

Music and The Drama

TONES AND UNDERTONES.

The two concerts given at the opera house this week under the management of Fred G. Spencer, drew large and well pleased audiences. The programme was well arranged, and the numbers were most attractive.

The concert on Tuesday evening was a most delightful one and each number of the singer of the evening was given the most flattering applause. His singing of "The Two Grenadiers" by Schumann was truly a triumph of the singer's art, as was indeed every one of his numbers.

Every number was encoored, and the latter was characteristic of the singer, bright, happy and well chosen.

The appearance of Mr. Leo Altman of the Halifax Conservatory of Music was a triumph for that gentleman and from the first note he was recognized as a player of more than ordinary ability. His selections, seven including encores, were all enthusiastically received and Mr. Altman was very generally conceded to be without exception the best violinist ever heard in this city.

Mrs. Shepard Grigsby was a name unknown heretofore at least here and there was much speculation as to her work. She sang two solos, but what would have been acceptable work was marred by her extreme nervousness.

On Wednesday evening another excellent audience listened to the following programme rendered in a manner that was even more highly appreciated than was that of the preceding evening, if that were possible:

- Why do the Nations..... Handel Mr. Miles.
Concerto (Part I)..... Mendelssohn Mr. Altman.
To Love; to Suffer..... Tirindelli Mr. Miles.
Heart's Delight..... Gilchrist Mrs. Grigsby.
The Lost Chord..... Sir Arthur Sullivan Mr. Miles.
(a) Nocturne..... Chopin Sarate
(b) Scenes de la Gard..... Hubay Mr. Altman.
It is Enough..... Mendelssohn Mr. Miles.
Magnetic Waltz..... Arditi Mrs. Grigsby.
Airs Hungrois..... Ernst Mr. Altman.
Good Bye..... Tosti Mr. Miles.

Helene Mora, the female barytone, is making a sensation in Chicago by singing The Holy City.

Helen Lord is having songs written for her by Harry T. McConnell and Robert B. Smith, preparatory to going into vaudeville.

Says the Chicago Times Herald of last Monday: Mr. Henry Russell, composer of over eight hundred songs, including "Cheer, Boys, Cheer," died in London yesterday at the age of eighty-seven. He was born in Sheerness, Kent, Dec. 24, 1813. He appeared on the stage when a boy, and was educated in music in Milan, and was an outdoor scholar at the Bologna Conservatoire. He returned to England in 1840, and gave entertainments in London and in all parts of the country until about forty years ago, when he retired from public life. He was best known in this country as the author of "The old Armchair," "To the West, to the West," and "The Ship on Fire." He also wrote a treatise on singing and a volume of reminiscences.

TALK OF THE THEATRE.

Now that the Truss Stock company has folded its tent and stolen away, to let us hope, more favorable scenes of action we must manage to exist on anticipation for the next week, when the Valentine Stock will return for a long engagement. There has been a change in the personnel of the company since last year, but those who have seen it in Halifax say they are very excellent, and possess a jewel in Miss Nora O'Brien the leading lady, who is not only a clever actress but wonderfully beautiful in person. She is the daughter of the mayor of Baltimore and was a favorite in that city's most exclusive social circles.

The patronage given the Truss Stock leads one to think that this is a queer town theatrically. Always clamoring for something good, and yet when we get it we sometimes do not give it the attention our howlings after it would lead almost anyone to suppose we intended bestowing upon "a good theatrical company." What are our individual and collective ideas of a "good company" any-

way? I'm afraid we are all just a trifle hazy in that respect and could hardly give a definite explanation as to just what constitutes one. At least that is the most natural inference to be drawn from our own actions. A few years ago we fought tooth and nail against those companies which gave specialties and grew so unutterably tired of the vaudeville features that it gave us an excellent excuse for remaining away from the theatre.

But the passing of the specialty did not change the prevailing state of affairs and good companies, minus specialty people, still play to row after row of empty seats. Now there is no possible chance for us to imitate Whitcomb Rileys citizen of Terre Haute who used to "sit down in calm content And cuss the shows where I have went," because there is nothing to "cuss" in the shows we have been getting lately.

The great big public is a fraud between you and me, and it doesn't care a rap for the theatre as a temple of art and is not willing to interest itself enough in the stage to encourage really good companies.

We never commend, we only criticize and find fault with everybody generally, for not bringing "good companies," and then with a beautiful disregard of consistency of speech and action when one does stray this way, we find something else to take up our time and it is only at the farewell performance we awaken to the fact that it was worth patronizing.

In this case as in every other, the blessing brightens as it takes its flight—and then we promptly proceed to use the next "good" company in the same shabby way.

W. S. Harkins, so it is rumored, will bring a company to St. John for the holidays. Miss Bonstelle is spoken of as the leading lady of the aggregation.

May Irwin's new play "Madge Smith, Att'y" did not prove very successful at its recent trial in New York.

Clyde Fitch's new play of "Life in a Country Village" which he is writing for W. A. Brady is rapidly nearing completion.

Charles Richman, who is supporting Annie Russell in "A Royal Family" will be the leading man of the New York Empire theatre stock next season.

