

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, MARCH 14, 1891.

A LETTER FROM GOTHAM.

A ST. JOHN LADY WRITES EASILY OF LIFE IN NEW YORK.

Three Features of a Great City—Newspapers, Theatres and Women; Sarah Bernhardt and the People—Social Precedence and How it is Obtained.

NEW YORK, March 9.—An intelligent and cultivated foreigner remarked to me a short time ago that the sublimest features of Gotham were "its newspapers, its theatres, and its pretty women." I happened to be wondering just then what I would write to PROGRESS about, and could have hugged him for his unconscious suggestion, but, as it was made in a crowded train, I refrained. The press shall have the place of honor, the beauties come last for a reason that everyone knows.

The great dailies of New York city undoubtedly lead the two continents in newspaper enterprise. The *New York World* has the largest circulation, and, proudly boasts, that its magnificent sixteen-story home on Park Row was built by the pennies of the people. It recognizes that the people can do more for a newspaper than politics can, and is severely non-partisan and ostentatiously paternal. It clothes the naked, feeds the hungry, pays doctors to attend the sick poor, and lawyers to right the wrongs of the oppressed poor, and makes virtue pay to the tune of 350,000 copies per day. Its methods of advertising have been a continuous razzle-dazzle, and its last pyrotechnical display in that line—the despatching of little Miss Bly to outdo Phineas Fogg's imaginary trip around the world in 80 days—raised a dust that has scarcely settled yet.

The heroine of it—Elizabeth Cochrane, by the way, "Nellie Bly" being her pen name—is barely 23, and about five feet three or four inches in height. She has large, dark eyes, a boyish looking crop of dark, curly hair, and a large mouth and square jaw by no means pretty, but very determined looking, and probably an indispensable part of the equipment that enabled her to become for six weeks the most notorious young woman in Christendom. Her face as a whole, is highly suggestive of the quality of intellect famed the wide world over as "Yankee cuteness." Her triumphs have been mostly earned in the detective line, and in this capacity she was a hustler. For grit and shrewdness she stood alone amongst New York's women journalists when on the *World's* staff. On her return from her trip around the world, she was employed by the editor of a New York story paper to write exclusively for him. He pays her \$15,000 a year, which is \$5,000 more than Uncle Sam pays the governor of New York state. So much for outstripping Jules Verne's hero. The *Sun*, *Herald* and *Tribune* are to the conservative reader superior in many respects to the *World*, but one and all are striving to reach the dizzy heights of sensationalism that have given to the latter its unequalled circulation.

Madame Bernhardt at the Garden theatre has been the grand event of the dramatic season. This lean, sallow, wrinkled, homely Frenchwoman is, as everyone knows, on the shady side of 50, and has four sons, each of whom is but half brother to the other three, and no relation at all to her legal husband. She has been playing to packed houses. What packed them? "Her genius" has been the popular solution to this conundrum, and now the great critics are telling us she hasn't any—"only a sublime capacity for theatrical effects."

The marriage of Jack Astor to Miss Willing has set us all to discussing the famous Astor feud. Every one in New York knows what, perhaps, every one in St. John does not know, that the calling cards of the late John Jacob Astor were always simply inscribed "Mr. Astor." This was recognized amongst the "400" as a sufficient identification of the head of the great Astor family. When he died, nearly two years ago, his only son and his brother immediately commenced a tussle as to which should be "Mr. Astor." The title not being hereditary, the brother captured it, and the great popularity of his wife is said to have contributed largely towards his victory. Mrs. W. W. Astor, the wife of the vanquished son, is a superb, dark-eyed beauty in the Junoesque style. She was a Miss Paul of Philadelphia and has never been the success, socially, that it was supposed she would be. She lacks conversational ability, and the woman who desires to become a social success in Gotham's "400" must possess above all things wit and tact. These united to beauty and a million will ensure their possessor an Alexandrian career through the ranks of the Exalted, but comeliness and cash alone do not always succeed.

"Our only duchess," her grace of Marlborough, is now in America—in Kentucky to be exact—where her lord is investing some of the Hammersley money in bluegrass horseflesh. She is a rather pretty woman, in a style that has now come to be distinctively American—blue eyes, light

brown hair and a pretty complexion. The wives and daughters of the New York aristocracy have as a rule pretty complexions and good figures. It is not an accident of birth either, but is due to intelligent cultivation. Their diet, their exercise, their lives, as far as is compatible with the demands of society, are regulated to develop their figures and beautify their complexions, which simply means that they do everything possible to obtain and retain good health, and they are striking examples of the possibilities that lie for women in that direction. They are said to be in their good clothes the smallest looking lot of women that Christendom can turn out. After seeing them in evening toilette in their boxes at the Metropolitan opera house, it is easy to believe that this distinction rightfully belongs to them, especially to the daughters, of whom it is pertinent to quote the celebrated remark that Wellington fired at his fighting men on the eve of Waterloo.

