POOR DOCUMENT

MC2034

THEATRICAL CHIT-CHAT.

The only attraction in the theatrical world so far as St. John is concerned during the present week was the Missouri Girl, who has been at the Opera House, and who quite failed to dance her way into popularity, albeit she worked hard for it. The reason is not far to find, considering the beautiful weather experienced the last few days, when, even to the most ardent theatre-goer, it seemed almost a sin to spend the best part of the day indoors.

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The Missouri Girl must have been badly hit over her stay in St. John, for on Wednesday evening, the last night of her engagement, there were but fifteen people in the downstairs part of the auditorium. Notwithstanding this the plucky little lady went through her performance with just as much nerve as though the house had been a crowded one.

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For some time past the advertisements of the company announced Grace Gilmore in the title role, but on Monday evening some of the press were informed that Miss Gilmore had finished her engagement with the piece on the Saturday night previously, and that Sadie Raymond, who was the original Missouri Girl, would make her re-appearance. Not having seen Miss Gilmore in the part, it is impossible to make comparisons, but certain it is that Sadie Raymond, who seemed a little nervous at the start, made the most of a character which might easily have bored one, had it been in less capable hands.

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The announcement that after next week the Missouri Girl will be taken off the small town tour, owing to the expense of running her being too great to make her a paying concern, will create no surprise. The surprise has been in the fact that anyone could have been foolhardy enough to tempt providence by running her at this time of the year.

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Sir Henry Irving will make his farewell appearance in America next January instead of a year later, as was arranged for a month or two back. Charles Frohmann has arranged for Sir Henry's appearance for a brief season of fourteen weeks, visiting only the principal cities, and ending his American engagement at the Knickerbocker Theatre, New York.

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The return to New York from London of Mrs. Willie Collier is followed by the news of a separation between the well-known American actor and his wife, who was Louise Allen, prior to her marriage. Collier himself, as is pretty generally known, is a "night owl" of the most pronounced type, with a special weakness for card playing and gambling on anything that could be possibly be made the subject of a wager. Mrs. Collier, it is said, misinterpreted his late hours, accusing him of conduct which Willie's friends insist he is wholly incapable of.

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Early in the run of "The Dictator," which has made a tremendous success at the comedy theatre in London, Mrs. Collier, who was playing leading lady, failed to appear one night, and her understudy had hurriedly to step into the part. This sort of conduct is hardly likely to be borne with by any manager, even if the actress's husband is the star that is drawing the crowd.

Upon a previous occasion Mrs. Collier, nettled at some occurrence, put on her street attire after the second act of the piece and started for home, leaving no one in the theatre able to take her place. The poor, distracted business manager raced after her, catching her up some little distance from the theatre. Prayers, threats and entreaties were showered on her, with the result that after some delay she consented to return and finish the performance. There was a crowded audience, and the reason of the delay having swiftly passed round, Mrs. Collier will remember her reception by the irritated audience for many a day.

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Charles Frohmann, who is managing the comedy theatre, happened to be in London at the time and refused to allow Mrs. Collier to continue in her part. This so infuriated the lady that she loudly threatened her husband with physical violence, thereupon Mr. Frohmann issued orders thats he was not to be odmitted to the theatre, either before or behind the curtain.

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Hence her return to America in all her solitary magnificence. Mrs. Collier's friends have noticed with concern that she is much thinner than when she went away, and the impression prevails that her health is breaking. The Dictator has made a genuine success in London, and Willie Collier a hit that has probably never been made by an American actor in London before, whilst his wife is silently bottling up her grief in their American home.

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This once more raises the much vexed question as to whether it is better for an actor to marry in or out of the profession. It is very hard indeed for a good, sensitive sort of woman, who has given her whole heart to her actor husband, to see him night after night making love in the course of his work, to another woman, more especially if that woman is young and divinely fair to look upon. It is all very well to say it is only "business," but those that have been through the mill themselves know very well that when the lady is not made of ice, it is almost impossible for any man to treat the love making in a cold businesslike manner. The actress herself, in nine cases out of ten, if she is an artiste, gets carried away with her part, and then there you are, before you have time to realize it, the scene loses its superficiality, and becomes one of intense realism. And the poor wife, playing perhaps a minor part, is actually on the same stage, looking on in despair. Little wonder the public hear of incidents such as is reported of Mrs. Collier.

