

By HENRIETTA M. REES.

HEY say that one can catch more files with honey than vinegar, yet so often, we see well meaning musical people ridiculing the taste of children and others in the art of music. The small planist knows very well that he reliabes a composition by Spindler

much more than he does one by Czerny or, worse than all else, Bach, but if he says so he is laughed at. The embryo organist is sure that as soon as he can play the notes he will use no other stop but the vex humana for everything; the young violinist scorns the touch of sentiment caused by shaking the finger op the string and would much rather play with vigorous up and down bow the lively and spirited music that may come his way, especially if it is not in his lesson. Others aspire to nothing but ragtime.

A well known plane teacher in our city was asked a short time ago if she would teach ragtime. "Because if you won't," the prospective pupil announced, "I shall go to somebody else, for I do not care to study any other kind of music. I do not want it and I do not like it."

I do not know if the teacher accepted the pupil or not. However, if a teacher were se inclined, perhaps there would be a chance to catch a fly with honey. If the benighted individual should start his study, take kindly and quickly to learning. he could be unconsciously developing a sense of rhythm, feeling for time values and learning a few truths about melody work. There are a few well written numbers in the rag class, but they would have to be chosen with care. Then at the psychological moment music with a little more merit might be served, and before he knew it our poor fly's feet would be tangled fast in a taste for better music.

Do not understand and think that we will be opened at the Boyd theater or are encouraging the teaching of ragtime. Monday morning. It has its place in the life of the people. but if one is going to study there are learned with practically the same effort sacred songs in Omaha at the Brandels bohydrates and fats. Then when one has ruary 28. Mr. Williams will make six built up a good musical constitution if stops in Nebraska on his way east from one indulges occasionally in lobster sup-pers it does him little harm. On the other heard in many of the principal cities. hand, there are many so-called teaching pieces which are as poor or even worse than the popular rag, mawkishly sentimental, and after having spent a great deal of time Fletcherizing them one has

gained no nourishment. An illustration of good music which is extremely simple in construction is the folk song, a program of which will be heard in Omaha this week. These songs last, not because they are of great musical complexity, but rather because they express the sentiment with the least effort and are the life of the people. One may have good or bad taste in any kind

Next Tuesday afternoon at 4 o'clock at the Boyd theater, Omaha people will have an opportunity to step out of the customary garden of cultivated musical postes to a little nook where the daintiest musical wildflowers grow, the sweet wild rose, the shy wood and violet of music, or, in words, they may hear a program of the folk songs, or songs of the people, which will be presented by the Fuller sisciation of the Sacred Heart. These three young ladies, in the costume of other days and accompanied by a harp of ancient design, will turn back a page in history and for a little while transport us in fancy to the atmosphere of the past, when the spontaneous songs, which are of the hearts and lives of people of all time, meant much to them.

How sadly is folk music neglected, in this day when our eager rush for the largest, most showy and intricate composition causes us to pass over these gems of pure sentiment or to put them upon our programs in such a way that nine times out of ten their fragrance is entirely lost. The Fuller sisters will present a diversified program of carefully chosen folk songs from English, Scottish and Irish sources with all possibile atmospheric effect and charm. Some of them may be familiar to the older people from the British Isles, but many in the audience will be listening to them for the first time. It promises to be a unique entertainment full of interest and enjoyment for the casual music lover as well as for

The program will open with the "Singer's Apologie," the song of the play-Nottinghamshire. songs of leve, two from Irish folklore and one from Somerset, will be foilowed by three songs of unfortunate love from Somerset and Scotland. Songs of fun and fancy from Somerset and Berkshire will complete the first part. Songs of histories, true and fabulous, songs of home and country and the singer's farewell, "Brisham Town" from Devonshire., will complete this unusual treat.

the more serious devotee of music,

A large audience is already assured for the concert to be given by the Minneapolis Symphony orchestra, eight-five players, with Emil Oberhoffer, conductor, and Miss Frances Nash, planist, as soloist.

