Gossip About Music and Musicians

By HENRIETTA REES.

HE MEMBERSHIP of the Mendelssohn choir of Omaha is now busy with its annual work of securing pledges for the coming series of concerts with the Chicago Symphony orchestra and the question on every hand is "Have you signed the pledge?" There is a very strong point of inter-

est in the matter this year, because the support of the joint series of annual concerts by these two organizations will secide whether they will be continued. The reason is this: Five years ago the Mendelssohn choir entered into a contract with the Chicago Symphony orchestra, which was then the Theodore Thomas orchestra, for a series of annual concerts to be held in the spring of each season at the Auditorium on a basis of popular subscription. This contract was to remain in force for five years, denending upon the financial support secured by the local organization. That organization did its work well and last season (there was a board of guarantors), the choir and orchestra each lost money for the first time. It was found that some subscriptions had been cut down and financial support in some quarters was not forthcoming, owing to the fact that there was a board of guarantors to take up any deficit. In view of this the management decided not to call on the guarantors at all and so each party in the partnership paid up his share of the loss and closed the

This year the original scheme has been reverted to: the subscription is to be popular and there will be no board of guarantors to fall back on, but, of course, generous subscriptions or donations to a cash guarantee fund will be highly ac-

books.

There will be one feature this year which will prove attractive and that is in regard to the season ticket. Previously this ticket has been issued to cover one admission for the holder to each of the three concerts, so that in order to get advantage of the low subscription rate the holder had to attend each of the three concerts. This year the tickets will be in the nature of a coupon book, containing two evening coupons and one afternoon coupon. These will be interchangeable; the holder can use two evening tickets on one evening, and if he so elects he can convert the matinee ticket into an evening one by paying 50 cents additional, the matines being \$1 and the evening \$1.50, for the regular admission

The programs this year will be of a highly popular nature, consisting of the favorite numbers of the last four seasons So that the Mendelssohn choir is justified in its aim to get out the entire music

and fill the Auditorium by subscription If this proves to be successful immediate steps will be taken to try to secure the partnership contract of the choir and erchestra for another period of five years In any case, the Mendelssohn choir will continue its activity.

The spring concerts this year, the last of the five-year series, will be in the Auditorium, April 26 and 27.

A concert which is arousing extraordinary interest in musical as well as social circles, is the appearance of Miss Frances Nash, planist, with the Minneapolis Symphony orchestra, at the Boyd theater on Friday evening, February 19.

This is Miss Nash's first appearance since her return from Europe, and as she has always been deeply in earnest and has spent much time in serious study, much is expected of this gifted young

Miss Nash's propensity for hard work quite disproves the old belief that only abject poverty and its accompanying bitter struggles develop genius. She appeared as soloist with the Berlin Philharmonic society shortly before her return to America, and the testimonials of her success are strong proof of attainment in her chosen art. When Miss Nash played the E Minor Concerto (Chopin) with the Philharmonic orchestra in Dresden she was recalled five times. Surely a flattering tribute to a strange young artist.

The artistic gifts of Miss Nash are regarded as an inheritance, for she comes of a family which has long been composers for its love, atudy and patronage of the arts.

For the approaching concert the entire membership of the Minneapolis Symphony orchestra, eighty-five players, will appear, under the direction of Mr. Emil Ober-

Mme. Schumann-Heink's business manager, who was in the city on Monday with Alma Gluck and Efrem Zimbalist, told Miss Hopper the famous contralto would not be able to sing again for at least twelve months. Her doctor's statement was also shown to substantiate the claim. This will of course cancel her Omaha contract for April 18.

Fritz Kreisler, violinist and hero of the European war, will be heard in recital at the Brandels theater on Sunday afternoon, March 14, under Miss Hopper's management.

Miss Edith Martin will present Miss Louise Le Baron and Mr. Walter Wheatley in joint operatic recital at the Young Women's Christian association auditorium Friday evening, with Dr. John Mayhew at the piano.

Following is the program.

Duet, "The Passage Bird's Farewell".

