

Music and The Drama

JONES AND UNDERTONES.

The production of the opera, Nell Gwynne under the auspices of the Neptune Rowing club promises to be of great interest.

In many of the churches music appropriate to the solemnity of the week was provided and in several the services closed with the national anthem, "God Save the King."

It is probable that Albain will be heard here sometime in March.

Adelina Patti will spend her summers in future at her husband's home in Sweden.

Lillian Bianvelt is making a professional tour of England and Scotland. She will return to America in March.

Sibyl Sanderson made her farewell appearance in Paris on Jan. 23, the occasion being a benefit to Gustave Wornis.

Emma Nevada, the famous American soprano has been engaged to sing in the Royal Dutch opera at the time of the marriage of the young queen of Holland.

Maurice Grau is no longer the director of Grand opera at Covent Garden in London. Mr. Grau claimed recently that he was uncertain whether he would continue there or not, pleading a desire for a respite from work and some of his responsibilities.

It is related of Melba, the prima donna, that she acted as her own bill poster on the occasion of her second public appearance. She was 16 years of age and was staying with her family at an Australian watering place and determined to raise a fund for the restoration of the dilapidated cemetery in the place.

Bruce McRae who was here with Harkins some seasons ago is spoken of thus by the Mirror beneath an excellent likeness of the actor. Bruce McRae is Julia Marlowe's new leading man, as Captain Trumbull in Barbara Frietchie. Mr. McRae though an Englishman, is essentially an American actor, having made his first appearance on any stage in New York in 1891 and for the first five successive seasons was regularly engaged in Charles Frohman's first companies, appearing in all original casts of Thermidor, Aristocracy, The Greater Shenandoah and The Fatal Card.

TALK OF THE THEATRE

The bills presented by the Valentine Stock Company this week were 'The Honeymoon', the first three days, and 'The Stowaway' on Thursday and Friday. The Honeymoon is a charming piece, much on the style of the Taming of the Shrew, and with a suggestion of The Lady of Lyons in the first act. It was well staged and costumed.

Recent letters from Mr. Frank L. Bixby to a member of PROGRESS staff, bring the pleasing intelligence that the W. S. Harkins Company has made a great hit in Newfoundland. With characteristic diffidence Mr. Bixby modestly admits that in St. Johns, Newfoundland, he is the "great pet of the aggregation as it is his pleasant duty to make nightly announcements before the curtain."

Nat Goodwin once aspired to play Shakespeare tragedy, but the nearest he

ever got to it was a burlesque of Richard III.

Vance Thompson has written a new play for Mrs. Leslie Carter.

Florence Rochwell has been engaged as Henry Miller's leading lady in "Richard Savage."

Richard Mansfield has decided to produce Stephen Phillip's play, "Herod," in New York in March.

Olga Nethersole has purchased a new play, "The Voice of the Charming" by Charles H. Howard, a Washington lawyer.

Mabelle Gillman has signed with A. H. Chamberlyn to return to New York to appear in a prominent part in "The Gay Grisette."

The dramatization of "When Knighthood was in Flower" was made by Paul Kester, the author of Ada Rahan's "Nell Gwynne" play.

George H. Broadhurst's farce "What Happened to Jones," translated into French by Maurice Ordonneau was presented for the first time in Paris on January 7.

Betsy Ross, who is given by history the honor of having served the first American flag is to be the central figure of a new play by the author of "My Friend from India."

Egerton Castle, whose novel is the foundation of the play "The Pride of Jennico," is an authority in England on fencing and has written several books on the subject.

Blanche Walsh is said to have made a great personal success as Josephine in "More Than Queen." Joseph Brooks and Ben Stern are negotiating two plays for her use next season.

American dramatists must be working hard. Grace George has had 200 plays sent to her since her success in "Her Majesty" and Miss Crossman has had more than this offered her.

Cora Urquhart Potter, Kyrle Bellen and Frank Gardner are interested in a new West African gold mine and it is said that Mrs. Potter's share of the promotion profits was \$75,000.

Olga Nethersole says that if her health does not improve she may decide to take a long rest and not play at all next season. She has made no plans for the autumn and is holding several offers in obedience for the present.

Henry Sienkiewicz, author of Quo Vadis recently celebrated the 25th anniversary of the beginning of his career as a writer. The celebration occurred at Warsaw and a estate was presented to the author by the Polish people.

Richard Mansfield contemplates as one of his production for next season a drama entitled Omar Khayyam which embodies most of the Rubaiyat, and in which Mr. Mansfield will appear as Omar, the play has been written by a Pennsylvania author unknown in the dramatic field.

A late number of the Dramatic Mirror, contains a picture of Ethel Knight Mollison of this city in the role of Alice Faulkner which she is now successfully playing in Sherlock Holmes. The press has very favorably noted Miss Mollison's work in the part. Her portrayal of May Wedderburn, the English heroine in Richard Mansfield's production of "The First Violin" is happily remembered.

New York correspondence of the Boston Transcript says of Mrs. Danes Defence—and Margrret Anglin:

As Mrs. Dane, Miss Anglin has a most emotional role, that of the woman sinned against and sinning and trying according to Henry Arthur Jones to hide her past by hiding herself in a small English countryside. Then she falls in love with a man much in love with her, and in trying to prove to his family and his friends her social unimpeachable of her position, which has been impeached by a self righteous neighborhood terror of a scandal monger, the past is unscrubbed. The poor girl, already severely punished for her girlish wrong doing is separated from her betrothed with one of Jones's sermonettes, and—curtain.

