AT THE THEATERS

The Passing of Terry.

(Terry McGovern says he will leave the stage.)
Descend, oh, shades of Edwin Booth,
Of Barrett, Forest, oh,
Descend and plead in tearful tones
With Terry, lest he go.
The stage is not prepared to stand
A loss so grave, so great,
And people clutch the air in pain
When such they contemplate.
The footlights weep, the curtain droops,
The thunder, iron grim,
Gives forth a hollow, hopeless groan
At thought of losing him.
Oh, Terry, think before you leave;
Wouldst willingly depart,
And thus deprive the mimic world
Of all that's skilled in art?
Wouldst hie away from lime-light's glare
And lose yourself to view?
Why, Terry, Booth, with all his fame,
A slap-stick was to you!
The stage will break if you decide
To don again the mits.
It wobbles now, with Jeffries gone;
You out, it simply quits.
Jim Hackett is both crude and rough,
And Faversham's a sham,
And Drew is lost in distance dim,
While Frederick Warde's a clam,
And Sothern turns a sickly green
And Goodwin goes abroad;
And James O'Neil will shortly feel
The prick of envy's sword—
In short, of all the lot, what one
Has ever swung his right
And smashed the villain's block, b'gee,
Each matinee and night?
Not one; and, Terry, if you'll stay,
You'll make a hit, we know;
Abolish swords and fight with gloves,
As Shakespeare's Romeo.

REVIEW OF THE WEEK.

A combination of light catchy music and bright comedy, such as is provided in "The Belle of New York," is hard for the ordinary "provincial" playgoer to resist, however wearying its effect may be on the blase first-nighters of New York. This explains the great success of the present company on its second Western tour, and the two big houses it drew in Portland. The patrons of the theater looked for the same kind of entertainment when they bought tickets to "A Modern Crusoe," and it was the disappointment in not seeing it that made them tell their friends to stay away the following night. It is easier to please with comic opera or musical comedy than anything else, and while it is an expensive thing to take across the country, there is never likely to be any dearth of it. The company that presented the "The Belle of New York" this year is not quite so strong as it was last. Three people who were missing and missed were George Tallman, who played the role of Harry Bronson, and who had a splendid voice, even thought he sometimes clutched for notes he had difficulty in attaining; Flo Perry, the vivacious little "Mame" whose only fault was that she was so amusing she sometimes distracted attention from the other principals, and E. S. Tarr, who played the father of the queen of comic opera with an ease and humor which will be long remembered. The remainder of the company is good, although the young man who plays Harry Bronson at present suffers considerably from lack of confidence in himself.

For a rip-roaring thriller, "Sporting Life," which was the early week attraction at the Marquam, is entitled to all the prizes that are now hung. The company is composed chiefly of actors who are not afraid to act, that is, to get strenuous on all occasions, to defame each other in clarion accents, and to kill and maim whenever the occasion seems to demand it. It is withal brimming over with that commodity known as heart interest, and that is why people cheer the hero to the echo and hiss the villian so enthusiastically. Melodrama seems to be a sort of theatrical necessity, to fill in now and then between comedy and tragedy, but it is, perhaps, just as well that there are other forms of amusement on the stage

The Tivoli Opera Company, which will tonight close an eight-day engagement at Cordray's, is not a great company, but it is composed of singers of far more than average ability, and anything presented by it is sure to be well put on. That Portland appreciates such an organization has been shown by the patronage, and it is to be hoped that the company will find it worth while to take an extended engagement in this city every year hereafter. Mr. Hartman is a rollicking comedian who knows how to get the best results out of a song, and his assistants are all entertainers who will find a welcome in Portland whenever they choose to return.

"A Honolulu 'Coon" pleased good-sized houses at the Metropolitan all the week. It is as good as the average "colored" attraction, but the thirst for that sort of thing is dying out with ragtime, and soon there will be few colored performers outside of vaudeville or the minstrel shows.

ATTRACTIONS THIS WEEK.