Time after time, prominent actors whose specialty is "juveniles," have been heard to remark that they wouldn't act with Miss So-and-so because she didn't "play up to them," which in other words means that her nature was too cold to allow her to make love with that earnestness and reality so essential to an artistic success.

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In the olden days the climax to a love scene was always or nearly always, what is known as a "stage kiss," that is the lover would take the girl in his arms with her face on his left shoulder, then by turning his own face toward her and at the same time away from the audience, would imprint a kiss simply on the air. Nowadays, this is done away with completely, and in its place is substituted the real genuine article, consequently the desire to become a "juvenile lead" by would be mummers, is greatly on the increase.

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Coming back to the topic as to whether an actor should marry in the profession or not, it would seem that the answer should emphatically be in the negative, even if only on the score of what the eye doesn't see the heart won't grieve. Another strong reason against it is the fact that it has been found impossible in the majority of cases for the husband and wife to get engagements in the same company, consequently the husband goes careering off in one direction and the wife in the opposite. Both actors and actress have been frequently heard to state that they hadn't seen their life partner for months, and in one instance a prominent actress was heard to say that she hadn't met her husband for over two years, not because they didn't want to meet, but because they couldn't, and yet at no time did more than three hundred miles separate them!

JIM THE PENMAN.

WHAT ST. JOHN WOMEN . . . WEAR, AND . . ARE LIKELY . . TO WEAR. . . .

A little Commonsense Chat, not on New York or Paris Styles, but Home Styles

By POLLY GADABOUT.

MY, BUT WASN'T IT HOT THOSE COUPLE OF DAYS DURING THE WEEK? and didn't the fair creatures of our town wriggle and flounce in trying to get clothing on to suit the emergency. It was an unexpected attack of Old Sol and those who were complaining of his reticence ("guilty, yer honor") were surfeited with warmth and "geniality," as the hackneyed descriptive writer delights in terming sun's rays. I'll wager the price of a new chapeau that every member of the feminine gender throughout the length and breadth of St. John wore her sheerest costume, her slightest outfit, and why shouldn't she? The transparent shirtwaist was very much in evidence, coarse-grained voiles fluttered in the weakling breeze, muslins dotted the landscape on all sides and clingy white silks outlined many a comely arm. And that hatless girl to which we referred a week or so ago, bobbed up again, ah, so serenely! while the ice-cream man started a private bank.

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ONE OF THE REFRESHING FEATURES OF THAT HOT WAVE WAS THE CHILDREN, how sweetly and appropriately many of them were gotten up. I have in mind a "flock" of tots I saw meandering along one of the principal streets when the burning shafts were getting in their best work. It seemed as if these little ones had been lifted from their beddy-byes or cribby-houses and were attired in but one or two tiny garments, so cool and happy did they appear as they tripped along. Immaculate frocks of the frailest materials, a suspicion of stockings only, open-air shoes—those cute little sandals—and big bows of dainty ribbon for a head piece. Their pudgy arms were browned like little Indians, and a passer-by who stopped, as I did, to look after them, said: "That's enjoying life, isn't it?" I smiled my opinion, which was just like her's.

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IN THE MIDST OF THIS WARM WEATHER WE ARE NEARING SNOW and ice again; pretty nearly all of us know that, but its hard to get our mind on it, nevertheless. Hard-headed business men of the dry goods, clothing and millinery like have now about finished planning for these chilly, bleak, uncomfortable days—ugh! it makes me shudder to contemplate them! To these people spring and summer are long since past. What are now being sold in the stores as warm weather togs are merely "remnants" in their eyes, fag ends, clear-ups, broken lines, but they will not come out flat-footed and tell us what they have in store for October, November & Co. One millinery men tells me that felt shapes in meduim sizes, somewhat on the lines of summer headwear, are possible, while another prophesies turbans, rather large hats, and a falling back to the sizes of last year. For mercy's sake, gentlemen, whatever they may be keep those cold weather goods until we get a little more of this glorious sunshine.

