

Music and The Drama

SONS AND UNDERSTONES.

There was plenty of music in the city on New Year's Eve. The different bands made their night air a harmony of sweet sounds...

Musical circles will be interested in hearing of the engagement of Miss Jessie Gordon Forbes to Rev. Mr. Morton of Trinidad.

The city of Moscow is to have a new concert hall to seat 2500 people. It will be attached to the famous musical conservatory.

Fritz Kreisler, the violinist, will appear at the Symphony concerts in Boston on February 6th and 9th. He will play the Beethoven concertos.

A society has recently been formed in Brussels for the study of old music, and old instruments and a private performance will be given this month.

Glen Hall, the Chicago tenor, has been engaged by the Handel and Haydn society of Boston for the performance of "The Redemption" on Easter Sunday next.

The Boston Herald says to judge from a standpoint of beauty the management of Miladi and The Musketeers has all the prettiest girls in the country in its chorus.

A new Spanish tenor by the name of Biel has recently been discovered. He has been singing lately in "Trovatore" and "L'Africaine" in Madrid and his performance is said to have aroused great enthusiasm.

TALK OF THE THEATRE.

The company playing at the New Metropolitan Theatre closes its engagement today. The two weeks have given much pleasure to patrons of the house, and brought financial success along too.

Our Regiment, and Frou Frou were the bills at the Opera House for this week, and which on the holiday drew splendid houses. In Frou Frou, the sparkling, dancing, thoughtless girl, Miss Nora O'Brien had a part that called for some very fine emotional work.

Suzette Willey is playing "She" in Boston to excellent houses.

"The Cotton Spinner" is making a hit at the Boston, Bowdoin square.

Nellie McHenry is making a great success in Boston in the title role of "M'liss".

E. S. Willard & Company opened a New York engagement on Monday evening.

Austin and Stone are exploiting a female sword swallower this week. She is said to be a wonder.

Rose Melville in "Miss Hopkins" a success of last season is meeting with great success on her road tour. She plays in Boston sometime this month.

"On the Suwanee River," a beautiful play of the south, like the song from which it takes its name seems destined to live forever. Tropical settings of great beauty are a strong feature of the play.

Blanche Bates has been secured by David Belasco to play Cigarette in Paul Potter's dramatization of Under Two Flags. With her will be Philip Cunningham and Edward S. Ables. The production will be at the Garden theatre, New York, some time this month.

Maria Dainton who last Monday night made her American debut in Boston, in The Bell of Bobemia, has a great London reputation. She played for nine consecutive months in the Palace Music Hall there, giving invitations of celebrated comedy and operatic stars, the longest engagement ever played by any music hall artist in England. Miss Dainton is only 19 years old.

The Castle Square company, of which Edmund Breese is a member, will revive Hazel Kirke for a week beginning Jan. 7. Miss Eleanor Moretti who came here to

join the Trav' Stock company but remained only a few days is now leading lady of "Hearts Are Trumps" at the Boston Post says she looks like an Italian, and has a stage name that is decidedly foreign. But as a matter of fact, she is the daughter of the late Katherine Rogers and is a sister of Katherine Florence, who is now playing in New York with William H. Crane in "David Harum."

Miss Lois Fuller arrived in New York on Christmas day, from Europe, and leaves shortly for Japan where she will appear at the Imperial theatre in Tokio. The great dancer is in splendid health and her only worry seemed to be over her manager who was detained in Italy through illness.

It is now ten years since La Loie made her first conquest in Paris, and Parisians have never grown tired of the scepter of art by which she still rules them. Last year Lrrell the famous painter placed Loie with her swirl line robes on his canvas and hung her in the Paris salon, where during the entire season she was surrounded by crowds who admired the glorious dash and color of Lerolls picture and Loie's beauty of face and figure. The picture was said by one critic to be a perfect picture of the pagan spring.

Nat Goodwin and Maxime Elliott are playing to good audiences in Boston in "When We Were Twenty One." Says the Boston Post in speaking of the play: For some reason or other, or probably no reason at all, certain remarkably moral people have uttered complaints against the club room scenes in "When We Were Twenty-one," which Nat. C. Goodwin and Maxime Elliott are presenting at the Hollis Square Theatre. Now there are two sides to every question, and so it is with this case, in which the actor must be allowed his little say as well as the public. Mr. Goodwin sees nothing immoral in his latest vehicle.

Perhaps a short statement which Mr. Goodwin made lately with regard to the immorality of the stage will bear repeating. He said in the course of the statement: All of us, more or less, like a shock. We get into a rut of emotions once in a while, and anything which takes us out of it seems to give a certain amount of pleasure. If the shock comes to our morals all the worse for our morals, but why we blame the shock I can't quite make out. It's not necessary for us to take it, if we do not want to. It is not obligatory on us to see the nasty play any more than we are compelled to drink 500 glasses of whiskey a day; but the public goes to see the worst play merely because it wants to see nastiness. And that's the public's affair and not the actor's. Then why blame the actor?