For this occasion, Friday evening, February 19, the Boyd theater has been scaled at popular prices, so no music lover need be deprived of the big lesson which visiting orchestras are always prepared to give.

The Minneapells Symphony orchestra is unique in that it is the only great American orchestra, which has grown to artistic maturity under the conductor who formed it, and it still continues under his baton.

In this organization, Mr. Oberhoffer shows the result of just twelve years labor and the unprecedented development of this orchestra to one of the greatest symphonic bodies in the world, is largely due to .is genius, tact and magnetic

Following the apperauce of the Minneapolis orchestra in Carnegie bati last winter, Henry Krehbiel of the Tribune declared it to be "one of our very best organizations," and its music "real refreshment." Henderson of the Sun found in Conductor Oberhofter, 'a real temperament," and in his method, "a sweep and virility which are decidedly communicative and which put a real vitality

into the playing of his men." Meltzer of the American went even

DIRECTOR OF MINNEAPOLIS ORCHESTRA.



Evan Williams, the celebrated Welsh many other compositions which could be tenor, will be heard in a recital of which are richer in musical proteids, car- theater on the afternoon of Sunday, Feb-

> From the east comes the news that the Metropolitan Opera company is no more to submit to the exactions of exhorbitant salaries upon the part of singers with whom it may make contracts. Elthir they will accept the more moderate contracts offered by the management or in the form of a minute, hollow cylinder.
>
> Some one clse will be chosen. From Los with two grooves on it, a cylinder so tiny It was stout, but it shook before us. The Angeles the leading impresario states that that it would scarcely have slipped over panels began to yield. music schools and clubs will not engage the point of a pencil singers and players at such inflated "A cappula" be exsums as have been frequently demanded before.

The war in Europe which has sent so many artists to our shores is partly the cause for this change in attitude toward artery so cleverly that the inner linings the leading artist, but according to J. C. Freund of Musical America, the real as it is called, were in complete contact with each other. They have just so much money to spend upon concerts, and unless cheaper prices tific engine of death in the little hollow prevail they will not attend frequently. "The solution of the problem in our judgters, Dorothy, Rosalind and Cynthia, of more engagements, with the result that they in the end will make more money, public will hear better music for at the Clutching Hand and nodded, "Well, less money, and the managers will make it's working!" enough to pay expenses and even secure a profit," said Mr. Freund.

> Musical Notes. Musical Notes.
>
> The Omaha Clef club held a dinner and business meeting Tuesday sevning, February 2, at the Loyal hotel. The same officers were re-elected and short talks were made by various members of the club. The officers are James H. Simms, chairman; T. J. Kelly, A. M. Borgium, Sigmund Langebers, Jean P. Duffield, Mrs. Mabelle Crawford Walpton and Henry Cox. The club is entering upon its second year with the same spirit of good fellowship and interest which has marked its existence in the past.

Boyd theater will present Henry Cox, and his violin choir as the special attraction for society night. Tuesday of this week. They will be heard in the Brahms' Hungarian dances. Miss Hazel Silver, one of the city's most popular young singers, made such a tremendous hit last week society night that the management has already booked her to appear again March 2.

Miss Alice Virginia Davis, assisted by Mrz. Beulah Dale Turner, soprano, and Cecil Berryman, accompanist, will be heard in a piane recital at the Young Wemen's Christian association auditorium Tuesday evening, February 9. The program will be opened by the Beethoven Senato in E flat, Miss Davis will also play a group from the camposition of Chopia, a group containing numbers from Schumann and a stolow ski, Korngeld, Debussy and Paderewski, and the Liszt Polonaise, Mrs. Turner will sing an aria from I. Paggliacci, and a group of modern sense.

