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MUSIC

Giovanni Martinelli to Open Local Concert Season Friday

Metropolitan Opera Company Tenor to Appear at Auditorium With Flora Greenfield, Soprano.

Operatic arias and lighter song groups will be offered by Giovanni Martinelli, tenor of the Metropolitan Opera company, when he appears in concert at the Auditorium the night of October 12, Columbus day.

He will be assisted by Flora Greenfield, soprano. Salvatore Fucito is the accompanist.

Martinelli made his debut with the Metropolitan in 1915, after a meteoric opera career in Italy, his birthplace.

His earliest musical inclinations were instrumental. He was clarionetist in a regimental band, before the bandmaster one day discovered that he could sing. Followed a course of training at Milan, and later an engagement in Puccini's "Girl of the Golden West." Martinelli sang in this opera all over Italy and appeared at Monte Carlo and Covent Gardens, London.

Following is Friday night's program:

Aria: "O Paradiso" from L'Africana ..... Meyerbeer
Giovanni Martinelli.
(a) Appaisement ..... Rabey
(b) Oh si les fleurs avaient des yeux ..... Massenet
(c) Over Hill, Over Dale ..... Cook
Flora Greenfield.
(a) The Jasmine Door ..... Alice Scott
(b) Tes yeux ..... Rabey
(c) Lasciati amar ..... Leoncavallo
Giovanni Martinelli.
Aria "Balatella" from Pagliacci ..... Leoncavallo
Flora Greenfield.
(a) Your Smile a Pearl ..... Ward-Stephens
(b) Le Baiser ..... Thomas
(c) Aprile ..... Tosti
Giovanni Martinelli.
(a) Es Blinkt der Thau ..... Rubenstein
(b) Elaine's Song ..... Foote
(c) Sing to Me Sing ..... Homer
Flora Greenfield.
Duet: "Tomb Scene" from Aida ..... Verdi
Flora Greenfield and Giovanni Martinelli.
Aria: "Vesti la giubba" from Pagliacci ..... Leoncavallo
Giovanni Martinelli.

Appearance in concert at the Brandeis theater Sunday afternoon, November 4, of Mme. Sigrid Onegin, contralto of the Metropolitan Opera company, will open the coming season for the Tuesday Musical club, under the auspices of which Mme. Onegin comes to Omaha.

Tickets Are on Sale at Box Office for

OCT. 12 FRI.

Columbus Day
8:15 P. M.

MARTINELLI
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Leading Tenor Metropolitan Opera Co.
and
FLORA GREENFIELD
Soprano

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$1, $2 and $3, plus tax

Stanley Letovsky, Omaha pianist, will appear in a benefit concert Friday night, October 19, at the Benalto theater, Benson, under the auspices of a boys' club, Knights of the Round Table. Money derived from the concert will be used to furnish club rooms.

The program is promising in the extreme. Mr. Letovsky has included a group of his own compositions, and will also play a group by Chopin and another group by Liszt.

The program follows:

Etude No. 2 in E Flat ..... Paganini-Liszt
The Maid of Ganges ..... Mendelssohn-Liszt
Impromptu ..... Schubert
Prelude in C Sharp Minor ..... Rachmaninoff
La Cathedrale Engontie ..... De Bussey
Country Gardens ..... Grainger
Songs Mother Taught Me .....
..... Dvorak-Letosvky
Strolling Minstrels .....
English Dance .....
Sunday Morning Romanza .....
Tribute to Daniel Boone (Melodie Capricoso) ..... Letovsky
Nocturne .....
Revolutionary Etude .....
Black Key Etude ..... Chopin
Dreams of Love .....
St. Francois de Paule ..... Liszt

Alice Davis Berryman and Cecil Wells Berryman will appear in private recital for their pupils and the pupils' parents next Monday at the Burgess-Nash auditorium.

The program follows:

Sonata, B minor ..... Liszt
Mr. Berryman.
Suite for Two Pianos ..... Arensky
Mr. and Mrs. Berryman.
Dance of the Doll; The Girl With the Flaxen Hair ..... Debussey
The Pensive Spinner ..... Ganz
Nocturne ..... Cicil Berryman
Toccata ..... Saint-Saens
Mrs. Berryman.

Henry Cox, violinist, and Martin W. Bush, pianist, will play the Mozart sonata in G major for piano and violin on a program sponsored by the Monday Musical club at the home of its president, Mrs. Leo Hoffman, next Monday night.

They will also play the romance from the Grieg C minor sonata.

Song groups will be offered by Mrs. Verne Miller and Fred G. Ellis.

The program follows:

Sonata in G major (for piano and violin) ..... Mozart
Mr. Cox and Mr. Bush.
Song group:
(a) Heart of Me ..... Frank Butcher
(b) In the Silent Woods .....
..... Rimsky-Korsakoff
(c) Trees ..... Oscar-Rasbach
Mrs. Verne Miller.
Song group:
(a) Where'er Ye Walk ..... Handel
(b) Hear Me, Ye Winds and Waves .....
..... Handel
(c) Thoughts Have Wings Liza Lehman
Mr. Fred G. Ellis.
Romance from C minor sonata ..... Grieg
Mr. Cox and Mr. Bush.

