

THE DAILY BRITISH WHIG.

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NO 246.

FURS

Fine Showing of Furs

It has been quite a surprise good many on visiting our little Department to see the collection of fine Furs we are showing. Our prices are unquestionably the lowest in Kingston for Furs of a reliable quality. They are made for us by Wholesale Furrier and each is marked at a very low price. We mark Dry Goods, constantly increasing sale.

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IN ALL

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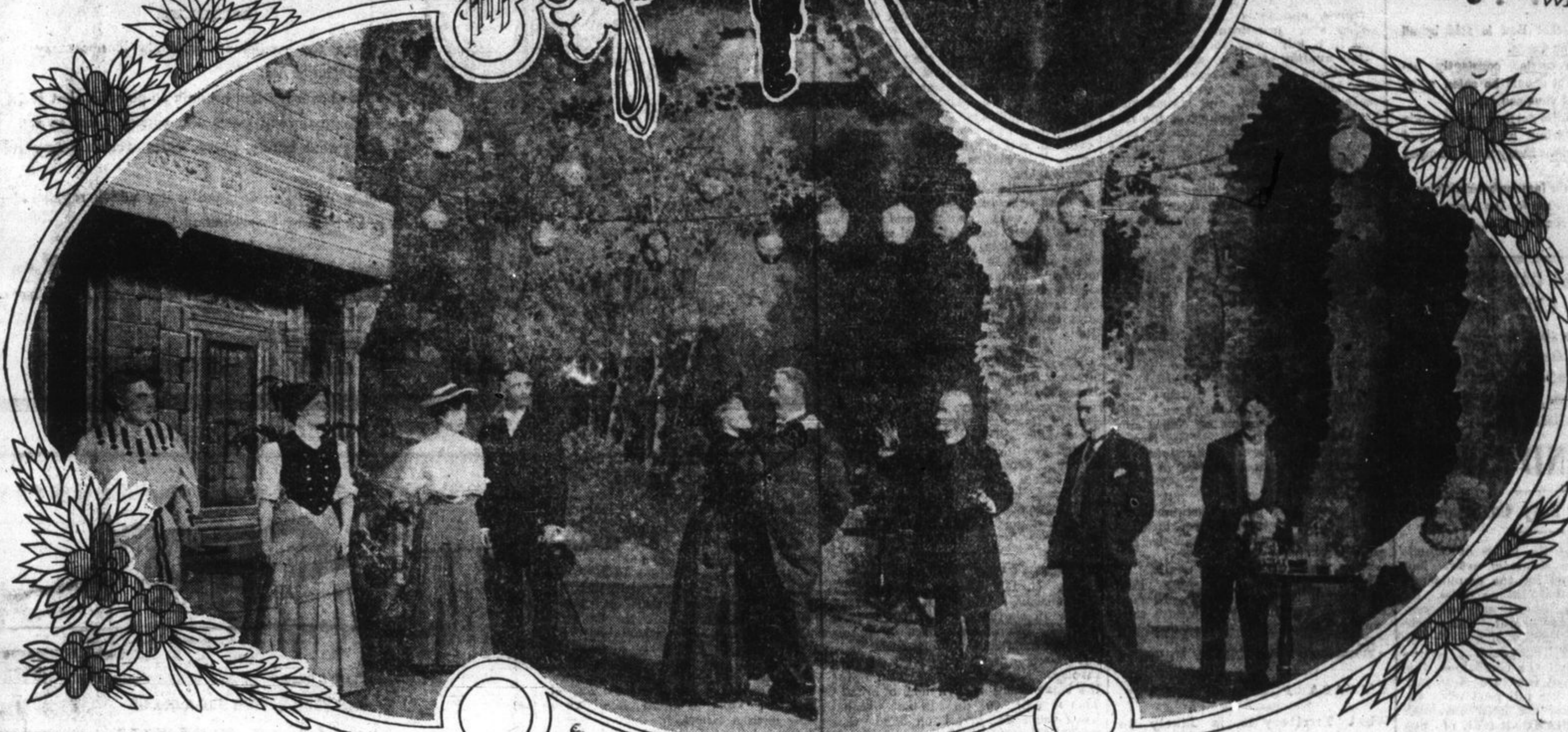
CALF SHOE, mannish pat-
, good sole and low heel. Just

