

IT IS WHISPERED



HIS MAJESTY'S

That the Chief Rabbinical Chair has yet to be filled.
That there are more applicants in the running than is generally thought.

That the system of advertising is—to say the least—undignified.

That it reminds one of the contention that London has been conquered by New York.

That an interesting engagement is *en tapis*.

That pianoforte tuning is quite a profession.

That Hebrew may be taken at this year's matriculation.

That those responsible for the recognition of our ancient tongue may well congratulate themselves.

That amongst the most active were the Rev. A. P. Bender and Mr. I. Levinson.

That the Zionists did not succeed in capturing the *kudos*.

That "With Half a Lover" is already forgotten.

That it is just as well.

That the conferment of our Cake last week was generally popular.

That the Communal League Committee are thinking how they can deal with the matter.

That should they succeed, their action will be generally applauded.

That Sir Owen Philipps will be the lion of the next fortnight.

That his wife will naturally be a lioness—for the moment.

That her reception on Tuesday will be a great occasion.

That the invitations include a few of "our people."

That the foundation-stone of the new Synagogue for the Orthodox Hebrew Congregation will be laid on Sunday.

That the gathering should be a representative one.

That the entire community owe more than they realise to those who keep the torch of orthodoxy in its entirety, burning.

That we hope that the collection will be a satisfactory one.

THE WIFE.

In the reports of the Titanic disaster it is said that as an officer strove to help her to a seat of safety, Mrs. Straus brushed away his arm and clung to her husband, crying, "I will not go without you."

"And Ruth said: 'Entreat me not to leave thee, or to return from following after thee; for whither thou goest I will go; where thou diest I will die, and there will I be buried.'"—The Book of Ruth, Chapter 1, Verses 16 and 17.

I will not go from thee. Black is Death's shadow

Above thy head, my husband, but the cry

Of the storm-furies meets my soul's one answer—

"Lo! Here my husband stands and here stand I!"

God in our bodies twain hath fused one spirit,

What fate is thine now comes as well to me,

And side by side we shall confront it saying—

"Lo! Here are we!"

The night is dark. But long ere this night's coming

There was a happy day whose splendid sun

Even now transfigures with his glow the darkness

That finds us facing Death—Life's journeying done.

It was our wedding day. There is no parting,

Remembering that sweet day, for you and me,

And only this reply to Death's grim hailing—

"Lo! Here are we!"

I stand beside thee. Put thy arms about me,

And hold me close, my husband, to thy heart;

I can die with thee, but not live without thee,

Such is my choosing—and we may not part.

I will not leave thee. This is my soul's station,

God so ordains it and 'tis love's decree,

And though Death calls but one, two shall make

answer—

"Lo! Here are we!"

RIPLEY D. SAUNDERS.

On Monday night last, the Wheeler-Edwardes Gaiety Company commenced their return visit, which was hailed with genuine pleasure by their numerous patrons, whilst the different stars and favourites of the company were heartily welcomed back by their many admirers. The season opened with "The Count of Luxembourg," by Franz Léhar of "Merry Widow" fame, which was also its debut as far as Johannesburg is concerned. This operette had a good run at home and is likely to enjoy the same success out here. "The Count" is a screaming farce put into music, but just as "there is method in his madness," there is sense—at least a certain amount of it—in the nonsense of which the plot consists. Marriage plays a big part in these latter-day operettes; the plot turns around marriage in the "Merry Widow," in the "Girl in the Train," in the "Waltz Dream, in the "Dollar Princess," etc., and it turns around the plot of the "Comte de Luxembourg." This time the heroine, Angele Didier, about whom all the fuss is made, is, however, no millionairess, but an ordinary though exceedingly pretty soubrette, who has the good fortune to be fallen in love with by no less an august personage than a Grand Duke, an old decrepit specimen of humanity—unluckily for him. As he could not get the Czar's consent to this union, the object of his adoration has first to be raised to a higher degree, and for this purpose his creditors fish out the proper subject in the person of the Count of Luxembourg, who is poverty-stricken. To him they offer a large amount of money if he consents to marry this lady, on the understanding that he must not see her at the marriage ceremony, and on condition that he divorces her after three months. She would then be a countess, the Grand Duke suited, and the Czar would not withhold his consent. After some little persuasion the Count consents, the marriage takes place with a screen separating the "happy couple," and the luckless husband leaves on his honeymoon alone, at least only in the company of his friend, an artist.

