

MUSIC

By HENRIETTA M. REES.

It must be admitted a big bass drum is a valuable adjunct. Once upon a time, about 10 or 20 years ago, it is said that a recital was given in Omaha at the little Lyric theater, then newly built. This was given by a young tenor singer. He was more or less unknown, and he came without the support of any local organization. He gave the song recital. A few deadheads and rash music lovers attended and as for Omaha the majority of its usually interested citizens did not even know it had been. Several years later the same tenor singer came to Omaha and was greeted riotously at the Municipal auditorium by some 7,000 people. When he alighted in the city he said, "Oh, yes, I remember Omaha. I have sung here before. But only 10 people came to hear me that time." The singer was John McCormack.

Emil Telmányi, Hungarian violinist, another great artist, came to Omaha last week, and while he came to the finest theater and he attracted a large audience downstairs and in the balcony, his experience was similar. He has also made appearances in many countries in Europe, eight recitals in Copenhagen, 11 concerts in Budapest, five sonata chamber music evenings in Budapest. He has played 13 times with orchestra under the direction of many of the leading musicians of Europe, among them Dohnányi and Busoni. He has been engaged 32 times with musical societies.

It is not exactly a crime to appear without the support of a local organization, or a vast amount of publicity, but if one is not world famous or the possessor of a photograph public, it is liable to be a box office fiasco. Touring is expensive and one cannot live on everything going out, not even an artist.

One might almost think it was a crime, though, the way a large majority of those who are particularly respectable concert-goers in the straight and narrow path of an outlined course shun such an appearance. I have even heard "Tenny and Gowsky" play at the Municipal auditorium to audiences which were absolutely lost in it. And most of these would not have been there had the artists been less famous. But simply because they had not come as members of a course for which the support had been sought and paid in advance, or so loudly proclaimed locally that interest was developed to such an extent as to overcome indifference.

And the saddest part about the whole humorous affair is, that art has absolutely nothing to do with it. Many a mediocrity appears upon a concert course, while, as in the case of Telmányi, a fine artist appears alone in more senses than one. Barnum established a precedent. It is a matter of the big bass drum.

We would not have as many good concerts as we do now if groups of energetic women did not work for their support in advance. But they cannot sponsor all the good things. A great many of the music lovers would have been glad to have attended as fine a recital as the one Wednesday night if they had known about it.

But they are used to the big noise, and unless they are sought out by it and made to listen, they do not notice a recital is going to happen, or if they do, and the artist is not known in this part of the country they are wary for mediocrities are legion, and the philosopher spoke truly who said "The worst enemy of the best is the good."

But John McCormack was great, and it must be a great satisfaction to 10 people in Omaha to lean back in their chairs to say "I told you so." Telmányi is also great, and he is bound to be recognized and acclaimed, once the people realize it. In fact, some of those who love odious comparisons class him among the first eight violinists of the world, if not even higher.

With his accompanist sick in Chicago, the artist was plucky to appear, depending upon finding a local accompanist. Mr. Bush did not receive the music until noon the day of the recital, and his performance of it reflected the greatest credit to himself. Many of us would like to hear Telmányi again properly sponsored.

In the meantime, other artists, good and poor, will come and go. Some of them with, and some without the big bass drum, and the trustful public will react accordingly. It seems as if something ought to be done about it, so that the finest art and the biggest noise might always jibe. But this is the day of the clever press agent, the smooth-tongued manager, and the big bass drum. The big bass drum keeps the time and marks the rhythm, and prepares us for the burst of music when the band begins to play. And the people follow the beat of the big bass drum.

