MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC

SYLVESTER RUSSELL.

THE CHORAL STUDY CLUB GIVES ITS THIRTY-THIRD PERFORMANCE AT ASSOCIATION AUDITORIUM.

By Sylvester Russell.

Association Auditorium was not very full on last Monday evening, June 26th, when the Choral Study Club gave Protheroe's "Castilla" and S. Coleridge Taylor's "Bon-Bon Suite." The heavy thunderstorm which arose at 7:30 had pictured a golden painting in the western horizon far too late to warn people that the storm was over. It was a sad but tuneful evening of disappointments. It was even announced that Gerald Tyler, the baritone soloist of Kansas City, Mo., was suffering with a fresh cold, so much so that he only sang one number of a group of seven songs which had been expected as our money's worth. Mr. Taylor played his own accompaniment and sang Ronald's song, "O, Lovely Night," regardless of the fact that playing for one's self is the tamest feature of a concert room. Castilla, written for male voices, was a heavy poem for the weakest end of the club to wade through, and the tenor voices which were weak on this occasion fell short by the taxation which Protheroe had exacted from and imposed upon them. Mrs. P. S. Blair presided at the piano, together with an orchestra consisting of three white musicians, Miss Sinclair White and Masters Clarence Lee and Wyatt Houston, gave good account of themselves as one of the features of the evening. The chariot upon which our hopes were centered was S. Coleridge Taylor's latest vehicle, "Bon-Bon Suite." Neither of these two works can be termed as oratorios, but figure musically in the same class merely as poems set to music. There are six lyrics written by the Irish poet, Sir Thomas Moore, set to music by Mr. Taylor. "The Magic Mirror" was musically what it should be, and for most part was up to the Taylor standard. Mr. Tyler appeared in the solo parts of the number and the chorus, although at times uneven, was rendered with majestic splendor due to the fact that Madam Martha Broadus Anderson led the chorus in which the female portion was exceptionally grand, which also speaks well for the leadership of Prof. Pedro T. Tinsley, who conducted with superior skill. "The Fairy Boat" was another chorus which indicated the true merit of the great colored English composer, for in "To Rosa," which followed, Coleridge-Taylor's well-known treatment of a good song lyric was revealed in the solo rendered by Mr. Tyler. "Love and Hymen" was a most tuneful number for female voices, and if a trifle lighter than the others, fully scored on its perfection. "The Watchman" was Tyler's best chance, which he fully arose to. The final chorus, "Say, What Shall We Dance?" was difficult to master, and once more brought the Choral Study club honors of which they have much cause for encouragement in the future. Gerald Tyler as a vocalist is a finished artist, but even without considering his cold his voice, which is brilliantly charming in quality of sweetness, is piquantly melodious. But his organ, especially because it is baritone, lacks the power of a great singer's voice in his class, and his lower notes are thin and inadequate for cantabile or concerted numbers in these great chorus productions. It seems hardly necessary to carry these performances down in town where they are out of the way for everybody. The performances should have been given at Quinn chapel.

Johnson and Rector at the Pekin.

The audiences at the Pekin were unusually enthusiastic when Johnson and Rector made their first appearance at this house and handed over some good, entertaining jokes and sayings and both performers have good songs which they sing well in addition to their dancing. The Great Mondaagne was a very clever balancer and won rounds of applause. Fanny Wise made her reappearance at this house in an entirely new budget of songs and her popularity continues unabated. Dick Lancaster in a dramatic recitation was a white act which won favor, as did the three Fondeliers, comedy acrobats, who have an act full of comical situations. Oliver Perry's orchestra was in good form and gave Miss Wise especially good service in her songs. Acting Manager Sam Corker, Jr., who now has full charge of the house during Mr. Moot's continued illness, is steadily growing more popular in demonstrating his knowledge of the show business.

An Air Ship and a Good Bill at the Grand.

