

**Music and  
The Drama**

TONES AND UNDERTONES.

The concert of last Friday evening of which Madame Albani was the bright particular star, was the musical event of the year. It was very largely attended; in fact was almost equal, in point of numbers, to her first concert here five years ago. A musical success it goes without saying that it was greatly enjoyed.

Every number was encored but it was only in one or two instances that compliance with the demand was granted. Mme. Albani was of course very gracious in this respect and responded several times.

Her numbers were beautifully rendered though perhaps those from which the greater portion of the audience derived the most pleasure were Angels Ever Bright and Fair, and Home Sweet Home. There was certainly a world of pathos, beauty and power in the last, and the closing notes were rendered amid a silence that could almost be felt.

Next to Albani, Miss Muriel Foster seems to have won the warmest approval and her work elicited many admiring comments. She is the possessor of a contralto voice, the equal in sympathy, depth and sweetness of which has never been heard here.

Mr. Douglas Powell was pleasing, but not the owner of a phenomenal voice by any means. It was just pleasant to listen to, that was all.

The instrumentalists, Messieurs Brossa the flutist and Nachez, the violinist, were excellent, and the audience could very well have stood more of the latter's work, so thoroughly finished and altogether fine was it. Mr. Harris made an ideal accompanist, and indeed so good was his work that it deserves more than passing recognition. It was generally thought that Mr. Harris' talents were more in the managerial line, but he certainly is a splendid accompanist. As a financial venture the concert was a great success.

Mr. Fred G. Spencer is talking of another concert in the near future. This time the attraction will be a famous Scotch soprano.

A Goethe society is in existence at Berlin with Franz Liszt as president. The heir to a great name, it seems, a second cousin of Liszt the pianist and is professor of criminal law at Berlin university.

Music is to be one of the chief features at the Pan-American Exposition at Buffalo, and the Temple of Music is the finest structure of its kind ever built. The beautiful glass dome of this building is said to be the largest ever constructed.

Madame Patti, who has just entered her fifty-ninth year, pays one of the penalties of greatness, by having her age accurately known. She was born on February 10, 1843, at Madrid, the daughter of Signor Patti and his wife, a prima donna, nee Chiesa. 'Long ago, however,' as the London Daily News remarks, 'the prima donna seems to have discovered the secret of perpetual youth, and alike in voice and in appearance she might certainly be mistaken for twenty years younger. May 14 next, by the way, will be the fortieth anniversary of Madame Patti's debut at Covent Garden, when, in the peasant dress of Amina, and entirely unheralded, she amazed her audience by the beauty of her voice, and at once became a 'star.' There are at least four musical critics (Lincoln, William Davison, Bennett, and Sutherland Edwards) still living who, we think, can recall the scene.'

**TALK OF THE THEATRE.**

W. S. Harkins was in the city for a day or two this week trying to make arrangements for a spring engagement at the opera house.

Mr. Edward R. Mawson the Valentine Stocks leading man of last season will begin an engagement at the opera house in May, presenting Nell Gwynns.

Lovers Lane has reached its fiftieth presentation in New York and is growing in popularity.

'In the Palace of the King' is still drawing large audience to the Theatre Republic New York.

The Banker's Daughter one of Bronsons Howards earliest successes will be revived in New York shortly.

Henrietta Crozman is to play another New York engagement in Mistress Nell. The piece will be put on at Wallacks for a short run, the last of April.

Sir Henry Irving has just played an extraordinarily successful engagement in Dublin. The amount of his receipts is announced, exceeded all previous records.

The death is announced of Alfred Maltby an English comedian, who was a great favorite in London especially at the

Criterion where he played for many years. He was extremely successful in the parts of comic old men.

The Tendon of Achilles is the title of a piece by Louis N. Parker and Boyle Laurence which will be given in London in due course by Fred Terry and Julia Neilson.

twelve years ago. His story 'The Mystery of a Hanson Cat' attracted a great deal of attention, and he is the author of a great many other exciting and creepy stories. His experiment with blank verse will be awaited with interest.

It now appears that the author of the New Blank Verse play which Sir Henry Irving is to produce this spring in the London Lyceum, is Mr. Fergus Hume. This gentleman who was not suspected of poetic inspiration is a New Zealander who came to London.

Mr. Herman Merivale has been at work for some time upon an English version of Pailleuron's famous comedy 'Le Monde on Con S'Ennuie.' He has preserved the outline of the story but has substituted English motives and atmosphere, all the types being modern.

A London paper says concerning Haddon Chamber's new play. 'The Awakening': 'The play is both interesting and clever, and has comparatively few dull moments. It is, however, the outcome of ingenuity and artifice, and, though it has dramatic scenes, is not dramatic as a whole.'

Kyle Bellew, who now occupies a high place among contemporaneous actors will star in American next season in a dramatized version of 'A Gentleman of France' which really has dramatic and romantic possibilities although it does not by any means follow that the adapter will be able to get any of them across the footlights. Eleanor Robson will be Mr. Bellew's leading lady.

