IN OLD LYCEUM DAYS.

WHAT LANERGAN DID TO MAKE THE DRAMA POPULAR.

Actors Who are Pleasantly Remembered by the St. John Public—Some Names and Dates in Addition to Those Furnished by Mr. Coll.

The interview of PROGRESS with Mr. James Coll recalls to my mind some additional memories of the days of Lanergan's Lyceum, which he, in his concise review of its history, had no opportunity to bring forward. I have no doubt, too, that he will be glad to have a correction of one or two errors as to dates into which he, speaking from memory only, has very pardonably fallen.

My earliest acquaintance with the lyceum as a boy was early in the seventies, but I was subsequently a very regular attendant, and circumstances brought me into a close acquaintance with the more prominent actors in the various seasons. This, in addition to memoranda I have preserved, enables me to speak with tolerabe accuracy. Like Mr. Coll, I know little or nothing of the drama in St. John after the opening of the Academy of Music, but such of it as I did see gave me the impression that time had brought more change than improvement.

I do not know that the people of today properly appreciate the work that James W. Lanergan did for them in the dramatic line. He gave them honest value for their money, whether he gained or lost by his efforts, and he educated them to a standard infinitely above that of the catchpenny sensational play. Having his seasons in the summer months, when the New York and Boston theatres were closed, he was able to secure unusually good stock companies at comparatively small cost, while from time to time came stars of more than ordinary magnitude. Shaksperian plays, with English comedy and melodrama of the better class, comprised the bulk of the attractions, and it was only occasionally that such trash as *Across the Continent*, etc., was given to a public which had been taught to look for something better. Lanergan deserved a better fortune than attended the last years of his life. When I last saw him, six years or so ago, he was keeping up a brave front in Boston, professing to be making a living by teaching elocution. He was too proud to admit that he was in all the horrible misery of respectable poverty, and it was only at his death that the secret was revealed. His friends, in and out of the profession, were prompt to render to his widow the service they would gladly have rendered him, had he but spoken the word before it was too late. Something was sent from St. John—I forget the amount—but it was a pitifully small sum compared with what it should have been, and would have been had not most of the donors suffered reverses themselves. To some of them, a $5 bill meant a good deal more than $100 would have meant in the old theatre days.

Mr. Couldock did not cease his connection with the Lyceum in 1864. His last appearance was as Sir John Falstaff, on July 28, 1866, and on the following Monday Charles Dillon made his first bow to the citizens as Virginius. Frank Roche's first appearance was as Robert Brierly, in the *Ticket of Leave Man*, that season. He came from the Howard Athenæum, Boston.

I do not think Louis Aldrich came here before 1869. He was always a favorite, both on and off the stage, and was one of the best natured men in the world. He had an idea that he could make-up for a villain as well as for any other part, but he could not, though he did not like to be told so. The rollicking fun was in him, and was sure to show itself. He played here through the seventies, and made many friends any one of whom, however, might expect to be the subject of a stage gag at any performance. He deserves the success and fame he has won in recent years. I think the interviewer has misunderstood Mr. Coll in regard to "McGinnis" playing *Rip Van Winkle* here in 1868. I saw Robert McWade in it in 1871, and it was in the same year that Doud Byron came with *Across the Continent*. That also was the season in which Charles Matthews appeared, and following pretty soon after Byron, the contrast of styles was very marked. Matthews was then in his 70th year, but looked to be very much younger. He appeared in his specialty of Sir Charles Coldstream, in *Used Up*, in *If I had £1,000 a Year, Married for Money*, etc. A good many people were a little disappointed in him, but it is right to say they were not authorities on the drama. They had an idea that a great actor should do a great deal of "acting" and make a certain amount of noise. Matthews was so thoroughly natural and self-possessed that not only the pit but a good many outside of it wondered how he had ever gained such a wide reputation. When Lanergan took him to Halifax, some of the leading citizens prudently abstained from attending on the first night, under the impression that there was some sort of a sell about the affair.

Some mention should be made of the stock actors who did much to make the Lyceum popular year after year. In addition to such as have been named, were such faithful workers as J. B. Fuller, a most conscientious and reliable veteran; Walter Lennox, whose mastery of comedy never failed of appreciation, and whose Grave Digger, in *Hamlet*, is still vividly remembered; Shirley France, who though not a specially good actor was always popular; and there were others of more or less note and degrees of ability who are still pleasantly remembered. Among the women, in addition to Mrs. Lanergan, who can forget Rachael Noah, who seemed to have the secret of perpetual youth? Louisa Morse was another stand-by of whom the public never grew tired. Years after the Lyceum had closed, I saw Rachael Noah at an actors' fund benefit, in the Boston Theatre, and she did not seem to have aged a day.

