

# AMUSEMENTS

## ORCHESTRA FROM ABROAD

Great Musical Organization Coming to Charlotte Next Week.

### CREATED BIG STIR IN NEW YORK CITY

The New York Herald of Sunday gives up the front page of one of its sections to the arrival in the new world metropolis of the famous Dresden Orchestra, which is to visit Charlotte next Wednesday matinee and night. This great musical organization comes to America on its first tour. It

sical morning, for most of it happened after midnight. Everybody was somebody, and somebodies were everywhere you looked.

Music folk of New York and in New York had donned their best clothes and hid themselves to Martin's at Manager E. R. Johnston's invitation to welcome to America the old Dresden Philharmonic Orchestra, founded in 1830, and widely celebrated in Europe, but just arrived to make its first tour of America.

It was a notable assemblage gathered in the large dining room last Thursday, when Willy Olsen, slender, pale, ascetic—in strange contrast to the surrounding musical embonpoint—cut the air with sweeping strokes of his baton and the 65 pieces of the orchestra sounded softly the first notes of Lassen's "Fest Overture."

Nordica—handsome as ever—was there. Yes, ladies, the diamonds that glittered in her tiara with the magnificent emerald pendant were real. She might have been persuaded to sing and Ethel Newcomb might have been persuaded to play if it hadn't been so dreadfully early in the morning. Mme. Jomelli, beautiful in appearance and

—she's Kathryn Osterman's sister, you know. "And the next one?" "Oh, that is Miss Courtenay. She sings." "And that beautiful girl with the raven hair and the spangled gown?" "That's Miss—"

That was the sort of conversation you heard all around you between the programme and a wonderful programme it was, too. First, there was the orchestra itself. You only needed to look at its faces to know it could play, and magnificently it played, too, under Willy Olsen, but dearer still to the American heart was its performance as the evening wore on when Victor L. Clark, the associate conductor, took the baton.

It was an awe-inspiring thing to see and hear—a thousand years' heritage of music—"know how" reverently following the baton of an Indiana strapping, and the salvos and applause that greeted him were only exceeded when the orchestra played the "Blue Danube"—played it as it has never been played in New York since Strauss was here.

And this young American, Clark, who at the age of 26 has placed himself next to the leadership of this revered orchestra of old Europe, is something of a wonder when, for example, you come to remember that "Old" Seldi, the first violin, is 75 years old, knows the literature of music backward and holds seven military decorations from the German Emperor Bismarck.

Clark looks younger even than 26, but he has a jaw and a click of the teeth that tells the story of little worry about "moods" or the "artistic temperament," but of a sort of "get there" mastery of music and no nonsense mixed in.

Clark's rich uncle wanted to make a bank clerk of him, and he is so cross with him yet because the boy went into music that he insists on calling him "Mr." and is likely to cut him out of his will.

There was music, more music and then music. Mme. Langendorff sang and sang again—Bach, Beethoven and Brahms—her rich full voice filling the huge room with melody. Miss Schmitzer played. Mr. Lawson sang; Mr. Hastings sang.

And between whiles there was food and drink. A long table of Easter delicacies lined on one side of the room—a table decorated with wonderful basket hats in sugar, around which the women crowded as at a millinery display.

As the evening became more and more the morning of the next day the celebrities gathered in ever-changing groups around little tables and toasted each other.

Those who were disappointed at not hearing Nordica sing had the opportunity of watching her eat salad. They say Wassily Safonoff's nimble fingers busy with Monsieur Martin's delicious eggs. And when the opera was over, there came more and still more celebrities.

And Willy Olsen had to play again and shake hands again. From some mysterious corner came four strange whiskered masks. Grinning faces jeered over your shoulder. The revelry went on.

Suddenly the mighty voice of the orchestra burst forth with the glorious strains of the nation's anthem. Under its spell the hushed audience rose to its feet, and as the last strains died away—far into Good Friday morning it was then—round after round of hearty American applause concluded the first welcome of Dresden's great Philharmonic Orchestra.



Alletta Bridgeford With Buster Brown

### Buster Brown.

To-morrow afternoon and night, the management of the Academy of Music has secured as its attraction "Buster Brown," the master success of the year in the somewhat overcrowded field of musical comedy. Buster Brown needs no introducing encomiums, we all know his face—all the children have worn clothes fashioned after his. It needs only be said, therefore, that this is a sixth and all new edition of the musical comedy in every feature.

The scenery, costumes, music and songs are epic and span with newness, while the cast is headed by Master Reed. This little chap who fairly exudes mirth, is away and ahead of any yet seen we are promised. Buster should be largely welcomed.

"I'd Rather Die, Doctor, than have my feet cut off," said M. L. Bingham, of Princeville, Ill. "but you'll die from gangrene (which had eaten away eight toes) if you don't."

said all doctors. Instead he used Bucklen's Arnica Salve till wholly cured. Its cures of Eczema, Fever Sores, Bolls, Burns and Piles astounded the world. 25c. at W. L. Hand & Co.

### Plea For Salaried Man.

Washington Post.

