Amusements

The greater portion of the last week was given over to Clyde Fitch plays at the local theater, and despite the fact that both "The Cowboy and Lady" and "Nathan Hale" were new plays to Omaha, and that the name of Fitch is conceded by theatrical managers throughout the country just now to be more magnetic from a box office point of view than that of any other playwright, the attendance was far from satisfactory at any of the performances save that given Sunday afternoon. So far as Omaha is concerned the name of Fitch attached to a play seems to count for but little. It takes something more than stage trickery and rambling dialogue to attract and please local patrons of the drama. The patronage accorded Rose Coghlan during her brief engagement the latter part of the week was not nearly as large as the splendid art displayed by this distinguished actress in the two plays in which she was seen merited. At the Orpheum the vaudeville bill was neither very good or very bad and the attendance neither very large or very small. The Trocadero seemed to be about the only theater that enjoyed anything like good business during the week, and yet there was vacant seats at each performance there.

The week opening today promises much for lovers of music and little for those partial to the drama. Kubelik, the violinist, and Sousa's band will be the only attractions of any special note that the week affords.

It is not often in these days of elaborate scenery, gorgeous costumes, beautiful electrical effects and modern stage mechanism that one has the opportunity of seeing an actor or actress of the old school which taught the art in such a form as to enable it to command admiration for its own beauties. Rose Coghlan is one of the few of this class left and in speaking of the modern theatrical methods as compared to those of earlier days, during the couse of a conversation, said:

"In the present day the eye of the audience is so much attracted by and kept so busy admiring the beauties of the average stage production that the mind is not allowed to grasp and fully enjoy the art of the actor or the fruit of the playwright's ability. I can remember seeing Jefferson, Florence, McCullough, Booth, Mrs. John Drew and others of their class act in front of the most crude scenery one could imagine, and by their great art stir their audiences to such a pitch of enthusiasm as is rarely ever seen in the playhouse today. In those days the actor told his audience that the paint daubed drop in front of which he was playing was a street, a lane or a road or spoke of it as the interior of a beautiful palace and so attentive were his auditors to the beauties of the man's art that the mat er of mere details, such as natural scenery or real properties, were thought of no great importance. It was in those days, too, that an actor or an actress without ability had a hard time of it and the stars were elevated to their positions, not by the aid of money, with which a gorgeous production could be purchased, but by their own merit and ability. A woman can go on the stage now in the fall and if she is fortunate in securing a wealthy backer or influential manager can be a star in the spring. Of course she may occupy the stellar position only while the money or influence lasts, yet that is often long enough to give her an opportunity to find some one else with money or influence and so on she may go from year to year retaining her position without the slightest ability. I do not believe that this state of affairs can continue long. Managers and theatergoers alike are getting their eye teeth cut and they do not always believe what the laudatory advance advertising says of a new star. Of course the public will always demand more attention to detail and realism in the way of scenic effects and properties than they did in earlier days, but I believe that the time is not far distant when merit and ability alone will count in the success of any actor or actress."

Clyde Fitch plays are undoubtedly given the people because the people are willing to pay for them. It certainly is not because of any intrinsic merit they possess. Like the "yellow" journal and the "historical" novel of later date, these Fitch plays are written while you wait and solely with the intention of momentarily attracting public attention and incidentally the public's dollars. Omaha had opportunity to see two of these during the last week, one heralded as his unquestioned masterpiece. This latter encomium is probably used solely for advertising purposes. Quite a delicate judgment would be required to determine which of his plays is worse than the others. They differ solely in degree. Crudeness of style, indifference to the eternal verities and an apparent contempt for the verdict of thoughtful people mark them all. In "The Moth and the Flame" Clyde Fitch very nearly struck 13. In "Nathan Hale" he barely struck 1. Between these two he has given us "Lovers' Lane," as incongruous as it is mawkish. "Barbara Freitchie," full of platitudes and inconsistencies; "The Climbers," an overstrained effort on a hackneyed topic; "The Cowboy and the Lady," so grotesque in its treatment of western life that it excites laughter rather than contempt from those it maligns. He threatens to do other things, and no doubt he will. So long as he can find titles that will catch the eye he will be able to weave words about them, no matter how coarse the fabric, and for a season will reap much pecuniary profit. In the passing of the Hoyt play the end of the Fitch drama is foreshadowed. Yet the astute manager says: "The people want it, and are willing to pay for it." And he gives it to them.