Hildsch. Following is the program:

Miss Le Baron and Mr. Wheatley.
Song—(a) "No Sognato". Roteli
Song—(b) "Nattinata". Leoncavallo
Song—(c) "Vesti la Goubba" (1 Pagliacci). Mr. Wheatley. liacci) Mr. Wheatley.

Aria-(a) "Voce do Denna" (La Gio-

conda)
Aris-(b) "Voi lo Bapete" (Cavalleria
Rusticana) Masca
Miss La Baron
Venusburg scene from "Tannhauser" "Voi lo Sapete" (Cavalleria

Miss Le Baron. Gelida Manina"

Behema)

Mr. Wheatley.

Prison scene (Le Prophete) "O tof qui M'abandonnes". Meyerbeer

Miss Le Baron. Meyerbeer

Miss Le Baron. Gheel

Song—(a) "Lily of My Heart". Gheel

Song—(b) "Serenado". Strauss

Song—(c) "A Burst of Melody". Stiler

Mr. Wheatley.

Song—(a) "Payage". Hahn

The Omaha Conservatory of Music and Art will present Edith L. Wagoner in piano recital at the conservatory audi-torium, Metropelitan building, 230 Har-penetrates, 25c. All druggists.-Adverney street, on Thursday afternoon, Febru- tisement.

Songsters Who Are Members of the Creighton Glee Club



The Creighton Varsity Glee club, under from all departments of the university, among the students in pushing the concert will be staged entirely by more popular than the custom of featurthe direction of Prof. Bock, will stage has been hard at work since early in cert. Reserved seats will be placed on the students this year, as it is thought ing a star, with the club occupying the tte fifth annual concert at the Brandels September in preparation for this appear- sale at Beaton's drug store February 1, this form of entertainment will prove background. theater February 9. The club, recruited ance. Great enthusiasm is displayed

OPERATIC STAR TO APPEAR IN CONCERT HERE.



Louise le Baron

ary 4, at 4 o'clock. The program is as I could make out. follows:

-(Sarabande), (The Three MacDowell

Moonlight
Gardens in the Rain Debussy
tallade, Op. 10, No. 2—Caprice. Beahms
thapsodie Op. 79, No. 2
thild's Song—Were Wolf Child's
Game) Liaponnow Gernsheim Grieg

Asolus Gries Nocturne Window and up toward the corresponding window upstairs. Then he gazed eag-A Haunted House.
Of Salamanders
Of Br'er Rabbit (from Fireside Tales)

Etude—"Acolian Harp". #...

Etude—"Butterfley"

Etude—Op. 16, No. 3.

Etude—"Nisgafa Falls". Choj

Musical Notes.

Plymouth Congregational church will dedicate its new pipe organ February 2 with a recital by Mr. Ben Stanley, organist, assisted by the Misses Madge West, violinist, and Eloise West, organist, and Mr. Charles Brown, baritone. The program is made up of widely contrasted representative numbers for the organ, containing selections from Guilmant, Beethoven and the celebrated large by by Handel, and violin as vocal numbers chosen with care and taste. Among other interesting organ numbers will be a Nocturne by Mr. Stanley. Musical Notes.

A pland recital by pupils of August M. Borglum will be given at the Schmoller & Mueller auditorium. The program will be given by Misses Eleanor Lear, Eliste Dawson. Florence Peterson and Grace Baudo.

At the Social Settlement concert which will be given in the near future, Mrs. Crofoot will play two groups of plano compositions, one entirely from Chopin. Mrs. A. I. Root will sing a group of Schumann songs and other numbers. Miss Helen Sommers will be heard in well chosen selections for the violin and Miss Harriet Metz will sing a group of American songs.

Boyd theater will present Miss Hazel Silver between the acts next Tuesday evening, society night. She will sing, "Since You Went Away," by Johnson, and Emma Trentini's famous aria from the "Firefly," Giannina Mia. Tuesday night, February 9, Mr. Henry Cox and his violia choir of twenty members will play Hrahm's "Hungarian Dance." Mrs. Lens Elisworth Dale will be heard in an aria from "I Paggliacci," February 16.

Alice Virginia Davis will be assisted at her recital February 9 at the Young Women's Christian association by Beulah Dale Turner, Soprano; Cecil W. Berry-man, accompanist. Tickets are on sale now at Hayden's music department.

