

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, APRIL 16, 1892.

WHAT THE PEOPLE SING.

HERE'S A CHANCE TO LEARN MORE THAN THE CHORUS.

Ta-ra-ra Boom-de-ay as sung by Miss Lottie Collins, who introduced it in London—a song that caught the popular fancy, and is having its day.

A great deal has been said and written about Ta-ra-ra Boom-de-ay. Its history has been gone into in a way that has left very little to be told. The song has made one woman famous, and this is what a London correspondent says about her: Miss Collins who is a well-built, stocky little woman of the thoroughly English type, has known from bitter experience all the vicissitudes of a variety artist's life. She was placed on the stage when a mere child in the provinces, and after knocking about for several years she came to London with a provincial reputation as a dancer of the old-fashioned clog-step, heel-and-toe kind, which at that time was popular, but which has since been swept out of sight by Sylvia Grey, Lottie Lind and the high kickers with convoluted skirts. Since she began to sing this song Miss Collins has been earning anywhere from \$400 to \$600 a week. Next week when she comes on in the last act at the Gaiety Theatre, in order to give society women who cannot go to the music-halls a chance to hear her, she will be earning \$800 a week.

When she is not on the stage Miss Collins is a thoroughly domesticated little woman, with a flat and three bouncing children in Islington. She deliberately refused all offers to sing this week and threw \$800 to the winds in order that she might take her children to France to put them to school there. She expects to make money enough out of this song before it runs its course to retire from the stage and bring her husband home from America.

The words of "Ta-ra-ra Boom-de-ay" were written by Richard Morton and the music was supplied by Angelo A. Asher. An interview with each of these gentlemen supplied some interesting facts about the production. Mr. Morton is a round-faced, clean-shaven man, apparently not yet thirty, with black eyes and hair. To the question, "How did you write 'Ta-ra-ra Boom-de-ay'?" he replied:

"In the first place, the music of the song is about four hundred years old! It was carried over to America years ago by some emigrants from the east of Europe. What country can exactly claim it is not known. But it seems to me that Roumania is very likely the birthplace of the air."

"It had some vogue as a chorus which was sung in a house in St. Louis. Somebody thought with different words it might go as a song, and it was introduced into a minstrel farce called *Tuzado*, which was played all over the United States."

"One of the first published copies of the air fell into the hands of Lottie Collins's husband, who was in States. He sent it over to his wife, thinking she might fix it up for an English music hall audience. She brought it to me and told me her ideas of a song for the music. I wrote the song in two sittings of quarter of an hour each. Then Lottie Collins showed me the dance which she intended to use with the song and tore up two of the verses and wrote two more which carried out the idea of the dance better. There has never been a more popular song in the music hall since all through the United Kingdom and they are singing it in France and Germany and at Monte Carlo."

Ta-ra-ra Boom-de-ay!

A smart and stylish girl you see,
Belle of good society;
Not too strict, but rather free,
Yet as right as right can be;
Never forward, never bold,
Not too hot and not too cold,
But the very thing, I'm told,
That in your arms you like to hold!

CHORUS.

Ta-ra-ra Boom-de-ay!
Ta-ra-ra Boom-de-ay!
Ta-ra-ra Boom-de-ay!
Ta-ra-ra Boom-de-ay!
Ta-ra-ra Boom-de-ay!
Ta-ra-ra Boom-de-ay!

I'm not extravagantly shy,
And when a nice young man is nigh,
For his heart I have a try—
And faint away with fearful cry!
When the good young man, in haste,
Will support me on the waist;
I do come to, while thus embraced,
Till my lips he steals a taste!

CHORUS.—Ta-ra-ra, &c.

I'm a timid flower of innocence—
Pa says that I have no sense—
I'm one eternal big expense;
But men say that I'm just immense!
Ere my verses I conclude,
I'd like it known and understood,
Though free as air, I'm never ruled—
I'm not too bad and not too good!

CHORUS.—Ta-ra-ra, &c.

EXTRA VERSES.
Till should see me out with Pa,
Firm, and most particular;
The young men say, "Ah, there you are!"
And Pa says, "That's peculiar!"
"It's like their cheek!" I say, and so
Of again with Pa I go;
He's quite satisfied, though,
When his back's turned—well, you know—

CHORUS.—Ta-ra-ra, &c.

When with swells I'm out to dine,
All my hunger I resign;
Taste the food, and sip the wine—
No such daintiness as mine!
But when I am all alone,
For shortcomings I atone!
No old trumps to stare like stone—
Chops and chicken on my own!

