PUBLIC ARCHIVES OF NOVA SCOTIA

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ELLEN TERRY ON ACTING.

She Holds to the Theory That an Actor Must Feel to Act and be Natural.

I remember once, when I was about 10 years old, acting Prince Arthur at the Princess's Mrs. Charles Kean was teaching me my part, which I was doing very badly. I couldn't get up enough emotion when I was going to have my eyes put out—I did not realize the situation. I can hear now Mrs. Keen saying scornfully, "So you think you would go on like that if your eyes were really going to be put out? Why, you would make more fuss if you had lost your doll!" But I could not rise to the occasion; and at last Mrs. Kean, kind as she usually was, lost patience with me—I think she did it "on purpose"—and I burst out into a paroxysm of sobbing and crying. "That's it! Now say the words and remember how you say them. That's it!" exclaimed Mrs. Kean, delighted. "Bravo! Keep that up and you'll do capitally. Just imitate the way you are crying now another time and you'll have no more trouble." I was just intelligent enough to catch her meaning, and I have ever since profited by the advice. My reason for telling this anecdote is that it proves how essential a genuine piece of feeling is as a model to imitate. I don't mean to say, after a run of 500 nights, that you can feel your part with the same intensity as you did when the piece began to run. But you must have vividly felt your part at first or else you will play daily before many nights are over. The truth is, at the end of a long run you are imitating your own emotions which you felt at the beginning of it, and so the real touch is preserved.

There is, at the same time, a good deal of mechanism in our art. For instance, I have no more difficulty, by an effort of will, in turning deadly pale before my looking-glass than I have in eating my dinner. No actor has a chance of giving the higher side—the emotional side, that is—a fair chance unless he thoroughly master the scientific, the mechanical side of his art. If an actor wants to gain his audience he must lose himself, and that he can never do unless he is deeply and genuinely stirred. Why have some actors the magnetic power and poetic charms which others, though in a sense their acting may be as good, entirely lack? Because the former have the great gift of feeling their part, while the latter only play it.

It is very difficult, however, to draw the exact line where art begins and nature ends. Before it is possible to show that you feel your part it is necessary to have learned the art of being natural. This seems a contradiction in terms, for it might at least be supposed that nature had best teach you to be natural. But she cannot. Of course to some actors this gift comes more easily than to others, but all have to acquire it. In the first place you have to learn to be unconscious. It was Mrs. Kean, again, who gave me my first lesson in this very difficult accomplishment. One day—I could not have been more than 11—she told me to sing to her. I was asked, with a touch of self-consciousness, and said, "I can't sing, Mrs. Kean." "You'll make a nice actress!" she exclaimed, looking at me sternly—and, fond as I was of her, those eagle eyes always had a terrifying effect on me. "Suppose a manager told you you were to play Ophelia, would you tell him you couldn't sing? Go all sing this very moment. Anything—'Yankee Doodle'—anything! Only sing!" And sing I had to, and was convinced by Mrs. Kean that I had been self-conscious.

Each actor may have some peculiar, particular, and different difficulty. One finds his voice unmanageable, another his walk, another this, another that. For myself I can perambulate freely enough, and always regret I never learned dancing—stage dancing, I mean. My particular "difficulty" is, or rather was my hands; but I manage them better now. I was once rehearsing a part with a man, a very clever actor, who used his hands exceedingly well—but he had his "difficulty." We were discussing the best way in which he should give me a flower. "Why not do it like this?" said I. "Yes, that is very well," he replied; "but, you see, I shall be there"—pointing to a spot about five feet off on the stage—"and how shall I get to where you are?" "Take a hansom," I joosely replied, thinking he was in fun, and it was a long time before I came to realize that it was a serious matter to him to stir five feet on the stage unless he had planned out his movements beforehand.

