MUSIC AND DRAMA.

Anton Rubinstein's "Conversation on Music."

"THE MIDDLEMAN" AND "JUDAH."

Local Amusements—Notes and Comments.

THE DIVA.

Adelina Patti is once more in the United States and expresses, with her usual amiability, her delight at being once more in New York, the place where she first appeared on the operatic stage. That the New York public received the great singer with enthusiasm goes without saying. Many who had listened to Patti years ago would again avail themselves of the opportunity of hearing her silver tones, and those who have not had the pleasure, would eagerly seize the chance now offered. New Jersey and Brooklyn united in crowding around one of the most celebrated vocalists of the world.

CHICKERING.

The piano firm has added Chicago to his previous conquests, metaphorically speaking. The leading papers of that city unanimously accord to him the high place among artists to which Eastern critics have elevated him. Here are a few specimens from the Chicago press:

Were there one word in the vocabulary or joy which would give voice to the ecstasy, the exaltation, the delight so keen that it unnerves and sickens, which one experiences when an ideal, only dreamed of, is suddenly realized; and could there be found another word which had never been used because occasion had never before arisen when one word express every perfection, every excellence, every merit which could exist in the highest art of piano playing—these two words one would write to tell the six-days abused by the playing of Ignace Paderewski, and these—silence. Unfortunately, no such word exists, and an attempt must be made to describe in the terms of criticism the perfection, the wonder of this great zether work. Those who listened to him Friday afternoon at the public rehearsal or last evening at the concert by the Chicago Orchestra at the Auditorium will realize how difficult, how vain is the attempt. Those who were not there will cry "Rhapsodizing!" for they have not heard Paderewski, and until they have, they cannot realize how marvelous piano-playing may be, nor how weak and inappropriate eulogistic terms seem when used when applied to him and his work.—*Chicago Tribune.*

His playing has a strong personality; it has the rare and combined virtues of strength, manliness, and grace. His playing indicated the composer's spirit, while the beauty of his mechanism illustrated the thought pictorially most admirably.—*Daily Inter-Ocean.*

When Ignace Paderewski stepped upon the Auditorium stage yesterday afternoon he had before him the difficult feat of meeting dangerously high expectations. The standard by which he was to be tried was a standard the highest possible, requiring from him that he surpass all other pianists heard here during the last decade. That he met the expectations and gave a definite affirmative answer to the questions as to his greatness must be frankly admitted.—*Daily News.*

"A CONVERSATION ON MUSIC"

is the title of a work on the divine art, written by Anton Rubinstein and published in the United States by Charles F. Tretbar, New York. In this little interesting volume, the author gives his opinion on the most celebrated composers, placing Sebastian Bach, Beethoven, Schubert, Chopin and Glinka at the head of the great masters. In the estimation of the author, Bach is incomparably higher than Handel (superior as is the latter), because "he is more earnest, more genial, more profound, more inventive, more immeasurable. Mozart is a golden cruelty, and Gluck with Bach. In hearing Mozart I always wish to exclaim: 'Eternal sunshine in music, thy name is Mozart!' Beethoven has expressed the Alpha and Omega in music; Schubert sang as the birds sing, always and without ceasing."

The author discussed the merits of Bellini, Donizetti, Rossini, Weber and finally the great genius of Bayreuth, Wagner. This book will prove of great interest to all lovers of music, both professionals and amateurs.

EDWARD S. WILLARD.

Advisedly announced, the celebrated actor, supported by a special company will present "The Middleman" and "Judah" at the Theatre, next week. In the first named play, Mr. Willard appears in the united costume of a poor, old potter, who, by his artistical work and industry has made his employer rich. Discovering that the son of the rich man has seduced his daughter, he appeals for justice, but in vain. He then devotes himself to revenge. How the girl Vashti, Delilah, is supposed to have the gift of healing, and by the advice of a sheikh, an aged is willing to have this gift tested on his daughter who is consumptive. Judah loves Vashti, and finds out that she is, to some extent, a fraud, but he saves his and discovery under the cloak of a deliberate lie, in order to save his beloved girl from disgrace. Afterwards he repents and resigns his ministry.

This play has made a hit at the California theatre, while in Chicago "The Middleman" was considered the greater success. The company with which Mr. Palmer has surrounded Mr. Willard is said to be an exceptional one. Miss May Talbright is the leading lady. Rose Carlson and Harry Cane come from Mr. Willard's London theatre. Other high-class artists are F. H. Tyler, Louis Messen, Arthur Lewis, Harry Holliday, Miss Zelda Tilbury, Miss Naomie Craddock and Miss Maskee Elliott.

"SHOW MCALLISTER"

is, the programme says, constructed for laughing purposes only, and as such, the piece must be pronounced a success. The audience in the Theatre had a hearty laugh at the performance very well. Robert Grayce more than met all anticipations. His dancing, his reading, his acting, everything was unique and comical. Miss Georgia Parker is a pretty and talented actress and Miss Gilbert is a sweet singer and player. The shadow effect in the first act and the burlesque tragedy in the second act took immensely. The latter is something in "Cyrano de Bergerac" and "Tristan" in Shakespeare's "Midsummer-Night's Dream."

A feature of Robert McAllister, is his strongly conceived, in the representation of sacred scenes and responses to Biblical incidents, by the "Olympiad Quartette." It is a delicate piece of remark, that could not to be outdoned by Jubilee-minstrelsy. Not only is such intelligent practice an evidence of tall taste, but it has a tendency to destroy the feelings of irreverence, without which no religious sentiments can exist. The "Olympiad" seems to have been formed instead of cheered.

