

same way if he wishes. There is some lively sparring among the populists for Kem's place in congress for the next term. Gov. Holcomb has been laying his plans for the seat for some time, but there may be some trouble about his getting the nomination. The governor will not be a candidate for re-nomination for governor, although he could get the nomination easily. It is ap-

parent to all politicians that in the present divided condition of the democrats and the hopeless condition of the populists, the republicans will be divided to elect their state ticket unless they make a bad blunder like that of 1894, when T. J. Majors was nominated. So there is a dearth of candidates for state offices in the populist and democratic parties.

THE EDITOR.

IN RELATED KEYS

HERBERT BATES

The music at the Universalist church was made up of numbers played by request. This is a good idea. At the music services one cannot applaud. Consequently one cannot call for encores. So it is a good idea to have, now and then, a service that is nothing but encores.

Most of the music I have commented on before. The Adagio from the Sonata Pathetique is always a favorite. It is odd, too,—with all its serious sadness—in its introduction of that little phrase at the end, that little fluttering sighing content. The quartet played with feeling; possibly they should have given the theme a little more prominence over the accompaniment.

Reissiger's quintet was better played than when it was given before; the quartet had grown, I suppose, more at

violin numbers, far excelled his previous work. Without an accompaniment, he seemed to feel freer, or, it may be, to feel the greater demand made upon the unaccompanied instrument. At any rate, he met this demand. Into both numbers, the Arioso and the Am Springuell, he put more force, more contrast, more brilliancy, more magnetism, than ever before. The Am Springuell, particularly, was a triumph in technique, in musical technique, not in mere dynamics and rapidity. There are moments when one regrets the impossibility of applause. The end of Mr. Charles Hagenow's number was one of these.

Miss Almeda Adams sang Blumenthal's "The Message." The song itself seems a little diffuse, a little monotonous in musical material. Miss Adams' voice, however, made it a success. Here is the strongest voice I have heard at

It is to be hoped there will be more like it.

There are two types of attentive listeners to music. One is the emotional listener. He falls into a passive state, as in the presence of a hypnotist, and lets the music suggest his mood, even his thoughts. He cannot be said consciously to listen to it. He hears, not its words or its individual notes, but its bulk, its total contents. And, at the end of the hour, he rises, exalted, or soothed, as the case may be. He has been in the opium-world of music and has dreamed through its delights.

The other extreme type feels little emotion. He watches the subject and its development, the chords employed, the ingenious elaborations, the musical technique, occupied always, besides, with the indefinable mental task of "following music." He listens to the development of the musical thought as one would listen to the thought of a sermon. He sees the flaws in musical logic, the triumphs of musical rhetoric. He may come away exhilarated, exhilarated by the sense of having listened to a triumph of art over musical matter.

The ideal listener will blend these two delights. He will at once feel the vague emotion and appreciate its definite expression. Take a case ridiculously simple. In listening to the "Suwanee River," a person with imagination, but utterly without any fraction of sense for musical form, would feel a mingled sense of pleasure and pathos. A person of even very little musical training would feel the presence of a tune, a subject, a distinct musical utterance, in the form of a musical sentence. And this sentence would be untranslatable into words or into painting, or into any shorter musical form. The musical subject of a tune is that tune, no more, no less. You can tell, in ten words, the subject of the words of a song. Try to tell the tune. You can tell it only in sound, or in notes, which represent sound.

The subject of a tune is then, the sound of a tune. Change the notes, and you change the musical meaning. It is like a decorative drawing in arabesque—it represents only itself.

Of course it may imply mood. It does imply mood. And to the sympathetic listener, whether to plantation song or to symphony, this mood is much. But a composition does not live by mood alone. It must have, more than emotional thought. It must have musical thought, too. And the intelligent hearer should understand both.

To illustrate. Compose a piece of music that shall suggest love. Play it to your friend and ask what it represents. He will answer "Religious yearning." Another may say "Loneliness," another "Homesickness." And all will be right. It will be yearning, pleading music, but it will suggest to no two people the same need. On the other hand, its musical subject will be definitely interesting, not as a matter of mechanics, but as a musical thought, a thought felt in sound, not to be expressed except in sound.

There are these two ways of looking at music. And the true lover of music will try to mingle them, to draw double enjoyment.

