

Music and Drama

The concert given at the Y. M. C. A. hall Tuesday evening for the benefit of the treasury of the Hawaiian Relief Society was a decided success financially as well as musically. The hall was crowded to its utmost capacity. The program comprised nine numbers and was interesting throughout. The first and last numbers were overtures well rendered by the amateur orchestra. Mrs. Florence Sesser's violin solo, "Grand Fantasia Militariae" was very beautifully tendered.

The musical treat of the evening was Miss Matilda Walker's piano solo, "Polonaise," Chopin. One wonders where Miss Walker's power comes from in rendering the difficult passages of the great master. She is a finished musician of great great talent which should be dignified by the word genius. Miss Walder has finished her musical education in Germany and has recently returned to her Hawaiian home.

Mrs. H. C. Austin sang "My Dream of You" in her usually faultless manner. Miss Lillian Byington sang "Mignou" to the delight of her auditors. Mr. Chas. Lufkin played the cornet with fine effect and Mr. Anderson sang the "Storm Fiend". A very sweetly rendered stringed quartette by Mrs. Geo. Ordway and Miss Jessie Frazier, guitars, Messrs. J. A. Mariner, melofina, and Chas. R. Frazier, mandolin, was also one of the features of the concert.

The Orpheum.

There has been a notable increase of lady patrons at this place of amusement since Hogan's minstrels have been holding the boards. The fair sex may have a partiality for melo-drama and romance, but they have just as keen a sense and as full an appreciation of new jokes, jigs and songs as the other sex and, while they are not vociferous in according their testimonials, they signify their pleasure by smiles, which are worth a whole lot in encouraging the actors on the stage. The dancing is the best feature on the bill, though the vocal accompaniments have merit. Last evening there was an act not heralded. Mr. Hogan, who had worked, or played, on the ball field all that afternoon, announced that the game of Minstrels vs. Stars, though not fraught with glory for the Minstrels, resulted in filling a \$500 purse for the widow of Toyo Jackson. Each lady who had sold bouquets and tickets came forward and deposited the money obtained by the sale and the result was \$64.90. Then Duke McNicholl who, by great age and practice, is designated the father of base ball all over these islands, was called before the curtain to receive as trustee the donation for Mrs. Jackson. Duke accepted the trust, then blushed, bowed and retired amid the plaudits of the house. Hogan's Minstrels have won the favor of the public and should they bring out Uncle Tom's Cabin next week, as they promise, they will capture the whole city.

Local and General.

Ex-Editor Marshall again breathes the air of freedom.

Captain Cluney is probably right in believing that the game is in the fire insurance companies' hands, but Juror Cluney should not be loquacious.

E. B. Thomas does not repine because of being a sufferer by one of the "necessary fires" of the plague. With trowel in hand he is putting up a brick block on his property on King street.

What promises to be the future Japantown of Honolulu is that part of Beretania street between Alexander street and Moiliili church, where a small city has recently sprung up. There are as many as a thousand Japanese squatters on the waste tracts of that district living in all varieties of cheap shacks.

The large new school building on Beretania street is nearing completion. Teachers and pupils who for several years past have had to put up with very inferior accommodations in that part of the city will be not a little elated when they can enter their new quarters. The building has twelve well ventilated school-rooms capable of holding fully 500 scholars. It will cost about \$22,000 without furniture,

The new Palama building cost nearly \$25,000 Victor Hoffman, the San Francisco contractor who puts up the Beretania street edifice, excepting the foundations, was delayed more than a little by scarcity of material. In plague time he was doubly embarrassed.

If it is really essential that hack stands be abolished some action should be taken towards allowing a rapid transit street car service to be put into operation. Under present conditions of public travel the people want hacks within convenient call, as they are the only means of sure transit. Mr. Pain and Mr. Bayne are both ready with their trolley outfits, and it devolves upon the government to give one of these gentlemen a chance to remove the community's embarrassment.

One point that Dr. Wood omitted in his bill of suggestions was that a corps of sanitary inspectors might be employed permanently to make daily or tri weekly investigations of Asiatic quarters throughout the city. Such a service well performed might insure the city against a recurrence of the troubles which it has about passed. There is need of constant inspection as long as Chinese and Japanese residents disregard sanitary laws.

Fencing as an athletic exercise is a new innovation to the gymnasium of the Young Men's Christian Association. It is a good

feature, but not likely to become as popular as boxing, the manly art of self defense, or how to put your enemy to sleep. Rapiers and swords are weapons of the last century, and consequently have gone out of date. Marion Crawford is the only romancer of modern times who introduces them and he is excused because he is to the Italian manner born. The art of self defense by one's own physical powers, unaided by steel or powder, is not a low practice by any means though it has been made to seem disgraceful by mercenary exhibitions.

Ratoons.

Oh, Cronji, General Cronje, you're a mighty foxy chap,

At a-twisting of the British lion's tail;
But you jumped yor kopje quickly and
straightjway got off the map

When little "Bobs" camped out upon
your trajll

"Fall in" thunderd the captain, as they
were crossing the Tugels. "Not me cap!"
falterd the Dublin recruit; "Oi can't swim."
—Chicago News.

"My darling!" he cried "I love you as no
man ever loved before. Will you be mine?"
The up-to-date girl smiled. "Not on your
life," she replied, "but" —and she eyed him
severely—"you may be mine, if you like."