

will not listen to jewel songs and operatic invocations. They haven't got time, and they wouldn't waste it if they had. What they want, I think, is something with touch and go in it. Scotch and English ballads are always good. Some men are too busy or too tired to listen to a plantation melody, but they will surrender to the sweetest of all songs if you begin at the right place. There's 'Teaching the Little Boy to Waltz,' for example, that I go every time, and 'Rock-a-Bye, Rock-a-Bye'—well, there's a b. by and a woman in every man's heart, and three bars of that little lullaby that the whole country has hummed and whistled for half a dozen years will bring tears and smiles, according to your treatment."

"And your song is?"

"My song is 'Sweet Genevieve.' I can sing it better than anything else, and I love it better than anything else. It got me every engagement I ever had. The first time I tried it was in a Chicago church committee-room. There was a vacancy in the choir that I wanted; I made application, and when the reverential deacon said he would like to hear me sing something, I didn't know what to do. I was trying to decide between a Gounod and a Bach solo, when I caught sight of a locket hanging from the good man's watchchain that settled it. I concluded that Genevieve's picture was inside, and I almost broke my heart resurrecting her vocal namesake. But I got the vacancy.

"The next time? The next time I went to see Mr. Davis. He was manager of the Chicago Church Choir Company. I wanted more money than I was getting, and I applied for an engagement. I sang 'Sweet Genevieve's' again and got the part of Little Buttercup. I frequently sang it by request, and Mr. Davis fell in love with the song and married the singer.

"When the American Opera Company was getting into shape I went to see Theodore Thomas, and when he said he would like to hear something I knew how to sing, I gave him 'Sweet Genevieve.'

"Well' he said, 'any girl who can sing a love song like that can sing American opera,' and he engaged me. When I applied for a position in the Mapelson grand opera company. Mr.

Mapelson made an appointment for me to meet Mme. Patti, and I gave her S. G. She heard me through the whole song and applauded me by clapping my face between her hands.

"Mr. Barnaby admitted me to my present position in the 'Robin Hood' company on the strength of the lamented Miss Genevieve, and he pays me the mischievous compliment of getting out his handkerchief every time I sing it. But I shall sing 'Sweet Genevieve' till my voice cracks, and if there is any delay at the kingdom of heaven I shall try it on St. Peter."

An American exchange, speaking of the Calhoun Opera Company says: "The Calhoun Opera company appeared before a crowded house again last night, presenting Von Suppe's famous comic opera in three acts, 'Fatinitza.' Douglas Flint played the general while Kirtland Calhoun distinguished himself as 'Mustapha.' The honors of the evening undoubtedly rested with Martin Pache, as the war correspondent, and Laura Millard, as the 'Princess Lydia.' Mr. Pache sang Tom Karl's great solo in splendid form and the old favorite made an impression upon the audience, through his magnificent voice and vocalization, which will not soon be forgotten. The Mayo children again delighted all with their pretty dances and throughout the evening every member of the company did his or her best to please, a characteristic of the Calhouns, and the secret of their popularity and success, the people of the city will be glad to welcome them back again and for a longer stay than two nights, and they can rest assured that when they do return the house will be as splendidly filled nightly as it has been on this, their first visit."

Uncle Tom's Cabin Co., now at the Victoria, are giving an excellent production of the dramatization of Harriet Beecher Stowe's famous novel. There are many unique and interesting features in connection with the performance, and especially is it interesting to the younger portion of the population.

Tuesday night will inaugurate a season of high grade comic opera at The Victoria, presenting the Calhoun Opera

Company, an excellent organization. The management is very modest, and does not claim to have the greatest opera company on this round globe of ours, but does claim that it is, without question, the best and most compact opera company of its size that was ever brought to the Pacific Coast. It carries an orchestra, which ensures perfection of ensemble.

### NOT HIGH CHURCH.

TO EDITOR OF THE VICTORIA HOME JOURNAL:

I see by last week's paper that "Episcopalian" is very much concerned for fear the new Bishop will be too "high church," but let me ease his mind at once for I have it from the "rector" himself that the Bishop in future will have nothing to do with the ritual of the church. He is to be a kind of figure head—like an admiral on board ship; the rector having full control in church matters, even in the number of times the Bishop may preach during the month.

Speaking of our new rector reminds me of two rather comical incidents I have heard of lately.

One is that while attending a funeral he was introduced to a gentleman in the carriage with himself, and during the course of conversation he said:

"By the way, Mr. A—, to what church do you belong?"

"Oh," said Mr. A—, "I have been a regular attendant at the cathedral for the last twenty years."

Rector, rather taken by surprise, wonders how it is they had not met before.

The other story shows the "peace on earth good will towards men" policy as carried out in the Episcopal church. During the week preceding Christmas, the ladies who helped in the decorations were often in the church, and one day the canon walked in at about 4 o'clock and cordially invited the workers to partake of tea in the rectory at 4:30, but omitted two of the helpers, although care was taken to ask them particularly what they thought of the already partly decorated church.

I suppose this was due to his absent-mindedness, as he is known never to remember anything that he can possibly forget. Ah! my dear rector, I hope your absent-mindedness will not keep you out of Heaven.

ANOTHER EPISCOPALIAN.