

School of Music Staff



MISS CORINNE PAULSON

GATCHELL PHOTO



LOUISE J. WYLIE

NEVY PHOTO



ROBT. CUSCADEN

Omaha university is making a definite expansion. It is adding a school of music to its curriculum, giving regular college credit therefor. Registrations are being made now in the departments provided, voice, piano, violin, harmony, appreciation and public school teaching. Directors of the school are Mrs. Howard Kennedy, chairman; Mrs. C. W. Axtell and Dr. Fred Kruger.

Louise Jansen Wylie, Corinne Paulson and Robert Cuscaden are the department heads. All are well-known Omaha musicians of the highest standing; they have had extensive training and instructional experience, both in this country and abroad.

Mrs. Wylie has a soprano voice of great beauty. She began her training in this country when very young, going later to Milan, Italy for a year of study under Lovato Gazzulani, then to Dresden where she became the pupil of Lamperti, teacher of Mme. Sembrich. A season of instruction with Signor

Moratti of Berlin was followed by studies with Frau Milsnach under the supervision of Mme. Lilli Lehmann. Many concert engagements have followed her debut made in 1914 and innumerable words of

praise have been hers from critics over the country. She is director of music at the First Presbyterian church and actively interested in the Fortnightly, the Tuesday Musical and Clef clubs.

Miss Corinne Paulson, an accomplished pianist, studied abroad for four years. She played concert engagements with the Philharmonic orchestra of Berlin and has appeared in Omaha with the New York Symphony orchestra. Miss Paulson is president of the local Clef club, an exclusively music organization, and she is also vice president of the Nebraska State Music Teachers' association.

Robert Cuscaden will have charge of the violin and orchestra department at the new school of music. During his 11 years abroad he played first violin with the Berlin Philharmonic orchestra and was concert master of the Opera Comique in Berlin. He has conducted a symphony orchestra here and was director of the Cuscaden School of Stringed Instruments. Like Mrs. Wylie and Miss Paulson, he brings a wide range and colorful background of experience together with recognized talent and knowledge to his new duties at Omaha university.

Where Wine Is Ten Cents a Quart

Miss Eva Dow who is visiting her brother, Edward A. Dow and his family at the American consulate in Algiers, Africa, has written her mother, Mrs. C. N. Dow, of her first impressions of that city and her visit at the Madeira Islands.

Following are extracts from her letters: "We arrived at the beautiful islands of Madeira on the 14th. As soon as we were anchored Mr. Eells, the American consul, came aboard to meet me. I was greatly impressed by the dozens of queer looking sledges hauled by oxen and guided by two men walking along, one on either side. We got into one of these and road over the hills to the consulate, a beautiful old pink stucco house, delightfully situated on a high hill. The lovely courtyard and quaint old fireplace in the drawing room interested me particularly. Later in the evening I visited the Casino and watched the dancing and the professional gamblers. The following morning we went by train to the top of a mountain which commanded a magnificent view—Seattle isn't in it. We could see a whole rainbow in the clouds below us. We descended the mountain in a toboggan. It wasn't a bit dangerous as the toboggan was guided by two men and it didn't go as fast as one might imagine. It was all very thrilling and loads of fun. In the afternoon I visited the shops and feasted my eyes on the gorgeous Madeira embroidery, also made a few purchases. We then visited a picturesque old Catholic cathedral hundreds of years old, and it was time to board the boat again.

"Mrs. John Ringwalt's sister, Mrs. Joseph Garneau of New York, is aboard and I have enjoyed meeting her.

"A college professor from Boston has been giving lectures on the Madeira islands, Gibraltar and Algiers, which makes it so much more interesting when we visit these places.

"Algiers at last... Ed's home is beautiful and the view of the picturesque old city and the bay is beyond words." (Miss Dow refers to her brother's home, a lovely old Moorish palace, situated on a hill-top overlooking the Mediterranean). The rooms are very large, with high ceilings and the staircase is of marble. There are gorgeous old oriental rugs, beautiful paintings and statuary.

"I met a number of English and a few Americans at a tea yesterday. Today we are going to a tea at the Hotel St. George given by an English lady who is wintering here.

