

OLD MELODIES ARE BEST

NO SONGS LIKE THE OLD SONGS TO STIR THE HUMAN HEART.

Reign of the "Coon" Compositions Bearing an End—Public Clamor—ing for Speedy Relief.

During these days of popular songs, one almost forgets the dear old ballads which were so popular long years ago, but which, even yet, when one recalls them to mind, bring back many memories of the past.

There is not one of the old-fashioned ballads that has not played a part in the past lives of the "lad and lassie," who took these soft melodious strains under a star-studded sky, with nothing but their wedding day in view, 20 or 30 years ago.

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This old song had a large sale, and every old-time minstrel had it in his budget of songs. But it did not live long, and passed away almost as rapidly as it came, still, it blazed the way for other popular songs.

All of the afore-mentioned "nigger" songs, I mean, are responsible for the so-called "coon songs" of today. And I must confess, I do not care to hear some one sing "Old Hundred" or "Rock of Ages, Gift for Me."

Then we had the "Green Bend"—a coon song, having, at the time, to be very graceful, though, in professional circles, outside of the circus. They made their appearance in regular theaters, following the introduction of specialties in the "Black Crook."

A song popular in that day was the "Flying Trapesee," a subject of which was such a performer. I give the first verse:

Once I was happy, but now I'm forlorn, Laid an old one that is tattered and torn, Laid in this wide world to free and to mourn, Destroyed by a girl in her loom.

Then came "Rhoo Fly" and "Dem Golden Silencers." They each made a hit, and no comedian of those days was without them. They were so popular, in fact, that the old sweetheart songs I cannot forget them.

The sweetheart song has been sung since the beginning of the world, and will be heard until the end of time. It is the most common thing ever said, for although the words may be different, the sentiment is generally the same.

And when one has a song which one terms a favorite, it is nearly always a little ballad about a sweetheart. "Daisy Dean" was a great favorite years ago, because it told, in verse and song, what many a faint-hearted lover would have whispered in the ear of his own sweetheart.

More than two-thirds of the successful "coon" compositions that the minstrel has sung and subject in the proposing young woman. Nowadays a satirical or topical song may make a so-called hit, but its sale is never great, and it does not last long.

De you ever see listening to that old negro song, "Old Black Joe"? Of course you do. You like to hear it; you know you do. It will always be sung, as long as there are people on earth.

TYPICAL OF THE PERIS

ABSOLUTELY "CORRECT FORM" OF THE "SMART" GIRL.

Graceful of Carriage, Perfectly Groomed and Mannered, Never Commonplace.

The "smart" girl is one of the most interesting products of the times. She is as typical in a human way as the automobile is scientifically.

Smartness is achieved upon wholly different lines, although beauty and wealth are not necessarily regarded as a serious handicap to success.

CHRISTIAN SCIENCE OUTDONE



"Only think I have, eh? Blif, Bang—call me a liar, eh—Bling!"

"What's the matter, Jones?" "On my way to the dentist; got a frightful toothache."

ing everywhere in the melodies of the people. The old songs of the American homes did not have the flavor of foreign antiquity, but they are worthy of honorable place in musical annals.

There was the "Annie Laurie" group, so to speak—"Annie Laurie," "Annie of the Vale," "Gentle Annie." They are not often heard in the cities nowadays, for perhaps the same reason that city folk rarely sang, at this time, the prison ditty from "Il Trovatore."

Take the old song, "My Old Kentucky Home," it recalls the scenes of boyhood days, as nothing else can—the far-away farmhouse, with its commodious hallways, the dark cellar beneath, and its mirth-giving vintage; the spacious pantry, overflowing with the city's necessities.

The old times and songs have been held for years in derision. An invitation to spend the evening singing or playing old tunes has been spurned by many of our young people. They are dreadful. Who cares for them? Very good for a sleepy crowd of old people, but to think any musical person would condescend to sing the old songs is as deplorable as profound.

"Vanitas Vanitatum," said a lover of the old songs, they have not what they call. We are not that there is much that is new and striking in the up-to-date songs, but the beauty of the old songs is still there, and just a little spark would set them into popular flame.

No sounder expression of love for his art and a proper conception of the true musical feeling, will fall to recognize what is good and worthy of approbation in the melodies of our past and present life.