There were others who filled special engagements, in the different seasons, such as Frank Mayo, Dollie Bidwell, Kate Reignolds, Kate Denin, Dominick Murray, etc., of whom a great deal might be written. Murray always brought down the house in *Arrah-na-Pogue*, the *Rapparee* and other Irish plays, and he was delightfully true to life.

When Lanergan had stars, he was usually able to give them a good support, and when the great Davenport played *Hamlet*, for instance, there was much to admire in addition to the title role.

The Academy of Music was opened in 1872. It had many modern improvements, but it never took the place of the old Dramatic Lyceum in the hearts of the people.

KILBY.

THE FEARLESS ZAZEL.

The Plucky Little Trapeze Performer and What She Has Done.

Frequenters of the circus will doubtless remember the daring divinity, "Zazel," and her famous leap-for-life act. Of this feat she was the originator, and has practised it ever since she was 6 years old with wonderful immunity from injury, but she failed in her performance the other day at Las Vegas, N. M., and fell fifty feet to the ground, receiving serious injuries which may put a quietus on her aerial leaps and flights.

There was never a more fearless woman gymnast than this Zazel, whom New York firemen will remember as jumping nonchalantly from a fourth-story window into a net to illustrate the possibilities of the net as a means of saving life. She tied a stout cord about her skirts, and, throwing her head up and backward, she sprang to the centre of the net as confidently and as gracefully as my lady springs from her carriage.

It was Zazel, too, who was tucked away inside of a cannon, all but the top of her curly head, to be fired out again, sixty feet down into a net below.

It was Zazel who vaulted from the proscenium arch of the theatre ninety feet into the pit below and came up smiling to kiss her hands to the wondering people. Fear was to her an unknown quantity, because she was taught the science of falling before she was taught the skill of performing. Still Zazel always liked best to perform when the buttons tied into her silk tights were gold eagle; instead of cents. And if ever any accident happened, however trivial, no earthly power could persuade Zazel to perform again in the colors worn at the time of the accident.

It was in an old condemned church in a London street that Zazel studied her art, with her wire stretched from the chancel down through the nave to the gallery, and her nets spread below. She urged that the perilous leap was a simple thing, requiring only courage, perfect self-control, and a knack of using the muscles of the chest.—*N. Y. Sun.*

A FOUNDLING HOSPITAL.

It is in Moscow, and Mothers Have the Children Checked Like Baggage.

The Moscow Foundling Hospital is an enormous structure situated on the banks of the Moskva, approached by a carriage-drive, and surrounded by gardens. It was founded by Catherine II., and a yearly grant of £180,000 is made by the government for its support. It may be looked upon therefore as a state institution. It is meant to serve as a receptacle for any children whom their parents wish to get rid of. The process is exceedingly simple. Any mother who finds her baby an inconvenience brings it to the hospital. There is no false shame about the woman. She brings it quite openly, and hands it in to the superintendent.

"I have got a child here that I want to leave, please," she says, just as one goes to the cloak-room at a station, leaves a bag, pays twopence, gets a ticket, and walks off.

The name of the baby, if it has one, is registered in the books of the hospital; if it has not been already christened and baptised, that ceremony is performed on the day following its admission.

The child is immediately ticketed with a particular number; the ticket is tied on to its back and never removed, so that there can be no future mistake as to its identity. A corresponding ticket is given to the mother, who walks off happy and contented, having by that simple proceeding completely divested herself of all responsibility and expense in the bringing-up of her child.

If her maternal feelings are sufficiently warm, she can reclaim the child any time within ten years after its admission by the production of her ticket.

After that, her time of election is passed, and the child remains in the hospital until he or she is seventeen; then, if it is a boy, he is put into some agricultural employment, and if it is girl, she is apprenticed to some other trade.—*Temple Bar.*

The Atlantic Ocean.

The Atlantic, or as sailors call it, the Western Ocean, was known long ago, in classic and post-classic times, as "Mare Tenebrosum," the dark or shadowy sea, and it still has a reputation and record of terror with its storms that hardly cease the whole year round, which almost justifies the strange and weird fancy of the ancient maritime Arabians who never ventured beyond the Pillars of Hercules lest a gigantic Devil's Hand, protruded from its depths, should drag them down in punishment for their foolhardiness. For nine months of the year the Atlantic weather is treacherous, and even in the summer time no master of steamship or sailing-vessel can be wholly sure that a storm centre, which develops in the valley of the St. Lawrence, may not suddenly move over New England and swoop upon him with a velocity almost equal to the pampero which makes the coasts of lower South America at times so dangerous. And added to the dangers of cyclone storms, there are the fogs on the Banks of Newfoundland, due doubtless in part to the meeting of the cold current from Baffin's Bay and the warmer Gulf Stream, although they seem to bear a definite relation to the storms taking their rise in the basin of Canada's greatest river. The icebergs, too, which are released from the northern glaciers in summer, and float fast enough southward to be in the line of traffic in the following warm season, make the western passage one of very great anxiety and of far more risk than the passenger, who is usually as comfortably ignorant of real sea peril as he is alive to any learned in imaginary dangers, can have and adequate notion of.—*Murray's Magazine.*

A SEASONABLE BEAR STORY.