The monopolies of Europe's dead beat counts and impecunious barons are pointed one and all in the direction of Fifth avenue, and "Barkis" manifests a surprising amount of willingness, considering how much she gives and how little she gets as a rule. The Hammersley millions have been mortgaged to put a new roof on Blenheim castle; Senator Huntington has paid ten millions "spot cash" for a prince for his adopted daughter; Mackay keeps the wolf from the door of two Italian palaces—but to return to my muttons which are the American princesses and duchesses in *futuro*, not those who have already entered into their Eden.

On the streets their tailor made gowns, plain little toques and turbans and carefully repressed bangs mark the swell girl, and exhibit a uniformity that reminds one of a row of clothes pins sticking on a line. "The sheen of satin and shimmer of diamonds" that the poet sings about never sheens or shimmers for them in public places. The women who wear the silks and velvets, the diamonds and cut jet tassels and passamenteries are either actresses, the beauties of the half-world, or the wives of prosperous grocers and tradesmen. The blue-blooded belle keeps all that sort of thing for the drawing room and the boudoir. For underclothing she wears silk or woollen tights. Her skirts fitted over these as carefully as her waist is fitted over her corset and the goal of each aristocratic maid's ambition seems to be, when clothing herself in street attire, to present from the crown of her head to the toe of her boot a totally unwrinkled aspect. Individuals comment disrespectfully and the press criticizes sarcastically because beauty thus costumed leaves little to the imagination, but after all it is in most respects an improvement on the flounces and frills, the puffs and plaitings and generally bunched up, bouffant and extravagant effects of other days.

HERMIA.
THE ROUGE WILL SHOW.
There's No Infallible Beautifier but the Bath and Right Living.

One of the loveliest of nature's gifts to woman is a beautiful complexion, but when a young woman goes to work to improve upon nature by the use of paints and powders she has made a mistake.

During the Mardi Gras time, when the cars were crowded to their utmost by pleasure seeking and utterly wornout people, a young lady was swinging on the strap, whose complexion was all aglow, her cheek most exquisitely tinted, the chin and forehead white and fair. It did look lovely, but a very practical gentleman in the car was overheard to say to another, as the young lady stepped lightly from the car step to the ground as the car stopped at her corner, "There goes a pretty girl if you're a good judge of paintings."

No man or woman blames any girl for using all the simple measures in her power for the beautification of her face and form. It is one of the cardinal principles of a woman's nature to try to make herself as pretty as she can—pretty in her own eyes and pretty in the eyes of others—but no matter how dexterously or artistically the dainty rouge may be applied, its presence is tell tale, and no matter how fair she may otherwise be, the girl has lost every charm to the sensible and worldly wise when the verdict "she painted" is decided upon her. Have your athletic exercises, your regular course of training at the gymnasium, your massage and your Turkish bath, but for mercy's sake don't have your paint pots ready for everyday use. Banish them from your dressing table, and in their stead make vigorous use of water, fresh and wholesome, and the pure, crisp air and early morning sunshine.—*New Orleans Times-Democrat*.

The Practical Small Boy.

Sunday school teacher (after a lesson on the blessings of giving).—Now, why does it make us so happy to give our friends nice presents?

Little boy.—"Cause we know they'll try t' give us nicer ones.—*Good News*.

SECOND BATTLE OF YORK.

LORD FREDERICK PEMBERTON'S GAME BUT LOSING FIGHT.

General Gregory Deserts the Liberal Standard—It was Count Alexis Von Gibsonoff and the Russian Wing that Carried the day for Pleaseder.

The snowflakes fell fast and the wind howled mournfully as the grey day dawned upon the embattled field of York. All day long the feathers plucked by the rude hand of Boreas from the sky's wide bosom descended in fleecy showers upon the unjust and the just.

It was not difficult for the military eye to note the weakness of the Liberal army's position. It was strong in numbers and enthusiasm, but weak in arms and ammunition. It was commanded by that ambitious young general, Lord Frederick Pemberton, but its actual leader was the veteran hero of October. The Conservative army, less strong in numbers, but ably officered and drilled, was commanded by Lord Thomas Pleaseder. But its veritable head was Count Alexis Von Gibsonoff, chief of the Russian auxiliaries.

The position taken by the opposing lines was one of interest. Massed in a dense phalanx along the entire length of the Nashwaak Valley, with Count Alexis at their head, was the Russian wing of the conservative force. The count had his headquarters at Cross Creek, to cover the only fordable part of the stream. His headquarters were firmly planted at Marysville. Every soldier who showed a desire to desert was flogged with a knout of the count's own patent. Like all renegades the Russian brigade fought nobly. At Nashwaak Village the heaviest artillery was posted in charge of young Alexis Gibsonoff; the pocket pistol battery was served by Adjutant McCoy and poured forth streams of liquid fire.