THE SECOND ACT.

shows us the beautiful reception hall in the Grand Duke's palace in Paris three months later, thus just about the time when the divorce is to take place. A ball is in progress, and among the guests appears the Count with his faithful painter friend, Brissard, both as uninvited guests. The Count has now really fallen in love with his pretty wife, whom he saw acting at the theatre but whose identity is unknown to him, and he follows her to the palace on the pretext of desiring to restore to her a bouquet which she dropped when entering her carriage. He meets her and makes violent love to her. He meets with no encouragement at first, partly because she is already married and partly because she promised to marry the Grand Duke after her divorce. But a new difficulty arises, because the husband cannot be found, and here some confusion is caused by Brissard pretending to be "he." This impersonation is, however, soon dispelled, the real count and real husband introduces himself, and once seen by his "unknown" bride there is no further idea of a divorce, and the poor old Duke becomes the victim of his own machinations. This is briefly an outline of the plot, intermixed with which there is another little love affair between Brissard the Painter and Juliette of no specific profession. As in most operettes the principal parts are the comic ones, and "The Count" is no exception to the rule. Here we have two comic roles, that of Brissard and that of the Grand Duke. The former is really the bigger of the two, and if we state that it lay in the hands of Mr. Tom Payne, it is only a foregone conclusion that this comedian *par excellence* handled it to perfection. He simply kept the audience, from beginning to end, in a continuous roar of side-splitting laughter, and to him the unqualified success of the piece is largely due. His acting is in keeping with the character of the part and his dancing, mostly in company with Juliette, was rewarded with round after round of applause.

MR. MYLES CLIFTON.

portrayed the part of the Grand Duke in no less an excellent manner, whilst this refined comedian is too well-known to patrons of His Majesty's to have the different points of his acting specially enumerated. The title role lay in the able hands of Mr. Lawrence Legge, whose fine tenor voice was displayed with great effect in his different solos and duets with Angele Didier. In this part Miss Mabel Nelson gave her numerous admirers another occasion to show their appreciation of her beautiful, sweet soprano voice, and particularly in her principle solo, "Say not Love is a Dream," which is another of Lehar's fine waltz-songs and the leading air of the piece, she was enthusiastically encored. In the part of Juliette Miss Daisy Wallace was simply irresistible, and the enthusiasm with which her playing, singing and dancing were received by the audience spoke volumes for this charming lady's popularity. Miss Betty Shale had only a minor part in the role of the Countess Kokozeff, but she made the most of her opportunities. The staircase dance in the second act, executed by Mr. Legge and Miss Nelson, was exceedingly well done, and needless to say had to be repeated. Other noteworthy items are—in the first act: the duet between Mr. Clifton and Miss Nelson, "You and I," and the duet between Mr. Legge and Miss Nelson, "He goes right, she goes left"; and in the second act the comic duet between Mr. Payne and Miss Wallace, and again between Mr. Legge and Miss Nelson. The piece bristles with comic situations, but it is also full of sweet, harmonious and catchy melodies for which the composer, Franz Lehar, is, by now, so well and favourably known. The choruses run excellently, and the orchestra is under the able baton of Mr. Theo Wendt. The costumes and scenery, especially in the second act, are beautiful, so that, generally speaking, an *ensemble* nearing perfection is created. "The Count of Luxembourg" should have a long and successful run.

A PIANO PRODIGY.

