

THE EVENING TIMES, ST. JOHN, N. B., MONDAY, APRIL 16, 1906.

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FROM NEW JERSEY TO A HINDOO TEMPLE.

Miss Ruth St. Denis, Dancer,
Explains Her Reincarnation as a
Hindoo Idol.

By
Fannie Fane

Ruth
St. Denis
Dancer

Photo by White

NEW YORK, April 14.—Often I have seen Hindoos come to play for me on their musical instruments. Then, when the room is very warm and there is incense burning, my imagination is quickened and I find myself becoming one of them, in soul, at least. All sorts of suggestions for my work come to me while I am in this state. And many Hindoos who have seen my dance have said that it is wonderful for one who has never been in India to have been able to evolve so correct an interpretation of the mysticism of the Hindoo people.

Miss Ruth St. Denis, whose Hindoo temple dances have created such a sensation in New York this winter, reclined gracefully upon a couch in her apartment and rolled her blue eyes dreamily toward the ceiling.

Neither Miss St. Denis nor the apartment looked particularly Hindoo. I had looked forward to meeting a person swathed in East Indian scarves and seated upon a rug with a ring in her nose and jingling anklets and bracelets.

Instead I was presented to a very American young person who wore practical everyday garments and spoke with an animation and intelligence that characterized the Yankee maid alone. The "Hindoo" of the Temple was still the Ruth of private life. A couch with many cushions, it is true, furnished somewhat of a background for a self-styled Oriental floor posture. A little tinsel jacket was hung across a screen, and two queer tomaton arrangements—evidently the Hindoo musical instruments which have furnished the spur to Miss St. Denis' Hindoo imaginings—gave the only Oriental touches to an otherwise completely accidental apartment. Miss St. Denis resides very far west on Forty-second street. One could not help wondering why under the circumstances she had not chosen an east side apartment. It would have placed her in the very midst of Oriental atmosphere. Of course that would only have been for Hindoos, near-at-hand. But even that would have seemed more inspiring than the blatantly Irish local color of West Forty-second street.

"Away back in the life beginning of things," confessed Miss St. Denis, "I lived in New Jersey."

She did not flinch at the thought. Something of the boldness and independence which made her content to sit without a tremor have, no doubt, been responsible for the success which she is beginning to have in her unique field.

"But even then," she continued, "I had determined to do a dancer. I believe that all sorts of things could be done in dancing that were not then, and are not now, being done. It seemed to me that here in America, at least, the art had been degraded to the uses of the show girl. I had no expression, no poetry, no imagination."

"But although I had a vague idea of what I wanted to do, it was not nearly definite enough to begin on. So despatching of striking a line that would really satisfy my desire I went into acrobatic dancing. I didn't like it. But there was demand for it and I decided as long as I had nothing more clear in my own mind I would go into it while I was waiting."

"Waiting," I asked.

"For my work," explained the dancer. "For the real thing which in my more hopeful moments I knew would come to me some day."

"I danced two years—acrobatic dancing, in the vaudeville houses and out the roof gardens. Then I went with Mr. Belasco's company. I was with Mrs. Carter four years. It was while I was out on the road with Mrs. Carter's company that my inspiration came."

"Of course it is hard to say exactly when a thing begins. I suppose it was coming all that time. I suppose I was gradually finding out what I wanted to do. But the flash which really showed me the way to begin came to me one day from a little picture. I was in a drug store, and the picture—an advertisement lithograph, tacked up on the wall, caught my eye. I pointed it out to the young woman who was with me."

"There," I said, "that is what I mean to do." She was also taken with it and it is she who has played the music for me to prepare these dances."

"What picture was it?" I inquired.

"That's a secret," said Miss St. Denis. "It was a picture of a dance, but not of the dance I'm doing now. I shall do that dance next when I have prepared it. I will bring out the little picture. I have kept it all this time."

"At first when I saw it in the drug store I dreamed to do that particular dance, which is not a Hindoo dance, but one of another Eastern nation. As we were then on the road I hunted the libraries of the towns we played. I found pictures and descriptions. I read about the life and customs of the people. After I had formulated plans for that dance and had it pretty well worked out, I found it would be very expensive for me to put on without a backer."

"It was then that I turned to the Hindoo dance. I thought it would prove less expensive to put on than the other would have been. It hasn't proved so. But it has proved very effective. I had again to resort to libraries and picture galleries and Hindoo collections."

Miss St. Denis paused sadly.

"And," she added, "I had to begin hunting up Hindoos."

"Was that hard?" I asked.

"You have no idea how few Hindoos there are in New York," said the dancer. "I did very well when it came to advice and they would play for me on their musical instruments and tell me how to perfect my dance, but when it came to working I found that there were only six Hindoos in New York who need work. All the others are students or merchants or enjoying independent incomes."

"Of course there was a real Hindoo troupe at Coney Island and I learned lots from them. But they went home again and there were only six left."

