

IN RELATED KEYS

HERBERT BATES

Mr. Albert Hart's production of Wang was not, at the worst, far behind Hopper's. A good many seemed to think it better. Mr. Hart himself was unique. His voice—his singing voice—is powerful and pleasant in quality. His speaking voice, and his laugh, like his legs, are beyond description. One cannot criticise without recalling, and one cannot recall these without laughing. And a laughing critic is an anomaly. The music of the opera is catchy, yet seldom very novel. Comic opera songs and choruses are much like stage jokes, very close kin. Now and then come rare deviations,—and these are genius

The Universalist church, in honor of its Schubert program, opened its annex and put in extra chairs. It hoped, in this way, to rise to the occasion. But the audience rose above the occasion. It filled both vestibules, and the ante-room, and intruded on the outskirts of stage. Some, even unable to get in, still "lingered patiently about" at doors and windows, in the hope of catching stray notes.

The quartet did the best playing it has done this year. It brought out Schubert's chief charm, his complex dreamy delicacy. His music is wonderfully complex, a perfect weaving of subjects, with a wealth of musical invention, a profusion of intricate imagery. The general tone of the selections—except for the Marche Militaire and some of the solos—was grave, even melancholy. There was seldom any grand gloom, any profound terror. The sadness was poetic, tender. The more solemn subject in "Der Tod und das Maedchen" suggests for example, the strange rhythm at the beginning of the second movement of Beethoven's seventh symphony. But it has not the grand awe of that. It tells not the terror of death, but the pity of it. It is this that Schubert's tenderer chords express. The Marche Militaire was strong and strongly played. The development of the subject was interesting, and there was one passage with oddly intricate rhythm.

Mr. Movius, in the Erl King, sang better than I have yet heard him sing. In German, his enunciation is clearer than in English, and he seems to produce his voice more naturally. In his second song, he was evidently a little hindered by the English. The translation is insipid, anyway. "Pretty blushing roses" as a rendering of "Roeslein auf der Haiden" is the height of affected inanity. In the Erl King Mr. Movius sang with great force and dramatic effect and seemed to rouse the audience, Mr. Hadley's accompaniment, particularly in the Erl King, should be mentioned. We should hear more of Mr. Hadley's playing. Is he too modest, or are our other musicians too busy to discover his merits.

The Serenade was, according to the Journal, ("sung by four beautiful voices that need a little more work on that song"). It would be unjust to call their singing as much off key as that sentence. Mr. Bruce Smith sang remarkably well with an improved suppression of tremolo. His voice is strong, and he can do much with it. His singing on Sunday seemed to give an impression distinctly favorable.

Mr. Chapin's paper was concise and gave a great deal of information. It made the music that followed the more interesting. Without criticising Mr. Chapin, however, I would protest against the general tone of musical biography. Like biographies of authors, biographies of musicians deal with exciting occu-

just those things that made their heroes famous. We are told about musician's childhood, his tastes in food, dress, and the like; his love affairs, his old age, his death-bed,—but nothing about his musical kinships, the influences that molded his work, the aims that moved him. I wish that we had more books of musical analysis, books that would show the individual excellencies and defects of each composer's work. I wish that, at our weekly concerts, it were possible for some one to say a few words explaining, as at a lecture recital, the nature of the music to which we are to listen.

I do not mean that this explanation should run to program, to fanciful apologies; simply that it should explain, in as musicianly a way as possible, the things to be listened for in the music to be heard. Such a course of concerts would be an education in music. At the Universalist church, on Sunday, it would not, I suppose, be practicable, but could it not be initiated—with the coming of more prosperous times—as a paid lecture course? There must be many who would be glad to subscribe.

I know of no other city, by the way, where there are free weekly concerts such as we have here. There are free organ recitals, I know, and there are rather expensive chamber concerts. But the organ cannot render music so intelligibly, with such delicate shading as a string quartet. Its tone is more monotonous, its voices more confused. No, I cannot remember in New York, Boston or Philadelphia, concerts at once so classical and so accessible to all. I think we have, really, in spite of droughts and closed stores, something to be proud of.

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First publication Feb 8 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 Fred Miller Brewing company et al., are plaintiffs, and James Kelley et al., are defendants.

I will at 2 o'clock p. m. on the 10th day of March 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:

The south forty-two (42) feet of lot number twelve (12) and the south forty-two (42) feet, of the east half of lot number eleven (11), in block number thirty-three (33), also lot number eight (8), in block number forty two (42), all in the city of Lincoln, Lancaster county, Nebraska.

Given under my hand this 6th day of February A. D. 1896.

John Trompen, Sheriff.

March 7—G

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