Take the "Swanee River," a song that has been sung in every part of the inhabited globe—a simple ballad that the greatest vocal artists in the world have sung to sing—yet you mention a song that will ever take its place in the hearts of our people!

But as time rolls by, no doubt we shall do better and learn to give the old songs of the long ago the high position they deserve in the hearts of our people. It is far better for its songs—its old songs, it is better for the associations which the old-time songs awaken.

He was home early. He-I'm late at the club tonight. He-I'm late at the club tonight. He-I'm late at the club tonight.

HERMIONES AND PERDITAS

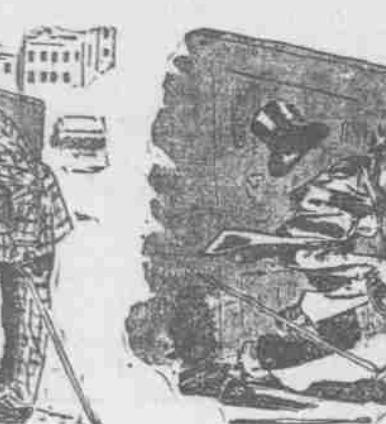
ACTRESSES WHO HAVE PLAYED DUAL ROLE IN "WINTER'S TALE."

Famous Revivals of Shakespeare's Beautiful Creation—Mary Anderson's Great Production.

Since "The Winter's Tale" was first produced in 1811, some of the greatest actresses the world has ever seen have assumed the great characters Hermione and Perdita. But it is a singular fact that the play itself has never been a favorite with managers, although the public, whenever it has been produced and acted properly, has demonstrated its appreciation of its wonderful poetic and dramatic beauty.

Painted Dewey's Portrait Young Portland Girl Receives Acknowledgment From Admirer.

Miss Minnie Urdahl, of this city, is in receipt of a letter from Admiral Dewey, a copy of which is appended:



"I'll have you arrested, sir; you struck me a liar, eh—Bling!"

"Nonsense, Smith! You only think I struck you. Good day."

castle and Mrs. Malaprop in Goldsmith's and Sheridan's great comedies. The first Hermiones who played with Miss Hippesley was Mrs. Gifford. In the famous production of "The Winter's Tale" which Garrick made, Mrs. Pritchard played Hermione, and a picture of her in the character is still extant.

Several other actresses whom the world has forgotten appeared in "The Winter's Tale" before Mrs. Faucit assumed the role. Curiously enough, the next Perdita was the daughter of the last named, Helen Faucit, afterward Lady Martin.

THEY GET THE BEST JOBS Handsome, Portly, Well-Dressed Men Favored by Employers.

"We hear a lot of talk of pretty women getting all the best positions as clerks, stenographers and so on," remarked the under-sized little man to his chum, as he overheard by a writer in the Chicago Under Ocean.

"Having learned the full value of a proper carriage, the smart girl sets about it with a vengeance. She is bound not to grow into a fat, ungainly woman, who can never catch her breath or a train, for a proper polish of the body means good digestion and good health.

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SCENE FROM "THE WINTER'S TALE."

asked him to recommend somebody. The editor wrote back: "James Gregory is the man for you. He has had a persistence; he is clever, and I can recommend him from 20 years' acquaintance."

and at various other times there have been revivals, generally in New York, in which Mrs. Warren, Mrs. Parker, Mrs. J. W. Wallace, Jr. and Isabelle Pateman have appeared in either one of the two great roles. Lawrence Barrett was very fond of "The Winter's Tale," and he made his debut in New York as Florisel. Another Hermione role was Mrs. Janussek, but the Hermione and Perdita best remembered by this generation was that of Mary Anderson, who appeared first in "The Winter's Tale" in England in 1887.

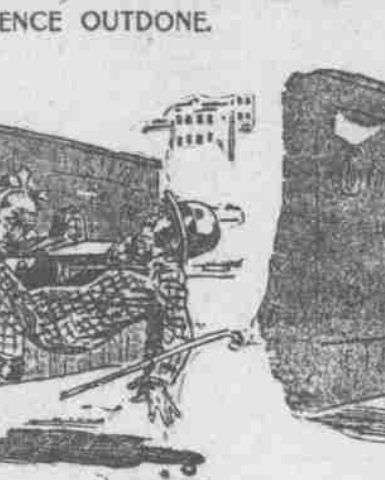
SHAKE DICE FOR A MINE

Joint Owners Settle Dispute Over a Million-Dollar Claim.