"In Old Kentucky."

That standard and popular play, "In Old Kentucky," will make its annual visit to this city Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday nights, October 14, 15, 16, at the Marquam Grand Theater. To most playgoers "In Old Kentucky" is as welcome as the flowers in Spring.

While the story is familiar to many, a short synopsis of it will be of interest. It concerns the fortunes of an interesting group of people representative of the mountain and blue-grass regions of Kentucky. The lonely, half-savage life of the mountaineers, with their strong loves and stronger hates, their bitter feuds rivaling in vindictiveness the Corsican vendetta, yet elevated above bloodthirstiness by a sense of religious duty, is clearly set forth and seems, it is said, all the more unique and strange in contrast with the peaceful, pastoral characteristics of the blue-grass country. Numerous opportunities are given for the display of the strongest passions. About the fortunes of the hero, a handsome, chivalrous young Kentuckian, is woven a web of love, treachery, hate and revenge, from which escape seems impossible. There is the ever-fascinating story of the man whose past is shadowed by a great crime, and whose after life is one great struggle to evade the nemesis who pursues him. Many scenes characteristic of Kentucky life are introduced, genuine echoes from the plantation—the play, the frolic and music of the darkies after the day's work is done; the throng, the excitement and the acclaim that attend the close finish of a famous race, which, by the way, is represented in an entirely different manner from any other race known to the stage. The heroine is an interesting type—a young girl brought up in the mountains, and to whom nature has given dauntless courage, a great soul allied with charming simplicity, shyness and true womanliness. The Colonel is a Kentucky product, pure and simple, indigenous to the soil. The plot is unconventional, with a succession of natural and logical incidents, exciting, even sensational, forming in their entirety a story of unflagging interest. The setting of the piece has attracted much attention. It is appropriate and beautiful, representing with rare fidelity genuine Kentucky scenes. No drama of recent years has been more generally commended than "In Old Kentucky," nor has any production met with such remarkable success. The original company will be seen here, including the now famous pickaninny brass band that is so prominent a feature of the play. The scenery is all new for this season's tour, and, if possible, is more elaborate than heretofore. This is the ninth year of "In Old Kentucky," and its popularity appears to be greater with playgoers than ever before.

Stuart Robson in "The Henrietta."

Friday night, October 18, and Saturday matinee (only), October 19, at the Marquam Grand Theater, theater-goers will have the first opportunity in five years of witnessing that delicious conception of brilliant humor—Stuart Robson's "Bertie, the Lamb."

It has often been said that Bronson Howard's comedy "The Henrietta" has become a classic. Of all plays that have been given the public, this seems to be the most typically American. Wall street gambling, speculation, the social sham of newly-made American society, the aping of English costumes, are all delineated, interwoven with satire, comedy, pathos and tragedy. It is a fitting rival to Bronson Howard's other success, "Shenandoah," and it is estimated that in its 14 years' career it has been played to nearly 5,000,000 people. The height of enthusiastic eulogy has been reached in speaking of the play. Critics have called it the "greatest American comedy ever written," and they say "it will live forever."

In making the present revival of "The Henrietta," Mr. Robson has been guided by the desire to produce this well-beloved comedy in the most noteworthy manner that it has ever been presented. He has selected a company that is by far a stronger organization than was the noted cast that first presented it 14 years ago. Four of the members of the company have already been stars upon their own account, and every one is well known to theater-goers. Maclyn Arbuckle, one of the most sterling and impressive actors upon the stage, plays the role opposite to Mr. Robson, of Nicholas Van Alstyne—"Old Nick of the Street." Mr. Arbuckle was last season himself a star in "The Sprightly Romance of Marsac," and next season will again head a company of his own.

