

Rachmaninoff

Rachmaninoff concluded his program at the Palace last night by playing Liszt's Campanella. In an ovation he bowed himself off the stage. The fact that Campanella was the last number upon the program, and that Rachmaninoff had taken his official leave did not worry the people in the audience one bit. They were like Oliver Twist. Calmly they stayed and applauded, cheerfully, and persistently. Rachmaninoff came back and played the Liebenslied which was written by Kreisler and himself, and all of the variations. Still the audience stayed and applauded. Rachmaninoff is ever gracious and generous. He came back and played the Juggler, a Moskowski number.

Rachmaninoff is so unpretentious and so unassuming that as an artist he is ever charming. It is difficult to describe his artistry. It is so wonderful, yet so simple. In one of his numbers he played his own compositions. One of them was his Serenade. This was rather heavier in quality, than some other serenades, but none the less lovely.

Before the concert the people in the audience were so busy chatting, waiting comfortably for the pianist to appear that he took his place at the piano before many saw him. Suddenly through the soft babel of voices there came beautiful melodies, chords, instantly there was silence, followed by applause. The Master had arrived. He played Beethoven's Sonata Appassionata with indescribable loveliness. Then several Chopin numbers. There are some people who

don't care for Chopin, but none of them was in the Palace last night. Rachmaninoff was the third and last artist to appear in the city under the direction of the Morning Musicales society.

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\$6 to \$10



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