"When I at last succeeded in getting my dance on at Proctor's I engaged three of them as priests. You see I need the priests for atmosphere."

"Two were Hindoos and one a Mohammedan. Would you believe that although I paid them an enormous salary, they formed a union?"

"The Hindoos were meek, but the Mohammedan was determined and they had me cornered. But I refused to be unionized. 'No,' I said, 'I will engage individual Hindoos. I will not treat with a union.'"

"They thought I couldn't do without them, and I didn't want to, but when they acted like union men I engaged them. The Hindoos never thought of that, and when they saw how well the mullahs did they came back very meek indeed. It only served to show me, however, how few available Hindoos there are in New York."

Miss St. Denis' principal dance is that of the Hindoo Temple Idol. The curtain rises on the temple, the idol in her niche and the prostrate priests. Then the idol is inhabited by a living spirit and the first position assumed in the dance shows the slow and stately awakening. Following come four divisions of the dance expressive of the four seasons; for eight, the jewel dance; for smell, the flower dance; for taste, the bowl of wine; and for touch, the kiss. Then comes the last movement of the dance, when the spirit, discovering the pleasure of the senses to be unsatisfying, frees itself before heaven. At the very last the curtain rises once again on the idol seated in her niche.

The entire dance, costume, accessories and movements, is original with Miss St. Denis.

"And what are you going to do next?" I asked.

"Give some matinees here, if I can, and then go to London. There I know the halls will have me if the matinee people won't."

Besides the special matinees which she gives, Miss St. Denis is in great demand for private house entertaining. She has had many requests to dance at fashionable houses in New York, Boston and Philadelphia. At present she is giving a series of special matinees Tuesday afternoons at the Hudson Theatre.

MALE CHOIR NOW

Easter Music in Cathedral Under Changed Conditions.

At pontifical high mass and vespers in the Cathedral yesterday the music was sung by a male voice choir for the first time. Much interest had been taken in the approaching change and it was generally conceded after the services that the result was satisfactory. In the morning the solemn tones of the Gregorian chants were in marked contrast to the masses to which the congregation was accustomed, but the innovation excited rather pleased comment though regret that the voices of the ladies are to be heard no more.

At vespers the choir chanted the Psalms, the Benedictus, O Salutaris and the Tantum Ergo, and sang two Eucharistic hymns with good effect.

At present no distinction is made between tenor and bass, the singing is in unison, but as the new choir increases in numbers and experience a division of the voices will be made, and boys voices added. The choir now consists of the following twelve members: T. M. Burns, Jos. Stanton, John Lawlor, Edmund S. Riddell, Dr. T. H. Lannan, J. Percy Lemmey, Arthur Goddard, G. Stanton, John Stanton, P. O'Regan, William Wallace and W. M. L. A. D. Landry, who has been musical director and organist for a number of years, continues in charge and is training the new choir.

PREDICTS LITTLE SUPPORT FOR LORD'S DAY BILL

Alphonse Verville, M. P., Declares That Measure as It Now Stands Will Not Get 20 Votes in House.

Montreal, April 15.—(Special)—In an address Saturday night to a gathering of the Canadian laborers, Alphonse Verville, M. P., for Maisonneuve, said that not twenty members of the house of commons would vote for the Fitzpatrick Lord's Day bill, as it now stands. The bill, he added, would probably be an ineffective one, when the committee to whom it was referred brought it back to the house.

A MONTREAL KICK ABOUT ST. JOHN WORKMEN

'Longshoremen Protest to Shipping Federation About Bringing Them to Work During Summer Season.

Montreal, April 15.—(Special)—Officials of the Montreal 'Longshoremen's Union are protesting against the practice of stevedores and shippers bringing men from St. John and Portland to work during the summer months. They point out a discrimination whereby Montrealers no sooner start work in St. John than they are held up by a subsidized policeman and compelled to pay a \$7.50 tax while St. John workmen pay no taxes in Montreal unless they are householders. The 'longshoremen here have brought the matter before the shipping federation.

MONTREAL EXCURSIONISTS HAD A NARROW ESCAPE

Montreal, April 15.—(Special)—The engine of a train with Easter excursionists jumped the rails and dropped a 20 foot engine and 200 passengers into the water. The train was en route for the station Saturday afternoon. Eight passenger cars remained on the rails but the engine and baggage cars were dragged off the rails but remained on their trucks. The engine went down with engine and fireman in the cab and the engine landed on its side and the men escaped injury. A shoveler dropped on the track by a construction gang was the cause of the accident.

SEVEN KILLED IN EXPLOSION ON U. S. WARSHIP

Charge of Powder for Thirteen Inch Gun Ignited in Turret

Washington, April 14.—The navy department has received word of a serious accident on the battleship Kearsarge while she was engaged in target practice today near Cuba. An explosion occurred in one of the forward turrets and a number of men are reported to have been killed.