Mr. Rus Whytal, who appears as Nicholas Van Alstyne, Jr., has until this season starred in his own play of "For Fair Virginia." Miss Dorothy Rossmore, Mr. Robson's beautiful and stately leading woman, was for a number of seasons leading woman for Fanny Davenport, and for the last few seasons starred in Shakespearean and Sardou reportoire. Miss Estelle Carter was also last season a star, playing Maxine Elliott's role in "When We Were Twenty-one." Miss Marie Kealty, a noted beauty of the Celtic type, and Miss Laura Thompson, a former Washington society belle, are among the feminine members of the company, while Clifford Leigh, the well-known English actor; Joseph P. Keefe, a veteran American actor, and Charles A. Lane, Roy Atwell and Charles Gilbert complete the male personnel.

Undoubtedly nothing will interest the feminine portion of the audience more than the elaborate gowns that will be worn by the ladies on the stage. Their different roles impersonate society of New York's upper set, and elaborate new creations have been imported by each feminine member of the company, displaying the latest modiste's art.

"Daughter of the Diamond King," at the Metropolitan.

Tonight, at the Metropolitan Theater, now under an indefinite lease to and managed by George L. Baker, will begin a week's engagement of La Belle Laurette, supported by Charles A. McGrath and a competent cast of 30, in Charles A. Taylor's sunshine-and-shadow play, "Daughter of the Diamond King." The play presents scenic pictures from the hills of New Hampshire and the society and streets of New York City. It is said its popularity is due to its beautiful story, and the simple way in which the story is told. The company interpreting the play has, it is said, been picked and culled to fit appositely each individual character. So perfectly does the company, in its interpretation of the play, conform to the author's idea, one forgets one is witnessing a play, that, in fine, he is gazing upon a reflection of nature, and when, in the first act, representing the wedding in the schoolhouse, the old village schoolmaster says, "Come, children, take your seats, fold your hands," to the accompaniment of such detail as the clatter and rattle of slates and the closing of books, it is no mismagination to take one back to the time one sharpened slate pencils, or had to stay after school for eating apples behind the geography. This quaint scene can be appreciated to its full only by being seen. Another good idea in the play is the dear little sweetheart of school days with her beaux and books. Their joys and sorrows are felt in every human heart who sees the development of their bliss and the bitterness of their sorrow when the unveiling of the plot casts obstacles across their path. The theme of the play has to do with a young and handsome American girl, the daughter of a diamond merchant residing in New York City, who was formerly an African diamond king. One sees the gentle rustic folk of the New Hampshire hills and the blase smart set and indifferent lower classes of New York. The wedding in the schoolhouse, laying of the corner-stone of the diamond palace, a Masonic ceremony by electric light, the illumination of the diamond palace, the Mardi Gras Carnival, the rehearsal of the village choir, and the arrest of the counterfeiters, are some of the strikingly stirring scenes in "Daughter of the Diamond King." The play is conspicuous in that it has no shooting, no murders, no red fire, no vulgarity and no profanity. Its situations are strong, its climaxes are not overdone. Five really interesting vaudeville acts are introduced in the Mardi-Gras scene. There is a grand chorus of children's voices. A quintet of singers sing the old songs to which everybody likes to listen. Featuring the ollo are the famous Lenton trio of grotesque comedy acrobats and hat-throwers, the New York ladies' quartet, Fred Melville, John de Gez, Frederick R. Seaton, and Ida H. Wynn, the operatic singer. Judging from the demand for seats for "Daughter of the Diamond King," the play will undoubtedly do a good business at the Metropolitan all week, as it deserves.

"A Homespun Heart," at Cordray's

Monday night Hal Reid's latest play, "A Homespun Heart," will open a week's engagement at Cordray's, with a capable cast at the head of which is the well-known actress, Alice Marble. The story of the play is simple, but full of human interest.

Tom Sanson, a well-to-do farmer, is in love with Marion Markoe, his neighbor's daughter, the pride of all the village. His envious neighbor, Quire Moore, has surreptiously secured a mortgage on the Markoe farm, and his price for its cancellation is the hand of Marion. Marion, true to her love, but in order to save the old home, consents to make the sacrifice. She is prevented from doing so by her brother Andy, whose mind has become unbalanced by being thrown from a colt, but whose lucid moments at times enable him to outwit the villains who are plotting against the welfare of the family.