Lena Ellsworth Dale, vocal instructor and soloist, has reopened her studio at 516 Karbach block for the 1923-1924 season. Studio classes will be held for high school girls, and classes for choir singers and a grand opera study club will be maintained during the year.

Mrs. Dale has announced four widely differing recital programs during the year.

E. Dewar Challinor, director of the Amphion chorus, has been appointed choir director of the Trinity Baptist church, Twenty-fifth and H streets, for the 1923-1924 season, by the church trustees.

Date of the Letovsky-Spillman concert, to be given for the benefit of the public school music department of the University of Omaha, has been set for Thursday night, October 25.

The Evening Bee is the only Omaha paper printing International News Service dispatches.

The club has contracted with an imposing array of artists for the coming winter, including Jacques Thibaud, French violinist, and Pablo Casals, violoncellist, who will appear in joint recital at the Brandeis theater March 6.

Twelfth sacred concert at St. Cecilia cathedral will be given this afternoon at 4.

Two numbers from the celebrated Missa Euge Bone by Christopher Tye will be heard. This composition was sung at Westminster cathedral, London, last Christmas, at the midnight mass.

An added feature of these concerts in the future will be improvisations on themes by Omaha musicians. This afternoon R. M. Silby, director, will use themes by Stanley Letovsky and Mrs. Louise Shaddock Zabriskie.

The program follows:

"Commissa mea" ..... Palestrina
"Benedictus" ..... Christopher Tye
"Agnus Dei" ..... Max Filke
Gallery Choir.
Improvisation on themes composed by ..... Stanley Letovsky
Dr. Silby.
"Kyrie" (Kyrie Rex splendens) .....
..... Gregorian
"Cor Jesu" ..... R. R. Terry
Sanctuary Choir.
"Justorum animae" ..... Stanford
"Laudate Dominum" ..... Sweelinck
"Kyrie" ..... Christopher Tye
Gallery Choir.
Iprovisation on themes by .....
..... Mrs. Louise S. Zabriskie
Dr. Silby.
"Gloria" ..... Pietro Yon
Gallery Choir.
Benediction of the most blessed sacrament will be sung by .....
..... Cathedral Girls' Song Club
O Salutaris ..... West
Tantum ergo ..... Tartini
Adoremus in aeternum ..... Gregorian

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Married Life of Helen and Warren

Pussy Purr-Mew's Feline Perversity Baffles the Rescuing Fire Department.

An inch of lace showed below her mauve organdy. The underslip was too long.

Would she have time to shorten it? An anxious glance at her dressing-table clock. Ten minutes of six!

With nervous haste, Helen got out of her gown, three a kimono about her bare shoulders, and sat down to run a tuck in the new white silk slip.

Beside her in the open window sat Pussy Purr-Mew. With absorbed, tail-switching interest, she was peering down at some twittering birds.

"Never mind those sparrows." Helen stooped for her spool, swept from the window-sill by the agitated tail. "Come back in her, you might fall out"

But with feline perversity, Pussy Purr-Mew crouching low, leaned farther out. Her back twitched excitedly at the tantalizing chirps below.

The tuck basted, Helen was getting into the slip when from the window came a muffled, terrifying sound.

In the mirror she caught a disappearing flash of gray fur.

Then silence—and an empty window-sill!

Her hand over her eyes, Helen shrank tremblingly back.

She could not look down at that mangled bit of fur on the pavement eight floors below.

"Nora! Nora!" Screaming she flew out to the kitchen. "Pussy Purr-Mew! She—she's fallen out the window!"

"Where? What window?" dropping the ricer with its half-crushed potato.

"My room — quick! I—I couldn't look down."

Sobbing convulsively she ran in after Nora who dashed to the window. A breathless moment as the girl leaned out.

"She's all right! She ain't hurt. She's on this ledge!"

The next second Helen was at the window staring down at Pussy Purr-Mew, huddled on the narrow stone ledge about six feet below.

"How you gonna get her back?"

"Go for the elevator boy! Quick—it's so narrow there! Oh, if she should slip!"

As Nora bolted out, Helen glued to the window, called down tremulously, "Pussy Purr-Mew! Poor Pussy Purr-Mew!"

Too frightened to cry out, Pussy Purr-Mew huddled close against the brick wall, while an impudent sparrow hopped jeeringly along the ledge close by.

"I can't get her," was the elevator boy's unsympathetic verdict. "No way to reach down there."

"Get a rope or a ladder—or something! Oh, you must! You must!"

"Nothin' to stand on," his pimply face stolidly indifferent.

In the excitement they had not heard Warren's entrance. A cry of relief from Helen as he loomed in the doorway.

"Hello, what's up?"

"Quick—quick! Pussy Purr-Mew's fallen out—she's on this ledge!"

