon, Alexander
Parker, G. L.
Pellettier, Joseph
Prince, A. R.
Robinson, G. W.
Quimby, Fred
Vaillancourt, J.

BASSES
Anderson, H. K.
Arwood, Willis P.
Beggs, Alfred
Bartlett, John
Baudette, Noel
Bradbury, Hollis
Breneman, Roy
Chase, Kendrick
Clough, Fred
Colb, Samuel T.
Cook, Myron
Dance, A.
Ellis, Julien F.
Fosdick, Douglass
Foss, John
Fowles, Edward
Gamage, Vernon
Getchell, R. W.
Goss, E.
Greenleaf, Dr. W. O.
Hoit, C. E.
Jackson, J. J.
Kavanagh, A. L.
Lamb, G. O.
Laidry, Arthur B.
Langley, E. L.
Noyes, Willard
Parker, E. E.
Pierce, F. H.
Picher, E. S.
Reade, John L.
Richard, Willie
Rowe, Dana
Rowe, Franklin
Roy, A. P.
Scarton, Arthur
West, John
White, A.
White, Henry
Winslow, F. M.
We mourn to-day the loss of Warren G. Harding, our beloved President. We hail Calvin Coolidge, a New England man, as the head of our country! The hand of God has so ordained! Maine, a part of New England, has given to the world many men and women of rare ability. Not only by giving the three great singers, Cary, Nordica, and Eames, but also in the political life of our nation, Maine has produced men who were leaders. The following quotation is apropos of this:

Having the run of the Speaker's office in Washington in the great Reed days, as most Maine men did, I happened to be reading a Portland paper there one morning when the card of an eminent Southern gentleman—it was John Wise—was brought in. "Show him in," drawled the Speaker, in one of his happy, leisurely moods. "Who's running this Government, anyway?" blustered the Virginian, entering in great importance and assumed indignation. "The great and good, John, of course. Be calm."—I can see the twinkle and hear the twang even now. "Well, the great and good must all live in Maine, then. Here I come up here on business with the Secretary of State.—Mr. Blaine from Maine. I call to pay my respects to the acting Vice-President.—Mr. Frye from Maine. I wish to consult the leader of the United States Senate.—Mr. Hale from Maine. I would talk over a tariff matter with the chairman of the Ways and Means Committee.—Mr. Dingley from Maine. There is a naval bill in the House in which I am greatly interested.—Chairman Boutelle from Maine. I wish an addition to the public building in Richmond.—Chairman Milliken from Maine. And here I am in the august presence of the great Speaker of the greatest parliamentary body in the world.—Mr. Reed from Maine." "Yes, John, the great, and the good and the wise. The country is safe." And they went out laughing to lunch with the Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States.—Mr. Fuller from Maine.

Quoted from The Latch-string, by Walter Emerson.
FIFTH CONCERT

OPERA "FAUST"  GOUNOD

The great popularity of Gounod’s famous opera may be partly due to the excellence and comprehension of the subject Faust itself, for the story of Faust is one which is unfortunately as near to the life of our generation as at the time it was first written. "Faust," it has been said, one of the earliest of Gounod’s operas, gives us a clear idea of the composer’s intellectual tendencies, for his youthful sympathies, his bearing toward a god and monastic life, helped him to grasp the ideas of Goethe’s tragedy and to express them so clearly in his wonderful music.

The story of the opera follows the tragedy of Goethe very closely. Faust, an aged German student, who has studied in vain the secrets of Nature, summons the evil one, Mephistopheles, to help him, and a contract is made with him, so that Faust and his Marguerite may be undisturbed. The next act, the garden scene, finds Faust successfully winning the love of the beautiful girl. Her simple lover, Sheherazade, is discovered and his nosegay thrown away for the jewels which Faust presents her. In the next act Valentin, who has returned, learns of his sister’s temptation and his death. Each challenge Faust, but is killed by the intervention of Mephistopheles. Dying, he curses her, how one overcome by human passion insane, and in her frenzy kills her child. She is thrown into prison, where Faust and his evil companion find her and urge her to fly with them. She repents and places her salvation upon earnest prayer and deep repentance. She expires while pleading for forgiveness, and angel choir descend and bear the sufferer to heaven.