The Clarks and McKissick and Shadney were the great comedy sketch producers at the Grand this week. While McKissick and Shadney is too strong an act to open the bill, they shared honors with the best acts on the program. McKissick, as I have often stated, is not only one of the best comedians of any race in America, but a constant fun producer and an actor. Miss Shadney is an excellent soprano and her Mexican number was great. The Clarks did one of their best acts and Mr. Clark's well-known Hebrew and Italian specialties were nicely introduced and they met with a big reception. Rastus Buckner did a lively turn and he good. Dorothy Lamb and Company, a white sketch, in "A Night With the Red Men," was decidedly comical throughout. The other white act was a novelty in a way. Miss Aubria Rich, a clever soubrette, goes up in an air ship. The ship has red lights and floats in the darkness, but arouses enough commotion to set all seekers of curiosity at rest regarding its safety.

Lizzie Hart Sings "If I Forget" at the Monogram—Makes a Distinct Hit.

The usual rush took place at the little Monogram Monday evening when Madam Lizzie Hart prolonged her engagement to a second week, singing "If I Forget," and the audience truly acknowledged the beauty of the song by a big ovation. Simms and Thompson were the heavy comedy comedians and Joe Simms again brought forth convulsions of laughter when he appeared in female robes of incomparable history and Thompson sang a fresh song that went heavy. May and May are in their second week. Butler May is of an ancient type of oddities inconceivable, but apt enough to watch or wait for a word or movement to cause a scream of laughter. But he is a comedian by recognition of his growing importance as an eccentric dancer, and his wife, believe me, has some new purple clothes. The Misses Johnson and Roper did a good sister singing and dancing act and wore fine dresses. Miss Roper is hardly spirited enough in her work and will have to kick higher and swifter in order to keep up to Miss Johnson or Miss Johnson will have to sober down to Miss Roper.

The Phoenix Fares Well With New Pictures.

Manager Hammond has succeeded in convincing the patrons of this house that he knows what they want in picture assortments and illustrated songs. The Railroad Rangers of 62 and Manicure Lady were interesting. This house is catering to refined people in favor of the patronage of ladies and children.

Actors Play Ball Wednesday Afternoon.

The C. V. B. A. played a game of ball against the Goats on the Wentworth avenue field Wednesday afternoon, June 28th, too late for full details. The score was 3 to 1 in favor of the Goats. The errors which lost the game for the C. V. B. A. were made by a Goat substitute who played on the C. V. B. A. nine. The umpire was also a Goat. There is talk of having another game at an early date at which time there will be no more substitutes from one side to fill out another.

Death of Two Prominent Actors.

James Bland of the Bland Brothers, famous minstrel comedians of years ago, died in Philadelphia recently at the age of 55. Jim Bland was not only one of the best comedians of his day, but was actually the greatest Ethiopean song writer of his race. He made his first showing in the Sprauge's Georgia Minstrels, but if was his appearance in J. H. Haverly's Mastadon Minstrels that he became famous as a producer and song writer. His "Golden Wedding" was a song number that lived. His great song successes were "In the Evening by the Moonlight," "Oh, Those Golden Slippers" and "Christmas Dinner." When the Collender Minstrels went abroad Jim Bland and Sam Lucas were two of the main features of the organization. On their return W. S. Cleveland's colored minstrels were organized and headed by Jim Bland and Tom McIntosh. After his tour with this company Bland began to weary of the show business; he stopped writing songs and became a heavy drinker. His last appearance in an organization in which he took rank but of short duration was with the Hicks-Sawyer Minstrels in 1892 at Front Street Theatre, Baltimore. The company consisted of the following artists: Jim Bland, one Billy Farrell, Ben Hunn, Billy Jackson, Joe Holcomb, Walter Smart, Sylvester Russell, Jute Johnson, William Dixon, George Pickett, George Bailey and others.

* * *

Gus Hall (H. Augustus Hall), well remembered as a member of Black Patti's Ernest Hogan and the Smart Set companies, died on Tuesday morning, June 20th, at the Harlem Hospital of throat and stomach trouble. The funeral took place in New York. Through the intervention of Miss Ruby Taylor the Colored Vaudeville Benevolent Association guaranteed his burial, as an unfinancial member.