One thing about Fitch arrests attention if it does not challenge admiration. His boldness in handling topics continually reminds one of that old saying of a class of mortals who rush in where the better informed immortals fear to tread. Fitch will tackle anything and furnish it forth in a play, no matter what his knowledge of the subject. His "Cowboy and Lady" piece excellently illustrates this phase of his peculiar methods. "Alkali Ike" has no doubt served him as his type for a cowboy, "Calamity Jane" for his western woman and "Wolfville" for his town. Just why he should have his respectable women in the play go to a disreputable dance hall for their pleasure passes understanding. It may be due to haste—Mr. Fitch having as a rule three or four plays at a time building (that's the word; he doesn't write 'em)—or it may be due to his desire to create a sensation. Whatever it is, he overreaches the real in his effort at realism and gives us a picture of western life in which the only typical touches are the fact that there are not enough women at the dance to go round, and, in the case of the present company, the spraddle of Joe, the only cowboy in the bunch who walked as if he had ever backed a horse. The rest of the piece is of the true dime-novel style and could as well have been written by Ned Buntline or any of the others of that ilk.

But Fitch is not the only yellow journalist who has broken into the dramatic world. David Belasco is another who lets his desire for a "picture" run away with his respect for "things as they are." He has been variously called "master of stagecraft," and "artist and inventor" and a host of similarly euphonious epithets, whereas he merely has the sublime impudence to borrow here and there the thought of others, array it in more bizarre garments and parade it as his own. He hands his audiences many a "package," as per "The Heart of Maryland." In the picture borrowed from "La Tosca," which goes just ahead of the picture borrowed from "Curfew Shall Not Ring Tonight," Maryland takes a long, sharp bayonet and jabs it into Colonel Thorpe's anatomy with great force and numerous times, to all intents and purposes inflicting divers and sundry wounds upon that cheerful scoundrel. It is not essential that any or all of these wounds should prove mortal, but they are sufficient to cause the impetuous colonel to desist from his demonstration to the imprisoned lover of the fate of the lady after the firing squad has done its work. In fact, the colonel himself proclaims his approaching dissolution and falls lifeless while Maryland releases her lover and bids him flee. A great sigh of relief is hove by the audience, who, remembering Baron Scarpia, rejoice to think that Colonel Thorpe has gone to join his Italian prototype, having taken almost precisely the same route. But, no! Davy Belasco fools 'em. He needs that villain in the next act and when the curtain goes up just after Maryland has swung on the trapeze bar instead of a bell clapper, we find the colonel in command of his regiment, just as chipper as though he hadn't even missed a drink, let alone being punched full of holes only a couple of hours before. Here we are introduced to another phase of Belasco's genius for calmly ignoring what more plodding people would consider anachronisms at least. A promising young rebel officer the afternoon before was carried into the home of Maryland, dying from the effects of a collision with a shell hurled from a Yankee gun. He, too, is missed by the audience, for he was a real good fellow, and one hated to think of his being taken off in that way. Lo, then, isn't it a relief to see him turn up sound and well less than twenty-four hours after receiving his death wound and take charge of the Thorpe regiment just in time to stop all trouble and save "The Heart of Maryland" from being permanently wrecked? That's the way to hold the mirror up to nature.

A friend of the dramatic editor writes this note:

OMAHA, Feb. 24.—To the Dramatic Editor of The Bee: I hardly believe you will deny as regular a reader of your dramatic criticisms as myself the privilege of correcting an erroneous statement in your Sunday writeup of Miss Rose Coghlan's approaching visit to Omaha. You state that she has not been seen in Omaha since 1899, when she gave us "Aristocracy" at the old Boyd. Simply as a matter of information, offered "for the good of the order," I beg to remind you that Miss Coghlan was at the new Boyd October 19 and 20, 1894, for three performances, giving "Diplomacy," "A Woman of No Importance" and "Forget Me Not." Your lapse of memory only becomes suggestively serious for the reason that she then had in her support Miss Maxine Elliott, Frederick de Belleville, John T. Sullivan, Cecil M. York, etc. Very truly yours,

I. H.

It will probably console Miss Coghlan to know that "I. H." is not the only Omaha admirer who recalls her latest visit here. Several have taken occasion to remind the dramatic editor of his slip and others doubtless would had they had an opportunity.