The university orchestra and string department held its recital on Wednesday evening, in the university chapel. I heard only the last number. That number, the Minuet from Haydn's military symphony, showed thorough work. It is a good idea to have the little folks play in the same orchestra as their elders? They catch the spirit of the music by contagion, and they are helped over the hard places. It is remarkable to see, in an orchestra com-

Most young players are content to grind the music out in fair time and tune. Mr. Hagenow has showed these how to pose—so largely of very young members, so much expression, so delicate shading, give it its full value of delicate expression. There seems to be good material among them. Gaps in the Philharmonic orchestra should not be hard to fill.

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March 14

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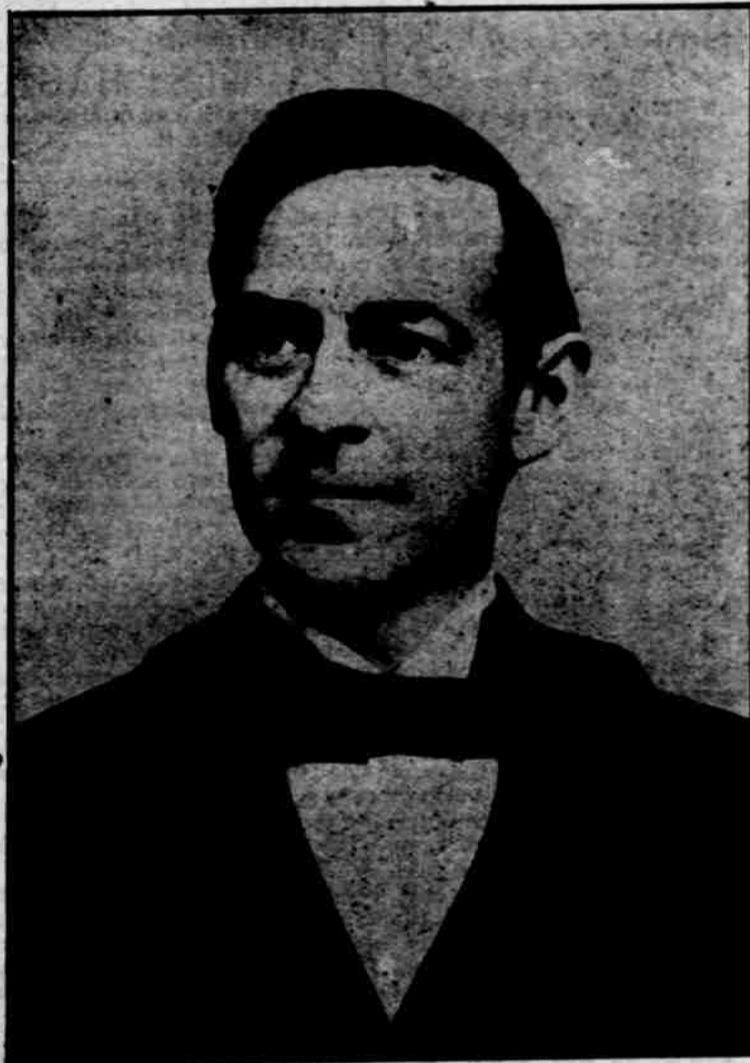
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SOL SMITH RUSSELL

home in it. The Andante was very beautiful, with something of the nocturnal spirit, a pleading unrest, music that demanded sympathy, music of hopes unrealized. The tarantella, after its incongruous solemn introduction, was off in a gallop, like the acrobat, who bows gravely to the spectators,—and then goes spinning across the stage in undignified handsprings. It was finely stirring, and quite made one forget the pleading Andante. But I should have preferred to remember.

The rich melody in F, and the Am Abedd, with its soft end—the last drowsy rock of the cradle—need no comment. Nor does the glad Gloria, the frank joy of which ended the music for the day.

Mr. Charles Hagenow, in his two

these services, and, while not so smooth in quality as some voices of less volume, it has much sweetness, a tone that can charm and thrill. Miss Adams could do more in shading and contrast. Her singing is too uniformly loud. A few passages in pianissimo would relieve and emphasize the power of the rest. Taken all in all, however her voice is, for dramatic purposes, the best in Lincoln. She should be remembered in local oratorio, unless there is a hopelessly rooted preference for those that sing chiefly with their eyes and put into their smiles the sweetness that they cannot get into their notes.

This was, on the whole the best program of the year. It was well arranged, it consisted of music uniformly of merit, and contained the names of three conscientious and art loving musicians.

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