May Irwin is planning a trip around the world. This does not mean that she is going to play around the world. Her travel will be chiefly for pleasure. At the close of her present season, which occurs out on the Pacific coast, she has decided to go to the Yellowstone Park for a week or two for recreation, and after enjoying the outing in the West will take passage for Japan, China, India.

John Drew is almost an ideal Richard Carvel if one may judge by the strong words of praise which have been spoken in every city in which the dramatization of Winston Churchill's famous novel has been seen. For months the Empire Theatre was packed to the doors, and the same state of affairs would have gone on indefinitely but that Mr. Frohman had to bring back the Stock company which previously occupied the house.

A correspondent of a London paper, speaking of Gerhardt Hauptmann's latest play, 'Michael Kramer,' says that 'it is written round the paternal love and disappointment of an old artist, whose son is an artistic genius, but morally a coward and a liar. The note of deep tragedy is sounded throughout, and when at length the son commits suicide the play finishes with a lament similar to David's over Absalom, which is said to be equal to anything in German literature.'

Speaking of 'Michael Kramer' and its morbid tone, a writer in a German paper says of Gerhart Hauptmann: Hauptmann's art seems to me like a wondrous flower, blossoming in lonely beauty upon a hideous, pestilential pool. Would not this flower blossom all the more beautifully if it were transplanted to a heavy soil? Would not in other words, the poet Hauptmann appeal all the more strongly to our aesthetic instincts if, instead of the abnormal and the diseased, he offered us types of the universally and harmoniously human?

The authorities of Manchester and some of the other large provincial cities in England have interlarded to prevent the posting of some lurid bills heralding the approach of certain theatrical organizations, and the bill posters, taking alarm, have appointed executive committees to examine all such illustrations before signing contracts for sticking them up. The managers are greatly opposed to submitting to this kind of censorship, and are discussing the propriety of abandoning the picture poster altogether. This would be a great victory in the interests of art and public decency. It is a pity that some vigilance committee of a similar character cannot be established in this part of the world. Some of the exhibitions on suburban fences are abominable.

It seems plain, as it was certainly to be expected, that the adapter of 'A Cigarette Maker's Romance,' now running at the London Court theatre, has been no more successful than others in the attempt to reproduce the potency of the original story. The London Athenaeum says: 'A

knowledge of Mr. Marion Crawford's novel will not add to the enjoyment of a visitor to the Court theatre. Between the original work, with its exquisite treatment and its quaint and psycholy, and the comedy founded on it there is almost as much difference as between a psalm in the Vulgate and the same in a rendering of Tate and Brady. A delicate prose idyl is converted into a commonplace and conventional melodrama. The atmosphere is entirely changed. So far as regards putting back the action from near the close to the middle of the last century, something may be said. Mr. Harvey wished apparently to bring within the period covered by Dickens and to give the characters a Dickensian flavor. Why, however, for the little colony of Russian exiles Germans and Jews are substituted we are unable to conjecture.

Says the 'Matinee girl' of the Dramatic Mirror, surely a competent authority: A still, small voice has come over the telegraph wires from Milwaukee to the effect that matinees are bad for us girls. The voice belongs to a scientist, who claims that youthful emotions are torn up to such an extent that morbid ideas of life are engendered, together with excitable nerves, too romantic notions and all sorts of things. This is about the worst ever. For years we matinee girls have stood for the good, the beautiful and the true, amid the army of playgoers the world over. We have been the ingenues of the playhouse, our eyes always ready to brim up, or our hearts to thrill over the sorrows or courageous deeds of stage heroes and heroines.

Just fancy what an ungirl like creature a young woman would be whose emotions were carefully kept in, compressed, and trained to answer to an educated intellectual wire with an optic nerve connection. Emotions are not hurt by callisthenic exercises. The thrills and tears of the matinee are just as healthful to the mental wellbeing of girls as the swinging of dumb bells and clubs is for their bodies. Repression of the emotions is worse than the most tearful matinee that ever caused an afternoon audience to sob into its chocolate creams.

Take the girl who grows up with her tears and her smiles carefully kept in; who analyzes, weighs and sizes up everyone she meets, and calculates as to the choice of conversation that will prove the most impressive. What a queer young person she is! She occurs sometimes, and she is always anemic, impossible. And as she develops she grows into a still more disagreeable woman. The matinee is a far more wholesome influence in the lives of women than novels. A few years ago women sat at home all day poring over novels and weeping over them. Now they laugh at them. At the theatre they may laugh and cry also. They get diversity of emotional massage.

To many women who are ill, worn out from housekeeping or the various domestic woes that crop up in modern lives, and must be lived through, the matinee each Saturday is a boon and a blessing! It gets them out of themselves and gives them a good cry, or a good healthy shiver along the spine, or a fluttering of the hearts strings, that keeps them from rusting out before their time. If we never outgrew our matinee emotions we'd never get tired of each other, ourselves or our dinners. It's the blessed enthusiasms of life that make it beautiful. It is the constant, never-dying, looking out over the horizon with the sails of our ships in view, headed for us, laden with all the beautiful promise of life, that makes existence worth while.