"Wine is only 10 cents a quart here. The French drink it instead of tea or coffee."

O. E. S. Notes.

Reservations for the luncheon to be given by Liberty Star Kensington club Friday, 12 o'clock noon, at the Blackstone hotel should be made with Mrs. L. F. Easterly or Mrs. H. E. Cotton. Luncheon will be followed by a business meeting and program.

East for Winter Sports



Miss Dorothy Hall

SHELOR BROS. PHOTO

Miss Dorothy Hall, who is a devotee of winter sports, has gone east for a few weeks and will take advantage of the frozen lakes and snow covered slopes about Poland Springs, Me., for skating and snowshoeing and skiing. The big summer hotel at Poland Springs is opened for a few weeks every winter to accommodate the out-door enthusiasts. This week Miss Hall is at Stamford, Conn., where she is visiting friends.

See Funeral of Hawaiian Prince

Omaha travelers in Honolulu have written many letters home describing the magnificent funeral services held for Prince Kuhio Kalaniana'ole. For eight years the delegate to the American congress, he was popular both with the Hawaiians and the Americans, and he was the favorite nephew of the late Queen Lili'okalani. He is the last of the old Hawaiian royal line, and it may be the last time that anyone will witness the pomp and ritual of such a procession, for it is only for royalty that the bright feathered kahilis are carried, kukui torches burn and the famous cloaks made of thousands of tiny red and yellow feathers are worn.

Mr. and Mrs. Doane Keller, who have just landed in this country from Honolulu witnessed the funeral procession, as did George Kiewit. Mrs. Kiewit was out of the city at the time. Mr. Keller wrote: "The funeral procession today was one of the most wonderful and weird sights one will ever see—thousands of soldiers and sailors, Hawaiians dressed in their feather costumes, the draped casket of polished koa wood, and the weird chanting and wailing of the old Hawaiian men and women."

Mrs. W. H. Thomas received letters from her daughter, Miss Esther Thomas, who is teaching in the McKinley high school in Honolulu, describing the parade. She spoke also of the watches that were kept over the bier of the prince while he lay in state. So many mourners wished to see him that the watches had to be cut down from an hour to 15 minutes, and the sound of chanting and wailing was continuous.

Mr. Kiewit says it was more like a pageant or a parade than a funeral procession. The marching line was two miles long. The men wore helmets shaped like the great warrior helmets of by-gone days, and the women wore leis—wreaths of bright flowers about their necks and in their dark hair. Airplanes flew overhead and there was the constant rumble of the minute guns firing a parting salute.

Mr. Keller wrote at the same time: "It is no wonder to me that the Hawaiians were such superstitious people when they saw such wonders of nature all about them, the rainbows which can be seen almost any time and anywhere, the clouds hanging low over the mountain tops, the flowers and plants that grow without being planted, in a soil that but a short time ago was thrown up by volcanic eruptions; and the active volcano itself. No wonder that their songs are all about rainbows, flowers and nature, and no wonder that all they had to do was sing. There is a Hawaiian legend that King Kamehameha allotted land to his subjects according to their musical ability and that he told them that if they played beautiful music they would always be at peace with one another.

"The American jazz, however, is fast taking the romance out of their music, as the saxophone and other instruments not native to them, are now being played by them. It was a rare treat to hear the real old Hawaiian music and songs that were sung by the natives for a whole week after the death of the prince."

Have You a Flapper in Your Home?

By GABBY DETAYLS.

"Sing a song of flappers, watch them flapping by, in their big galoshes, hat aslant one eye."

Have you a little flapper in your home? If not, you are both to be pitied and censured.

Consider sixteenth street without these sweet concoctions tripping along. There would be sober-coated men marching with even tread into their office buildings and out; severely attired business women in skirts of proper length and collars up to their chins, yellow-skinned housewives out on their morning rounds. The pavement would still be running soberly along, the street cars clanging by on their unchanging way, and the skyscrapers yet scraping the blue, but, pray tell, what thing of beauty or diversion would there be?

Suppose there were no unclashed galoshes to make us exclaim, "Ridiculous!"

Suppose there were no bobbed hair beauties to make us think, "Silly things!"