WOODWARD.

continues to draw a good house every day. Today is children's day and the little ones are made happy.

TABERNACLE ORGAN RECITALS.

Mr. Palmer has in his hands the complete manuscript of "Colonel Carter of Cartersville," adapted by Gen Thomas. The scene of the play of "Northern life by the same author is also about complete.

"Alabama" has triumphantly passed its fifth performance, and has started in to break the record of consecutive presentations with a vigor and a freshness which argues well for the success of the production of its predecessor. No play has been presented during the present century which meets every requirement of a fashion and taste fully as well as does this realistic picture of Southern life. In order that all southerners may have an opportunity of seeing this new famous American drama, Manager Palmer decides to give a matinee daily matinee.

Several falls before the Olympiad have taken place in the Theatre by the theatre managers of that State. One of the proposed measures prohibits the sale of more tickets than there are seats. This would absolutely prevent the sale of standing-room tickets. Another bill makes it imperative for the theater to adopt the scale of prices and size to it rigidly, so that it Bernhardt or Patti were engaged prices would not be raised.

During the London run of "The Middleman" at Mr. Willard's theatre a special matinee was given for the ladies, who attended in large numbers from the pottery districts. In New York the New Jersey potters, to the number of 400, attended a performance of the play, and arrangements were made for them when Mr. Willard played in Pittsburg, which enabled them to come in from over half a dozen pottery towns.

A writer in the Boston *Post* heard Paderewski tell of an Indiana wife is a lecture of Tony Pastor's variety show in New York. He is described as a genial, cut-hazed individual with flaxen hair, who plays the piano in a remarkable way. He reaches his climax by playing an A minor adagio very rapidly and accurately, and when he reaches the last A he rolls off the steel and turns flapjaks down to the foot pedals where he rises up, his feet half scattered all over his face, and exclaims: "That one I have on Friday whiskers!"—*Cor. Post.*

The starting tour of John Drew is the subject of considerable speculation just now. It is not Mr. Drew's first experiment in that line, for it will be remembered that he was associated with his brother-in-law, Maurice Barrymore, in a starring venture about a dozen years ago. It was during this tour that Porter, the manager of their company, was killed in a railroad restaurant in Texas by a desperado named Cutter, who was subsequently acquitted by a sympathetic jury of fellow Texans.

Japanese Success.

A Japanese doctor never dreams of asking a poor patient for a fee. There is a proverb among the medical fraternity of Japan, "When the sick are poor, poverty and disease, beside a house, then he who takes aught from that house even though it be given him, is a robber."

"Often," said Dr. Matsumoto, "a doctor will not only give his time and his medicines freely to the sick, but he will also give him money to tide over the dire necessities. Every physician has his own dispensary, and there are very few apothecary shops in the country.

"When a rich man calls on a physician he does not expect to be presented with a bill for medical services. It is a sick rich thing as it should be, well known in Japan, and though nearly all the other modern practices are in vogue there, the doctor never asks for his fee.

"The strict honesty of the people makes this unnecessary. When he is through with a patient a present is made to him of whatever one the patient or his friends may deem to be just compensation. The value of the gift is no more than the fee, here and there as patients."—San Francisco Chronicle.

Wrecked Locomotive.

A man who had evidently arrived by the train stopped into a boarding house in a Texas town and asked:

"Is Mr. Day in?"

"What Day, sah?" asked the porter.

"What—do—I know about him? Do I look like a detective? If Mr. Day isn't in, tell Mr. Week to step out here."

"What week do you refer to, sah?"

"Oh, last week or week before Christmas! Do you take me for an idiot? Why, I mean the wreck, sah!"

"Do Widow Flapjack, sah."

"Well then, you tell her to take them for me. I read on the sign out there, 'Boarding by Day or Week,' and now I want to know if I can get a wreck. This sign is put up there to deceive the travelling public. I don't believe there are any wrecks around here, and I'm pleased at its physique and I'm going to board in hopes of a wreck."—Texas siftings.

Literature Didn't Cost Them.

Eastern Man—Yes, sir, it's a shame the way this sensational journalism throws up to us the crimes of New York and making men want to turn robbers.

Western Man—Did you ever meet any Indian fighters?

"No, sir."

"Reckon—they don't cost of them, don't cost of them.

Fever Shaken.

Cut and dry hair is not fond of wrinkles which apparently and then chase them by long eyes with tam-pon-ade in several instances when wrinkles have been abandoned they have taken a great fad for Hindoo—Hindoo hair tonic.

Pit matters to the operatives very much at home on Court trip, and are great favorites with Jack—London Tit-Bits.

Sea to Alaska Death.

Tacoma can be as all know and the other cities on Puget Sound are also "all seasoned for." The sea is simply great, but the women—excuse my the woman! She is without good at, and down on everybody in the world except the chief principle, which she is sent to a manger. The hands of our company Sally pack when we pledge the memory of the far-flow sea. It is more convenient to call on the country for her, and for our pledge to the memory of our.

Wherever is a story, a story of the last sick other a people, a relative, a birth or a wedding, the good news spreads and spreads and spreads, and we have not to worry over a letter. The people flock to our office to congratulate us. Yesterday we had a letter from a company of all sorts. From the sea to a bed to be unfolded. One of the letters was from a typo of a printer, the compositor, the pressman and proprietor of the town of some who thinks of every thing is so tickled that it seems the admiration of the people, which I can only look on dumbly. Wonder's are simply beyond the ability to be only scanned beyond the capacities, we are prepared to undertake, will be found. Our rates are simply the lowest, and we are prepared to undertake, will be found. Our rates are simply the lowest, and we are prepared to undertake, will be found. Our rates are simply the lowest, and