

CONGRESS OF MUSICIANS.

One of the most interesting features connected with the exposition is the congress of musicians to be held in Omaha from June 30th until July 4th. The Bureau of Education has cordially invited all the musicians of the United States to assemble in Omaha between those dates.

The meetings will open in the First Congregational church, Thursday morning, June 30. The time has been about equally divided between essays and musical performances. The purely educational features will be absolutely free to the public, no charge for admission being made. This will include all the addresses and discussions. The list of essays and essayists is as follows:

The Beautiful in Music and in Nature, Johannes Wolfram, Cleveland, O.; The Piano and Emotion, Constantine von Sternberg, Philadelphia; The Relativity of Tones, A. J. Goodrich, Chicago; Our National Music, Louis C. Elson, Boston; Music as a Factor in American Education, George C. Gow, Vassar college, Poughkeepsie, N. Y.; Music in the Public Schools, N. Coe Stewart, Cleveland, O.; The Harmonic Basis of Indian Music, John C. Fillmore, Pomona college, Claremont, Cal.; The Psychic Nature of Indian Music, Miss Alice C. Fletcher, Washington, D. C.; "The Influence Upon Music of Greek and German Mythology, John S. Van Cieve, Chicago; Music and the Development of Child Individuality, William L. Tomlins, Chicago; The Soul of Wagner's Music, Albert Ross Parsons, New York; The Place and Influence of the Organ in the Development of Musical Art, Dr. Gerrit Smith, New York; The Omaha Indian Songs of War and Peace, Francis Le Fleche, Washington, D. C.; The Voice as a Painter of Emotion, Mrs. Catharine Fleck, New York; The Artistic Temperament, William Armstrong, Chicago, Music a Recreation or an Education, Emil Lerbling, Chicago.

These speakers are all of national reputation, and many stand in the first rank of American musicians.

Mr. Wolfram is a member of the faculty of the Cleveland School of Music, and is a widely known writer. Mr. Sternberg is at the head of the Sternberg School of Music, Philadelphia, and a pianist, composer and lecturer of national fame. Mr. Gow is at the head of the musical department of Vassar college.

Mr. Tomlins has been for twenty-five years conductor of the famous Apollo club of Chicago. The other speakers are fully as well known as those mentioned.

During the progress of the congress eight recitals and four concerts will be given, in which the following artists will appear:

Vocalists—Miss Jennie Dutton, New York; Mrs. Gerrit Smith, New York; Miss Jennie Osborne, Chicago; Miss Annie Metcalf, St. Louis; Miss Amanda Vierheller, Pittsburg; Mrs. Martin Cahn, Omaha; Miss Helen Buckley, Chicago; Miss Adele Mabel Bryant, New York; Miss Ritta Lorton, Nebraska City; Mr. Harry G. Fellows, New York; Mr. Jules G. Lombard, Omaha.

Pianists—Mr. William H. Sherwood, Chicago; Mr. Albert Ross Parsons, New York; Mr. Ernest G. Kroeger, St. Louis; Mr. Joseph Gahn, Omaha; Miss Georgia Kober, Chicago; Mr. Emil Liebling, Chicago.

Violinists—Mr. Bernhard Listemann, Chicago; Mr. Hans Albert, Omaha; Mr. Franz Adelmann, Omaha.

Organists—Dr. Gerrit Smith, New York; Mr. Albert G. Roybn, St. Louis.

Conductors—Mr. Arthur Mees, Chicago; Mr. George W. Chadwick, Boston.

Arrangements have been made for several special days. Friday, July 1, will be largely devoted to the theory and music of Richard Wagner.

Saturday, July 2, will be called "Indian Music Day," and will be devoted to an exposition of the results of original research in the music of the American Aborigines. Mr. Fillmore, Miss Fletcher and Mr. La Fleche will each treat this important subject from a different point of view, and will give to the world for the first time at this congress a number of important facts but recently discovered. McDowell's "Indian Suite," and a symphonic overture entitled "Hiawatha," composed by Mr. Kroeger, will be heard at the concert Saturday evening.

Monday, July 4, will be called "American Music Day," and will be devoted to a discussion of American music, past, present and future.

The day devoted to Indian music will be one of the most important of the convention, as it opens up to American composers a new and unexplored source of inspiration.

The evening concerts will be held in the auditorium at the exposition grounds, but the Congregationalist church is provided for all day meetings and recitals.

