

'WAY DOWN IN GEORGIA.

A SIMPLE LOVE SONG.

Words by BARTON ADAMS.

Music by T. A. DARBY.

Moderato.
mf

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Gen - tly swing - ing in the cool - ing shade.....

Queen of beau - ty was that lit - tle maid;..... In

dreams I wan - der to her, And in my fan - cy woo her,

Down in that sun - ny land of Georg - ia.....

AMUSEMENTS.

THE FROTHINGHAM
Fri. & Sat., Dec. 13, 14 and 15, Matinee Saturday

The New and Original Realistic American Comedy.

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The Plumberville Band.
The High Class Specialists.
The Greatest Play Ever Written.

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SATURDAY, DEC. 15

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New 8 Bells.

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The Wonderful Revolving Ship
The Lively Statuary.

Sale of seats opens Thursday, Dec. 13

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THE SEASON OF GRAND OPERA

Arrangements for Appearance of Tavery Troupe—Chimes of Normandy Presentation—Lillian Russell Coming. Glee Club Concerts, Etc.

The "Chimes of Normandy" will be given by the Scranton Oratorio society, under the direction of Richard Lindsey, at the Academy of Music on Monday evening, Dec. 17. The cast of characters will include Louise Natalie, of New York; Julia Allen, Mr. Peake, of New York; John T. Watkins and other talented local vocalists, supported by a chorus of about fifty voices. It is probable that renditions of the opera will also be given at Carbondale and at Pittston on dates following the presentation in Scranton.

Charles E. Derman, the choir master and vocal instructor, has recently composed several selections for voice and guitar, which he expects to have published in the near future. Mr. Derman has a thorough knowledge of the instrument and possesses in addition an understanding of harmony coupled with natural talents as a musician. There is no doubt that his productions will prove popular if placed upon the musical market.

Manager Hillier, of the Cornell University Glee and Banjo club, which will appear at the Frothingham on Dec. 24, states that the club is in much better condition than upon its last appearance in Scranton. The organization now includes thirty-two members, sixteen vocalists and sixteen instrumental performers. On the occasion of their appearance here on Christmas eve the members will vary their regular programme to a certain extent by the introduction of a number of Christmas carols.

Richard Welsch, the well known violinist, is also a composer of much ability. Mr. Welsch has produced a number of excellent Easter hymns and carols. His latest effort is a Christmas carol, which will be rendered at the Christmas festivities at Grace church.

The Marie Jansen Opera company, in "Demetrius at 6" will be the Christmas attraction at the Frothingham matinee and evening. On Dec. 26 or 27 Canary & Lederer's "Twentieth Century Girl" will be presented. The "Twentieth Century Girl" is a musical burlesque of the style of "Passing Show," fraught with catchy music, brilliant scenery, pretty girls and dazzling costumes.

Willard Spencer's opera, "Princess Bonnie," will again be heard at the Academy of Music on Dec. 20. "The Princess Bonnie" made a hit here several weeks ago and will no doubt be greeted by large houses next Thursday night.

A Vienna paper states that a local music publisher has a "concert book" into which Rubenstein wrote: "Anton Rubenstein, April 11, 1894. The very last time," the last three words being three times underscored, and followed by three exclamation points. The same paper relates that at a banquet given in 1885 Rubenstein rose and said in response to a toast: "I and my colleagues are after all only private soldiers compared with the Field Marshal Franz Liszt." Another Viennese anecdote belongs to an

earlier period in his career. The wife of the author Zellner, on her death-bed expressed an ardent wish to hear Rubenstein once more. Her husband hastened to the pianist, who followed him, sat down at the piano and played a Chopin nocturne. When he ceased her soul was gone as irrevocably as the musical sounds.

The appearance of Lillian Russell at the Frothingham before the end of the present season is assured, but the date will depend upon the run of the "Grand Duchesse" in New York. By an especial arrangement with Canary & Lederer, the prima donna is filling an engagement with Abbey & Graw. As soon as this engagement is completed Miss Russell will embark upon a brief tour to the principal cities, including Scranton.

Organist George B. Carter is an enthusiastic admirer of Lillian Russell's artistic abilities, and thinks that her talents as a vocalist are too often slighted by the critics. Five years ago Miss Russell, Marie Wainwright and Mr. Carter gave an entertainment for the benefit of the Orphans' Home at Saratoga. Wainwright gave recitations; Lillian warbled, and Carter rendered on the piano the instrumental portion of the programme. Separated from the tinsel and glare of the comic opera, Mr. Carter says, the fair Lillian created a more favorable impression as a singer than ever before.

The first of the series of Chamber concerts given by Messrs. Theodore Hemberger, Robert Bauer, A. N. Ripard, T. H. Ripard and J. Willis Constant, was held at Young Men's Christian Association hall on Thursday evening. The attendance was large and the concert was an enjoyable entertainment throughout. The participants in the Chamber concerts are performers of recognized merit, and the patronage received, it is hoped, will revive interest in the Symphony orchestra. The next Chamber concert will be given in January.

The members of the Ladies' White orchestra, with the exception of Miss French, harpist, and Miss Mauser, violinist, left for their homes in Boston on Wednesday. Misses French and Mauser are still in the city and will probably remain permanently and engage in teaching and concert work. They will assist the choir of First Presbyterian church at the Christmas exercises.