Squire Moore forms an alliance with Senga Severald, an adventuress woman from the city, who knows of his plans and has discovered that Marion is only an adopted daughter and the rightful heiress to the finest estate in the country. Marion and Tom are married, the squire takes possession and Tom provides a new home for Marion and her family. Tom is lured to the city by confederates of the squire and Senga, and placed on board a sailing vessel bound for a two years' cruise. Marion follows in answer to a decoy letter, saying he is ill and in danger. She is made a prisoner and confined in an insane asylum. The squire and Senga have spread evil reports of Marion.

Tom returns after a long absence and finds Marion's parents and Andy on the verge of starvation. Marion makes her escape and returns, but is denied admission, as all believe her guilty, save Andy. Senga and the squire quarrel, and she exposes the plot. The squire enraged at being cheated of his revenge and the fortune, shoots Senga and makes a similar attemp on Andy, but misses. The shock restores Andy's reason, Senga makes a full confession before she dies; Marion's innocence is established and all ends happily.

"The Babes in the Wood" Tonight.

"The Babes in the Wood" will close the engagement of the Tivoli Company, at Cordray's, tonight. The comedy was devised by Mr. Hartman chiefly as a vehicle to bring out the strength of the company in specialties, and it is admirably adapted to its purpose. All of the members have an opportunity to do their best, and the result is an entertainment which is sure to leave a pleasant and lasting impression on the minds of the admirers of the company.

Notes of the Stage.

E. H. Sothern is to shelve "Richard Lovelace."

Blanche Bates is ill in Detroit with malarial fever.

J. H. Stoddart will shortly publish his stage reminiscences.

Ffolcott Paget will be Joseph Jefferson's leading lady this year.

"The Village Postmaster" is drawing overflowing audiences in the West.

T. A. Bailey's one-act poetic tragedy, "Mercedes," is to be played in London.

Gracie Gray, of "The Belle of New New York" Company, is a Portland girl.

Lillian Lamson, the she villain with "Sporting Life," is a sister of Nance O'Neil.

Charles Wyndham may come to this country if his new comedy is successful in London.

Henry Irving and Ellen Terry will begin their American tour with a revival of "Charles I."

Mr. Richard Mansfield has started rehearsals of "Beaucaire" at the Herald Square Theater.

Chauncey Olcott is considered to be the best ballad singer on the stage—an American Sims Reeves.

"The Marriage Game" in which Sadie Martinot is starring is described by a knowing critic as "Mud."

Andrew Mack, in "Tom Moore," is now playing his third "capacity week" at the Herald Square Theater.

Lorimer Johnstone, who was here with "Sporting Life," was brought up in Portland and has many friends here.

Margaret May has made a hit in New York as the star in "Winchester," Edward McWade's picturesque war drama.

Wilton Lackaye, who is very much in demand, will play the principal part in Augustus Thomas' new play, "Colorado."

The title of the new musical comique which George W. Lederer is preparing for Dan Daly's starring tour is "The New Yorkers."

When Henrietta Crossman appears as Rosalind, Joseph Kilgour will play Orlando John Malone will be Jaques, William Herbert, Adam; George Soule Spencer, Touchstone; Adele Block, Celia, and Lottie Alter, Audrey.

Mildred Holland began her season on September 16, at Bennington, Vt., and has since been successful. Her tour will comprise the better part of the year.

Lilian Lawrence, former leading lady at the Castle Squire Theater, in Boston, will this season occupy the same position with a stock company at Washington.

Edward J. Conelley, who appeared with "The Belle of New York" Company, is well remembered by old Portlanders, as he used to make regular visits to the old New Market.

Oscar Eagle is winning great praise from the critics for his fine stage management of E. J. Morgan's "The Christian." One enthusiast says, "Mr. Eagle's stagecraft is masterly."

STUART ROBSON IN "THE HENRIETTA."

