

religionists, and the *Chevra Kadisha* will give this sum as an annual contribution to the Home.

It was intended to get the Home ready for occupation by *Shevuoth*, but the workmen who are now busily engaged on the building, will not be able to get it quite ready by then, so the opening has been postponed to the commencement of June.

Mr. Sieradzki is a modest man, and he repeatedly asked our representative, who obtained from him most of the information above-mentioned, not to make his name and personality prominent in this article. But we feel we cannot in justice to him conclude our remarks on this subject without a reference, however slight, to the great deal of time that gentleman takes from his business hours to work for the noble cause of properly housing our aged poor in comfort and amid Jewish surroundings, and we fervently hope that inspired by his example others will also come forward to work for this charity, so as to make the Home for Aged self-supporting, a lasting success, and a great credit to the community.

Mr. K. Sieradzki, in the course of a very nice letter acknowledging the receipt of last week's cake, writes:—"It is with much pleasure that I note your presentation to me of this week's *Chronicle* Cake, and it will be with more pleasure that I shall distribute portions of that cake to my fellow-officers and those ladies who have kindly assisted in establishing a Home for Aged Poor. The pleasure arises within me on account of the appreciation shown by your journal, and the fact that the necessity for such a home is recognised. You state that I mention my name in connection with this work with modest reluctance, and necessarily so, for my fellow-workers are as strenuous in the cause as I am, and furthermore our reward in the work will be in the success of the home. Sir, I thank you for your presentation, and trust that our community at large will realise that our work is one deserving of their whole-hearted support."

#### THE ANONYMOUS LETTER-WRITER.

The sorry spectacle of a human being filled with countless resentments against a fellow creature believing him or herself to have been injured by that fellow creature and lacking the courage to seek a personal explanation has been one of the saddest spectacles of our life. Just think of the wasted energy, the useless employment of mind for ill; imagine the choler, the irritation, the expenditure of force to effect nothing. Why, this same time, energy and force put to other and better purposes would accomplish great good for these "wasters." We can see them sitting down to write dipping their pens in gall, stiffening their sinews for the fray and summoning up all their courage to attack an absent foe. Then clinching tight their teeth and holding their hearts to the horror work, they let forth a stream of vituperation, villainy and viciousness that make even themselves blush at their own temerity. Now the deed is done, passion has been satisfied, malevolence mollified.—*Jewish Times*.

#### THE "JEWISH VOTE."

It is quite possible that the "Jewish vote" is being worked for political purposes just a little bit too hard. The vast majority of Jews are quite wide awake enough to see through a game of that kind and to understand why it is played, and revolt against their religion, or race preference if you please, being used to influence their votes. The religio-racial political game is a dangerous one to play and is liable to prove a boomerang.—*Chicago Israelite*.

THE DURBAN MAYORESS'S CAKE.—Mrs. Hollander writes in acknowledgment:—"Thank you for awarding me the 'Cake' and also for sending it to the Jewish Orphanage. I am sure they enjoyed it."

THE MARRIAGE took place in London, on May 5, of Miss Annie Kantor, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Kantor, of Johannesburg, to Adolph Feitelson, of London.



#### THE EMPIRE.

A very strong programme that would do full credit to the foremost music-halls in London is now being presented at the popular Empire Palace. The new company that opened on Monday evening last is made up of artistes that not alone come here with an excellent reputation behind them, but that reputation has been endorsed by the popular verdict given by those who have witnessed their performance during the present week. There was a packed house at the Empire on Monday, and each and everyone testified their appreciation of the fare provided by applauding enthusiastically. Owing to the numerous encores that were demanded and had to be acceded to by the artistes, the entertainment was not finished till about midnight, when audience and artistes parted company greatly pleased with each other, as was no doubt also the Empire management.

