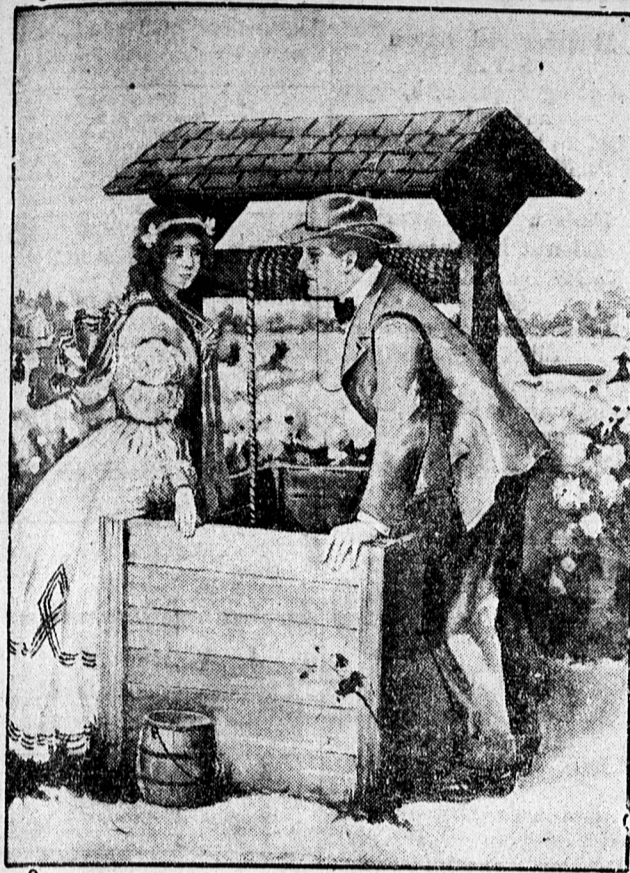


THE HISTORY OF THE TALENTED COLONIAL STOCK COMPANY NOW PLAYING IN CHARLOTTETOWN

The Different Members Tell How They Came to Take up the Stage as a Profession—The Company Consider Charlottetown Theatre Goers Their Sponcers as it Was in This City That Their Company Was Formed.



ANOTHER SCENE FROM A WELL KNOWN PLAY.

ANCIENT PASTRY MOULDS.

If the gingerbread of Elizabethan times was going out of fashion in the 17th century, the biscuit and the bun were appearing in a quaint and ornate state of infancy, says the Queen.

Tales were told upon the delectable area of a sugary cake by means of a firm impression from the pearwood of boxwood die, or romance was carried to the lips on the surface of a cracked, possibly telling the story of the famous Biddenden maids.

Stamping and embossing of delicate cakes and "jumballs" during the late Stuart times became a characteristic branch of the pastry cook's profession while in private life, at a period when cookery was considered a lady's most graceful accomplishment, the country chateaux must have despatched many an order to her agent in town for a pearwood mould, preferably one depicting the equestrian energies of the reigning monarch.

The favorite material for these old pastry moulds was undoubtedly pearwood, but there are many made of boxwood still in existence, and a set in beech is discovered occasionally.

For Easter cakes there were pearwood moulds of the Paschal Lamb, heart shaped cakes with embossed lovers on them appeared at betrothal festivals. Hunting scenes were popular throughout the 17th and 18th centuries, sleighing parties proved a favorite winter subject, nor were Scripture and mythology overlooked.

From the Army and Navy Register. The reunion at Bull Run has awakened interest in the survivors of full force of the heat.

those who attained the rank of major general and brigadier general during the Civil War and who were appointed general officers prior to April 9, 1865. Of course, it is not possible to verify the list in its entirety as it has been prepared in the adjutant general's office of the War Department, for there is no information concerning the officers who are not now of the military establishment.

Major Generals Daniel E. Sickles, October 20, 1825; and Peter J. Osterhaus, January 24, 1823, the former being a major general and the latter a brigadier general on the retired list.

Brigadier Generals John R. Brooke (Major General, U. S. Army, retired), July 31, 1838; Henry B. Carrington (Brigadier General, U. S. Army, retired), March 2, 1822; Brigadier General B. H. Grierson (Brigadier General, U. S. Army, retired), July 8, 1826; Martin B. Hardin (Brigadier General, U. S. Army, retired), June 26, 1837; John P. Hawkins (Brigadier General, U. S. Army, retired), September 29, 1830; Nelson A. Miles (Lieutenant General, U. S. Army, retired), August 8, 1839; Galusha Pennypacker (Brigadier General, U. S. Army, retired), June 1, 1843.

