MINNESOTA HISTORICAL SOCIETY

SOME FINE PAINTINGS OWNED IN MINNEAPOLIS

IV—THE S. T. McKNIGHT AND J. S. BELL COLLECTIONS—By Ruby Danenbaum.

THE S. T. M'KNIGHT COLLECTION

THE pictures owned by S. T. McKnight are the most recent acquisitions in Minneapolis of paintings by famous artists, having been purchased within the last two years.

Some critic has said that Jules Dupre was the nearest of all modern painters, in spirit, to the old masters. He was primarily a colorist, and "After the Storm" is probably one of the strongest reproductions of a stormy, angry sky ever painted. The sky is a dark green-blue. Heavy green clouds are moving rapidly across the lower sky while those on the upper part of the canvas are light brown. Almost in the center of the picture there is a clump of fine trees in the autumnal brown tints. In the distance to the left there is a peasant's cottage with a few trees about it. The dark clouds are reflected in the water and two cows graze near by.

"The End of the Day" is by the great animal painter of the Barbizon group, Constant Troyon. A cow is walking up the slight incline of the well beaten path. The light coming from between the clouds casts the shadow of the animal on the path and on the soft green grass. The perspective is wonderful, being one of his "plentiful pastures" that is so simple and truthful.

Jean Cazin is the most eminent of the refined impressionists. "Evening" pictures a long street in a French fisher village with its red roofed and low thatched cottages. The road leading down to the sea has a few patches of grass growing here and there. A bit of the sea can be seen at the end of the road and the gray sky above is tinged with pink from the sun that has set.

"The Grey Day," by Anton Mauve, is probably the only example of this great Dutch artist in this city. He became famous for his forceful sheep pictures. In this landscape, a compact flock of sheep is coming down the road. Peasants' cottages are on the right

Van Marcke's "A Shady Spot" displays his individuality of touch and consummate drawing. In the foreground a fine red cow with a white head stands near a clump of trees. A dark brown cow with her head turned, reclines in the shade. Farther back in the meadow a group of cows are lying on the grass. Low gray hills and a dull cloudy sky form an effective background.

"The Parting Sun," by George Inness, Sr., looks as tho it had been executed by one of the great landscape painters of the Barbizon school. The heavy clouds are in a peculiar brown shade. The green, gray sky below is flecked with a few gold clouds, having caught their color from the parting sun. Several tall trees in the dull olive green are on the left. The grass in the broad meadow is yellow, the bright color in the clouds is reflected in the water in the foreground. Two cows are the only bit of animate nature in the picture.

There are two of Louis Moeller's canvases. "The Good Story" is genuinely expressive. Four men sit in a well-furnished library. They are all above middle age. Their host, who is telling a story, is on the right. Each face shows a different expression. One holds his hands to his beard and his face says plainly, "I don't quite understand." His neighbor smiles thru his glasses and his expression is definite. He has absorbed the points. Another bends forward as if thinking intently. The host has his right hand raised, he has paused in the narrative and his wrinkled face tells us that he seeking for words. The picture is full of detail. The background shows several cases filled with books. Some battered books on the green couch by the side of the host show that he has been displaying some of his old treasures. A low table, with a brass tray, some glasses, two bottles of wine, and a box of cigars stands before the group. "Grace," by the same artist, is full of tender sentiment. In the soft light coming thru the white curtained window, an old woman and man sit before a small neatly set table. The man's white head is bowed in prayer. His bony, wrinkled hands are clasped. His profile shows an earnest expression and closed eyes. The figure of the woman suggests a different feeling. Her attitude as she looks thru her glasses says that her faith is not as intense as her husband's. Her hands are folded on the white apron.

A landscape by J. F. Cropsey pictures a gray autumn day. Some cows are feeding in the foreground. Boats are sailing on the lake in the distance.

