

Greatest of French Actresses Is Madame Gabrielle Rejane

Who Will Appear at the Princess Theatre the Last Three Nights of the Week and Saturday Afternoon in "Ma Cousine," "Zaza," "L'Hirondelle" and "Sapho."

French art, presented by a world-famous French player, who has been applauded with equal enthusiasm in London, Paris, New York, Buenos Ayres, Copenhagen, Havana and Rome, will be offered at the Princess Theatre, Jan. 25, 27 and 28, when Madame Gabrielle Rejane and her Parisian company of player, including Mr. Dumény and Mlle. Avril, will fulfil an engagement of three nights and a Saturday matinee in a repertoire of many and varied plays.

Much interest is felt among the more thoughtful of our theatregoers in the tour of this great French actress, Rejane, for we are coming to appreciate the fact that the appearance in our midst of the great dramatic interpreters from the intellectual capitals of the old world broadens and deepens our culture, stimulating the mental faculties and quickening the imagination in such ways as to make for breadth of thought, intellectual hospitality, refinement in taste and increased appreciation for the masterpiece of classic and contemporary literature—in a word, for education in its broader significance. Much has been said and written about the folly of Americans, as exhibited in the liberal patronage of foreign stars, who find the United States a veritable Golconda; but however just this criticism may be when it applies to the foreigners who, wanting in ability, have through accident gained ephemeral popularity, we feel that it is far from true when applied to those who are really great in their chosen field, like Duse, Rejane and Novelli.

In Madame Rejane we have another of the really great dramatic artists who are typical characters. Her life also possesses the added interest for the republican mind which attaches to those children of genius who, from lowly birth and humble circumstances have arisen to the front ranks in their chosen profession, thru patient, faithful, conscientious and persistent toil. For Gabrielle Rejane's parents were poor. She was born in the Rue de la Donana, one of the storm centres for almost every great riot known to Paris of the last century and a quarter. Her father in early life had been an actor, but before the birth of Gabrielle he had retired from the boards and during her early years he was ticket receiver and keeper of the buffet at L'Ambigu. In this work the mother assisted and the little child was pressed into service to run errands and a quarter. Her father, as a very small child could render. Thus environed, the child passed her early years, even sleeping on an improvised bed made up in a corner behind the buffet. But this life was not without its fascination, for here she saw and heard many of the greatest actors and actresses of the day, including Frederick Le Maitre, Paul Clèves, Bondois, Melingue, Yena Essler, Adèle Page, Diea Petit, Marie Laurent and others. Here, too, she listened to the initial presentation of many of the great plays of the day amid the intoxicated excitement and enthusiasm that attend the opening performances of master plays before French audiences. Thus she lived in a fairylike world. The atmosphere of the theatre environed her early days as does the morning mist envelope mountain, hill and glen, and this wonder world of romance and beauty gave to life the intoxication of pure joy as does the mist at dawn lend splendor to the new-born day. When she was quite young her father died, leaving the mother and child to fight the battle for bread. But both were thrifty, industrious and accustomed to hard work. Sympathizing friends also aided them. Especially were loving hands stretched out to little Gabrielle to aid her in reaching the goal of her ambition by friends who read in the wistful eyes as clearly as if words had framed it the dearest hope that filled the child's day dream world. If she could attend the Conservatoire she could fit herself to reach the heights to which even now she aspired. They saw that she was a natural actress, that inheritance and early environment had cast the die for her; and they also knew that besides being ambitious she did not fear hard work. So they helped her to reach the land of her heart's desire. She became the favorite pupil of the master, M. Regnier, and at her graduation won the second prize of the competition. Her talent, personal charm, vivacity and versatility were instantly recognized by the managers of Paris, and offers were promptly made by the Odeon, the Gymnase and the Vaudeville. At the last-named house she made her debut in March of 1875, in "La Revue des Deux Mondes," but it was not until six months later that she electrified Paris in a part assigned her in a one-act play, written by Marc Monier, and entitled "Madame Lili," in the cast of which were a number of famous artists. At that time Sarcey, the most eminent of all Parisian critics, wrote of her: "The roguishness, ingenuity and tenderness of Madame Rejane are charming. That pretty and lively girl has spirit even in her finger tips. How fortunate that she doesn't sing. If she had a voice, light opera would surely have devoured her."