Miss Sophia Nostiz Nalmska, pianist, will replace Mme. Stadniska at the benefit recital to be given at the First Presbyterian church, Thursday eve, Jan. 11th, for the Westminster Presbyterian church fund. Miss Nalmska is a native of Poland and came directly from Gracow, Poland, to Brownell Hall, where she has been head of the piano department for the past nine years. Miss Nalmska was a pupil of Leschinsky in Vienna and also assistant to Mme. Melville Liszewska. Thursday evening she will play the first movement of the Liszt E flat concerto, accompanied at the organ by Mrs. Zabriskie. The program: "Marche Heroique," Saint-Saens; "Concerto in G Minor," Bruch; "Allegretto," Chopin; "Rhapsody," Liszt; "Slavonic Dance," G. Minor; "Allegretto," Dvorak; "Kreutzer," Liszt; "On Wings of Song," Mendelssohn-Achorn; "Serenade," Mrs. Anderson; D'Ambrósio; "Concerto in E Flat," Liszt; "First Movement," Miss Nalmska; "Orchestra Paris Played at the Organ," by "Aria Dei Vieni non Tardar," Mozart; "The Marriage of Figaro," "Shepherd Thy Demoselove Vary," "Billie Has Such Charming Graces," "On Wings of Song," Old English; "A Pastoral from the Opera," "Rosalinda," Old English; "Verdini," Mrs. Ames; "Ave Maria," Mrs. Gannon; Mrs. Ames, Mrs. Gannon, Mrs. Seaton, Mrs. Zabriskie.

when the following program will be given:

Andante from 5th Symphony... Beethoven
 Mrs. Ben Stanley
 Quartet Op. 75... Ravel
 Allegro Appassionato
 Andante con moto
 Gavotte (Intermezzo)
 quasi presto
 West String Quartet
 Laeala chi o piana (Gisaido)... Handel
 Gavotte (anon)... Basselet
 Mrs. Helen Smalley
 Dorothy Morton Parks, accompanist
 Bohemian Dance... Krasnar
 Lullaby... Dvorak
 Finale from American Quartet... Dvorak
 West String Quartet
 Recit et Air Lisek (L'Enfant Prodige)
 Delcousy
 Dancing Girl... Bruno Huhm
 Wedding Chimes... Faulkes
 Fantaisie in B flat... Dubois
 Mr. Stanley

To sing well demands something more than voice. Voice is essential and the degree of its warmth and color and flexibility and power determines its worth. But the singer who commands his auditors, who touches the chord of their responsiveness, must possess resources other than voice alone. The singing talent and emotion are other requisites. Musical intelligence is yet another. So, too, is the capacity to enunciate distinctly the text—which is the heart of the song because the story is there.

Paul Althouse has gained his pre-eminent position among tenors because he is a singer with a voice who sings. At the Metropolitan opera house he has proved for nine successive seasons that he deserves a place among the elect. On the concert platform Mr. Althouse has demonstrated again and again—year after year—that he is an artist. Each new season finds this young American better equipped than the season before. Experience and industry are mellowing his dramatic tenor voice and his constantly broadening art. Mr. Althouse has progressed in his career because he was endowed with the essentials for achieving one which is unique. He is no less effective in song recital than as a distinguished soloist in any of the numerous festivals for which he is annually engaged.

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**Not a Reissue—
 Not a Revival—
 The Only Mary at Her Superb Best**

Omaha Auditorium on January 16 the third concert in the course being brought here by the business and profession woman's division of the Omaha Chamber of Commerce.

Edith Mason, who has met with such phenomenal success in leading operatic roles with the Chicago Opera association for the past two seasons in Chicago and New York will be heard here for the first time in recital at the Brandels theater under the auspices of the Tuesday Musical club on Wednesday evening, January 24.

In private life Miss Mason is Mrs. Giorgio Polacco, wife of the famous operatic conductor and principal conductor of the Chicago Opera association. This brilliant young soprano won her way to her present position first, because nature endowed her with the beautiful voice, bright, high, flexible and crystal clear; second, because Miss Mason had will and determination, the requisite factors for success. To which must be added the compelling personality of a cosmopolitan artist, who brings the benefits of research and experience to her performances and her interpretation. Miss Mason is one of the few operatic stars who is equally as successful in recital as grand opera and her forthcoming appearance here will be looked forward to with great pleasure.

Alfred Cortot, the great French pianist, is scheduled to play in Cedar Rapids, January 9.