Henri Fonguier in the December Harper's Magazine has the following on "The Art of Bernhardt": It is a proof of the genius, which is universally accorded to Sarah Bernhardt that her manner has undergone a constant modification corresponding to the development in her own conception of dramatic art, which has become increasingly more elevated and comprehensive. In her youth she was a very pretty woman with a fair complexion and a charming countenance, at once sweet and expressive; she possessed that musical voice which has been called la voix d'or, and which a poet, in speaking of her, once described as "une voix blonde." Her physical advantages are all made subservient to her ends. She acts, as it is the fashion to say, with all the forces of her being, but her gifts, which were very evenly developed in her education at the Conservatoire, have made her as great in tragedy as in comedy; or, to speak more exactly, she ignores those limitations of genius to which custom and precedent confine the artists of our day—limitations which only result in an excessive restriction of talent from over specialization. Sarah Bernhardt, then, is by nature an interpreter of the French classics, and in particular of the works of Racine. The phase "psychological stage" is modern, but the conception is very old. Racine's dramatic art is limited in incident, and is satisfied with very simple situations, but it excels all others in its marvellous analysis of the emotions, and of the struggles to which they give rise in the human soul. Sarah Bernhardt's genius, in my opinion, found the essentials of its evolution in the study of this particular author's dramatic art. At the beginning of her career she was a comedian, led thereto by her natural gifts, by which, however, she was, as always happens in such cases, very little governed. She developed into a thoughtful and accomplished actress, possessing psychological insight in the highest degree and manifesting it in complete detail, at the same time that she depicted sentiment and passion in all their delicacy or violence, and invariably sustained the character of the heroine, or of the hero, whom she represented.

Mr. William Farnum who became a great favorite during his visits here with W. S. Harkins is playing in Ben Hur, regarding which the Boston Transcript has the following beautiful pen picture of the chariot race. "Realistic and exciting as in the great chariot race in "Ben Hur," as seen in front of the footlights at the new Colonial theatre, one gets a new and curious sensation by watching this wonderful illusory spectacle from a vantage point behind the scene. It is as if one put himself in the actual place of one of the painted Orientals leaning from the panoramic canvas of the circus of Antioch itself. Huddled into a triangular niche, formed by two intersecting portions of the elaborate scenery, one can feel something like Malluch as he bent from his seat above the Gate of Triumph to witness the climax of Ben Hur's revenge—the breaking of Messala's chariot wheel and the tossing of his arrogant rival in the dust.

At one's feet the big stage itself is all transformed from the boards trod by buskin and sock into a regular mechanical workshop and riddled of machinery. Four horses stand abreast before each chariot, resting upon the eight heavy treadmills, each chariot platform weighing, with its involved accessories, a grand total of 13,000 pounds. Yet each of these chariots with shouting riders, plunging steeds and weighty cradles are soon to be shifted back and forth at will by invisible means and by a simple turn of the wrist. A queer sight it is behind the scenes just before the race begins. Up to date little stable boys standing by the horses at the antique chariots; a host of Romans and Asiatics in trappings of the "gorgeous east," allowing by a small regiment of stage hands; the siren-like Iras patting one horse's nose under the eye of the cool master mechanic in immaculate street garb. Now Ben Hur in his white tunic clambered cautiously over the narrow boarding to his perch in one of the race cars, and now Messala, with red coat flying, hurries across the cradles and leaps into his chariot. That red garment is like the waited signal to the eight steeds. Their spathetic demeanor vanishes in an instant, their ears are pricked forward for the word "Go!" and, as the first rumble of the wheels arises, their hoofs start flying over the treadmills.

The light has been kept a minute to encourage the horses in their start. Now darkness falls, and the sensitive auditor behind the scenes hidden only a few feet from the roaring machinery and plunging steeds, feels a sort of uncanny sensation, even though it be not dread. Then as suddenly the light is on again and he sees the now thoroughly aroused racers seethingly charging straight at him with flying leaps and nerves a-quiver. The illusory dust arises in a cloud from their feet, and both charioteers with their cracking whips appear to be about to dash upon the staring spectator. Especially is this true when one chariot after the other is shifted ahead, and the audience in front behold the tragedy of Messala's overthrow.

Cats in Government Service. The cat of the White House—to whom precedence must naturally be accorded in any consideration of governmental felines—is a handsome bipartiz in pussy, bearing the name of Thomas Jefferson McKinley. He is sleek, graceful and frisky, a recent observer reports; still young, with the kittenishness of his nature scarcely toned down.