HARRISON EMANUEL AT WAUKEGAN.

Mr. Harrison Emanuel, the Young Violinist, Rendered a Selection at the Sixth Annual Commencement of the Waukegan Conservatory, June 20.

Mr. Harrison Emanuel.

The string quartet of which he is a member was especially fine and the group of airs for violin rendered by Mr. Emanuel were almost faultless in execution. He produced his harmonies with deft grace and in such bird whistle tones as to show musical taste and appreciation of a high order.

MR. COOPER IN RECITAL.

Mr. Opal D. Cooper, Chicago's popular tenor, will appear in a recital at Bethesda Baptist church Monday evening, July 3, at 8:30. The admission is 25 cents. Mr. Cooper will be assisted by Mrs. Malve Lewis, contralto; Mrs. Fannie Hall-Clint, reader, with Mr. Theo. T. Taylor as pianist. Mr. Cooper

Mr. Opal D. Cooper.

is a member of the Choral Study club and this recital is given with the sanction of that association. The program, as arranged, is as follows:

E. Lucevan C. Stelle (Puccini), Love's Taurments (Barthelemy), Serenade Espagnale (De Koven), Mr. Cooper; Andante, Minuetta, Elnsamer Wanderer, Das Voglein (Greig), Mr. Taylor; Forgotten Land (Ware), For Love of You (Hastings), Mrs. Lewis; At the Concert (Gordon), Mrs. Clint; Lolita (Buzzi-Peccia), Kashmir Song (Finden), In the Great Unknown (D'Hardlott), Temple Bells (Finden), Mr. Cooper; Gavotte Modern, Serenade (Leibling), Mr. Taylor; Spring is Here (Dick), Yesterday and Today (Spraass), Mrs. Lewis; Music on the Rappanannock (Somerville), A Black Regiment (Annonymous), Mrs. Clint; Triste Ritorna (Barthelemy), If You'll Remember Me (Ball), Heart of My Heart (Von Tilser), in Old Madrid (Tratere).

Length of Life in Pigeons.

A writer in the "Field" gives some interesting notes on the duration of life in certain breeds of domestic pigeons. Such notes are of some importance, for, as Prof. A. Weismann has remarked, referring to the duration of life in birds: "There is less exact knowledge upon this subject than we might expect, considering the existing number of ornithologists and crnithological societies, with their numerous publications." The examples given by the writer of the above notes are a white trumpeter cock twenty-two years, a blue cropper hen twenty-nine years, another cropper thirty years. Of turtle doves there are numerous records of over twenty years, while one is said to have reached the age of thirty-seven years. We may compare this with the records for other species of birds given by Weismann in the appendix to his essay on "The Duration of Life." Thus canaries in captivity attain an age of from twelve to fifteen years, while ravens have lived for almost one hundred. Parrots are known to have exceeded the one hundred, and a golden eagle which died at Vienna in 1719 had been captured one hundred and four years previously. Swans are said to have lived three hundred years, but this must be taken as doubtful.

"Bread Upon the Waters."

When the conductor came to collect the young lady's fare she discovered that she had left her pocketbook at the office where she works as stenographer, says the Denver Times. It is a predicament not uncommon with city dwellers, but the rest of the story, as told, takes a new and agreeable turn. "Why, I'm afraid I haven't any money with me," she said, looking very much embarrassed. The conductor said nothing, but stood and waited. "I guess I'll have to get off," said the girl. "I left my pocketbook at the office." Here, lady," said a boyish voice coming from across the aisle. "I got a nickel I'll lend you." She looked at the boy and took the nickel. "Thank you," she said. "I'll pay you back if you'll give me your name." "Don't worry 'bout that," he replied. "I'm the kid you give the half dollar to las' Christmas when you seen me sellin' papers down by the Savoy. I ain't forgot you. I'm selling papers there yet." She smiled at him when he left the car and he was about the proudest boy in town.

Unusual and Joyous Event.