Music

SHE TOOK EAMES' PLACE

Shannah Cumming the Star Soloist of the Worcester Musical Festival.

The Worcester Music Festival has for many years enjoyed the prestige of opening the musical season on the Atlantic Coast, if not indeed in America, for the festival has become an affair of National interest. This year, by a sort of special dispensation of Providence, the bright and shining light was a singer particularly well-known to Portland people—Shannah Cumming.

The inability of Emma Eames to fill the leading roles at the festival might have caused the management serious trouble had not Miss Cumming been prepared to come to the rescue. She had been engaged to sing the soprano part in Cesar Franck's oratorio, "The Beatitudes," and when the message announcing Mme. Eames' illness was received the management asked Miss Cumming to sing also the soprano part of the Verdi requiem, which Eames was to have sung. The selection of Miss Cumming for these two most prominent soprano roles was a high compliment, but it is one which her friends all consider well deserved.

Although new to Worcester, she made a profound impression, says the Concert-Goer. The purity and volume of her voice are no less admirable than her vocal skill and the fine musicianship which directs her efforts to most artistic ends. Both in solo and ensemble she was almost ideal. In the "Requiem" her lovely voice and fine art had full scope. The voice itself is not large, but it is pure, and therefore carries well. Familiarity with the score, absolute reliability as to intonation and attack were not the least of Miss Cumming's virtues.

The performance of the "Requiem" was a distinct triumph for all concerned—conductor, chorus, orchestra and soloists. Verdi's work, with all its undeniable difficulties, is a grateful task to set a good chorus. The opportunity to show its mettle was seized with assurance. It was the sixth performance of this "Requiem" at Worcester, but hard work had evidently not been shirked because of familiarity. In delicacy of shading, in purity of tone, in certainty and clarity of parts, old attendants at Worcester festivals say the work of tonight has never been surpassed. The test came early—in the very opening measures of the "Requiem," the pianissimo accompaniment of the voices to the lovely melody of the violins. Here, as in the pianissimo unaccompanied "Libera Me," no greater delicacy and beauty of tone could be asked, and George Chadwick, who conducted, deserves ungrudging praise for the achievement. Such parts as the "Die Irae," and that great double chorus, the "Sanctus," were sung spiritedly, and the tone remained always of fine quality.

"The Beatitudes" is Cesar Franck's masterpiece. It is over 20 years old, yet, imported though it is, has been given in America only three times before the present production at Worcester. Four hundred voices, an orchestra of 65 and seven soloists comprised Mr. Chadwick's forces. Next to Miss Cumming the best known name among the soloists, so far at least as Portland people are concerned, was that of David Bispham. The role of Satan devolved upon him, and he invested it with vivid dramatic power.

In France Franck has commanded blind, enthusiastic devotion from a group of radical young composers—devotion such as comes usually only to a genius who has dared strike out entirely new paths. The earnestness and vehemence of these devotees has compelled attention, and even in this country, where the composer is still a new figure, sides have been taken and some critical blood spilt. In estimating the significance of the Franck cult sufficient account has not been taken of conditions in France during the last 20 years. The sudden artistic renaissance in France during this period is one of the remarkable phenomena of the history of art. French art is today, take it all in all, the most vital and original in the world. But the awakening, particularly in music, came so suddenly and unexpectedly that it lacked direction. These ardent young spirits, demanding a new outlet for their energies, must have a leader. The dignified, admirable figure of Cesar Franck furnished a rallying point. The leadership of the new French revolution was foisted on the Gallic-Belgian composer after his own work was practically completed. He has been compelled to stand sponsor for a school which he had no mind to originate, and with which he is by no means entirely in sympathy.

Special distinction was given the Worcester Festival this year through the presentation of Chadwick's new work "Judith." This work is described as "a lyric drama," but it is in the fullest sense of the word an opera, and suffered in its presentation only through the lack of spectacle and action which the imagination craved, says the Review, of New York. Meanwhile, the musical sense was highly gratified, for there is an abundance of melody in the solo parts and much individual work in orchestration. It may be said that "Judith" scored a decided success, the chorus work especially being admirable. There are long passages a capella, in the chorus, and others are massive, withal simple.