But other qualities are necessary before the art of emotion can make itself felt; and these are imagination, individuality, and industry. Imagination will give the insight required to make an actor one with the character he is assuming; individuality, if sufficiently developed, will enable him to hold any audience; and industry—well, without that no one ever became an artist on the stage or in the studio. I do not mean to say that beauty is not an immense aid to an actress in a successful theatrical career. Still, you can get on without beauty, but it is impossible for an actress to achieve any distinction without imagination, individuality, and industry. After all, as far as the stage is concerned, beauty has not much more power than a favorable criticism; it can attract people—it can make them, perhaps, come once—but it cannot make them stay.—Treasure Trove.

"I—You, Sadie."

It is uneasy thing to laugh when there is anything to laugh at. But when nothing funny has happened, laughing to order is a very different matter. The other day a certain German gentleman urged an amateur to photograph his two children when they were laughing. On a certain afternoon the amateur came with his camera, but on hunting up the children it was discovered that, while the little girl was quite willing to smile, the boy was in a very bad humor. In fact, the boy had just been punished by his father, and when he was asked to laugh never felt less humorous in his life. But the camera was there, and the father was set upon having the performance proceed. He repeatedly urged the boy, whose mouth did not get beyond a slight twitching at the corners. Then, becoming exasperated, the father shook his finger and exclaimed: "You laugh now, or I vip you again!" And under this awful persuasion the boy made a heroic effort.—St. Nicholas.

What it is to be a Child.

What is it to be a child? Sometimes I think it is to be as intelligent as grown people are, but to be at such a disadvantage as an advanced inhabitant from Mars would be should he visit our planet—ignorant of our language, which he begins rapidly to learn, ignorant of our laws and customs, which he learns more slowly, so they seem to him often quite senseless and disconnected, ignorant of the future and its possibilities, ignorant even of his own powers in this strange surrounding, and shut within the limit of his vision and imagination, for he has no maps of the world beyond the place where he finds himself. This it is to be a child; and besides this, it is to be a creature of infinite sensitiveness and susceptibility, to have sections of overpowering fervor, and faith in those who are his rulers, so saints have faith in the Creator. This it is to be a child; and besides this, to have a capacity for suffering that those hardened with the world's experience have often forgotten that they too once possessed, and with this power of suffering an incapacity for self-defence, a helplessness that makes the thoughtful earnestly remember the words of the great Child-lover—Christ, "Whoso offendeth one of these little ones, it were better for him that a millstone were tied about his neck and that he were cast into the uttermost depths of the sea."—Harper's Bazar.

Cats Cause Ringworm.

"The ringworm is doing well in this city at present," said a prominent physician to an Examiner reporter yesterday. "And in this peculiar form of skin disease is not checked and people are not very cautious it will spread rapidly."

"What is the cause of this skin affection?"

"The cat is the principal promoter of it. Children love to carry kittens around with them. The former are often covered with certain fungi or parasites which, when brought in contact with a human being's skin, act similar to poison oak, although the eruptions are of a different character. I have ascertained that in every primitive case I have attended there is always a kitten or cat in the household, and this feline is petted and fondled not only by the children, but by the adults. Let me give a bit of advice to young ladies who hold their complexions at any value when I say don't handle the cat, whether he be the sweetest of kittens or the most valuable mallesa."—San Francisco Examiner.

Disraeli's Honesty.

He (Disraeli's) bad opportunities of enriching himself if he had been unprincipled enough to use them. There were times when he could set all the stock exchanges of Europe vibrating like electric wires in a thunderstorm. A secret word from him would have enabled speculating capitalists to realize millions, with no trace of how those millions were acquired or how disposed of. It is said that something of the kind was once hinted to him—such, but never again. Disraeli's worst enemy never suspected him of avarice or dishonor.—Froude's Life of Beaconsfield.

The Chinese Emperor's Noble Reply.

The traffic in opium was still contraband in China. Many attempts had been made by England to legalize it. To one proposition the emperor made this noble reply: "It is true I cannot prevent the introduction of the flowing poison; gadabooking and corrupt men will for profit and sensuality defeat my will, but nothing will induce me to derive a revenue from the vice and misery of my people."