The youthful pianist, who is known as Solomon, aged nine, recently played before the King and Queen at Buckingham Palace. He exhibited his astonishing gifts in a long programme of classic pieces to the delight of his audience. He is the son of an East End tailor. Miss Verne discovered him about 18 months ago and took him into her charge. At a concert at Queen's Hall last year at which he was accompanied by the London Symphony orchestra, he used a piano especially constructed with small keys, and since then his hands have stretched and at Buckingham Palace he used the regular piano.

OF JEWISH DESCENT.

Lewis Waller, the actor, who created the titular role of "Monsieur Beaucaire," is of Jewish extraction, his name in private life being Waller Lewis. Mr. Waller's mother was a Miss Vyse who was brought up in Italy. The Vyse family was prominent socially and philanthropically in Florence, Italy, and in the surrounding country and Mr. Andrew Vyse received the patent of nobility from the Grand Duke of Tuscany. Edmund Waller, the famous poet, is still another ancestor of the Waller family as well as Sir Richard Waller, who fought in the battle of Agincourt. It was this gentleman who brought to England as captive Charles, Duke of Orleans, one of the noted French Generals. Mr. Waller was born in Bilbao, Spain, where his father, an engineer by profession, was at the time engaged in important railroad construction work. At the age of four he was brought to England, where he received his early education. At 16, he went to Germany, where he remained for about a year, thence to France to obtain a comprehensive knowledge of the French language and literature, although he spoke and read that tongue fluently before leaving England. At the age of 23 Mr. Waller received an offer from the celebrated actor-manager, John Toole, to join his company, which he accepted with alacrity and enthusiasm. In those days it was customary for the followers of Thespis to assume a professional name, so this noted actor whose name in real life is Waller Lewis, called himself Lewis Waller.

THE STANDARD THEATRE.

Crowded houses should be the order of the evening at this theatre, as never before have pictures been shown

to the public as natural and life-like as those given by the Kinemacolor Company. Apart from nature's colours, the pictures are not only extremely interesting but are of educational value. The film which everyone waits for is the one showing the Delhi Durbar, and it truly is a magnificent one, as apart from the blaze of colour, splendour, etc., we had an opportunity of witnessing what actually took place at the Indian coronation of the Most Gracious Majesties. Another very interesting and beautiful picture is "The Falls of Niagara," and one could easily have imagined oneself there, as by some means the noise made by the water could be distinctly heard. This was also evident in the boat-racing picture at "Burnham-on-Crouch" and "A Day at Henley." Besides the Kinemacolor series we were treated to a few of the black and white variety, and of these "Love's Victory" and "How John got out of his Difficulties" were both very amusing. Besides the pictures there are the artistes, and in Miss Kathleen Grey, who appears to be the favourite, we heard some catchy songs that were taken up by the audience, who joined heartily in the choruses. The Spessell Bros. and Mack Comedy Troupe, who once again entertained the audience in their dumb fashion, as also did Robb Gilmore with the songs he rendered. The company announced that from the 24th, for one week only, they have secured, at considerable expense, the services of Capt. Leopold McLaglan, the champion exponent of Ju-Jitsu, so all interested in this art have something to look forward to.

THE JEW OF PRAGUE.

Commenting on the production of this play the *Jewish World* says this is melodrama, and nothing else—and not even great melodrama. The name of Wilson Barrett suggests something outstanding, or some thing realistic; but it cannot be said that the drama written by the great actor's son comes anywhere near being a great piece of stage production. The 'Jew of Prague' is, of course, a moneylender, but one with good instincts and good intentions. The play centres round his death and the conscience of the hero, who, in a fit of justifiable rage, shook the old miser, who died from the shock. A rascally lawyer, a drink-sodden doctor, some rakish gallants and a Sister of the Convent complete the cast of principals. It all comes right in the last scene, where a Court of Justice is well staged; but between Act 1 and Act 4 the hero has been the cause of much misery and almost commits a real murder. The Jew appears in a good light, and the acting was well done, although the piece grew tedious now and then.