After the orchestral prelude the curtain rises on Faust’s study. The aged scholar, sick of study and of life, is about to drink a poisoned cup. A song of maidens exulting in the joy of life is heard. Faust hesitates. He again raises the cup. He hears the song of happy vespers, that of what use is prayer to him? Cursing, he calls Satan to his aid, and Mephistopheles invades a vision of Mephistopheles. Faust, at once enamoured, signs the contract by which he makes the devil with him on earth and he will serve the devil below. The scholar gazed once turned into a handsome, lusty youth.

ACT I

SCENE 1—SCENE AND CHORUS.

(Faust discovered sitting at a table covered with parchments.)

RECATITATIVE.

Vain, in vain do I call throughout my vigil weary
On creation and its Lord!
Never reply will break the silence dreary
No sign, no single word.
Years, how many are now behind me?
Yet I cannot break the dreary chain
That to me life and death bind me!
I look in vain! I learn in vain!

Aria.

The stars grow pale, the dawn covers the heavens;
Mysterious night passes away.
Another day and yet another day!
Only Death, whom wilt thou come and bid the strife be over?
What then? Since I by Death am shunned,
Why should I not go forth and meet him?
All hail! brightest of days and last!
Without you, thou art I.
The land of promise morning
By the spell of magic cheering
Shall the narrow strait be passed?

CHORUS (behind the scenes).

Careless, idle maiden, wherefore dreaming still?
Day, with roses laden, cometh o’er the earth.
The blithe birds are singing, O hear what they say.
Thrice the moons ring in, "The Harp of Bacchus is strung with roses, broom and flowers murmur a song of love.
Nature’s joy o’erpowers and wakens to love.

FAUST.

Forest echoes of human gladness, go by—
Goblet so often drained by my father’s hand.
Why dost thou tremble in mine?

CHORUS (behind the scenes).

Come forth, ye reapers young and hoary!
"Twas long ago the early swallow
Went up where eye can never follow,
Yonder in the blue, far away!
The spirit is proud in harvest glory,
Come forth, ye reapers young and hoary,
Bejoice and pray.

No. 2—DUET.

FAUST.

If I Gary, there is none to hear.
To give me back my love, its believing and its glow!
Accurate is the thought of earthly joy and pleasure.
Accept my treasure that in merrily binds me below.
Come, you who once allured me,
Yet obtained, no hope could secure me,
To bless me with love, or battle call
Be all happiness accurate!
Accurate and knowledge and science, humble prayer, human care
Accurate be till, my reliance! Infernal Mephistopheles in you?

Mephistopheles (appearing suddenly).

I am here!
Perchance it annoys you to meet me.
You take your way at my side, a plume in my cap,
And a purse right heavy.
A girl, velvet cloak on my shoulder,
I travel, as noblemen travel.
And now, O sage, what is your will?
Do you desire to aid me?
Mephistopheles. It may be!
Mephistopheles. It was easy to try me!
Mephistopheles. Begone!
Mephistopheles. What is this how you mean to meet me?
Now, learn from me, whate’er your skill,
With politer grace should treat me,
Nor, as you have done to-day,
Call for aid from me away.
Then to say, "Begone!" ere you gratify me?

Mephistopheles. Caust thou do aught for me?

Mephistopheles. All. But first let me hear what you would have.
Say, in what art?

FAUST.

What is gold to one who has learning?

Mephistopheles. Good! Methinks I can guess your yearning.
You thirst for glory!

Mephistopheles. No, for more!

Mephistopheles. For a kingdom!

Mephistopheles. I’d have thee restore
What outwitts them all.
My youth! O, restore me!
Be mine the delight of Beauty’s caresses.
Her soft, her smile, her eye beam of delight.
Be mine the warm current flowing every vein,
Possess in a torrent that nothing can rein,
Possess in a torrent whose pleasure to Time gift eth flight!
O which, without measure, be mine thy delight!

Mephistopheles. ’Tis well. Be young and enjoy without measure.
Mephistopheles. I can content your wildest cravings.

FAUST.