Under still further pressure, and by the second Chinese war in 1857, China was compelled to open her ports for the sale of opium, and the traffic in opium dirt has been "legalized," and the responsibility of demoralizing the heathen has been shifted from a few smuggling merchants to the great English nation. And now the infamous business goes on, ever increasing the revenues of India and degrading and destroying the people of India and China.

IN "A MINER" KEY.

Turnip harvesters pull to gather.
In the same box—men who spar together.
In the Song of the Shirt there is a needle's sigh.

Men who have visions nowadays rarely have much else.

Acts a friend—the player who takes the role of a Quaker.

Any artist with a studio may have a drawing-room reception.

When designers contest for a prize it can only result in a draw.

The woman in an imitation sealskin sack is inclined to plush easily.

The worst place for a Farmers' Club to meet in is the village tavern.

There is no activity in business circles superior to that of the buzzsaw.

When the summer-suit thrower dies there is no other suit-able for him.

The inhabitant of a frail cabin in a cyclone never waits for it to blow over.

A candidate with a telephone may make his calling sure, while his election is uncertain as ever.

Ham fritters must be very suggestive to the bad actor, when the ham fritters away his time.

The actress who is "wedded to her art" gets a divorce as soon as the right man comes along.

"It is painful to see children hiding from father," says a writer. And it is painful to see father "siding" them, too.

The proverb says: "The devil always leaves the bars down." But judging by the rapid increase of New York saloons he is constantly putting new bars up.

One would think that livery stables wouldn't be compelled to solicit business when sleighing was good, yet they send out runners every day.

A Frenchman deploring the scarcity of babies in his country, says "the cradle is disappearing from France." Isn't this due to the introduction of the patent reaper?

The golden poppy has been selected as the State flower of California. And how fortunate the young man who may be able to secure the flower of California for a bride, with a golden "poppy" as father-in-law.—Texas Siftings.

TALKED TOO MUCH.

The Neat Way in Which Playwright DeMille Silenced a Bore at Dinner.

DeMille, the playwright, wrestling with a party of gentlemen a few evenings ago, when one of the number, who had taken more wine than was good for his wits, became obnoxiously talkative. Efforts were made in many delicate ways to call the offender to order, but they seemed only to incite him to increased chatter. Finally, when it became apparent that the party must either put a stop to the foolish fellow's talk, or take an adjournment, Mr. DeMille turned to him and asked if he had heard the latest parrot story. The gabber said he had not.

"You won't take offense if I tell it?"

"How can I?" asked the victim, innocently.

"Assure me that you will not think I mean to make any personal application, and I will tell it," said the dramatist.

"Of course I won't," and the offender gave the floor and his eager attention to Mr. DeMille.

"Well," said the playwright, "the parrot sat upon his perch in one corner of the room. A bulldog, a new-comer in the household, lay in another corner.

"'Se-sick 'em,' said the parrot, 'se-sick 'em, Tige!'

"The new dog bounded to his feet and looked for something to seek, but, finding nothing, lay down again.

"The parrot clambered down from his perch, and waddled across to where the dog was lying.

"'Se-sick 'em, Tige,' he said again.

"This time Tige found something to seek. He pounced upon the parrot, tore him, shook him, and bored him about until the poor bird was well-nigh dead. When the dog had been called off the parrot labored up to his perch, looked about the floor where his beautiful feathers lay scattered, scanned himself minutely, noted his one remaining tail-feather, and said:—

"'I know what's the matter with me; I talk too blamed much.'"

The dinner went on without further interruption. The preparatory denial of personal application had done its work, and done it delicately and well.—Audubon Magazine.

TAKEN ON FAITH.

Men Who Have Tried to Shave With Vaseline Vowing Vengeance.