PLYMOUTH CONGREGATIONAL ORGAN DEDICATED TUESDAY

Plymouth Congregational church will have the formal opening of the new organ Tuesday evening at 8 o'clock, with Ben Stanley as organist, assisted by Miss Madge West, violinist; Miss Eloise West, organist, and Charles C. Brown, baritone.

It Will Relieve Backache. Apply Sloan's Liniment to your back,

The Exploits of Elaine

(Continued from Page Ten.) Reluctantly I followed and we entered

"I want a room," asked Craig as we were accosted by the proprietor, comfortably clad in a loud checked suit and striped shirt sleeves. "I had one here once before-forty-nine, I think." "Fifty"-I began to correct.

Kennedy trod hard on my toes. "Yes, forty-nine," he repeated. The proprietor called a stout negro por-

ter, waiter and bell-hop, all combined in one, who led us upstairs. "Fohty-fine, sah." he pointed out, as Kennedy dropped a dime into his ready

The negro left us, and as Craig started p enter, I objected. "But, Craig, it was fifty-nine, not forty-nine. This is the them, and causing asphyxiation."

Nervously I followed him into the

"Don't you understand?" he went on. floor below.

He gazed about keenly. Then he took open. As he stood there he took the parts of surprise from him. Inside the hollow of the rods he had been carrying and quill was a thin sheet of tissue paper, fitted them together until he had a pole some eight or ten feet long. At one end was a curious arrangement that seemed to contain lenses and a mirror. At the other end was an eye-piece, as nearly as

"What is that?" I asked as he completed his work.

thing on the order of a minature subma- for help. rine periscope." Craig replied, still at

I watche him, fascinated at his reerly through the eye-piece.

"Walter-look!" he exclaimed to me, I did. There, sure enough, was Michas he had said.

As he came into the room, he had looked the stairs again. doing, now that we saw him.

Nothing had happened. Yet he brushed his hand over his forchead and breathed a sigh of relief. The air seemed to be stifling him and already he had gone to the window and thrown it open. Then showed it to him. he had gazed out as though there might be some puknown peril in the very air. He had now drawn back from the window Craig explained. and was considering. He was actually trembling. Should be fice? He whistled softly to himself to keep his shaking fears under control. Then he started to pace and down the room in nervous mpatience and irresolution.

to and fro, I could not help admitting the inquest." scope up and we left our room, mounting cager to get away, then adding the one

sured step of the footman. Craig knocked. stand his fear for her. spened slowly and I could see a cold spite of all that could be done for her. "Look out!" I cried.

"It's all right, Walter," he added to me. were distracted. The gun dropped back into the footnan's pocket. We entered and Michael again locked the door. Not a word had seen spoken by him so far.

the room and, as I realized later, brought had landed on Elaine's bedhimself in direct line with the open window. He seemed to be overcome with wards, a car had drawn up hastily and fear at his betrayal and stood there the evil-faced crock whom the Clutching breathing heavily.

Hand had used to rid himself of the in-

been so mistreated that I have made up hastily huried the stone through the winmy mind to tell you all I know about dow, as quickly leaping back into the car this Clutching"---Suddenly he drew a sharp breath and | Elaine had screamed. All had reached

knees and walst and literally crumple | was the ominous warning, signed as usual down on his face. by the Hand:

We ran to him. Craig turned him over gently on his back and examined him He called. No answer, Michael was almost pulseless.

Michael is dead.

Tomorrow you.

ing him the note.

administered."

Stop before it is too late.

the suddenness of the thing.

He gazed about keenly. Meanwhile, I

plainly discernible. "Yes, here it is" be

"But why did it work so effectively?"

entinued, standing absorbed in thought.

He sniffed as he had done before. So

arrived and were admitted.

"Arsenic!" he cried.

Quickly Craig tore off his collar and bared his breast, for the man seemed to paler than ever from this second shock, be struggling for breath. As he did so, while the others, as they read the note, he drew from Michael's throat, a small, sharp-pointed dart. "What's that?" I ejaculated, horror

stricken. "A poisoned blow-gun dart, such as is used by the South American Indians on the upper Orinoco," he said slowly. He examined it carefully.