And what fee do you ask in exchange?
To a gentle lover we know what to say!  
Be it ancient city or a maiden pretty,  
Both must fall our prey.  
Comrades, to your arms if the silly charmers  
Will provoke a fray!  
If they have in their pack, or they own  
their masters,  
Who's to blame but they?  
What if the vintage great be or small,  
Your jolly toper drinketh it all.  
Student versed in every barrel,  
Save water so bright,  
To thy glory, to thy love,  
Drink all day, drink all night!  
My wife is scolding, is scolding away,  
Come here, good neighbor, and drink a drop, I say!

No. 4—Valentine.  
Rises with charms hanging around his neck.  
Dear gift of my sister sanctified by your grace.  
However great the danger, there's naught shall do me harm,  
Thus protected by a charm!  
I am grave, for I leave behind alone and young,  
my sister Marguerita.  
She has but to look to, our mother being gone.

Sibell.  
I shall be always near her to guard her  
safe, as a brother in thy stead.  
Valentine.  
This hand!  
Sibell.  
Be sure I will not fail.  
Tenors.  
We will watch over her, too!  
Valentine.  
(Aria.)  
Even bravest heart may swell  
In the moment of farewell.  
Loving smile of sister kind,  
Quiet feeling I leave behind.  
Off shall I think of you—  
When'er the wine cup passes 'round,  
When alone my watch I keep,  
And my heart be asleep  
Among their arms upon the tented bat;  
But when danger to glory shall call me,  
I will be first in the fray.  
As blest as a Knight in his bridal array,  
Careless what fate may befall me,  
When glory shall call me.  
Off shall I sadly think of you when far away.

Wagner.  
Have done, my heart, enough of melancholy.  
Come what come may, let the soldier be jolly.  
Some wine and let some hero brave  
Tune up for a merry slave!  
Chorus (Soldiers) repeat same.  
Wagner.  
A Rat who was born a coward,  
And was ugly, too.  
Once met in the Abbott's cellar,  
'Neath a barrel new.  
A call!  
Meph.  
A what!  
Wagner.  
Eh!  
Meph.  
May not I, a stranger, make one of such a jovial party?  
Pray, sir, conclude the merry slave so well begun.  
I'll sing, when you have done, a far better one!  
Wagner.  
Sing it now, then, at once, or we shall call you a hoaster.

Meph.  
If you must, sir you shall;  
I look to you for chorus.  
Song of the Golden Calf.

Meph.  
Clear the way for the Calf of Gold!  
In his person and pride adore him.  
East or West, thro' hot or cold.  
Weak are his feet most low before him!  
Wise men do homage mute  
To the sign of the brute  
Dancing 'round his pedestal.  
While old Mephisto leads the ball.  
For a King is the Calf of Gold!  
On them the vipers, the cobras dying,  
Let the Pates or Puries scold.  
Lo! his empire is undying!  
Dope and poet join the ring.

Laurelled chiefs his triumph sing,  
Dancing in a festive circle,  
(Chorus of the gods)  
While ancient Mammon leads the Ball.  
No. 5—Chorus.  
An odd song, on my life!  
Valentine.  
What a strange, mocking comrade!  
Wagner.  
Our throat must now be dry,  
So come drink now with me.  
Meph.  
I don't mind. Ah! here's something it grieves me.  
Here's a line of ill fortune!  
Wagner.  
Who cares?  
Meph.  
Not you, for dying!  
You'll need to say your prayers ere you lead the attack!  
Sibell.  
Can you offer fortune tell?  
Meph.  
Enough to tell yours. I read here in your hand  
That your fate has ordained  
Never more shall you touch a flower  
But it shall be witheréd.  
Sibell.  
Ah!  
Meph.  
No more bouquets for Marguerita!  
Valentine.  
Tell my sister, how dare you speak her name.  
Meph.  
Have a care, too, my captain!  
I know a devilish black that is waiting for you.  
(Shaking a glass from Wagner.)  
I drink to you all!  
Pah! what a rubblyjive wine!  
Since the last, I cannot find you a better.  
(Stirring on a tub surrounded by a figure of  
Bacchus which serves as a sign  
for the inn.)  
Wagner.  
What be!  
Bacchus up there!  
Some liquid to your taste!  
While you can while, and each one drink  
The wine most to his taste!  
While I propose that we shall drink to  
one who's fairer than all!  
Our Marguerita!  
Valentine.  
Enough! I'll either stay thy tongue, or this moment I'll perish!  
Come on!  
(They draw swords.)  
Meph.  
So soon afraid who so lately defied me?  
(He traces a circle around him with his sword.)  
Valentine.  
My sword, O confusion! in my hands  
Till up will not a merry slave!  
Chorus.  
Two and Chorus.  
Gainst the powers of evil our arms are arming.  
Stronger, earthly might must be unavailing.  
But know thou art powerless to harm.  
Look hither!  Whilst this host sign we bear,  
thou canst not harm us.  
(Valentine and Soldiers turn the hills of  
their swords as crosses toward him, and he  
backs away, exclaiming.)  
Faust.  
What's amiss?  
Meph.  
Naught! Doctor mine, here am I.  
What is your will for me.  
And how best can I serve thee?  
Faust.  
Let me see her, the darling child  
Whom I sigh for in a dream.  
Or was it all an empty vision?  
Meph.  
Not so! But you may find it is not easy  
A task for no pious beginner!  
Faust.  
What manner of hero I win?  
Or since once more let me see her,  
Or I'll jump thy promise a lie.  
Meph.  
As you will? I'll your slave on earth,  
Ordained to do your will the gods denying,  
Here long this dusty matter,  
Too pure for such a sinner, will be here!  
While the dancers go so gaily by,