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Channing Pollock

His Ideas and Methods



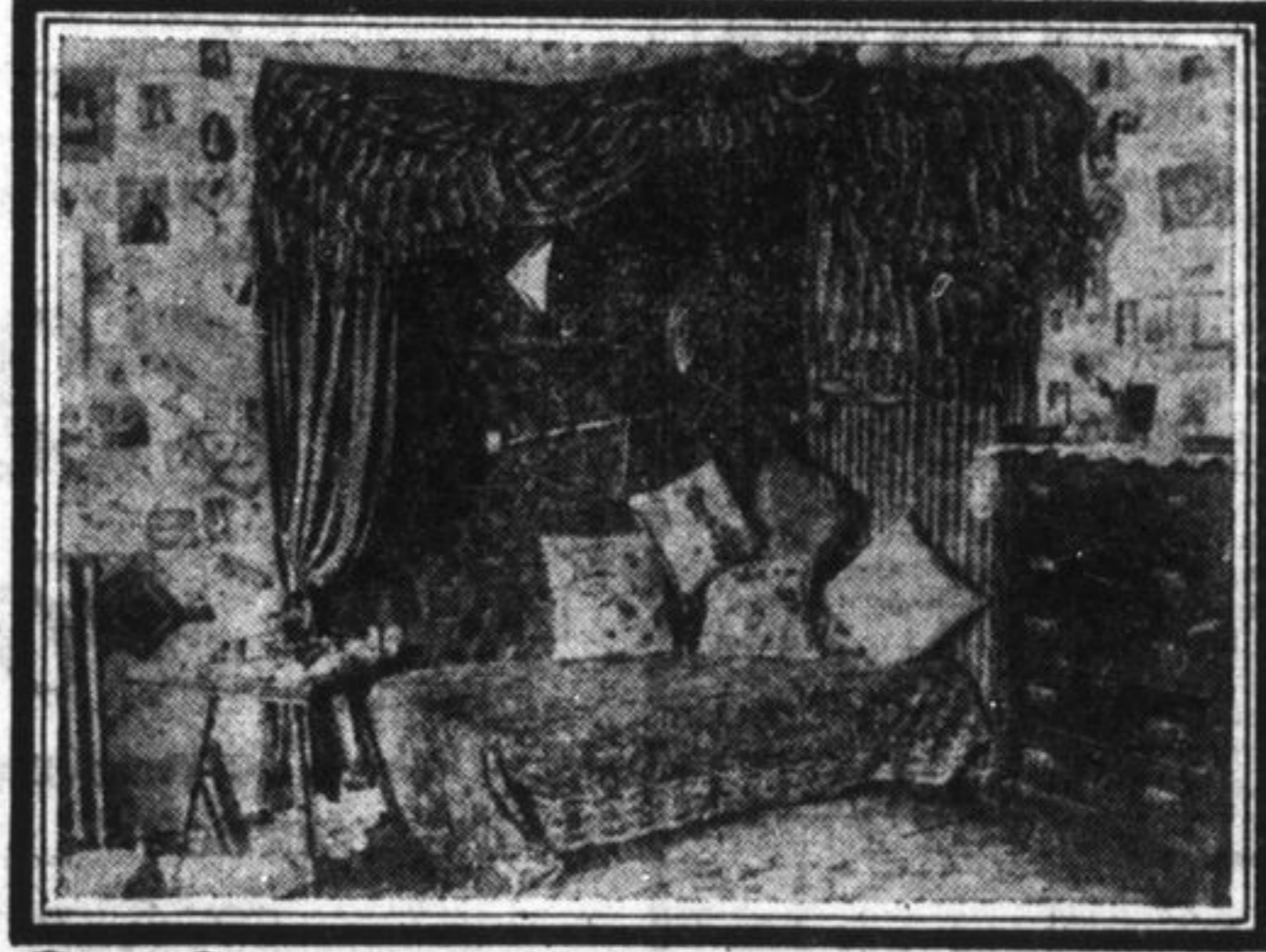
A SCENE FROM IN THE BISHOP'S CARRIAGE

A Chat With the Busy Young Playwright-- Would Found a New School.

I elbowed my way through the group of smartly dressed people clustered around the big frame full of photographs of the cast of "Fanny" that stood in the lobby of the Lyric theatre, New York. I ducked under a brass bar that guards the way to the executive offices above, climbed a flight of marble stairs, ran a gauntlet of stagehands—mostly young women—waiting to be admitted to the presence of that dread one whose nod or shake means "job" or "no job" to anxious aspirants, climbed another flight of stairs, and there, on the top floor, under the skylight, in a little glibby-hole of a room scarcely larger than himself and doubly guarded by stenographers and typewriters, I found Channing Pollock, playwright, novelist, lyric, press representative and dramatic critic.

On the stool beside him perched a fresh young soubrette, dainty and pretty, bearing that unmistakable air of complaisance with which the stage marks as its own the thousands that form the cohorts of its lesser lights. She was pouring into his sympathetic ear some story to be doled out as a "press agent's yarn" to the dramatic editors of the country. In the doorway a newspaper reporter lounged, waiting to verify some bit of news, and in the box-like ante-room I recognized a well-known writer on dramatic topics, doubtless to replenish his stock of photographs of stage favorites (for it is from the press representatives that the multitudinous stage photographs come) and to be tipped off in advance as to what was "coming" in the various companies that Pollock represents.

"The Chesterfield of the Press Representatives," they call Channing Pollock, and as I watched him there in his office it was easy to understand how he had earned the title. The invariable courtesy with which he met every demand, the patience with which he gave his time—the time of a Vienna physician, and asked him if he had with which he greeted each newcomer, all bespoke a courtesy, a gentleness that are deep-rooted, a part of the man himself. A dozen times he was interrupted by telephone calls, business enquiries, personal matters, requests for seats, until I thought that any man would lose his temper. But not so with Pollock; his modulated tone that made it impossible for people three yards away to hear what he was saying, and his smile was as ready after the last of



COZY CORNER IN MR POLLOCK'S FLAT

the many interruptions as it was before the first.