Major Generals Adelbert Ames, October 31, 1835; Christopher C. Andrews, October 27, 1829; John Beatty, September 16, 1828; Edward S. Bragg, February 20, 1827; Cyrus Bussey, October 5, 1833; Pohn S. Caldwell, April 17, 1833; Joshua L. Chamberlain, September 8, 1828; Augustus L. Chetlain, December 16, 1824; Powell Clayton, August 7, 1833; Selden Bonnor, January 25, 1839; Lewis A. Grant, January 10, 1824; David M. Gregg, April 10, 1833; Edward Harland, about 1833; Franklin S. Nickerson, about 1828; Charles J. Paine, August 26, 1833; Byron R. Pietce, September 20, 1829; William H. Seward, jr., June 18, 1839; Alexander Shaler, March 3, 1927; William S. Smith, July 22, 1830; James H. Wilson, September 2, 1837.

To wash real lace the best plan is to fasten it to a strip of clean white muslin, catching each point carefully to the foundation. After soaking in a suds made from white soap and warm water, it should be thoroughly rinsed in clear warm and then cold water. Blueing should not be used for laces, not even the imitation. In order to restore the oil to the thread and also to soften the color, the lace should be finally rinsed in skimmed milk.

Others to do that, of course, I want them to say nice things about me." She was assured that every one, to certain knowledge, had only words of praise for Edith Warren, and she replied, "Now that's a very pretty compliment, believe me, I appreciate it."

The average actor or actress is often asked, "why did you go on the stage," and as there is usually a certain amount of curiosity felt in regard to anything that pertains to the theatrical profession, the writer thought that while THE COLONIAL STOCK COMPANY, was in Charlottetown, this would be a good opportunity of obtaining some facts from the different members of that favorite organization, whose efforts, at the opera house this week are meeting with well-merited and liberal patronage.

The combination is too well known to require extended comment upon their histrionic ability, or their personalities, suffice it to say—that each visit to Charlottetown makes them nearer and nearer and it is felt that Charlottetown theatre goers are really their sponsors, as it was in this town that THE COLONIALS were first organized as a company, in other words—Charlottetown is the place where the The Colonial Stock Company had its birth. To quote Mr. Hartman, or "Billy" as he is known to many, have been all over the civilized globe, but it's "Charlottetown for mine", and this is the sentiment of every member of the aggregation.

But to return to the subject "why did you go on the stage?" The writer felt a slight hesitancy about asking anything so extremely personal, yet the Colonial one and all gave practically the same reply, which was "My dear sir, if anything about me is of interest to the public here, I shall be only too happy to give you all the information in my power."

One thing, about the ladies and gentlemen of the Colonial is, their unflinching courtesy to everyone. Miss Edith Warren was the first one to be interviewed, she is staying at the Queen and had just returned from the photographer, where for two days the Company have been photographed in scenes from the different plays in their repertoire. The popular leading lady of the Colonial received the writer graciously and after it was made known the object of the visit, said—"Though I am a woman and love to talk—I you hurt?" and "Eva" answered with perfect sang froid, "No, papa, I

was taken seriously ill. There was no other child available who was up in the lines, so the management was in a quandry. "Uncle Tom's Cabin" without "Eva" was out of the question, a large amount of money had been spent on the production, and it being Christmas time, it was impossible to close the theatre without great financial loss. Stage manager, manager, star, actors, actresses, electricians and stage-hands stared at each other in dismay, or scratched their heads in vain for an idea to extricate them from the dilemma when the stage carpenter, and a sort of oracle in his way, said—"What's the matter with that little red-headed freckled kid, next door, she's got cheek enough to go on, and I'll bet my boots, she'll make good." The manager was willing to grasp at the proverbial straw, so they sent for the little red-head's mamma, and explained the situation.

She, like most mothers thought her "Cheid" a "Born Actress" and consented. Little red head, or as the play bills read, "La Petite Edie" was yours truly. Then all that afternoon my mother worked like a trojan. Well the time came for my first entrance. I wasn't a bit nervous, but was "showing off to beat the band" as children say. "Uncle Tom" and "Eva" were supposed to have been out walking about the grounds and she brings him on the stage holding both his hands while she backs on, saying—"Come, Uncle Tom—come Uncle Tom!" now for the critical moment—Mamma, and stage manager, were telling Edie to go on, and Edie, who by the way was as broad as she was long—lipped her lines and started to walk backward dragging Uncle Tom along!

"Pride cometh before a fall" was true in my case, only I didn't fall—I turned a complete back somersault and landed on the middle of the stage, of course the audience howled. Mr. St. Clair my stage father interpolated the line "Eva, are you hurt?" and "Eva" answered with perfect sang froid, "No, papa, I

inspired me with a desire to follow the profession. I started with a small company out of Chicago, then, worked East and have remained in that section of the U. S. up until my joining The Colonial. This is my first visit to Canada and I must declare that I am enjoying myself immensely.