General Charles B. Warren, a pioneer of Butte, but now a resident of Spokane, and Miles Finley shook dice in the summer of 1883 for a copper mine then valued at \$500,000, and now at a cool \$1,000,000.

Warren and Finley, says the Spokane Spokesman-Review, owned the property and had been unable to agree upon the method in which it should be worked. They met one day in Lynch Brothers' saloon, and the old worldly quarrel at once resumed, and each set forth values of different methods of working the mine.

They shook dice for a mine. The mine was later sold to the Anaconda company by Warren and Finley. The mine was later sold to the Anaconda company by Warren and Finley.



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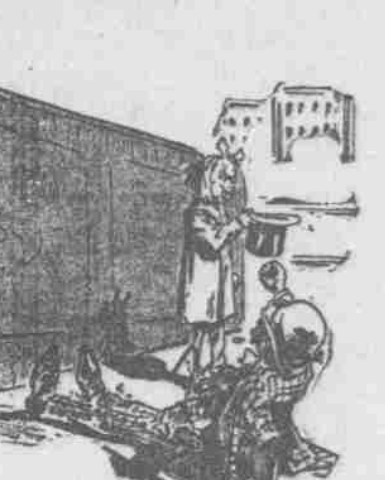
SOME MISCREANT'S WORK

Touching Grief of a Poisoned Collie's Kindhearted Owner.

A man in a one-horse wagon, evidently a farmer, was driving down a street of Salem the other day. A boy who was coming toward him on the sidewalk shouted to the man, and pointed in the direction from which the driver had come.

The man pulled up and looked back. Upon the curbing of the sidewalk lay a fine-looking collie, writhing in convulsions. The man left his horse and ran back to his faithful dog. A little group of men had gathered in the meantime and were full of sympathy.

The man appeared to see no one but the dog. He knelt upon the grass and raised the poor animal's head upon his knee. "Poor Shep!" he said, soothingly. The dog looked gratefully into the master's face. Tears were streaming down the farmer's cheeks. "Come, Shep!" he said, reaching above his fingers. The poor brute understood, made an attempt to rise, and his feet for an instant, only to fall down in another horrible convulsion. "Patience, patience, my boy-standers." They always say that way when they get strychnine. Another man, evidently a lover of dumb animals, said: "A man who is mean enough to poison a dumb brute ought to be sent to the penitentiary for life."



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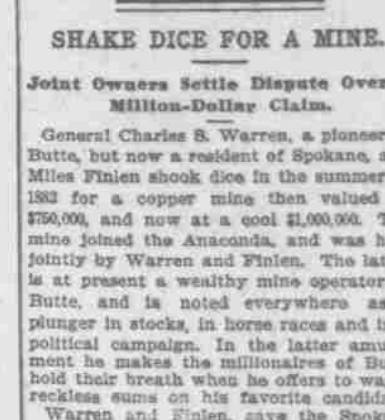
RICHEST MAN IN WORLD

ALFRED BETT IS WORTH ONE THOUSAND MILLION DOLLARS.

South African Diamond King, Whose Connection With Cecil Rhodes Contributed to Boer War.

Alfred Bett, of London, is the richest man in the world. He is worth a thousand million dollars, and, in perhaps, the only living billionaire. He is unquestionably a most remarkable man, and the greatest proof of his skill is found in the fact that few persons, other than financiers, outside of South African circles, have heard even his name.

Alfred Bett is a Kaffir king, still not one person in 20 in London would recognize his photograph, and in America he is practically unknown. He is only 46 years old, and yet he has accumulated a fortune beside which the dreams of the Arabian nights seem trivial. But, although he is the richest man in the world, he is not a miser. He is a philanthropist, and he has given his money to the poor. He has given his money to the poor. He has given his money to the poor.



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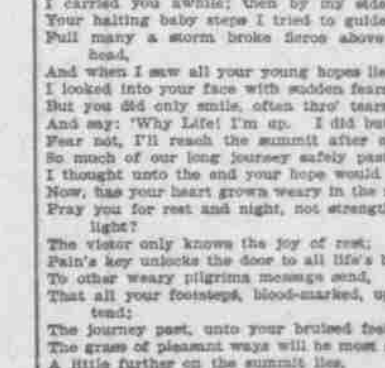
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