THE EMPIRE.

Public interest in this popular hall remains unabated, testimony of which are the full houses of which the Empire can rightly boast. As we previously stated, the present programme consists of a variety of first-class artistes, who supply an entertainment without a moment's dullness. With such favourites as Lil Hawthorne, Mabel Green, Madge May and Jenny Hartley, with such excellent acts as those provided by Bellman and Poluski as well as Edis and Lupino, the most fastidious cannot find fault, especially if the proceedings are livened up by comedians of the calibre of Frank Fox and Little Ganty, not to mention Ferry Corway, the irrepressible musical clown. Our recapitulation would, however, not be complete without the mention of Capt. Woodward's seals and sea-lions, whose season is fast drawing to a close, when they will be missed by patrons of the Empire, for no small share of the enjoyment is due to these clever animals and their trainer. Already the arrival of some more "stars" is announced by the energetic management to which the numerous patrons of our premier music-hall are eagerly looking forward.

THE PALLADIUM.

This is the name adopted for the new building to be built by Major Rogers, of the Johannesburg Estate Co., Ltd., on the site of the Coliseum, the directors being Messrs. O'Hara, J. Wilson, B. Goldman and Frank H. Hayes. The managing directors will be Messrs. John Lawson and J. L. Sack. The theatre will be essentially a London music-hall, and the catering will be of the order of the London Palace, ladies and children will be especially

studied, the ventilation will be absolutely perfect, while the seating will be easy lounge chairs. There will be a band of twenty, and the comfort of the artistes behind the scenes will be a special feature. It is interesting to us to note that at certain periods at matinees, etc., special Jewish performances will be given, when art of this neglected order, will be given ampler scope. The companies will be changed every two weeks, the outlet being Durban, Capetown, Pretoria. In Mr. John Lawson the company possess a gentleman whose name is a guarantee of integrity to the public. This gentleman, who concludes his tour for the Grand Theatres, Ltd., at Durban, will spend his time during the building of the Palladium and the arrangement of other important matters, at the Belgrave Hotel, Kimberley.

A NEW CONTRALTO.

Musical enthusiasts in South Africa, and members of our community particularly, will be interested in the arrival of Fraulein Augusta Lensk who is, in private life, Miss Augusta Lewin. This new lady vocalist is said to be an artist of whom the world should hear a great deal before many years are past, for she is a singer in whom the gifts of voice, idealism and brains are united, and in addition, she has youth. At the present moment there are only two Wagnerian contraltos in England who can be relied upon to sing Wagner in English. One of these is constantly in America, consequently there is an absolute need for a fine dramatic contralto with Fraulein Lensk's range in London, and it may be surmised that this wonderful young artist will be heard sooner or later at Covent Garden.

CRITICS IN GERMANY.

where Fraulein Lensk had already commenced a brilliant career about three years ago, have been moved to speak of her in phrases that have lost their hackneyed ring. They define her as not only a great singer, but a great actress, and in such parts as "Carmen" and the heroine in Strauss' "Rosen Cavalier," have pronounced her to be superior to Destinn, while the most flattering receptions have greeted her debuts in Wagnerian and other roles at Erfurt in Thuringia where she has been fulfilling a three years' engagement. The whole story of her career, in fact, from the moment of starting has been one of promise, once she found her right vocation.

A SOUTH AFRICAN BORN.

Ten years ago Fraulein Lensk, who was born at Libau, on the Baltic, was a little girl in Oudtshoorn, where her father owned property. Her family was entirely devoid of any musical sense, and she herself had no thoughts about it. She was seriously inclined towards a definite profession, and medicine attracted her more than any other. So she was sent to Bedford College, London, where she spent many hours in attempts to master the rudiments of her chosen career. Later, Fraulein Lensk was fortunate in meeting with a noted singer who was retiring from an honoured career in opera, and he gave her advise. He listened to her voice. "It is all to pieces," he told her, "but it can be mended. I like the quality of your voice, and I think that you could become a fine artist."

