AT DOTHEBOYS HALL.

Wakeman Searches Out the Old Ramshackle Made Famous in Dickens' Nicholas Nickleby.

GUARDED BY SQUEERS' SON-IN-LAW

It Still Stands an Ignominious Reminder of the Days of School Torture in Old England.

PICTURE OF THE VILLAGE OF BOWES.

The Graveyard in Which the Bones of the Hard Old Master and His Family Lie.

(CORRESPONDENCE OF THE DISPATCH.)

YORK, ENG., Jan. 16.—Probably the greatest immediate and lasting good ever done any nation by a single work of fiction was effected by the "Nicholas Nickleby" of Charles Dickens.

During the early part of the present century the private schools, and particularly the boys' schools of England, with a few notable exceptions like that of Rugby, were the most infamous in the world. If there can be superiority in infamy, Yorkshire stood first and best. Dickens himself said of its private schoolmasters: "Traders in the avarice, indifference or imbecility of parents, and the helplessness of children; ignorant, sordid, brutal men, to whom few considerate persons would have entrusted the board and lodging of a horse or a dog; they formed the worthy cornerstone of a structure which, for absurdity and a magnificent high-minded laissez-aller neglect, has rarely been exceeded in the world."

How He Came to Write It.

How Dickens' grand and humane genius came to espouse the cause of the hosts of helpless and outraged children in England is a pleasing reminiscence of his magnificent literary career. The English-speaking world was still in raptures over his first success under the nom-de-plume of "Boz." His publishers, Chapman & Hall, of London, had immediately engaged another work from his pen to appear in parts. Its plan and scope were still subjects for discussion, and, under the burdens and impositions of the young author's new relation to men and things, a grievous and desperate anxiety to Dickens himself. In this condition of unrest and perturbation, there floated into his mind a misty rehabilitation of his own vague childish fancies regarding Yorkshire schools. He tells of these in his own inimitable way in the last preface written by him for "Nicholas Nickleby." He says:

I cannot call to mind, now, how I came to hear about Yorkshire schools when I was a not very robust child sitting in by-places near Rochester Castle, with a head full of Partridge, Strap, Tom Pipe and Sancho Panza; but I know that my first impressions of them were picked up at that time, and that they were somehow or other connected with a suppurated abscess that some boy had come home with, in consequence of his Yorkshire guide, philosopher and friend having ripped it open with an inky penknife!

The Search for Facts.

Here was an opportunity for a great and merciful motive in fiction. With a boon companion, Hablot Browne, Dickens left London a few weeks before Christmas of 1837. The two made a thorough pilgrimage of Yorkshire on the old postchaise routes, gathering, under all manner of pretenses, every possible fact bearing on the accursed system; consulting files of old newspapers in York and neighboring cities for records of damage suits brought against proprietors of these schools for cruelty; wheedling his way into this obscure den and forcing his way into that one; and, at last, in the remotest and most dreary portion of Northern Yorkshire, coming upon a nest of the dreadful places at and near the then thriving village of Bowes.

Here Dickens remained for a time. He had letters to a yeoman of the place, soon to shine as one of the immortals of fiction as honest "John Browdie." He represented himself as agent of a poor widow desirous of placing her only boy in a quiet country school. In this way he secured admission to a number in the vicinity, though shut out of some by the wary masters. The "school" seeming most suitable as a prototype of them all, from the personnel of its savage owner and his family, with wild and desolate physical surroundings in keeping with the hopelessness of the school-life of the place itself, was the Dotheboys Hall, still standing in Bowes, where "Nicholas Nickleby," his protege in misery the wretched "Smike," and scores of other helpless young lives, are depicted as undergoing an almost inconceivable life of servitude, starvation and cruelty.

Didn't Tell the Reality.

Investigations showed that the horrible picture drawn was not an exaggeration, and bore out Dickens' own statement in the original preface that "Mr. Squeers and his school are faint and feeble pictures of an existing reality, purposely subdued and kept down lest they should be deemed impossible." This, Dickens' second, and in some respects his greatest novel, was begun in April, 1838, and finished in October, 1839. At the appearance of the first part he ran away from London, as he always did, to remain in hiding until a distinct measure of public favor or disfavor was shown. In the case of "Nicholas Nickleby" his forgivable skulking was of short duration. The first day's sale of the first part exceeded 50,000 copies.

Not six months had passed before the torture and cruelty to helpless scholars in these remote prison pens were abated, and before the last chapter of "Nicholas Nickleby" had been read, public feeling, which in many portions of the country barely escaped expression in riot, had annihilated every child-hell of the Dotheboys Hall variety in England.

Famous and infamous as Dickens made Bowes, few in England had ever before heard of the village. To the millions who learned Bowes—every object in it, its surroundings, and every room in Dotheboys Hall, by heart—it was a purely fictional town. I asked over 500 intelligent people in England where Bowes was, and never found an individual who knew until I came to Kirkby Stephen, in the moorland wilds of Northeastern Westmoreland, 16 miles away.

Dead in Its Shell.

Even in that town nobody seemed to know, until I found a rustic antiquarian who had at one time discovered an old Roman coin at Bowes, and who, after a hard struggle, remembered where it lay, over beyond wild old Stanemoor Mountain, "dead in its shell!" as he put it, in ending an adjuration not to cross Stanemoor that day, unless willing to risk being blown from the road into the rock beds of its passes, or worse, meeting the howling, ferocious, warlock hags, which, during every wild mountain storm, waylay belated travelers at the lonely site of Rere Cross. But the pilgrimage was to rescue from oblivion the actual site of a national infamy, and fix in the real geography of literature the location and environs of a spot, dim, fleeting and phantomlike in the minds of millions in the Old World and the New.

No two stout American legs could shrink from this, even though the wind fairly shrieked in its mad way from Solway Firth to the German Ocean, pounding the sides of Westmoreland moors and fells with mighty balls of fog which slid and ricocheted over Langdale Fell and Brownber Edge to rebound against the sides of the loftier Stanemoor heights, and finally be hurled over the mountain upon dreary, dead Bowes, as if to crush every remaining sliver of its meager old shell.