Here is a story from the Chicago Inter-Ocean concerning some stage people well known to Omahans:

Virginia Harned (Mrs. E. H. Sothern) used to disconcert her lord, who should have been her master, by silently guying through their love scenes, so that he cultivated the habit of making passionate declarations to his heroine without looking at her or anything in particular, but directing his luminous gaze at a slant over her shoulder, giving Virginia no chance to catch his eye and throw him into suppressed laughter by some unexpected glance of ludicrous intent. One of her tricks was to look at him cross-eyed, which annoyed him and amused him at the same time, and completely knocked the tender, impassionate Sothern tenor out of his voice and twitched the corners of his sensitive mouth into a colicky droop. Virginia in time grew to expect the fierce gaze athwart her clavicular region instead of a love-lit mott into her own mischievous eyes, but when Miss Loftus came to inherit Virginia's dramatic shoes she was much cast down by the sudden sight of two blazing balls of eyes passionately staring over the tip of her ear, fixed on something the nature of which filled her with vague terrors and surmises. So she asked Mr. Sothern why, and wondered did his art lead him to making love to a luminous beyond or anything, for Cissie was learning.

"After I had gladly shaken off my husbandly habit with my new heroine," says Mr. Sothern, "what do you think the ungracious Miss Loftus said to me. One evening I asked her did she like my stage love-making better. She said: 'Oh, yes; your eyes are all right now; you look at me like a nice, happy cow!'"

Coming Events.

Lewis Morrison's spectacular version of "Faust," aided by new scenery, electrical, mechanical and pyrotechnical effects, a supporting company of unusual strength and a chorus of fresh, young voices, will be at Boyd's this afternoon and tonight. It will be interesting perhaps to note that the opening date of the piece this season in New York marked the 5,000th performance of it by Mr. Morrison. The event was celebrated by a complete new scenic investiture.

"Ole Olson," revamped and brought up to date, as its management makes claim, will be the offering tomorrow night at Boyd's. Ben Hendricks, who has been seen here in the piece several times, still heads the company. One of the features of the piece this season is a Swedish lady quartet, which will render a select repertoire of Swedish folk songs.

The prestige and popularity of John Philip Sousa know no geographical limitations. The permanent success of the great organization which bears his name has been securely established in the musical centers of the world. Sousa is now engaged upon his twentieth semi-annual concert tour, which will bring his band here for a concert at the Boyd Tuesday, matinee and night. The soloists will be Maud Reese-Davies, soprano; Dorothy Hoyle, violiniste, and Arthur Pryor, trombone.

Wednesday afternoon Walker Whiteside will open an engagement at Boyd's that includes Wednesday and Thursday nights. At the two Wednesday performances the romantic drama, "Heart and Sword," will be given. Thursday night Mr. Whiteside will be seen in "The Merchant of Venice." "Heart and Sword" tells an interesting story of love and war. The plot deals with imaginary characters and the scene of the play is laid in an imaginary German principality in about the early part of the nineteenth century. The period of the play affords opportunity for exquisitely picturesque costuming for both men and women. Mr. Whiteside has furnished the play with an adequate stage setting for the piece. The company includes Miss Lelia Wolstan, Mr. W. B. Mack, Mr. Lawrence Evart and that excellent old actor, Mr. John L. Saphore.

Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Drew come to the Orpheum for the week commencing with the matinee today. They have a new sketch, entitled "A Model Young Man." Among the many stars of the drama who have left the legitimate stage to enter vaudeville none are better known or have met with more uniform success than these two players. The seven other acts present a variety of entertainment limited only by their number. The Da Coma family of acrobats offer a remarkable exhibition of skill and nerve. They were for several seasons featured with Ringling Bros.' circus. Werner and Rieder are Tyrolean singers. They wear the picturesque costume of the Swiss mountaineers and carry a special stage setting. Al and Mamie Anderson have been seen here. Al Anderson is one of the biggest favorites of the many coon comedians. They will present their "Chinee and the Coon," new chaff and songs. Jordan and Crouch are terpsichorean artists and, like the remainder of the bill, are new comers. Arthur Buckner is an expert cyclist. Banjo playing is the specialty of Fred Stuber, while the Welch brothers offer a unique brand of knock-about comedy and dancing.

M. M. Theise's own company, known as "Wine, Woman and Song company," is announced to appear at the Trocadero for one week, commencing with today's matinee. The company this season surpasses that of former years. The performance opens with an original conceit by Mr. Thiese entitled, "The Vaudeville Craze," and introduces the entire company in a series of very clever impersonations. The second part or olio suffices to introduce a number of well known vaudeville artists, being headed by Bonita and her Cuban and southern midgets. She is followed by comedians Gallagher and Barrett, who tell of their experiences on board the Iowa; Harry and Sadie Fields, Hebrew impersonators are next, followed by Sketch Artists Kine and Gotthold in "Twenty Minutes with Uncle Tom's Cabin." The Yale duo, club jugglers, follows next, while Bush and Devere entertain with songs, illustrated. Arthur Searles brings this olio to a close with his parodies. The closing burlesque, "Mixed Picnics," introduces the entire company in laughable situations, entrancing music, songs and dances. "Wine, Woman and Song," remains the entire week, with daily matinees.

Jan Kubelik will face an immense audience at the Boyd's Saturday evening, as the house was completely sold out on the very first day of sale of seats, but it remains to be seen whether or no Omaha will go wild over this slip of a boy violinist, as have inhabitants of every other city where he has been heard. The program which Kubelik will play, commencing at 8:15 o'clock, will be as follows:

Concerto for violin, D major—
.....Cadenza by Sauret—Paganini
Jan Jubelik.
Piano Soli—(a) Rigaudon.....a.....Raff
(b) Double note Etude.....
.....Moszkowski
Miss Jessie Shay.
Violin Soli—(a) Romance.....Beethoven
(b) Slovansky Tanec...Dvorak
Jan Kubelik.
Piano Solo—Rhapsodie Hongroise No. 12 ..... Liszt
Miss Jessie Shay.
Violin Soli—(a) Traumerie.....Schumann
(b) La Ronde des Lutins...
..... Bazzini
Jan Kubelik.

Plays and Players.

An elaborate revival of "Faust" will be the chief feature of Henry Irving's next season in London.

Ching Ling Foo, the Chinese magician who started his American career in Omaha, is coming to this country again.

Martha Morton's new play for William Collier will be produced in about three weeks. Rehearsals have commenced.

Virginia Earle is seeking a divorce minus publicity from her husband, Frank Lawton, the whistler, who is at present in London.

"Joan of the Shoals," Henrietta Crosman's new play, proved a failure and the actress has resumed playing "Mistress Nell."

"The Fortune Teller" is to be revived by Frank L. Perley with a new prima donna, but the tour will not begin until next season.

Clyde Fitch has been engaged to write another comedy for Ethel Barrymore, who may present "Captain Jinks" and the new piece in London next year.

Margaret Dale is to be leading woman in John Drew's company next season, replacing Ida Conquest, who will head the cast of a special production.

Eddie Foy, Irene Bentley and Margaret Clark have been engaged for the new opera to be produced at the Garrick theater in Philadelphia on March 24.

Maude Adams is the beneficiary in a bill now before the senate, which carries an appropriation to repay losses sustained by her uncle during the civil war.

William Gillette's engagement in "Sherlock Holmes" at the London Lyceum has been extended until April 12, after which Sir Henry Irving will occupy the theater.

Attempts are regularly made in London now to whistle down American plays and American companies. How would it do to whistle down some of the English attractions over here?

E. H. Sothern has a new leading lady this season and Bostonians who have noted Cecelia Loftus in her artistic work in the past will be interested to see her in her new line of dramatic work.

