

MUSICAL MENTION.

On Friday evening, November 11th, a concert was given by Miss Gerick-Johnson, at the chapel of the State university. Miss Johnson had the assistance of Miss Silence Dales, popularly known as a talented young violinist and of a pianist, Miss Alma Peters. The following program was presented:

Ach nur einmal noch im Leben
(Titus).....Mozart
{ Nocturne op. 9, No. 2.....Chopin
{ Old Folks at Home.....Wilhelmj
Miss Silence Dales.
Trockene Blumen }.....Schubert
Liebesbotschaft }
A Memory.....Borowsky
And I?.....Gaynor
'Twas in the Lovely Month of May
.....Nevin
Villanella.....Raff

Miss Alma Peters.
Der Schwur.....Meyer Helmund
Frühlingszeit.....Becker

Miss Johnson is a debutante so far as this city is concerned, although evidently accustomed to public appearance elsewhere. To a charming and unaffected stage presence Miss Johnson adds the repose and dignity only gained by experience in public singing. Her vocal art seems to be patterned upon the best German models, and was replete with color. An occasional deviation from the tone pitch should be noted by the singer and so far as possible corrected.

The singer was fortunate in having the assistance of Silence Dales. I have never heard this young player when she did not give the audience pleasure by her sincere and simple manners—her genuine talent and comparative maturity of interpretation. I should prefer to hear the pianist again before attempting a critical estimate of her ability. The heavy action of the piano-forte evidently disturbed her and caused nervousness too great to be overcome before the close of the single number in which she was heard.

JOHN RANDOLPH.

On Monday in the new temporary recital rooms of the Matinee musicale the following program was presented by a ladies' quartet. The ladies forming the quartet are all resident vocalists of Topeka, Kansas, and were assisted by a pianist and a violinist from the same city—all being members of a musical club there.

Ladies' Quartette, Topeka, Kansas:
Mrs. F. S. Thomas, first soprano; Mrs. W. I. Miller, second soprano; Mrs. Frank Foster, first alto; Mrs. L. S. Terry, second alto; pianist, Miss Mabel Martin; violinist, Mrs. Frank Foster.

PROGRAM.

Quartette—Spinning Song from
"Flying Dutchman.".....Wagner
Piano Solo—{ a. Hark! the Lark }
{ b. Prelude in F }
.....Schubert-Liszt
Miss Mabel Martin.
Vocal Solo—"My Heart at Thy
Sweet Voice.".....St. Saens
Mrs. F. S. Thomas.
Quartette—The Brookside.....Schnecker
Violin Solo—Finale. Concerto op. 64.
.....Mendelssohn
Mrs. Frank Foster.
Quartette—The Gypsies.....Schuman
Piano Solo—Rigaudon.....MacDowell
Miss Mabel Martin.
Vocal Solo—"O Luce di quest' Ani-
ma" (Linda di Chamounix)...Donizetti
Mrs. W. I. Miller.

Quartette—Spring Song.....Hawley
The general effect of the quartet singing was good, being well balanced and synchronous; more over their efforts were characterized by excellent attack and rhythmical precision. The middle and lower voices were especially effective, and I have observed that the middle voices are commonly the weakest point in this kind of organization. Both the higher voices were heard also in solos. Encores were the order of the

evening and were cheerfully responded to. The pianist and violinist were adequate. The plan of the Matinee musical to bring musicians from other clubs to Lincoln is wholly to be commended, even if the term "Artists' Recital" may occasionally seem a slight exaggeration, we shall at least have the opportunity of hearing capable and honest work from other students of the best in music and so avoid degeneration into a mutual admiration society. We understand that the term "Artists' Recital" is used to indicate the fact that the performance is by visiting musicians—nevertheless the Matinee musicale has performers in its own ranks who may readily give concerts distinguished by the same finish and musicianship. The pianist possessed unusual brilliancy and easily carried off the honors of the recital.

A pianoforte lecture recital will be given by Mr. Henry Eames the director of the pianoforte dept of the University School of Music, at Wymore on Friday November 11. Mr. Eames lecture will discuss the Scandinavian Folk Song and the music of the Norwegian composers generally—with illustrations upon the pianoforte. The program will open with the lecture in the course of which the following compositions will be played: Four national dances, six folk songs, arranged by Grieg; two compositions by Christian Sinding; serenade by Ole Oleson; Bridal March, Peer Gynt Suite, Grieg. In the second part of his recital Mr. Eames will play the following group of pieces from Chopin: Nocturne in C sharp minor; Nocturne in E flat major; Valse in A flat; Prelude in B flat; Etude in C minor; also from Rubinstein, Melody in F; Portrait No. 22; Romanza in E flat. The recital is to close with the Hungarian Rhapsody No. 15 of Liszt. It is expected that Mr. Eames will be heard in the near future in Lincoln in recitals of this kind. He comes to this city with laurels won in the east and in Chicago as well as an enviable reputation in Germany where he was the pupil of Clara Schumann and of the well known pedagogue, Kwast.

A BIRTHDAY.