#### THE NEW-COMERS.

Ferry Corwey, billed as "the musical clown," was the first of the newcomers to make his appearance. He gave a screamingly-funny turn that kept the audience in side-splitting laughter throughout his very clever performance. Corwey can extract music from all sorts of funny looking instruments, and poised in all sorts of funny positions; thus hanging on a pole he plays a huge concertina with his feet. He was encored again and again. Miss Jennie Hartley was the next to make her appearance. The owner of a grand voice and beautiful presence, she sang and danced her way to the hearts of the audience, who showed their appreciation of her "turn" in an enthusiastic manner. Miss Lil Hawthorne, of "Ideal of My Dreams" and "Billiken" fame, came next and at once established herself as a great favourite with Empire patrons. Of course she had to sing "Ideal of My Dreams," and in addition to other songs was the one she renders attired as a street "arab," in which she offers a share of the doorstep, her only abode, to another homeless waif. In the famous "Billiken" song, Miss Hawthorn distributes mementoes of the famous American laughter-provoker, which are eagerly snatched up. The applause this charming artiste received at the end of her "turn" was long and loud and well-deserved. The re-appearance of Little Ganty was the signal of a warm welcome extended to him, and one which he well-deserved. His "get-up" and "business" were very good, causing a great deal of laughter, one item, descriptive of a racecourse tipster, being exceptionally good. Miss Madge May's contribution to the evening's entertainment was very well received.

#### THE OLD 'UNS.

Miss Mabel Green is as popular as ever, and besides some new songs had to give some of her old favourites. Tom Jersey's conjuring and "shadowgraph" work should not be missed seeing, being one of the cleverest shows of its kind. Capt. Woodward's seals and sea-lions gave their usual wonderful entertainment, including some new tricks. Frank H. Fox contributed to the success of the programme with some new songs that were well received, and an excellent entertainment concluded with a good bioscope picture.

#### CONGRATULATIONS TO MISS MABEL GREEN.

A quiet wedding by special licence took place on Tuesday afternoon, the bride being Miss Mabel Green, a great Empire favourite, and the bridegroom Mr. Stanley Steel, of London. On the evening of that happy day the young bride received an ovation from a big Empire audience. After the "Joshua" song an immense floral basket was handed to Miss Green. This was the signal for enthusiastic and cordial cheering, and for a hearty shower of confetti, while the orchestra played the "Wedding March." Baskets and bouquets followed, one of them made of orange blossoms, with a horseshoe as a central device. Miss Green was recalled again and again after her successful "turn."



**THE STANDARD.**

"Bella Donna," the final performance of which was given last Thursday night, was certainly a dramatic triumph for Mr. Chas Howitt and his company, and one which has rarely been equalled on the Johannesburg stage. In "Dr. Meyer Isaacson," Mr. Howitt had the portrayal of a character just after his own heart, and his presentation of the role was a splendid piece of histrionic work. So was Miss Gertrude Godart's "Bella Donna," which character carried conviction over the footlights. The production, as a whole, will long be remembered as a memorable local theatrical event, and we trust that we shall yet again have the pleasure of seeing it performed by the talented company now playing at the Standard Theatre. To-night and for the rest of the week "The Two Little Vagabonds" will be staged, with Miss Phillips and Miss Rutherford in the title roles. The popularity this pathetic drama has achieved is world-wide, and its presentation by so good a company as that headed by Mr. Howitt should ensure for it the success it well deserves.

**THE GRAND.**

The crowded "houses"—the usual feature of the Grand's performances—have a splendid entertainment offered them this week at this best of local bioscope theatres, both artistes and pictures being more than usually attractive. So excellent an entertainer as Miss Nellie Ganthony, who recently appeared at the Standard in the John Lawson season, gives great pleasure by her refined and clever work on the stage, her impersonations of characters one meets on board ship being highly amusing and delightful as well as but too true to life. Needless to add, she was enthusiastically encored. Will van Allen, the "musical tramp," is an old favourite with the Grand's patrons, and apart from being a skilful player on the banjo and violin, extracts music from all sorts of funny things, and tells some very humorous stories. Rowland Hill gives some funny female impersonations which cause a great deal of laughter. The pictures are all excellent, including dramatic, humorous and scenic films.