"The Vegetable Seller," by C. Vinalle, is full of detail and color. Standing in the long, dark boat which extends nearly the whole length of the canvas, an old man is offering a muskmelon to two brightly dressed ladies on the walk before him. His boat is loaded with fruits and vegetables.

A number of groups are on the sidewalk basking and chatting in the warm sunlight. All of the women are dressed in bright colors.

Two of Alexis Fournier's landscapes hang in the McKnight residence. One large canvas is especially restful and pleasing. In a setting of green trees, a number of sheep are loitering as they nibble the grass along the roadside. A peasant girl, absorbed in thought, seems to have forgotten the sheep. The tall towers of a castle appear in the distance. "Glow After the Rain" sparkles with sunshine. There is a clever management of light on the red-roofed houses on the right and the bright green foliage. The sky is blue, with a scurrying of light clouds that are reflected in the pools of water in the muddy road. A number of chickens are in the road and about on the grass.

"Can You Talk," by J. G. Brown, portrays a bootblack sitting on the bare gray floor with his blacking paraphernalia about him. A tan dog sits on his haunches and his expressive face says that he is trying to obey his small master as the boy raises a warning finger.

"An English Landscape in Sussex County," is a harmonious water color, by Albert Bowers who is noted for his remarkable foliage. On the left, surrounded by trees a well built red brick house stands with a barn close to it. Some cows are coming down the broad road. At the right a path circles around the high bank on which some sheep are feeding. Looking over the broad country in the background the hills appear in a haze and the blue lake is surrounded by highlands and soft foliage.

Another water color is by L. Timmermans, picturing the town of Treport on the Normandy coast. In the distance over the blue waters the town rests against the low hills. A cathedral on the right looms up against the light grey sky. On the smooth blue waters to the left there is a man of war, several large sail boats with colored sails (Timmermans usually paints his sails in bright colors) are reflected in the water. Rowboats ply about the water. On the right a long bridge comes the full breadth of the canvas. On it are many people mostly peasants carrying parcels in their hands and on their backs. It is an attractive, finely colored picture. A characteristic Irvooni, pictures two lovers standing on opposite sides of a rail fence in a broad green meadow. Both wear the bright-colored costume of the Italian peasant.

"The Serenade," by W. Satterlee shows the head of a young woman peeping thru the low Moorish window, holding a flower in her hand ready to throw to the gaily garbed cavalier who is playing the mandolin under her windaw.

An ideal head by a Greek painter, Fazzos, is gracefully posed. The fluffy dark hair frames the clear olive skin of a face that is not beautiful but has a decided charm.

Two sea scenes painted by George Howell Gay also hang in the McKnight collection.

THE J. S. BELL PAINTINGS.

The works of art hanging in the J. S. Bell residence were purchased because the beauty of each painting appealed to their owner. The gem of the collection is probably the Daubigny, purchased recently at the Angelo sale in Philadelphia. It is called "Washing on the Seine." Dull, gray mountains and trees stand against the cloudy sky, while a flock of white ducks swim on the river and a group of kneeling women are washing on the bank on the right. The soft colors are beautifully blended.

A large and especially attractive canvas painted by Rigio late in the sixteenth century is well preserved. A fair-haired mother holds a beautiful nude child in her lap, just before her a female with a Madonna-like face looks wistfully forward; another nude child standing on the ground plays with the infant's feet. The dark-skinned nurse sits on a step below furtively watching. The delicate flesh tints, graceful drapery and striking contrasts in the coloring make a picture of rare beauty.

A splendid sheep picture is by C. Van Leanryiutten. The grouping is unconventional and artistic. The animals are large and remarkably well executed.

A cheerful picture with the brilliant coloring resembling Rico's works, is the only Petitjean in Minneapolis, and was purchased in the artist's studio. It pictures a dilapidated mansion with no sign of life about it, but some chickens feeding in the brown grass. The atmosphere is clear and pure and the sky is reflected in small pools of water left by a shower that has just passed. The low hills in the distance appear in a blue haze.