The Concerdia Ladies' Singing society, Mrs. R. C. Strehlow, president, will celebrate their sixth anniversary on Sunday, February 14, at \$130 o'clock at the German Music hall. Seventeenth and Cass streeta. The annual concerts of the Concordia society are eagerly looked forward to by all lovers of good music. The society have been very fortunate in securing the services of Mrs. G. W. Icken, vocal soloist, accompanied by Mrs. Ernest Reese, violin, and Mrs. Zabriskie, plano. The Concordia Singing society, under the direction of Theodore R. Reese, has made a wonderful record within the last six years, organizing in 1990 with a membership of tweive, steadily increasing, until the membership to date numbers eighty active and a dozen or more passive members.

Sigmund Landsberg is now occupying the spacious and artistically arranged suite 302 in the newly remodeled Lyric building, corner of Nineteenth of Farnam

Henry Cox announces an informal recital of chamber music, and violia and cello solos, to be given in the recital half of the Omaha School of Orchestral Instruments at Seventeenth and Farnam streets on Monday evening, February 8, at 5:15 o'clock. Those taking part will be Mrs. T. J. Mahoney, Misses June Brown, Julia Stenicka, Sylvia Brandes, Hazel Wilcox, Giadys Mickel, Patti Atkiason, Messrs. Hetherington, Erickson, Clark, Widenor, Pakes, Weinstein and Stirling.

The musical given by the students of Mme. Bactens at her studio Thursday evening was a decided auccess and most thoroughly enjoyed by the many guests. those taking part were: Misses Gertrude Allen, Wilma Stern, Gladys Easton, Madeline, Scott, Estelle Lapidus, Gertrude Cherniack, Roseiene Goldenberg, Helen Robinson, Lena Barger, Irene Lana, Minnie Friedmann and Mrs. Hasel Cook. Yetzer, assisted by Miss Marie Adler, violin solo; Master Joe Herman, violin solo; Miss Rhea Mollyman, reading, and Miss Bessie Adler, accompanist.

Miss Ida M. Morse gave a most interesting pupils' piano recital Friday evening at the Schmoller & Mueller Piano company orchestra in artistic perfection and was "teinpted to say that so orchestra had equalled" the one from the middle west. Because of the great demand for tickets for this concert, the ticket sale

## The Exploits of Elaine

(Constinued from Page Eight.) nan, drawing a gun and hastily level-

ling it at Rusty. "Don't," cautioned the first. "It would

The fellow grabbed for Rusty. Rusty was too quick. He jumped. Around tha room they ran. Rusty saw the wide- nedy's call, and one of them had been window-and his chance. Out he detailed to answer it. went and disappeared, leaving the man

they wrapped Elaine in the blankets them pieces of tin-hey? alone, still bound and gagged, and car- | Kennedy quickly flashed his own spe-

In the secret den the Clutching Hand hound about here?" was waiting, gazing now and then at his watch, and then at the wounded man be- there." fore him In a chair his first assistant

sut, watching Dr. Martin. A knock at the door caused them to turn their heads. The crook opened it, and in walked the other crooks who had sarried off Elaine in the suit of armor. Elaine was now almost conscious, as they sat her down in a chair, and partly forces. loosed her bonds and gag. She gazed about, frightened.

"Oh, help! help!" she screamed, as she caught sight of the now familiar mask of the Clutching Hand.

"Call all you want-here, young lady," he laughed unnaturally. "No one car hear. These walls are soundproof.

Elaine shrank back, "Now, doc," he added harship to Dr. Martin. "It was she who shot him. Her clood must save him." Dr. Martin recoiled at the thought of torturing the beautiful young girl before

"Are-you willing-to have your blood transfused?" he parleyed.

"No! no! no!" she cried in horror Dr. Martin turned to the desperate criminal. "I cannot do it." "The duece you can't."

A cold steel revolver pressed down or Dr. Martin's stomach. In the other hand the master crook held his watch. "You have just one minute to make

your mind. Dr. Martin shrank back. The revolver followed. The pressure of a fly's foot meant eternity for him. "I-I'll try!"