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IN THE MATTER OF FALL AND WINTER COATS I GOT A STRAIGHT BIT OF INFORMATION from a leading modiste on Thursday. She said that Empire models, those long, square-cut styles, and Box Coats were going to be the leaders; or rather, that was her guess at the ultimate test of fashion down here. To back up this assertion she showed me a lot of advance pictures of the sterotyped lady with the small features and ideal form, attired in these kind of outer clothes. There were strapped coats, belted coats and lots of buttons as trimmings. The short models were chiefly in the stocky loose-fitting shapes; "tub coats," I think they call them in some cities. Skirts worn in these pictures were lavishly pleated and of the circular pattern. So if you care to take this as an authority—govern your fall ideas accordingly.

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I SEE A LOT OF VERY FETCHING SUMMER MILLINERY AT LARGE, which leads me to believe that the ladies are waking up to the idea of special hats for special occasions. Large shade shapes, flip-flop models, hamburg hats, lace hats and the irrepressible chiffon hat vie with one another these days. And there is a newcomer, a jaunty little cloth cap, such as a girl's brother might wear, much used for picnics and travelling. If nicely poised on the head these look all right, but few there seem to be who get the right twist, or stick the pins through in the cleverest way. With a piece of headwear of the crushable, folding sort, I think nearly everything depends upon that apparently insignificant manner in which it is worn; don't you?

PRIESTS ALLOWED TO ENTER POLITICS,

Important Change in Vatican Methods.

Latest Encyclical of Pope Pius X Causes A Lot of Comment in Italian Circles.

(Special cable to the Star.)

ROME, July 15.—The Italian press is still engaged in disputing the meaning of the inclycical of Pius X. Some of the newspapers which were not confident at first in proclaiming the withdrawal of the Non Expedit have now on more mature consideration of the whole document modified their views. The Tribuna, putting aside the question as to whether the Non Expedit will ultimately be withdrawn for all time or not, says that at least the document constitutes an officiel recognition of the fact that the Catholics have already voted. For the rest it seems to regard the encyclical as an astute move to capture the sympathies of the working classes, and warns the Liberal party that, should Catholics go to the poll the Socialists may not be the only sufferers.

The Italie cares little for the actual phrases which maintain the Non Expedit while supressing it, and suppressed while maintaining it; the document in future it says will be known as the one which gave liberty to the Catholics, though the Italie at the same time publishes the most extraordinary opinion as to the result that this liberty may have on Italian politics. The Osservatore Romano, faithful to its methods, publishes a comment which is quite unintelligible. The Provincial press makes but little remark. The Corriere Delle Sera of Milan says:

"Stripped of all other accessories the latest encyclical amounts to this—Italian Catholics must organize themselves after the most modern and alert fashion possible to prepare for political and parliamentary work. This is the first time that the pope has publicly alluded to the participation of Catholics in elections, and their entrance into parliament. The Holy See does not for the present abolish the Non Expedit—principally out of regard for Catholics—but the pope grants permission to the bishops in certain cases to depart from the established lay and to take part in the electoral struggle."

The work of the organization has already been set on foot by the appointment of three Catholic laymen to inquire and report to the pope as to the best means of attaining the objects indicated in the incyclical.

POPE PIUS X.

CITY LIFE AND PHYSIQUE.

It is a commonly accepted theory that town life, especially the life of the vast modern city, tends to physical deterioration. In his new book, "The Soul of London," Mr. Ford Madox Hueffer pooh-poohs this theory in the following original bit of argument:—

There remains the question of physical deterioration. "That Neurasthenia joke," said a modern doctor, a man looking half Jew, half negroid, but young and alert, with beady eyes behind large spectacles, 'it's as old as the hills. Jezebel was Neurasthenic: so was Lot's wife when she looked back; so was the writer of the book of Job; so was Edward II.; so was Shakespeare, or whoever wrote Timon of Athens.' If we've deteriorated physically, when did the deterioration begin?" He paced up and own his consulting room emiling, and tapped his patient on the shoulder with a stethoscope. "We're improved; we're improving. Why, my dear sir, what was old age in the mediaeval centuries? A man—a king—a worn out, crippled with rheumatism, too heavy-bellied to mount his horse before he was forty-five. As to the common people, they died like flies; they had no stamina, no power of resisting disease. Town life isn't unhealthy; the art of sanitation did not begin until the towns grew large. Did you ever see an old farm house? Where did they build them? Always in hollows, in muddy, airless bottoms, to be near water—you understand, near water, and they were plague houses all of them.