An exquisite autumn scene in water colors was painted by S. R. Chaffee. On the left side of a narrow winding stream, a row of tall, bare trees growing close together extend with the stream to the background. The large silver birches in the immediate foreground have been partly stripped of their bark and contrast effectively with the blue stream and brown leaves covering the ground.

One of Ream's carefully painted fruit pieces hangs in the Bell dining-room. It is a large canvas, picturing rich, ripe grapes and peaches on a table and hanging below it. Like all of this artist's work, this picture is perfect in its beauty and imitation of nature.

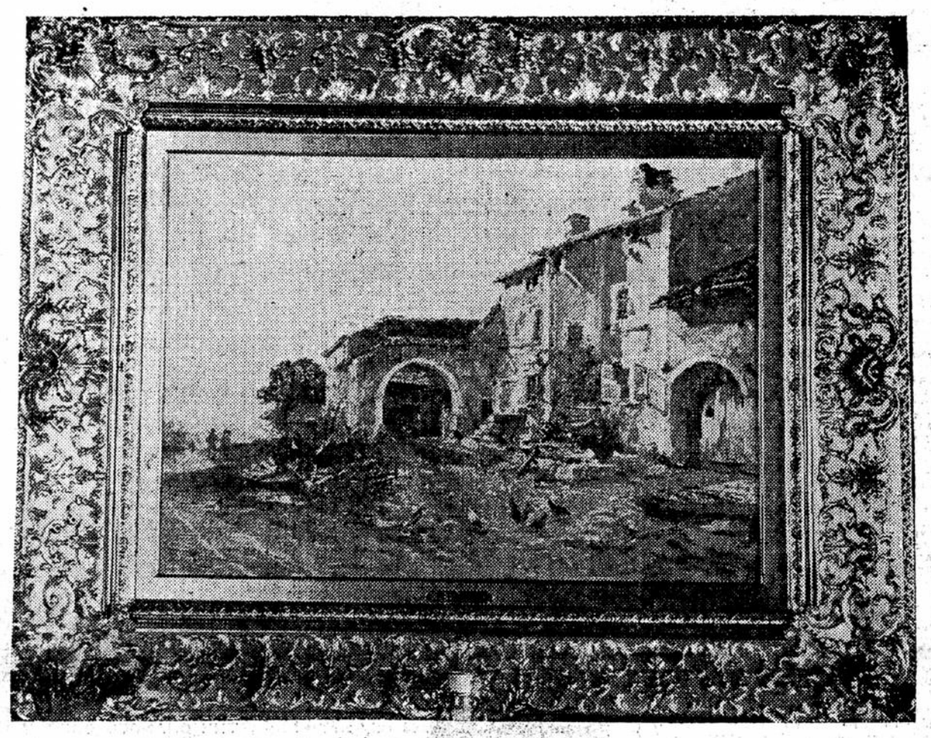
Two marine scenes by a Philadelphia artist, Essicks, are remarkably good. The coloring and fine motion of the water are similar to the work of the great French artist, Vernet.

A delicate flower piece is from the brush of Florence Wales. One pink rose reposes in a transparent vase that stands on a table while three others are lying gracefully on the glossy surface.

A Frenchy little water color by R. de Cuvillon pictures a prettily gowned young woman looking itno a small mirror held in her hand.

Three pictures by Charles Russell, the "cowboy artist," hang in the Bell residence. Russell's work is little less than marvelous, considering the fact that he has never had a lesson and spent the best years of his life with the cowboys and Indians on the Montana plains. His cowboy and Indian pictures are unexcelled. One shows a herd of large buffalo with some Indians on horseback with drawn spears close upon them. The action and composition are superb. Another pictures a group of Indians on horseback coming across the trail; back in the distance a long line follows in single file from the low purple hills, making a fine perspective. These two compositions were executed in 1897 and are the best examples of Russell's work. The third picture is a number of years older and portrays a stag standing at the summit of a rocky hill looking out over the desolate, barren country. A deer and doe are reposing on the rocks below. The coloring and atmosphere are natural.