Suppose all skirts were as long as they ought to be!

Face the facts. Suppose all these things really were! What would serious-minded people have to talk about? Nothing but the outlook for world peace or the riots in India.

Doubtless the street cleaning department would have to spend more money, thereby increasing taxes, for if there were no gray or flesh-colored silk legs to shiver at and scold about, our eyes would wander to more substantial things and we would demand more attributes to a city beautiful.

Gradually the tone of shop windows would change. Florists would carry a different variety of blooms, for who would care to send orchids to a girl who carried a Boston bag instead of a vanity case. A geranium plant, recommended for its lasting qualities, would certainly be preferred by the flapper miss.

Jewelry shops would take on a different front. Imagine a thoroughly sensible young woman, made in the mould that her elders preach, wearing a tiny platinum, bejeweled Swiss watch. "Never! The wrist is too precarious a place for my timepiece," the perfect 18-year-old would exclaim. Thus would we revert to the large, heavy gold chatelaines such as we used to wear pompously, and safely, on our heaving breasts.

Department store windows would have to conform to the trend. Instead of advance spring styles in bonfire red, and canary yellow, we would see, perchance, a window of mackintoshes advising us to prepare for April showers, or great displays

of yard goods exploiting the virtue of cheaper material now that "so much more is required."

Think it over. Then rejoice for the flapper as she is, her marsh-mallow face, and wrappy coat, her mincing steps, her ruby lips, her tri-colored pumps and all the rest. She is the orchid amidst the geranium and if you could do a little excavating you would find that the heart beneath the flimsy gown beats true. Human nature doesn't change in a decade. She is very much like her mother and her mother's mother when all is said and done. Still Gabby wonders what she has omitted that the next generation can do to make her exclaim, as we do, "Ridiculous and 'How absurd!'"

SOME reforms are yet needed in Omaha. Gabby will not enumerate them, save one, which is the burden of this song.

"I have been dining at—" said Mrs. Margaret Josephine Blair, who has been lecturing in the city the past week, "because I think they have good food. But I have to make a change."

"Why," asked astonished Gabby, knowing the excellent reputation of the place mentioned.

"It's the toothpicks," she said in a tone of despair. "Everyone goes out sucking a toothpick, and I can't stand it!"

Gabby has been working for a long time on this reform and she fervently hopes Mrs. Blair will effect it before she leaves town.

MISS Ida Mulle, who played the role of the "miserable" Chinese wife in "Mecca" at the Brandeis week ago, expressed an opinion in Omaha. Miss Mulle's opinions are worth something, especially on the subject of public speaking. Good enunciation is a hobby with her; she has heard many speakers and she knows poise when she sees it.

Following a press club luncheon at which Miss Mulle was an honor guest, she attended the lecture by Sir Philip Gibbs to the Omaha Society of Fine Arts. Mrs. Ward Burgess, president, presented the distinguished British speaker.

"I never heard a better introduction," Miss Mulle exclaimed afterward. "For enunciation, poise and brevity, it was a model!"

Women Golfers' Luncheon

Omaha women golfers will give the second of a series of luncheons in the Burgess-Nash tea room Monday, 12:30 p. m. Luncheon will be followed by a putting contest on the Burgess-Nash indoor course.

These meetings are being sponsored by local officers of the Women's State Golf association, including Mesdames Karl Lininger, Blaine Young, John Redick and Mark Levings. Visiting golfers are welcome.

Art and Citizenship Applied at Home



Mrs. Halleck Rose and sons Halleck, Jr., Homer and Hudson.

GATCHELL PHOTO

Halleck, Jr., Homer and Hudson and good citizenship, Mrs. Rose has done that very excellent thing—applied them, first of all, in her own home. Knowing that sincere interest does not stop there, however, she has given much constructive service in these lines outside. As far back as 1909 she was working for a child labor law. The bill which passed that session of the legislature is still in force and Mrs. Rose is credited with having done more toward its passage than any other person. Governor George Sheldon appointed her the first child labor inspector under this act; home duties prevented her acceptance.