Miss Florence Reed, Roland Reed's daughter, has made quite a hit in "The Widow Jones" at the Boston Museum. Miss Reed is a very pretty girl, an accomplished musician and dresses beautifully.

Of all the celebrated Daly company, John Drew is the only player that has maintained his fame and fortune. Ada Rehan, gone; George Parkes, in a home for aged; William Gilbert, disappeared; Otis Skinner, barnstorming; Virginia Dreher, dead; James Lewis, dead; Charles Fisher, dead; Charles Leclerq, dead; [illegible] Duff, dead; Augustin Daly, dead; Old Moore, the stage manager, dead; Widmer, the orchestra leader, dead; the theater, gone into new hands.

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CHICAGO, Feb. 3, 1902.

Knowlton Danderine Co., Chicago, Ill.—Gentlemen: Before I commenced using Danderine my hair was very thin and it would come out by the handfuls when I combed it. It was also dry and brittle and felt coarse. The Danderine seemed to revive it almost at once. I now have thicker and much longer hair than I ever had, and it is still growing rapidly.

Yours truly, Mabel Morris,
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There is no reason why anyone should not have beautiful hair, now that there is a remedy. Danderine makes hair beautiful. It makes the scalp healthy and productive. Such scalps produce hair and a satisfactory amount of it. Danderine acts specifically in all hair and scalp affections. Its applications are healing, cooling and very invigorating. Get a 25c. bottle and use it as directed. It is the only remedy ever discovered that will stop hair falling and insure its growth. Results are seen at once. NOW at all druggists in three sizes, 25c., 50c. and $1.00 per bottle. Be sure you get the genuine.

FREE to show how quickly Danderine acts, The Knowlton Danderine Co., Chicago, will send a large sample free by return mail to anyone who sends us this advertisement with their name and address and 10c. in silver or stamps to pay postage.

For sale by Boston Store Drug Dept.

W. R. BENNETT CO.

BIG CLEARANCE SALE THIS WEEK

Work on the new store is almost completed.

ANNOUNCEMENT OF THE GRAND OPENING

will soon be made. We begin in earnest this week to **close out our present stock, which must be sold before moving.**

Big Slaughter of Prices on Furniture — Third Floor

Bedroom Suites—Golden oak finish, nicely carved, French plate mirror; very showy; at clearance sale price..... **11.50**

Odd Dressers—Golden oak finish, French plate glass; base 40 inches long, castored, and well made..... **6.50**

Couches—Steel construction, golden oak frame, tufted or plain tops, 30 inches wide, 79 inches long; covered in best Belgian velours; regular price $16.00—will clean them out at..... **10.50**

Extension Tables—Solid oak, nice finish, strong and durable, 8 feet long, fluted legs—to be sold at this cutting price sale, at..... **4.98**

Sideboards—Made of selected oak, polished, golden finish, French beveled mirror, one drawer lined, nicely carved—your last chance, at.... **12.50**

Iron Beds—Just a few odd ones left—full size. Such bargains were never before offered. The prices we have put on them will surprise you, ranging in price up from..... **1.15**

Candied Peel Carnival — In Tea and Coffee Department.

Citron, Orange and Lemon—The most delicious the market produces. To reduce our stock, we place on sale 1,000 pounds at **10c, 10c, 10c**

Rice Carnival — Grocery Department

Just received, 4,000 pounds splendid full grain Japan Rice—worth double the price asked for it. Will be sold at, pound **4c, 4c, 4c**

Great Reduction in Lamps

Crockery Dept.—Annex Basement.

Nickel Lamps, with decorated globe chimney **45c**
Opal Fancy Lamps **50c**
Opal Decorated, Rochester No. 2 burner, Lamp, complete with shades... **1.25**
English Water Pitchers, in colors, your choice for **25c**

Bargain Annex.

Glass Water Pitchers **10c**
Fancy Tea Cups and Saucers, china... **9c**
Yellow Bowls, your choice for **3c**
Fine China Decorated Cuspadors **39c**

Woodenware Specials

Annex Bargain Room.