"A GOOD STORY."—BY LOUIS MOELLER.
In the S. T. McKnight Collection.



THE ONLY PETITJEAN IN MINNEAPOLIS.
In the J. S. Bell Collection.

A SHEEP PICTURE, BY C. VAN LEANRYIUTTEN.
In the J. S. Bell Collection.

THE EXPERIENCES OF MRS. J. MATRIMONIAL BLISS

She Tells Her Friend, Mrs. Tommy Tapflat, Why Tears Are Woman's Best Defender, and She Relates How This Old-Fashioned Trait of Femininity Has Cleared Away Many a Domestic Cloud From Over Her Head and Her John's.

Copyright, 1903, by Emily Holt.

"Tears—of course, I believe in tears, don't you?" stoutly confessed Mrs. John Matrimonial Bliss, as she popped a darning egg into a sock of manly proportions, and drew her own conclusions from some grim lines lurking about the corners of Mrs. Tommy Topflat's pretty mouth.

"No, I don't. They are a childish indulgence and awfully undignified, and, besides, men hate them," snapped Mrs. Topflat, in a contradictory tone, which her hostess pretended not to notice.

"Yes, I know there is a cherished tradition to that effect," went on that indefatigable little talker. "Nevertheless, tears have their noble mission to fulfil in this world, and I am sorry to see that they have been allowed to go almost as much out of fashion as the hoopskirt. The heroines in the plays and novels no longer employ them even in their intensest moments. Just fancy the imperial new woman, or the college-bred girl, all brains and no weaknesses, giving way. Why, they don't know how to do it. They have lost the art; and all I can say is, that the sooner they revive this venerable and blessed accomplishment, the better it will be for them.

"Nowadays, when anything happens to these superior creatures—when, on the stage, the husband is proven to be secretly following the trade of a burglar or a bookmaker; or, in the novel, the heroines best young man elopes with the girl with the barytone hair; or, worse yet, in real life the new hat fails to keep its appointment for Easter Sunday—does the strong woman bow her head and weep? Not a bit of it. She merely turns deadly pale, clenches her hands, speaks in a cold, calm, commanding tone, stifles a few hard and perfectly dry sobs, which are relics of her sweet, sofe-hearted grandmother trying vainly to come to the surface, and otherwise preserves her fortitude intact, and proves that she is a Spartan in pompadour.

"Of course, this behavior is magnificent. She also has the lofty and dry-eyed composure you are supposed to maintain when some foolish little marital difficulty arises over the mislaying of your husband's slippers, the lateness of the breakfast, or the temperature of the soup. Magnificent—but, as the French general said about the charge of the Light Brigade, it isn't war. This tearless state of feminine society isn't natural, nor, in the long run—I give you my word—so truly effective as the old, old way.

"To be perfectly frank, Mrs. Topflat, I don't mind confessing that I've experimented with both methods myself, and I speak from the fulness of ripe matrimonial experience when I say that the tear in time—the judicious, sincere, yet freely sprinkled tear—keeps married life a deal sweeter than the sulks. And the sulks are simply bound to come when a woman can't or won't cry. The medical profession is willing to stand up for the purely hygienic importance of tears, and I believe they keep a woman's eyes bright, her heart tender, her nature forgiveable, her laughter sweet, spontaneous and hearty, and wrinkles and gray hairs from premature appearance.

"The arid and unmeltable nature is bound to be moody, hypersensitive, and on a nervous tension. Doesn't everybody know that the tearless grief is the most dangerous in the world, and that there is every reason to believe that dry anger, or jealousy, or envy are quite as serious?

"If I were a man and felt myself falling in love with a girl who wasn't easily moved, I would avoid her as I would a spring without thunder showers, or an egg without salt.