The works of such artists as

Central High to Have Promenade Next Friday

The high school set is looking forward to next Friday evening, February 17, when the annual senior prom of Central High school will be given at Kelpine's academy. The committee in charge includes Allan Holmes, Herbert Woodland and Paul Leusser. With plans for good music and interesting entertainment, this dance promises to be the largest and best of the school year. The chaperones will be Mr. and Mrs. H. J. Holmes, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Woodland and Mr. and Mrs. R. A. Leusser.

Get Acquainted Club

Vocal solos by Miss Harriett Metz, accompanied by Miss Adelyn Wood, and a chalk talk by John Gerlach will be features of the Get Acquainted club program this evening, 7:30 o'clock, at the First Unitarian church, Harney street and Turner boulevard. There will also be games and community singing. The Misses Alma Peters and Florence Taylor will be the hostesses.

All strangers and lonesome folk welcome. The club is nonsectarian.

Business Women's League

Miss Mary Marsden, chairman of the advertising group in charge of the Omaha Business and Professional Women's League dinner Wednesday, 6:15 p. m., at the Fontenelle hotel promises a big surprise for the evening program. An interesting contest with worthwhile prizes will be a feature of the affair.

Drama League Lecture

Miss Mary Irene Wallace, who will speak before the Drama league in the Fontenelle ball room on Friday, February 17, at 4 p. m., has just completed a trip which offered her an exceptional opportunity for research work along modern dramatic lines.

During the three months she was gone she visited the school of drama in the Carnegie institute of Pittsburgh. In Boston she went to the Boston Stage society of the Elizabeth Peabody house and also saw the Copley players. In New York she familiarized herself with the activities of the New York Drama league, which offers a wide field of interest for a student of the theater. In this program of lectures, luncheons and exhibits of various forms of stage craft she also saw the Pageant of America and the work in New York of the Young People's theater and the Neighborhood playhouse.

In all of the large eastern cities she made a study of dramatics in high schools, dramatic schools, social settlements, community centers, amateur clubs and little theater groups.

Miss Wallace also saw a large number of the current plays, among them, "Mr. Pim Passes By," which will come to the Brandeis this month.

Daughter of Mark Twain Objects to Fur Cap

If the weather is cold enough while Ossip Gabrilowitch, famous pianist, is here for his Sunday afternoon concert at the Brandeis under Tuesday musical auspices, we may expect to see his favorite winter cap, a sealskin, said to be the bete noir of Mme. Gabrilowitch.

Mme. Gabrilowitch is Clare Clemens, daughter of Mark Twain. Naturally she is proud of her distinguished husband. At the same time, he is said to be a great trial to her, for he simply won't pay any attention to his clothes. The older a suit grows, the stronger grows his affection for it. Were it not for his wife, it is said he would never go to the tailor.

As it is, at stated intervals, he submits meekly and is as clay in the potter's hands, or rather the tailor's hands. It is entirely different, however, when it comes to the favorite winter cap. When it adorns the head of Mr. Gabrilowitch, in his walks, he goes alone. His wife rejoices in the fact that the winter season does not last more than a few months each year. And were it not for the knowledge Mr. Gabrilowitch has of his wife's felonious intentions toward his treasured headgear, and his own guard over it, this one example of Russian head architecture would doubtless go the way of its long departed mates.

Loyalty is a wonderful virtue, but it can be carried too far, when it comes to retaining a sealskin cap which has "outlived its generation."

TO A MOTHER OF FIVE SONS KILLED IN BATTLE.

Executive Mansion, Washington, Nov. 21, 1864.

To Mrs. Bixby, Boston, Mass.

Dear Madam: I have been shown in the files of the War department a statement of the adjutant general of Massachusetts that you are the mother of five sons who died gloriously on the field of battle. I feel how weak and fruitless must be any word of mine should I attempt to beguile you from the grief of a loss so overwhelming. But I cannot refrain from tendering you the consolation that may be found in the thanks of the republic they died to save. I pray that our Heavenly Father may assuage the anguish of your bereavement, and leave you only the cherished memory of the loved and lost, and the solemn pride that must be yours to have laid so costly a sacrifice upon the altar of freedom.

Yours very sincerely and respectfully,
A. LINCOLN.