MISS MOLLIE REVEL.

Miss Mollie Revel, the versatile actress was suffering from a severe cold when called upon but cheerfully gave us the information asked. "When I was child in Philadelphia, Pa., (to which city my father took his family from our native Stratford on the Avon) I was never permitted to visit a theatre, but would when opportunity presented stand outside of the various play-houses admiring the gaudy posters and reading the play-bills, longing to see the great wonders that were hidden within those sacred portals. When I grew older I joined the famous Wheatley Amateur Dramatic Club an organization well known all over the eastern part of the United States, and it was through this club that I secured my first professional engagement. That great comedian E. A. Sothorn—father of the present tragedian, was then playing a starring engagement in our city, one of the ladies of the cast met with an accident, and actresses at that day, were not as plentiful as at present. Mr. Sothorn, had often been a guest at The Wheatley performances and had been kind enough to praise my work. My lucky star was in the accident; the part to be filled was right in my line. I was sent for and made my first professional appearance.

We enjoyed a long run in Philadelphia, then I went on the road in Mr. Sothorn's company. Returned home in the late spring, and found an offer awaiting me to join "LOT-TA," whom old-time theatre-goers will remember as the greatest comestelone of her time. After a successful season with her, I became a member of John Ellsler's Stock Company at Cleveland, Ohio, and had the honor of supporting such artists as Edwin Forrest, Charlotte Cushman, Edwin Booth, Barry Sullivan and other cele-



VENGEANCE IS MINE.

advice, but WORK—not long, sometimes fifteen, sometimes eighteen hours a day, and after each day's work the directors have always been kind enough to allow me to go home and study a new part that I was to play in the next piece. But I LOVE my profession? Yes. Think of the beautiful scenery I have witnessed; Most of it was painted by Frank Oliver after he had finished his usual eighteen hours work, for believe me, when I hit the train—if the conductor is kind enough to let me—I sleep from town to town. Still I would be an ACTOR.

JOLLY FRANK OLIVER. When asked the usual question, friend Frank said—"Why write anything about me? If you say something good, no one will believe it—and everybody in this part of the country knows the worst of me, but if you must know "The sad, sad story of my life" here goes—I took to the stage, as "A duck takes to water"—when a youngster in old England. Almost every kiddie in that country has a chance at Christmas to appear in Pantomime; after my first experience in this kind of work nothing could drag me from behind the footlights. Oh, the first I did with that show! They first started me playing small parts, or "bits" in theatrical farces. Then the scenic artist discovered that he required an assistant—they also gave me the privilege of helping him.

One day while I was on the paint frame some one heard me singing the first song that I had learned in Pantomime, this good and benevolent friend of mine told the manager, and that night I was informed, that I would do a specialty. Now, with this show, it was a case of learn three new parts a week, help paint scenery and specialize.

Mr. Blythe, whose home is in Newark, N. J., was raised in the theatrical profession, his father up until his death, was one of the famous minstrel men of the old regime. Mr. Blythe says he was scarcely able to toddle when he made his first "Parade" with the old Haverly Minstrels. His reason for not following the same line as his father, was his love for dramatic work. He secured a position with one of the "Dr. Jek-ke and Mr. Hyde" companies touring the U. S. and proved a very valuable member. He next joined a stock under the direction of Sedley Brown, one of the best and largest producers in the states and to whom he gratefully acknowledges his present success.

This young actor who is making rapid strides in his chosen profession received his first practical experience on the vaudeville stage, although previously he had been well and favorably known as a Dramatic Reader. I am a Canadian by birth, said Mr. Lawrence, and as Canada has produced some great histrionic artists I didn't see but what there was room for one more, of course, I haven't amounted to much as yet, but then, I'm young—that is, compared to "Bill" Hartman and some of the rest of the old bald-heads, and I often say—if I had Bill's years of experience with one of the "Dr. Jek-ke and Mr. Hyde" companies, I'd "do."

Dr. Forbes Godfrey, the light dragon of West York, in the Ontario legislature, soaks reciprocity morning, noon and night. He tells his audiences a story which he claims illustrates the benefits the pact will confer upon Canadians. A Yankee foreman on a paving contract in the city of Toronto, hearing some of the workmen in a discussion on the question undertook to show them how it would work out. "If you fellows will get me a pipe, some tobacco and a couple of matches I'll show you this reciprocity business works out," he said. They did so. He filled the pipe, lit it, and proceeded to smoke. "Where do we come in?" asked the waiting workmen who did not see the point of the illustration. "Why, you just stand round and spit," replied the son of Uncle Sam. "That's where you come in."