Turn, turn with slower hand, O Time, thy wheel
That speeds the flying years from life's slack reel
Why hasten thus? In childhood's early scenes
Thy laggard pace was ne'er like this; it seems
Ye linger, too, o'er sorrow's gloomy days
And swiftly dance past joy's most gladsome ways
When I entranced would stay another hour
To taste again that moment's perfect power
Which fills my soul e'en now with deep content
Let me retrace the steps on future bent
And its dim ways; a little let me go
When careless youth's uncherished blossoms grow;
I fain would hold a few within my hand
To sweeten age's path—too cold that land
For many flowers—but they may find a few
Of tender fragrance freshened with each dew—
They, whose lost youth in age shines out anew.

—Annie L. Miller.

"Isn't that rather an odd sign?" he asked of the tobacconist, as he indicated a placard which bore this inscription:

CIGARS FOR SMOKING.

"Oh, I don't know," replied the tobacconist, in the tone a man uses when he is confident that he does know, "I have cigars for smoking, and then I have cigars for Christmas presents."

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A FANTASY.

Once upon a time a Broiled Lobster met a Welsh Rarebit on upper Broadway. It was after their business hours, and the first rays of the sun made them look haggard and careworn. They had had a busy night.

"I am so popular that it makes me tired," said the Lobster.

"Me too," said the Rarebit, shortly. He was always taciturn at daybreak.

"Have you ever wondered why it is that you are popular?" asked the Lobster.

"Never given it a thought," said the Rarebit, yawning. "Have you?"

"Of late," said the Rarebit, "I've begun to think—"

"That's always bad," said the Rarebit.

"I'd like to know myself better."

"I beg pardon?"

"I'd like to know the reason why every night in the year thousands of people the world over continue to devour us. Why do they not tire of us? What is the mysterious fascination?"

"We're low priced, for one thing," suggested the Rarebit. He was a practical chap with toughened sentiments.

"It's something more than that," said the Lobster, dreamily. "It's something we don't understand—it's what we are. What are we?"

"Just then they saw a sign. "A. English Chop, Clairvoyant and Trance Medium—Fortunes Told." They turned into the low doorway and found themselves in the presence of an English Chop.

He motioned them to chairs. "What can I do for you?" he inquired.

"Tell us what we are and why we are popular," said the Lobster, seating himself before the Chop. In a moment the Chop was in a trance. Then he spoke in a queer, squeaking voice:

"I see a great ocean," he said, "from which various tributaries lead across the earth to seas and rivers and bays. Its surface is touched by the sun and the moon, and glistens with a magical beauty. Beneath it, for thousands of miles, my vision enters coral caves of marvelous color and beauty.

"Gorgeous vines, with tendrils of pink and green and purple sway in the eddies among these coral caves, and great sea monsters, with skins that glisten like silver, glide about with a rhythmic motion that is exquisite to look upon. Sea nymphs, with golden tresses floating upon the wave and lips that murmur songs of love centuries old, lie in the waves' embrace. This is your home."

"That's all," said the Rarebit, and they went on together with just the suspicion of a swagger in their walk.—The Gourmand.

"Hot stuff?" said the Rarebit, and they went on together with just the suspicion of a swagger in their walk.—The Gourmand.

"Well, we're all right," said the Lobster; "no wonder we're popular. We are poems, that's all."

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The Lobster was visibly affected and turned away to hide the tear that coursed down his furrowed cheek.

"Now the scene changes. There is a stretch of shore from which a boat is pushing off, laden with bronzed fishermen. A woman stands upon the shore and waves her hand to the man at the helm. He is singing some jolly song of the sea. Now they have anchored beside a great net which they gather up with mighty cries of 'All together now!'

Into the boat they land a great net full of beautiful green things with clashing claws and a sweet briny odor in the seaweed that tangles them in a great heap. Then back to the shore again.

"You asked me what you are? I tell you you are all of these things that I have told you of—the beauty and fragrance of the sea—the gorgeousness of its depths and caves, the music of the fishermen's song—all are expressed in your delicious flavor which mortals enjoy without understanding. Next!"

The Welsh Rarebit dropped into the chair which the Broiled Lobster had vacated and assumed an expectant attitude. The English Chop breathed heavily for a moment. Then he spoke:

"I see a pleasant bit of country," he said, "green fields slope down to a stream winding its way under shady trees. A group of cows are drinking from the shallow of the brook, their feet plunged in the cool water, their tails switching lazily as they drink.

"A barefoot boy with a straw hat shading his freckled face calls them by name and drives them home across the meadow, letting down the bars for them to pass through into the road leading to the farmhouse on the hill.

"Now I see a beautifully clean and inviting dairy with rows of shining pans upon the shelves and blue and white china bowls filled with cream ready for the supper table. A rosy cheeked dairy maid, with curly brown hair tucked under a muslin cap stands at the door shading her eyes with her hand as she looks across the field at the cows and calls to the boy to hurry them up the lane.

"It is her white hands that help to form your substance from the milk into the cheese—singing as she works. The gladness of her song, the ripple of the brook, the mellow call of the barefoot boy, the sunshine glancing in the trees—all these are expressed in you. You are a culinary pastoral!"

The Chop awoke with a start. "That'll be two dollars," he said, smiling. The Broiled Lobster and the Welsh Rarebit paid their money without a murmur. Then they went out arm-in-arm.

"Well, we're all right," said the Lobster; "no wonder we're popular. We are poems, that's all."

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