

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, JANUARY 11, 1896.

PLENTY OF NEW PLAYS.

THE LATEST PRODUCTIONS AT NEW YORK THEATRES.

A Week that Had an Abundance of New Plays to Attract the Public—There was Not a Real Failure in the Entire Lot—Talk of the Gotham Theatres.

NEW YORK, Jan. 9, Heavens! What a week. The dramatic critics of New York have earned their Sunday's rest. Not for many a long month have so many new plays been crowded into a single week. The week before the only novelty in town was Minnie Palmer in "The School Girl." But this week there has been a perfect down-pour of plays. Look at the list. On Monday the Lyceum stock company produced "The Benefit of the Doubt;" Hoyt's "Black Sheep" was shown at his own theatre; at the Garrick Stuart Robson produced "Mrs. Ponderbury's Past;" at Palmer's John Drew revived, "The Bauble Shop," and at Abbey's John Hare produced "Comedy and Tragedy," and "A Pair of Spectacles." On Tuesday Ada Rehan appeared at Daly's in "The Two Escutcheons," and on Wednesday at the Empire the stock company appeared in Henry Arthur Jones' new play, "Michael and His Lost Angel." Add to this several changes of bill at the German theatre and two dramatic school performances and you will get some idea of what a week it has been for the critical faculty.

Not a Failure in the Lot.

It is good to be able to say that among all these new productions not one was a real failure. The degrees of popularity which they will obtain will vary greatly. For instance, I do not think that Jones' play will have a long run at the Empire. Its plot suggests Maxwell Grey's Silence of Dean Maitland in many ways. In dialogue and construction it really does great credit to Jones, but its story is full of sorrow and sin, and there is scarcely a vestige of humor in the entire four acts. In point of fact, it is almost a dialogue, in which Henry Miller and Viola Allen, both of whom are growing extremely set in their ways, talk and talk and then talk again for a change. In this play Jones has forsaken his habitual heroine with a part for a clergyman with the same obnoxious article. It is hard to say which proves the more unpleasant. Down at the Lyceum there is a much finer play, but it is not so well acted. Moreover, clever though Piner's "Benefit of the Doubt" undoubtedly is, I do not think that it is going to make a strong appeal to the Lyceum audiences. The Lyceum plays to a clientele which is unique. No other theatre in New York draws such a thoroughly respectable audience. The audiences at the Lyceum like to be made to lugh and cry in an extremely proper and conventional manner. Hence the success of "The Prisoner of Zenda" and "The Amazons" being the biggest hits in the history of the house.

Stuart Robson's play, "Mrs. Ponderbury's Past," may answer his purpose well. It will have a fair chance for success on the road, I think, and in New York it is likely to fill the theatre comfortably during his short engagement. New York, however, since the days of "The Henrietta," has never been Robson's stronghold. His old partner Crane, who is not nearly so good an actor, can easily run a play here for a hundred nights. All of which goes to show that in artistic matters New York sometimes shows very bad taste.

"The Two Escutcheons" will do well at Daly's. Edwin Stevens, the comic opera singer, who achieved the remarkable feat of jumping from Keith's continuous performance into the heart of the Daly Stock Company, scored an unmistakable hit. There are some very funny situations in the play.

What's to Become of the Lyceum Stock? is a question which is arousing a good deal of discussion just now. Herbert Kealey will leave the company at the end of the season, and in all probability will go starring with Edie Shannon as his leading woman next year. Fritz Williams has also handed in his resignation. Joseph Brooks, who is now engaging artists for his stock company, which is to appear next year at the Fifth Avenue, is known to have his eyes on old Lamoy and also on Mr. and Mrs. Walcott. If these three veterans should make up their minds to leave, there would be nothing left of the old company except Bessie Tyree.

John Hare a Rare Artist.

By far the most artistic treat of the week has been John Hare's performance in "A Pair of Spectacles." A more perfect piece of character acting than his impersonation of Bulfinch could not be imagined. In "Comedy and Tragedy," Gilbert's one-act play, which precedes "The Pair of Spectacles," Julia Nilson does admirable work. Both she and Mr. Hare have always won a large following here. They both deserve success, for they are exceptionally fine artists.

Minnie Palmer Very Blue.