Pupils from the class of Louise Janssen, who head of the vocal department of the University of Omaha, will be presented in recital on Wednesday evening, January 10, at 8:15 at the University on Twenty-fourth and Pratt streets. The program will be given by the Misses Helen Arlander, a Harsh, Marie Pellegrin, Ruth Wallace, Helen Riekes, Aileen Chiles, Jeannette Cass, Madames Harland Mossman, R. Linn Walker, Inez Coats Ott, Walter O. Yale, Gertrude Godman, assisted by the Misses Mary Alice Kirkley and Rose Segal, pupils of Corinne Paulson and the Girls' Glee club of the university under the direction of Dr. F. K. Krueger. Mrs. Arthur Klapp at the piano.

Henri Verbrughen, who has been acting as conductor of the Minneapolis symphony orchestra, has been engaged as regular director on a three-year contract. Mr. Verbrughen took occasion to pay warm tribute to Mr. Oberholfer for his work in building up so fine an orchestra.

Film Flashes.

Mary Miles Minter is making her last picture for Paramount, "The Trail of the Lonesome Pine." And then will it be the trails of a lonesome star? Or will the producers just fall over each other in an effort to tie Mary up in another million dollar contract?

Little Jackie Coogan lost a day in his work on his next picture, "Toby Tyler." He spent the rest of the day at the hospital and all of it regretting his confidence in putting a strange dog. The latter didn't realize the honor being paid and turned and bit the tiny hand of Jackie.

Prisma, Incorporated, has just completed the installation of new equipment at its Jersey City laboratory that involves an expenditure of about \$60,000 and that more than doubles Prisma's capacity. This new machinery was made necessary by the steadily increasing demand for color photography by the many producers who are now using it to give their pictures novel and artistic touches, and is further evidence of the confidence of Prisma in the future of color motion photography, based on five years' experience and study of its logical place in the industry.

The Married Life of Helen and Warren

Lost in the Maze of a London Fog Helen Has an Adventurous Night

"Great guns, what a night! Thick as pea soup" muttered Warren, as they came out from the Alhambra in to the black shroud of a London fog. "No street lights? Are they all out?" dismayed Helen.

"So thick you can't see 'em." "Even the light-straddled theater sign blurred only a few feet through the fog."

The crowd surging out clamored for taxis. But the doorman shouted that all surface traffic had been suspended.

This alarming announcement caused a concerted rush for the underground—the Leicester Square station close by.

"We'll have to walk. The tube won't take us much nearer the Metropole."

"It's getting thicker every minute," Helen clung to his arm. "Can't see a step before you."

"Good thing they stopped the traffic—there'd be some nasty accidents."

Through the darkness tore a woman's cry, its shrillness weirdly muffled. Then shouts of "Stop thief!" In the excited jostle of the crowd, a rush from behind pushed them apart.

For a panicky moment Helen was alone. Then Warren's tall form loomed reassuringly just ahead.

"Oh, as she caught his arm, 'don't let them push between us! I'd be terrified if we got separated.'"

Drawing her closer, he steered her through the now thinning crowd.

There was a shuddery earnestness about it all. The fog-muffled voices seemed curiously hushed and far away.

"Are we going right? Dear, you're sure we haven't turned off?"

No answer. Only the tap of his cane, exploring each step ahead of them.

"Dear, do you know just where we are?" worried by his silence.

"We're all right. You're safe with me!"

The voice was not Warren's! In the fog she had taken the arm of a stranger!

Terror racing through her, she tried to draw away.

"Now, girls, don't get frightened! Where do you want to go?"

"Hotel Metropole," she faltered.

"Right-o, I'll take you there. We're steering for the Strand now. My word, you've got a flossy little hand! But you're not very hefty, are you?"

Stiffing a scream, she tried to struggle from his appraising hold.

"Now don't get flirty! I know a cozy place near here. We'll get a drink—and wait for this to lift."

"No—no! I'll find my way back alone."

"You're coming along with me. We'll have a bit of supper."

"Warren! Warren!" but her cry was futile in the sound-deadening fog. "Who's the Warren cove? I'll take better care of you than he did. You won't get away from me so easy."

Drawing her on through the blinding mist, they collided with a mail box from his appraising hold.

The cane knocked from his hand rattled to the pavement. As he stopped to pick it up, with a jerk Helen freed her arm and plunged recklessly ahead.