A Road the Romans Trod.

If you came from London to Bowes over the same coach road as did Nicholas Nickleby, when, nearing the end of his dreary journey, "at about 6 o'clock that night he and Mr. Squeers and the little boys and their united luggage were put down at the George and New Inn," you would have come by the old coach road from London to Edinburgh and Glasgow. On leaving the ancient city of York you would have struck a highway 2,000 years old. Masses of Roman legions have swept, tide on tide, back and forth over the same stone road. Away in the north of Yorkshire one stem of this highway goes on through Durham to Edinburgh. The other swings around to the westward. On this western stem, between the rivers Tees and Greta, at the eastern edge of Stanemoor, nearly surrounded by desolate moors, and in the northwest corner of Yorkshire, lies what is left of Bowes.

Thanks to the Romans who had built that road, it was broad, sure and as eternal as Stanemoor itself. Whipped, pounded and beaten along by the stormy winds for what seemed hours, my feet suddenly struck cobblestones. Bowes at last! No human being ever loved so much to be in Bowes before. But where was the place, after all?

A Bulldog as a Guide.

Not a candle or lamplight gleamed from window within it. Here and there along the zig-zag street a faint glimmer flushed against some tiny panes. Peering within, old and palsied crones, bent and trembling, were here and there seen crouching over flickering embers of meager fires. Drenched from rotten thatches, startled by the stormlashed trees, and now thoroughly frightened with the prospect of no resting-place for the night, I felt my way along what seemed to be the street facade of some large structure, and, coming to its corner, shrunk along this, where I halted for a little, well out of the full power of the tempest.

Scarcely had sufficient time elapsed to permit my getting my back against the building before there was a startling, splattering rush. The calves of my legs escaped the fury of the object making it, but with a return rush the ample tails of my stormcoat were gathered in a sort of voiceless vise which only death or a master's command can loosen. Few were the snuffles and snortings caused by the working of the four-legged mechanism. Its forces were exclusively devoted to effort. That effort was certainly one of bringing a prize into port. Yielding without protest to the spirit of the occasion, I moved with its movements, tacked with its tackings. In a zigzag attitude of gentle though unexpressive inquiry, I was brought into a little room not ten feet square, where, beneath rows of copper measures, and behind a black old mahogany bar nearly as high as his head, a grinning, frowsy, puff-faced publican was looking benignly down upon a half dozen gigantic Yorkshire ploughboys. These, already well befuddled with liquor, and pounding the deal table with their mugs, were roaring out a song about

York, York for my monie;
Of all the places I ever did see,
This is the best for good companie,
Except the city of Lunnun!

A Room Dickens Occupied.

They roared louder still when I stood before them in charge of a magnificent bull dog. The frowsy Boniface quietly reached for a huge club. This he brought down with a crash upon the table, enforcing silence in that quarter; and then, thanking his dog for his oddly-secured guest with a cruel thump, which released me, he led the way through labyrinths of cobwebbed arched hallways and huge deserted rooms to a wretched apartment, and, pointing to a bed scarcely better than a pile of rags, took his departure.

This was the once famous George, now the Unicorn, Inn. Eight coaches bound to London or Glasgow daily changed horses here in the good old coaching times. Dickens and Browne had occupied this very room, once a cheerful parlor chamber. The night, with untold furies of an awful storm shrieking about the gruesome old place, with windows rattling like crazy castanets, doors of hallways and cupboards opening as if flung into the room by unseen hands, and the very floor boards restless and disquiet, as though struggling with ugly gnomes below, seemed to unite all the hateful and evil spirits of the dead past in protest at disturbance by life and health and inquiry.

Nature Trying to Bury It.

When I awoke the sun was shining upon dead old Bowes. There is a silent bell-tower on the roof of the Unicorn. I climbed to this. There lay the sinuous shell of the ancient village—a winding, cobbled, grass-grown street of half a mile in length, flanked by ruined houses, half of whose thatched roofs had fallen in. From their dank and rot, grass, weeds and even flowers were luxuriantly springing; as though nature, seeking to hide the spot, had bidden the winds and birds seed it for fitting disguise.

That huge, lone, stone structure, the first at Bowes from the Greta Bridge way, weird and ghostly under huge sycamores, was once another Dotheboys. Richard Cobden once owned it and made it his home. Then the Unicorn, with acres of outbuildings, empty and moss-grown. Opposite, another silent inn, the Rose and Crown. Then, facing westward, a little Norman church. Near it, the ruins of a Norman castle. Behind these ruins, the ancient Roman station of Savatrae, where are remains of baths and an aqueduct. Then, roofed and unroofed hovel on either side to the westward, where you will still see, just as Dickens and his Nicholas Nickleby saw, "a long, cold-looking house, one story high, with a few straggling outbuildings behind, and a barn and stable adjoining."

Who the Squeers Were.

That structure just as it stands to-day, was the abode of a real Squeers in the flesh, of a Mrs. Squeers, of Fanny Squeers and of a Master Wackford Squeers. All the difference was in the name. This was Shaw. They possessed the same ignorance, avarice, venality, brutality. The old wretch of a master was ruined by the exposure. Investigation and damage suits stripped him of all, or rather made him to the end of his days an imbecile servitor to the man, Bousfield, who married his daughter, Mary Ann Shaw (Fanny Squeers), and who, now over 80 years of age, savagely prevents your entrance to the place with club and dog. If you come to Dotheboys Hall, you will have to content yourself with an exterior view of the ramshackle old structure, and a peep from over the hedge, behind the barn, at the indentical pump, around which the half-frozen boys gathered for the ablutions on winter mornings. Bousfield's wife, the last of the Squeers family, died six years since. The graves of all may be seen in the little church yard.

Near all dread and noxious things the divine compensation leaves something tender, sweet and good. Close beside the execrated graves is a tablet erected to the memory of the two who died for loyal love. Roger Wrightston and Martha Bailton, they were in life. In immortality they are the Edwin and Emma of Mallet's pathetic ballad; and rustic Yorkshire lovers still find inspiration to endless fidelity beside these graves in the little church yard of dead old Bowes.

EDGAR L. WAKEMAN.

