



"Le Nuit Francaise."

If proof were required of the strong bonds of sympathy which unite Britain with her gallant ally France, it could have been found in the splendid response made by an enthusiastic gathering to attend the performance of "Kultur at Home" on Friday night last, in commemoration of the 14th of July, 1789. The Standard was packed from floor to ceiling and was gaily decorated with bunting, each box showing the flags of one of the allied nations. Amongst the notable people present were His Worship the Mayor and the Consuls of France, Belgium, Portugal, Russia and Italy. During the interval the National Anthems of these countries were played and a picture of General Joffre was sold by American Auction, Mr. Ralph Kimp-ton making a most successful auctioneer. Miss Katherine Pole's company started with a bid of £2 10s and within a few minutes the splendid sum of £50 was realised, the picture going to Mr. Clarence Becker. Of the merits of the play itself we have already spoken in our last issue, suffice it to say that the splendid acting was fully maintained, greatly appreciated and a thoroughly enjoyable evening was spent.

The Success of the day.

Mr. Michael Sherbrooke who presents the wonderful character study of Potash in the play of that name at His Majesty's Theatre might well exclaim with Caesar, *Veni, Vidi, Vici*, since there can be no doubt that few actors have succeeded in so speedily establishing themselves in the affections of the local public in the manner that he has. Despite the fact that "Potash and Perlmutter" is nearing the end of its third week the theatre still packs night after night with appreciative audiences who follow with obviously keen interest the doings of this interesting pair of partners. We have already dealt at length with the production and we content ourselves with stating that it is one of the most popular presentations that Johannesburg has yet seen and, while it particularly appeals to the members of the community to which this journal caters, there is much in it to interest the ordinary playgoer. Personally we have seen the piece several times and upon each occasion enjoyed it more and we would strongly advise those of our readers who have not yet visited His Majesty's not to lose the opportunity of seeing a true and faithful presentation of Jewish commercial life with "naught extenuated and naught set down in malice."

"Ta-Ra-Ra-Boom-De-Ay."

It is interesting to note that although this song is said to have had its origin in the Balkans, the West Indies, and the Southern States of America, where in a very disagreeable form it was a great favourite with the negroes, it was originally found in a cantata by the late Alfred Gilbert. In 1886 Alfred Gilbert, of the Philharmonic Society, had presented by the Merchant Taylors Choral Society a cantata entitled "Abdallah, the last Moorish King." In the first eight bars of the opening of the Finale will be found the gist of "Ta-ra-ra-boom-de-ay." In America the song was introduced into "Tuxedo" early in 1891. The husband of the late Lottie Collins sent her a copy from the United States, and in an altered form she first sang it in England at the Tivoli Music-hall, Nov. 7, 1891.

"The Tiger's Cub."

Next Monday "Kultur at Home" will give place to this play which is described as the most successful drama now playing in London. The leading female role will, of course, be taken by Miss Katherine Pole and in her part she has increased opportunities for showing her undoubted ability. Mr. Frank Cellier, Mr. M. R. Morand and the rest of the talented combination at present appearing at the Standard Theatre are all well cast so that there is every reason to anticipate that the production will be entirely successful.

Histrionic Immortality.

Of much interest is Sir Herbert Tree's suggestion that the coming of the cinematograph has given the actor immortality. "The joy of the picture-play work," he says, "is that, if it be worthy, it is not just for the moment. In Art I am a socialist. My impulse is to give whatever I have of value to the multitude. And the greatest of all multitudes is posterity. The actor lived but for his generation. Now, by the cinema, his art is registered for all time."

For the Benefit of Posterity.

"Into the night go one and all," Henley wrote in his ballad of actors. Their triumphs are writ in water. Their art is not of an age, but for a moment. A brilliant piece of description may preserve for us something of what they did. There were men who could write who watched Garrick and the Siddons and Kean, and yet, but for particular details of this or that piece of business, we know really nothing of what the art of those great artists was like. "The best in this kind are but shadows" when once the curtain is down. For some time past, it is understood, the British Museum has been preserving gramophone records of interest. How interesting it would be if we could have reproduced the voices of

Burbidge and Betterton in "Hamlet," Who would not go to see a film which revived for us Garrick's Lear or Keen's Shylock? And no doubt posterity will feel for the actors of our time what we feel for the actors of the past.

The Empire.

There are several excellent turns being presented at the Empire this week, foremost among whom stands Mr. Peter Dawson, the possessor of one of the finest baritone voices ever heard on any local concert platform or stage. Mr. Dawson is an artist of exceptional vocal powers and the ease and perfect pureness with which he sings are delightfully refreshing and appeal to the musician and others alike. The best proof of this is the spontaneous applause with which the artist was greeted after every item and the numerous demands for encores—he gave no less than four, which constitutes a record even for the Empire—good humouredly responded to by the singer. He opened his programme with an aria from Aecis and Galathea by Handel which was followed by several ballads and other songs, showing his perfect mastery of the classical and ordinary alike. Space prevents us from more fully eulogising Mr. Dawson, suffice it to say that he alone is worth paying a visit to the Empire for. Another brilliant feature of the present bill, although on a vastly different field, are the Togos, two Japanese jugglers of high merit who are giving proof of their wonderful skill and the climbing, one blindfolded, of a rope stretched from the stage to the gallery is a feat which will not easily be forgotten by those who have witnessed it. The Rolam Carter Trio, two of whom appear in prisoners' clothes behind bars and the third as their warder, are the possessors of fine, well blended voices and they, too, enjoyed a flattering reception. Mildred Grover is also a decidedly good turn, her imitation of an American negro comedian being very clear. Venus Ltd. finishes at the end of this week and this production has proved attractive to the very last.

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