"What is the poison?" I asked. Curari," he replied simply." It acts on the respiratory muscles, paralyzing The dart seemed to have been made of

"I know it," he replied. "I had it writa quill with a very sharp point, hollow,
en in the book. But I want forty-nine— and containing the deadly poison in the ten in the book. But I want forty-nine— and containing the deadly poison in the against the wall. As I now, Just follow me, Walter." "Look out!" I cautioned, as he

handled it. against?" "Oh, that all right," answered casually. "Room forty-nine is probably just the "If I don't scratch myself, I am safe same as fifty-nine, except perhaps the enough. I could swallow the stuff pictures and furniture, only it is on the and it wouldn't hurt me-unless I had an abrasion of the lips or some internal cut."

Kennedy continued to examine the dart a few steps to the window and threw it until suddenly I heard a low exclamation zled from me to the wall. tightly rolled. He drew it out and read paper is fairly loaded with it, powdered," To know me is DEATH. he reported. Kennedy-Take warning

Underneath was the inevitable Clutch-

ing Hand sign. We jumped to our feet. Kennedy rushed to the window and slammed it shut, while I seized the key from Mich-"That? That is an instrument some | sel's pocket, opened the door and called

A moment before, on the roof of a building, across the street, one might have seen a bent, skulking figure. His face sourcefulness. He stealithy thrust the was copper colored and on his head was mirror end of the periscope out of the a thick thatch of matted hair. He looked like a South American Indian, in a very dilapidated suit of cast-off American ciothes.

He had slipped out through a doorway leading to a flight of steps from the roof sel, pacing up and down the room. He to the hallway of the tenement. His fatal had already preceded us. In his seered dart sent on its unerring mission with a and stealthy manner he had entered the precision born of long years in the South Raines law hotel, which announced "Fur- American jungle, he concealed the deadly nished Rooms for Gentlemen Only." blow-gun in his breast pocket with a There he had sought a room, fifty-nine, cruel smile, and, like one of his native venomous serpents, wormed his way down

about, overcome by the enormity of My outcry brought a vertiable battalien what he was about to do. He locked the of aid. The hotel proprietor, the negro door. Still, he had not been able to waiter and several others dashed upstairs, avoid gazing about fearfully, as he was followed shortly by a portly policeman, puffing at the exertion,

"What's the matter here?" he panted. "Ye're all under arrest!" Kennedy quietly pulled out his card case and taking the policeman aside

"We had an appointment to meet this man in that Clutching Hand case, you know. He is Miss Dodge's footman,'

Then he took the policeman into his confidence, showing him the dart and explaining about the poison. The officer stared blankly.

"I must get away, too," hurried on As I looked at him nervously walking charge here. You can depend on me for Craig. "Officer, I will leave you to take The officer nodded. "Come on, Walter," whispered Craig.

> word, "Elaine!" I followed hastily, not slow to under-

Nor were Craig's fears groundless. In Elaine was still in bed, much weaker now than before. While we had been gone, Michael in his tear had drawn a gun. Dr. Hayward, Aunt Josephine and Marie More than that, the Clutching Hand had

not neglected the opportunity, either. Suddenly, just before our return, a stone had come hurling through the win-Next Michael moved to the center of dow, without warning of any kind, and

Below, as we learned some time after-"Prof. Kennedy," he began, "I have former, "Limpy Red," had leaped "t and and whisking away.

both his hands clutched at his own breast. for the sions. But she had been the first He did not stagger and fall in the ordi- to seize it and discover that around it nary manner, but seemed to bend at the was wrapped a piece of paper on which

did I. There was still the faint smell of garlic. Kennedy paced the room. Sud-denly, pausing by the register, an idead seemed to strike him.

"Walter," he whispered," come down cellar with me:

"Oh! Be careful," cried Elaine, anxious for him.

"I will," he called back. As he flashed his pocket bull's-eye about, his gaze fell on the electric meter. He paused before it. In spite of the fact Elaine had sunk back into her pillows, that it was broad daylight, it was run-

ning. His face puckered. while the others, as they read the note, were overcome by alarm and despair at "They are using no current at present in the house," he ruminated, "yet the meter is running." It was just then that Kenedy and I He continued to examine the meter.