A PRESENT FINDS ITS OWNER.

A Romantic Story of a Christmas Gift's Journey From Canada.

Nashville American.]

Among the thousands of Christmas gifts received and passing through the Nashville postoffice all have found their owners. The last was found yesterday. It was a beautiful necktie sachet made by a young lady in Hamilton, Ontario, and sent to a dental student in this city. It contained no address whatever or other marks of identification, except two Canadian stamps. The postoffice had the matter noticed in the papers and several persons called, presuming the present was for them. Under direction of the postmaster the parties wrote to their friends in Canada, and finally the young dental student received a letter which satisfied the postoffice authorities that he was the party for whom the handsome present was intended.

How a package, bearing no address whatever, could have found its way to Nashville from so distant a point as Ontario is a mystery, and that Nashville should have been the proper destination and the package should have eventually fallen into the hands of its owner, is not only a strange coincident but also a flattering commentary on the perfection of the American postal system.

A PAUPER MONARCH.

Extraordinary Romance of a Self-Made King Just Dead in Paris.

HIS REALM WAS IN PATAGONIA.

A Career That Explains the Titles of Some Shady Characters.

HIS PARIS EMBASSY BUILT ON WIND

(CORRESPONDENCE OF THE DISPATCH.)

LONDON, Jan. 16.

"King of the far, far South am I!"
He cried, and they laughed in scorn,
"Yes! King of the lands of the Indian tribes
That stretch to the Cape of Horn"

The Commendatore.

AMID the bustle of the great wilderness of London even the presence of a king may sometimes be unknown to the vast majority of the busy millions who swarm here like ants in an ant-hill or like bees in a hive. The death quite recently of a man in the poor obscurity of a Paris hospital ward neglected and unknown, who yet at one period held a court in London conferring titles upon obscure individuals with all the lavish prodigality of Le Grand Monarque himself, affords a striking proof of this fact. And yet the career of this monarch—for he claimed a regal dignity, and to exercise authority over vast territories of the South American continent—forms a veritable romance, unknown even to the deepest students of the histories of dynasties and of royal houses.

The Strange Man's Title.

How many persons either in the Old World or the New, have heard of His Majesty "Orelie-Antoine I., by the Grace of God and the Volonte of the Indians of the Extreme South of the Continent of America, King of Araucania and Patagonia?" This was the title of one of the most extraordinary and eccentric individuals who ever figured on this world's stage outside the realms of opera bouffe or the interior of a madhouse.

He was not an inmate of a lunatic asylum, but, on the contrary, an individual who made some figure in public; suffered impris-

Orelie-Antoine.

onment; was the subject of diplomatic negotiations; held a court, appointed ministers and bestowed titles of nobility in France and England long before the scandals in connection with the sale of decorations led to the fall of President Grevy.

"Orelie-Antoine I.," otherwise commonplace M. de Tournens, whose history reads like a page from "Gulliver's Travels," or those of the equal veracious "Baron Munchausen," first saw the light in the town of Perigueux, in France. His parents and relations in their wildest dreams never pictured him as a future royal personage, and his early life was of the usual bourgeois order until he in process of time settled down to the unpromising occupation of a public notary at Nantes.

He Was Born for Greatness.

However, M. de Tournens had a studious turn and a soul above quill pens and parchments. He believed that glory awaited him somewhere. He sought it—not at the cannon's mouth, but beneath the Southern Cross by taking a voyage to Buenos Ayres. On arrival at the capital of the Argentine Republic he, singularly enough, met with another Frenchman who seemed to be on the same errand as himself, for he induced our hero to join him in a sort of exploring and hunting expedition further South. They landed below the southern frontier of the Argentine and, true to his bourgeois instincts, M. de Tournens began to trade with the aborigines.

The Indians had at the time some difficulty in deciding as to the section of the Territory over which their wild nomad sway really extended. They claimed that Patagonia and Araucania were their property, but while no one disputed the ownership of the former sterile region, both the Chileans and Argentines wanted to possess the fertile Araucania with its wealth of bleating flocks and lowing kine. M. de Tournens had a solution of the difficulty as bold as the means adopted by Alexander the Great to open the famous "Gordian Knot."

Tournens' Novel Solution.

His project for settling the difficulty was to attempt to be—or rather to proclaim himself—King of this vast region without being asked by anyone. It was rather a luckless thing for the new monarch that the Chileans had not at the time as much work upon their hands as usual. They were neither at war with their neighbors nor trying to float loans in Europe. The consequence was that the moment the President of Chile heard, in some mysterious way, of the "fad" which had taken possession of the notary, he with scant ceremony seized him, and ordered him to be immured in an old fortress, despite the prisoner's threats and protests of what "his friend, Napoleon III." would do for him.

According to M. de Tournens, the Emperor would, upon his simple request, lend him not only an army, but throw in a fleet or two into the bargain. The Chilean President did not pay much attention to these terrible menaces, but promptly proceeded to forget all about the kingly personage whom he left languishing behind the prison bolts and bars—for six years. Naturally, the ambitious prisoner had a more retentive memory than his jailers, so he appealed to his friend, "Napoleon le Petit," as Victor Hugo bitterly dubbed him in one of his novels. The Emperor, however, at that time had his hands quite full of his schemes for military glory in Mexico, and had neither the time nor the inclination to bother with either the notary or his kingdom.

The Unexpected Happened.

A glance at the map of South America will show our readers the extent of territory the modest Frenchman wanted to rule by a coup de plume. The French have a saying, "Always be prepared for the unexpected," and the captive in Chile had subsequently an unlooked-for opportunity of realizing how apt the proverb seems at times. The Mexican campaign suddenly went wrong, the death of Maximilian created a sensation throughout the civilized world, and last and worst of all, the arms of la belle France received a severe check, if not an absolute reverse. The gommeux of Paris were thirsting for a new sensation, the sans culottes were beginning to think of red caps and barricades, and the journalists of the boulevards were writing about la glorie.