From that time Rejane advanced rapidly to the forefront of her profession. Her remarkable versatility enabled her to interpret the most diverse roles in so convincing a manner as to win gold and carry her audience with her. Few actresses in the annals of the stage have scored so many successes or have equal-

ly succeeded in the impersonation of a range of characters that represented almost every dominant emotion known to the human heart.

The repertoire in Toronto of Madame Rejane will be as follows: Thursday evening, "Ma Cousine"; Friday evening, "Zaza"; Saturday matinee, "L'Hirondelle" (The Swallow); Saturday evening, "Sapho."

MADAME REJANE'S WONDERFUL WARDROBE

The above picture shows the dressing-room of the celebrated actress Madame Rejane. That is, it shows one of the three dressing-rooms which she occupies, and which is required for the use of her unusually large wardrobe, embracing two hundred different gowns for stage wear in all the French plays in her repertoire. Being a woman of unusual artistic instincts, Rejane is very exacting in her demands for dressing-room accommodation, desiring that her logs, as dressing-rooms are called in French, be furnished as nearly as possible in conformity with the requirements of good taste. Since an actress upon whose time so many demands are made spends a large part of her time in the theatre, she naturally feels that her dressing-room, being her salon for the greater part of the day, should contain all the comforts possible.

The immense wardrobe trunks used by Mme. Rejane are shown in the accompanying illustration and give an adequate idea of how these perishable creations are transported from place to place. As shown in the illustration, they are ready to be carried to Madame's dressing-room, but in transportation each garment, the left upon the hanger, is carefully swathed in fold after fold of soft tissue paper.

The gowns remaining in the costume trunk, just as they were found by the photographer, are many which could find no other place of disposal, as Madame's two dressing-rooms are completely filled by the dozens of costumes already laid out for her immediate use. The chapeaux accompanying the various toilettes and the dainty shoes and gloves are in such profusion and so closely packed in various receptacles that it is impossible to give an adequate idea by photograph of their beauty and variety.

Madame Rejane inclines to the Gainsboro effects in chapeaux, with beautiful ostrich feathers for ornamentation. She has these in every hue, from her favorite lilac-rose pink to black. She also affects dainty creations in lace and straws with flower trimmings. In all the most every instance there is a great deal of pink about her chapeaux, while she seems to avoid blue except for trimming, both in gowns and hats. Mme. Rejane's costume trunks measure seven feet high by four wide and are about three feet deep. They are, in-

fact, complete traveling wardrobes, leaving the gowns exactly in position on the hangers just as they would be in Madame's own dressing-room. These trunks are all zinc-lined and sealed in order to prevent the sea air from tarnishing the embroidery and jewels during their transit from France to America.

CAPTAIN KLADO INTERVIEWED.

He Appears a Sensible Kind of Chap After All.

Paris, Jan. 21.—Surprise is still expressed here at the recall of Admiral Kaznakoff, the Russian representative on the Hull Commission. The reasons advanced in the newspapers are the age of the admiral and his slight affliction with deafness. Captain Klado, quite the most interesting as well as the most authoritative of the witnesses at present in Paris, has just declared to me that there is no special significance in the recall. He knew that the czar wished to have a report from the admiral's lips; it might be that the veteran officer dreaded the length of the inquiry—at any rate, his successor, Admiral Doubassoff, had been expected in Paris for some time, where he should preside over a technical commission concerned with the purchase of war material. I have heard it stated from a likely source that in appointing Kaznakoff in the first instance, Russia wished to make sure that her representative would preside at the initial gathering, that being apparent from the seniority of the officer. However that may be, Russia appears to feel it imperative upon her to strengthen her hands in an inquiry which is being conducted with a seriousness possibly undreamed of in St. Petersburg.

Captain Klado, who is a man of an engaging personality, talked freely this morning of the war and of the situation created thereby. The captain, naturally, was not to be drawn into an expression of opinion as to the aims of Rojstvensky—a very common view, at least privately expressed in Paris, being that the Baltic squadron was never intended to reach Port Arthur—but he said that, personally, he thought a mistake had been made in dismantling the ships of the Pacific fleet to furnish guns for the ramparts and allowing the vessels themselves to be sunk at their moorings instead of rallying out to meet the enemy. "No doubt there would have been great loss of life," said the Russian officer, "but we should have crippled the Japanese, so that they could not have come to close quarters with the Baltic squadron."