Poor little Minnie Palmer is broken

hearted over the failure of her new play, "The School Girl." Both she and her play were so hopelessly passe that they really stood no chance of success. Even Lotta, who enjoys a world-wide fame, knew when she was old enough to stop. But Miss Palmer would insist upon playing the part of a girl of fifteen and consequently she failed miserably. On the whole, however she was treated with far more consideration than was accorded to Miss Rehan, when three weeks ago in "The Transit of Leo" she attempted an equally juvenile role. No, indeed, there is no doubt about it. Lotta has chosen the wiser. She had taken refuge in a plump middle age, in which she laughs such details as wrinkles and crow's feet to scorn and live happily upon.

Her Laurel and her Real Estate.

"No, I shall never act again," she said the other day. "The memory of me which the public holds is too green and sacred to be disturbed. I have degenerated into a simple woman of business. Lotta, the actress, has departed, and in her place there is Charlotte Crabtree, whose sole object in life is to give pleasure and comfort to the dearest mother that ever lived."

"Chimmie" to Succeed "Fribby."

After his dire failures of "The Stag Party," Manager A. M. Palmer has once more turned novel wards. In "Chimmie Fadden," which he will present at his Garden next Monday night, he feels that he has secured a worthy successor to "Fribby." Certainly the enormous success which this book has scored ought to justify this production. The book has been dramatized by the author, Edward Townsend, in collaboration with Augustus Thomas. Thomas is due for a success just about this time, and when we take the personal popularity of Chimmie into consideration, it must be admitted that the play's prospects look very bright.

Balto Chit-Chat.

From Australia come reports that Heuen Dauvray has been renewing her youth out there. She has been appearing in Sydney and Melbourne with great success. Her last appearance in New York was as the little Quakeress in the "Prodigal Daughter," a part which she played very badly. "Wait until you hear my new song," writes May Irwin from San Francisco. "It's a wonder." It was written by Mr. Arthur of "The New Bully," and it tells of the adventures of a coon with loaded a. I'm not going to sing it until I reopen at the Bijou in February.

"Northern Lights," now running at the American, has three of the worst and one of the very best acts that have been shown in an American drama. The battle with the Indians, which ends the play, turns what has been called a mediocrity failure into a rip-roaring success. The first three acts are given up almost entirely to drugs and cholera germs.

Since the success of "Christopher, Jr.," Madeleine Lucette Ryley has received orders for no less than five plays.

The after-the-holiday lethargy has settled down on all the city theatres. "The Artist's Model" and "The Heart of Maryland" are the only attractions which are playing to very large business.

LESLEY WHITACRE.

AN OLD HERMIT'S ROMANCE.

True to Boyhood's Dream of Love, He Never Spoke to Woman.

Another strange romance has come to light in the mining camps of California in the discovery of the fact that an old miner, known as "George Barnes, the hermit," who died at Jacksonville a few months ago, left a fortune of \$100,000, which will go to his brothers in New Jersey. One is James Barnes, a well known citizen of Paterson, and the other is William, of Franklin in the same state.

"The story of how their brother George lived and died, leaving them his fortune, is a romance," said Attorney Os. ar T. Shu ck yesterday. "In their youth the three brothers lived with their parents on the heights of Povershun, N. J., simple farmer boys. George, the most ambitious son, determined under the restraint of farm life and determined to marry before he had reached his majority and come West. He fell deeply in love with a young woman and spent much of his time in her company, but his father deeply objected to the attachment and forbade the marriage. The result was a bitterness between father and son, and George was severely reprimanded. The trouble culminated in George's determination to leave home, and one morning forty-three years ago he bade his family farewell.

"I am going West," he said at parting, "and I shall never return. If I cannot marry the girl I love I shall lead a hermit's life. I will never speak to a woman again."

"Long years the family waited for word from the wandering son, but none came. The parents died, the brothers separated and George was given up for dead.

"Only recently was it discovered that the old hermit of Jacksonville, who was found dead in front of his cabin a few months ago, the strange man who shunned men and never spoke to women, was the same romantic young man who left his home in 1822 with the oath his strange life fulfilled."

Barnes worked a claim of his own, and when he died papers found in his hut showed him to be worth over \$100,000. The names, whereabouts and relationship of his relatives were found also among his papers.—San Francisco Chronicle.

SAILORS AND WHISKEY.

TRICKS IN THE AMERICAN NAVY TO PROCURE GROG.

It is Smuggled Aboard Ship in a Variety of Ways—Some Ingenious Tricks to Deceive the Officers—Devices That Have Succeeded Best.

