

PHOSPHORONE THE SUPREME NON-INTOXICANT.

Get it from Chemists, and at the Restaurants and Hotels

so light as the General's: on the other hand the General is an accomplished little gentleman, sings really well, and in perfect tune to a semitone, recites with an accurate and intelligent perception of the text and appropriate action and expression. He gave us the well-known comic song, "If I were only long enough a soldier I would be!" which was sufficiently appropriate to have been written for him, and then imitated the swagger of "The Exhausted Swell," one of Vance's ideas. As a change he gave us a song in German, and then "The Standard Bearer," and recited the "To be or not to be" soliloquy from *Hamlet*. In all these his voice, which is pitched very high, could be heard in every part of the room distinctly, and some of his notes are of extraordinary power.

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Some of the children present were invited on the platform to walk with the Midgets, and then the contrast was very comic: a little three-year old would be over head and shoulders taller, and a big growing girl of ten or so appeared gigantic to them. Col. Ulpts, who is 24, and smaller than Tom Thumb, appears so big to them that he really attracts comparatively little notice. The Col., whose voice is singularly like the voice heard through the telephone or the reproduced voice of the phonograph, speaks four languages. He walks about with perfect self-possession, and is quite a man of the world. I fancy he is a joker, for he told the General a funny story that made him laugh aloud, and he could hardly get his face composed enough to sing a serious song. He appears very fond of his little companions, and walks Millie about when the General is on his war horse, and likes to tease the General by playing with his sword or tickling him when they are sitting together on little toy lounges or chairs and the lecturer is addressing the audience.

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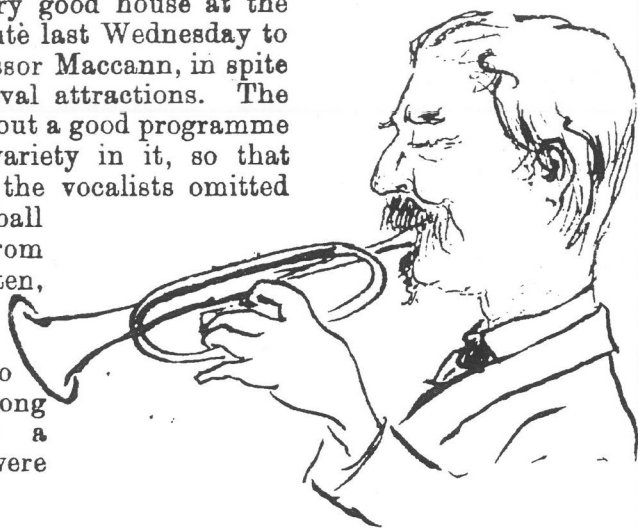
So interesting was the show that I could hardly tell where a couple of hours were flown; and I should not omit to add that the pleasure of a visit is much enhanced by the programme of pianoforte music given by Mr. Frank Bishop, which included on this particular afternoon a good selection from "Oberon."

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There was a very good house at the Mechanics' Institute last Wednesday to do honor to Professor Maccann, in spite of all the other rival attractions. The Professor had got out a good programme with plenty of variety in it, so that although some of the vocalists omitted to show up, the ball was kept rolling from eight to long past ten, and all who went were pleased. I haven't space to do justice to such a long programme, but a few of the items were especially good.

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First and foremost the Professor and his merry band of concertina players can give a good account of themselves at all times. They gave us Mr. Hele's "Mayor's Processional" march, and a march of the Professor's, "The Osborne," with a mazurka to wind up, all of which were good. The Professor himself, on an instrument which he has just patented, played a pretty duet "The Birds of the Wood," and, by desire, his imitation of church bells. There was not so much vocal talent as the Professor expected, but the instrumentalists were in great force. Mr. O. Pullen played De Beriot's "7th Air," and Frau and Herr Meier gave some specimens of their Zither playing, which is ever silvery-sounding and pleasant to hear. Mr. Elford was down to play "The Lost Chord," but he was among the absentees, and Mr. Rowe, of Devonport, played it for him—and played it remarkably well.



