WHERE THE COCKNEY TAKES HIS FUN WITH PIPE AND BEER.

Free Smoking Concerts in Stuffy Rooms and Variety Shows in Gorgeous Palaces With Bars all Around the Auditorum-Barmaids and the Players.

It is impossible to imagine a greater contrast than exists between London actors and London variety actors; between the legitimate London stage and that vast and various collection of amusement establishments known as music halls, in which music has never entered and between the audiences at London theatres and the throngs which gather at "the

halls." The London actor, as shown in my last letter, is a man of good birth and breeding. He has had the advantage of the best of early training and environment. His vocation is one which requires manful effort, intense application, many years familiar sound. There are the same sort of apprenticeship and study, and condu-ces to high moral and intellectual ambitions. He is a home lover, builder and keeper. His social status is the best.

ences are a credit to any nation. As a whole the morale, atmosphere and results are good. I believe that, as a rule, English players, plays and audiences together represent the best expression and receptivity of genuine mirth and sentiment which can anywhere be found. And on the large lines of consideration, it may be safely said that whatever may be presented, comedy, drama or tragedy, upon the stage of London and has met with public satisfaction, has been the product of dramatic authors having no superiors, has been given interpretation by the ablest and most conscientious of actors, and has reached the magic realm of success through as cautious and severe criticism and purgingly-healthful laggard approval, as are necessary to give something of real value to the entire amusement world.

be the secret of that strange and inexplicable national taste which not only makes possible but stubbornly clings to and continues to develop with giant strides that incomparably greater and inexpressibly insane and beastly form of amusement found in the London music halls?

or more of great music halls into each of Kings of Knockabouts, or by Mlle. Padwhich nightly crowd from two to five shanks, Queen of Aspiring Heels. Apthousand people. There are hundreds plause is ungrudgingly given; and the pit, upon hundreds of lesser affairs, ranging ever insisting upon its money's worth of from the old time free-and-easy, from screeching, wriggling and contortion, which the modern music hall has sprung, always vociferiously demands as many from one to five hundred persons may be | erlate. found. Besides these, I would almost venture the assertion, there are thousands of "pubs" or public houses, drinking places with assembly rooms behind the bar, where | izing attempts at "freedery" and airifree "smoking concerts" attract a permanent nightly audience of from a score to a and contempt on the other. The musichundred workingmen and the foul rabble that subsists upon their generosity and

servant way which leads thought into grave conclusions, would have no hesitancy in saying that a quarter of a million human beings may be found any week day night in these places, "cheery," or more so, from liquor, and from these sources securing their old ideas of international contrasts; feeling their beery patriotism as the bravest of Britons deliriously prompted; gathering from vile-mouthed performers' quips the news and scandals of the day; increasing their contempt of order and law from their endless satire and ridicule, gaining in general and particular deeper hatred of English society above them; and hearing, often with their wives and daughters beside them, the most sacred relations of men and women never spoken or sung of save as perennial playground for cunning and infidelity; until the heartiest British laugh is in response to the broadest British entendre, and the loudest British roar rises from these great seas of upturned faces when the vilest music-hall indecency is perpetrated.

Of all these places the "penny-gaff," or outrageously ridiculous pantomime, or voiceless melodrama, or wordless tragedy, in which there is indescribable murder, highway robbery, and other lurid crime, but all enacted without spoken word to evade the law governing dramatic representations, is the least harmful, for it has no bar; and to get his "penny 'orth" of play, the Whitechapel barbarian is kept for at least two hours away from a public house. Drink is the real attraction of all the others.

The wise lawmakers of London will not permit any dramatic representation at any place where liquor is sold. Something which would appeal to the intellect might lessen the demand for drink. So they make it easy to debauch the masses with a comdination of sensationalism, sensualism and drink; and from the lowest free "smoking concert" to such music-hall palaces as the London Pavillion, Alhambra, Tivoli, Royal, Oxford and Trocadero, not one in one hundred could exist a fortnight on the merit of

its performance alone. To-day, just as an hundred or more years ago, you cannot pass the distance of fifty yards in certain localties of all large English cities, without hearing a pandemonium of song behind some door which bears the

Free Smoking Concert Within.