CHORUS.—Ta-ra-ra, &c.

Sometimes Pa says with a frown,
"Soon you'll have to settle down—
Have to wear your wedding gown—
Be the strictest wife in town!"
Well, it must come by-and-by—
When wed, to keep quiet I'll try;
But till then I shall not sigh,
I shall still go in for my—

CHORUS.—Ta-ra-ra, &c.

Ta-ra-ra Boom-de-ay!

Sung by

MISS LOTTIE COLLINS.

The Original English Version Written by
RICHARD MORTON.

Arranged by
ANGELO A. ASHER.

The musical score for "Ta-ra-ra Boom-de-ay!" is presented in two staves: Voice and Piano. The lyrics are written below the vocal staff. The score includes the main verses, a chorus, and extra verses. The piano part provides a rhythmic accompaniment to the vocal melody.

The Heptonette Waterproof Cloak.

OF all the enterprising firms which Leeds can boast of in connection with the vast clothing industry of the town, few are more widely known than that of Messrs. Hepton Brothers, whose business is now one of the largest of its kind in the world. Of their general productions we need say little now, a novelty recently placed on the market by Messrs. Hepton claiming more particular attention. It consists of a lady's waterproof cloak made of Heptonette, a guaranteed rainproof material. This important quality is attained through a unique combination which enables the patentees to offer a cloth perfectly porous, free from rubber, odorless, and yet rain-repellent. This is a combination which at once renders the waterproof cloaks referred to superior to most classes of goods in the market, and certainly equal to the best, if indeed it does not surpass it. The garment is registered under the name "Revers," and protected by Royal Letters Patent. In enumerating its most striking features, the makers point out that the whole garment will reverse, giving the wearer the advantage of two distinct articles of clothing. One side may be made of a light pattern suitable for travelling purposes or for bright weather, while the other may be in a darker design suitable for use when the atmospheric conditions are not so favorable. The cape is detachable and perfectly reversible, making two splendid wraps in distinct designs. The wearer thus enjoys the possession of four distinct garments in one, and although the novelty has been on the market little more than a month, it has been in great request, the run being phenomenally large for such a comparatively recent innovation. The Messrs. Hepton are certainly to be congratulated upon the happy thought which suggested such a useful and attractive addition to the manifold products of the Yorkshire commercial capital, and which appropriately belongs to a firm which assists largely towards maintaining that centre on its present high level as a business town.—Reprinted from the *British Warehouseman*, November, 1891.

MANCHESTER, ROBERTSON & ALLISON,
Sole Selling Agents for HEPTONETTE Cloths and Cloaks.

SCOVIL, FRASER & CO.

We do not Often

Advertise our CUSTOM DEPARTMENT in the daily papers, yet we have as a general rule been kept busy. The reason is every one likes our cutter after having once met him, and they are SATISFIED WITH HIS WORK. We have now in STOCK some of the FINEST WORSTED SUITINGS ever imported, and a choice selection of SCOTCH and WEST OF ENGLAND CLOTHS which we guarantee to make up to order in the latest styles at the lowest possible prices. We desire also to call the attention of the LADIES to the stock of CHILDREN'S MADE CLOTHING and the PRICES. We want to make OAK HALL headquarters for the CHILDREN'S CLOTHING TRADE.

OAK HALL. Scovil, Fraser & Co. OAK HALL.

AND P. P. AND THE MILITARY.

He Was Curious About Them And Got Information That Startled Him

The short but lively session at Frederickton in over. The pious Grit may cease for a while to mourn at the trials and tribulations of that good man, Blair, and the philosophical student need no longer scan the papers to see what the bear-eyed man said about the descendant of thieves. The tired legislator returns to his anxious family and when the evening shadows have fallen takes his accustomed place among the boys in the corner grocery. Among the stories brought home from the House is the following told of an honorable member—one of the illustrious three that didn't hold the bridge. A number of celestial objects even escaped his eye, among others, that all important Frederickton institution—the Infantry School man. The hon. gentleman was two sessions in the celestial city, and never had his attention attracted by the all attractive I. S. man. In fact he never saw him. This session the hon. gentleman had come down to the earth once more, and the I. S. man had his innings. The hon. gentleman noticed him—he noticed him very much; everywhere the hon. gentleman went he noticed the I. S. man—sometimes two of him, sometimes whole droves. There he was, with his slim waist, chicken breast and hair parted over his forehead. The honorable gentleman got nervous; he could not understand it. He must investigate.