"I reckon, though," continued Mrs. Bliss, relapsing into her native southern drawl and accent, "that every bride takes the same silly, solemn, private resolution that I registered when I married my Yankee John. If ever our domestic machinery ran a trifle hard, or if the patent, up-to-date, philosophical, self-restraint temper brakes refused to work—a condition I hardly contemplated as possible—there were not going to be any scenes or tears on my part. Those feeble subterfuges of my uneducated foremothers were to be replaced by a quiet, dispassionate talking it over with John, by intellectual debate and in a spirit of Christian forgiveness.

"It was a noble and very common resolve. Every bride makes it and breaks it. All thru the honeymoon it worked like a charm, and I was so proud of myself, until something suddenly happened.

"As nearly as I can now remember, it all took place one morning when John got overwrought about an eccentric collar button that finally skipped under the chiffonnier, where he pursued it with a stick and language, got a mouthful of lint in consequence, and rose from his knees red, indignant and casting unworthy insinuations at my good name as a neat housekeeper. Thereupon my righteous wrath foamed up and, I blush to say that we both flung winged words about in a very childish fashion.

"It wasn't nice, but it was thoroughly human, and with a stiff upper lip and a hard eye I went into breakfast. At dinner the atmosphere was just as highly charged, but we learnedly discussed the new star in the constellation of Cassiopeia, recently discovered by Professor Peek-a-boo, as long as the suspicious maid was present. The rest of the time a stifling silence reigned. Even now I shiver at the bare recollection of that dreadful forty-eight hours when we were only officially on speaking terms, and when John—poor dear, who can't cry himself—was waiting and longing for me to melt and give him a chance a peace-making.

"During those black, blank hours I clung to my pet theory of cold-blooded settlement by the new tearless method of arbitration. Indeed, we might still be living on the hideous hollow crust of appearances, if, just as I was putting the cream on a helping of wine jelly and preparing to pass it, with a frozen stare, to the sour-faced man at the other side of the table, I hadn't choked and a pelting shower of tears hadn't overtaken me. They ran right down into the wine jelly before John, frightened and surprised out of his wits, could rush to the rescue with a big, soft, lavender-scented man's handkerchief, a broad shoulder, abject concessions, apologies, and such vigorous pats on the back that you might suppose I had been trying to swallow a wishbone.

"It was my stupid pride I was swallowing instead. When I emerged with a large and joyous smile from my good cry, I apologized and conceded liberally, too. Then it was that I realized that one pound of the good, old-fashioned hydraulic pressure applied to these domestic difficulties is worth all the new scientific intellectual methods put together.

"'We kissed again with tears,' like the poet's couple that fell out, and if my nose was a trifle pink, and if John's shirt-front looked as though a cyclone had passed over it, he was happy and my eyes were bright, we both felt about ten years younger and there wasn't the least sting of the late unpleasantness left behind.

"Since that epoch-making occasion, I've had the common sense to respect the power of tears and to use these potent weapons of defense when the ocacsion demands.

"Mind you, I don't hold any brief for the cry-baby, or the tyranny of tears, but I've learned that, while to the masculine mind they are a fearful and distressing phenomena, he respects and yields to them as he won't yield to the most virtuous anger, or the best brand of feminine logic. And they stir all the chivalry of his nature.

"Last summer, when the hot and badgered agent at the railroad station said, in the tone of voice of a not very forbearing bulldog, that there was no chance of my carrying my trunk thru on the next train, I thought, for one wildly imprudent moment, of protesting, reproaching, or demanding my rights. You see, I was on my way to a wedding, where I was to be matron of honor, and my mausee chiffon, with its Irish lace motifs, was in the trunk. In the heat and disappointment, I just subsided into my luggage, put my nose into my handkerchief, and let go a couple of big sobs. It threatened to be a regular breakdown when I heard the agent say, in a voice husky with remorseful fear, that I was not to take on in that fashion, and that he'd get my trunk aboard, if he had to wreck the road.