At one of the closing concerts, Richard Burmeister, the pianist, scored a tremendous success. His marvelous technique and remarkable tone made his piano a veritable orchestra. He aroused the large audience to a high pitch of enthusiasm, and was recalled time and time again. It was a remarkable demonstration.

The festival from a financial standpoint, unfortunately was not a success.

A Wagner Story.

Elsie Polko, a German writer, tells a touching story in connection with "Der Wanderer" and "Ach, Wie Ist's Moglich" ("How Can I Leave Thee") two Thuringian songs known all the world over. "Der Wanderer" was composed in 1837 by Friedrich Bruckner, father of Oskar Bruckner, the 'cellist, and "Ach, Wie Ist's Moglich" was the composition of Bruckner's friend, Kantor Johann Ludwig Bohner, both of Erfurt.

In May, 1849, Wagner had to make his escape from Dresden, and he arrived at Erfurt, on his way to Paris, to be conducted across the frontier by Bruckner and Bohner. As he was being accompanied through the streets in the moonlight he stopped suddenly to listen to some female voices singing "Ach, Wie Ist's Moglich," and, to the horror of his friends, would not budge until he had heard the last note. "I know the melody," he said. "It is sung everywhere. Let me hear every line. What a beautiful parting song! I wish I had composed it!"

As he took his seat in the closed vehicle that was waiting impatiently to take him further on his journey, a soft voice started "The Wanderer":

Wenn Ich den Wand'rer frage:
Wo willst du hin?

And all joined in the refrain:

Nach Hause, nach Hause!

But at the last line:

Hab Keine Heimat mehr!

A choking voice called out, "Da capo!" Then the horses started, and as the party passed out into the moonlight, and that lament "Hab' Keine Heimat Mehr!" (as "I Have No Home Now") became fainter and fainter, the lonely fugitive buried his face in the cushions and wept bitterly.

Music in Politics.

Apart from its ethical and esthetic significance, music oftentimes acquires a political value, says the Review. It was the enthusiasm for Wagner's operas that led the Parisians to assume a more friendly attitude toward the Germans. At Munich, as well as at Bayreuth, French enthusiasts now outnumber those of any other country. Several German orchestras have in recent seasons visited Paris, where they were received with acclamation. And now comes the news that, for the first time, a first-class Parisian orchestra will, this Autumn, visit the leading German cities. Edouard Colonne, the famous conductor, recently stopped at Berlin on his way from St. Petersburg to complete the arrangements for this concert tour. This emphasizes what some of our greatest writers have long maintained, that music influences in an infinitude of ways our manners and characters.

Sauer's Troubles.

And have you heard of Sauer and the trials and tribulations of Vienna, where, evidently, the green-eyed monster reigns as fiercely as did Tafner of Wagnerian lore? Just because Sauer made a reputation for himself in America and seemed to be a most fit personage to draw patronage, and incidentally give instructions, at the Vienna Conservatory, the entire faculty must needs resign.

No—they are not women; they are men who, in paroxysms of ecstasy, would tell you how devoted they are to the cause of music and what they would do to advance the art. And this brings us face to face with the very disagreeable truth, that, much as people talk about working in the cause of music, it is, after all, only to glorify themselves or the faction of which they form a part, or an individual whom they wish to foist along—but the art! Nonsense; what folly!—Emilie Frances Bauer.

Where Throat Tonics Are Dispensed.

The noted baths at Salsomaggiore have become quite popular with singers, owing to the fact that Jean de Reszke sojourns there when he desires a throat tonic. The place, however, was not discovered by the great Polish tenor, as it has been famous since Tamagno sojourned there a few years ago. The air in the inhalation rooms is impregnated with brine, ozone and iodine, which are supposed to make a singer's throat so strong that indispositions become impossible. The "cure" takes about three weeks, after which M. de Reszke and his wife visited their Polish home.—The Review.