This sterling actor rejoins The Colonial Stock Company today, after a successful stock season in Pennsylvania.



THE TALENTED ACTRESS, MISS EDITH WARREN.

others to do that, of course, I want them to say nice things about me." She was assured that every one, to certain knowledge, had only words of praise for Edith Warren, and she replied, "Now that's a very pretty compliment, believe me, I appreciate it."

"Well," continued Miss Warren, "now for the plunge—you want to know why I went on the stage? I didn't go—I literally fell on it. Years ago—I won't say how many old—I'm a woman) when I was a little kiddie, five years old, my mother and I lived in San Francisco, California, on Mission street, next door to the Grand Opera House, a theatre famous in the '80's for its wonderful productions. A revival of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" was in rehearsal, and a day before the opening of the play the infant prodigy who was the ethereal

did that on purpose." You can imagine the rest. The criticism in the Chronic next morning, speaking of my performance said, that I did very well, but that if "Little Eva" had been as chubby as "Little Edie" she never would have faded away as soon and joined the angels."

MISS MODA DOUGLAS. This young lady is a new-comer of THE COLONIAL STOCK COMPANY, but she has already made a host of friends. In speaking of her adoption of the stage as a profession she said—"I was born in Arkansas and was sent to the University of Chicago to finish my education, while at the University we gave a number of dramatic performances, this experience

brities who have "Rung down—the curtain for the last time" and joined the great "Majority". My last metropolitan appearance was as "Kathleen" (which I originated) in Israel Zangwill's masterpiece, "The Melting Pot."

J. W. HARTMAN. ("Billy") You want to know how I went on the stage? Well, my father made a fortune in gold mines, all the rest of my family had in other ways acquired wealth, and someone told me that the easiest way to "MAKE MONEY" was to go on the stage. They said "You have nothing to do but speak a few lines, wear good clothes and live at the best hotels, and for this you get an enormous salary." This man even impressed upon me that I would be really funny on the stage. Oh, if I could only find that man!!! I have done nothing since taking his

nia. In expressing his opinion of why he went on the stage, Mr. Mallory said—"I have always loved the Dramatic profession and in my home town of New Haven, Conn., I always hung around the theatre, begging for any small parts that were open; after gaining quite a bit of knowledge of the profession in this way, I went to New York, the Mecca of the Actor, and there secured a position with what we call "A fly by night." I had a hard season of it but gained a world of practical experience. My next season proved more pleasant.

It has been hard work but it has paid doubly, for any one who loves their art, will find each hour's work, will yield two of solid pleasure. I cannot find words to express how glad I am to be once more among my Canadian friends, whom I more than missed while away.

COURTLAND HOPKINS. Next the writer ran against Courtland Hopkins, or "Hoppy" as his friends call him, and when asked the fatal question he replied—"To use the words of "The Parson" in "Arizona Skies" "I can't say it—there's ladies present—so "I'll just go through with the movements."

Do you really want to know why I went on the stage? I was a young fellow knocking around New York city and among my acquaintances was the stage director of The Empire Theatre. One night he needed an extra man and asked me to go on for a small part—as he put it—just for the fun of it. The first morning at rehearsal he introduced me to the various members of the company who easily found out that I was a novice. I expected that this would lead to no end of jokes, but all did everything in their power to make me feel at ease and gave me every assistance possible. Then I thought—if I am to be surrounded by influences like this, I should like to adopt the stage as a profession.

That summer, I started a course at one of the dramatic schools, at the close of which, I accepted an engagement with a small company to gain practical experience and have been a "Troupier" ever since. One thing of which I am proud, is the fact that six years after I left the school I had the pleasure of playing a season with the star of the Empire Theatre, and many a laugh we both had over the night I went on the STAGE.

FULLY EXPLAINED (Toronto World)

Dr. Forbes Godfrey, the light dragon of West York, in the Ontario legislature, soaks reciprocity morning, noon and night. He tells his audiences a story which he claims illustrates the benefits the pact will confer upon Canadians. A Yankee foreman on a paving contract in the city of Toronto, hearing some of the workmen in a discussion on the question undertook to show them how it would work out.

"If you fellows will get me a pipe, some tobacco and a couple of matches I'll show you this reciprocity business works out," he said. They did so. He filled the pipe, lit it, and proceeded to smoke. "Where do we come in?" asked the waiting workmen who did not see the point of the illustration. "Why, you just stand round and spit," replied the son of Uncle Sam. "That's where you come in."