

LYRIC SOPRANO, FORMER DULUTH GIRL,  
TRIUMPHS AS SOLOIST IN PITTSBURGH



SOPHIA KASSMIR.

Miss Sophia Kassmir, a former Duluth girl, has been winning golden opinions in the east on account of what is called "the captivating sweetness of her voice." She has a rich lyric soprano.

The Pittsburgh Leader had the following to say of her recent appearance with the Pittsburgh male chorus:

"Sophia Kassmir, an artist, prominent in Europe as well as throughout the United States, and claimed by Pittsburgh as a resident, won a distinct triumph Friday evening when she sang a return engagement with the Pittsburgh male chorus as soloist in its first engagement of the season in Carnegie Music hall.

"Miss Kassmir was chief soloist at the concert and she was compelled to respond to repeated encores after each number on the program which she rendered. The audience expressed its approval not only by varied ovations,

but by the presentation of great armloads of flowers, the number of bouquets being so great that it was necessary to hire a special taxicab in which to carry them away.

"Her 'Jewel Song' from 'Faust' was finely done, and so was Victor Herbert's 'Italian Street Song,' both of them showing distinct art in the rendering and the fine lyric qualities of her voice. Miss Kassmir also took part in Max Bruch's 'Frithlof.' Each song she sang she was compelled to repeat by the delighted audience, as well as to offer encores of other songs.

"Miss Kassmir's rendition of the aria 'In Quelle Trine Morbide,' from Puccini's 'Manon Lescaut,' was beyond description in the beauty of its tones and in its captivating sweetness.

"After her triumph in the concert at Carnegie hall she left Pittsburgh for New York to engage in concert work."



## DAUGHTER IRENE.

fairly broke their hearts.

"Well, nearly theater time, isn't it? Come again, won't you? Come and have some spaghetti. Mrs. De Stefani beats the world on it. Come and pretend you're an Italian."

"I will. Did you ever make ravioli?"

"Once," said Mrs. De Stefani. "Once, but never again. It went into lumps like your fists—no like my fists—no, like Joe's fists. Never again for ravioli. But we've got the kitchen cabinet, and I'll phone you some night to come up and have spaghetti."

"You're on," I said inelegantly, as I vanished down the stairs.