Something had to be done to divert the attention of the people from affairs at home. A hurried consultation was held, and a search of some dusty pigeon holes of the Foreign Office suddenly led to a discovery. "A Frenchman—a native and subject of France—was pining away in a Chilean dungeon." Instantly a tremendous noise was made, and before sunset on the succeeding day "L'affaire Chilenne" was talked of by everybody and the Mexican fiasco had been forgotten—for a new and later sensation.

Found Himself Famous.

The country was up in arms and the French Admiral was commanded to peremptorily call upon the astonished Government to instantly release a prisoner whose existence they were probably at the moment totally unaware of. The ex-Notary awoke one morning astonished, like the poet Byron, to find himself famous. He was now a personage of imperial importance, and was commanded to return to France to report upon his "mission" (it had been conveniently discovered that he had been sent there by the French Government). The eagles of France were about to swoop down upon Chile and the tri-color was to proudly wave over the fertile plains of Araucania. The Argentines were to be kept within their borders, and Notary de Tournens was to add to the somewhat vague "volonte of the Indians" the more substantial ægis of a French protectorate.

However, while De Tournens was on his way home the Franco-German war had burst upon Europe, and culminated in the crushing disaster at Sedan, where Napoleon III. handed up his sword to the hated "Prussian," and with it went his throne. These disasters dashed to the ground the hopes of the would-be King of Araucania and Patagonia, and France, instead of annexing territory in South America, found herself minus her "chers provinces," Alsace and Lorraine.

The King and His Valet.

From this period forward the career of De Tournens entered entirely into the regions of broad farce. He never for a moment lost his unbounded confidence in himself. "Orelie-Antoine I.," as he insisted upon styling himself, became simply a convenient tool for a gang of Paris "bunko steerers," gutter financiers and declasse continental nobles—real and bogus—to work various shady schemes and confidence games with. The leader of these worthys was a gaunt, oily individual, half Spanish, half Italian, but wholly scoundrel, with insinuating manners but indescribably filthy habits and person. When he was not in jail he made a precarious livelihood by selling to ambitious parvenus patents of nobility, decorations insignia and generally preying on the weaknesses and vanities of his fellow creatures. He had an alias for every week in the year, and an exhaustive string of titles which included the high-sounding one of Duke of Rosenburg and "member of various scientific and learned societies of Smyrna."

A Marvelous Cabinet.

He appointed himself to the office of Chancellor, and for some inexplicable reason he combined with this high office that of "Commendatore." A suitable Minister of Finance for the imaginary kingdom was found in a Portuguese-Brazilian financial agent, who, having just been released from a long term of imprisonment, was glad to become Secretary to the Treasury for Orelie-Antoine. The Minister of Justice was a short, fat—and it may be added—dirty little creature, who had been ejected from a notary's office for embezzlement, and subsequently became a waiter at a low cafe. The other positions in this unique "Cabinet" were filled by individuals molded much after the same pattern.

The "Commendatore" was a man of resource, so he set to work to draw up a most imposing-looking document, with the following heading under an imposing coat of arms:

> ORELIE-ANTOINE I.
>
> *Par la Grace de Dieu et la volonte des Indiens de l'Extreme Sud du Continent Americain.*
>
> ROI D'ARAUCANIE & DE PATAGONIE.
>
> *A Cous, presents & a Venir, Salut!*

Manufactured a Lot of Nobles.

Having formed his Cabinet, the monarch found that the Indians of his mythical kingdom must have an aristocracy to support his throne, and to the creation of these patricians the "Commendatore" set to work with the most praiseworthy zeal. A convenient blank was left for the titles, so that the ambitious nouveaux riches could be created dukes, comtes, vicomtes and barons at a scale graduated by the height up the social ladder which the buyers wished to climb. There was, of course, a large reduction for cash, for the "Commendatore," with true commercial instinct, was always open to reason when he saw "coin down."

The number of those manufactured nobles who are still strutting about continental towns is positively startling—for these chevaliers d'industries fully appreciated the value of having a real document to show to the inquisitive minor officials with whom they came into contact. The American millionaire, who is ready to purchase a husband with a title for his daughter, ought to be certain that he has the genuine "hall marked" article, and not one of these "aluminum" Patagonian nobles who are roaming about with missions like that of the "roaring lion" of the scriptures.

Fixing Up an Embassy.

The Secretary of the Treasury, who believed that there was money to be made by "booming" Orelie-Antoine, managed to get hold of a large room on the first floor in a fashionable quarter of Paris. A rich carpet manufacturer covered the floor with a superb product of his looms, and was straight off created a duke by "Sa Majeste," as Orelie-Antoine was invariably styled. The introduction of the commercial element brought a few financiers to see who was at the place dubbed the "Patagonian Embassy," where the King and his heterogenous court assembled.

The business of the evening opened with the introduction of a banker to the King who received him with all that ceremonial formality and dignity which the would-be potentate never failed to assume. After a desultory conversation on a variety of subjects affecting the kingdom in whose welfare Orelie-Antoine was so deeply interested, the meeting adjourned and the courtiers all went home in an humble omnibus.

End of the Strange Career.

The subsequent life of the would-be King of Patagonia, in London, was ludicrous in the extreme. The commendatore who made all the arrangements had to shift "His Majesty" almost every week into new lodgings, for the landladies of Bayswater and Islington were not to be "caught with chaff" like barren titles, but cut the monarch adrift as soon as they found his board bills getting into arrears. The deluded man moved from one squalid lodging to another, with a dignity and calm that even Crœsus in his deepest misfortune might have envied, and at last things got so bad with the batch of Araucanian courtiers and their luckless sovereign that a French benevolent society had to send them back to Paris to save them from starvation here.

The ruined monarch, who was apparently too good for this unappreciative world, vainly tried to secure an appointment as a street lamplighter from the municipal Council of the "gay capital," but in these degenerate days even broken down Kings are at a discount there, and the would-be monarch of Araucania and Patagonia ended his checkered career on an hospital bed, mournfully exclaiming with his last breath: "Ah! What colonies France has refused." A monarch of ancient history gained a kingdom by the mere neighing of his steed, and poor Orelie-Antoine, if he failed to win a kingdom seems to have been a man whose philosophy and dignity in adversity showed him to have been at least worthy of a better fate.