FRAULEIN IDA.

Her thin, sandy hair was drawn tightly back into a small, corkscrew knot. Her nose had fulfilled nature's law—had grown toward the sun. With unceasing perseverance she struggled with the French language and against her Saxon accent. Daily she asked madame's opinion in regard to it and madame's reply became a proverb with us:

"You know your grammar well, perhaps too well, but your accent *c'est une horreur!*"

The night was damp and chilly. I poked the fire and a good strong blaze sprang up. It looked so bright and cheerful that I went in search of Fraulein Ida, who had had a homesick twist to her mouth that afternoon. She came in. I produced a lot of biscuits, and for a few moments we munched in silence, that bed of coals being the only monitor to our thoughts. Strangers in a strange land, a firm bond of sympathy had sprung up between us.

"Fraulein," I said suddenly, "I like German poetry much better than French. It's not so gay; it hasn't so delicate a touch nor can it be so pompous, but, Fraulein, it has feeling, it has a soul, I tell you."

She pressed my hand, far too vigorously, it is true, for my comfort, and the tears rolled down her cheeks.

"*Mein Himmel, Fraulein, Ich bin sehr dankbar.*"

She forgot France or that the French language ever existed.

"Fraulein," I cried, lost in this German avalanche, "what about our vow," and I glanced at the black motto over the fireplace.

"*English or German not allowed in this room.*"

"*Ach Himmel! What do I care?*"

Verse after verse of German poetry she repeated to me, until, seized by an inspiration, I said, "Now, Fraulein, sing me "*Die Wacht am Rhein.*"

Gently she began until, fired by that love of country that knows no time, no place, no foe, her voice rang out triumphant through the house. The song finished, she stood before me radiant and trembling with emotion. There came a sharp rap at the door. I opened it and there stood Madame, a bright red spot on each cheek.

"*Mon Dieu! Jesus Maria!* but you have courage, Mademoiselle. In fact, *beaucoup d'aplomb.* Think of it! The German hymn in my house, my house! The Prussians burned my father's home; my father died in the war of '71 and my mother shortly after of grief. *Mon Dieu!*" and she looked at us queer-



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ly, "*Les Etrangers sont bien curieux!*"

Being the thoughtless instigator of the plot I felt abashed by the storm. It seemed to me, however, as long as Germany was under an American protectorate that the American eagle must not be found wanting.

"Madame," I said, "I asked Mademoiselle to sing the German hymn. I am responsible for it, and I beg your pardon. But she loves Germany as much as you love France and —"

"Mademoiselle, Mademoiselle, don't you know that I would have forgiven that voice under almost any circumstances," and turning to Fraulein, she exclaimed:

"Your voice is *magnifique*," (and the flock of school girls who had crept from their rooms, Madame's excitement shielding their disobedience, murmured "*magnifique.*") "*Exquise,*" continued Madame. "*Exquise,*" murmured the flock.

"*Superbe!*" cried Madame, clasping her hands and looking adoringly at Fraulein. "*Superbe!*" echoed the chorus.

The clock struck nine. "*Mes enfants, mes enfants, comment vous etes insupportables!* Nine o'clock *quelle horreur!* To bed! To bed!"

With a proud gleam in her eyes she began to sing the chorus of the *Marseillaise*.

"*Allons, Allons, mes enfants, de la patrie.*"

Immediately the girls joined in and strong, sweet young voices swelled the glory of France. Yes, there was defiance in those notes. "*Die Wacht am Rhein,*" had not been sung for nothing.

But what was that I heard at the other end of the corridor? The Roumanian hymn. Across the way a sob, a wailing voice that soon conquered itself. It was our "Maid of Athens" piping up the Greek anthem. In the next room a vigorous burst, the rattling of a banjo, and I knew our Italian gamins (as we called them) were at work for Italy and very, very near to me I heard what sounded suspiciously like "America."

That night I dreamed I stood in a vast multitude. There were angels with huge trumpets blowing into people's faces. They finished with one triumphant blast and then we all spoke the same tongue. I looked up and saw an old man with long, white hair.

"What is this place?" I asked.

"The world, my child."

"What does all this mean? Such peace, such I know not what?"

He took my hand and said: "The brotherhood of the human race."

NELE DOWRAH.

A clever mot was made by a member of parliament during another member's prosy speech. The latter happening to yawn during his remarks, the other commended, "This man is not without taste, but he usurps our privilege."