You may your fortune try  
You may try and succeed!  
(Alarum, crowds and song by Chorus and  
danced by villagers.)  
Light as air at dawn of the morning,  
Our feet they fly upon the air  
And to the music's merry sound  
For the flute and gayer viol  
Are to-day in cheerful trial  
To make the dance go round!  
(Meph. to Faust.)  
How their dear eyes are beaming!  
To music and choiseuse.  
Every flower is waiting for thee to smile.

Sibell.  
Cease to mock for a little while  
And leave me alone with my dreaming!  
Sibell.  
Weary I wait till she goes by,  
Marguerita!  
Young Girls (approaching Sibell.)  
Why will you be shy! Must we ask you  
to dance with us?  
Sibell.  
No!  
Chorus.  
No! No! some more handsome one try!  
(Repeal dance as before.)  
(Marguerita enters on her way from church.)  
Faust.  
It is she! mine own one!  
Meph.  
Thine own! Hast thou no tongue?  
Marguerita.  
Meph.  
(stepping back and bowing.)  
I'm here!  
Sibell.  
Wicked monster! not yet gone!  
Meph.  
It seems not, you see,  
Since again again we meet!  
Not gone yet, not gone yet!  
(Chorus crosses the stage.)  
Faust.  
High born and lovely maid,  
Forgive my humble duty.  
Let me, your willing slave,  
Attend you home to-day.  
Marguerita,  
My lord,  
Not a lady am I, nor yet a beauty.  
And do not need an arm to help me on my way.

Faust. (going.)  
By my youth, what a charm,  
She knows not of her beauty!  
Angel of light! I love thee!  
(Marguerita walks away out of sight.)  
Sibell.  
She has departed!  
Meph.  
What news?  
Faust.  
But ill! She would not hear me!  
Meph.  
Not hear? What will you do?  
It would be broken!  
I must teach you how to woo!  
Chorus. (Young Girls.)  
What is this Marguerita!  
Who would not let a young and handsome  
lord approach her?  
Chorus (Mrs.)  
Go on, go on again!  
(Repeal dance as before.)  
Light as air, and etc.—  
O pleasure enchanting! till breath be gone!  
All glowing and panting, let us dance on!  
The earth it is reeling,  
The bliss of a tryst!  
Wildenly are we feeling—  
Long live the Dances!  

ACT III.

No. 7—Marguerita's Garden.  
Sibell enters.  
In the language of love, my passion prove,  
Genteel flowers, I am made.  
For her love, oh, implore her,  
Say my heart night and day  
Ave her on earth,  
In the language of love, my passion prove.  
With your fragrance tender  
All my ardor I send her.  
Hear the breath of my soul  
Without control.  
(He plucks the flowers, which at once  
Wither!)  
They're withered! Alas!  
So the stranger foretold me.
It is only in the spirit of true humility that there is any approach to the better things of life.—ANON.