MACLEOD.

SEEING SHOWS FREE.

The Mania for Deadheadism Seen at Its Best in New York.

TRICKS PLAYED ON THEATERS.

Managers Distribute the Gratis Fellows to Save the Play.

HOW DAVENPORT'S NAME WAS USED

(CORRESPONDENCE OF THE DISPATCH.)

NEW YORK, Jan. 24.—"Deadheads? You don't want a front seat for yourself and a few friends? No? Well, you ought to have anything the house can afford!" And the manager swung wide the box-office door.

If there is anything on which a New York theatrical manager is touchy it is the subject of deadheads. The pressure for free admission to theatrical performances is usually great anywhere. In New York, where there are so many professionals, newspaper men, bill-board and lithograph window people, all of whom have more or less claims upon the courtesies of the house, it is simply tremendous. When these are re-enforced by the hungry hordes of hangers-on whose claims are purely imaginary it is enough to drive the occupants of the box office insane. The New York managers, as a rule, are quite liberal in the "courtesy of the house." But if even those who have legitimate claims upon them by reason of their reciprocal relations should descend upon a single theater on the opening night, or on some other particular occasion, it would be a physical impossibility to accommodate them and leave any seats for the patrons who come with money in their hands.

Deadheads Take the Best.

The deadhead is hot after the best theaters, the best plays and the most popular nights. He is a great play-goer and has a keen appreciation of good acting and actors. For this reason he is on hand and most persistent where the greatest dramatic successes are being produced and where every seat that is given away is so much cash handed him from the box-office drawer. While he is thus a never-failing index of dramatic success his presence never contributes to such end; for he is a severe critic and cold-blooded withal and players are apt to wilt under his silent disapproval on first nights.

For this reason he is scattered judiciously in various parts of the house. If he should be located in a block in the orchestra or elsewhere, his inattention, restlessness, somnolency or getting up and going out at the end of the second act, would paralyze the piece. The best drilled company in the world could never do justice to themselves with a lot of vacant chairs staring them in the face through the last act. To prevent this the manager cleverly balances the house—that is, he scatters the deadhead all over the house where he cannot act as an organized body.

Influence of the Deadhead.

And even with this arrangement the deadhead and other amateur first-nighters, acting in unison, are almost enough to break up a new play. They rarely sit it out, and their opinions are likely to be tinged with the bitterness that comes of a back seat. The professional critics and men about town have engagements elsewhere, and the last act sees vacant seats in all parts of the house. The rest of the audience, for the most part comparatively verdant, not unnaturally conclude that the play is not so good as it seems, since otherwise the most intelligent portion of the crowd would not have deserted.

The newspaper deadheads in the metropolis form no inconsiderable part of the whole. Every now and then you will see editorial notices in certain journals to the effect that no deadhead tickets of any kind will be accepted by any one connected with these papers, and requesting theatrical managers and railroad agents to notify the aforesaid journals where any attempt to secure deadhead tickets is made by persons representing themselves as employed on them. This looks well on paper, but it is a notorious fact that not only the recognized dramatic critics and dramatic gossip writers must be provided for in the matter of free seats, but other well-known journalists on these papers claim and receive theatrical courtesies, though they render and can render no reciprocal service whatever.

Cases of Imposition.

Then there are a good many roustabout reporters, sporting writers, etc., some of whom are not so well known, who "run their faces" at the door. When the editorial department has its innings nothing short of a box is usually given. The out-of-town correspondent is often the greatest fraud when it comes to the journalistic class of deadheads. There are out-of-town men who devote considerable attention to dramatic news and gossip, and who keep posted on plays and players as a part of their legitimate duties. These are mostly letter writers. Out-of-town newsmen rarely touch such matters. There is probably a far greater proportion of illegitimate deadheadism among out-of-town correspondents than among the local fraternity from the fact that the managers cannot easily ascertain the standing or importance of the former as he can the latter class, and where there is a doubt the box office rather errs on the side of liberality.

The most persistent ticket beggar is the individual who represents the most insignificant papers. Of these the women writers are the worst and most difficult to deal with. They are not contented with an occasional admission. They want to come to the best performances again and again. They want the best seats in the house. They want those seats not only for themselves, but for their female friends or male escorts. They work the theaters systematically. They are never satisfied.

One of the Tricks.

"One of these fellows, one day," said the manager, "presented his card (on which it appeared that he represented some unknown country paper) and requested two seats. Fanny Davenport was playing. There was no reason why he should receive this courtesy and he was refused. He said he was a great admirer of Miss Davenport and asked permission to send his card back for her autograph. Matinee performance was on, the permission was at once given and he went away a little later with Fanny's signature. That night counting the house that fellow's card turned up from the box with 'Pass two' written above her name. It was the slickest thing I ever saw."

An investigation would show a good deal of Press Club paper being used to extract favors from theatrical managers where the individual character of the applicant is insufficiently established to secure such favors on his own name. Managers have a natural delicacy about filing any formal complaints of this kind, but it is an undoubted fact that quite a number of feather-weight journalists use their connection with the Press Club to obtain what is beyond their reach as an individual. Lithograph and bill-board deadheads are provided for on other than first nights or special performances. These deadheads are passed in return for certain

Privileges as to Advertising.

Wherever you see a theatrical placard, portrait or any kind of lithograph or photograph displayed in a saloon or shop window, be sure that the privilege is not given for nothing. It is paid for in deadhead tickets. The extent of this method of advertising will give a pretty good idea of the number of this class of deadheads. Fortunately for the theaters they don't all want to come at once. Tuesday nights, however, are especially favored by them. They form a curious looking crowd.

The official deadhead list, comprising city officials of various departments, the police, the firemen, the detectives, the man with a "pull," is a formidable one. New York has a very large official list, and her employes, high and low, get fat salaries, but the slightest and most indirect connection with theater buildings, licenses, etc., makes a more or less constant deadhead. The police racket was pretty well exposed by the Hammerstein trouble in Harlem last summer. It showed that the police officials levied a pretty heavy tribute in seats and boxes for themselves and their friends, and when the manager kicked they closed his house on the first technical opportunity. The Harlem episode showed a species of blackmail that ended in general sympathy for the manager and condemnation for the precinct captain.