The play isn't much of a play, and it is an undiluted 'problem' drama, the local renaissance of romantic melodrama to the contrary notwithstanding. It is a sad play that, in incompetent hands would be a bad quarter of an hour multiplied several times. With an evenly good company and Miss Anglin's acting it is a poignant play for much of the time. If anybody can enjoy good acting that is mighty sorrowful, then see Margaret Anglin as Mrs. Doane, and if the plying of the nerve wracked Lucy Dane leaves Miss Anglin any future in this

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life—which seems problematical, for she is but a wraith of a woman physically—then watch out for her work to come.

It is true that the play, which in a way recalls Wilkie Collins's 'New Magdalen,' is a vehicle for a really remarkable piece of acting on the part of Margaret Anglin. This Canadian girl, who got her first dramatically important New York opportunity as Roxane in the Mansfield production of "Cyrano," has played notably well in several New York productions since then.

She was the heroine in that amateurish and defective but not uninteresting play of "Brother Officers," the unheroic but appealing little companion at the gallows of Carton in "The Only Way" dramatization of "The Tale of Two Cities," played the corresponding role in that good play that failed of appreciation, which was produced by the late Charles Coghlan, "Citizen Pierre," etc. Yet the people in a theatre party who sat behind me the other night, and whose chatter proclaimed them inveterate theatregoers, excitedly asked after Miss Anglin's great scene: "What's her name?" "Where did she come from?" "Why, who is she, anyway?" This incident of the chatters but goes the further toward proving that the majority of theatregoers know only the names of theatrical stars and masculine matinee idols.

And it helps to explain why every player of ability feels it incumbent upon him or her to become a star or matinee idol in order that popular acquaintance with their personality shall add commercial value to their talent. Nobody but stars are believed by managers to have any rights that they are bound to respect, this is a pity. It is our inchoate star system that keeps the average of the ensemble work of American dramatic productions so low.

A PORTRAIT OF VICTORIA. The Picture Sold by a Confederate Exile to Maximilian in Mexico.

"The first picture I can remember were of Queen Victoria and Henry Clay," said a man who is now 50 and is taking his ease in New York. 'The picture of the Queen was a colored plate, a copy of the painting by Thomas Sully. How it ever got where I saw it I don't know.

'It hung in the home of my father, who was living on the border. There wasn't a white settlement ten miles west of his place. Indians used to come to his house to swap their work for anything they could get, and one of my recollections is their fondness for the Queen's picture. One of them tried to steal it.

'The picture had quite a history later on. My father moved away from the border and went to St. Louis. Soon after a young artist came to our house to live. He became a celebrity. He painted the 'Country Election,' and during the Civil War he painted the celebrated picture known in Missouri as 'Order No. 11,' which was a commentary on canvas of a military order issued at that time which drove many Southern people out of the State. The artist was also a politician and if I mistake not he was once a member of Congress, but for the life of me I cannot recall his name.

'He painted an oil from the colored plate of Queen Victoria. That was probably the first canvas of the Queen ever turned out so far West. The painting attracted attention and was for awhile on exhibition.

'In the Civil War my father was a Confederate soldier. It was the custom for Union soldiers to visit the houses of Southern sympathizers in search of contraband articles. A squad went to my father's house. The young officer in command saw the painting of the Queen and took off his cap to it. He asked my mother if she was an English subject. An evasive reply was made, and the young officer politely begged pardon and said that his mother

was an English woman, and that a picture of her Queen in my house meant protection to that house so far as he was concerned. With that he ordered his squad away.

'At the close of the war a number of Confederates preferred to go to Mexico, and, as you may know, more than a thousand, nearly all of whom had been officers in the Confederacy, crossed the border, and offered their services to Maximilian. My father was one of the number.

'Maximilian did not accept the service of the ex-Confederates, and each was left to decide his own destiny. Some remained in Mexico, and did well. My father purchased a plantation near the capital. One day several hunters stopped at his place and had dinner. They were foreigners, and their bearing proclaimed high birth.

'One of them became interested in the painting of Victoria and bought it. The family was loath to part with it, but the purchaser offered a price far beyond its value. Besides, he said he wished it for his wife. A few days later the painting was sent for.

'Its destination at the time was not known. But some time after a former Confederate visited my father and informed him that his painting of Queen Victoria hung in the room of the Empress Carlotta, and that her husband, Maximilian, was the purchaser. He was one of the party who had visited my father's plantation. Of the subsequent history of the painting I know nothing. I would give any reasonable sum to get it.'

In One Word.

It is by no means necessary for a man always to enter into an elaborate explanation of his feelings in order to make them clear.

'What's the name of the fellow who wrote the tune of that coon song we've just been favored with?' asked one man of another at a meeting of the Amateur Composer's club.

'Jones,' returned the other man. 'Jas. Jones, I believe. Frank Walley wrote the words.'

'Ah, I was about to ask the name of Jones's accomplice,' was the rejoinder.

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PROGRESS.

Some time ago there was a notable automobile procession in the city of Buffalo, N. Y. It was notable for its size, and also for the fact that it was entirely composed of automobile wagons (like that in the cut above), built to distribute the advertising literature of the World's Dispensary Medical Association, proprietors and manufacturers of Dr. Pierce's medicines. In many a town and village Dr. Pierce's automobile has been the pioneer horseless vehicle. These wagons, sent to every important section of the country, are doing more than merely advertise Dr. Pierce's Remedies—they are pioneers of progress, heralds of the automobile age.

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