**A NEW WALTZ.**

We have received a new composition entitled "Daphne," a waltz, written by Mr. Franz Moeller, of East London. The piece is somewhat short, consisting of only four pages, of which the last is taken up by the coda, and therefore it actually only consists of three parts, each occupying one page. After some musically-impossible chords of introduction, the piece commences with a rhythmic air in C major, going over in the second portion straight away to B flat. In the ending of the first part some bars are missing, thus disturbing the melodious harmony. The composer also took no heed of one of the fundamental rules in harmony, which demands a composition to end in the same key in which it originally opened, but we find this piece written in C major, in the unique position of ending in G minor. Apart from the fact that none of the melodies has any originality, there is in some instances a close resemblance to existing compositions, but otherwise the airs are quite well adapted for dancing purposes, and we have no doubt that the waltz will find a ready sale.

**THE QUINTESSENCE OF JUDAISM.**

Sins committed against man are "trespasses against the Eternal," and are not absolved by the Eternal before he who has suffered from such iniquity has been recompensed. Wrongs done by man against his fellow man are not only beyond the clergy's absolution, but even God Himself will not forgive. First and foremost is the sufferer. He it is whose forgiveness the sinner should obtain. Without such the sinner cannot expect God's mercy. This is Judaism's idea of religion; this is the quintessence of Judaism.—*The Jewish Tribune*

**THE MIDNIGHT ALARM.****A TALE OF JEWISH LIFE IN POLAND.**

*Concluded.*

Muttering all his charms over and over again, peace entered Leibel's soul and he slept. Wearied by his day's labour, his slumber was profound, and he did not hear the uneasy cries of the goat, and he did not see the strange figure moving in the graveyard.

Suddenly the air was rent by a blast of a shofar. Again and again came the sound from the graveyard, its echoes rolling out over the lake and dying away near the old Shul.

"Great heavens. Shema Israel!" gasped the terrified Shames, still confused with sleep. "Have the Meisim arisen from their graves?"

And still came that mighty trumpet blast, "Tekio? Shivorim? Tekio? Tekio?" Liebel trembled like a leaf, and his forehead became covered with a cold sweat. He tried his old remedy, to utter the Aramaic quotations, but the words died upon his lips.

But, strangely enough, in the midst of his terror, Liebel recognised one pre-eminent fact that, whoever this midnight trumpeter might be, whether dead or alive, he was master of his art. Never before in Weise had been heard his equal.

Even though this Bal Tekio were a Mess, Liebel could not recollect during his long life of eighty-nine years, the death of such an accomplished Bal Tekio. He recalled Feitel the Fisher, who always wrestled with Satan during Rosh Hashonah Tekios, but who had never succeeded as a Bal Tekio. Another person, who died only a poor trumpeter, was Leishke, the cattle herder. This Leishke owned a long wooden bugle, tied with vari-coloured ribbons, whose blast summoned the flock. The following legend has been told by the old people of Weise of Leishke, the herding boy:

"And it came to pass when Leishke went up the hill, he sounded a long blast on his horn, and all the bullocks, cows, goats and swine gathered around him, and Leishke went out before them with a long whip, and he became the chief herdsman of Weise.

"And it came to pass, on a certain Rosh Hashonah, the Bal Tekio of the City of Weise fell sick in bed, and Leishke sought the elders of the town, saying: "Behold, your blower is sick, and your servant is a blower, let me blow, I pray you, for the congregation." The elders hesitated to allow a swine herder perform this sacred ceremony, but Leishke was so agitated with the thought of becoming a Bal Tekio that he hastened home to fetch forth his long-ribboned trumpet, which he brought into the Shul.

"There the wrath of the elders kindled against Leishke, and they smote him with leather whips, calling him Malker, and chastised him with briars."

As Liebel recalled this legend, he became convinced that neither of these two Bal Tekios could have equalled the mysterious trumpeter in the graveyard. As these confusing thoughts raced through his brain, Liebel beheld a new and terrifying spectacle, which chilled the blood in his veins.

Over the hitherto clear heavens had spread a black mantle. Pillars of black clouds arose from the Western part of the town. A roaring as of a mighty furnace was heard.

Weise was burning! His beloved Weise! The aged sexton well knew the little town was doomed—nothing could be done at such an hour of the night! Forgetting his terror of the unearthly spirits, of the ghostly Shofar, the old Shames rushed to the door, stumbling over his pet goat, which had crouched for safety upon the threshold.