Mr. F. Towl got an encore for his singing "Nulli Secundus," and gave "On Guard," and Miss Hearn was mightily applauded for singing very prettily the arch composition "Tit for Tat." Mr. A. Barrett also deserves mention for his Christy minstrelization, which was good.

Professor Maccann's Concert was, to be brief, highly successful, and no doubt he will get up another soon that will be equally so.

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For Mr. Neebe's benefit a programme of lengthy proportions was issued including a new comedieta by Mr. G. Capel, entitled *Cousin Jack*, the old farce of *The Steeplechase* re-christened as *Neebe in the Pig-skin*, a long list of songs, recitations, dances, &c., and an exhibition of a performing elephant. Although the programme was, no doubt, well-intentioned, the result was unfortunately most ineffective, as with the exception of the two set pieces—Mr. Capel's sketch and the Farce—the miscellaneous portion of the programme was made up principally of scraps borrowed from the Pantomime, and these lost the advantage of the surroundings they had when appearing in their proper place. The house was, with the exception of the stalls, most scanty, and I am afraid that had it not been for the kindly assistance Mr. Neebe received in the shape of the free use of the Hall, the gratuitous services of the performers, and the gift of the printing, the results would have been anything but a benefit for him. In *Cousin Jack*, Mr. Capel assumed the title role, and left little for his only other character to accomplish, the main object of the comedieta being apparently to allow *Cousin Jack* to exhibit his powers of dissembling when entering a strange house after being mistaken for the "felonious purloiner of a bottle of cod liver oil." In *Neebe in the Pig-skin* the late lessee of the Devonport Theatre assumed his old character of Mr. Titums, and evoked a fair amount of merriment by his certainly grotesque appearance in the Jockey suit, any little want of perfection in the knowledge of his lines being admirably covered by his oft repeated assertion that "It makes me so wild." Mr. Capel again appeared in this farce as Dr. Clipper, giving the character the full force of his varied ability, and where possible making a fair amount of fun. As Alderman Slowcoach, Mr. J. Macmillan was most comical both in action and appearance, and Mr. A. Wallcot both looked and acted the head waiter as a head waiter should. Of course the main interest of the farce rests in the character impersonated by Mr. Neebe, the others being more or less subsidiary, leaving me with but little to say about them. The ladies particularly have but little to say, but Miss Boucher, as Mrs. Titums, made much out of little, and conveyed in a small part the evidence of an ability that I hope will one day have better opportunities for display.

In the miscellaneous part of the evening's entertainment Mr. Walcott sang Michael Watson's "The Silent March," and having secured an encore gave "True till Death," by Gatty. The gem of the evening was without doubt the wonderfully pretty rendering of "Loving evermore," by Miss Carrie Laurie, this song enabling her to make use of her sweetly natural voice to great advantage. I hope we shall have Miss Laurie with us again another year. Mr. Russell Rosse (Mr. Neebe's Exeter manager) recited "The Midnight March" very creditably, and little Dolly Arnold gave a recitation which, although really clever, lost its charm to me by the want of childlike manner displayed. Miss Howe Carew gave a very pretty little song and dance, and with mention of her "turn" I must close my remarks on that portion of the performance.

Attired in a Paymaster's coat, a Marine's chako, top boots with gold tassels, and with the addition of a fair moustache, Mr. Neebe made his appearance as showman, and introduced his performing elephant in the shape of a couple of supers covered with a second-hand property elephant dress. I am not quite certain as to which part of this show the fun came in, but Mr. Neebe certainly handled his carter's whip with vigour and skill.

A testimonial to Mr. Neebe to assist him in his recent misfortune at the Exeter Theatre is being got up by Mr. R. M. Bennett and some of his theatrical friends. It is headed with a £10 contribution from Mr. J. R. Newcombe and will I hope soon reach to fair proportions.