The recent dinner given by Confederate veterans at Gastonia, N. C., to 100 former slaves was an unusual event, and one also which cannot take place at all after the passing of a few more years, says the Springfield Republican. It was a joyous occasion, according to the reports—the dinner taking the form of a reunion of old-time bondmen, their former masters and mistresses, and the children of the slave-owners. In view of the way in which the races have seemed to grow apart, the event inspires the hope of more sympathetic relations in the future.

A Puzzler.

Mrs. Gaddy—There are some distinctions in life which are very puzzling to me.

Professor Pundit—Like what, for instance?

Mrs. Gaddy—When you write everything bad and mean in a man's life in a book for everybody to read, it is biography, but when you just tell the same things to a few people on a front porch, it's gosip.

Announced His Intention.

"And why do you claim that it was with malice aforesaid that the automobilist defendant ran down the complainant?" "On the morning it happened, your honor, I heard him say that he was going to take out his new auto and see if he could not run across a few people he knew."—Houston Post.

Rather Vague.

"Sir, as the chairman of the committee, we ask you please not to have wines or liquors at your society's coming banquet. Will you permit this?" "I promise you the matter shall have my sober thought."

God pays, but not every Saturday.—Alphonse Karr.

The Sporting World

CHICAGO GIANTS' RECORD.

Finished second March 11 in the California Winter league. In this league Joe Williams, better known as "Cyclone Joe," in one contest struck out 23 men. At San Diego, Cal., in another contest, he struck out 19 men. Among the players he fanned were Altizer of the Cincinnati club; Harry Davis, captain of Philadelphia Athletics; Cravath, formerly of White Sox; Neal Ball, short stop of Clevelands, and Ben Stovall, also of Cleveland. The team returned to Chicago in April and has since played 48 games, winning 38, making one run of 21 straight wins. In this run such crack clubs as the Gunthers and Rogers Parks were victims. The Chicago Giants line-up is as follows: Pittus, captain and first base; Washington, catcher; George Neal, 2d base; Wm. Lain, 3d base; Wm. Parks, short stop; Bobby Thurston, left field; Sherman Barton, center field; Harry Moore, first base and fielder; Joe Green, fielder.

To Live 140 Years.

The natural term of man's life, arguing from the logic and evidence of comparative zoology, is 140 years—and even this is not the limit.

Life is a promissory note due one day after date, payable on demand, but by right living we can defer payment almost indefinitely.

Eminent scientists tell us that—

The life of the bones is 5,000 years.
The life of the lungs is 1,500 years.
The life of the skin is 900 years.
The life of the liver is 400 years.
The life of the kidneys is 300 years.
The life of the heart is 300 years.

If 300 years is the life of the heart, then one could not have the heart to live after that.

The Hindus, in the development of the physical man, claim for him not only longevity, but immunity from disease. They say to him: "He is determined not to fall sick, and he never does. He lives long, a hundred years is nothing to him; he is quite young and fresh when he is 150."

Getting Near to Nature.

It was not always perfectly clear at first thought just what Ben Caldon meant when he spoke. The best a hearer could do was to guess at the most obvious meaning and let it go at that. In the matter of a captive moose, which belonged to Ben, the doctor followed this course. The moose was undoubtedly sick, and a veterinary had been mmoned to attend him. Ben went out to the pen to assist the doctor.

"Is he mortal, doc?" asked Ben, with extreme concern.

"Are you asking if he is sick?" hazarded the doctor.

"Sure," replied Ben, "only I meant is he goin' to die from it?"

"It's too soon to tell you yet," replied the doctor, "but he has pneumonia pretty badly."

Ben's eyes grew round with surprise. Pneumonia in his experience had been confined to humankind.

"Why, doc," he burst out, "does a moose have features like a grown person?"—Youth's Companion.

Era of Drunkenness.