On Saturday afternoons and evenings peace with all the world, and without an iota of viciousness in all their pitiful lives, wholy forgetful of their slavish labor and slaves' wage—until the wife Nemesis, "missus," finds them out and yanks them and what is left of their "bobs" to the home-hovel; or they are

LONDON MUSIC HALLS, tossed from the closing doors to the stones of the street for the final picking of Lon don vultures and nighthawks

The great London music-hall is simply a larger and more insiduously hurtful type of the free "smoking concert" room, in the hands of a stock company which profit to the extent of twenty-five and thirty per cent., instead of a single publican who is satisfied with ten. It is practically a gigantic bar or series of tiers of bars, surrounding an auditorum where thousands instead of scores can be admitted, at a mere nominal entrance fee; where a stage with specialty performers supplant the platform, the pianist, and the volunteer; and where the same classes, or more vicious ones. with "'Arry and 'Arriets" of London fill the pit, while every manner of cad, fast fellow of the gentry and nobility, including a good sprinkling of London Bohemia, saunter in the promenades and fill the boxes and stalls.

You can bring along your pipe and smoke it just the same as at the other place. The constant explosion of scratched matches is of the same deathly odor and of barmaids, only more of them, scores of them, more bewitching and dangerous. The demimonde, quiet but alert as falcons, are here in hundreds in search of quarry. The London dramatic stage and its audi- Dozens of gold-laced lackeys and inspectors give semblance of refined order and strict propriety. But all the elements of mischief are here. Though the mirrors, decorations and all appointments are gorgeous, all the opportunities for making a beast of one's self are provided without stint. You can become maudlin and sing the performer's ballad all your own way. And the whole audience, by mid-evening, is roaring along with the orchestra at the catch-lines, choruses and refrains.

About twenty different acts called 'turns" are done by as many different performers in one evening, and each 'actor" will have from one to four "turns" for the same evening, each at different halls to which he speeds in every sort of conveyance, from a coster's donkey cart to a brougham. Programmes are furnished, on payment, and huge numerals, But good as all this surely is, what can | slid into the proscenium sides, corresponding with programme numbers, indicate that when the deafening clang of the stage manager's gong is next heard, the "turn" is to be done by the Renowned Signorina Splittavoce, Spaghetta Siren to the Italian Court, by the Climax of Cloggists, by Nell Nellwood, Unapproachable Delineator of There are at present in London a score Dukes' Dialogues, by the Slug Brothers, to the "penny-gaffs," where audiences of "Hencores" as the management will tol-

But between all these odd folk and the London actors of the dramatic stage, there is endless emulation mingled with tantalness on the one side, and a fadeless dread hall actor, "pros" or "prosser" as he is known in London, is in nearly every instance a product of the lowest London life. Indeed any one who knows this great | As a rule he is a costermonger, waterside city at all in that wandering, vagrant, ob- character, stable-boy. "boots," starveling from the travelling booth shows, Billings gate crate-carrier, or from somewhere out

the East End slums It he be of as good quality as from the humblest laboring clasees he still, as well as all other music-hall performers, graduates into his profession through one unvarying school of low and often vile training-from the "penny gaff," the worst of all London shows, or from the "smoking-cencert" den where he has, as "volunteer," sang, danced, contorted, or slugged, for the free entertainment of the beery and foul gutter hosts of London. Many of these favorites command salaries of from £100 to £150 per week. But about all of them reach their affluence, and often respectability, out of the same original depths, and along the same vicissitous

The only time when dramatic actor and "pros" ever meet is at the annual Christmas plays and pantomines. Then the "pros" is in demand at the theatres to do

To describe the haunts of the "prosser" would require a description of the entire lowly of London. But every day many of these curious folk may be seen, and between eleven and two o'clock every Monday from 500 to 1,000 can be found, if the day be pleasant, at the intersection of York and Waterloo Roads, just beyond the south approach to Waterloo Bridge, on

In language, speech, manner, dress peculiarities and characteristics it is one of the rarest assemblages one can find in all London. They resort here to "book" engagements with dramatic agents who occupy all accessible ground apartments for nearly a square on either angle of each of the four corners; to pay to their agents the regularly required ten per cent. commission on their weekly salaries; to exchange greetings, coster oaths and choice Billingsgate; and to keep posted as to the movements of rivals and city, provincial and American managers.

EDGAR L. WAKEMAN.

