

IN RELATED KEYS

HERBERT BATES

The Universalist musical service repeated two numbers from the charity concert. The first of these, Alard's Symphony Concertante for two violins seemed played with more spirit than at the former rendering. Perhaps this was partly owing to the fact that this time it was heard under circumstances more favorable, not at the end of a dreary program of all manner of music. The composition seemed to lack strong substance. It is striking, however, and rises to smuch emotional power, a little tinged, however, by sentimental effusiveness. The other number from the charity concert, the duet between Mr. Lawler and Miss Finnigan, was not so good. The song was rather pretty, somewhat after the old school, with some charming passages. But the singing rather lacked. Mr. Lawler would sing well in a chorus. His singing is even, unemphatic, unindividual. For this every reason it is, in solo work, very unexpressive and unsatisfying. Miss Finnigan's voice, better in shading and expression, sadly needs training. I do not like to listen to a singer who keeps me perpetually worrying for fear that her voice may "break." Miss Finnigan's best notes, when they are good are very good. Unfortunately, however, the rest of the rhyme holds true. Miss Finnigan should give a good deal of work to the study of voice-production. With her voice once thoroughly under control, so that she—and her hearers—may have confidence in it, she should do very well indeed. But the public prefers a fair voice that it surely fair, to a voice that keeps them always nervously expecting failure.

Miss Hoover played the pianoforte part in Reissinger's quintet. She was somewhat hampered, of course, by the upright piano, but her playing, particularly in the closing Tarantella, was strong and expressive. Miss Hoover has made several appearances of late: at the Nebraska conservatory concert, at the charity concert, and at this Sunday recital. She promises to stand among the very best of the local pianists.

The strongest of the numbers for the quartet was the Larghetto from Spohr, the most satisfying number of the concert. The Hayden Serenade and Bocherini's Minuet Celebre were much of a kind, dainty and gracefully delicate. Haydn's Serenade is not much like Schubert's. It is not the passion of the nineteenth century Heine-reading lover. It is rather the very deliberate and sweetly-refined sigh of the eighteenth century gallant, his sentiment as prettily external as his Beau-Brummel attire. It is the very quintessence of graceful love-making. It is not love—no lover is enough at ease for such deliberate prettiness—but it is not meant to be. It is just the pretty little game of our summer resorts, moonlight and meaningless whispering, to be forgotten with the morning.

The Hallelujah chorus disappointed. This was not Mr. Hagenow's fault. It was inherent in the nature of the music. It is music which depends largely on mere bulk of sound. It has been said that a small Gothic church is artistically impossible. So with a small Hallelujah chorus. It is intended for a marshalling of great masses of sound. Reduce these, and the whole point is lost. Take for instance the thread of melody carried by those two violins. That was comparatively inconspicuous. That melody should have been held by at least a half score of voices, singing fortissimo, supported by organ and orchestra. That should be loud; but

over and above it, drowning not its weakness, but its strength, should peal the thunder of the other voices and instruments. The same is true of the theme that carries the words "king of kings and lord of lords," which should roll in long ocean undulation under the leaping crests of the exultant Hallelujahs. The chorus was composed to show, not contrasted voices, but contrasted masses of voices. It is one of those artistic achievements almost inseparable from its medium of expression. A battalion drill would be tame with but eight men to a company, though there is hardly an evolution but could be carried out. The mass is part of the composition. This is not true of some other great choruses. Wagner's Tannhaeuser march means much even with a quartet. Beethoven's symphonies tell their story even on the piano. But these great choruses refuse to lend themselves to humble expression. They demand, before they will render up their meaning, orchestra, organ and the combined strength of hundreds of voices. They are choruses not by accident, but by organism.

Lincoln seems to be afflicted with tremolo. Now a tremolo in its place does no harm. Neither does a "loud pedal" on a piano. But these things are good only within certain limits, and, it seems that these limits need defining. A tremolo is a deviation from the plain way of singing. As a deviation it has two possible causes. One is the fact that it conceals nervous unevenness of tone; the other that it gives an impression of emotion. The first reason is, of course, no reason. No singer whose voice is not under control should afflict a public, except at student recitals—when the public comes forewarned. And certainly those singers whose voices are under control should be anxious to show their skill. Otherwise they may come to be unjustly suspected of having defects to conceal.

As to the tremolo expressing emotional effect, it undoubtedly does, particularly if it be of the right sort. It should be more of the vibrato sort, not that detached "ah-ah-ah-at," to which one can keep time with one's program. But the very best tremolo is, or should be, only a temporary deviation from the straight way. Like any other device, when carried too far it loses its effectiveness. It is a "stop" in the voice, to be drawn only for certain purposes, to be pushed back promptly when the need has passed.

It might be safe to say that no singer should ever use the tremolo unless fully able to sing without it. Then he may use it or not, for effect, in passages where it is appropriate. And, even in these passages he should aim rather at the brilliant vibrato than at the fluttering tremolo which shakes like a side-wheel steamer in a groundswell. What the concertgoer loves to hear is the strong clear confident voice, a voice able to soar without device or subterfuge.

Sutton & Hollowbush have moved into the corner store under the Funke opera house. The corner has a holiday aspect now. The children stand about the window flattening their noses against the polished plate-glass and wishing they had money enough to buy a good-sized stomach-ache. Sutton and Hollowbush make good candies, fresh every day. Of late years their trade has extended all over this part of the state. Through the winter they will serve hot and cold soda, and make all kinds of fancy cakes to order. No hostess will regret it if she gives their frozen pudding or angel food a trial at her next party.

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SHERIFF'S SALE.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, THAT by virtue of an order of sale issued by the clerk of the district court of the Third Judicial district of Nebraska, within and for Lancaster county, in an action wherein Alexander Lederer and Moses Strauss, partners doing business under the firm name and style of Lederer & Strauss, are plaintiffs, and Wallace G. Klim, et al., are defendants.

I will, at 2 o'clock p. m., on the 21st day of January, A. D., 1896, at the east door of the court house, in the city of Lincoln, Lancaster county, Nebraska, offer for sale at public auction, the following described real estate, to-wit:

Lot number ten (10) in block number six (6) in East Park addition to the city of Lincoln, Lancaster county, Nebraska. Given under my hand this 18th day of December, A. D., 1895.

FRED A. MILLER, Sheriff.

Jan. 25.

(First Published December 7.)

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, THAT by virtue of an order of sale issued by the clerk of the district court of the Third Judicial district of Nebraska, within and for Lancaster county, in an action wherein Charles W. Oakes is plaintiff, and George B. Harris, et al., are defendants.

I will, at 2 o'clock p. m., on the 7th day of January, A. D., 1896, at the east door of the court house, in the city of Lincoln, Lancaster County, Nebraska, offer for sale at public auction the following described real estate, to-wit:

Lot twenty-seven (27) in block three (3) in north side addition to the city of Lincoln, and lot one (1) in block three (3) in second north side addition to the city of Lincoln, all in Lancaster county, Nebraska.

Given under my hand this 4th day of December, A. D., 1895.

FRED A. MILLER, Sheriff.

Jan. 4.