

Music and The Drama

TONES AND UNDERTONES.

The principal characters in a story told recently about Jean de Reszke and Baron Rothschild in Paris will probably never take the trouble to deny it, and to the persons familiar with M. de Reszke's methods, no denial will be necessary. The story is that Jean de Reszke, who was recently a guest at the residence of Baron Rothschild, near Paris, sang several times during the evening to the delight of the other guests. Baron Rothschild had in the past offered him large sums for just such an entertainment, but his proposals were refused, as Jean de Reszke has always declined to sing in private houses for money. On this occasion the financier handed him a blank check with the request that he would write the amount on it that he thought he deserved. The singer tore up the check, and the Baron made some remarks about preferring to pay singers in his own house rather than have them there as guests, which may lead to a duel. Nobody who knows of the friendly relations that have existed for years between the Rothschild family and the brothers de Reszke would for a moment believe such a story. It has been told moreover in somewhat altered form about a number of singers.

Marie Van Zandt once sang at a private musicale given by a New York millionaire who had not always been so rich. The story was later told that the butler presented to her as soon as she had finished her songs a check for the amount she was to receive. As this was presented on a silver salver in the presence of all the guests the situation was too much for even an experienced prima donna. This one burst into tears, knocked the salver out of the butler's hands and ran out of the room weeping. It is true, however, that she accepted the check when it was sent to her hotel the next day. The elements of this episode seem to be popular because there is some piquancy in the right of artistic renown compelled to humble itself before wealth. Probably a similar story has been told before this about other artists than Jean de Reszke and Marie Van Zandt.

All the great singers dislike to appear in private houses, although the rewards are so great that most of them have from time to time accepted such engagements. Mme. Sembrich sang several times in New York last year. She began by making her terms \$1,500, with the intention that they should be prohibitive. Far from having that effect, she was induced once to go as far as Chicago to sing in a private concert there after having placed her terms at \$2,500. Mme. Melba sang here at a private musicale and demanded considerably more than she received at the opera, and Mme. Nordica made a similar arrangement when she sang once or twice the winter before last here. Mme. Melba was last spring in London the most popular of the prima donnas at Covent Garden for private appearances, and sang for about \$1,200, which was the largest sum ever paid to a performer in London for such an appearance. She had, moreover, a particular clause in her contract, by which she was not compelled, as most of the other singers in the company were, to give half her receipts to the syndicate conducting the opera at Covent Garden.

M. Saleza was next to Mme. Melba the most popular drawing-room singer during the London season. Jean de Reszke has only sung of recent years in one London drawing room. Several years ago he sang in Lady de Grey's drawing room in London some of the music from "Siegfried" before he had been heard in the opera. He is an intimate friend of Lady de Grey, however, and that could no more be viewed in the light of ordinary drawing-room singing than could his performance of several coon songs at the same lady's country house last summer. He was asked several times to sing in private houses during his

first winter in this country, and large fees were offered to him; but he always declined on the ground that he was unsuited to such work. Eduard sang several times at private houses, and even appeared at some of the Sunday concerts during his first season here, but he afterward gave that up and confined his attention to the opera. Mme. Sembrich has announced that she will undertake no private appearances this winter, and it is improbable that Mme. Calve will have the time to spare from her appearances at the opera. Mme. Schumann-Heink will probably be a great favorite in concert this year, and demands for her appearance have come from all over the country. She is not one of the most expensive singers, and that accounts in a measure for her great popularity. It is very much easier to find engagements for the moderate-priced singers, such as David Bispham and Campanari, than it is for the artists, who demand \$1,500 and \$2,000 a concert and the millionaires and societies who can pay such sums are few in number, whereas there are many clubs and even individuals who can afford easily to pay from \$200 to \$400.

Some church singers find their services much in demand for musicales, because they ask moderate prices, and for another reason, which is not connected with the financial aspect of the question: they do not sing as loudly as their more famous colleagues. This is a quality appreciated in a small drawing-room.

TALK OF THE THEATRE.

The Opera house has been dark this week but will be open on Monday evening when "The Devil's Auction" begins a four nights engagement. It will be remembered that last year the Auction made a tremendous hit here and during its stay packed houses were the order. It is said that the production of last season has been improved upon and many new features have been added.

The two plays of the autumn season—"The Ghetto" by Herman Heyermans, jr., and "The Children of the Ghetto" by Israel Zangwill have each been given their initial production and both have been in a way a surprise and disappointment. Of "The Children of the Ghetto" the "New York Sun" says:

"Israel Zangwill's drama, 'Children of the Ghetto,' would be better off in dignity, and worse off in dollars, if the author were a thousand miles away. His personal efforts to compel public attention have brought him into disfavor with people of good taste. To most of them he seems a coxcomb to be ridiculed. To a few his antics are so offensive that they get soberly angry, and he is being cuffed and kicked in print accordingly. But his conduct serves the advertising purpose for which it is doubtless intended. More discussion of the play is thereby incited than would ordinarily be given to it. It is not a good enough work to make its way unaided into renown, nor is it bad enough to be either berated or disregarded. Its fault as a serious play, meant to interest and entertain people of intelligence, is a lack of plausible motive in its love story. It is to the sentimental theme that the audience must turn for relief from its succession of small incidents. The marriage of two lovers is prevented by the reverence of the girl's father, a rabbi, for one of the liturgical laws of his religion. The audience has seen her go through a mock marriage, to be annulled readily by a form of religious observance. This makes her technically a divorced woman, forbidden to marry any descendant of the tribe of Aaron such as her lover is. He rebels in vain against such a strict interpretation of the old edict. The woman enters bearing the wine in which they are to pledge the betrothal. She learns from her father his prohibition of the marriage and hears her lover's passionate outbursts of indignant protest. She is stunned by the revelation her father makes. She listens silently to her sweetheart's pleading, and lets him depart. To her father she makes no further protest than that the law is cruel. With all her training in the faith of her people there is sufficient excuse to the mind of the audience, for her renunciation of him. With the rabbi's reverence for the old tenets there is no sympathy. His insistence on the binding force of a liturgical law, and the girl's submission to that ancient tenet do not count with the audience in the face of true love. The young man's pleas express the view that nearly every one who sees the play must take. However, if Mr. Zangwill has missed the hearts of the majority he has at least in a way hit the heads of the minority. He has made his characters talk as they would in real life, and not like the theatrical declaimers in the other Ghetto play. While much is done by the actors, Miss Bates, Mr. Lackaye and Mr. Worthing, for the scene specified, the primary credit for naturalness of diction is due to the author.

"Somebody asked me the other day," said Annie Russell, "if I liked to play light roles after having been associated for so many years with serious roles. I said that I certainly did. The person who asked the question is himself an actor who has become almost equally famous in both lines of work. I told him that I enjoyed every moment of relief from expressing on the stage some part of the misery and suffering that I have had in my own life. Any woman who plays tragic parts has got to do that, if she is really going to act the best she can. I feel in a sad or tragic situation, that I am showing the public a part of some experience that I have gone through in my own life. Every actress who is confronted with the necessity of representing a certain mood, is very likely to look into her own experience for some model which she can follow. In the scenes that depict unhappiness and misery, she is likely to look back at some moment in her own life to find the prototype for it. That naturally is not an agreeable experience. Of course routine lessens the effect of these recollections, but only to a certain extent. The effect of playing such scenes is bound to have its emotional results, however, accustomed to them, a woman may become. Therefore I am always delighted at the relief of acting comedy parts. They touch only the agreeable experiences of life, and the strain of representing them is never serious. I think this is the experience of every man and woman on the stage, who takes his or her art seriously."

The appearance this fall of Miss Julia Marlowe as the heroine in the dramatization of Mr. Charles Major's novel, "When Knighthood was in Flower," brings prominently to notice the admirable work done by this painstaking actress in the past. Miss Marlowe actually "puts her life into another's life." An illustration of this took place during the first rehearsals of "For Bonnis Prince Charlie."

Mr. J. I. C. Clarke, the author of the English revision, attended these rehearsals, which were held in Buffalo, and on one occasion he found fault with the way one of the male characters spoke the appeal to the Highland men in the first act, which runs:

"Where is the heart of Clanmorris, the heart that was dauntless and leal? On the sea, on the land, in the front of the fray, your blue bonnets were seen. Ye fought under Bruce and ye won under Wallace. Ye hungered and thirsted, ye struggled, and died, and never a cry from your lips but the cry of the clan and a shout for the flag of your King."

"We'll have to cut that out," Mr. Clarke exclaimed in desperation. "It sounds singing as he reads it."

"Oh, don't cut it out; I like that passage very, very much," interposed Miss Marlowe. "Give the lines to me."

Without waiting for permission, she claimed the lines with such feeling and force that even the cast was affected. On the opening night and until the season ended these lines remained in the play, and Miss Marlowe made them one of her most telling successes.

"In another scene," according to Mr. Clarke, "the heroine shed real tears—not stage ones—and she went to one of the early rehearsals with a dainty lace handker-

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chief, prepared to weep. Remember, she was playing the role of a Scotch girl and she was poorly dressed. The handkerchief was an incongruity, and I objected to its use.

"I haven't anything else to wipe my eyes on," pleaded the actress, "except this old shawl."

"Use that," I replied.

"She did so, and this touch of naturalism made one of the most pathetic incidents in the play."

How Mr. Man Surprised the Lecturer.

Albon P. Man, the inventor of incandescent lighting by the use of a carbon filament in a vacuum, is still active, strong and industrious, though well beyond the threescore-and-ten years' limit. He looks more like a banker than a scientist, and in the subdued light of a lecture-room appears at a distance like a young man. Not long ago he attended a lecture in Brooklyn New York, upon the higher problems of electrical science, delivered by a professor with many titles and degrees. At the close the speaker called for comments and criticisms from the auditors.