"And he did. It went on to the train like a bird. The agent hoisted it up himself and swung off his cap like a Chesterfield when I gave him a moist and grateful smile. And once more I realized that it's better to touch the knightly generosity in a man's heart than to appeal to his intellect always, and that it's a funny thing we are no longer taught to bring out the native chivalry of our men in—"

"If you'll excuse me," interrupted Mrs. Topflat, suddenly jabbing in her hat pins and speaking in a rather uncertain voice, "I think I must go home."

And she went, and Mrs. Bliss is ready to lay her new hat against a box of candy that there was a reconcilliation in the Topflat apartment by dinner time, and that it wasn't affected by the tearless method, either. —Emily Holt.

$18.00 to St. Louis and Return.

Via the Rock Island Railway, shortest line, and only line with double daily train service carrying Pullman sleepers. Tickets on sale April 26th to May 1st, inclusive, return limit May 4th. For information call 322 Nicollet avenue.

MUSIC.

Subscription lists for the Music Teachers' convention, May 7, 8 and 9, are filling very rapidly, several hundred society and musical people are already included and the number is growing daily. The numerous attractions offered and the extremely low price for the three days' series of concerts causes the tickets to be eagerly sought for. One of the features will be the evening devoted exclusively to compositions by Minnesota composers. Another is the afternoon lecture on "Music: Its Relation to Life," by William L. Tomlins of Chicago. Miss Frances Densmore of Red Wing will give her illustrated lecture on "Music of the American Indians," and over thirty prominent musicians of the state will participate in the eight programs preceding those by the Boston festival orchestra.

The Saturday matinee will be a symphony concert by the orchestra. Mrs. Maud Ulmer Jones and Mrs. W. N. Porteous will give vocal numbers and Miss Ella Richards of St. Paul a concerto for piano forte.

Saturday evening will be a grand orchestral concert by the Boston Festival company, consisting of Anita Rio, soprano; Isabel Bouton, contralto; William Wegener, tenor; Emilio di Gogorza, barytone; Frederic Martin, bass. The sale of seats opens at the Metropolitan Music company Friday morning and both course and single tickets will be on sale.

The following are the programs for the orchestral concerts:

SATURDAY AFTERNOON, MAY 9.
Boston Festival Orchestra, Emil Mollenhauer, Conductor.

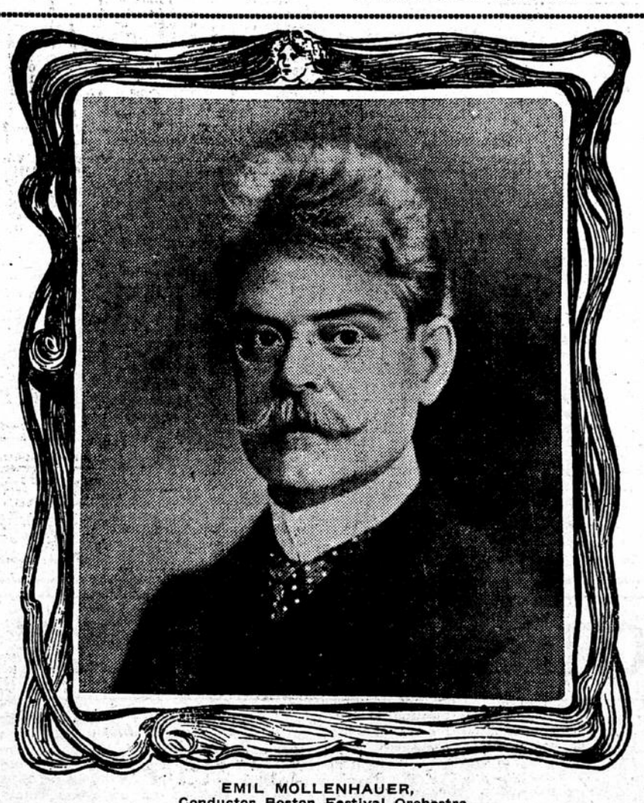
Overture, Cockaigne ..... Elgar
Minuet for String Orchestra ..... Bolzoni
Aria, My Heart at Thy Sweet Voice, Samson and Delilah ..... Saint-Saens
Mrs. Porteous.
Symphony in B Minor (unfinished) .... Schubert
Allegro Moderato—Andante Con Moto.
Piano Concerto in B Flat Minor .. Tschaikowsky
Miss Richards and Orchestra.
Jewel Scene from Faust ..... Gounod
Mrs. Jones.
Overture, Lenore, No. 3 ..... Beethoven