From the war the conversation flowed easily to the Hull Inquiry. "It is quite wrong to suppose that we were out of our course on the night in question; we were following the direct route from Skagen to the Straits of Dover," he observed. "It is also incorrect to say that the incident occurred on the Dogger Bank; we were miles from that point—eighty miles, in fact, from the Scandinavian coast." Taking pencil and paper, the Russian drew a rough chart of the North Sea indicating a spot opposite the Dogger. "Impossible," he said, "to confuse torpedo boat with fishing craft. Look here!" and with a few strokes he drew the two in juxtaposition. "Moreover," he said, "the top part of a trawler is a light color, whereas the torpedo

boat is uniformly painted some dark hue." Whilst disclaiming any competency in the regions of diplomacy, Captain Klado had some interesting things to say on matters of general policy affecting Russia. For instance, he insisted that the Dardanelles should be open to the ships of the world, irrespective of nationality. "It is not to be supposed," he said, "that France would oppose us in that idea. Germany has shown by her attitude on the Bosphorus to be not unfriendly—Turkey would come in after the rest," and the captain smiled again.

This sympathetic man, who has fanned the popular flame in Russia to so remarkable a degree, is a confirmed Anglophile. Mutual interests should bring Russia and England together, he said, "England has large interests in China, just as we have." "And in India?" I hazarded. The captain's features again broke into a roguish smile. "India is not quite so essential to the English nation as it once was, say in the days of Napoleon; the British empire has grown since then." But when I was about to expostulate at the assumption, Captain Klado hastened to rectify his earlier impression by remarking, "What we principally seek is sea-board. Now India does not necessarily—" We both laughed, and the sentence was unfinished.

When, reverting to the Hull incident, I suggested that a verdict for Russia by the commission would mean the condemnation of England for breach of neutrality, my interlocutor has replied: "No. The torpedo boats might have come from Danish or other Scandinavian ports. It is not the province of the commission to find that out. Moreover, it is well known that both sides receive armament from neutral nations. Our ships are now steaming to the far east with British coal."

COUNT TOLSTOI AND CZAR.

Extraordinary Letter Written by Russian Author at a Critical Time.

London, Jan. 21.—The Times publishes a translation of a long letter written by Count Leo Tolstoy to the czar about three years ago, when the writer himself and all around him thought he was dying. The count, who addressed his majesty as "Dear Brother," refers to the universal dissatisfaction which all classes in Russia were at that time manifesting towards the Government as a result of the latter's "strenuous and cruel activity," and he informed the czar that the reason for this was: "Your helpers assure you that by the arrest of all progress of life in the nation they will thereby ensure the welfare of this people and your own peace and safety; but one can sooner arrest the flow of a river than that incessant progressive movement of mankind which is established by God. One understands how those to whom such a state of things is advantageous, and who in the depths of their souls say 'Apres nous le déluge,' can and must assure you of this; but it is astonishing how you, a free man, needing nothing, and a rational and good man, can believe them, and, following their horrible advice, commit or allow to be committed, so much evil for the sake of such an unattainable desire as the arrest of the eternal progress of mankind." The writer proceeds to allude to the double error of the czar's advisers in believing that for the wel-

fare of the people it is necessary, at all costs, to maintain the two combined forms of religious belief and political organization. It is, he says, impossible to assert that orthodoxy is now natural to the Russian people; and, regarding the prestige of the czar's power, Tolstoy alleges: "During the last thirty years it has been incessantly falling, and has lately fallen so low that amongst all classes no one now restrains himself from condemning not only the measures of the government, but also the czar himself, abusing and laughing at him. Autocracy is an outgrown form of government which may answer to the demands of a people somewhere in Central Africa apart from the whole world, but not the demands of the Russian people, which are growing ever more enlightened by the enlightenment common to the whole world." Count Tolstoy, after stating that by measures of coercion one can oppress a people but not rule them, remarks that the desires which the Russian people would express were it possible for them to do so would, in his opinion, be: "First of all the working people would say that they wished to be delivered from those special laws which place them in the position of a pariah deprived of the rights of all the citizens. Then they would say that they desire freedom of removal from place to place, freedom of education and freedom to profess the religion which corresponds to their spiritual needs, and, above all, the hundred million people would say with one voice that they desire freedom in the use of land and the abolition of the right of landed property." The first thing, he adds, which lies before the government is the abolition of that oppression which prevents the people from expressing their desires and needs. Tolstoy, in his concluding sentences, urges the czar to think of his responsibility before God, whose will is that good and not evil should be done unto men.

Austin Chamberlain as an Undergraduate.