Bruin has Some Fun upon The Banks Farm.

Mrs. Jonas Banks of Forkston, Pa., went to her back door to shake her table-cloth one morning last week when she was surprised to see a bear walking toward her from a lane between the house and a turnip field, the turnip field being bordered by woods which stretch a mile back to Ellman's swamp. Mrs. Banks jumped back in the kitchen, slammed the door, and ran to the front door and shouted to her husband, who was in a buckwheat field a few rods away.

Farmer Banks hurried to the house, and by the time he reached it the bear had made its way across the yard to a bee skip that stood on a bench between two apple trees, where he stood sniffing the sweet stores within, while the bees buzzed frantically round his head. The Banks family are newcomers in this region, and the farmer had not settled there with any idea of harvesting bears, and consequently had no gun in his farm equipment. But he had reasons for wanting the contents of the beehive for his own use, and believing that the bear was there to loot the skip, he gathered several stones and, advancing upon bruin, began bombarding him. Mrs. Banks, with the idea that noise might be effective in forcing the bear to retreat, grabbed a big milk pan and ran out into the yard, holding the pan by one handle and beating lustily upon it with a potato masher. Whether it was the stones hurled by Farmer Banks, the terrible clatter made by Mrs. Banks on the milk pan, or the fiery onslaughts of the angry bees, or a combination of the three that made the bear think it might not be well for him to linger there, there is no means of knowing, but he turned and retraced his steps across the lane and into the turnip field. He did not seem to be in a hurry, though, and when he had gone a short distance in the field he stopped and began to pull up turnips. He tested one, and it seemed to suit his palate, for he ate it and then settled himself with the evident intention of making a square meal.

Turnips are turnips in the lumber region clearings, and the way the bear pulled up, ate, and scattered Farmer Banks's crop caused as much alarm to the farmer and his wife as did the threatened cleaning out of the bee skip. So the farmer and his wife renewed their tactics, and marched against the bear with stones and the milk-pan gong. The bear paid no attention to the advance of the enemy until they got within two rods of him, when he gave a snort, turned sharply on the farmer and his wife, and made a rush for them. Mrs. Banks dropped her milk pan and potato masher and the farmer dropped the stones, and both flew for the house. They reached it in safety, and looking out of the window saw that the bear had stopped where the milk pan lay, and was inspecting it. He walked round it many times, smelled of it, and then rising on his hind feet dropped with his fore feet square upon it, the pan lying bottom up. Then he picked it up, and Mrs. Banks saw, with a housewifely pang, that it was smashed beyond all hope of future usefulness.

The pan seemed to please the bear, for he tossed and kicked it about in a manner that testified to his enjoyment of its possibilities. When he got through with it, the milk pan that had been so symmetrical and glittering was a jumble of dirt-begrimed kinks and angles. The bear finally tired of his fun with the pan, and turning his nose toward the house again, stood for moment as if deliberating on what he could do to get some more pleasure out of the Banks farm, and then slouched in a confident way back across the lane and into the yard. He crossed the yard, stepped up on the back stoop, and putting his nose against the kitchen window peered through. The farmer and his wife ran into the sitting room, and the bear left the house and disappeared.

WAITERS' FEES.

A Discussion of Them in Paris—Fees in New York.

The Paris newspapers have been discussing the question of feeing waiters. All are agreed that the fee which was once a gratuity, received in a spirit of thankfulness, has now become a tax which the waiter feels it to be his right to collect. But the interesting side of the discussion was to the amount of the fee. One newspaper writer said he thought that 25 francs or something less than $5 was not too much to pay for a dinner of 100 francs.

This created a storm. One paper announced a schedule which it said was in common use in Paris. This schedule set a fee of 10 cents for a dinner of $2 or thereabouts,, 30 cents for a dinner of $4, and so on, slightly increasing the proportion between fee and bill. And everybody assented to this as just and fair, since the feeing system was established so firmly.

If such a schedule as this were set up in New York, there would be an exceedingly surly set of waiters at the better class hotels and cafes. At some cafes the waiter is pretty certain to lift his eyebrows if less than a quarter is offered when he has served two persons, however small the bill. In most places no waiter complains if he gets 15 per cent. of the bill, provided that he get at least 20 cents for serving two persons when the bill is about a dollar.