ANALYSIS OF PROGRAMS—Continued

He was gentle of bearing, his voice was low and kind.

This rare cup, so tenderly cherished, Aye at his old keep.
And every time it touched his lip, He wept and thought of her long perished.

Over the sea that last came death, On his couch was the old king lying.
Called for the cup, when he was dying, With his hand and flushing breath! (Breaking off again.)
I knew not what to answer, and blushed like any child.

Once more, with the old true devotion, The King would have the cup of gold.
Then, with this little in death growing cold, He flung the goblet in the ocean! (Aside.)

Nobles alone comport them with so brave a heart, tender, too, with all! No more an idle dream!
Dear Valentine, may Heaven bless thee Till we meet again! I am left here! (Notice the flowers.)
Here are flowers, no doubt by Siebel gathered, Poor, faithful boy (Repeats casket.)

But what is this? Who has left here a casket so superb? I don't dare to touch the precious thing;—And here's the key, I think! If I should not dare not tremble? Why not? I may open, at least, For to look can harm no one! (Opens the casket.)

O Heaven! what brilliant gems! Is it only a dream that charms my sight, or are they real? O, never have my eyes seen a vision so lovely!
(Puts casket in hand and kneels to adore herself.)
Ah! and here by a chance, Without the least knowledge, To her hand the casket I give! (Repeats casket.)

Ah! the joy past compare These jewels bright to wear! Is it thou, Marguerita? Is it thou? Tell me, not true.
(Puts on casket and looks at herself in the mirror.)
No, no, this is not I No, none can thine enchanted spirit be A King's daughter I see; Not a friend, no, not a sister! A King's daughter I see; All are bending before me. Ah, might I but live! Could be my beauty see!
Now, as a living thing He would indeed adore me! (Taking up others.)
Here are more—ready to adore me! I can hardly wait This bracelet fine, this necklace, too! Ah, 'tis as though a hand Pressed on my arm unkindly! Ah, the joy past compare These jewels bright to wear! Is it thou, Marguerita? Is it thou, I tell you now, Tell me, tell me truly.
(Repeats refrain.)

Esther Martha, who shares in her joy and wonder.

Martha. Sirs below, and angels,
How charmingly you look, my own darling one! Whence came all these jewels rare? Margaretta.

Alas! I'm afraid they were left by mistake.

Martha. Not a bit! Wonder jewels are yours, Nor meant for any other. Yes, these gems are the gift of some noble admirer! My dear departed spouse was not nearly so free! (Fault and Mephistopheles enter.)

Mephistopheles. Dame Martha! I'm looking for, please.
The world is full of musical treasures, but we are not being enriched by these to half the extent we ought to be.—Booth.

ANALYSIS OF PROGRAMS—Continued

F A U T S. Yes, believe in this flower
That brings the message true;
May it be for thy heart
A sign from Heaven above thee—
I love thee!
Don't thou know that sweet and holy word?
To love,
To feel the flame of a passion all transcending
Filling our lives with light
In a joy never ending!

M A R T H A. Never ending, never ending!

F A U T S. O tender moon, O stary Heaven,
Silent above thee,
Where the angels are enthroned,
Hear as I swear how dearly do I love thee!

M A R G. Yet once again, beloved one,
Let me hear thee;
'Tis life alone to be near thee!
Tone only—all thine own;
Speak, love, let me hear thee:
Ah, my beloved, I am thine alone!

F A U T S. Marguerita!
M A R G. Ah, begone!

F A U T S. Unkind one!
M A R G. I am longing.

F A U T S. To bid me thus depart!

M A R G. Ah, begone, yes I implore you!
I faint with terror, I faint with fear,
Do not break the heart of Marguerita!

F A U T S. Do not demand that I should leave thee!
My sorrow, alas! my sorrow see!
Marguerita! thou art breaking my heart!
I implore thee! Marguerita!

M A R G. If indeed you love me, Then, by the love which in your heart, I pray you now to spare me, I pray you to depart!

F A U T S. I fair and tender child, Angel so holy, when thou art in control, Shall curb my will, my passion wild. I obey! but at morn—

M A R G. Yes, at morn, very early, At morn for aye!

