



***FRANCE'S REAL RULER.**

Head of Clemenceau's Cabinet a Jew.

It seems to be the fashion in France nowadays, to dispute the origin of masterpieces, and lately the columns of the leading papers have been animated with letters from wise men on the subject of the authenticity of Moliere's plays. Some claim that certain of the works of France's great playwright are in reality from the hand of Corneille. The next question in order would seem to be, "Who wrote Corneille's plays?" Without going into the intricacies of a literary discussion, which in the present crisis might be deemed beside the mark, it is perhaps permissible to enquire if the political accomplishments of Mr. Clemenceau are really to be credited to his genius, or if they are inspired by another brain than his, for instance, that of Mr. Mandel, chief of Clemenceau's cabinet, writes Julian Harris in the "New York Herald." His real name is Mandel Rothschild.

A few months ago, one of the most influential of the Deputies went to recommend one of his electors to the head of Mr. Clemenceau's cabinet. Mr. Mandel, who since his election as deputy has been succeeded by Mr. Wormser, received him in his office, now an historic spot, seated before a small desk, no less historic, the sole ornament of which is a standard telephone. Almost before the deputy could make known the object of his visit, Mr. Mandel took charge of the conversation, and out of the depths of his collar, in his well-known manner, began to unfold the ideas of the government on the question of the order of the day at the Palais Bourbon.

In the midst of his remarks a messenger came in and handed the eminent Chief of Clemenceau's personal Cabinet the card of a visitor. Annoyed at the interruption, Mr. Mandel with a weary gesture inquired, "What does this person want?"

Before the messenger could hazard a reply the card was returned to him with the following instructions:—"I have no time for him. Take his card to Mr. Clemenceau, President of the Council."

The messenger bowed and withdrew and Mr. Mandel continued his monologue. But in a few moments the messenger returned with the news that the caller insisted upon seeing the Chief of the personal Cabinet himself. The latter shrug-

*Julian Harris in the *New York Herald*.

ged his shoulders as he replied, "Let him wait."

Upon which he again took up the thread of his discourse. The deputy listened, approved, and finally recommended his elector, as he withdrew from the Chief's presence. On his way out he noticed in the small waiting room, seated near the door of Mr. Mandel's office, Mr. Emile Loubet, former President of the French Republic patiently waiting the pleasure of the Chief of Cabinet.

In the meantime another deputy, equally influential, was ushered into Mr. Mandel's office. The latter harangued him as he had done his fellow member, and the messenger again interrupted, this time with a letter.

"With your permission," said the Chief of Cabinet, as he broke the seal and read the missive. Then turning to the messenger, "Tell him that I have not a moment to spare, and hand him this from me." And he gave the man a small box of cigars which he took out of one of drawers of the historic desk.

A few moments later the deputy noticed in the waiting room a little old man who was offering some cigars from the box which had been sent him, to employes of the office.

"Who is that man?" asked the deputy when the little old man had gone his way. The imperturbable messenger replied, "That is Mr. Rothschild, Mr. Mandel's father"

A third deputy, as influential as the other two, one day was present at the following dialogue in the office of the Chief of Cabinet.

Messenger.—The President of the Council and General Mordacq are about to go out. They would like to know if Monsieur has anything to say to them.

Mr. Mandel (after an instant's reflection).—No, I gave them my instructions this morning."

The astonished deputy glanced at Mr. Mandel, but the latter looked quite as usual serious and unsmiling.

A fourth deputy offers the following psychological sketches of Mr. Mandel.

"He is a man who never sleeps, who never eats, who never drinks, who writes nothing, who has no interest in women, and who takes a telephone to bed with him"

Business registered Receiver of Revenue, Johannesburg, 10th January, 1920, by John Albert Penman, trading as "J.A.P." Electrical Company, 75a, Raleigh Street, Yeoville, has been altered by the admission of R Jochelson as a partner and will in future be carried on as Penman and Jochelson. 5.12.19

General Dealer's business registered Johannesburg, by Howie's Floral Depot, Stand 1254, Eloff Street, Johannesburg, will be transferred to No. 46, Henwood's Arcade, as from 1st March, 1920. 20.27.5

What "Society owes" you is the interest on the capital you invest in it.—*The Wall Street Journal*.



His Majesty's.

A very large and fashionable audience had gathered at His Majesty's on Monday night last to witness the premiere of the operette "Katinka," the latest effort of the new Musical Comedy Company. The unanimous verdict of this performance, expressed with a sigh of relief by hundreds is "at last a musical 'lucullian' repast after five years of famine." Thalia has once more made her entrance in state into the familiar walls of the cosy Commissioner Street house. The name of the composer was, either inadvertently or purposely, not stated on the programme but to the man with a musically trained ear there is no doubt that Lehar, of "Merry Widow" and "Count of Luxembourg" fame is the composer of this charming operette. He was a prisoner of war for many years in Russia and seems to have employed his time more than usefully; moreover he has evidently considerably improved and deepened in style and orchestration, as well as in other details. For "Katinka" has, in parts, a strong touch of grand opera, whilst the *leitmotiv* is of a charming and bewitching nature and in addition, the introduction has more the character of an overture to an opera than the customary few opening bars which the average composer considers adequate for an operette.