"Get me a sheet!" was his brisk command as he reached the window.

"A sheet?" quivered Helen. "What can you do with a sheet?"

"Don't stop to argue. Get a sheet, I tell you!"

Out in the hall closet Helen snatched a sheet from the linen shelf, shaking out its crisp folds as she ran.

Slashing the hem with his knife, Warren tore the sheet in half and tied it together.

Intent only on the rescue, Helen, heedless of the mutilation of one of her best sheets, watched with breathless anxiety while he lowered it.

"You'll frighten her!" as Pussy Purr-Mew shrank back. "She'll fall off!"

"If she's got any sense, she'll climb up."

"She's too terrified—she'll never climb up that!"

"She won't with all this hubbub! Here, get away! We'll leave her alone."

Moving the dressing table nearer the window, he tied the sheet to it.

Retreating to the dining room windows which commanded a view of the same ledge, they watched for Pussy Purr-Mew's ascent. But ignoring the rescuing sheet, she still crouched motionless against the wall.

"Come on, let's have dinner," grumped Warren. "She'll climb up when she's good and ready."

"Sit down and eat dinner with her out there?" anguished Helen. "She may slip off any moment!"

"Heluva lot of good does to stand here calling 'Kitty, Kitty, Kitty'!"

"Oh, I know," Helen clasped her hands with sudden inspiration. "A box! She loves to get into a box. We'll tie a rope around a bandbox!"

Darting to her closet, she tumbled her best hat from its smart striped box.

"Wouldn't hold her," Warren felt the thin pasteboard. "If that bottom fell out—good night cat!"

"A basket!" she quavered. "Oh, why didn't we think of a basket?"

Out in the kitchen Helen caught up the basket under the sink.

"What're you goin' to put them potatoes in?" Nora had followed her out. "Wait, I'll get the washboiler."

Not waiting for anything, she dumped the potatoes on Nora's spotless floor.

"Get me a rope! Where's the clothesline?"

"Ain't seen none since I been here," sulkily. "She dries in the basement."

Helen's ingenuity, always equal to an emergency, she flew into Warren's room—to the drawer that held his pajamas. Jerking out two of the pajama cords, she knotted them together, then tied them to the basket handle.

"Now let this down," dashing back to Warren. "No, I will—you'll frighten her."

Cautiously, coaxingly, Helen lowered the basket.

The cushion-lined, catnip-scented basket proved no lure to Pussy Purr-Mew. She still crouched on the narrow ledge, too frightened even to "meow." But the appeal in her gray-green eyes brought the tears to Helen's.

"If I could slip a noose over her head," suggested Warren, "I could yank her up."

"Yes, and choke her. Dear, couldn't you let me down by my feet? I'm so light—I know you could hold me. I wouldn't be afraid!"

"Risk your neck for a cat? I guess not. Now, see here, this is all nonsense. She'll climb up that sheet if you let her alone. Nora, you put dinner on. I've had enough of this."

"No, no, I won't leave her there," sobbed Helen. "Call up the humane society. They may know some way."

"There's just one way. After dinner, if she hasn't sense to climb up, I'll get the fire department to bring around an extension ladder."

"Get them now—right away! What do you do? Turn in an alarm?"

"'Not much you don't. After dinner I'll go around to the engine house."

"Wait all that time—risk her falling off? Where's the nearest engine house? If you won't go I'll send the hall boy or go myself."

"Oh, all right, I'll go," irately. "Know what it'll cost for a fool job like this? I'll have to give those men a good stiff tip."

As with a muttered growl Warren slammed out, Helen flew back to call down soothing encouragement to Pussy Purr-Mew.

An anxious 15-minute wait before Nora came running in.

"They're out there now, takin' the ladder through the basement."

"Come up slower! Don't frighten her," called Helen as a burly fireman ascended. "Oh, if she should jump off!"

"Don't worry, miss; I'll get her all right," he shouted back.

Crouching lower, Pussy Purr-Mew was watching every move of the approaching fireman. Now he was half way up! Hand over hand he was climbing fast. Another moment and he would reach the ledge.

For a heart-stopping second Pussy Purr-Mew seemed about to spring off.

A flash of gray fur! She was on the sheet, climbing up with nimble speed.

A roar of laughter from Warren and the firemen below.

Ignoring their boisterous merriment, Helen caught Pussy Purr-Mew as she reached the window.

"Oh, oh," hugging her hysterically with sobbing relief. "How could you?"

She was still crooning over her when Warren strode in.

"Well, that little part cost me just $10. And that damned cat could have climbed up any old time she wanted to!"

"I don't care! I don't care what it cost. She's safe.'" hugging her closer. "She's safe!"

"Safe?" with a snort. "Knew all along she was safe—that she'd shinny up that sheet when she got good and ready! But you set up such a howl you had me rattled. Huh, you don't have to worry about that cat! I'd like to wring her blooming neck! Sitting out there giving us the laugh—while you were throwing hysterics all over the place."

Abie the Agent. A scream! In The Evening Bee.

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