Among the regulations of the United States navy is one which says that no intoxicating liquor of any kind shall be allowed on board ship, says the N. Y. Sun. This, of course, is absolute prohibition, but another regulation says "only beer and light wines shall be allowed on board," and this might be an excise law. These opposing regulations are carried out as all regulations are on board United States ships, with a patriotic endeavor to follow the intention of the department regulations both in letter and spirit. The prohibitory regulation is applied most vigorously to the forward part of the ship and it is a serious offence for an enlisted man to have liquor of any kind, or even to be suspected of having had a drink. The regulation relative to "beer and light wines" is applied to the after part of the ship, and no license being required and there being no police, the officers' messes interpret it rather liberally. Thus everybody is happy. Each end of the ship has its own law, and all requirements are satisfied.

This state of affairs may seem to a landsman to be ridiculous, but there is a cause for it. In the old navy, that is, the navy as it existed before and during the civil war, among the officers could be found plenty of three, four and five bottle men. The men forward were not allowed to have liquor on board ship for their own use, but the difference was made up by issuing grog twice a day, morning and evening, when each man got a drink, called a tot, of half a gill of the best whiskey or rum. The civil war changed all this. During its continuance the use of liquor, both for and apt, was found to be a nuisance, and was condemned by the department. Since then there has been a wonderful change. The three, four and five bottle men among the officers and the old shellbacks and grog drinkers among the men are about gone, being either dead or pensioned off for age or disability.

After the war the Navy Department requested the views of the commanding officers of all squadrons and of individual ships on the subject of grog. And they were also directed to submit the question to the crews, the department at the same time offering to pay each individual 2 1/2 cents for each drink he did not get, which making five cents a day, would increase his pay \$1.50 a month. In addition to this, as the grog had been given out in the early morning before breakfast as a stimulant, an extra ration of coffee to take its place was offered to the men. Singular as it may seem, the officers and men were unanimous to abolish the grog and take the extra money and coffee. This continues until the present day, though some years the pay list has shown an extra 50 cents a month only for each man, most of the extra pay having been lost in a general increase. The men accepted prohibition with the compensating money and coffee because they knew they gained by it; they got something for nothing. And besides prohibition did not prohibit. From that day to this no liquor of any kind has been allowed on the forward part of a United States ship, and those who come from liberty drunk, or showing signs of liquor, are severely punished. Now the prohibition that does not prohibit is the life curse of the officer of the deck. It is his business to see that no liquor comes on board ship, and yet it does come on board in spite of him, the master-at-arms, and all the marine guard.

Whenever the ship is in port on Sunday the man who never drinks invariably asks for permission to go to church. To show his piety and to deceive the poor wretched officer of the deck the man carries a Bible, the larger the better. He goes ashore and comes back thoroughly sober. Frequently the officer of the deck, who really wishes to encourage this pious man, will stop him at the gangway and make enquiries about the sermon to which he has listened. These pleasant questions answered, the church goer goes forward, and about an hour later the master-at-arms reports that there is a drunken man in the fore-cabin. The proper authority is informed of this breach of discipline, and the poor officer of the deck is asked why he allowed liquor to come on board. He can only say that no liquor came on board during his watch, except the man with the Bible, and he was not a drinking man.

Where did the drinks come from? Why, the Bible was hollowed out so as to hold a quart bottle, and when the man got on board with the liquor he sold its contents at 50 cents a small drink. Men who go ashore to attend church on Sunday have been known to borrow the cabin Bible from the captain, so that they might bring one like it on board. Of course the exchange had to be made by some sleight-of-hand

Boy's Clothing, Youth's Clothing, Men's Clothing.

THE best value in St. John. All New Goods this season. High Class, Ready to wear Clothing at very low prices. All our Clothing looks exactly like custom made goods. You could never tell it was ready made. The Fit, Style, Cut and general appearance is a long way ahead of the ordinary run of Clothing. Quality and good value characterize all our Clothing. Be sure and see our stock of Boy's Suits, Reefers and Ulsters; Youth's Suits, Reefers and Ulsters; Men's Suits, Coats and Vests, Trousers, Overcoats, Ulsters and Waterproof Coats.

Manchester Robertson & Allison, St. John

trick, but a big cabin Bible will hold nearly a gallon of whiskey.