F A U T S. One word at parting—
Say once again that tender word Thou lovest me.

M A R G. (Marguerita, hastening toward the house, stops for an instant on the threshold, and throws a kiss to Faust.)

M A R G. Adieu!

F A U T S. Would it be already morn?
Ah! away!
(to Marguerita, who has re-entered.) Thou hast heard over?

M A R G. (plucking the petals from a daisy.)

F A U T S. (picking up the petals.)

M A R G. (fondly.)

F A U T S. Remain for a moment, I pray you, To hear what she will confide to the stary heavens above me.

M A R G. (Marguerita opens her window.)

M A R G. Behold, she opens her window.

M A R G. He loves me—he loves me,
My heart is afloat;
Birds are singing,
Soft winds are sighing,
And the voices of Nature Join in the tender refrain, "He loves the thee—
Ah, what a joy in living! The heavens on me smile, Balmly breezes bear enchantment! Can it be the capture of love? Sets the tender leaves of all a-quiet At morn at the door, Ah, hasten thy return, dearly beloved! Come again!

F A U T S. Marguerita!

M A R G. Ho-ho-ha—

(Repeat refrain.)

F A U T S. Yes, 'tis a joy for us victorious To the awed, listening children trembling In our arms.
To old age, of ages so glorious, To talk of war's alarms. Glory and love to the men of old, Their sons may copy their virtues bold; Courage in heart and a sword in hand, Both ready to fight and ready to die For Fatherland.

F A U T S. Who needs bidding to dare, By a trumpet blown? Who lacks pity to spare, When the field is won? Who would fly from a foe If alone or last, And boast he was true, as coward might do, When peril is past?

F A U T S. New home again we come, The long and fiery strife of battle over. Rest calls us after toil as hard as ours Beneath a wife and stranger sun. Many a maiden fair is waiting there To greet her true soldier lover, And many a heart will fail To hear the tale of cruel peril he has run. We are at home! We are at home!

(Repeat refrain.)

V A L E N T I N E. Come on, Siebel, let's go into the house And, glass in hand, drink to our safe return.

S I E B E L. No, wait awhile!

V A L E N T I N E. But why? You seek to detain me? You are hiding your face! Siebel! You must explain!

S I E B E L. No, no, I cannot tell! Valentine you cannot tell me! Siebel.

V A L E N T I N E. One moment; he not rash, Valentine! Siebel. Let me pass, let me pass! Siebel.

S I E B E L. You must forgive! O Heaven, in thy great mercy, befriend this erring child!

(They approach the church. Night comes on.)

N O . 15. — S E E K E R A D. (Enter Faust and Mephisto, the latter with a guitar.)

M E P H I S T O. Tell me why you return to her you had abandoned? Elsewhere our presence would be welcomed far more gladly! To the revels let's go!

F A U T S. Marguerita!
Tuesdays, 12:00 noon

Music with her silver sonnet, With speedy help doth lend re-dress—SHAKESPEARE.

ANALYSIS OF PROGRAMS—Continued

MARRIATH AND CHOIR.
Come this way, over here was the noise!
There were two fighting yonder.
One lies there dead on the ground,
Over there in the shade,
But he seems the still alive.
He is trying to rise, now!
Come to his aid!
Support him; raise his head!

VALENTINE.
Too late! No need, good friends, to bewail me;
Too often have I looked on death
To be afraid now when he is near!

MARGUERITA rushes in.

VALENTINE.
Marguerita, my sister, why art thou here? Begone!

MARG. O, Heaven!

VALENTINE.
Thy shame hath killed me!
Thy true seducer's sword hath found thy brother's heart!

CHOIR.
Hers was the shame! Her shame has slain him!

SHEIK. Pardon! Pardon!

MARG. O torture cruel! My doom is come!

VALENTINE.
Heed well what I say, Marguerita—
When thy last hour is come,
Must thou, as I, be ready;
Of no avail struggles or prayers
When the call from on high
Bids us to come away.
Live, journey on.
Treading the devil's measure.
Thy sweaty hands will have nothing to do;
Thou wilt renounce to live lightly in pleasure.
All that is right,
All that is good and true!
Live till shame overwhelm thee
And remove from thy brow
Even till death shall relieve thee:
Die! and though God may forgive thee,
Be accursed, in life or time.

