

treatment, abounding in capricious changes of rhythm, mystical and melancholy. There is something exotic about these Russian compositions; they do not sound sane with the healthy sanity of Beethoven or Mendelssohn.

There is always an undercurrent of the mysterious, which sometimes merges into the gruesome.

It seems to me that this note is observable in Russian literature as well—a sadness too empty of the joy of living to be healthful.

It will not be forgotten that Tchaikovsky died suddenly in 1893, and that one of his symphonies is called the "Suicide Symphony." How widely different from Beethoven's last symphony, the immortal ninth, which is one great paean of joy! And yet Beethoven more than Tchaikovsky had reason for gloom and despair. Poverty, disease, worst of all for the musician, deafness.

The modern man has forgotten how to be heroic; like Marion Crawford's "Don Orsino," he has lost the sterling virtues of patience and persistence possessed by the old "Saracinesca." Deadly ennui comes upon him, and degenerate and hopeless he takes his own life.

The slow movement from De Beriot's second concerto for violin was played by Mr. Charles Hagenow with beautiful tone and the simplicity characteristic of this young artist. The vocalist of the day was Mrs. D. A. Campbell, who sang "The Better Land." This song is a not particular inspired effort of F. H. Cowen, who rivals Sir Arthur Sullivan in the output of clever and singable English ballads. It was sung with the taste and unstrained sentiment necessary to make it interesting.

Mrs. Campbell has made marked improvement in the production since last year. A certain dry tightness of quality, perceptible in her singing at that time, has much improved. A little more patient work will move the last traces of her former tone production, and the voice will be correctly posed. Mrs. Campbell is, I believe, a pupil of Miss Terry of Omaha.

On Monday evening Miss Clara M. Richardson gave a song recital in the parlors of the state university School of Music.

She was assisted by Miss Emily Perkins and Mr. Willard Kimball, and in a vocal duet by a local baritone. The following program was given:
Jewel song "Faust".....Gounod
Capriccio brilliant, two pianos.....Mendelssohn

One Spring Morning...Ethelbert Nevin
"Pourquoi".....Baroness de Rothschild
Duet—Venetian boat song...Blumenthal
Expansion.....Moskowsky
Spring is come.....Neidlinger
Solveig's song.....Grieg
Because I love you, dear.....Hawley

Miss Richardson was not in good voice, in fact was so hoarse that she could scarcely speak aloud. It is to her credit that under these circumstances she sang so well that few of her hearers were aware of her indisposition.

The "Jewel Song" from "Faust" showed evidence of careful preparation, being sung from memory, as indeed was the whole program. Personally I enjoyed the ballad of the "King of Thule," which opens the number, and the succeeding recitative more than the final air which seemed a little lacking in dash; but this was, no doubt, the result of Miss Richardson's physical indisposition. The remainder of the program was a well chosen selection of modern songs, well suited to the singer's voice and style. Miss Emily Perkins played with her usual brilliancy and clearness of technique. The accompaniments were played by Mr. Willard Kimball.

On Friday evening, April 17, a concert under the auspices of the Ladies Aid society was given at the First Presbyterian church by the "Lorelei Quartet"

assisted by certain gentlemen of Omaha. The make-up of the Lorelei Quartet is as follows:

First soprano, Miss Terry; second soprano, Miss Oakley; first alto, Mrs. A. G. Edwards; second alto, Mrs. D. A. Campbell. It will be seen that the ensemble consists of two ladies of Lincoln and two of Omaha. In consequence the concert took on the nature of a social function and was distinctly "swagger"—for a church entertainment.

Would it not be a good idea to have some one church devoted wholly to these innocuous diversions, with some such title as "The Church of the Holy Amusements?" It need busy itself neither with politics nor religion, but be a temple devoted to "entertainments," in which the art could be of the gentlest description. I yearn to linger over this proposal, to enlarge upon it, to press its advantages; but I refrain. As Rudyard Kipling says; that is another story.

The Lorelei Quartet sang two ballads "Stay With Me," by Otto Lob, and "Daddy," by a gentleman of the euphonious name (to a southern man, at least) of Wieske. I am not acquainted with either composer, but both ballads are pleasing in character. Despite a tendency in the sopranos to sing explosively the work of the quartet was good, especially in pianissimo passages. The individual voices are strong and show the effect of much practice together. With the assistance of the men's voices Willard's Mass in G for mixed chorus was also given. The numerous short solos were taken by different members of the quartet, and the mass as a whole is not nearly so formidable in length as it appeared upon the program. The work was sung with precision and authority, but the tendency of the sopranos to sing explosively was much more painfully apparent than in the ladies' quartets. Decidedly the best work in this composition was done by Mrs. D. A. Campbell, whose sonorous alto was heard to good advantage. The male singers do not require especial mention, although one of them, Mr. J. H. Conrad, possesses a powerful bass of good quality. The accompaniments and an introductory organ solo were played by Mr. H. H. Allen, of Omaha, who was sadly handicapped by the condition of the organ.

In Lincoln we have grown so accustomed to hearing the works of the greater masters acceptably performed by the Hagenow String Quartet, by the Matinee Musicale, by the chorus of Mrs. P. V. M. Raymond, and by certain choirs in the city that the Mass of Willard sounded very trivial by comparison. Some of our would-be critics, and even intelligent public will never realize how genuinely musical in some respects this small city is. Comparison with the musical poverty of many larger places will prove my assertion. I know no town large or small where so good a string quartet gives habitually concerts of so high a grade free to the public. I know few places where there is so sustained an interest in musical matters, so eager a desire to hear and learn the best.

I am sorry some dignified work such as Dudley Buck's "46th Psalm" or J. C. D. Parker's "Redemption Hymn" (neither very difficult) could not have been chosen if it were desired to give a work by an American composer. Harrison Willard is best known as the author of "Waiting" and "When the Tide Come In"—two ballads which attained a certain popularity, but this Mass in G is neither devotional nor dramatic. It is simply pretentious. We are not so strong in American composers yet that we can afford to produce the works of third rate men of talent.

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