To the first sixpenny issue of The Pall Mall Magazine—the January number—Mr. Herbert Vivian contributes some reminiscences of the chancellor of the exchequer when he was at Cambridge.

"Apart from the debates at the union, he did not indulge in many distractions. Like the average studious undergraduate, he generally restricted his exercise to an afternoon constitutional on the Trumpington Ground. But I have sometimes persuaded him to play a game at lawn tennis. I remember one in particular when he and Leo Maxse defeated Wilfred Blunt and myself. He indulged in a very fierce overhand service, which came off fairly often, but he was too short-sighted to make very sure of his returns. In appearance he was by no means athletic, and I remember my surprise when he told me that some one had invited him to go out riding.

"The surest way to his heart was to ask his advice as a man of the world. He would give it with great solemnity and solve a case of conscience with the utmost impartiality. He certainly had a high code of honor, and was very strict with himself as well as with others on such questions as literal veracity, the respect of confidences and the duties of friendship.

"I saw young Chamberlain nearly every day during term for about two years, but I never felt that I knew him well. Round about his character there was an outer shell which very few were able to penetrate. He took offence too easily to make a good friend, and he was perhaps too much self-centred to make a good enemy."

SEEING SPIRITS OF AN

Andrew Lang, in The Courtesan.

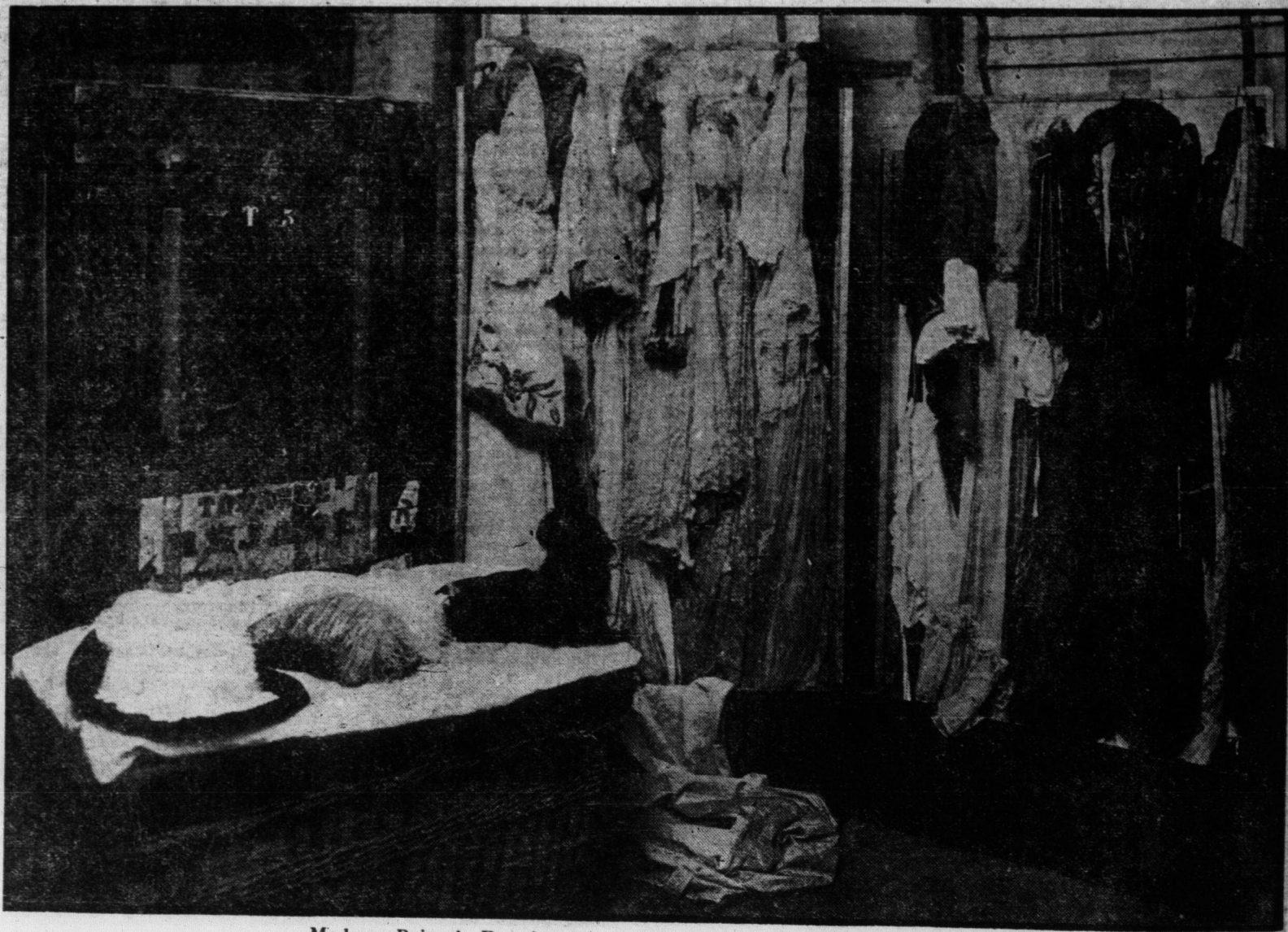
It was a deadly still night. I was wide open, no breeze stirring. I awakened at 4 a.m. not sleep, lit a candle, and O'Meara's book on "Napoleon Helena." I conceived a poor notion of the hero's character, but neither here nor there. Suddenly heard outside the traditional faint but distinct, of "shadow" along the corridor, they reach the door, and then the door hinged feebly shaken by an ineffectual imperfectly materialized, no do place of blotting out, I like worthy researcher, asked, "V there?" Dead silence followed frou-frou ceased.