CHOIR.
Do not curse, where thou Hast!
O beware, how thou destinest!
In Heaven's name, how death is near,
Make thy peace, thou must die.
Forgive her, as thou hast hoped for pardon on earth!

VALENTINE.
Rising to knees with great effort,
Marguerita, he assures,
Ere long in death thou, too, must lie,
I, thy true shamer!
Like a soldier I die!

Falls back dead.

CHOIR.
Heaven give him rest,
And forgive her, as she hath done.

ACT V.

NO. 19—PRISON SCENE. FINAL Trio.

(MARGUERITA is in prison. FAUST and MESSIAH at the door.)

FAUST (to MESS.). Begone!

MESS. The day is dawning,
The scaffold has been raised.
Compel without delay Marguerita to join
The warden sleep, the keys are here.
Thy mortal hand is needed to release her.

FAUST. Get thee gone!

MESS. Don't delay! I will watch at the door!

FAUST. My heart is overcome with repentance.
Oh, what anguish! O fountain of remorse and never ending grief!
She lies here at my feet, poor creature, young and lovely.
Imprisoned here because of me.
Like criminal debased and hardened!
Grief and despair have unsettled her mind.

Our little child, O Heaven!
Was she by her, its mother?
Marguerita! Marguerita!

MARG. Ah! 'tis the voice of my beloved!
My aching heart revives at the sound.

FAUST, MARGUERITA!

MARG.
Thro' the din of thy Satanic laughter,
And the fearsome voices of thy hellish wrath,
I recognize thy voice.
In gentle, trembling hand will I save me,
He is here and will save me
to life and peace.
Yes, I love thee only.
This chain, even death, now leaves me unafraid.
Since thou didst find me,
No torn shall blind me, Thou wilt surely save me;
'Tis thou! I rest in thine aid!

FAUST.
Yes, I love thee only!
Two demons have mocked me,
As from thee I strayed,
I came to find thee.
Let no tears blind thee,
I am come to save thee—
'Tis I, rest thou in my aid!

MARG. (her mind wondering).
But wait! Here is the street now
Where you first met me—that day so long ago.
You scarce dared with your fingers
To touch my hand—
Highborn and so lovely,
Forgive my humble duty;
Let me, your trusting slave,
Attend you home to-day—
"No, my lord, not a lady am I,
Nor yet a beauty,
But accursed, in life or time.
Help me to my own way."

FAUST.
Yes, my heart knows it all,
But away! time is passing!

MARG. And my garden is fresh and fair,
Every flower is incense breathing,
And thro' the silence and the peace,
You came to me as night was falling.

FAUST.
Come, come, Marguerita!

MARG. No, no, stay and rest here!

FAUST.
O Heaven! she does not understand!

MARG. Away, then! at your peril remain!
If you tarry so long I will give up the game.

MARG. Who is there? "Tis the friend!
Don't thou see? There, in shadow!
On me he glares with eyes of fire!
What does he here? Drive him forth from the church!

FAUST.
Away let us hasten ere rising of sun!
In the paven courtyard I hear
My horse are straining the ground.
Come, let us go
Perchance there's yet time to save her.

MARG. My God, protect me now!
My God, here I implore Thee!
Angels pure, angels so bright!
Bear me to Heaven on wings of light!
Alas! my daughter, I implore Thee,
For soon shall I appear before Thee!
To my despair give me, I pray Thee!
Angels pure, angels so bright!
Bear me to Heaven on wings of light!

FAUST.
Come, come, I implore!
See how the sun comes over the skies!
Come! "Tis I, hear me implore you!

MESS. The hour is striking.
Let us haste, for the gate is near—
Follow on, or here I will leave thee!

APOLOGY.

CHORUS OF ANGELS.

Redeemed!
Christ risen from the grave,
Christ o'er death victorious!
All men from sin to save
By his sacrificial powers
Christ o'er death victorious!
Christ risen from the grave!

(John the Baptist in alater.)

Copied from the score used by the Festival Chorus, translated and edited by Philip Hale, and used by courtesy of Oliver Ditson Company.
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