The faith of the newspaper reader is sometimes great and abiding, but occasionally it leads him into errors. A few weeks ago a London weekly journal, published exclusively for ladies, contained a letter from a lady correspondent asserting that vaseline as a shaving cream was superior to any soap or cream that had ever been invented. This is scarcely apt to be likely to be a very in creasing topic for the gentler sex, but, nevertheless, many letters were published on the subject, and finally it became an established truth among bearded women that vaseline was the very best article with which to supplant soap, which, it is said, "chaps" and irritates the skin.

Had this theory remained confined within the limits of the female mind that gave it birth no harm might have been done, but, unfortunately, several American journals of repute and standing, ever ready to grasp a progressive innovation, lightly announced that vaseline was the only article with which a man could comfortably remove his beard. Perhaps the readers of these papers tried it on a very cold morning, or perhaps their razors were blunt, or perhaps—and very much more likely—the lady who asserted that she had removed her beard every morning for many years with the aid of vaseline was playing a little trick on the journal with which she corresponded.

Doubtless she never suspected that powerful and influential dailies in America would proclaim her method as an infallible one. And now the result is that old men, middle-aged men, and youths across the Atlantic are vowing vengeance against those who recommended such a painful experiment. Having a sound tooth drawn is a trifle compared to shaving with vaseline—at least, so the gentlemen across the Atlantic say.—Gaslight's Messenger.

A Temperance Tale.

A mouse fell into a beer vat, poor thing, and a cat passing by saw the struggling little creature. The mouse said to the cat: "Help me out of my difficulty.

"If I do I shall eat you," said the cat.

"Very well," replied the mouse; "I would rather be eaten by a decent cat than drowned in such a horrible mess of stuff as this."

It was a sensible cat, and said: "I certainly shall eat you, and you must promise me on your word and honor that I may do so."

"Very well, I will give you the promise, I promise."

So the cat fished the mouse out; and, trusting to the promise, sat dropped it for an instant to clean her own mouth of the abomination of the vat, thinking that she had better do so before she took a meal of the mouse.

The mouse instantly darted away and crept into a hole in the corner where the cat could not get him.

"But didn't you promise me I might eat you up," said puss.

"Yes, I did," replied the mouse, "but don't you know that when I made that promise I was in liquor?"

And how many promises made in liquor have been broken!

A Paper Horseshoe.

The latest horseshoe is of paper. It is elastic and durable. It is the invention of a German.

A number of thin sheets of parchment paper saturated with oil and turpentine, are glued together and the mass subjected to a strong hydraulic pressure. The holes for the nails are then bored, after which the shoes are trimmed ready for the market.

It is said that the shoe wears in such a way that the surface is always rough, thus adapting it particularly to smooth pavements.

SCIENCE AND PROGRESS

INTERESTING PARAGRAPHS CULLED FROM VARIOUS FIELDS.

A New Wrinkle in City Sanitation—a Process that May Supersede Laborious Puddling—To Prevent Rail Spreading—A Far Reaching Fish.

Experiments in the electrical treatment of sewage have recently been made on an extensive scale in England, and the results obtained point to the development of an efficient and economical system upon this line.

In one case London sewage was used, and in another the sewage from Salford and Pendleton. In the latter case the problem was to reduce the sewage to a degree of purity that would permit the passage of the resulting liquid into the Manchester Ship Canal.

The method consisted in passing the sewage through a channel 300 feet long, 2 feet wide and 18 inches deep, in which were placed large cast-iron plates connected with dynamos.

The passage of a current of electricity through the cast-iron plates precipitated from 70 to 80 per cent. of the organic matter.

It was estimated that 10,000,000 gallons of the sewage of Salford and Pendleton could be purified daily at a cost of about $33,000.

A New Wrought Iron Method.

Dr. Stephen H. Emmens, of Emmens, this State, who is known to fame as the inventor of the powerful explosive that bears his name, asserts that he has worked out into practical shape a process of direct conversion of pig-iron into wrought-iron by means of electricity.

The process is simply an elaboration and adaptation of existing methods of electrical deposition, and by this means Dr. Emmens claims to be able to produce from any grade of pig-iron a ductile malleable iron of almost chemical purity which only needs washing, heating and rolling to make it equal to the best quality of Swedish iron.