The manufacturers and great business interests of the country that are in any way dependent on the tariff have been generously taken care of by the protective system, and the organized wage-earners have justly participated in the prosperity by a greatly increased wage. But where are the salaried men, small merchants, clerks and employees of national, State and municipal government in this protection feast? They are getting less to eat, less to wear and less in comfort for their labors than ever before. The salaried people of Washington, for example—many thousands of them—are working for pay predicated on the cost of living a quarter of a century ago, and paying thrice those rates for the things they have to buy to-day.

It is time to heed the call of the consumer. There are schedules, like sugar, that can be cut to cheapen things that are necessary to the everyday man, and yet be profitable to the manufacturer and producer of them. And there are other schedules, like diamonds and silks, that can and should be raised.

## RICH GIFTS TO THIS BRIDE

Miss Harriet Brown, Who Weds to T. Suffern Taylor This Afternoon, Has Received Check for \$100,000, a \$15,000 Touring Car and Other Valuable Presents.

BALTIMORE, April 14.—The wedding gifts of Miss Harriet Brown, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Brown, whose marriage to T. Suffern Taylor, of New York, will take place here to-day, will be among the most magnificent ever presented to a Baltimore bride. Among those already received are a touring car with all the latest improvements, said to have cost \$15,000, from Oscar G. Murray, president of the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad; a set of gold dinner plates from New York, nine superb rugs of animal skin, one of royal Bengal tiger and another a genuine polar bear; jewelry, services and cases of silver, and rare bric-a-brac.

Mr. Brown has given his daughter a check for \$100,000. Miss Brown, however, has other liberal independent means of her own, inherited from her paternal grandmother, and about two years ago from her great-aunt, the late Mrs. Edward Gray, formerly Miss Grace Brown.

The wedding ceremony which will be performed at 3 p. m., at the residence of the bride's parents, on Cathedral street, will be strictly private, but will be followed by a large reception at 3:30 p. m. at which a number of prominent guests from New York, Boston, Philadelphia and Washington will be present.

C. F. King's Home to Be Sold. BOSTON, April 14.—The home of C. F. King, the financial agent, who is serving a term in the State prison for larceny, will be sold to-day. It is thought \$20,000 will be divided among the creditors.

## Anderson Baptist Congregation Improve Its Property.

Anderson, S. C., April 13.—The First Baptist church, of which Rev. John F. Vines is pastor, has decided on the erection of an addition to the present Sunday school room which will cost about \$8,000. A gallery will be erected in part of the Sunday school room, and this will also be used for class rooms. A pastor's study and ladies' parlor will be built in the rear of the Sunday school room and above these will be class rooms. The Sunday school of the First church has had a remarkable growth during the recent past, and the addition is made necessary because of this.

Passed Examination Successfully. James Donahue, New Britain, Conn., writes: "I tried several kidney remedies, and was treated by our best physicians for diabetes but did not improve until I took Foley's Kidney Remedy. After the second bottle I showed improvement, and five bottles cured me completely. I have since passed a rigid examination for life insurance." Foley's Kidney Remedy cures backache and all forms of kidney and bladder trouble. R. H. Jordan & Co.



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Master Read as Buster Brown

has the distinction of having had for its directors in the past such masters as Schumann and Wagner, men of genius.

The World has a half page cartoon showing Victor Ila Clark conducting the orchestra and in the foreground is a group of celebrities, engaged in social pleasures, the aftermath of the introductory concert. The heading of the article is: "Snapping Their Fingers at Beauty Sleep, Nordica, Bismham, Jomelli, Langendorff, Spalding and 100 Others Sang, Played, Ate, Drank and Were Merry Till It's a Shame to Say When. . . Historic Orchestra Got Their First Taste of Broadway on Thursday Night."

Following is the article in The World:

"It was a great musical night, or, perhaps it should be said a great mu-

voice, was there too. With young Albert Spalding, the violinist, accompanying her, she sang Gounod's "Ave Maria."

Everywhere you looked one was celebrities, two celebrities, three celebrities! That handsome man in the centre of the handshaking bunch was David Bismham, just home from a successful tour of the West. That stately old chap who seemed always surrounded by beautiful women, was Victor Fletcher—violin maker. But they were not all musical celebrities. That keen-eyed little chap that sat beside William Grossman, the lawyer—that was Wolfsohn. The Wall Street world knows him even better than the music world. Every morning before breakfast he fixes the selling price of copper for the day. That beautiful brunette right behind—"Which one? They're all pretty"—Mrs. Morry Kraus



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### A Word About The Chronicle.

The Evening Chronicle is first, last and all the time a newspaper. Its fairness, the fullness of its service in every department and the promptness with which it receives the news it publishes have given it the reputation of being the liveliest, most readable afternoon paper in the Carolinas.

The Chronicle's telegraph service is unsurpassed among the afternoon papers of two States. It receives the service of both the United Press Association, which is the merger of the Publishers' and two other well known press services and is probably the best known afternoon service in the country; and the Hearst Service, which covers the entire country and keeps a watchful eye on North Carolina news. These combined services, together with that of our correspondents in North and South Carolina, give The Chronicle what is undoubtedly the best news service in the Carolinas.

The local staff of The Chronicle, comprised of three capable and energetic young men, supply our readers with all the city and county news that's fit to print.

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