The main body of the liberal army extended in a long, wavy line on the south side of the river St. John, with two strong detachments thrown across the river at Douglas and Bright. Lord Pemberton and Brigadier Wilson ordered the advance, while General Blair was posted with the reserves at the Canterbury redoubt. At Fredericton stood the hitherto invincible Tenderfoot, now alas! weakened by desertions and without a leader.

At the latter point the result was never in doubt. General Gregory, who had been sulky from the opening of the campaign, unwilling to lead the army himself, and unwilling that Pemberton should lead, deserted the Liberal standard early in the fight and, with the remnant of the Highland brigade that went with him, fired in ambush upon his comrades. The battle here, however, might yet have been won, had not the Liberal leaders made the mistake of withdrawing to other and less exposed parts of the field their best fighting men. Maddened at the thought of Yankee rum being introduced in our land in preference to the home-made brand, the West End Temperance brigade under Pitts was restless. Weakened by desertion and short of ammunition, the Tenderfoots fought a dogged but losing fight. They could make but little impression upon the strongholds of the enemy and lost both of their own lines of defence. All that saved them from extinction was the fact that the pocket pistol battery of the Conservatives in St. Anne's mowed down both friend and foe.

At the mouth of the Keswick, Captain Harvey Lawrence with his Burt's Corner dragoons fought with great valor and routed Colter from his own turnip field. At Temperance Vale, (so-called from the alleged discovery of a sober Indian there by Jacques Cartier in 1625), General Thompson captured a few of Pinder's guns, but failed to turn his main position. At Bright (so named from the bright lookout the people keep for the unrestricted trade dollar), Colonel George was victorious over the Conservatives, and along the river generally, the advantage was with the Liberal host. From Prince William to Eel River they routed the Hayfoot irregulars at nearly every point.

At Harvey, on the extreme right of the liberal line, the conservatives, under Lord Thomas in person, were routed root and branch, and at Canterbury Gen. Blair led on his victorious troops with the grand old battle song:—

"How the bushmies shouted when they heard the joyful sound
Of markets o'er the border for their eggs and butter found,
Even their potatoes sprang rejoicing from the ground,
As they went marching to Boston."

But it was the Cossacks that won the day. With his eyes flashing fire and the wind whistling a liberal requiem through his long white whiskers, Count Alexis Von Gibsonoff, followed by his dapper little aide, Charlie Von Hatkoff, galloped from post to post, the incarnation of energy and despotism. He flogged his faltering troops into line; he ordered them to charge upon their old-time comrades and show no mercy; he stamped his iron foot and roared and

snorted as he had never snorted and roared before. On the gray cotton banner of his line was emblazoned the noble words, "Subsidy for the Indiantown Branch or Death!" He exterminated the foe at Marysville, the remnant of the old guard under Major John Gibson shouting, "The guard dies but never surrenders." He snorted and roared through Zionville. He swept through Nashwaak village on the run and tore down with his own hand the commercial union flag he had hoisted in 1887. He snorted and roared through Stanley. At Cross Creek he routed the enemy, even as the raging bear of the Pennic routs a flock of sheep. He smote the liberals whom he once led to victory as the boisterous March wind that day smote the snowflakes that fell upon the banks of the winding Tay. And when it was all over he requested to be serenaded in his tent by two brass bands!

It was long after nightfall when the smoke of battle cleared away. Disturbing rumors filled the camp of the victors at Fredericton as the tide of war ebbed and eddied, and flowed. In the tents of the liberal host as the tidings arrived all was silence and gloom, save only when some roysterer struck up the pleasing (but too previous) lay:

"We've hung Eulas Foster on the tribulation tree,
And Domville's marching on!"
SANCITO.

The Original Patsy.

There is no such original genius as a band-master as Patsy Gilmore. He eclipsed himself again during the funeral procession of Gen. Sherman down Fifth avenue. As his band was about opposite the Worth monument, having been playing the "Dead March" in "Saul," he gave one of his mystic signs, and they began playing a beautiful dirge, with "Marching Through Georgia" as its theme, especially composed for the occasion. It was Gilmore who swung his musicians off a regimental march into "The Wedding March," at this same point on Fifth avenue, when Mr. Cleveland, then a bachelor, was reviewing a parade as president, while his future wife was sitting in a window of the Fifth avenue hotel. The president's blushes showed that Gilmore had made a decided hit. It was Gilmore, too, who marched through Wall street with his band, during one of the panics, on his way to a depot, playing "Wait Till the Clouds Roll By."—*New York Press*.