There was a United States ship once at anchor in the Bay of Algeciras when there were 10,000 Indian troops on the rock of Gibraltar, brought there for a purpose which does not concern this article. The presence of these troops prevented our men having any liberty. The ship lay there a week, and not a man had been ashore except the commanding officer, and certainly he would not bring liquor to the crew. But there were a number of drunken men on board every day, all the same, and no one could tell where the rum came from. A bumboat came alongside every morning and sold fresh bread principally. The First Lieutenant who usually took the morning watch, was a man of close observation. He noticed that the sailors went down to the boat to buy bread, and were so anxious to get it that they almost fought to see who should have it. This led the Lieutenant to make personal investigation. Early one morning he came on deck dressed as a sailor man, and went down to the boat to buy fresh bread. He bought three loaves and paid a shilling each for them, but he did not object to the price, and got back to his quarters without being discovered. An examination showed that each loaf of bread contained half a pint of cognac, and then he knew how the men got their liquor. That particular boat was not allowed to come alongside any more, but no man would ever confess having bought bread out of it. The same as always, every sailor when asked "Where did you get your rum?" replied "Why, I tapped the foremast!"

Out on the South Sea the commanding officer was a teetotaler, and of course opposed to anything like liquor on board. The men got it, however. During the early morning hours the regular gang of side cleaners were sent over the side to clean the copper. They used the catamaran, and had on this craft a big five-gallon mess can full of oil and a bucket of sand. This all took place at Apia, Samoa. Whiskey or rum looks very much like oil, particularly when, encased in tin, it can be seen only from the top. So it was that a boat came from the shore and approached that of the side cleaners, and an exchange took place then and there. When the side cleaners had finished their work and all the copper was properly polished, the catamaran was hoisted to the cat head and the men came aboard. Of course they brought the unused oil, which amounted to some gallons, with them, but it was not oil, it was whiskey. However, no questions were asked, but that evening some of the men were drunk and the usual question was asked, "Where in Sam Hill did they get it?"

Another morning the side cleaners were at work when one of them came over the gangway with a half-gallon paint pot in his hand, ostensibly filled with oil. The master-at-arms was standing there, and his suspicion being in some manner aroused, he investigated. Oh, the thrill of joy he experienced! There had been much liquor on board the ship of late, and he had been threatened with discharging if he did not find the cause thereof. And here was the culprit! taken red-handed. Oh, happy day!

The unfortunate man with the lot of whiskey was taken to the mast and turned over to the officer of the deck, who went aft to call the commanding officer. The evidence of the hands looked on, waiting for the supreme authority, and wandering what he could do. In a short time he came and the trouble was explained to him. The man denied having brought whiskey on board, and said the master-at-arms had a grudge against him. Of course every one was astonished; none more so than the one who made the arrest, and he produced the evidence, when lo! it was a pot of oil.

The Captain tasted it and said that it was oil, the master-at-arms was denounced as a fool and a lunkhead, and told not to come to the mast again with any such fool yarns. Protests that it was whiskey when he captured it were of no avail, and the crew laughed and got drunk. While all hands

concerned were aft waiting for the Captain, one of the men had crept behind the mast and substituted one can for the other.

When the Selma made her first voyage she went to Europe and stationed for a time at Leghorn, Italy. Outside of this harbor there is an extensive breakwater, and upon this the authorities allowed the American ships to land and drill their men. One morning after the fleet, consisting of three ships had arrived, the entire battalion was landed, and a drill in infantry tactics was had. For an hour and a half it was "four right" and "four left," and then came a rest. The men were told they could do as they pleased until the bugle called them together again, but under no circumstances were they to leave the breakwater. Officers and men had been provided with rations before leaving the ships, so all parties made themselves comfortable and indulged their appetites, particularly some of the men.

After a while the rest was over and the bugle sounded. The men were slow in getting in line, but there was a hard afternoon's work before them, and nothing was said about it. When the line was formed the fun began. Many of the men held their pieces butt up and did other curious things that showed plainly how they had employed their time. Some were just tight, but some were decidedly drunk, and again came the question, "Where the mischief did they get it?" There they all were on a great stone breakwater four miles from shore surrounded by surging water. Investigation showed that, at each end of the breakwater, on the outside, facing the sea, where no one would suspect such a thing, there was a small wine shop, burrowed deep in the bowels of the earth. The place was maintained for the convenience of the fishermen who plied their vocation thereabouts, and so small and hidden was it that its existence could hardly be imagined. The men had discovered it, and there was no more drill that day.