Man, who was sitting well back in the hall, arose, and, quoting a long statement from the lecture concerning a difficult process, asked if he had heard it correctly.

"With remarkable accuracy, sir," replied the lecturer. "They are almost my very words."

The inventor then clearly but cogently tore the lecturer's argument to pieces, greatly to the latter's astonishment and to the amusement of the audience. As he sat down the lecturer said:

"I can hardly reply at present. You seem to have some information on the subject."

"Yes," replied Mr. Man; "I discovered the process myself nearly thirty years ago."

His Digestion Became Impaired and His Case Was looked Upon as Hopeless—Dr. Williams' Pink Pills Restored Him When Other Medicines Failed.

From the Telegraph, Welland, Ont.

Among the residents of Port Robinson there are few better known than Mr. Samuel Richards, who has resided in that vicinity for some twenty-seven years. Mr. Richards came to Canada from Illinois, and is one of the veterans of the American civil war, having been a member of the 7th Illinois regiment. Mr. Richards is also one of the vast army who bear willing and cheerful testimony to the value of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. To a reporter who recently interviewed him he said: "I very gladly testify to the great merit of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. A few years ago I fell a victim to one of the worst forms of kidney trouble. I was tortured with terrible pains across the back. I could neither sit up or lie down with any degree of ease. I consulted a doctor, and he gave me medicine which I took from time to time, but instead of helping me I was growing worse. My digestion became impaired and I suffered from additional pains in the stomach. I would feel cold along the spine and in the region of the kidneys; sparks would apparently float before my eyes, and I would have frequent headaches. I then began using a medicine advertised to cure kidney trouble, but to no avail; it left me poorer in pocket, while I grew worse in health. I fell away in flesh until my neighbors scarcely knew me. In my day I have undergone many hardships and a great deal of pain, having been through the American war; but in all this I never experienced the dread that I now have when I recall the sickness; not even the hour when I was captured and dragged within two miles of Libby prison. My sufferings were intensified by the stomach trouble. I could not eat and was bent almost double with pain, in fact I deemed myself a wreck. One day R. A. Abbey, general merchant, advised me to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and as he highly recommended them I purchased three boxes, and before they were used I could feel improvement. I kept on taking them until I used twelve boxes and am now so well and strong that I can do two day's work in one and weigh 226 pounds. My cure was a surprise to everyone in the community, as all thought my case hopeless. I feel so gratified that I consider this testimony compensates only poorly for what this medicine has done for me, and I believe I would have been dead if I had not taken Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

The experience of years has proved that there is absolutely no disease due to a vitiated condition of the blood or shattered nerves, that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills will not promptly cure, and those who are suffering from such troubles would avoid much misery and save money by promptly resorting to this treatment. Get the genuine Pink Pills every time and do be persuaded to take an imitation or some other remedy from a dealer, who for the sake of the extra profit to himself, may say 'just as good.' Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cure when other medicines fail.

RICHES FOR A WORKING GIRL.

Dropped a Job in a Hotel to Sell one of Her Mining Claims for \$45,000.

Miss Abbie Eastman of Phoenix, Ariz., fought with genuine American pluck against straightened circumstances, but she is now financially independent. Yesterday at a local hotel, where she was a guest she told the story of how ten days ago one

of her copper claims netted her \$45,000. Miss Eastman is only 28 years old. She has always worked for her living. But nature has given her much energy and a strong will, and when three years ago her uncle left her five copper claims in Arizona not far from Phoenix, she visited her claims to learn the value of her inheritance.

She consulted a lawyer. "He told me," said she yesterday, "that the claims looked promising, but that in order to hold them a certain sum of money would be required every month. Then I considered where the money was to come from as I had none of my own. So after failing to find any other solution, I resolved to get employment in a hotel. When I told the lawyer what I intended doing, and how I meant to set aside every cent that could be spared from my wages, in order to develop the claims, he said he admired my determination but wondered whether I should stick to it. But it has finally come out all right, and I guess now I shall be able to live without working so hard."

After the conference with her lawyer Miss Eastman lost no time in getting a position and spent her savings to hold her claims. The money came a little at a time but the work progressed slowly.

Miss Eastman has a pleasant face, dark eyes and prepossessing manners. Among the hotels at which she was employed was the Hotel Green, Passadena, Cal., and this summer at the Hotel Colorado, Glenwood Springs. The guests never suspected that the girl working at the hotel had a fortune in sight.

Just before the sale of the claim for \$45,000, when more correspondence than usual was necessary, it leaked out at Glenwood Springs that Miss Eastman was soon to come into a considerable money. Simultaneously it is said, a suitor appeared, but the shrewd business woman knew a thing or two. The enterprising young man got no encouragement.

Finally the deal was closed, and with large credit there were those who expected to see the young woman's head turned. But they were badly mistaken. Her dresses were exceedingly modest.

Miss Eastman was in Denver yesterday on her way to Phoenix, where the rest of her copper claims are located. Those of which she has not yet disposed are four in number. Her plans for the winter are not yet announced, except on one point, she will not have to work as she did last winter.

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