When the emotions dry up and our hearts get so they rattle within us when we walk, then it is time for a quick curtain and an audience that leaves without either a smile or a sigh. No—when we get out of the matinee habit we might as well put on our rheumatism plasters and begin to tell stories about our neighbors. I see lots of gray-haired girls sprinting into the theatres afternoons, but I know that their hearts are full of primroses in bloom, a perpetual crop that the matinees keep in a flourishing condition.

**SIR ARTHUR'S CANINE ORBITIC.**  
The Composer's Dog Knew Good Music and Made His Opinion Known.

It is not generally known that the late Sir Arthur Sullivan was not only passionately fond of dogs, but had made a special study of them in every way. The brilliant composer declared frequently to the writer that in the dog are embodied all the necessary conditions for the appreciation of music of all kinds, and that the organ of hearing in a dog is of marvellous delicacy. Sir Arthur bore out the truth of this statement by relating the following anecdote:

*E. W. Snow*  
This signature is on every box of the genuine  
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the remedy that cures a cold in one day.

notes or incidents which came directly under his notice.

Some ten or fifteen years ago, when Sir Arthur was accustomed to go down to the theatre very regularly in order to conduct the rehearsals of his own operas, he was followed every morning by a dog, which entered the theatre the same time as he did, placed itself between the legs of the musicians, and listened delightedly, eagerly, to the music. This occurred day after day, until the constant appearance of the dog at the rehearsals excited the curiosity and admiration not only of Sir Arthur himself, but of all the musicians, who, not knowing its name, gave him that of Melody. Very soon he was petted by all, and each one in turn invited the dog to dinner. 'Melody, will you dine with me today?' These words were sufficient. The dog followed his host, ate heartily, and, as soon as dinner was over, rushed off again to the theatre, found its way to the orchestra, placed itself in a corner, and never left until the evening performance was finished.

Nothing could be more amusing, more curious than the attitude of Melody during the performance. If a new work was being performed he found it out before the overture had been played many seconds. He listened with the greatest attention. If the piece abounded in rich and original melodies he testified his pleasure by his delighted barks and by scraping his feet rapidly on the ground. On the other hand, if the piece was only ordinary—inipid—Melody invariably gaped or yawned, turned his back upon the orchestra, gazed around the boxes and at last slunk away in a decidedly bad humor. This expressive pantomime was the most piquant criticism of the new opera. When the work of some great master was played Melody always knew the precise moment when an artist was going to sing some striking song or play some special part of the work, and then his movements, his gestures, were such as almost to plead for silence among the spectators.

'I do not know,' said Sir Arthur, not many weeks before his death 'what became of this dog later on, but his name and his reputation are still fresh in the memories of several musicians who have frequently seen his singular antics.'

Mrs. Nebb—Do you take the 'Sunday Blatherskite?' You know a picture goes with every copy.

Mrs. Reed—No, we prefer the 'Sunday Gasbag.' It comes in four volumes and has a bottle of family liniment with it every week.

Foots Light—Why do they call a place where a play is first given a dog town?

Sue Brette—Oh, I suppose because it is where the first growls are heard.

**ITCHING LIMBS**

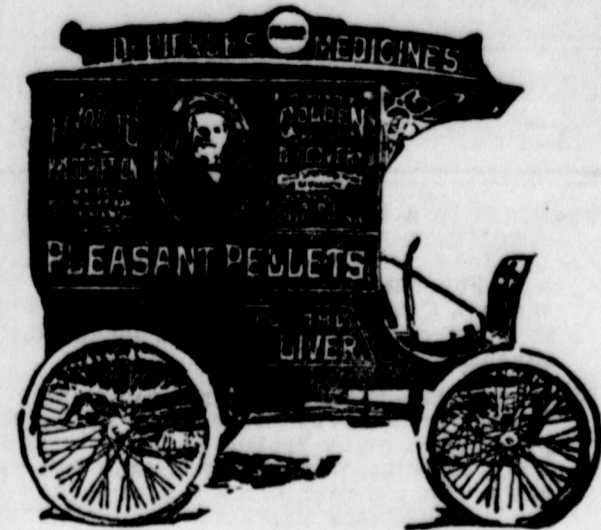


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**PROGRESS.**

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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The offer that Dr. Pierce makes to men and women suffering with chronic diseases of a free consultation by letter, is really without a parallel. It places without cost or charge the entire resources of a great medical institute at the service of the sick. Such an offer is not for one moment to be confounded with those offers of 'free medical advice' which are made by people who are not physicians, cannot and do not practice medicine, and are only saved from prosecution by artfully wording their advertisements so that they give the impression that they are physicians without making the claim to be licensed.

Those who write to Dr. Pierce, chief consulting physician to the Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute, Buffalo, N. Y., may do so with the assurance that they will receive not only the advice of a competent physician, but the advice of a physician whose wide experience in the treatment and cure of disease, and whose sympathy with human suffering leads him to take a deep, personal interest in all those who seek his help and that of his associate staff of specialists.

Dr. Pierce's Medical Advertiser (in paper covers), 1008 pages, is sent free on receipt of 31 one-cent stamps, or 50 stamps for the cloth-bound volume, to pay expense of customs and mailing only. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

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