It is doubtful whether waiters get as much as is generally supposed. There are many people, thousands among the visitors to New York, who do not recognize the right which exacts double payment for service. And many a waiter in even Broadway cafes look venomously after retreating men who have coolly pocketed all the change which the cashier has so kindly selected for the waiter.

The greatest complaint now heard in New York about the feeing system is that the waiters have become so accustomed to getting the fee, and so assured of their right to it that they do not try to earn it. And the further observation is made by visitors to New York that the best waiters are at the table d'hotes and hotels where foreign influence is strong.—*N. Y. News.*

A Test of Charity.

In Syria there is a certain religious sect the members of which are forbidden to drink from a vessel that has touched the lips of a stranger. In spite of this they never refuse a drink of water to the thirsty traveller, although they must immediately destroy the cup which he has use.—*Harper's Young People.*

THE ART OF PUFFING.

How Barnum Had Items Inserted in Papers All Over the Country.

W. J. Arkell tells the following story on himself: "Barnum fooled me once pretty badly. He was up to all sorts of tricks, and you could not keep too close an eye upon him. I was in New York one day at the time when I was publishing the Albany *Journal*, when I saw a story about Barnum in the *Evening Post*. It was something to this effect, that Barnum was walking around the show one day when he saw a young man attentively looking at the pictures and seemingly much interested in them. Barnum spoke to him and asked him if he would like to have the show explained to him.

"He said he would, and the showman took him the entire round and gave him a very interesting talk about the features of the show. When he got through the young man said: 'And now, Mr. Barnum, suppose you let me explain the show to you.' Barnum assented, and the young man took him around the show and explained its features to him with such a perfect understanding that Barnum was amazed. 'Young man,' he said, 'you know more about this busines than any man I ever met. You know more about it than I do. Will you work for me?' Yes, the young man said he would work for him. 'I will give you $5,000 a year,' said Barnum. No, the young man would not work for that. 'I will give you $7,500,' said Barnum.

"'All right,' said the young man, 'I will work for that.'

"So they went over to Mr. Bailey's office and Mr. Barnum said to Mr. Bailey: 'I want you to put this young man on the salary list at $7,500 a year. He knows more about the show business than any one I ever met.'

"'I guess you don't want to do that,' said Mr. Bailey. 'That young man is our western advance agent and we are paying him $5,000 a year now.'

"The story struck me as a pretty good one, and I telegraphed my editor in Albany to use it the next day. Then I got to worrying about it. It didn't seem to me just right, and as I was passing the *Evening Post* office, seeing young Godkin standing out in front, I had an idea. 'Hallo, Godkin,' said I, 'what did Barnum pay you for that story?'

"Godkin pulled me inside of the door. 'Don't talk so loud,' he said in a whisper. 'The fact is we only got eighty cents a line for that story, but we might just as well have had $1.

"It was too late to stop the story then. The *Journal* was out on the street. But it made me feel pretty sick when I found out how I had been fooled. Well, sir, that story went all over the country as a legitimate news story. And it was a good story, too, but it was a pretty clever advertisement. Barnum was a very cute man."

Realism in a Maine Theatre.

An event occurred at Portland theatre Saturday night that was not down on the bills. The unfortunate victim, innocent of the crime, is wrestling with his emotions prior to the horrible end he expects. The prison doors are thrown open of a sudden and the officers appear to lead him to the guillotine. In the agony of his approaching fate the prisoner cries out, "You shall not lead me to my death," or words to that effect. The audience on this occasion was spellbound, but as the actor shrieked out those words a spectator in the gallery, wrought up to the highest tension, sang out in tones that echoed through the theatre:

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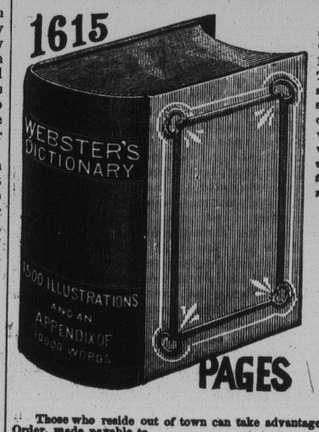

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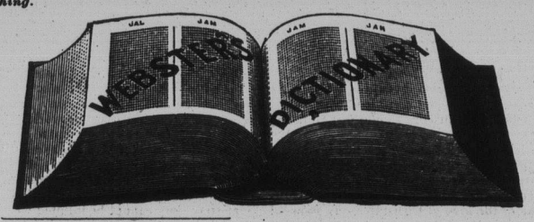

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