"Did you ever have to do with a sick farm laborer? Those fellows! Why, they fold their hands and die for a touch of liver. Their life doesn't hold them because it contains no interest. Half their healthy hours are spent in mooning and brooding; they all suffer from dyspesia, because of their abominable diet of cheese and tea. Why, I'd rather attend fifty London street rats, with half a lung apiece, than one great hulking farm bailiff. Those are the fellews, after all, the London scaramouches, for getting over an illness.

"Don't you see my dear sir, your problem is to breed disease-resisting men, and you won't do it from men who mope about fields and hedges. No, modern life is a question of towns. Purify them if you can; get rid of smoke and foul air if you can. But breed a race fitted to inhabit them in any case."

That, indeed, is the problem which is set before London—the apotheosis of modern life. For there is no ignoring the fact that mankind elects to live in crowds. If London can evolve a town type, London will be justified of its existence.

July Sale

Ladies' Shirt Waist Suits and Children's Wash Dresses.

Children's Wash Dresses.

Girls' fancy linen dresses,	$1.38
Girls fine crash sailor suits,	2.10
Girls' "Buster Brown" dresses,	1.65
Girls' two-piece sailor suits,	1.25
Girls' white lawn dresses,	1.25
Girls' white lawn dresses,	,98
Girls' white muslin frocks,	1.40
Girls' fine white lawn dresses,	1.65
Girls' 2 to 5 yrs. dresses, white lawn,	.79

July Sale, Babies' Finest Lawn Bonnets New York Samples.

The greatest lot of such dainty little fine India lawn baby bonnets trimmed with fine Swiss embroidery. About fifty different styles to choose from, and every one is a genuine bargain.

$1.75	Bonnets for	87c
1.45	" "	73c
1.00	" "	50c

Ladies' Wash Dresses.

Check S. W. Suits,	$2.98	regular	$3.38
Fancy precale suits	1.98	regular	2.50
Cream—green spot,	4.75	regular	5.50
White muslin suits,	5.50	regular	7.50
Black lawn waists,	1.25	regular	1.65
Black organdy waists,	1.25	regular	1.50

July Sale Wash Goods.

American dress voiles, ... Sale price 16c
Embd spot and check voiles fine English goods, regular 35c, ... Sale price 25c
American voile suitings, regular 22c, ... Sale price 15c
36 inch linen suiting in blue, fawn and oxblood, regular 40c .... Sale price 25c
36 inch white and cream linen suiting, regular 30c, Sale price 19c

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ALL KINDS AND SIZES.
LANTERNS AND OIL CANS
ALL AT VERY LOW PRICES.
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What is nicer than a window box filled with beautiful flowering plants?

Pedersen supplies them at lowest prices. Bedding plants now ready.

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TYPES OF LONDON LIFE.

By JAMES WATSON

The following is the sixth of a series of sketches of life in the great city of London, written by a member of the Star staff, who while engaged in newspaper work in that city was brought into intimate acquaintance with the types described.

6—THE PROFESSIONAL PAWNER.

Recently in one of the metropolitan police courts it came to light that quite a new profession must now be added to the ways and means of gaining a livelihood, although I cannot recommend it as possessing any great possibilities. The professional pawner, as implied by the words, is an individual who makes a living by "running in" property belonging to a second party, and be it said to the credit of man, the majority of those employed in this discreditable occupation are members of the "weaker sex." Some short time since I was fortunate enough to be accosted by one of these touts, and seized the opportunity of gaining from her an insight into the business. It happened in this way: One evening I was engaged in studying the various bargains which were temptingly displayed in one of "uncle's" shops, when I noticed a decently dressed woman at my side. There was nothing in her appearance to attract attention, save that I thought she seemed to be watching me pretty closely. I was about to move on, when, to my surprise, she stopped me with this question, "Did you want anything done." At first I thought that she was a lunatic, or suffering from the effects of the excessive heat, but she quickly removed these doubts from my mind by excusing herself on the score that she thought I wanted to pawn something, and yet didn't like to "face the music." I quickly gave her to understand that such was not the case, and then she informed me that she was what is called a "professional pawner." I obtained from her the following particulars, which I will leave her to tell in her own language:

"You'll excuse me, sir, a stopping you as I did, but I thought as how you might be after wanting a loan, and you didn't like to go in. There are lots of gents as has a sort of 'orror of a pawnshop, and then I steps in and does it for them. No offence meant I assure you, sir."