October Music.

Voices, everywhere voices, pulsing the Autumn airs,
Singing of fields ripe-fruited, of brightly branched bowers;
Singing also the radiant souls of departed flowers
Fain to revisit the world, of late so richly theirs,
Bearers and breathers of joy, angels of song, delay!
Stay, as with vespers of Spring, the gray Autumnal day!
Call back the bloom of June, echo the music of May!
So doth the ancient earth renew her beauty for aye. —Fanny H. R. Poole.

AEOLIAN RECITALS.

If numbers present and appreciation are any criterion from which to judge success, then the "Wagner" recital last Wednesday evening, at Aeolian Hall, was a most decided success from every standpoint.

At this recital the music-loving people were given a very rare treat. The selections from "Tannhauser" on the Aeolian Orchestrelle, by Messrs. Hughes and Elwell, and on the pipe organ by Mr. Bruce, were the best rendition of "Wagnerian music that have been rendered in Portland for some time, while the piano selections by Messrs. Hughes and Bruce were perfect gems from the standpoint of artistic interpretation.

These recitals are given every Wednesday evening and Saturday afternoon at The Aeolian Hall, 353 Washington street, and the public are most cordially invited to attend. Seats are free, and all are welcome.

Let the Others Do Likewise.

Dalles Chronicle.

The assessment roll of Multnomah County for this year shows taxable property to the value of $18,500,000, as compared with $12,000,000 last year, or an increase of $6,000,000. It is probably unkind to remark that Portlanders have discovered that there is no State Board of Equalization this year.

The Well-Dressed Woman

will be interested to know what will be worn this Autumn and Winter in the line of Coats, Jackets, Waists and Skirts. The advance fashions are based on the earliest reliable information from our London and Paris houses and our correspondents in Vienna and Berlin.

THE DELINEATOR

For November—Just Out

The Delineator is the largest and most necessary woman's magazine published, and treats fully all subjects pertaining to Woman and the Home. In addition to the Fashions, illustrated in cofor pictures and black and white, the Literary part of the magazine includes a number of clever stories and other striking features, among them being

The Offcasting of Nichemous
A Story, by W. A. FRASER

His City Call—a Story
Women Photographers and Their Work
Lowestoft China
Tennyson's Courtship and Marriage

Every issue of The Delineator contains—FASHIONS: The coming and Ruling Styles; Paris and London Notes, Dress Materials, Trimmings, Millinery; HOME-MAKING AND HOUSE-KEEPING: Illustrated Cookery, Society and the Social Code, Pastimes for Children, Girls' Interests and Occupations, Gardening, Embroidery, Crocheting, Lace-Making, Tatting, Knitting. STORIES BY OUR BEST AUTHORS, Poetry and Prose, Doings of the Day. 1,500 pages per year. Send for our handsome free booklet, giving pictures of prominent Washington women.

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GOLD MEDAL

The Delineator is the only Woman's Magazine awarded a prize at the Pan-American Exposition. To it and to the Butterick patterns was given a gold medal highest award.

The Amount of Practice

Necessarily required to become a finished, artistic pianist is discouraging. Practice gives digital dexterity alone. The "artistic" and "esthetic" is a matter of taste and temperament. Lacking this temperament, it is impossible to become a great musician, although one may learn to play acceptably.

WITH A SOUL FULL OF MUSIC, A MEANS OF EXPRESSING IT IS STILL ESSENTIAL. THE PIANOLA SUPPLIES THIS MEANS AT ONCE. The player can give his whole attention to the development of the ARTISTIC, and thus acquire the ESTHETIC.

Do not forget that we give FREE RECITALS every Wednesday evening and Saturday afternoon, in our beautiful Recital Hall, and to which you are cordially invited.

THE AEOLIAN COMPANY

M. B. WELLS, Northwest Agent, Aeolian Hall, 353-355 Washington Street.