SATURDAY EVENING, MAY 9.
Boston Festival Orchestra and Festival Company.
Emil Mollenhauer, Conductor.

Symphony No. 6, in C Minor (first movement) ..... Glazounoff
Agagio—Allegro Passionato.
Andante from Quartet in B Flat .. Tschaikowsky
String Orchestra.
Siegmund's Love Song, from Die Walkurie. Wagner
Mr. Wegener.
Elsa's Dream, from Lohengrin ..... Wagner
Miss Rio.
Fairy Tales ..... Suk
(1) Love and Sorrow of the King's Children.
(2) Intermezo (Folks' Dance).
(3) Intermezo (Funeral Music).
(4) Queen Runa's Curse; Love's Victory.
Aria, Abscheulicher, from Fidelio .... Beethoven
Mme. Bouton.
Song, Ave Verum ..... Clough-Leiter
Mr. Martin.
Quartet from Rigoletto ..... Verdi
Overture, Tannhauser ..... Wagner

Herr Johannes Elmblad, the basso profundo of the Maurice Grau Opera company, will make his first appearance in Minneapolis at the Orpheus concert in Plymouth church Wednesday night. The famous lieder singer and Wagner basso will no doubt be greeted by a large and fashionable audience. Herr Elmblad began his concert trip in New York April 12 and has sung to crowded houses everywhere. At the Orpheus concert, he will sing a number of "lieder" in English, German and Swedish and Eric's great aria from "The Flying Dutchman," a part which has made him famous at Baireuth. Professor Gustavus Johnson will appear in solo numbers and will also accompany the distinguished singer on the piano. The Orpheus club will present some new numbers under the leadership of J. Victor Bergquist. The program is as follows:

(a) Melodies ..... Lagerchantz
(b) Evening Song ..... Schaeffer
Orpheus Club.
Aria from "Flying Dutchman" ..... Wagner
Herr Elmblad.



EMIL MOLLENHAUER,
Conductor Boston Festival Orchestra.

JOHANNES ELMBLAD.

Epilog from "A Mountain Ramble" ..... Peterson-Bergen
Orpheus Club.
(a) "Soirees de Venne" ..... Schubert-Liszt
(b) "Polonaise" ..... Wilde
Gustavus Johnson.
(a) "The Miner" ..... Sjolgren
(b) "Die Grenadiere" ..... Schumann
Herr Elmblad.
Chorus of "Returning Pilgrims" from "Tannhaeuser" ..... Wagner
Orpheus Club.
(a) "Three Sailor Boys" .... (English Folk Song)
(b) "Per Svinaherde" .... (Swedish Folk Song)
(c) "Niemand" ..... (German Folk Song)
Swedish National Anthem.
Herr Elmblad and Orpheus.

The ticket sale will begin Monday at the Metropolitan Music store, when seats may be reserved. The advance sale thru the Orpheus club members and patronesses has been very large.