The other crooks next carried Elaine, struggling, and throw her down beside the wounded man. Together they arranged another couch beside him. Dr. Martin, still covered by the gun, bent over the two, the hardened criminal

and the delicate, beautiful girl. Clutching Hand glared fiendishly, insanely. From his bag he took a little piece of something that shone like silver. It was until we came to another door,

"A cannula," he explained, as he propared to make an incision in Elaine's

He cuffed it over the severed end of the

Clutching Hand watched eagerly, as though he had found some new, scien-

cylinder. A moment and the blood that was ment is cheaper prices, the artists perhaps, to save the life of the wounded moderating their demands, but having felon, was coursing into his veins from Elaine.

> At Elaine's head, Clutching Hand, himself, was administering just enough ether a second too soon. to keep her under and prevent a struggle

to save him. All were now bending over the two. Dr. Martin bent closest over Elaine. He he came out, he looked back. All was

watched her breathing, then pursed up here, at least! his lips. "This is-dangerous," he ventured, gazing askance at the grim Clutching Hand.

"Can't help it," came back laconically, the wild happenings as any other passand reientlessly. The doctor shuddered.

The man was a veritable vampire.

Outside the descrited house, Kennedy the blood transfusion, working frantically and I were looking helplessly about. Suddenly Kennerdy dashed back and eappeared a minute later with a couple rified by the blood that had spattered of pleces of armor. He held them down to Rusty and the dog sniffed at them. But Rusty stood still.

Kennedy pointed to the ground. Nothing doing. In leading us where now free again, was doing his best to me had been before, Rusty had reached save the terribly imperilled life of Ellaine. the end of canine ability.

Everything we could do to make Rusty understand that we wanted him to follow a trail was unavailing. He simply could breathing Elaine. not do it. Rennedy coaxed and scolded Rusty merely sat up on his hind legs and begged with those irresistible brown eyes. "You can't make a bloodhound out of were nonplussed. collie," despaired Craig, looking about again helplessly.

Then he reached into his pocket and pulled out a police whistle. He blew three sharp blasts. Would it bring help?

While we were thus despairing, the coninued absence of Dr. Martin from home had alarmed his family, and had set in motion another train of events.

When he did not return, and could not be located at the place to which he was supposed to have gone, several policehad been summoned to his house, and they had come, finally, with real bloodhounds from a suburban station. There were the tracks of his car, That

Jones, Helen Levinson, Eunice Nelson, Frances Murphy, Lorie Newton, Ruth Wick and Mildred Klepser,

Miss Cora Schwartz has moved into her new studio. 304 Lyrio building, Nineteenth and Farnam streets. Miss Schwartz was formerly in the Boyd Theater building.

Mr. George Compton, one of the leading tenors of America, will be heard in "Mar-tha," the opera to be presented before the Omain Weman's club on Wednesday afternoon.

NEW ROUND TRIP COAST RATE IN EFFECT MONDAY

With the Pacific coast exposition rate

of \$56 for the round trip becoming effective Monday, the Union Pacific has lined up for a heavy business to the coast on that date. The Los Angeles Limited on that date will be run west in two sec-tions, three cars being taken on here. The \$50 round trip rate will continue in effect over Tuesday and indications are on that day the travel to the coast will be equal to that of Monday.

the police themselves could follow, while two men came along holding in leash the pack, leaders of which were "Search-

light" and "Bob." It had not been long before the party nake too much noise. You'd better choke came across the deserted runabout beside the road. There they had stopped

for a moment It was just then that they heard Ken-

"Well, what do you want?" asked the officer, eyeing Kennedy suspiciously, as A moment's argument followed, then he stood there with the armor. "What's

> clal badge. "I want to trail a girl," he exclaimed hurriedly. "Can I find a blood-"A hound? Why, we have a pack-over

> "Bring them-quick," ordered Craig. The policeman, who was an intelligent fellow, saw at once that, as Kennedy said, the two trails crossed. He shouted and in a few seconds the others, with the pack, came.