The cosmopolitan or international character of the comedy becomes apparent from the fact that the first act is laid in Russia, the second in Constantinople and the third in Paris and the composer has utilized his resources to the fullest extent to do justice to customs, habits and also costuming of the three so vastly different parts of Europe, adapting the style of the music in an appropriate manner. The composer treats us to solos, duets, trios, quartettes and ever octettes during the course of the evening applying melodies of delightful and rhythmic airs in which the attentive listener revels time and again. In the first act Captain Ivan Dimitri (Stanley Vilven) sings a dashing solo; "Katinka (Billie Brown) a melodious song "In the Heart of My Soul;" Hopper (Bert Beswick) a humorous item; "In a hurry" and there is also a fine male quartette. But foremost of all is Katinka's solo as she retires to the bridal chamber the tune of which the composer employs right through the operette. The second and third acts are worthy successors to the first in this respect and special mention should be made of the male quartette

in the last act, led by Helen Hopper (Marjorie Kennard) which becomes augmented later, in opposition, by a female quartette led by her husband. The duet in the second act should also be specially mentioned sung by Beatrice Rowe and another lady which in its quaint oriental style is one of the most tuneful items of the whole operette. In every act we are treated to a ballet, harmonizing with the respective country, one being almost prettier than the other. Vivien Tailleux being responsible for the arrangements the costumes are naturally in keeping with the surroundings. All the artistes of this popular company are taking part, led by the charming Miss Billie Browne who received a hearty reception on her re-appearance after her prolonged illness. She was very ably assisted by Miss Cissie Thompson and the other ladies mentioned above whilst the male artists consisted of Mr. Stanley Vilven, Mr. Joseph Cunningham, Mr. Jack Swinburne, Mr. Bert Beswick and others. The dresses worn by the principals are exquisite and gorgeous and those of the chorusses beautiful and artistic for which unstinted praise is due to Miss Norah Hylton. In the painting of the scenery Mr. Frank Tyars has surpassed himself and the orchestra under Mr. Gordon Stamford's able baton acquitted itself most creditably. Space does not allow me to enter into a detailed description of the plot which, however, is amusing and entertaining, albeit following the musical comedy lines.

P.J.

Standard Theatre.

Mr. Doone is reported to have said that of the many parts he impersonates, he likes that of Father Whalen in "The Parish Priest" best. No doubt his partiality for this role has sprung from the realization that he plays it to perfection and if anyone could possibly be found in this town, who questioned his undoubted talent he would fail to do so, if he saw him as the dear, kind old priest. Allan Doone, the young vigorous man of reality vanishes completely and in his place there appears a man old in mien and gait, in his every gesture and the intonation of his voice. But to the credit of all the other members of the Company it must be said, that their acting is on a level with that of their leader. Tom Buckley shares the honours of the evening evenly with Allen Doone, his portrayal of Michael, the Doctor's old servant being brimful of life and correct in every detail. Geo. Newlett has a bigger part than usual and his success lies not so much in his speech—indeed his speaking part is comparatively small—but rather in the manner in which he expresses the innermost feelings of his tormented heart. As regards the feminine parts, we have become used to seeing Miss Keeley impersonate the

high-spirited, quick tempered girl and Miss Bashford the sweet, loveable maiden. This time the order of things is reversed and both ladies play their parts with equal success. Miss Dunn and Messrs. J. B. Rowe, R. Scott and Maurice Lynch also do extremely well, and altogether we think "The Parish Priest" scores not so much as a play, but as an exhibition of the fine talent of each member of the Company. M.L.

"Some" Piece.

We have been fortunate enough to learn particulars of that remarkable new play, "A Voice in the Dark," which requires thirty nine expert stage mechanics to properly exploit the nine massive scenes. It is said that owing to the magnitude of the production it will take three complete days to arrange the stage settings. Spokane is his home, and Ralph Dyar is the name of the author of "A Voice in the Dark," which is announced as a melodramatic novelty. In construction only it is not unlike "On Trial," but it is much more massive. Its two chief characters are a deaf woman and a blind man from whom condemning points of testimony in the murder are obtained. The story of "A Voice in the Dark," opens with the coroner giving his verdict of the murder of a young man. The scene then shifts to a lawyer's office, where there is a succession of scenic surprises. While the deaf woman is giving her testimony the setting is changed to show the actual mystery, as it had been unfolded to her. Here there is a distinct novelty, the scene being enacted before the audience in pantomime. Then the girl in the story, who is accused of the murder, played by Olive Wyndham, tells her version in the same office, only darkened, while the scene being repeated this time with words. What had been much of a puzzle is in part explained, although the solution is cleverly concealed until the end of the performance. At the close there is a great train effect and the added complication of a blind man who had overheard the things, which revealed the tangled mystery in its entirety. From these details it will easily be seen that, played by a capable cast "A Voice in the Dark" should provide a more than ordinarily interesting evening's entertainment.

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