The inventor of the new process claims that he can produce wrought iron by the method at a lower cost than the ordinary process of puddling, and that still further economy results from the use of low grades of pig-iron made from ores that are too impure to be used by existing processes of conversion.

To Prevent Rail Spreading.

Railroad men have given considerable attention in late years to the potato as a means of preventing the bending outwards of railroad ties, and at the same time lessening the labor required to keep the track in line and surface.

In addition to these results the value of tie plates in preventing the spreading of rails is being generally recognized. Tests on this point recently made by the Illinois Steel Company showed that a lateral pressure of 11,250 pounds upon a rail was required to lift the inside spike when a tie plate was used.

Without the tie plate a pressure of 5320 pounds spread the gauge of the track one-half an inch.

In similar tests with cedar ties at the Watertown (Mass.) Arsenal, a rail fastened with two spikes was moved by a pressure of 2187 pounds, while with plate and two spikes gave a resistance of 5910 pounds.

A New Fish.

The wonderful sea-lion-like fish found near Hamilton has been conducted to a lodge for a distance of seventy-five feet, and at the cropping, or as far as the discoverers have been able to go in this brief time, the lodge proved to be eight feet in width.

The track taken from the ledge, after the surface crusting was removed, is pure asbestos ore, as white as cut and fine as silk, the feathery fibers being as long as the pieces of rock from which they are pulled, in some cases reaching the entire length of eighteen inches.

The value of the mine is almost beyond computation, but some idea of the treasure discovered may be formed from the fact that asbestos ore of this high grade readily commands from $30 to $50 per ton on the market.

The finest quality discovered up to this time is in fairly.—Oswego Tribune.

A New Arc-Lamp.

An arc-lamp has long been needed which could be used in rooms with low ceilings.

A recent invention promises to supply this want, the lamp made being only about one-third of the length of those generally in use. To bring about this result the carbons are not placed one above the other, as in the ordinary form of lamp, but are so adjusted that they are fed by their own weight, being placed in a V-shaped position at about an angle of sixty degrees.

By means of a holder fixed to the case of each carbon the latter is prevented from falling through when the carbons separate in forming the arc.

It is claimed that this form of lamp is particularly adapted to locomotive headlights.

"As Good as Bronze."

Manufacturers of washstands and other articles made of porcelain have been experimenting for a long time in the direction of a process to cover porcelain articles with a deposit of copper. A successful substantial process has been discovered until recently, a Vienna chemist solving the vexed problem.

The process is as yet a secret, but it is stated that one of the coal tar products is first used to fill the pores of the porcelain biscuit, thus preventing the crystallization which has heretofore characterized other processes. This treatment is followed by the processes of electric deposition now in vogue.

The results are said to be very remarkable, the articles being difficult to distinguish from bronzes.

TALK OF THE DAY.

A small boy is not necessarily impecunious because he is strapped.

Every man knows how good he would be were he some other man

The man with a good resolution is beginning to look for a repair shop.

The music-hall proprietor must be forgiven for putting on airs; its his business.

The difference between repartee and imprudence is the size of the man who says it.

It is conceded by the profession that when a play don't run good the actors usually walk.

A Poor Testimonial—"Well, doctor, how do you find our beefsteak?" "Very small for its age."

The Silver Question—"Have you got a quarter about you, old fel, that you don't have to have?"

New prisoner (receiving his first ration)—"Wot! eat that? not me! Why, I'll leave the bloomin' jail first!"

There are some men who are not always looking out for No. 1. We refer to the fellows who are still writing 1899.

A mule would rather hear himself bray than to listen to anybody else's music. A good many people are built like him.

Sunday School Teacher—"Now, little boys, what do you know about Goliath?" **Freddy Fast**—"Please, ma'am, he was cocked to sleep."

The world will seem a place of bliss,
Life will become more sweet,
When in the car a standing miss
Will thank you for a seat.