Grant's Fondness for Beef and Cabbage. An unpublished story of General Grant was told yesterday at the Grand Pacific by

"I was steward at the Palmer House," he said, "when the ex-president stopped there on his return from the tour of the world. One noon I was all but stupefied every one of these places is thronged to at seeing General Grant creep in the suffocation with workingmen. With their kitchen door, as though escaping from some ten to fifteen "bob" (shillings) in their one. 'I am sorry to trouble you,' he said, wallet, empty dinner pails in hand, half of as though asking a great favor, but may them unwashed of the grime of honest labor, by scores of thousands, they stream into this "smoking concert" and to that. I not send it to you out in the There with their fellow workmen; with the dining room?' 'No,' he answered, 'I'll eat precious pipe in mouth or hand; a mug of it right here if you will let me sit down at "bitter" or "four ale" before them; perhaps this table.' So I cleared away a place on the rough board table, where the cook had Van Winkle-iike somnolence as to their been fixing the meat, drew up a stool, and tamilies and their needs; they shout the way he got away with that corned beef "Hencore!"—"Hencore!" to the volunteer soloist, the pimply pianist or the puggy little cloggist and all the other meager freaks of their "Alf 'oliday 'eaven;" roar bravely in chorus; are at peace with all the world, and without an iota of viciousness in all their pitiful for the past few months it would taste like

THE POPE AND THE KINGS.

The Vatican Seems to Force the Abandonment of the Monarchical Principle.

The present pope must inspire kings with a solid hatred. For a very long time there existed between the tiara and crowns a sort of alliance or tacit compact. By cutting himself loose from this ancient compaternity, Leo XIII. has raised the tiara far above all imperial and royal crowns. To the kings he has been unkind six months, or perhaps longer; but no enough to declare that the divine right exists not for them alone, but for every established government sanctioned by the will of the people. And by the simple fact that he ignored the material side of the governments of the different christian moral power superior to all.

They know that the Pope is turning his back upon them, that he is no longer subject to their orders; that he overshadows them, and that a day will come, perhaps, when the arbitration of this moral power will be invoked against them by the people. And this idea is to them painful in the extreme. They are aware that the Pope does not fear them; that he does not like them; that he does not worship the powerful and the great of this world; and they suspect that this original old man, who has already said so many unpleasant things about them in his encyclicals and in his letters, thinks, perhaps, a great deal more.

What has he done to provoke so much fear and hostility and at the same time so much hope throughout the world? He has returned the scripture pure and simple. He has recalled the words of Christ, and he

the people. And another declaration which marks for the papacy the end of an unfortunate know better. tradition, and which must be extremely agonizing to the deplorable remnants of the old parties, is found in this sublime expression, in which beauty of thought is accompanied by a singular splendor of imagination: "The church of Christ is attached to one corse only, to the one which is itself nailed to the cross."

The Kings are the other corses to which the church is no longer tied .- Paris Figaro

Very Fast Travelling.

An interesting instance of the magic of the telegraph, an illustration of the way it can annihilate space, outrun the sun and perform mystifying jugglery with old Time's hour glass and with the calendar, and an object lesson in every-day science are afforded in connection with the execution of the sentence of murderer Deeming in Australia on Monday. Deeming was hanged at 10.01 a. m., and the news and details of the execution were read by the readers of The Sun at the early breakfast table, and even before daybreak that day. If the execution had been on any other day the news would have been printed in the evening edition the day previous to that of the execution, for the news of Deeming's death was received in the office before 9 o'clock on Sunday evening, apparently thirteen hours before he was hanged. The news was in San Francisco soon after 5 o'clock Sunday evening, having been sent by way of Montreal. The telegraph beat the sun almost a whole day.

The message had to travel the course traversed by the sun, too, and did not make the gain by cutting across lots or doubling back and stealing a lap. With a cable under the Pacific the message might have doubled on the sun's track and gained a day in a minute or so. Telegrams from Australia must take the western or sunward course, and make the full circular tour. The message left Melbourne, on the far side of Australia, very soon after ten o'clock Monday morning, travelled about 15,000 miles, was retransmitted thirteen times through as many different stations and different lengths of cable, reached New York at 8:50 p. m., Sunday, and was in the Sun office before 9 o'clock. The difference in time between New York and Melbourne is fourteen hours and forty minutes, so that when Deeming was on the gallows it was 7:20 Sunday evening in New York, and the message travelled the 15,000 miles in the remarkably quick time of less than an hour and a half. -N. Y. Sun.