When the old Minnesota was in commission as a cruising ship some years ago, she was anchored off the Battery in New York harbor. A boat had been off to land an officer, and when she came back she remained alongside for a few minutes only. During this short interval an effort was made to get a whole bucket of stuff on board. The officer of the deck discovered the manoeuvres and ordered the man with the bucket to come up on the bridge.

"Now," said the officer, "go right to the side there and empty that stuff overboard."

Obedient to the command, the man went out to the end of the bridge and ostensibly poured the contents of the bucket into the water. But there was an old nine-inch gun, one of the main battery, projecting out of a porthole directly under the bridge, and astride of its muzzle was another man with another bucket, and the contents of the bucket above, instead of going overboard, fell with little loss into the bucket of the man below, and were quickly within the ship. The officer, being satisfied that the man had emptied the bucket, gave him a sound reprimand and warned him to look out for himself if he repeated the offence.

"Thank you, sir," said the sailor. Then he went below and took a drink.

Liquor is sometimes brought on board ship and kept for some time without any one being the wiser. Upon one ship a number of men combined and laid in a stock for themselves, created no scandal, and continued the game for over a year, until an unfortunate accident exposed them. One day while the messes were laying in extra provisions, preparatory to going to sea, a case of what looked like canned tomatoes was hauled over the side, and by some accident fell upon the deck. The frail box split open, and the cans, falling out, started to roll about the deck. The sentry at the gangway made a dive at one with his bare bayonet to stop its headlong course, but his efforts were too vigorous; the bayonet penetrated the tin, and a good

quality of whiskey came out. Investigation followed, and it was found that all the cans contained a similar article. Nothing was done, however, for nobody would claim ownership. Goods packed in this manner can be obtained in any seaport, and according to occasion will resemble condensed milk, a full line of meat, vegetables, or, in fact, anything that may come in a can. A barrel of flour is not often open to suspicion but it will hold a ten-gallon keg, and if packed properly the head can be taken off and a bayonet thrust into it without compelling it to give up its secrets.

One of the New Women.

The most interesting rumor from Bar Harbor concerns the boom which a Camden pants factory is getting these days. This particular factory has a young and attractive woman as its selling agent and sells "direct to consumers." Within the past few days she has accosted nearly every Bar Harbor business man with the inquiry: "Now, can't I measure you for a new suit of clothes or a pair of trousers?" The victim generally gasps for breath, and then gets down to business.

The young woman seems to know every man by name and that flatters him, for he has never seen her before. She has a magnetic smile which plays under a pair of attractive eyes. Generally the victim condescends to buy a pair of pants. He has forgotten his measure, but she tells him that she is an expert, and perhaps they slip into a store and she runs the tape deftly about him, and, with the aid of a new-fangled board arrangement, announces that she has his measure. It takes him but a jiffy, and he pays a deposit whether the pants will fit him or his son or if he can bloomersize them for his daughter. Lewiston Journal.

WALTER BAKER & CO., LIMITED, DORCHESTER, MASS., the well known manufacturers of Breakfast Cocoa and other Cocoa and Chocolate preparations, have an extraordinary collection of medals and diplomas, awarded at the great international and other exhibitions in Europe and America. The house has had uninterrupted prosperity for nearly a year and a quarter, and is now not only the oldest, but the largest establishment of the kind on this continent. The high degree of perfection which the company has attained in its manufactured products is the result of long experience combined with an intelligent use of the new forces which are constantly being introduced to increase the power and improve the quality of production, and cheapen the cost of the consumer.

The full strength and the exquisite natural flavor of the raw material are preserved unimpaired in all of WALTER BAKER & COMPANY'S preparations; so that their products may truly be said to form the standard for purity and excellence.

In view of the many imitations of the name, labels and wrappers on their goods consumers should ask for and be sure that they get the genuine articles made at DORCHESTER, MASS.

A Very Large

IF.

HOUSEHOLD DIALOGUE.

Husband—If I could spare the money I would buy a new suit of clothes as this Suit is faded and looks dirty.

Wife—If, IF, IF! Why John you make me mad; you don't have to spare the money, do the same as I did and send your clothes to UNGAR and have them cleaned and dyed and they will look as good as new.

This certainly was a very large IF considering the husband would be so much in pocket IF he took his wife's advice.

GIVE US THE PREFERENCE WHEN USING THE WORD IF.

WE PAY EXPRESSAGE ONE WAY.

UNGAR'S LAUNDRY and DYE WORKS

25-24 Waterloo St., 66-70 Barrington St. St. John, N. B. Halifax, N. S.