Presently, when you think we have caught cold or the measles, or something, we shall be exclaiming, "Dear me! I must have taken a microbe."

Blimbers—"My barber is really a very talented person." **Bigmen**—"Indeed?" **Blimbers**—"Oh, yes; he can illustrate the stories he tells me with cuts."

Jack (on his knees)—"Oh, Ethel, say the word—what on earth are you doing with that camera?" **Ethel**—"Don't move, Jack, I want to show you something funny."

Prof. Bumptious—"It has been truthfully remarked that 'a little learning is a dangerous thing.'" **S phomore** (aside to friend)—"Wonder if professor realizes the peril he's in?"

Plenty of Room.—**Poet**—"I have—a little contribution for—for the waste basket." **Editor**—"We have no waste basket." **Poet**—"I am delighted to hear that." **Editor**—"We use a barrel."

Knocked Out at Last.—**Mrs. Stanley**—"I thought kindly had many hairs carried from my dress parlor, Henry?" **Mr. Stanley** (after a long pause)—"I can't find your pocket."

"Your name is Jones?" "Yes, your honor." "Tell me how old you are." "Twenty-five, your honor." "Sir! Well, now that you have given your age, we will administer the oath."

This world is like a crowded 'bus;
A few good men, perhaps,
May find a seat, but most of us
Must hang on by straps.

Color Lines—**Pennsylvania Magistrate**—"You say you saw some men hold up about the track just before the accident. Were they white or black?" **Witness**—"Nigger, Judge, they were Hoosgarians."

Dudley—"Waiter, a bottle of port." **Waiter**—"Yes, sir. Would you like very old port, sir?" **Dudley**—"What is there any difference?" **Waiter**—"Oh, yes, sir. The old port has cobwebs on the bottles."

"You must not lift your hat now to a lady," said Quizer, "you must put your hand on your heart and bow." "Gad," said Smiggler, "she always has my heart herself. I'll kick to the hat lifting."

Miss Decolletee—"I learn from the papers, Mr. Prim, that dress-goods are going up." **Mrs. Prim**—"The good Lord be praised." **I** allows did anyone the old-fashioned style, of being 'on come right clean up to the neck?"

An Annoying Accident.—**Stuss**—"I want to buy one of those unbreakable lamp chimneys you have advertised." **Clerk**—"I am very sorry, sir, but we sold an ally gut our whole stocked smashed this afternoon."—

He Did It All the Time.—**Mrs. Youngbrainer**—"Now that it is the new year, John, I hope that you will be able to say not and, by the way, won't you let me have a little money?" **John** (coolly)—"No."

Bribery to It.—"There, my good man, there's a plateful of victuals, but I should think a great, big, strong fellow like you would be ashamed to beg." "So I am ashamed, but what am I to do? I must either beg or work!"

Myrtle—"Florence, is that Fred Dunley's handwriting?" **Florence**—"Yes, my dear! I'm engaged to him, you know." **Myrtle**—"Yes, I know it. I was engaged to him last summer. Florence—"The dear boy! I wonder who will marry him eventually?"

Optic—"Your fat friend over there seems to be quite an epicure." **Pessimist**—"Epicure! Why, he couldn't tell the difference between a corned chicken and canned veal." **Optic**—"Well, what is the difference?" **Pessim**—"The label on the can, that's all.

Undeniably She Has.—"I can't imagine why men's pockets are so easy to get at and women's so hard," he remarked. "It's plain enough," was her reply. "It's a sign men have no business with a woman's pocket, but a woman has with a man's."

Brown—"What's the matter with Hughes? He looks very glum for a man who has just been married." **Barham**—"He has just discovered that he made a mistake in looking up his father-in-law's rating, and married into the wrong family."

At a recent shooting contest between ladies two of the competitors tied and were to shoot off the tie with three shots. When the three shots had been fired the end was no nearer, for each lady had made three bull's-eyes. It became then a case of shot for shot, and such was the precision of the competitors that each made no less than sixteen bulls-eye.

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