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MAUD POWELL PLAYS AS LADY BOUNTIFUL

Festival [Violinist] Does Act of Charity On Arrival

“I might have been at the police court this morning instead of at the festival,” said Miss Maud Powell in an interview with *The Post* reporter.

Miss Powell and her husband, H. Godfrey Turner, an Englishman, arrived in Worcester last night at 8:30 o'clock, and registered at the Standish. “Yes,” continued the violinist, “when we got off the New York train in Worcester, last night a little boy with pleading eyes stepped up to me and handed me a card. He was evidently an emigrant, sad and lonesome. On the card an address was written. The character of the handwriting was Russian.

“I read the address and called a cabby. He said there was such a place but it was in the slums. I told him we would take the child there, just the same. The cabby seemed astonished. But Mr. Turner and the boy and I went to the address indicated and there found the immigrant's friends. They recognized each other but had evidently not known on what boat he was to arrive. I felt glad to get away again for I expected all sorts of things to happen before we got out of the slums.”

Little does the immigrant boy realize the favor bestowed upon him, say the violinist's friends. To be taken to his destination in her cab is an experience which, if he learns and remembers, he can relate to his grandchildren with gusto, some day.

Miss Powell speaks with pride of her violin. It is a new old one, she says. The instrument is a Guadagnini. It was found by an itinerant dealer in America and offered for sale to the person from whom the violinist obtained it. He had refused other instruments from the dealer, but saw that this was a real find. It was early in 1907 that Miss Powell obtained it. Indications are that for 70 or 100 years nobody had played upon it. Yet it is without a crack, a remarkable condition for so old a violin. Nearly all the ancient instruments are marred.

The old short neck was upon it and this had to be changed to meet the demands of modern music.

It is a healthy instrument. Miss Powell is charmed with it. The cost was only about \$270. A lawsuit threatens for its possession as the dealer claims the instrument was not really sold, but Miss Powell has it and says it was sold. Possession is nine[-tenths] of the law. She claims that the one wanting it now has no right to it.

Miss Powell, in explaining her love for adventure and experiment as witnessed in the case of the young immigrant, says that she is a niece of Major J. W. Powell, the first white man to enter the Colorado canyon. He was a member of the geological survey, and is also famous for ethnological research.

Miss Powell was born in Peru, Ill., but she says nobody ever knows where that is. She comes of a musical mother. Her mother wrote good music, music which today is recognized as well done though then nothing especial was made of it. Miss Powell has composed many pieces for her own instrument. She writes her cadenzas. She studied in Chicago with William Lewis and in Paris, Berlin and Leipsic. In Berlin the celebrated Joachim was her teacher.

Miss Powell has many souvenirs of pleasant meetings. Recently she played in Tennessee and received from there a gift of fresh water pearls which she prizes highly. She wears as a mascot a tiny violin and her husband also wears one of smaller size as a scarf pin.

Miss Powell will go westward to fill engagements after the festival. Next year she will tour Australia. She is a great favorite in Scotland. In Edinburgh she was presented an aquamarine and pearl brooch which she is wearing today.

Miss Powell walks a great deal, fishes and enjoys as much outdoor life as possible. She does not practice regularly but gives a half hour or five hours to this routine as time permits.

Miss Powell's hand is odd. The fingers are long but there is no span to them. Her thumb is ignored, sometimes, and she plays as if handling a 'cello instead of a violin, to the amusement of the orchestra. Her hand is not a violin hand but she did not discover this until too late, she says.

Miss Powell wore this morning a blue skirt and blue and brown hat. Her blouse was of ecru lace trimmed with narrow black velvet. She will wear at the afternoon concert tomorrow a white gown which she describes as made of some soft material, showing that her interest is not in what she wears so much as in what she does. She praises her couturiere highly. This woman lives in Staten Island and once made gowns for actresses. She gave up the trade and was secured as a great favor by the violinist, who is now afraid that some other woman will discover the dressmaker. So Miss Powell will not tell the dressmaker's name.

The violinist expresses great concern over the illness and obscurity of Max Bruch, the composer.

He gave all he had to the world which gives him nothing, was the substance of her pitying comment.

From the Archive of The Maud Powell Society for Music and Education