Nowhere in all the world today can be found as many confirmed drunkards as there were among the Thracians, the Iberians, the Celts, or the Scythians. The man who didn't get drunk every day or two was regarded as queer. The Greeks were moderate drinkers until they began to copy the luxury of the Persian feasts. The Romans imitated the Greeks. Then the whole world went on a mad drunk. It was a saturnalia. Caligula owes his niche in the hall of fame to the drunken banquets with which he made even Rome marvel. The excesses made fashionable by such potentates as Lucullus, Nero, Verres, Tiberius, Caligula, Vitellius, and Domitian really began in the days of Pompey and they mark the beginning of the end of the republic.

Napoleon Suppressed "Julius Caesar."

Bonaparte was one night at the play in Paris, and it happened to be "Julius Caesar." Talma performed the part of Brutus, and when he knelt to Caesar and said, "Give us back our liberties," the acclamations all over the house were so great that nothing could be heard on the stage for many minutes. Bonaparte meanwhile was taking snuff in his most violent way, which he always did when agitated. The next day he sent orders that that play was not to be acted any more.—Journal of the Hon. Mr. Calvert.

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NURSE PLAYS A MEAN JOKE

Change of Babies Causes Proud Father to Lose All His Faith in Humanity.

A bunch of the nurses out at St. Luke's hospital are still laughing over the case of a youngish man who several weeks ago became the p. and h. father of a brand new baby.

It was only a girl baby, but he liked it just as well as if it had been a boy. Moreover, as it was the first time he had ever been a parent, he had no realization of the great similarity in the general run of young babies. He got the impression that this young one that he was the male parent of had it on most infants in feature, form and mental endowments, whereas everybody knows, or ought to, that babies until they're at least three months old are so nearly alike that the difference isn't worth talking about.

"You haven't had many little ones as smart as this'n at one week old, have you, now?" he remarked interrogatively to the nurse who had charge of the general welfare of the newly acquired baby and its mother. "I've seen a good many babies in my time, but I'd certainly know this one in a thousand."

Nurse merely smiled tactfully. She made up her mind to find out if that father was equal to his belief in himself and his offspring, and if he'd know it among a thousand or less. It was necessary to let the baby's mother in on the scheme. The latter agreed to it.

Next morning, when the man came around to have a look at his family, a phony "kid" about the same age had been substituted for his in the crib.

"You'll hold the little one a moment, while I straighten up her bed, won't you?" asked nursie, sweely.

Sure he would. He took it carefuly and gazed fondly into the child's features, thinking of the days in the future when she would climb up on his knee and ask him to help her with her algebra.

"I guess you're pretty well satisfied with her, aren't you?" suggested nursie, still sweetly.

"Well, I guess I am," vouchsafed the p. and h. parent. "The thing I like about her best of all is that she's got the features of her father's family to a striking degree. She has my nose and eyes exactly. Anybody can see that."

Then when they told him it wasn't his "kid" at all, and how they'd run in a phony on him, he stalked forth into the night with the air of a man who has been sadly imposed upon and has lost his faith in humanity.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

A Merited Rebuke.

The irreproachable politeness of the late Edward VII of England was not only individual and relative to persons; it was human and general as well. Once at Marienbad his majesty and a few friends were having tea in a restaurant in the pine woods near the town. At a table close by sat another party, the host of which was a well-known German prince.

The work of attending to the guests at both tables devolved upon a young English waitress, and the king did not fail to notice the rude, blustering manner of the royal German, who threatened to report the terrified girl every time she had occasion to answer his summons. Annoyed by this most unjustifiable behavior, the king said to Sir Stanley Clarke:

"You are to convey my thanks to the proprietor here for the prompt and admirable manner in which my party has been served at this restaurant."

The command was instantly obeyed, much to the disgust of the adjoining table, a disgust which was intensified when the king gave the timid young waitress a gold piece.—Youth's Companion.

Dog Herds the Ostrich.

When visiting my brother's farm at Bayville, South Africa, a short while ago, writes a contributor to London Graphic, I was much interested in finding that since my last visit he had adopted a collie for the purpose of collecting and moving his ostriches from camp to camp. Miss Collie is very young, and known by the appellation of "Pups."

