

## MUSICAL MENTION

JOHN RANDOLPH

Concerts and recitals have been of frequent occurrence this week. On Saturday evening, March 13, a piano recital was given by the pupils of Director Willard Kimball of the University School of Music. Although it is not my custom to mention pupils' recitals, the fact that the majority of the participants were advanced pupils and not that their performance was acceptable makes it seem advisable to put the program upon record. Mr. Kimball's pupils were assisted by two of the students in the vocal school.

## PROGRAM.

Piano duo—Menuetto from Op. 7....Greig  
Willard Kimball, Nellie Cave.  
Soprano solo—"Once I Was Singing,  
Now I Am Sighing".....Jacobowski  
Eleanor Raymond.  
Piano solo—Impromptu Op. 28, No. 3....  
Reinhold  
Allegro grazioso ed animato.  
Edith Shaw, May Colson.  
Piano solo—Grand Valse in E major....  
Moszkowski  
Annie Stuart.  
Soprano aria—"O Had I Jubal's Lyre,"  
Haendel  
Irene Davidson McMichael.  
Piano solo—Toccata Op. 39, Taubert's,  
Chaminade, Borowski  
May Colson.  
Piano solo—Study, Op. 25, No. 5, Valse,  
Op. 42.....Chopin  
Edith Shaw.

On Sunday evening, March 14, there was as usual special music at the Congregational church under the direction of Mrs. P. V. M. Raymond. The noteworthy features on this occasion were the appearance of the Doane college male quartet, and the pleasing voice of Mrs. Mark Woods in a sacred solo. There was to have been a concert given by the choir of the First Congregational church on Monday evening, March 15, but this concert was postponed on account of the illness of a member of the congregation.

On Tuesday evening, March 16, occurred the second "Faculty Concert" of the Lincoln Nebraska Conservatory of Music, given at the Y. M. C. A. hall, a building soon to be occupied by this school. The following program was presented:

Overture to "Zampa".....Herold  
Symphony Orchestral Organ.  
Trio for piano, organ, and violin....  
Miss Hoover, Mr. Hadley, and Mr. Lamprecht.  
Mr. Clemens Movius.  
Piano Concerto, Op. 18.....Raff  
Miss Marie Hoover.  
(Orchestral part on second piano by Mr. Hadley.)  
Guitar Solo—Selected.....Mr. Clyde Stultz  
Fantasia on "Faust".....Gounod  
The Butterfly.....Lavalley  
Concert Polka.....Bartlett  
Symphony Orchestral Organ.  
Violin Solo—Romanze, Op. 26.....Svendsen  
Mr. William Lamprecht.  
Song—"The Way of Peace".....Lloyd  
Mr. Clemens Movius.  
(With piano and organ accompaniment.)  
Trio for Piano, Organ, and Violin....  
Miss Hoover, Mr. Hadley, and Mr. Lamprecht.  
Overture to "Tannhauser".....Wagner

The appearance of the faculty of this school is always greeted by a large audience and with well-deserved applause. Especially noteworthy was the clear and musical rendition of the first movement of a Raff concerto by Miss Marie Hoover. Very good also was the beautiful tone of Mr. Lamprecht in arrangements for violin, organ, and piano of Haendel's "Largo," and of a nocturne by the English composer, Field, as well as in his violin solo, the well-known "Romanze" of Svendsen. Mr. Clemens Movius sang as usual with taste and power. Mr. Hadley guided the "Symphony Orchestral Organ," which has been mentioned before, and played second piano and accompaniments acceptably. Mr. Clyde Stultz, newly added to the faculty of this institution, as instructor in guitar and mandolin, was heard in solos for guitar, in which he displayed facile execution. On Monday evening was given the twenty-second musicale at the Plymouth Congregational church. I regret that I was unable to be present, but append the program which has been sent me:

Overture to "Pique Dame".....Suppe  
Symphony Orchestral Organ.  
"Annie Laurie".....Buck  
Telyn Male Quartet.  
Two-part Invention, No. 8.....Bach  
"Mountain Flower".....Loeschhorn  
"Hide and Seek".....Schytte

Master Harry Briggs.  
"There's a Merry Brown Thrush".....Buck  
"The Silver Ring".....Chaminade  
Mrs. Harriet Blair Ward.  
Fantasia on "Faust".....Gounod  
"The Butterfly".....Lavalley  
Concert Polka.....Wallace  
Symphony Orchestral Organ.  
"Sunset".....Buck  
R. O. Williams.  
Valse de Concert.....Durege  
Master Harry Briggs.  
"For All Eternity".....Marcheroni  
Miss Hattie Becker.  
"The Mill".....Macy  
Telyn Male Quartet.  
Tarantelle in A minor.....Dennee  
Master Harry Briggs.  
"The Pretty Flower Girl".....  
Mme. A. Murio-Celli  
Mrs. Harriet Blair Ward.  
Overture to "Zampa".....Harold  
Symphony Orchestral Organ.