PLAYERS OF OLD DAYS.

PRICE WEBBER TALKS ENTERTAININGLY ABOUT THEM.

Walter Lennox, a Former St. John Favorite—A Spectator's Timely Remark—A Practical Joke that was Played Upon The Writer.

In my last article I spoke of the drama of *Maud's Peril*, and it reminds me of an incident that occurred when we were playing the piece in Norombega hall, Bangor, some years ago. The late John Murray, one of the best character actors that ever trod the boards, was cast for the part of "Sir Ralph Challoner," and, as it is both long and difficult, and Mr. Murray's study was none of the best, consequently he was very nervous from being imperfect. However, he got through, and at the close of the play the character he represented dies, and I bent over his body and said:

"Alas! he is dead."
One of the audience, who evidently had not been carried away by the force of John's acting that evening, said very loudly:

"I'm glad of it!"
Murray heard him, and just as the curtain was slowly falling, he raised his head and said:

"So am I!"
And he was.

Waiting for the Verdict was another of the plays to which Mr. Lanergan gave very effective stage settings and a fine cast, and it created quite a sensation. It is powerfully written, and tells a commonplace plot in a wonderful manner. It was interpreted as follows:

| | |
|------------------------------|-----------------|
| Earl of Mildford..... | H. R. Lampee |
| Viscount Elmore..... | Susan Flood |
| Rev. Owen Hyllton..... | T. H. Shannon |
| Jonathan Roseblade..... | J. B. Fuller |
| Jasper Roseblade..... | N. T. Davenport |
| Jonas Hundle..... | W. H. Collings |
| Blinkey Brown..... | W. S. Lennox |
| Lord Chief Justice..... | E. B. Holmes |
| Counsel for the Crown..... | Shirley France |
| Counsel for the Defence..... | J. W. Lanergan |
| Humphrey Higson..... | Charles Wilson |
| Lieut. Floreville..... | T. C. Howard |
| Sir Henry Harrington..... | J. H. Browne |
| Martha Roseblade..... | Mrs. Lanergan |
| Lady Emily Belville..... | Madeline Hardy |
| Sarah Sawyer..... | Rachel Noah |

Of the above, in addition to the whereabouts of those I have previously referred to, Mr. T. C. Howard is managing a dramatic company that bears his name,

and is, I understand, very successful, playing through the State of New York.

A very great favorite with the St. John public was Mr. Walter Lennox, a capital comedian, who was with Mr. Lanergan several seasons. It was in farces and light comedies that I best remember him, such as *Billy Lackaday*, *Woodcock's Little Game*, *Betsy Baker*, *A Quiet Family*, *Slasher and Crasher*, *A Thumping Legacy*, etc., etc. He was also an excellent character actor, as any one who saw him play "Dicey Morris," in *After Dark*, can readily testify. Mr. Lennox is now at the Academy of Music, New York with Mr. Denman Thompson, playing a prominent part in the *Old Homestead*.

I am always willing to take a joke when I know it is done in pure fun, although the one I am about to relate, that was played on me once at Ely Mines, Vt., was about as good as I ever experienced. While playing an engagement there, the miners were rather noisy in the hall entry the opening night, and a stout son of Erin named Mike Starr was secured by Mr. Johnson, the hall owner, to preserve the peace. He was given strict orders not to allow any one to go by the lower door of the hall unless a ticket or the money was shown. All the reserved seats were sold by plan at the store under the hall, and the admission tickets were the only ones offered for sale on the first landing.

I was busily engaged till 8 o'clock that evening, and was rushing up stairs to dress for my part in the performance, when Mike stopped me, and said:

"Where are you going, my fine lad?"
"Into the hall."
"Have you a ticket?"
"No."

"Have you a quarter to buy one?"
"It is not necessary. Why?"
"Ye'll go out!"
"What for?"

"Because I tell you to!"
"Oh, nonsense! I am the manager of the company."

"Oh, we hear ducks. Go and tell your granny to suck eggs. You are the manager of the show, eh? Ye'll show a ticket or a quarter or ye'll go out!"

It was of no use for me to protest; the man was obdurate, and at last he lost his patience, and said:

"See here, my fresh lad, I was told that a fellow would come round here saying he owned the show, and I had my orders to keep him out, anyway. Now, you march, or I'll throw you over the banisters. You the manager—you thief of the world! You only want to beat your way in!"

A roar of laughter fell on my ears, and Mr. Johnson and a couple of friends came forward and told Mike I was the manager beyond all doubt. Mike then said:

"I ask your pardon, sir, for keeping you out; but what I told you was my orders, and as I didn't know you, you cannot blame me for doing as I was told."

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ARNOBE BYZANCE.