

## Sunday List of Music Topped by Flonzaleys

Muzio Also Contributes to Day's Pleasures.

BY EDWARD MOORE.

The Flonzaley quartet was back yesterday afternoon for the first of a series of three chamber music concerts, appearing at the Princess theater, playing a little more exquisitely than ever before, if such a thing is possible, and arriving at what seems to be a sound and enduring popularity.

A new viola player, Nicolas Moldav, is with them this season, and he would seem to be an excellent combining element in the scheme provided by the other three, those veteran experts, Adolfo Betti, Alfred Pochoon, and Iwan d'Archambeau. The quartet plays much new music, and it has no disquieting theories that the fragile atmosphere of art will be shattered by playing encores.

The Princess was reached just in time to hear a manuscript prelude by Emanuel Moor. This, I fear, will never become one of my indoor favorites, but it was followed by a sprightly and quite engaging Scherzo by Max Reger. The audience took up the proceedings at this point and called for one encore and then two. They were pleasant, but they took up so much time that I was unable to hear what looked like the most interesting piece of all, a "Divertimento" for piano and strings by Ernest Schelling, in which Mr. Schelling was announced to play his own piano part.

Claudia Muzio is popular whenever she goes into opera, but she is quite as popular when she decides to give a song recital. If you do not believe it, you should have been at the Arcadia auditorium yesterday afternoon. There is a hall that accommodates nearly as many persons as the operatic Auditorium downtown, and it was filled nearly to the doors.

Miss Muzio was as handsome as she is when she takes to the grease paint and costumes of opera, which is saying a good deal, and she sang as well as she ever did in opera, which is saying quite a bit more. Her voice was in fine form, and she surrounded a group of French works with the solid structure of artistic singing and the flash of effectiveness.

Meanwhile, Lambert Murphy, the tenor, was giving another song recital at the Studebaker. It was late in the program before I could get to his section of the afternoon's entertainment, at which time he was acquiring much applause with a group of songs in English. His English is excellent, and when the melody happened to be of a sentimental nature, as it generally was, he lay into it with a fervor that fairly took people out of themselves. No one can possibly object to a sentimental song when it is sung as well as Mr. Murphy sings it. The only requirement is that it should be a good tune. Sometimes it was not—O'Hara's "There Is No Death," was a bit saddening—but generally Mr. Murphy made a good selection. He had some first class accompaniments by Edgar Nelson.

Sergei Rachmaninoff, the angular, saturnine Russian, took the stage of the Auditorium last night, at least as much of it as extends beyond the steel curtains, and demonstrated certain semi-orchestral and wholly fascinating possibilities in piano playing. He is a reviving influence among recital givers because he can take a time honored work and without distorting it or going beyond its logic give it a new and interesting aspect. His Bach Partita, the fourth in D major, was as steady as a rock, yet widely different from the customary recitalist's Bach; his Chopin Sonata, that in B minor, throbbed with