The Tavery English Opera company will appear in "Lucia di Lammermoor" and "Il Traviatore" upon their visit to Scranton after the holidays. The Tavery Opera company is now the finest organization in this country that gives grand opera in English. Scrantonians have not had an opportunity to listen to grand opera given by a first-class troupe in many years, and it is probable that the enterprise that will afford music lovers a chance to hear the standard operas will receive hearty support.

Since the disbanding of the Ladies' White orchestra, music has been furnished at the Frothingham by Professor William Griffith's orchestra, which bids fair to become one of the leading organizations of the valley.

Verdi has once more crossed the Alps to supervise the rehearsal of his "Otello" at the Paris Grand Opera. This is the second time within six months that this great octogenarian has undertaken the journey from Italy to France and back.

News of the Green Room and Foyer

Some of the More Important Doings of These, Our Actors.

RECRUDESCENCE OF NASTINESS

Sometimes It Looks as If We Were Beginning to Experience, in This Country, an Immoral Relapse, Theatrically Speaking—General Notes.

Over in England there are earnestly discussing what will sooner or later have to be settled on this side also—the question whether notorious women and still more notorious men, portrayed at times by professionals more notorious than either, are to be accepted as true types of modern society and duly enrolled as a permanent feature of our modern education. Or, as George W. Smalley phrases the inquiry, whether the modern society play is a good and wholesome work of art, or the unclean abomination? The discussion on the other side began, says Mr. Smalley, with a sharp criticism of "John A. Dreame," which Beerbohm Tree put on the Haymarket stage and is still acting. Then other plays were attacked, notably Mr. Jones's "Masqueraders," and all on the ground that not only were they ill-constructed and ill-written plays, but a positive mischief to public morals. "Is the prostitute to take possession of the English stage?" queries one set of critics. "Is the girl of fifteen to set a standard for the public?" queries another. "What-ever you do, give us works of art," cries a third, "and don't give us such pieces as the 'Masqueraders,' by a manifest booby, alike a playwright, moralist and purveyor of society." On this side, by a singular oversight, the question of morals is almost entirely overshadowed by the question, "Is it interesting?" An affirmative answer means crowded houses, pleased patrons and well paid salaries. The morals can hang, of course, for some days on public toes, but begin to ask more serious questions. Perhaps not in Scranton. We do not bank heavily on culture hereabouts. But certainly somewhere between the oceans—some-where where decency still lingers as a barrier to pictured nastiness done, player-fashion, with animated models and calcium effects.

Speaking of Miss Coghlan—the fascinating Rose who has lately produced a new play gorgeously to inattentive and declining audiences—last Sunday's Herald gossips entertainingly, as follows: "If Miss Rose Coghlan were only able to forget 'Forget-Me-Not.' Submit but play containing a character that closely or remotely even, suggests the role of Stephanie, she cannot resist the temptation of producing it. Of course, this is quite natural—the part of Stephanie being associated with the artist's most brilliant success in the past. But the woman chance is in Miss Coghlan's woman with a past, is not, I fear, the interesting, fascinating creature she was, and Miss Coghlan, after all? Of course, when you listen to the endless twaddle of the Baroness de Bruyere, of Miss Coghlan, and of Miss Coghlan in the first act, you are ready to swear that she is as bad as they make 'em. As a matter of fact, she is not bad, this Miss Coghlan. Half off when she was quite young, a mere chit, with a gentleman of title, who declined the honor of becoming her husband—then ran back home again, only to find the front door locked and her reputation gone. Home closed and reputation gone, there was nothing left for her to do but to work herself into a terrible passion and to worry

John Wilkes Booth. It was written in 1851 and is as follows: "Windsor Hotel, July 23, 1851. Dear Sir: I can give you very little information regarding my brother John. I seldom saw him since his early boyhood in Baltimore. He was a rattle-headed fellow, filled with Quixotic notions. While at the farm in Maryland he would charge on horseback through the woods, 'spouting' heroic speeches with a lance in his hand, a relic of the Mexican war, given to father by some soldier who had served under Taylor. We regarded him as a good-hearted, harmless, though will-brained boy, and used to laugh at his patriotic froth whenever occasion was discussed. That he was insane on that point, no one who knew him will deny. When I told him that I had voted for Lincoln's reelection he expressed deep regret, and declared his belief that Lincoln would be made king of America; and this, I believe, drove him beyond the limits of reason. I asked him once why he did not join the Confederate army. To which he replied: 'I promised mother I would keep out of the quarrel, if possible, and I am sorry that I said so.' Knowing my sentiments, he avoided me, hardly visiting my house, except to see his mother, when political topics were not touched upon, at least in my presence. He was of a loving disposition, very boyish and full of fun. His mother's darling, and his deed and death crushed her spirit. He possessed rare dramatic talent, and would have made a brilliant mark in the theatrical world. This is positively all I know about him, having left him a mere schoolboy when I went with father to California in 1852. On my return in '56 we were separated by professional engagements, which kept him mostly in the south, while I was employed in the Eastern and Northern States. I do not believe any of the wild romantic stories published in the papers concerning him, but, of course, he may have been engaged in political matters of which I know nothing. All his theatrical friends speak of him as a poor, crazy boy, and as such his family think of him. I am sorry I can afford you no further light on the subject. Very truly yours, Edwin Booth.

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The Association of Vaudeville Managers of America is the title of a new organization that is soon to be incorporated under the laws of the State of New York. W. J. Gilmore, of Philadelphia, is the treasurer.

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