I was not very comfortable. In the house would have played kind of joke. We were not "simple. But a day or two before, a writing in the study after dinner female shape had entered the shape was deadly pale, and the sheet of paper inscribed, "I am tired. Give me a book." I got the book, and went on writing. somebody explained to me that had been hypnotized, which was ordered to come in and give the message. Now, I conceive an idea that the hypnotic suggestion recurred, in a dream, and the shape was either again walking sleep or acting as "agent," and a phantasm. So I was doubtful that the door of my bedroom not lock, as all doors in haunted ought to do.

In giving this disputable instance have wandered from the point, is that living agents can produce same phenomena as are attributed to ghosts. As for noises in the furniture, I knew some people who kept rooms of their houses certain boxes of goods entrusted to their friends in India. The boxes were make noises in the room, as were being moved about, like furniture in haunted houses. I came a letter from the owners, that they wanted the boxes. I not argue that some mystic effluvia the brains of the living agents caused the "agent," and boxes in England? If so, then noises of old furniture mysteriously displaced occur (as in Abbots) the night when Mr. Bullock, who plied the furniture, died in London. may we not guess that previous ers of the tables and chairs are ing of these goods? We need to a theory of spirits of the dead when, in the house where the furniture is noisy, a strange old woman and vanishes; when the hair of the of the house is plucked by her hands, when the doors open on own accord as she approaches, (all of which things are in the end of a friend of mine. I that I doubt if the "agent" is a Phantasm of the Living.

"The phantasms of the living 'walk' just as ghosts do. I take certain, and give examples. weeks ago a lady of my kin, as FitzAllan, dressed very early in the (she was tastefully frock pink), and went into the room, where she sat writing. As she wrote she thought moment of going to visit a sick friend an establishment about a half yards distant. For an ordinary reason she did not go. To her a lady, resident in the aforementioned establishment, who had been invited. The lady gaped on her in ment. As she left the door place where she lived, she expressed her surprise in her mind she had seen in front of her Miss Allan, dressed in gray, walking direction whither she was going was about to say, "Mary you late for dinner," but, having back view of the appearance, she till they should come to the end. If the appearance in gray to the right at the corner she Miss FitzAllan, for that route led to her front door. By the time reached the corner the guest was in touch of the appearance, who go round the corner. Being told that the appearance was Miss FitzAllan, the other lady put her hand to touch her on the shoulder. Personnel there was no body, appearance, any more. The phantasm Miss FitzAllan had been "walk like a ghost where she herself thought of going.

To take another instance, the M. MacHendry of Glenbuck names are altered in every case me that once the bell of his kirch repairs. The only persons in charge who could execute their work men, engaged that Saturday on across the loch and beyond it, but they would return uncertainly by a certain or rather uncertain er. They lived beyond the mill manse in the village street, and went on he watched for them on window. They came, one of the rying a large brown paper parcel mister ran out and after them were not in sight in the street runs straight on from the house body had seen them. Some time ward they turned on again, a man who had carried the brown parcel was carrying it still. I



Madame Rejane's Dressing Room (The French Actress's Wardrobe).