The Glee club of the University of Nebraska, under the direction of Willard Kimball, with Fred C. Cooley as assistant manager, starts this week upon its fourth annual tour of the state. Besides Lincoln and Omaha the club sings at Seward, York, Fairbury, Grand Island, Ravenna, Columbus, Fremont, West Point, and Norfolk. The personnel of the club is as follows:

First tenor—F. S. Davis, J. R. Burks,  
H. S. Evans, Geo. Ireland.  
Second tenor—H. D. Whedon, R. C. Lansing, G. H. Whaley, I. W. Kenagy.  
First bass—J. T. Sumner, G. N. Porter, O. T. Reedy, A. Z. Prescott.  
Second bass—C. S. Norton, R. B. Gillespie, H. J. Lenhoff, H. S. Mueller.

Xaver Scharwenka, the pianist and composer who is to give in Lincoln on April 7, at the Lansing theatre, a pianoforte recital of original and selected works, is the son of a Polish count and born on January 6, 1850, at Samter in the Prussian province of Posen. His career has been most brilliant. He is a pupil of the Kullak school, and had for fellow classmates Nicode and Meritz Moszkowski. Scharwenka won a high place in the musical world in his early youth, making frequent concert tours in Germany, Russia, Austria, Hungary, Norway, Belgium and England.

His first really important work, the Concerto in b flat minor opus 32, was received with such favor that it attracted the attention of English musicians and was shortly afterward played at the London Crystal Palace by Mr. Dannreuther. Scharwenka himself took it to Leipzig and played it at one of the famous Gewandhaus concerts, where it passed the severe test of the criticism of that artistic center. To be received by Leipzig is to the German mind incalculable. Scharwenka's reputation was henceforward secure. Later he established the famous conservatory in Berlin which bears his name.

He now holds the appointment of court pianist to the emperor of Austria and the title of Royal Prussian Professor. He married a Russian countess and his residence is now in New York.

Of Scharwenka's compositions the ones he considered the greatest works are a symphony, opus 60 in c minor, which was given under Mr. Thomas by the New York Philharmonic in the season of 1885, a piano quartet, two trios, two piano concertos, a violin sonata and a grand opera, "Mataswintha." The latter was brought out in December last in Weimar and was received with great enthusiasm by the critics and musicians who went from Berlin to hear it. It is now in preparation to be given in New York; the parts have already been assigned.

Of his piano work he considers the Theme and variations in d minor the best.

Of his well-known Polish Dance, one million and a half copies have been sold and Scharwenka himself has realized from it the munificent sum of less than five dollars.

"The Mandarin," a comic opera, or to speak more correctly, an "opera bouffe," was presented at the Lansing theatre on St. Patrick's day by the De Koven-Smith opera company. The music is rather better than the usual De Koven output, being less reminiscent and more thoroughly composed (to use a German idiom) and the plot is at least as comprehensible as the usual burlesque. "The best of this

kind are but shadows, and the worst are no worse if occasion mend them." A large crowd was in attendance and manifested its enjoyment in unmistakable fashion. A rather singular feature of the music was the Midway Plaisance type of prelude—which was repeated between the acts with little variation—and which seemed to suggest "Little Egypt" and the danse du ventre. Nothing of this kind was attempted, however, and my apprehensions were without foundation. George C. Boniface as "Fan Tan" and Bertha Waltzinger as "Jesso," his wife, carried off the honors of the evening; not for the same reason, however. The rest of the cast do not deserve especial mention, but Miss Waltzinger was tuneful and Mr. Boniface was funny—what more will you have? Surely the great American public must have its horse play, and if we do not like it, so much the worse for us. The stage settings were adequate, the dances graceful, the feminine contingent attractive. The choruses suffered from a preponderance of soprano voices, but this is not a bad fault, and upon the whole the performance was fairly good. Opera of any kind is an exotic to be welcomed in Lincoln. Come again, gentle De Koven and Smith. We are glad to hear your original melodies, even if we have known them all our lives.

J. R.

The Matinee Musicale will give a recital at the club rooms on Monday evening at eight o'clock. Each member will be entitled to bring an escort, and outsiders will be admitted on the payment of a small entrance fee.

The program will consist of Russian and Polish music from the works of the following composers: Moszkowski, Rubinstein, Tchaikowski, Chopin, Paderewski, Scharwenka. The musicians to take part are Mrs. Plank, Miss Harriett Reynolds, Miss Griffith, Mrs. Bell, Mrs. Jensen, Mrs. Barbour, Miss Rice, Miss Hoover, Mrs. Mark Woods, Miss Grace Reynolds, Mrs. H. E. Ward and Miss Eiche. Also Miss Cobb and Mrs. Sedgwick of York.