Large Antique Oak Towel Rollers, each. **12c**
Plain hard wood Bread Plates, each **10c**
Fancy Salt Boxes, each..... **12c**
6-in. Towel Rings, assorted colors, each.. **6c**
Two compartment Knife Trays, each ... **15c**
Table Mats, set of 5, only **25c**
Salad Fork and Spoon, per set **6c**

Our big stock of Wood and Willow ware in Annex Basement must be closed out with the rest. Here is the chance to get bargains. In Washing Machines we have the best line in Omaha. All must be sold.

W. R. BENNETT COMPANY, Fifteenth and Capitol Ave.

Musical

My text this morning is to be found in the third chapter of Colossians and the fourteenth verse. It reads as follows: "And above all things put on charity."

After I have written a few more sermons, whose texts, by the way, have been suggested to me by friends, I will apply for membership in the Ministerial union. I am very orthodox. And as I have been associated in one way or other with church music since as far back as I can remember, I can hardly refrain from expressing myself in ecclesiastical parlance. One clergyman in Omaha has doubtless approved the soundness of my religious education, inasmuch as he was kind enough to read from his pulpit a recent article in this column. Dean Fair has also said things about me from the chancel of Trinity. I don't just now remember whether they were indorsements or not, but I feel quite sure they were.

And now having presented the preamble, which is too short to measure up with that of the standard sermon, I will proceed to the subject itself, which I know is a heterodox thing to do, and may bar me from the union, but I cannot help it.

There is a certain garment or cloak which has for some reason or other become largely obsolete, and yet in its way it is a mighty good garment for general wear. It is generous in its folds, ample in its breadth, of full length, and it is fastened with a clasp of sincerity. The name of the garment is Charity. The garment is suitable for wear at all hours, at all places and under all circumstances. One remarkable feature of this piece of apparel is that if one gets in the habit of wearing it, it would seem to improve with wear, become lighter in weight and yet become more conducive to warmth.

It is a most becoming garment, because men and women, old and young, look well in it, and each person who owns one is not only willing to share it with his neighbor, but is also anxious that his neighbor secure one for himself and friends.

Fashions change, and now it would almost seem as though the old-fashioned mantle or cloak called Charity were considered quite out of date. Once in a while you will meet a man or woman with it on, but most people have it locked up in the dark recesses of a cobwebbed closet, and they haven't even taken the precaution to place with a few camphor balls to keep away the eating moths of jealousy.

I met a musician a little while ago, he was a local musician, too, and he said to me, "Have you ever noticed how uncharitable some musicians seem in listening to a brother artist or a sister artist at a concert or musicale, especially if by sheer accident, a temporary lapse of memory or a slight nervous excitement interferes with the performance of the artist."

In discussing the matter, it occurred to me that musicians very often leave their charity cloaks at home, as I have many times noticed that very eloquent raising of the eyebrows or that half-pitying smile which says nothing, but suggests a lot. We are speaking, of course, of purely accidental phases of professional work and were not alluding to that spirit of presumption which tries to pan off unpreparedness for art, or faulty execution for interpretation.

Accidents will happen. When an artist of standing among the musicians happens to make a mistake which one knows is surely the result of an accident, and nothing but an accident, and when we know that that same man or woman would present the work ninety-nine times out of a hundred without a slip of any kind, we should simply remember to put ourselves in his or her place.

Let it be understood that I do not wish to imply that if a young pianist, whose musical limit is "Narcissus," attempts to present Beethoven, he or she should have the protection of this mantle of Charity. That is a different affair.

The mantle of Charity is not large enough to cover a sham, although it is wide enough to surround the faults and mistakes of the youngest student, who is earnestly and honestly searching for art in the light of truth.

It will fit the disciple, but not the Pharisee.

With the approach of the beautiful spring, let us bring out our old-fashioned garments of Charity and let us wear them. They will perchance keep us from becoming chilled.

One day last week I had a visit with the well known musical writer, Carrie Woods Bush of Chicago, who was here in the interests of the Chicago Musical Leader, a very clever paper published by Florence French—pianist, author, manager and good musician. The paper referred to is the only western musical paper I know of worthy of serious consideration. In these days of newspaper controversy with regard to the various claims of prominence advanced by New York and Chicago (and in which Chicago is certainly holding its own as a musical center), it is gratifying to find that this Chicago musical weekly has awakened an interest in the music of the west.