His personal appearance is far from maintained; the standard of Jeffersonian simplicity set by the first of the two presidents whose namesake he has the honor to be. In fact, he is an obvious dandy. He wears a fine white waistcoat of fluffy fur, his four soft paws are shod with white slippers, and there is a white tip to his waving tail, but the rest of his attire is an elegant black coat of unimpeachable glossiness.

He submits occasionally, with bored complacency, to petting from the hand of the chief executive or the first lady in the land; but the person for whom he entertains real respect, and whom he evidently considers the ruler of the state and the dispenser of patronage, is the chief cook of the establishment.

The government maintains and provides for numerous cats. The army, has its regular corps of them, kept at the commissary depots of the great cities, and each draws regular pay equal to eighteen dollars and twenty-five cents a year.

It is customary for the officer in charge of each depot to submit to the War Department a request for an allowance for so many cats, and the regulations provide that

meat shall be purchased for them at a price not greater than five cents a pound; and to these rations a stated amount of canned milk is added for variety.

It has been proved by experiment that no matter how good the cats are as hunters, nor how abundant the mice, no cat thrives properly on a diet of unmitigated mouse; nor does it neglect its duties when other food is provided. Bids for the cat's meat are regularly posted, calling for "fresh beef suitable for feeding cats, bone to be excluded—to be delivered at the contractor's place of business on such days as may be designed, and in such quantities."

More than three hundred cats are in the employ of the Post-Office Department, distributed among about fifty of the largest offices. The New York City office expends sixty dollars annually in cat's meat.

Most of the other large governmental buildings are supplied with cats. At the immense cold-storage depot recently established at Manila, cats will be necessary, and it is proposed to send there some of the famous cold-storage breed from Pittsburgh. This breed originated in the great warehouses of a cold-storage company, and has developed special qualifications for enduring extreme cold. The cold-storage cats are short tailed, chubby, with long and heavy fur, and their eyeballs and whiskers are extraordinarily long and strong. It is said they do not thrive when transferred to an ordinary atmosphere.

Prevention of Skin Diseases.

Among the most common diseases of the skin are acne and eczema, one of which is known to be, and the other probably is, the result of the presence of a microbe on or in the skin. This microbe is a vegetable growth, although a very minute one, and like other noxious weeds, when once it has been planted and has begun to grow it is often extremely difficult to dislodge it.

Every farmer knows that it is easier to keep a field clean by constant care than to clear it after it has once been overgrown with weeds. It is the same with the skin. It is easier to keep the skin in health, and to arrest a commencing disease, than to cure a disease once it has become firmly established.

If it were generally understood that the presence of a few pimples constitutes a true skin disease, which, if neglected, will probably grow worse, fewer persons would suffer from the disfigurement of acne.

The skin is much like the system in general; if it is in good condition it will repel the assaults of disease, but if neglected it becomes less resistant, and soon offers a favorable soil for the growth of noxious germs.

The skin is one of the so called excretory organs, and like the other organs of similar function—the kidneys and the bowels—do not perform their work properly, an undue proportion of the waste products of the body must be got rid of through the pores of the skin. This throws work upon the integument which it is not accustomed to perform, and it soon becomes diseased in consequence.

The first thing necessary to keep the skin well is to maintain the health of the body by exercise, cleanliness, fresh air day and night, good food properly cooked, a sufficient amount of sleep and suitable clothing. In addition to these general measures the skin itself should receive special attention in the way of a daily bath, followed by vigorous rubbing with a coarse towel or flesh-brush.

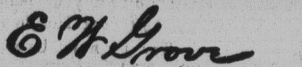
Some persons have naturally clear skin, while others appear to have a special predisposition to blackheads and pimples. The fortunate ones must see to it that they do not mar what nature has given them by an unhygienic mode of life; but the others need not despair, for their tendency to eruptions may often be overcome by scrupulous care both of the body and of the skin itself, after the manner above indicated, and in such other ways as the physician may direct.

Unequal Division.

A story of Gen. Benjamin F. Butler,



Soak the hands thoroughly, on rising, in a hot lather of CUTICURA SOAP. Dry and anoint freely with CUTICURA Ointment. Wear old gloves during the night. For sore hands, itching, burning palms and painful finger ends, this one night cure is wonderful. Sold by all Colonial Chemists. POTTER DRUG AND CHEM. CO., Sole Prop., Boston, U. S. A.



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which the New England Home Magazine prints, may be old to some, but it is good enough to be told again on the chance of its being new to others.

On one occasion when in Congress, General Butler rose in his place and intimated that the member who occupied the floor was transgressing the limits of debate.

"Why, general," said the member, reproachfully, you divided your time with me."

"I know I did," rejoined General Butler, grimly, "but I don't divide eternity with you."

Kind Pedestrian—He's half a dollar, my poor man. Instead of living this way, why don't you learn a trade?

Fanhandler—I would, sir, if I knew of a better one than this.

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"How?"

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