Deadheads in the Profession.

The professional deadhead is abundant and omnipresent in New York. In fact, this is the home of the profession in America. The actor and actress out of a job is a vision of every minute for any Broadway saunterer. In summer they can be seen in swarms by hundreds and thousands. It is the waiting-for-an-engagement kind that for the most part make up the professional deadheads. The others are usually too busy at their own performances to bother any other box office than their own.

The "profesh" means anybody who ever appeared in a paid organization, which is a very wide sweep. The reluctance with which a professional parts from the theatrical connection is evidenced by the persistency with which they stick to the deadhead privilege. Some managers here refuse admission to the profession except where the applicant for the favor at present belongs to some organization, or limit them to nights when there are plenty of empty seats, or give them standing room. Daly does not admit them at all, unless they pay. He says "other schools cost money. What better school of the dramatic art than that afforded by my artists could these learners attend. Let them pay. It is worth anybody's money. It is worth most to members of the profession."

Daly Enforces His Belief.

And Mr. Daly believes what he says. He does not permit a member of his company to solicit or accept such courtesies from other houses. Doubtless he would consider their attendance elsewhere as a pernicious waste of time. Daly is rather severe on the whole deadhead class. Tony Pastor's manager, Harry Sanderson, and Pastor himself, are kind to professionals. If the professionals would only confine their requests to themselves—but they want to run all their relations and chums in free. They are often great frauds.

Managers and ticket agents, press agents and other theatrical officials encourage this fraud often by giving out certificates of professional character in the shape of requests on other houses to recognize all sorts of people. They run in all sorts of women on unsuspecting doormen and box officials. Press agents and others keep pocket tabs on which are printed orders for seats, and they are not always careful how they use the privilege. They pay a good many private scores with these orders. Speaking of these orders, most of the New York theaters extend their courtesies in orders requiring application at the box office the evening of the performance in order to get seats. This enables the manager to get a look at the deadhead and the ticket seller to balance the house.

Giving Away Complimentaries.

The manager may personally know the deadhead, and this gives him the chance to see whether the man comes personally or whether he has given the seats away to other people. This latter is the meanest offense in the managerial eye. It is usually concession enough to hand over $3 to the deadhead, but when that favored individual passes the money over to people who would otherwise pay the theater $3, it is rather tough. Yet that is what is done every day. The deadhead thinks that is all right. Mart Hanley, Harrigan's manager, says the deadhead craze is on the increase in New York.

"A good many men like to appear to have the run of the theaters," he says, "though they don't mind the expense. It is the importance it gives them. They will open a bottle of wine between every act rather than pay for a seat. I remember one day when I was treasurer at the old theater a fellow came in and bought two seats for $2. I shoved the tickets out, but he requested me to keep them till he called at night. When he came in that evening he had his best girl with him. He stepped up to the box office and sung out breezily, 'Hello, old man! Can you let me have a couple of seats?' He winked at me and I passed out his two tickets. 'Thanks,' said he, and proudly walked in. You see, he wanted to give her the impression that he had the run of the house."

Speculating in Privileges.

"About the cutest thing in the deadhead line I know about," says another manager, "is that racket of a first nighter dramatic critic. There was a tremendous rush for seats, and but one could be given him when he wanted two. He sold the single seat for $10, and came the next night and bought two for $3, having a clean balance of $7 in his clothes."

Mr. E. G. Gilmore, at Niblo's, is a bitter enemy of deadheads, and the fat little cherub, Reeves, who fills up the box office, transfixes an applicant with his baby stare. Palmer requires all applications to be made by letter, and if it is favorably received, responds with a gilt-edged admission ticket. J. M. Hill is the newspaper man's friend and brother. He is very liberal to the boys and don't mind the champagne and cracker between the acts. Barton, of the Casino, is suave and full of theatrical anecdotes, professional stories, etc. He is the godsend of the gossip writers. Barton tells a good story of a newspaper man who brought five ladies and presented a card bearing the names of six papers he represented, and demanded six seats, one for each paper.

To the professional eye a "paper house," as the deadheads in bulk are styled, is at once apparent. John Stetson once walked into a theater and remarked to the manager: "Good house—good house — pretty good house."

"Thousand dollar house," replied the manager.

"Indeed!" said Stetson, where is the man who has $999 in his clothes?"

People who once get into theaters free hate ever afterward to buy tickets. There is an axiom in managerial circles: "Once a deadhead, always a deadhead."

CHARLES T. MURRAY.

CARS GONE ASTRAY.

What Keeps an Important Railroad Functionary Busy.

J. H. Waters, of Columbus, O., the lost-car agent of the Columbus, Shawnee & Hocking Railway, traveled more than 10,000 miles during November in search of lost cars, says the New York *Journal*. There was a time when some missing cars were never found, as they were repainted and claimed by other roads, but this practice has been abandoned.

Mr. Waters related an interesting story of a car which he was after at intervals for over a year before it was finally recovered. During that time he saw it in Jersey City, Columbia, S. C.; Atlanta, Ga.; Anniston, Ala.; St. Louis, and Dodge City. He finally got it at Detroit and sent it home.

The revenue derived from a car on another road is three-fourths of a cent per mile, and the average earnings per day of this car during its travels was 18 cents. The car was worth to the company that owned it $15 a day. The road on which the car is running is supposed to keep it in good repair, but it frequently happens that when a car finally reaches home it must be furnished with new wheels before it can be sent out again.

Mr. Waters said that when some roads get a stray car in the Southern trade they keep it there, regardless of where it belongs, and it is very difficult to recover it.

How to Avoid Mental Exertion.

Texas Siftings.]

Doctor—You are much improved, but you must avoid all mental exertion whatever for the next six months.

Patient—But, doctor, I have got to do something to make a living.

Have you any acquaintance with any court officials?

Yes, I know several.

Well, get them to put you on the jury in the Court of General Sessions until you have recovered the use of your mental faculties. I always recommend jury duty to my patients when they are feeble minded.

TRAP FOR INVENTORS.