Chicago encourages musicians to come to it, but I am told that New York encourages them to stay away. I hope that the wonderful success already attained by the paper may be continued and enlarged and that Omaha will always be represented.

Mrs. Bush is also a good pianist and knows a good deal about singing, and during her visit here she has complimented very migtily the standard of musicianship of the city of Omaha.

I have received a catalogue from the good brother, J. A. Parks of York, who, with Mr. Rollin Bond engineered successfully a musical festival in that city, which was alluded to in this column. Mr. Parks has named his catalogue "Nuggets Quarried from the Music Mines."

I suppose there is a place for some of the music in this catalogue, while again some of it makes good reading and a few numbers are quite original, but still, had Mr. Parks quarried deeper I think he would have struck better ore.

One interesting originality is the copy of "Lead, Kindly Light," in which Cardinal Newman's beautiful words are ascribed to Bishop Newman. (I understand York is a good Methodist town, and perhaps that is why the words are ascribed to a Methodist Bishop).

There is also an interesting dictionary, in which we meet with a few words that are unique. For instance, "cantibile," "dimmunendo," etc.; the word "dolce" is given as "dolace." The definitions of a good many of the words are doubtful. Mr. Parks is certainly encouraged in his efforts as a publisher, for here is one of the testimonials he has received: "Enclosed find money order for concert quartet. I consider Parks the 'Dewey' of male quartet music."—S. M., Washington, Ia."

It now remains for some composer to become the Schley.

I have been reading a good deal in the papers recently about a little professional difference between a certain musician and a certain physician at the Fane of the Fine Arts of Omaha, otherwise known as the Davidge block. It seems that the musician is living a musically strenuous life and the physician objects to the "continuous" over his head. So there has been some beating upon the steam pipes to balance the noise.

A policeman was called in, but not as a "star" attraction, probably because he was accustomed to follow the "beat," or perhaps it was to prevent people "hitting the pipe."

Meanwhile the merry plumber stands by and listens with glee, hoping that some joint or screw will be loosened and he will be called in, and Impresario Robbins, the agent, is wearing a worried look and whistling from time to time:

How happy I could be with either,
Were t'other dear charmer away.

An opposition concert is expected soon and the program is forecasted as follows:

Overture—Morning, Noon and Night..Suppe
Solo—The Harmonious Blacksmith..Handel
Duet—The Anvil Chorus (arranged)..Verdi
Solo—I'd Leave My Happy Home for You .....Pop
Old Hymn—Knocking, Knocking, Who Is There?.....Anon.
Solo—I Cannot Help Loving Thee.....Johns
Chorus—Strike Up the Pipe and Cymbal Clear .....Old Eng.
Solo—Beat Upon Mine, Little Heart...Buck
Solo—Let Me Dream Again.....Sullivan
Response—We Won't Go Home Till Morning .....Pop

Kubelik has charmed enough dollars out of the people to completely fill Boyd's theater. And this merely by reputation. If this enthusiasm obtains before the concert, what will be the case after he has been heard? Energy on the part of a few music lovers accomplished this. It proves what The Bee has always said, namely, that the people are here who appreciate the best and that all is wanted is a manager to work things up. The Bohemians have set a noble example. We musicians are thankful that they live with us. And to them we say, "encore!"

Mr. E. D. Keck has taken charge of the music at Kountze Memorial church in addition to his work at St. Mary's Avenue Congregational church. I wish him great success, and he will surely have it. Mr. Keck is a splendid organizer and he is a constant student of church music. With this combination added to his general musical ability he must win.

Students are now being admitted to the Lenten musicales by paying for single admission tickets at the door instead of buying the full course ticket.

Mr. Alfred Marschner writes me to say that I am to be congratulated, because The Bee continually backs up its musical column editorially, and therein differs from most papers. On asking for further information on the subject I am informed by him that the music column is on page thirteen and the editorial columnson page fourteen.

THOMAS J. KELLY.

Marie Swanson, Harpist, 829 S. 18th St.

AMUSEMENTS.

TROCADERO Telephone 1809

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