"Oh, Mr. Kenngdy," cried Elaine, hand-Then he began to follow the electric wires along. At last he discovered a place Craig took it and read. "Miss Dodge," Where they had been tampered with and he said, as he held the note out to me, tapped by other wires. you are suffering from arsenic poison-The work of the Clutching Hand!" he

ing-but I don't knew yet how it is being muttered. Eagerly he followed the wires to the furnace and around to the back. There had taken crumpled note from him and they led right into a little water tank.

him exclaim. "What have you been up triumphantly for me to see.

He fairly leaped at me and I felt him does it all mean?" him examining my shoulder where I had been leaning on the wall. Something on fluence of the electric current the water sponge or soft brush with it and draw the paper had come off and had left a was decomposed and gave off oxygen this through your hair, taking one small mark on my shoulder. Craig looked pur- and hydrogen. The free hydrogen passed strand at a time. By morning all gray

He whipped out a pocket lens and deadly arseniuretted hyrogen." looked at the paper. "This heavy, fuzzy trolysis apparatus on the floor and dashed and hair has stopped falling. up the cellar steps. I looked too. The powdered arsenic was

Elaine's room. "It's in this room-a; a youthful and attractive appearance, get deadly gas-arseniuretted hydrogen." He tore open the windows.

"Have her moved," he shouted to Aunt ment.

upholstery. Standing beside her, he breathlessly ex-

Josephine. "Then have a vacuum cleaner

go over every inch of wall, carpet and

plained his discovery. That wall paper has been loaded down with argenic, probably Parls green or Schweinfurth green, which is acetoarsenite of copper. Every minute you are here you are breathing arseniuretted hydrogen. The Clutching Hand has eleverly contrived to introduce the nascent gas into the room. That acts on the ersenic compounds in the well paper and hangings and sets free the gas. thought I knew the smell the mament got a whiff of it. You are slowly being poisoned by minute quantities of the deadly gas. This Clutching Hand is a diabolical genius. Think of it-poisoned wall paper!'

No one said a word. Kennedy reached. down and took the two Clutching Hand messages Elaine had received. "I shall want to study these notes, more, too," he said, holding them up to the wall at the head of the bed as he flashed his pocket lens at them. "You see, Elaine, may be able to get something from studying the ink, the paper, the hand writing"-

Suddenly both leaped back, with a cry. Their faces had been several inches apart. Something had whizzed between them and literally impaled the two notes

Down the street, on the roof of a carriage house, back of a neighbor's, might have been seen the uncouth figure of the shabby South American Indian crouching behind a chimney and gazing intently at the Dodge house,

As Craig had thrown open Elaine's window and turned to Elaine the figure had crouched closer to the chimney.

Then with an uncanny determination ne slowly raised the blow-gun to his lips. I jumped forward, followed by Dr. Hayward, Aunt Josephine and Marie. Kennedy had a peculiar look as he pulled out from the wall a blow-gun dart similar in every way to that which had killed

Michael. "Craig!" gasped Elaine, reaching up and laying her soft white hand on his arm in undisguised fear for him, "youyou must give up this chase for the

Clutching Hand!" "Give up the chase for the Clutching Hand?" he repeated in surprise. "Never! Not until either he or I is dead!"

ningled in her look, as he reached down and patted her dainty shoulder encouragingly. (Continued Next Sunday.)

There was both fear and admiration

A certain Chicago business man has had a great deal of trouble with his workmen, a number of whom have from time to time evinced a disposition "to soldier." Not a Scarcerow.

On one occasion when this gentieman, in company with his brother, was visiting the farm of a friend in southern Illinois the two observed an uncouth figure standing in a distant field.

"Since it isn't moving," observed the "That isn't a scarecrow," said the other, after a long gaze at the figure. "That's a man working by the day."—Lippincott's Magnaine.

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Gray, faded hair, though no disgrace, "I've found it!" he cried, hurrying into is a sign of old age, and as we all desire busy at once with Wyeth's Sage and Sulphur and look years younger .-- Advertise-

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