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### Vogt and the German Band.

BEING a German, or even a German-Canadian, is no guarantee that a man will dote on a German band—to the extent of having one come and play for half an hour in front of his house. This, however, happened once to Dr. A. S. Vogt, conductor of the celebrated Mendelssohn Choir, whose neighbour was the late Dr. Jas. Thorburn. And Thorburn, with all his love of music, was fond of a joke. He knew that the German band had just about all the qualities that would make Vogt prefer to pay them a fee to move on five blocks. But one mild spring evening, when the windows were open, the German band came and played for about twenty minutes in front of Vogt's house. They played most of their ragged repertoire, and the tempos, and the tones, and the attacks, and the squawks, and the gargles were all muddled up—as usual. The chorus-master wondered why they were so generous. They never once stopped except at the change of programme. Not one of them saw him at the window. None of them came to the door.

Vogt stood it as long as he was able. Then, on the principle that misery likes company, he went to the telephone and rang up Dr. Thorburn.

"How do you like the serenade?" he asked the Doctor.

Suddenly he became aware that his neighbour was sniggering.

"Oh—I understand! Thanks! So kind of you—I shall never be able to reciprocate. But say—will you kindly offer the musicians another dollar to quit?"

Thorburn had paid the German band a dollar to play their entire repertoire in front of Vogt's house.

every sheet of music used by the orchestra; which is in some respects a much more difficult task than playing a French horn without stuttering.

Once, when the Thomas Orchestra were on tour in the Eastern States, they were billed to play consecutive programmes in Philadelphia and Elizabethtown, N.J.—a small town. To the consternation of all, when the music was being distributed for the Philadelphia performance, it was discovered that the luckless little librarian had consigned to the critical Quaker city the light and airy trifles intended for Elizabethtown, and to Elizabethtown the high-brow,



"Mr. Thomas, have you got—a match?"

heavy selections designed for Philadelphia.

Deponent saith not what Thomas said behind the scenes. But it is reported on good authority that the librarian, suddenly smitten with heart failure, took the first train back to Chicago. For ten days he contrived to elude Theodore in the madding crowd—wondering whether to leave town or jump into Lake Michigan. The eleventh day—the little Zaccheus came suddenly head up to the big, Bismarckian generalissimo on State Street. They stopped. For ten seconds while the thunders gathered and the clatter of State Street became a silence, neither said a word nor made a movement.

By a happy inspiration, the librarian took a desperate chance on a way out. "Mr. Thomas," he stammered, "have you got—a match?"

Thomas burst out laughing.

### A Match for Thomas.

THE sternest of all American orchestra conductors was Theodore Thomas—and many there be that know it. At the concert desk he was as quiet and restrained as a painter of miniatures. At rehearsals he could raise blue devils from under the stage. His command over his men was so rigid that once in Massey Hall, Toronto, before the rule was made concerning closed doors during each number on the programme, being much disturbed by the clatter of seats during a mild passage in a symphony, he brought the orchestra to a full stop by merely lowering his baton.

But of all men that had cause to remember the Bismarckian rigor of the famous Chicago conductor, the librarian of a few years ago is the chief. It is the librarian's business to look after



### THE HIGHER CRITICISM.

Conductor (after village choir has massacred a sublime passage at oratorio rehearsal)—"Ye'll hae to dae better than that. I can a'maist see Handel himsel' lookin' doon frae heaven an' sayin', 'Man Jamie, but ye're makin' an awfu' bungle o't.'"

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