Lieut. John M. Hudgins and five men were killed and one officer and a number of men slightly injured. The accident occurred yesterday at the conclusion of practice in the forward turret of the Kearsarge, as the powder was being taken down.

The official account of the disaster is contained in the following telegram from Admiral Evans:

Caimanera, April 14, 1906

Secretary Navy, Washington: On April 13th, about 6.15 p. m., shortly after completion of target practice of Kearsarge forward turret while the powder was going below three sections of a thirteen inch charge of powder were ignited. Charge of powder in other turret just below and one section inside 13-inch remained intact. Cause not yet determined, not accountability. Slatter, being investigated. Lieut. Jos. W. Graeme, gun umpire, has been sent to the Maryland in a very critical state about 9 p. m.

The following have since died: Lieut. Hudgins, turret officer; Peter Morberg, gunner's mate; Theodore Nagely, seaman; Anton O. Thorson, ordinary seaman; Julius A. Koester, turret captain, first class; Ellis H. Adley, seaman, injured by the accident, recovery doubtful. Will bury dead at Guantanamo. Vessel uninjured.

The residences and next of kin of the victims were as follows:

Norberg, Peter, gunners mate, third class; residence New York, next of kin, Margareta, Norberg, mother, Sundsvall, Norway.

Nagely, Theodore, seaman, residence Elizabeth (N. J.), next of kin, Louis Graf, guardian, 864 Elizabeth avenue, Elizabeth (N. J.).

Thorson, Anton, ordinary seaman, residence New York; next of kin, Elias Thorson, father, Wyckoff avenue, Broadway, New York.

Koester, Julius Alfred, turret captain, first class; residence Chicago (Ill.), next of kin, John Peterson, uncle, 345 West Huron street, Chicago.

Adley, Ellis Homer, seaman, residence Parkersburg (W. Va.), next of kin, W. Adley, father, 1009 Twenty-first street, Parkersburg (W. Va.).

The following dangerously injured by the accident were as follows: King, William, ordinary seaman, residence Appleton City (Mo.), next of kin, Mrs. Alice Cox, Appleton City (Mo.).

The following message of condolence was telegraphed to the commander-in-chief of the fleet, Admiral Evans, by Acting Secretary Navy:

Evans, Maine, Naval Station, Caimanera.

"The department is deeply grieved by the unfortunate accident on board the Kearsarge which occasioned the death and injury in the performance of duty of brave officers and men in the navy."

It extends its heartfelt sympathy to the injured and wishes for a speedy recovery from their wounds. Spare no effort to ease the sufferings of the injured in every possible manner and show honor to the dead.

"NEWBURY." (Signed)

Lieut. Graeme, who was mentioned as being in a very critical state at the time the cablegram was sent, and has since died, did not belong to the company of the Kearsarge. He was attached to the Maryland and was aboard the Kearsarge in the capacity of an umpire to check off and score the performance of the gunners, a very necessary performance in view of the keen spirit of rivalry pertaining on board the battleship during target practice.

The Kearsarge, while not one of the latest, is regarded as one of the best battleships in the American fleet. She is 11,200 tons displacement, is 375 feet in length, 72 feet in breadth and 23 feet draught, with a speed of 16.82 knots, and a battery of twenty-two guns, four inches and more in calibre and 34 guns below that size. She was launched in 1888 and commissioned in 1900.

Lieut. John M. Hudgins, who lost his life by the explosion on the Kearsarge, was a native of Virginia.

ST. JOHN MAN DIED AT BATH, ME., POLICE STATION

Daniel Lockhart Fell in a Fit on Sidewalk and Succumbed from His Injuries—Identified by George Saunders of This City.

Bath, Me., April 15.—The body of a man who died last night at the police station from cerebral hemorrhage resulting from a fall on a brick sidewalk while in a fit, was tonight identified as that of Daniel Lockhart, a bootmaker, of St. John (N. B.). Lockhart was 40 years old and unmarried. The identification was made by George Saunders, of St. John, and the police are holding the body pending instructions from St. John officials.

Word was received in the city last night that Daniel Lockhart, of Fort Howe, who left here on Friday last, had died suddenly yesterday afternoon in Danforth (Me.). There were no particulars, except that George Saunders, also a North End man, had identified the body, which will be brought here for burial.

Deceased was a plumber and was about 40 years of age. He was unmarried. Brothers are Messrs. James and William, of this city, and a sister is Mrs. Seaman, also of St. John.

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ARRIVED HERE WITH HIS SONS

Frederick Barnes, accompanied by his sons, Enock and Willis, arrived from Boston yesterday by the steamer St. Croix. Mr. Barnes who, according to report, is separated from his wife, has just found his boys after searching for them several years, as published in Saturday's Telegraph. He found them in Providence (R. I.), where Mrs. Barnes lives, and a despatch says she gave them to him willingly.

Eugene Hardy, the wrestler who left for Glasgow on the Dominion liner Alberta, intends returning to St. John in December to give the wrestling game another try.



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