He had a friend, an honorable member of that august body which not long since had decided to die. He sought him one evening and asked him.

"Why, Mon cher," said the M. L. C. "Don't you know?" Those are special police employed by Blair during the session and, *enfin*, their principal duty is to keep an eye on the members of the opposition. The honorable gentleman believed him. The M. L. C. had given him valuable information before. He had advised him to rat from Blair, but notwithstanding that the honorable gentleman had confidence in him. Up to the time he got his fire insurance the M. L. C. had never been known to attempt a joke. Besides this thing was just like some of Blair's doings.

The honorable gentleman saw a chance to make a point, to distinguish himself and bring back the wavering voter of Shemogue and Aboushagan. This thing must be investigated. Blair's extravagance must be shown up. He would go get figures and fall on Andrew G. in the morning. His friend told him that it would be just the thing. The information evidently didn't pan out well as the inquiry was never asked for, nor was the charge embodied in the opposition memorial. The two friends are not so chummy at present; but the Acadia vote still hangs together.

WHEN LINCOLN WAS SLAIN.

A Copy of the Programme of Ford's Theatre On That Night

This programme that I had the good fortune to secure in Washington a couple of years ago from the back-door keeper of the theatre in which the awful tragedy occurred, is perhaps only a sad reminder of that terrible Good Friday night, April 14, 1865, just twenty-seven years ago, when the deadly bullet of the rash and impetuous henchman, pierced the martyred Lincoln and left him in the cold embrace of death, just as surely as the daggers of Brutus, Cassius and other noble Romans of centuries ago struck down the valiant Cæsar at the foot of Pompey's Pillar, in that proud capital "that sat upon her seven hills and from her throne of beauty ruled the world." This sad memoir, of which I send a copy, ornaments my scrap book.

John T. Ford is still managing a theatre in Baltimore; Harry Hawk is at the present writing, in the cast of *The English*

Rose, now being played at Proctor's 23rd Street Theatre in New York; genial John Mathews resides in New York and is engaged in the executive department of the "Actors' Fund, on 28th street; W. J. Ferguson has been with Richard Mansfield for the past two or three seasons, a talented light comedian and character actor, well and favorably known all over the country for his modesty and brilliant histrionic work. The balance of that memorable cast are either dead or have forsaken the shifting scenes of mimic life. There is one name perhaps on the list that some old timers in St. John might call back to their memories, viz.: John L. Delaney, who once "strutted a brief hour" upon the Lyceum stage, and who has long since joined "the innumerable throng."

West End, April 14.

FORD'S THEATRE.

Tenth Street Above E.

Season II. Week XXXI. Night 191.

Whole number of nights, 495.

John F. Ford, Proprietor and Manager.

Also of Holiday street Theatre, Baltimore, and Academy of Music, Phila.

Stage Manager—W. J. Ferguson.

Treasurer—H. Clay Ford.

FRIDAY EVENING, APRIL 14TH, 1865.

THIS EVENING

The Performance will be honored by the presence of

PRESIDENT LINCOLN.

BENEFIT

OF MISS LARA KEENE.

The distinguished Managers, Authors and

Actress, supported by

MR. JOHN DYOTT

—AND—

MR. HARRY HAWK

Tom Taylor's Celebrated Eccentric Comedy, as

originally presented in America by Miss Keene

and performed by her upwards of

ONE THOUSAND NIGHTS

—ENTITLED—

OUR AMERICAN COUSIN.

Florence Treachard, Miss Laura Keene

(Her original character).

Abel Marcell, clerk to attorney; John Dyott

and Harry Hawk.

Sir Edward Treachard, T. C. Goulay

and Harry Hawk.

Lord Dundreary, E. A. Emerson

and Harry Hawk.

Mr. Coyle, attorney; John Mathews

and Harry Hawk.

Captain de Berth, W. J. Ferguson

and Harry Hawk.

Blunney, G. G. Spear

and Harry Hawk.

Siddicumb, a waiter; J. H. Evans

and Harry Hawk.

John Whicker, a gardener; J. L. De-Bony

and Harry Hawk.

Belles, a groom; G. A. Parkhurst and L. Johnson

and Harry Hawk.

Mary Treachard, Miss E. Goulay

and Harry Hawk.

Miss Mountchessington, Miss H. Muzzey

and Harry Hawk.

Augusta, Miss H. Truman

and Harry Hawk.