A Hint to People Who Use Lamps.

Policemen and firemen are frequently called into private houses to put out exploding lamps or clothing that has caught ire from an accident of the kind. When a lamp is blazing ceiling high it requires considerable nerve to take hold of it and hurl it out of the window, but that is the simplest and best way to prevent disaster. It that is impossible, or if the burning oil has got on the carpet or tablecover, a shovelful of sand or, failing sand, of common soil, will gently do all that is necessary. The same applies to anyone whose clothing is covered with oil and on fire. If he can lie down and have some soil shovelled on his clothes the fire will go out instantly, whereas a dozen buckets of water would hurt him much worse than the fire. A bucket of sand standing in a cupboard in a room where a coal-oil lamp is burned is a good precaution, and may check at the start what might otherwise be a most dis-

For the Lords of Creation.

The best way is not to hang clothes up. Fold them flat and lay them down. If there is no place to do this hang them on two nails. Button the waistband, and put the front part of the band on one nail and the middle of the back on another at the same height, so that the garment will hang

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They Need Almost as Much Care as Babies or One's Complexion.

"In spite of all the efforts of the makers," said a piano tuner recently, "I do not believe there is one piano in one hundred that, with ordinary parlor use, will stand in tune more than two months. An unskilful musical ear, it is true, will fail to detect an important discord in a piano for cultivated ear can tolerate the discordant notes that the best piano will insist upon giving out after two months of use.

wires and iron frames of a piano are alternately contracting and expanding under nations, his spiritual authority has grown immensely. The papacy is beginning to become what it was in the middle ages, a wires and a consequent change in the pitch and tone of the instrument, the impossibil-That is just what the sovereigns feel. ity of a piano maintaining a perfect tone for any length of time must be at once apparent, and if you will but reflect on the surprising fact that the tension of the strings on a piano causes a strain on the body of the instrument equal to the weight of 100,000 pounds, you will doubtless agree with me that a piano will remain in perfect tune for a year is an instrument that must necessarily be of extreme rarity, if not im-

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"A piano, good, bad or indifferent when new, should be tuned once a month. The longer an instrument remains untuned the lower its pitch of tone becomes; and when it is desired to have the piano drawn to concert pitch the strain on the body of the instrument is greatly increased, so much in fact, that the case is liable to yield gradually, necessitating a second tuning within a week, or two weeks at the furthest. It himself has uttered the great order, "Go to is a common error among non-professional piano players to think a piano should remain in tune at least a year. Professionals

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The great author is dead, but his charming romances still live to delight new generations of has not lost its balsam and the salt of the sea keeps its savor," says the same writer above quoted. Beautiful indeed are Cooper's stories of the red man and the pioneer, full of incident, in the red man and the pioneer, full of incident, intensely interesting, abounding in adventure, yet pure, elevating manly, and entirely devoid of all the objectionable features of the modern Indian story. No reading could be more wholesome for young or old than Cooper's famous novels. An entirely new edition of the Leatherstocking Tales has just been published, in one large and handsome volume of over three hundred large quarto pages, containing all of these famous romances, complete, unchanged and unabridged, viz.: The Leatherstocking Tales

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will we use, and which one is the best to use. The great pioneer in the type-writing art (Mr. Geo. W. N. Yost) created the Remington No. 2 and the Caligraph, and by so doing he produced a revolution

in countlng-house life and in business procedure. Now Mr, Yost comes to the front again, and this time with a writing-machine that is absolutely perfect.

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Mr. Yost regrets that his rivals and former associates in the Type-writing business during his financial troubles took occasion to spread false and cruel stories concerning the writing-machine company that bears his name. They probably saw the hand-writing on the wall, written perhaps by The New Yost. And now that his efforts have been crowned by such marked success, capitalists have come forward, paid off all the debts of the Yost Writing Machine Co. and put it upon a sound financial basis. To the hundred thousand operators who have so loyally stood by his former inventions Mr. Yost wishes to return his grateful acknowledgments, and to assure them that in the New Yost they will find not only a pleasant but useful friend.

IRA CORNWALL, General Agent for the Maritime St. John, N. B.