A Parisian Academy, the Object of Which Is to Pluck Them.

NEW WAY OF PREVENTING FIRES.

Beneficial Effects of Mixing Cheap Brown Sugar With Mortar.

A PHOTOGRAPHIC STAGE ILLUSION

(PREPARED FOR THE DISPATCH.)

Inventors in this country are now being diligently plied with circulars from the "Parisian Inventors' Academy," of which it is to be hoped they will at once see the true inwardness. The ostensible object of the "academy" is characterized by an admirable philanthropy, and is, firstly, "To contribute to the progress of all which concerns public prosperity; secondly, to discuss the value of the latest inventions and discoveries, and to assist inventors by its influence, its relations, etc., to find the proper ways and means to draw benefit from their inventions and innovations; thirdly, to entertain relations to be followed up by a brotherly spirit between all its members."

This is all very commendable, and taken per se would no doubt recommend the "academy" to the favorable consideration of struggling inventors who are waiting and hoping for a chance to get their wares to the market; but, unfortunately—or perhaps fortunately—accompanying this schedule of "statutes" is a circular letter, which explains itself. The inventor, addressed as "gentleman," is informed that, "after the examination of your last invention the academy has conferred upon you the title of Corresponding Honorary Member (Membre d'Honneur Correspondent), with attribution of a diplom and the great gilded medal. This honorable title will be of no expense to you; only if you would be desirous to receive the medal and diplom you would have to send us a money order or check for $10, to cover admission, taxes, freight, etc., and we shall send both well packed and free of charge of your address."

American inventors who are yearning for the tin "medal and the diplom," to say nothing of the experience, will see that now is their opportunity.

Protecting Ships' Bottoms.

The question of providing some effective method of protecting ships' bottoms has come to be a matter of serious consideration. The condition of the bottom of the flagship Charleston when taken out of the water the other day at Mare Island is described as astonishing. All sorts of marine growths, animal and vegetable, covered the entire wetted surface so thickly that it was impossible to inspect the steel plates; and until these growths shall have been removed, when it is feared more or less corrosion will have set in, this investigation cannot be made; and the problem of how to protect the bottoms of our new and costly ships, especially in the Pacific, will be again presented to our naval authorities. One of the modes suggested for overcoming this difficulty is the use of Japanese lacquer. It appears that this idea emanated from a lacquer manufacturer of Tokio, who noted the fact that lacquered objects that have been subjected to sea water were found to be practically uninjured after a considerable period of immersion. Experiments were made on ship plates at the Yokosuka navy yard, and soon after the bottom of the Fuso-Kan was lacquered. The result was so satisfactory that many other vessels of the Japanese navy have since been subjected to the same process. Experiments are now in progress with an anti-fouling lacquer that promises very well. The contractors guarantee a lacquer coat for three years, and, according to the rates charged in Japan, the cost of applying it to a vessel like the Charleston would be $2,600 at 13 cents per square foot. The lacquer would in all probability cost about double the price here. It is understood that plates thus prepared are now at the New York navy yard under test. Lieutenant Murdock, who has devoted a great deal of attention to the subject, estimates that the lacquer process, assuming that it will last three years, is cheaper in the long run than painting.

New Method of Handling Clay.

The great trouble experienced in the construction of the St. Clair tunnel, in removing the stiff clay as it oozed through the apertures of the advancing shield, brought out the fact that clay can, under some conditions, be manipulated much better by means of a drawing knife than by a shovel. The clay of the tunnel was so stiff and sticky that ordinary shovels were bent out of shape in handling it, and narrow, long-bladed English ditching spades had to be imported for doing the work. It is stated that a journeyman cooper, who was out of a job, secured employment as a laborer in the tunnel before the work had progressed very far. He was unaccustomed to the handling of both shovel and spade, but said he could make a tool that would beat them every time. When he next came to work he brought an odd-shaped draw knife, made of a piece of heavy band iron and two wooden handles. The cooper's fellow laborers greeted the novel tool with derision, but they changed their tune when they saw that it shaved down the clay twice as fast as it could be chopped out with a spade. The engineer in charge quickly recognized the value of the simple adaption, and all the laborers were soon furnished with the new tools.

Extinguishing Incipient Fire.

It is the opinion of experts that much of the money which is spent by factories, mills and stores on the introduction of pipes and valves for fire extinction might be saved by the adoption of a much simpler and more efficient method. Both sulphur and ammonia are well adapted for extinguishing fire. Sulphur absorbs oxygen and forms sulphuric acid, the fumes of which are much heavier than air. The quantity required would be small, since 70 grammes of sulphur can make 100 cubic metres of air inimical to combustion. An effective sulphur extinguishing apparatus can be made of a large iron box of moderate depth and open at the top. It should be hinged at one end or the side to a protected ceiling, and kept close thereto by a cord or wire connected with a wire or strap formed chiefly of cadmium fusible at 144° Fahrenheit. Inside the box is placed a considerable quantity of cotton wadding, well saturated with powdered sulphur. On the heat of an incipient fire melting the wire or strip, the box drops a short distance; by a simple device the cotton wadding is ignited at the same moment, and a strong cloud of sulphurous acid gas is instantly evolved, which extinguishes the fire by rendering the air unfit for combustion.

Sugar in Mortar.

The *Manufacturer and Builder* says that the addition of saccharine matter to mortar, the idea of which has created much amusement among the building fraternity, is an extremely valuable discovery. In the first place it enables bricklaying to be carried on in frosty weather. About two pounds of coarse brown sugar to one bushel of lime and two bushels of good sand will make a mortar that will resist frost admirably. Independently of its frost-resisting qualities mortar mixed with sugar is vastly superior to mortar without it. It sets very quickly as hard as cement, makes brickwork exceedingly strong, and is quite effective when used with dry bricks. For indoor plastering it also sets hard and quickly. Where portions of the same wall have been covered in one part with sugared and in another with unsugared mortar, the latter has ripped up directly when a nail was run over it, months after the former had become as hard as stone. The sugar should not be added to mortar that is already made; it will make it too thin. It is necessary to dissolve the sugar in water first, and then add the sugared water to the lime slowly and cautiously. The mortar should be as stiff as it can be used. For lime washing, 1 pound of sugar to 16 gallons of water will make it adhere splendidly. Drops of whitewash made with water so mixed, if they fall on the floor or window, or on an iron plate, cannot be washed off, which is a conclusive proof of the tenacity of the mixture.

