

sia and study under him for two years. "Citoyenne," the clever English correspondent of the Toronto "News," is enthusiastic about the future of her gifted young countrywoman, whose letters speak of the brilliant social life of Russia, indicating that in fashionable circles there is no hint of the revolution which seems threatening the Empire of the Czar.

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Miss Marie Hall, who has delighted the music-lovers of Montreal, Toronto and Hamilton this season, was in the West of Canada last week where she was warmly received. So much has been written about this wonderful young player that her own article on the subject of her career has unusual interest. In the May issue of "Ainslee's" there is a sketch, "Episodes in the Career of a Violinist," which treats with reserve and yet with enthusiasm of her musical work. Miss Hall says naively: "A great deal has been written about me and about my work, and in what I have read I find that much stress has been laid upon the so-called 'romance' of my life."

The writer frankly denies that there was anything extraordinary about her childhood days. She says, when asked about her own magnetic power: "I could not play unless my soul were in the music, and then there is room for nothing else, and nothing external can intrude itself upon me. I feel surrounded by the presence of the great composers, the souls of those men whose music I am making live again, and I feel that they are watching me; listening to me and to the work they love so well. If you write anything, even a letter, and then hear some person read it aloud, you who listen will note every inflection of tone, every shade of understanding and appreciation of what you have written. That is the way it seems to me with music; they are watching you in poised suspense, wondering if their thoughts will be understood—will be appreciated merely from the notes of music, which are all they could leave behind."

"And Paganini! I hold in my hands his very own violin—the gift to me from a great nation—he loved it—he watches it jealously; with all my soul I must play, in order that he may know that I, too, understand and love."

Anyone who heard Marie Hall's playing can readily believe that there is no pose in her expression of such sympathy with the great dead who yet "rule our spirits from their urns." She is sincerity and simplicity itself.

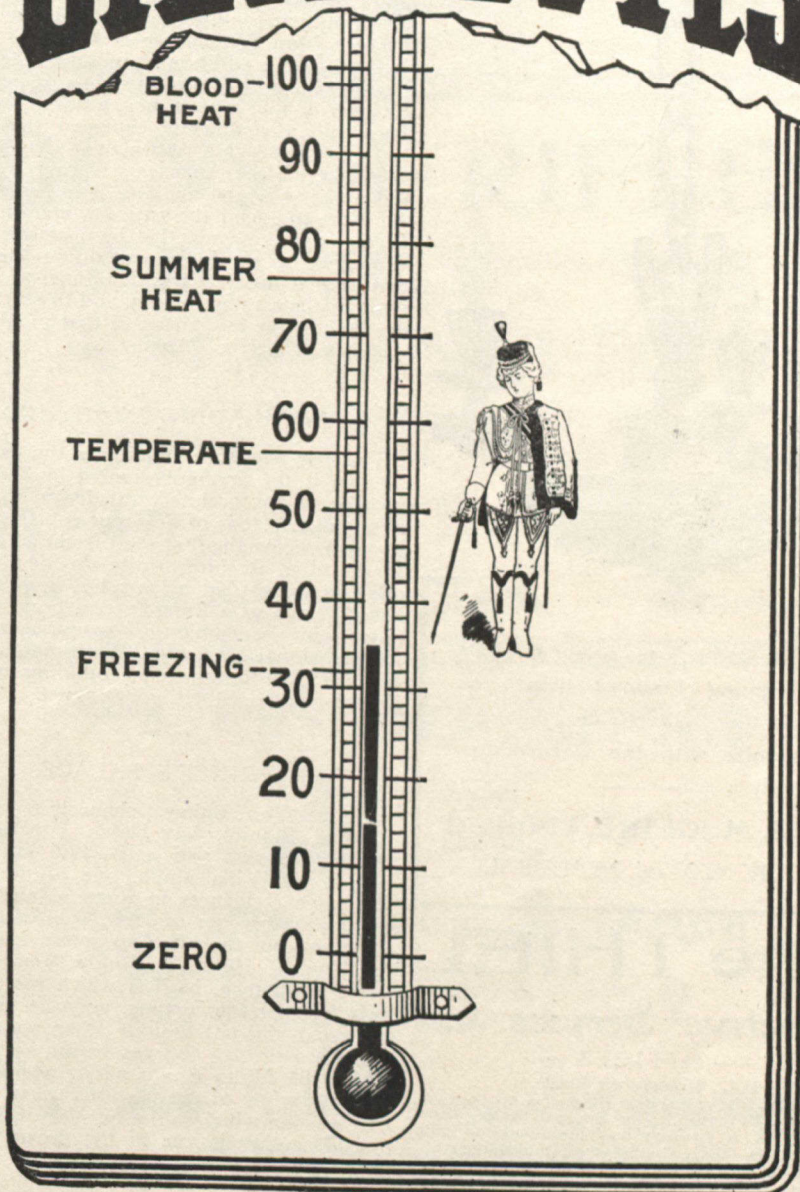
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So much has been said in sentimental gush about her playing in the streets that her own account is satisfactorily conclusive: "My father and I played together in the Bristol streets, he with his battered old harp, I with my violin. Hungry, sad faces there were in those Bristol crowds, especially when we played along the docks and the water-fronts—down among the great idle ships and upon the empty quays in the chill dreary fog. . . . They used to gather closer and closer about us as we played and for a time they would forget their own misery. I remember they used to like 'Ben Bolt' best of all we played."

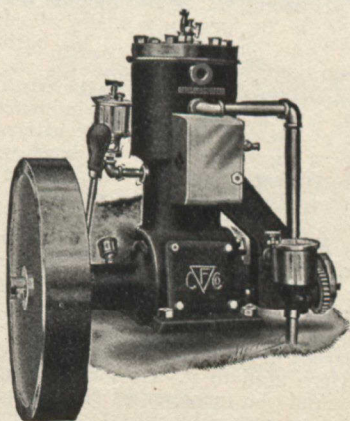
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Mr. E. W. Schuch's Opera Company, an amateur association, gave a highly creditable presentation of Sullivan's popular old-time opera, "The Pirates of Penzance," at Massey Hall, Toronto, last week, under the auspices of the Queen's Own Rifles and the Argonaut Rowing Club. Miss Bertha Crawford's light and flexible voice was heard to advantage as "Mabel," Miss Margaret George carried off high histrionic and musical honours in the role of "Ruth," while Mr. Hamilton Macaulay as the "Pirate King" and Mr. A. T. Pike as "Lieutenant" were vigorously realistic. Mr. R. L. Cowan was excessively comic as "Frederic" and Captain Barker and Mr. Bissett proved efficient members of the cast. Miss Dottie Lamont, Miss Violet Hunt and Miss Maude Butler as the "General's" daughters were, perhaps, the daintiest and most picturesque feature of the presentation.

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