

railroads, etc., etc., are statistically if not exhaustively treated. It is a convenient book on the writing table of anyone, an editor, for instance, who uses large wholesale quantities of facts singly, and in groups a great many times a week. No family ought to be without it, especially if the head of the house has sporting tendencies—for it gives the turf records, baseball, football, rowing, golf and bicycle records. Many a dispute which has finally separated the members of a loving family group might be averted by the possession of the Journal Almanac.

Mr. John Randolph begins in this week's COURIER a history of the musical organizations of the city. Very properly the series opens with the Matinee Musicale and will include the Hagenow string quartet, the May festival chorus, and the notable choirs of the city.

Mr. J. E. Houtz who is well on his way to the internal collectorship has many friends in the city and state. He has also a clean record for ability and honesty. From a civil service point of view he is at the head of the class. Although he has not the splendid record for political combination and organization that Ed. Sizer has, his appointment would ensure an able administration of the duties of his office.

MUSICAL MENTION,

John Randolph.

THE MATINEE MUSICALE.

This is emphatically the era of woman. Woman in literature, woman in art, woman in statecraft is making her presence felt if not always seen. In music there are at present not only interpreters and executants of the very highest order such as Teresa Carreno and Adele aus der Ohe—women, pianists—but also the hosts of violinists and harpists and even players of other orchestral instruments, besides the lovely choir of singers who since the time they first had the opportunity to compete have constantly surpassed the other sex. I think one may say in truth that in the department of vocal music the superior flexibility of the vocal mechanism of the female has rendered her, from the standpoint of tone production at least, always the superior of her brother. Nor has her success been confined to the interpretation alone. Woman in music means no longer woman the reflector of the ideas of others. Today we are confronted with woman as composer. Cecile Chaminade, Augusta Holmes, Mrs. H. H. A. Beach—these are living active creative minds in the musical world, and it would take more space than I shall be able to devote to this article to discuss their influence upon the art of the present day. And that is another story as Mr. Kipling would say I cannot, however, leave this fascinating topic (which I would gladly dwell upon) without remarking that I have never played over the compositions of Cecile Chaminade, whom I consider one of the most original composers of the present day, without feeling that one source of the delightful freshness of her works is the fact that she is a woman as well as a creative genius, and that no one has said her best things for her many times over already. There is a Latin proverb—"Per cant isti qui ante nos nostra dixerunt"—and it seems to me that men, great hulking brutes! have said most of my clever things before I was born; but it must be different with women. The woman Shakespeare is yet to be—the Beethoven, the Michael Angelo. True Robert Browning called his wife the moon of poets, but the sun has not yet shone. What I am trying to say is that if a really great creative genius in any department of intellectual activity shall be born a woman, her very femininity

will be a source of power, for the world has been gazed at through masculine eyes so long—has been written about from a masculine point of view, with pens held in masculine fingers. Cecile Chaminade looks at the world of music with feminine eyes which are none the less the eyes of genius, and there is in these works of hers an unstained freshness which is very nearly strangeness. I find this quality also in that singular book which is now almost old, having survived a decade—the autobiography of Marie Bashkirtseff—only here there is morbidity and disease tainting the freshness of the feminine subjectivity. But morbid or not the book is interesting because as a woman she set down a woman's impressions and confessions as Jean Jacques Rousseau had done long before for the vainer sex.

But I did not intend to digress so far. As far as I am able to do so, being a man, I wish to give an idea of the history and aims of that department of the woman's clubs of Lincoln known as the "Matinee Musicale," which I consider a source of much musical activity and a valuable adjunct to the education of the public in artistic matters. In a small city there is small opportunity for the study of plastic arts. With the single exception of book illustrations (of which distinctively modern art no educated man need be ignorant, for our looks and even cheap magazines teem with good pen drawings and process reproductions) the masterpieces of painting and sculpture and architecture are not near enough to our daily lives to rejoice us or to make for sweetness and light. Books we have—how could we do without them?—but it requires no wanderings in Europe or pilgrimage to the "World's Fair" in Chicago to show us how bare our lives are of the picturesque and the beautiful. But if the eye is not charmed and educated by these things, it is possible in this small city at least to hear from time to time competent performances of many of the greatest masters of music, classical and modern. I have in the past expressed my gratitude to the musicians whose unselfish endeavors made the Philharmonic Orchestra possible and its concerts an artistic if only moderate financial success—to the Hagenow String Quartet for their capable performance of chamber music—to Mrs. P. V. M. Raymond for her labors with chorus and orchestra in giving some of the masterpieces of choral music.

It remains for me as the self appointed and humble historian of musical progress in Lincoln to point out that lovers of musical art are indebted also to Mrs. D. A. Campbell, the president of the Matinee Musicale since its founding three years ago. I have not an authoritative statement of the facts at hand, but the history of this club is very nearly as follows:

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A Secret.

Sunk deep in a sea,
A sea of the dead,
Lies a book, that shall be
Never opened or read.

Its sibylline pages
A secret enclose,—
The flower of the Ages,
A rose, a red rose.

That sea of the dead
Is my soul; and the book
Is my heart; and the red
Rose, the love you forsook.

—Julian Hawthorne, in February Lippincott's.

"Where are you going, my pretty maide?"
"I'm going to Sherry's, sir," she said.

"And what's to be there, my pretty maide?"

"A gentlemen's dinner, sir," she said.

"Do they want you to dance there, my pretty maide?"

"Well, not altogether, sir," she said.

—The Coaxer.

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