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 what restrictions the conductor 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 charm into interpretations of Wagner, Beethoven, or Brahms. Last night Dr. Fredrick Stock and the Chicago symphony orchestra were hosts at what they apparently 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 Rienzi. After that it contented itself with applause, upbeats of chanting and springing to its feet whenever the action on the stage reached "touchdown" proportions of excitement.

Vogezl Arrested Amid Cheers

Henry E. Vogezl, manager of the orchestra, now proudly beamed 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, fan in hand, 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. Eiser in the scene for three trumpets. They had just kicked themselves onto the stage with "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."

Back Passed to Manager

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

Beethoven in Kitchen Style

Beethoven used to get musical thrills from the humming of birds and rustling of trees. Karlton 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 scene in mind as he composed.

A huge stove covered with tin skillets, and two long tables laden with pots and pans, comprised the instruments. Four chefs done up in whiskers, mustachios and voluminous caps presided over the kitchen. The tappings of their legs were then movement from Beethoven's eighth symphony. The audience wouldn't let them stop after one movement, so with equal ability they played Schubert's "Moments Musicales" a la dishwasher.

Being a director of the orchestra association has its advantages, especially after a deficit has been cleared. One of the music ladies who was invited to stay for a private party after all the other guests had gone home.

Mrs. Brown and Mrs. Cyril Adams, Mr. and Mrs. John Paul Wellings, Mr. and Mrs. Edward L. Ryerson Jr. and the Chalkley Hamblinons with their guests, Jesse Jackson, and several others were some of those who remained to dance with the off-duty musicians. When the foyers cleared and a dance orchestra came in to do the playing.

Mrs. Adams in Clarinet Crepe

Mrs. Adams wore a gown of clarinet-colored crepe that brought out the silver of her hair, and Mrs. Ryerson, a dusky Brunette, was given a spring green of black and green.

Peggy Hambleton, who was with the Winterbotham, just back from Bermuda, accented her tan with a velvet yellow taffeta ruff over her fuchsia gown. Mrs. Edwin Dewes must have accepted 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 Nett were with Mrs. Dewes.

Brides Mother hairs 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 Cummings climbed one stairway to the boxes as the Arthur Bizetts and the Charles Hamills climbed the other. Henri van Bruggin, 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. Fenlon Wears New Costume

Mrs. Howard Fenlon, having worn a new costume of tight curls that slung 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 Eram's gown was black taflaou, bouffant and youthful.

Mr. and Mrs. James Douglas, Janet Fairbanks, Catharine Noyes, Eleanor Holden, Mr. and Mrs. John Elliott, the Harvey Badgerows, the Lloyd Laflins, 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, Artigar Meeker Jr., Mrs. Jacob Baur, Mrs. Wilhem Ludwig, Mrs. Durand Smith and English Welting, Mrs. Ralph Elms, Mrs. Cyril Bentley and Arthur Barnhart Jr.