THE OUTCOME.

Long months of study followed. The break was remedied, the effects of overstraining vanished, and the voice assumed a richness of tone, a flexible power of expression, and a range extending from G below to D above the line. Then in spite of her diffidence, indeed her almost aversion to the stage, Fraulein Lensk was engaged under the most flattering conditions to sing for three years at the opera house in Erfurt. She sang all the big Wagner roles, in addition to such parts as "Suzuki" in "Madame Butterfly," and more important than all in her own estimation, she took the name part in "Carmen," with which she scored one of her biggest successes. Her ideas of "Carmen" are based upon no artist that she has seen, although her admiration for Destinn with that "Fate in her voice," might have easily biased her. Besides her other accomplishments, this wonderful artist is a great linguist. She sings with perfect ease in Russian, French, English and Dutch. In September, Fraulein Lensk goes to Metz,

to fulfil a year's engagement at the opera house there, and in the meantime she has come to South Africa to see her father, and incidentally she will be heard in Johannesburg as well as other parts of South Africa.

THE GRAND.

The above place of amusement more than deserves its name, which is highly appropriate, seeing that it is really a grand theatre. Each week there is a change of programme provided by an ever-enterprising management who are well rewarded by knowing that although we have had some very cold winds blowing the early part of the week yet that did not keep away the crowds who flocked nightly to both houses. The star of the programme is undoubtedly Wilson Hallett the well-known London comedian and mimic, who nightly sends the house into roars of laughter. He is really an enterprising turn, and his imitations of a little girl and a crying baby were very life-like, and called for rounds of applause. Then we had Dale and O'Malley, also comedians, who are paying their farewell visit to the Grand, and once again they received an enthusiastic reception. The photo plays are, as usual, excellent, especially "The Little Woollen Shoe" and "The Mad Woman of Penmarch." "The Butler and the maid," "Alkali Beats Broncho Bill," and "Lulu's Anarchist," are three very amusing comedies. It is to be much regretted that owing to the disgraceful way in which the Johannesburg public have treated Miss Nellie Ganthony, the management of the Grand have had to withdraw her name from the programme. It will be remembered that this lady first came out with the John Lawson Company, and our dramatic critic then remarked on the scant courtesy she received at the hands of the public, which is much to be deplored, as Miss Ganthony is an artiste of great ability.



KIMBERLEY.—Welcome news to hand recently gives the glad tidings that Mr. Emil Lund, a Swedish journalist and co-religionist, who started to walk from Capetown in March, 1911, en route to Cairo, has successfully reached there. It will thus be seen that he has accomplished his task in a little over a year.

The Jewish children on the Diamond Fields were the guests of Mr. Beail, the popular manager of the local Vaudette, to a matinee performance on Wednesday, and were eulogistic in their tribute of gratitude of the entertainment and the generosity of Mr. Beail.

The New York *Morning Journal* (Yiddish) publishes the following remarkable story:—Rabbi Samuel Rosenberg, of Hunsberg, Hungary, has received official notification from the courts of Paris that a wealthy brother, who had been converted to Christianity, died and left him his entire fortune of 30,000 kronen. Without hesitating a moment the Rabbi replied that from the day his brother left the faith of Israel he had no communication whatever with him, from that day on he did not regard him as a brother, and he concluded his letter by saying that he refuses absolutely to touch one penny of the legacy.

Mr. W. Erhlich, ex-Mayor of Bloemfontein, recently slipped on a smooth floor and fell heavily, the muscles of his back being severely strained.

Mr. M. Davis, of the Central News Agency, is in England, and proposes to stay that side several months on business and pleasure combined.

**Hildebrand's
Chocolates, Etc.**

(THAT IS ALL)

STATE
STAATS
PRETORIA