Maude Odell who will embark in opera on Christmas week in opera in "Rob Roy" at the Auditorium, Chicago, will, if successful, remain in lyric work.

William Faversham's condition is slightly improved, and it is thought that if the actor meets with no set back he will recover. Charles Frohman is preparing to star Mr. Faversham next season.

Says the Boston Post:—There is a possible change in managerial circles in this city before next season. The lease of the Park Theatre held by Eugene Tompkins will expire next May, and it is very doubtful if it is renewed by him. Rumor has it that the building will be made over for business purposes.

Miss Ada Rehan has received a cable message from London informing her that the courts of England had rendered a decision favorable to the Augustin Daly estate in the controversy between the executors of the estate and George Edwards over the Daly theatre property in London. Miss Rehan was very much pleased with the news.

Of the four American plays produced in New York this autumn—"Arizona," "Sag Harbor," "David Harum" and "Lost River"—"Arizona" is the first to achieve a one hundred nights' run. What Chicago said about "Arizona" at its initial production has been echoed and re-echoed by the critics of New York. It is a source of regret that Augustus Thomas' play cannot remain in New York the entire present season. The financial returns more than justify its continuance in the metropolis, but after the holidays "Arizona" must vacate its quarters to make room for one of the nondescript musical extravaganzas so dear to the heart of a certain portion of the New York play going community.

Reduced to Absurdity. To be sure, there are newspaper correspondents who express themselves clearly and keep track of their commas; but these burlesque "Society Squibs," from the Worcester Spy, are little more ridiculous than the "personals" one may find in any paper that makes a specialty of gossip.

Mrs. Mary Woods' sidewalk, which was shovelled off last winter, is now being relaid.

Nathan Price who was shot in the suburbs last Wednesday is now able to get around.

Thomas Merrill's property is for sale. It consists of a cottage containing seven rooms and an acre of land.

Edward Jones has opened a shoe store on Front street. Mr. Jones guarantees that any one can have a fit in his store.

The firm of Smith & Thorndyke is once more carrying on business at the old stand.

The concern now wants a man to sell on commission.

Mrs. Walter Darrell would like to hear of a good nurse for her child, about thirty years of age and with good references. None other need apply.

John Bangs who will sail for Europe Saturday would like to find a purchaser for his valuable bulldog. The animal is no care as it will eat anything and is very fond of children.

A touching incident was noticed at the Union Station yesterday when an aged couple bade each other good-by. The old lady kissed her husband fervently several times and he kissed her back.

The two prominent young medical students who having been stealing skulls from the Wachusett Boat are warned that unless amends are made trouble will ensue, as the names of the thieves are known.

Dr. Franklin White has returned from a trip to Switzerland. Speaking of the robust health of its peasantry, the doctor says, "The strength of the Swiss woman is remarkable. It is nothing unusual for her to wash and iron and milk several cows in one day."

Parental Firmness.

Collier's weekly tells of a father who has learned the value of experience in dealing with children. At least it is to be supposed that he has learned it unless he is a very dull scholar.

"You look worried, my dear," said Smithers, when he came home from the office the other day. "What is the matter?" "The children have been very tiresome to day," replied Mrs. Smithers, wearily. "It seemed as if they would drive me distracted."

"Don't let 'em!" said Smithers, with considerable energy. "Don't let 'em ride over you. Just—Willie, don't talk when papa's talking—just deal with them gently, but firm—did you hear me, Willie?—firmly, and you'll get along all—silence, Willie, this instant!—all right."

"As for letting 'em worry—Dick, don't pull my pockets—letting 'em worry—don't pull my pockets, I said. Will you take your hands out or no? Now keep them out. You've broken a couple of cigars for me now, you—what is Willie making such a noise about, Annie? My stars, he's got my silk hat! Take it; hang it up high."

"Now, Dick, if you cry, you'll have—now they're both commenced. It does seem, Annie, 'sif the minute I come into the house, I can't think—Won't you take 'em off to bed? I bet if I was at home, I'd—"

But as the boys clattered away up-stairs with their tired mamma, Smithers sat down and gazed gloomily into space, without saying just exactly what he would do if he were at home.

"Two Little Snobs."

Titles seem not to make men large of stature or in any way distinguishable in appearance from ordinary men. An amusing example of this lack of visible nobility is cited by an English exchange.

The Duke of Argyll was once travelling in a railway carriage with the Duke of Northumberland. At one of the stations a little commercial drummer entered. The three chatted familiarly until the train stopped at Alnwick Junction.

Here the Duke of Northumberland went out and was met by a train of flunkies and servants.

"That must be some great swell," remarked the drummer to his unknown companion.

"Yes," said the Duke of Argyll, "he is the Duke of Northumberland."

"Bless me!" exclaimed the drummer. "And to think he should have been so affable to two little snobs like us!"

Chinch-Bugs For Sale.

A man who kept a little store in a Western town was one morning approached by a farmer who owed him a small amount, with a plea for an extension of time, as the chinch-bugs were eating up all the crops.