The Courier's musical critic is occasionally blamed for not reporting upon some concert for which he has received no tickets and no notice, especially the former. In such cases the society which gives the concert is responsible for its own oblivion. The critic is in all cases ready to do his duty when the conventional preliminaries are attended to.—Ed.

## RANDOM NOTES.

John Jingle Ingalls has been criticized for consenting to act as reporter of the Corbett-Fitzsimmons prize fight for a sensational New York paper. It has been said that the scintillating Kansan has demeaned himself. There has been talk about the "dignity of the United States senate," etc.

As a matter of fact, the appearance of Ingalls as a newspaper reporter on a yellow journal's staff is natural enough and does not call for any fault finding. Ingalls has found the place he is fitted for, and heaven knows there are not so many people who get into the right places that those who do should be abused. Because an accident put him into the senate of the United States it does not follow that he measures up to the traditional stature of a senator. Calling a man senator and giving him \$5,000 a year, with a job lot of garden seeds, does not make of him a Calhoun or a Webster or a Clay. There is no dignity in the office of senator except that which the man who holds the office gives it. Ingalls is a man of ability. He can talk like a triple phonograph, and he can scatter with remarkable effect. He never was a great man. He did not belong in the senatorial class. He is a good newspaper man—for the new journalism. There is no impropriety in his accepting a position as a reporter.

When Ingalls first began to string words together and fling the picturesque product to the public, some persons made the mistake of thinking that the man from Kansas was a great one. That was a gross mistake. He was never anything but a skillful me-

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chanic. He could and can fit words together with a faculty that is equalled by few. He was not a statesman. He was just a word tinker. The new journalism is after word tinkers, and it made no mistake when it pressed John Jingle into service.

This foolish talk of Ingalls' "descent" to the condition of a reporter is based on an altogether false pressure. Men who are successful reporters do not descend to that occupation. They work up to it. It is a common thing to say of a newspaper writer: "Oh, he's only a reporter." That shows how inadequate an idea some people have of what they are talking about. There are plenty of reporters who justify the sneer implied in the words above quoted. There are preachers who ought to be fined for appearing in the pulpit. There are "artists" who ought to be caught and cast in bronze or into the sea. There are doctors who ought to become sandwich men. The genuine newspaper reporter—the American newspaper reporter—has the proudest position in journalism. He can do what it is necessary to be done, what the editor cannot do, what his "superiors" generally cannot do. He is an artist. Always an impressionist. It is the reporter who looks upon events and things and persons, and by a few strokes of the pen puts the reader in sympathetic touch with what is going on in the world. He is the medium of communication between the actors and the audience. If he is a good reporter his work may stand with any work in any department of human activity. The reporter, and I am speaking of the reporter who realizes and measures up to the possibilities of a better reporter than Ingalls can ever be, of his position has not descended. He has worked his way up. A certain well known writer said recently that when he commenced newspaper work he thought he would be an editor in a year or two. He got a position on the New York Tribune, and he convinced himself that he would be the editor of the paper in a few years. Meanwhile he tried to get to be a good reporter. He succeeded. His name is known everywhere in this country today. He is an authority on a great subject to which as a reporter he gave special attention. He is a reporter still and he can look down upon scores of editors.

I suppose there are some who would contend that John Lawrence Sullivan has suffered a loss of dignity in becoming, in a short time, a reporter. Sullivan is also a recent addition to the prize exhibits of the new journalism. He has had a career. And now he is "only a reporter."

Speaking of newspapers, journalism has reached a crisis in this country. For the last fifteen years sensationalism in newspapers has been on the increase. Some money was made out of these daily illustrated dictionaries of crime and guide books of vice. Lately they have become more brazen. In the meantime the decent newspapers have, if anything, become clearer and more respectable. The contrast between the good and the bad in the city papers is striking. The people, at last, have come to the point where they are beginning to choose between the good and the bad. The issue between decency and indecency has been joined and the trial is on. Within a very short time an important question is going to be decided in this country. It will be determined whether clean journalism is to prosper and be made the standard or indecent vandalism is to engulf the press. The battle is being fought in New York city. Respectability has taken a firm stand against the two cheap exponents of the new journalism. Libraries, schools and churches have thrown these sheets into the street. It is in some places a reproach to be seen reading a copy of these papers. The proscribed sheets are backed by millions of dollars, and they are making a bitter fight. If they are successful journalism will be degraded. If they are defeated it will be elevated. The people have complained about the newspapers. They now have the matter entirely in their own hands. They can decide whether the newspapers of the future shall be clean or unclean.

W. MORTON SMITH.

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