A brief parley resulted in our joining Kennedy held the armor down to the

dogs. "Searchlight" gave a low whine, then, followed by "Bob" and the others, was off, all with noses close to the ground. We followed. The armor was, after all, the missign

Through the woods and fields the dogs

Would we be in time to rescue Elaine? In the mysterious haunt of the Clutching Hand, all were still standing around Elaine and the wounded Pitts Slim.

Just then a cry from one of the group startled the rest. One of them, less hardened than the Clutching Hand, had turned away from the sight, had gone to the window, and had been attracted by some thing outside.

"Look!" he cried. From the absolute stillness of death, there was now wild excitament among the crooks.

"Police! police!" they shouted to each other as they fled by a doorway to h secret passage Clutching Hand turned to his first as-

"You go, too," he ordered

The dogs had led us to a strange looking house, and were now baying and leaping up against the door. We did not stop to knock, but began to break through, for inside we could hear faintly squade of excitement and ories of "Police! police!"

The door yielded and we rushed into a long hallway. Up the passage we went

On the other side of that door from us the master crook stood for a moment. Dr. arm and in the arm of the wounded Martin hesitated, not knowing quite what

Just then the wounded Pitts Slim lifted his hand feebly. He seemed vaguely to understand that the game was up. He touched the Clutching Hand,
"You did your best, chief," he mur-

mured thickly. "Beat it, if you can. I'm a goner, anyway." Clutching Hand hesitated by the wounded crook. This was the loyalty of gangland, worthy a better cause.

could not bring himself to desert his pal. He was undecided, still. A moment later, Dr. Martin looked up panel bursting.

He moved over to a panel in the wall and pushed a spring. It slid open and he stepped through. Then it closed—not Back in his private room he quickly

that would wreck all. The wounded man stepped to a curtained iron door. Pushing had not been anaesthetized and seemed back the curtains he went through it and feebly conscious of what was being done disappeared, the curtains falling back. At the end of the passageway, he stopped, in a sort of grotto er cave. As

ooked at her anxiously, felt her pulse, still. No one was about. He was safe Off came the mask and he turned tol-402 W. Washington St., Chicago. down the road, a few rods distant beyond

some bushes, as little concerned about

er-by might have been. At the very moment when we burst in, Dr. Martin, seeing his chance, stopped

to stay the flow of blood. Kennedy sprang to Elaine's side, hor-

over everything. With a mighty effort he checked a blow that he had aimed at Dr. Martin, as it flashed over him that the surgeon.

Just then the police burst through the secret panel and rushed on, leaving us with the unconscious, scarcely From the sounds we could tell that they

had come to the private room of the Clutching Hand. It was empty and they

"Not a window," called one. "What are those curtains?"

They pulled them back, disclosing an iron door. They tried it, but it was bolted on the other side. Blows had no effect. They had to give it up for the instant.

A policeman now stood beside Elaine, and the wounded burglar, who was muttering deliriously to himself. He was pretty far gone, as the policeman knelt down and tried to get a statement out of him.

"Who was that man who left youlast-the Clutching Hand?" Not a word came from the crook. The policeman repeated his question. With his last strength he looked disdainfully at the officer's pad and pencil.

SANATORIUM

This institution is the only one in the central west with separate in the central west with separate buildings situated in their own ample grounds, yet entirely distinct, and rendering it possible to classify cases. The one building being fitted for and devoted to the treatment of nen-contagious and non-mental diseases, no others being admitted; the other Rest Cottage being designed for and designed for an designed

ed to the exclusive treatment of select mental cases requiring

for a time watchful care and spe

cial nursing.

The gangeter never squeals," he snarled, as he fell back

Dr. Martin had paid no attention whatever to him, but was working desperately now over Elaine, trying to bring her back

"Is she-going to-die?" gasped Craig, had feably opened her eyes. Every eye was riveted on Dr. Martin.

the man is going to die. At the sound of Craig's voice Elaine

Every eye was riveted on Dr. Martin. a sigh of relief, as his hand gently "She is all right." he muttered. "But stroked Elaines unnaturally cold forehead.

(To Be Continued Next Sunday.)



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