

## **Rachmaninoff Plays, Mrs. Zendt Sings, and Others Give Concerts**

BY EDWARD MOORE.

Hope would seem to spring eternal in the pianistic breast. Were it otherwise, no other pianist would venture to appear on the day when Rachmaninoff is announced to give a recital. Still, they do. Yesterday two were in operation while he is at the Auditorium.

Competition against him is at all times highly unfruitful. When this lanky, saturnine dynamo of the keyboard begins generating melodic current, there are happenings that do not occur elsewhere. He can take the most worn out, the most conservatorial ballades and scherzos and waltzes of the whole Chopin list and make them sound as they never sounded before. How he does it is his own personal and artistic secret. It is sufficient that he does it.

But he has other functions than the materialization of departed melodic spirits. He is also a potent force among the living. He can compose pieces whose mere execution would give pause to a good many other pianists.

He is a power among the pianists, and the concert season is much more entertaining for his presence.

The next most interesting event yesterday was the song recital by Marie Sidenius Zendt at the Playhouse. Mrs. Zendt is a lyric soprano, the best of her class here and a great deal better than most of the visitors. Her voice has quality—brilliant *sauvity* describes it best—and she has brains.

Consequently one hears a beautiful instrument executing melodies with great accuracy, also enveloping each one in its own special mood.

Wilhelm Bachaus, another pianist, was heard in Schumann's "Fantasie" at Orchestra hall. He is a conscientious artist, doing everything quite as it ought to be.

Estelle Liebling, soprano, was at the Blackstone theater, singing a program of what seemed to be the shortest songs ever written. She did them with a good deal of manner.

Ignace Friedman demonstrated how to play duets with himself when aided by a mechanical reproducing device. Liszt's "Les Preludes" made a splendid effect thus treated. He was at the Studebaker.