As old Sol dipped in the west we rode down to a camp near the river to watch "Pups" collect her troop of birds and bring them home. She handled 150 birds with delightful tact and consummate skill, bringing them out of a large camp, down a lane, into the night camp or kraal in an extraordinarily short time. The change in the behavior of these birds since I saw them being driven was very marked. They moved the whole while with a dignity, confidence and assurance—with a freedom from foolery and panic that appeared to me quite a new experience. Here, thought I, is a study in animal magnetism to delight the very pedant of psychology.

Her Husband Didn't Gamble.

You have all heard of the married woman who said that she was sure her husband didn't drink anything when he went out in the evening because he was always so thirsty in the morning. Very well, we will proceed to the experience of the bride.

This bride lives right in our town, but it wouldn't be fair to mention names. She is such a pretty little thing and, anyway, chivalry isn't dead. Long may it wave!

"I know my husband," she said, lingering lovingly over the word, "doesn't play poker when he stays down at the club, and I'm so glad."

"How did you find out?"

"Oh, I met a couple of the members of his club and I ask them: 'Can Robert play poker?'

"They both looked thoughtful for a moment and then answered: 'No.'"

The Preponderance of Evidence.

"Sorry," said the constable, "but I'll have to arrest ye—you been drivin' along at the rate of 50 miles an hour."

"You are wrong, my friend," said the driver. "I say I wasn't, and here's a ten-dollar bill that says I wasn't."

"All right," returned the constable, pocketing the money. "With 11 to 1 against me I ain't goin' to subject the county to th' expense of a trial."—Harper's Weekly.

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He Found Out.

The stars twinkled as only stars can twinkle. The moonbeams beamed as only the moonbeams can beam. The lovers sat and throbbed thrillingly as only lovers can sit and throb thrillingly.

Suddenly, as the night owl snored above them, his overflowing soul flowed over.

"Muriel," he exclaimed, waking the night owl from its slumbers, "I cannot understand what you see in me to love!"

The night owl hooted in disgust, and went to sleep again. Even Muriel, as her soft eyes dwelt upon the planet Venus, looked a little disappointed. But she knew he was too earnest to be fishing for a compliment, and she pressed his hand as she dreamily replied:

"Dear Artie! That's what they all say."

Cultivate Character.

Character is like stock in trade: the more of it a man possesses, the greater his facilities for making additions to it. Character is power—is influence; it makes friends, creates funds; draws patronage and support, and opens a sure and easy way to wealth and happiness.

Sherbet at Its Best.

A sherbet made of extract of violets was much esteemed in the east, and Mohammed is reported to have said of it that it surpassed all other extracts. In some part of Europe it is customary to mingle violets, roses, and lime blossoms with preserves to add a flower element to the fruity flavor. In Egypt and Turkey violets are used in making sherbets as mint is employed in juleps in Kentucky.

From Panama Scrap Heap.

"That beam might have been a steam shovel down on the Panama canal once upon a time," said a man the other day as he watched a big beam being strung into place on the new municipal building. "I wouldn't be a bit surprised to know that most of the steel work in that big building was originally steam shovels, engines or car wheels down at the canal.

"When Uncle Sam took charge down there he gathered into a heap some of the machinery used by the French and sold it to a Brooklyn junk man at auction for $11 a ton. He resold it to the steel corporation for $12 a ton. There was about 200,000 tons of it and it is shipped up here. Then it is reshipped to Pennsylvania, where it is made into girders for New York's skyscrapers."—New York Sun.

Not Absolutely Sure.

"I don't altogether like the hens I'm keeping this year," the suburbanite said; "do you know anything about chicken raising."

"Not from my own experience," a city visitor answered, "but I have a cousin in Wyandot county who made a great success in raising turkeys in Cumberlands—or else he lives in Cumberland county and raises them Wyandots. I always get that name up, somehow."

Poor Excuse for Absence.

Women have tried to excuse absence from the breakfast table on the plea that they never do their best in the early morning, but beauty is superfluous and is never save when it manifests itself in the cunning red and white of the delicate aroma of the translucent amber of honey. Our aesthetic nature is not fully awake till the