Automatic Workman's Time Recorder.

A device has been perfected for recording time automatically. It fills a want that has long existed in factories, shops and stores, where a faithful register of the time at which employes begin and leave their work is all-important, both to the employer and the employed. The method heretofore adopted, the employment of a special timekeeper, is open to the objection that it not only entails expense but also gives rise to frequent disputes as to the accuracy of the timekeeper's record. The new system practically makes every man his own timekeeper. Each worker is given a number, and when he goes to work he takes his key from the keyboard, inserts it in the keyhole of the recorder, turns it half way round, takes it out and passes in to his work. This action records on the paper ribbon within the machine the number of his key and the exact time of the day. If it is desired to register when going out the workman holds down the lever on the outside of the recorder while registering, which prints a star in front of the record. It is stated that 100 men can thus register within five minutes, and the time of each employe can be read off at a glance, without a chance of a mistake. The slips of paper can be removed daily, twice a day or weekly, and filed away and the workman's time is practically in his own handwriting, but is entirely beyond his control. There is no possibility of one man registering for another, as a bell rings when each register is recorded, so that a man registering twice could easily be detected. An additional safeguard against abuse or tampering is that the recorder is supplied with a device by which the key, after a partial turn, is locked in and cannot be taken out until it registers. The machine is the most complete and effective apparatus yet devised for the purpose.

Tricycle for Military Telephony.

A French paper describes the employment in military telephony of a tricycle possessing the unusual qualifications of being adapted either for traveling on roads or for use as a water velocipede, without the necessity for any change in its mechanical construction. Such a machine as this is likely to be of service to detached troops carrying no pontoons with them, possessing no means of erecting a temporary bridge and engaged on duties which render permanent communications with headquarters necessary. The wheels of the machine are formed of three large hollow biconvex dikes of sheet iron, and are thoroughly water-tight, serving to support the construction on water. They are fitted with small copper floats, which, while not in the way for road work, act as paddles when the machine is afloat. A small drum is carried on which is coiled from 100 to 200 yards of a tinned copper conductor, insulated with gutta percha and double braided. A small board, conveniently fixed, carries a portable telephone or a Morse sounder. The telephone is preferable, as it can be carried in the pocket, requires no regulation, and can be attached to the chin strap of the helmet or other military headgear. For river or lake work one Leclanche cell is used, but on salt water a different type of cell is employed. A speed of 9½ to 12½ miles on land, and 2¼ to 4½ miles on water has been attained with this tricycle. It is said to work very easily, and recent experiments with it at Marseilles are reported to have resulted most satisfactorily.

A New Illusion on the Stage.

Quite a new description of stage illusion has been originated by Vander Weyde, the eminent London photographer. It consists in so placing a photograph as to give the effect of a piece of statuary when seen on the stage. Mr. Vander Weyde is now engaged on a commission which he received from a prominent London theatrical manager. A piece is to be produced at this manager's theater very shortly, and a group of statuary is required for the production. No leading sculptor could be induced to undertake the task of supplying it within the time available. It was found that mere modeling in plaster of paris would be unsatisfactory, and the manager escaped from his dilemma by engaging Mr. Vander Weyde to prepare the figures. It is stated that the illusion is so wonderful that the onlooker refuses to believe that the shadow projected is anything but solid stone.

Earnings of Railways for 1890.

Bradstreet's gives the gross earnings of 129 railways for the year 1890. The amount realized on a total mileage of 85,678 was $484,239,134. This is a gain of 8.6 per cent in earnings and 2.7 per cent in mileage. The gain on 130 roads in 1889 over 1888 was 8.5 per cent. Every group of roads shows an increase for the year, the smallest gain being that of the Mexican roads, seven-tenths of 1 per cent and the largest that of the southwestern roads, 12.7 per cent. In addition to the latter, three others show gains in excess of 10 per cent, viz., the Eastern roads 10.3 per cent, the Southern roads 12 per cent and the Pacific roads 10.9 per cent. The central Western roads gain 9.5 per cent and the grangers 8.7 per cent, while the trunk lines show the comparatively modest gain of 2.4 per cent.

Admission to Railway Stations.

The Paris, Lyons and Mediterranean Railroad has inaugurated a novel mode of limiting the overcrowding of its stations. Persons who wish to see their friends off on a train or enter the waiting rooms for any purpose are required to buy a station ticket, the price of which is 2 cents, and which is good for one hour if the holder wishes to stay so long. The ticket, however, must be given up on leaving the station, however short the stay, and for readmission another ticket must be bought.

New Use for the Pulsometer.

The pulsometer is now used for filling the tenders of locomotives with water. The pulsometer itself is of the ordinary pattern, connected with the steam tanks and feed valves by flexible piping, and when not in use is carried on the tender. When about to be brought into requisition it is simply lowered into a convenient stream or lake by suitable means, and its application to this purpose is said to be extremely satisfactory.

RARE PRESENCE OF MIND.

How a Woman Whose Foot Caught on the Tracks Escaped Death.

Mansfield, O., Shield and Banner.]

Last Tuesday afternoon Mrs. E. A. Locklin, who lives north of the city, near the Erie track, came to the city to do shopping. On returning home, walking along the Erie track, she noticed that the westbound limited train was coming toward her at full speed. She attempted to step off the track, but her shoe caught between the rail and the guard rail.

She struggled frantically to release herself, but found that the shoe was so wedged in that it was impossible to wrench it from the rails. When the train was only a short distance from her and after the engineer had given a warning blast of his whistle, with remarkable presence of mind, she reached down, unbuttoned her shoe, and just had time to tumble into the pit of the cattle-guard, in front of her, as the train rushed over her. The train men, feeling satisfied that they had killed her, backed the train to care for the mangled remains, but judge of their astonishment when they saw her rise out of the cattle-guard, put on what remained of her shoe and started for home.