Sharpe, Miss M. Hart

and Harry Hawk.

Skillitt, Mrs. J. H. Evans

and Harry Hawk.

Saturday Evening, April 15th.

Benefit of Miss Jennie Goulay.

When will be presented Boucault's Grist Sena-

tion Drama.

THE OCTOON.

Easter Monday, April 17th, Engagement of the

Young American Tragedian

EDWIN ADAMS.

In Twelve Lights Only.

The Prices of Admission.

Orchestra, Dress Circle and Parquet, \$1.00

Family Circle, \$0.75

Private Boxes, \$5 and \$10

G. R. Ford, Business Manager.

L. Brown, Printer, Washington, D.C.

The Leaning Tower of Pisa.

No one who has ever pictured with a

geography has escaped a dial of the

leaning tower of Pisa, and just as invariably

have we all escaped a proper conception

of the glories of sculptured marble

pillars, the grace of design and detail and

the immensity which characterize the

structure. It is immense, and yet I found

little pleasure in looking at it, for it is an

architectural freak, a show thing, a curi-

osity after a more beautiful fashion, per-

haps, than the five-legged calf or one of

the mis-shapen abominations which are

advertised by dime museums, but never-

theless a freak. In detail it is not un-

lovely, nor architecturally does it fail to be

one of the wonders of the world, yet it is

a freak, and I am not fond of freaks.—Don.

SMALL FARMS IN JAPAN.

No Change in Farm Implements for Two Thousand Years.

Japan is cut up by mountain ranges, so that only about one-tenth of the whole area is suitable for cultivation. The land under cultivation in Japan is about 18,000,000 acres, upon the product of which 40,000,000 people must be fed. The farms are very small, the average being from one to three acres. A ten-acre plot is considered a large farm. Farming is not regarded by the Japanese in the light of a science, but as an art whose scope was measured and whose limitations were conceded long ago. The methods of cultivation, the succession of crops, and even the kind of machinery used, are the same as they were two thousand years ago. Yet no country in the world produces so much per acre as Japan. The limit of cultivation was reached long ago, but by a judicious use of fertilizers and a skill in farming almost ingenious the same average yield is obtainable year after year. The land is well suited to irrigation, and the water is abundant. Most of the land is made up of plains, whose surface is well drained. In April the crops are in a flourishing condition, and wheat, barley, rape, and corn form the principal part. All the fields are planted with a mathematical precision. Even the ears of corn appear in line as they come out. The cereals are planted in single or double rows, and whichever way they are planted grow in clusters of several stems, each cluster being exactly in line. Seed is too valuable to waste, and only rice is scattered broadcast. Four or five acres of corn are planted together, upon ridges equal distances apart, and generally in rows. The intervening space is utilized for growing beans, without injury to other crops. Land is so valuable that no space is allowed for grass plots. No weeds are to be seen in any of the cultivated plots. Every inch of ground is put to the most profitable use. A few narrow paths are made in the fields where necessary, but there are no roads, and no room for wheeled vehicles or machines. The work of cultivation is done by hand, and the tools are models of simplicity. The tool used for cutting barley or wheat consists of a sharp blade, placed at right angles to the sheath, which is about two feet long. The corn is cut very carefully, so that the adjoining plants are not injured. There is no room in the fields for drying sheaves, for the ground must be used immediately after harvest for other crops. The corn sheaves are tied up in bunches, and securely fastened to houses, fences, and trees. The ears are always placed downward, so that the rain may run off. During the harvest season the caves and verandahs of every village house are stacked about with neat bundles of grain, that will be beaten out as soon as dry. In July the fields are made ready for the rice, after being properly banked up and irrigated.

Beethoven and the Beaks.

The centenary of Beethoven's settlement in Vienna has recalled stories about him, of course. Among the best remembered incidents are Beethoven's ill-usage and rough treatment of the unlucky individuals whose lack of talents condemned them, to copy the great master's music for the miserable pittance paid for clerical labor in those days. Beethoven was satisfied only with one copyist, and he died early. All his successors drove him to distraction. In a letter dated May, 1835, he writes: "I spent the whole morning correcting two short pieces, and I am hoarse swearing and stamping my feet." One copyist, a Bohemian, Wollanek, who had probably tried to "improve" Beethoven's "Grand Mass" while copying it, received such a moral thrashing for his pains that he sent the next work back with a sharp letter, in which he says: "My only comfort in all this is that Mozart and Hayden, were they your copyists, would be treated just the same at your hands."