"No you don't! You don't give me the slip like that!" He was almost upon her, when she turned sharply to the right, running against an iron railing.

She had eluded him! His angry shouts grew fainter. No, he had turned back!

Stealthily, her heart in her throat, she felt along the railing to a gate. Pushing it open she stropped her way down basement steps.

Crouching against an iron-barred door, she waited breathlessly until he

gave up the search and passed on, his angry mutterings swallowed in the fog.

Warren would be frantic! Somehow she must get back to the hotel.

There was no sound of passers-by, no one to whom she could call. The ominous hush grew terrifying.

A faint whimper. Silence. Then again that pathetic whine.

Never afraid of dogs, Helen whistled and called softly.

The next moment a shaggy Irish terrier was rubbing against her feet. "Poor doggie, you lost, too!" feeling the plate on his collar, which she could not read. "You'd better stay with me—I'll send you home tomorrow."

Tying her long gloves together, she knotted one end under his collar.

The friendly companionship of the dog giving her courage, she started on, feeling each step before her.

Though she had lost all sense of direction, she could not stand still. The strain of inaction was unendurable.

"Here Razz! Razz!" the call came faintly through the fog.

A joyous yelp and an excited tug at the "improvised leash."

"Razz! Razz! Where are you, old boy?" the muffled voice came nearer.

The dog was gone, dragging with him one of her gloves.

"Now we'll have to put your leash on," above the gleeful barks. "What's this tied to your collar? A glove? Somebody been trying to kidnap you?"

The voice was now receding. With a flash of courage Helen called out: "Wait just a moment! I found the dog—we were both lost. I'm trying to get to the Metropole. Can you tell me where we are?"

"This is St. Martin's lane, not far from Charing Cross, his dark form more distinct. "If you'll permit me, I'll be glad to help you find the way."

"Oh, thank you," his voice and ownership of the dog inspired trust. As she stumbled over a curbstone, he suggested that she take his arm. A swift upward glance at his face, faintly lit by a glowing cigar, confirmed her confidence.

"If you don't mind, I'll smoke. It gives a little light."

"It's terrifying—this fog! I've often heard of the London fogs—but I didn't think they were ever as dense as this."

"They rarely are. I remember only one other—several years ago. I started for the Liberal club and found myself by the lions at Trafalgar square."

"That's curious. In one of the magazines there was a story of a girl lost in a fog who located her way by the Trafalgar square lions."

"I read that! An army chap steers her to the hotel. By George it was the Metropole, too! That's a coincidence. Called 'Love in a Fog,' wasn't it?"

"I've forgotten now," flushing at the subtle change in his attitude. Did he think she had deliberately brought up that story?

"And the girl was an American, too!" he persisted. "We should've met in Trafalgar square and had the setting complete."

With flaming self-consciousness, Helen ignored this swift progress.

How could she say that she was

lobby. "How'd he get your glove?" "I'd tied it to the collar of his dog," hastily explaining the incident.

"Hub, he didn't seem overjoyed at meeting me. Did he think you were unattached?" Then as they entered the lift. "Good thing you turned up when you did—I was just about to start something. How in thunder did we get separated?"

"I thought I was with you—in the dark I walked on beside someone else," "Cold" mistaking her shudder.

"That fog's wet as rain."

"Yes, I feel drenched," as they turned down the red-carpeted hall.

"Better get your traps off and have something hot," unlocking their door. "How about a little supper up here? I could do with a sack myself."

"That's the third invitation to sup-

per I've had tonight," laughed Helen a little hysterically, as she switched on the lights.

"Eh? What's that?" sharply, throwing his hat and stick on the bed.

"You needn't worry! I didn't accept the other two." Then laughing at his scorn. "If I'm ever restless for an adventure—I'll know how to start one. I'll just get lost in a London fog!"

Next Week—The Penalty of Helen's Perseverance.

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Buddy Messenger, with whom Broadway got acquainted as the boy in Booth Tarkington's "The Flirt," will be seen as a printer's devil in the comedy-drama of newspaper life, "A Front Page Story."

Today All Week

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