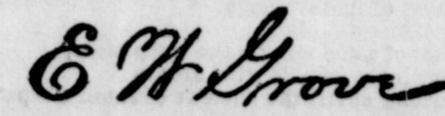
"Chinch-bugs! Nonsense!" said the store-keeper, roughly. "I don't believe there's a chinch-bug within a mile or you."

"The chinch-bugs are there by millions." "Millions! I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll give you a dollar and a half a gallon for every gallon of the bugs you'll bring me."

"Done!" said the farmer. A day or two after he drove back to the village with a ten-gallon can tightly covered. This he unloaded from his wagon and rolled carefully into the general store.

"What have you got there?" asked the merchant, suspiciously. "Something for you."

"What is it?" "Chinch-bugs," said the farmer. He lifted



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the lid, and disclosed a mass of the hideous insects, wriggling and squirming.

"There's ten gallons of them," he continued. "I take it you owe me fifteen dollars. That will just about square my little bill, and I'll thank you to give me a receipt."

"Cover it up, for goodness' sake, before any of 'em get away!" roared the unhappy dealer.

But he wrote the receipt so justly forfeited.

The story came out in the papers, and for months thereafter the storekeeper received letters asking for the latest quotations on the price of chinch-bugs, and inquiring how many he was prepared to take.

However, he had nothing to regret, for, as he said, the experience was worth a thousand dollars to him in advertising.

MRS. KLUMPKE'S DAUGHTERS.

The Remarkable Success of Four Enterprising Young Ladies.

In these days, when nearly every one longs for a professional training, there arises a new kind of story which might be said to constitute the romance of acquisition. We are too highly civilized to meet with adventures of the old sort; but young men and women are still coming on the most exciting experiences while in pursuit of an education. One would like, some time, to read the recollections of the Klumpke sisters, who have had rich, varied and exacting lives such as are accorded to very few.

These four young women, says the Critic, are the daughters of Mrs. Klumpke, an American, who, in pursuance of the belief that boys and girls should have the same advantages, took her young family to Germany and then to Paris, to complete their chosen studies.

The eldest determined to be an artist, the second a physician, the third an astronomer, and the fourth a violinist. Each has attained distinction, not through native brilliancy alone, but as the result of determined hard work.

When Miss Augusta Klumpke went to Paris, women had studied medicine there, but none had served as interne in any hospital, and the doctors said frankly to the new aspirant, "We shall do all we can to prevent your entering."

Her preparatory work was wonderful in its accuracy and completeness, and as the time approached for the final examinations, the faculty attended her recitations in a body, in order to note her weak points and equip themselves for her defeat. In consequence, they made their questions so difficult that the competing young men fell far below the standard, and failed to fill vacancies which are usually overrun. Miss Klumpke, to the chagrin of her adversaries, received the highest mark.

She finished her four years' pioneer work at the hospital, and then married a physician, an authority on nervous diseases, with whom, in the intervals of her practice, she collaborates in theoretic laboratory work.

Anne, the eldest sister, not only built up a solid reputation as an artist, but also acted as guardian to the younger girls. About two years ago she formed a most delightful friendship with Rosa Bonheur, then an old woman living alone at her country house, the Chateau de By.

Miss Klumpke took up her residence at the chateau, and immediately became desirous of cataloguing Rosa Bonheur's studies, and so preserving them for the world. Thus far few had seen them, and the lonely old artist was so jealous of them that she refused to let them go into the hands of her relatives at her death.

"I could part with any of the pictures I have ever painted," she said, "but with my studies, never. They are the experience of a lifetime. They are all I know and think and feel."

But such was the sympathy between her and the new friend that she gladly welcomed her to this inner circle of her life, and now she is dead, Miss Klumpke is proving her faithfulness. She is living at the chateau a part of the year, interest-

ing herself in the people and schools of the neighborhood, and keeping her friend's studio open to the pilgrims who come there from all quarters. She is also preparing the studies for exhibition, and, as she says:

"No one who has not seen these sketches can fully understand the artist's greatness."

Mrs. Klumpke's youngest daughter, Julia, is a very promising violinist; but to Dorothea belongs the prettiest story of all. She is an astronomer, and made early application for admission to the Paris observatory. The directors consulted the statutes. No woman had ever offered herself as a colleague, but there was no rule to say a woman nay. So they gave her a telescope, to make her own observations, and later, on the strength of the remarkable work she had done, made her Doctor of Science, gave her a decoration, and created her an Officier de l'Academie.

As soon as the International Astronomical Congress began cataloguing the stars as far as the fourteenth magnitude, a new department was created at Paris for the French share of the great undertaking. Dorothea Klumpke was placed at the head of it, with four assistants.

She has lived for thirteen years in the gardens of the observatory, revered by the employees there, and highly esteemed by the Astronomical Society of France, of which she is the only female member. She is a slender, delicate girl, and her blue eyes have a look of wonder and mystery caught perhaps, from searching among the stars.

Marie—I'm afraid Jean is going to blow his brains out. Clarisse—Why so? Marie—He has bought a cornet.



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