"Yes, I make a fairly good livin' at it, for I have a good many weekly customers, and don't come out much on 'spec' now. How can I tell whether people are not ordinary passers by and simply 'winder gazing'? Well, that's where the risk comes in, but I don't make many mistakes. I always keeps close to the shop and watch the people as they stand outside the winder. If you see them a tryin' to look as if they had all the money in the world, and keep a movin' towards the door, you can bet they are after pawning something, then up I go and offer to do it for them. Of course I have to be very careful, as sometimes it don't work, but more often than not I 'spots a winner.'

"What made me think you wanted somthink 'done'? Why, you see, you had stood there some time, and seemed to be in between 'two stools,' so I thought I'd chance it. (Moral: Always be careful when looking in a pawnbroker's window not to stand about too long, or some such horrible fate may overtake you.) No, I ain't got any special rates for the work; I generally leave it to the generosity of the party, but I reckon it works out at about five cents on the dollar,

"Do the pawnbrokers know me? Well, yes, I think they do. I remember only last Easter Monday, I was outside one of the places where I 'work,' and 'spotted a bloke' a knocking at the door with a brown paper parcel under his arm. Of course, the "boss" wouldn't "do" it for him, as of course the pawnshops are all closed bank holidays, so up I goes and introduced myself. 'What say,' says I, 'can't make him 'ear; he's out. Rot! Whoever 'eard of a pawnbroker going out of a Easter Monday! More 'an likely he's asleep under the counter getting ready for the rush tomorrer. Here, give it to me. He'll oblige me, I know.' Well I knocked him up and he took it from me as quiet as a lamb. You know the great thing at this game is to gain the confidence of the 'boss.' This special one knew as 'ow I always took him 'classy' things, so he never even took the trouble to look into the parcel at all, and only asked me what was in it; now the bloke as I was doing the job for informed me that it was a 'lectre-plated tea and coffee service, and I naturally told the 'boss' so. He lends me a 'quid' (£1) on it, and out of that I got a couple of shillings for my bit, but next time I went there I didn't half 'ear anything, for when he had taken off the paper from the supposed coffee service it turned out to be a side of bacon and a kid's old magic lantern. Of course, I had to make up the difference, and it was a long time afore I could get him to believe I wasn't to blame. It's the only time as ever I've been done, and I'll take good care as how it don't 'appen again. No, as I said before, the regular customer is safest and pays best. Mondays and Tuesdays are always the busiest days with me, because there are the Sunday clothes to take back again. Lor' bless you, t'd surprise you to know the number of working people who, regular as dockwork, run their best togs in' at the beginning of the week and take 'em out again on Saturday, and I consider it a very good thing for her, no doubt, for it keeps 'em h a good state. No, they don't charge extra much for lending you the 'splosh.' Supposing now, I was to take in a decent suit, or a dress, and get ten shillings on it, the interest would 2 1-2d. boin' at the rate of 1-2d. for every two shillings a month, and then there's 1-2 d. for the 'brif' (ticket). It don't matter if you only out it up the spout for a day, you have to pay a full month's interest on it. They don't count less than a month, and this is where they make their profit, for there are dozens who pay fur lots of interest on the same things every month as they 'run them in regla. every Monday morning.'

"There's one thing as 'ow I would like to warn you against, never by a pawn ticket from a strange bloke, for there are lots of them who make a living by sellin' 'flash briefs.' Of course they are in 'tow' with the pawnbroker, and in lots of cases employ them to sell these tickets for what they can get. Ain't you ever had one stop you and after pitching you a long tale about his trobules ask you to buy a ticket say for a valuable (?) diamond ring? He only wants a couple of bob for it, and of course you'd think this good enough for him get a good sum on, from the pawnbroker, it's worth the money. Well, when you go to take out you find that it is only copper brass, with a thin coat of gold over, and the diamond turns out to be a piece of cut glass. The pawnbroker tells you he has been deceived when he took it in, and that's about all you'll ever get. Yes, there are some bad lots in the profession.'"