The Ladies' Thursday Musicale will hold its last meeting of the season on Thursday in the Unitarian church at 10 o'clock. It will be an open meeting and each member of the musicale is entitled to bring one friend on her own ticket. Immediately after the program the members will have a basket lunch in the basements of the church. The program is as follows:

Two Pianos, Overture Solennelle .. Tschaikowsky
Mrs. Edgar W. Runyan, Miss Eulalie Chenevert, Mrs. M. P. Vander Horck, Mrs. George L. Lang.
Song, Elizabeth's Prayer (Tannhaeuser) . Wagner
Miss Magda Dahl.
Piano, Sonata in C major, op. 53 ..... Beethoven
Allegro con brio, Adagio, Rondo Allegretto.
Miss Wilma Anderson.
Songs—
(a) Aufenthalt ..... Schubert
(b) Der Tod und das Madchen ..... Schubert
Mrs. Parthena De Witt.
Violin .....
Miss Myrtle Thompson.
Songs—
(a) Nymphs and Shepherds ..... Purcell
(b) Eventide ..... Agathe Grondahl
(c) Meine Lieber Ist Grun ..... Brahms
Maud Ulmer Jones.
Piano, Polonaise ..... Van Dooren
Miss Wilma Anderson.
Quartet, Spanish Gypsy Girl ... Lassen-Damrosch
Miss Alberta Fisher, Miss Mabel Runge, Mrs. W. S. Marshall, Miss Mynn Stoddard.

George H. Normington has decided to give Stainer's sacred cantata, "The Daughter of Jairus," for the monthly musical service Sunday evening, May 3, in St. Mark's church. The previous musical services have been very successful and well attended. On May 3 Mr. Normington will bring forward one of his boy sopranos whose voice gives great promise. The tenor and baritone parts will be sung by efficient members of the choir. Rev. Mr. Hills, the rector in charge of St. Mark's church, is quite a musician, and has drilled a number of large choruses. He considers St. Mark's choir one of the best boy choirs in the country. Tickets of admission for the cantata can be had from Mr. Normington and members of the choir free.

Miss Zula Zoller, a pupil of Hermann Zoch, will give a piano recital Tuesday evening in the Unitarian church. She will play numbers from Beethoven, Mendelssohn, Schubert and Liszt and E. Leon Rooks will sing two selections.

A piano recital will be given Thursday evening by Miss Evelyn McMurray, a pupil of Miss Chenevert, assisted by Miss Adele Maloney, soprano, in conservatory hall. Miss McMurray's selections will be from Bach, Haydn, Rubinstein, Rheinberger, Schubert and Raff.

In Highland Park Presbyterian church to-morrow morning the following music will be given: Prelude, "Ave Verum," Hayden; anthem, "Child of Sorrow," Danks; offertory, "The Tear," Schultz; solo, "Nearer, My God, to Thee," Miss Charlotte Little; postlude, "Gloria," Mozart. Evening—Postlude, "Aria," Mozart; anthem, "We Shall Know," W. S. Nickle; offertory, "Impromptu," Marshall; anthem, junior choir, "Will You Love the Savior?" Tullar; postlude, "Allegretto," Battman. Miss H. C. Riefling is the organist.

The concert of the During's Swedish Ladies' quintet in Plymouth church, Wednesday and Saturday evenings, May 6 and 9, is looked forward to with a great deal of interest.

The During quintet takes its name from the noted Stockholm musician and singer, Professor Edward During, who organized and selected the present splendid organization from the leading lady singers of that land of song. They have a great name and fame in Europe, and for many years they have been favorites in London, Paris, Berlin, Stockholm, Dusseldorf, Munchen, St. Petersburg, Stettin, Leban, Riga, etc. They also enjoy the distinction of having crowded the great auditoriums of the larger American cities.

The program they will give in this city wil be a popular one, including many of the sweet old Swedish folk songs of their fatherland. The first part of the program is sung in handsome evening gowns, and the last half in the picturesque costumes of old Sweden.

The quintet is assisted by Curtis G. Morse, the noted Boston humorist, who will be heard in a number of popular humorous, pathetic and elocutionary selections. For years he has been one of the star attractions of the Boston Redpath bureau.

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