At last the office was clear of visitors, and Pollock arose and extended his hand in cordial greeting.

"We can't talk here," he said, "come down to the Astor and get a bite of lunch." And to the Astor, we went.

It was to ask some questions about several of his plays that I had sought this busy young man, whose rise to prominence as a playwright has been so rapid and so brilliant. He told me that he had written many plays, but that not until two years ago had he produced anything that he really thought worth considering.

"Why I have written plays ever since I was ten years old," he said; "you can imagine what kind of plays they were. I used to write my early efforts in the copy books with which we were supplied at school—you remember those greenback books, don't you? Well, I wrote them, one play to a book, that was the invariable length. And I took them very seriously, too. Oh, I thought they were fine, great plays, and I was ambitious to become a great playwright. I still am," he added quickly, seriously.

"Once my father showed some of these boyish efforts to a great friend of his, Dr. Felix Adler, the celebrated Vienna physician, and asked him if he thought that I showed any special talent that should be nursed and developed. Dr. Adler read the awkward scribbles while I stood by, flushed and excited, all eager and proud. He returned the book to my father with the comment that he saw no indications of even commonplace ability, and thought I had best be discour-

aged. I was humiliated and so angry that I could scarcely speak. It was years and years before I ever forgave him."

Although the dream of becoming a great dramatist was with this man from his early boyhood, it was not to be followed with impunity. Reversals of the family fortune found Pollock at the age of fifteen in Salvador, doing his first writing, that of a chance reporter and photographer during a South American war. A return to the world of drama was made some ten years ago, when Channing Pollock was a well-known dramatic critic in the city of Washington, where he wrote successively for the Post and the Times. With a return to this field came a revival of his cherished hopes of playwriting, and several plays were turned out in the time spared from his newspaper duties. One of these plays even got a production by a stock company that was filling the "supplementary season" in a Washington playhouse. It was a failure and was taken off after a trial run of a week.

Shortly after this Pollock went to New York, and was five years in the theatrical manager, W. A. Brady. In 1903 Grace George was playing "Pretty Peggy" at a Chicago theatre. The last act seemed to war the play, and one night, after the performance, Mr. Brady came to Pollock's room and told him of a scheme he had for bettering the effect of the act.

"Bully!" cried Pollock. "Bully! But who's to write it?"

"You are," said Mr. Brady.

"Me?" cried Pollock, delighted. "Oh, fine! I'd like to! I'll do the first thing to-morrow."

"No you don't. Write it now," persisted Mr. Brady.

And so, sitting on his trunk in the little hotel "parlor," Pollock wrote the act. It went well, and the play became a popular success. That was only a beginning. June of the same year saw produced at Proctor's Fifty-eighth street theatre, New York, "A Game of Hearts," a comedy by Pollock in four acts. This was successful and it has paid well in royalties, although it brought its author but little notice. It is still being played in stock company repertoire.

"But it was in the fall of 1903 that Pollock first tasted the flavor of real success. His dramatization of Frank Norris' novel, "The Pit," produced by W. A. Brady, first at Parson's theatre, in Hartford, was a great success. Everywhere the play was praised as most remarkable to be the "first work" of a young dramatist. With Wilton Lackaye in the leading role, it came to New York and nightly drew great crowds to the theatre where it was presented.

"But the way of a playwright who dramatizes a novel is rough," concluded Pollock, in telling of his suc-

cess. "Hundreds of people who saw the play, and some of the critics, too, spoke of the great fidelity with which I had stuck to Mr. Norris' novel. Whereas, I had not stuck faithfully to it at all. If I had the play would have been a failure. It is always that way in dramatizing a novel. The dramatist has to cut loose from the book and work out the problem of the play after his own fashion. In "The Pit" I not only omitted characters from the book, but invented others that were not in it. I not only investigated all the dialogue for I used less than a dozen sentences from the book—but most of the important situations as well. Yet the critics and the public persist in complimenting (or intending to compliment) the author with the cry of "How faithfully he has kept to" the book."

A good dramatization cannot follow the novel closely, because the latter is too verbose, and the result would be a talky play, the bane of both actors and public. That is why authors usually fail as their own dramatists. In putting their novels into plays they would rather cut off their right hand than cut out one of their



THE CURTAIN SCENE IN IN THE BISHOP'S CARRIAGE



POLLOCK'S STUDY WHERE HIS PLAYS ARE WRITTEN

should be called) and made up situations and turns of plot entirely foreign to it and original with me. There was, to begin with, no strong love interest in the book; I had to provide that. I made a love fight. In every normal love affair there must be one of two things; either one man and two women or two men and one woman. Now to make a good effect the men should be strong in contrast in personality and character. That, too, I had to create—there was no such condition in the book. Nance had been in love with Dorgan, a brute, and when she grew out of that she fell in love with Obermuller, a man of the same type, only higher up in the social scale, a refined brute, as I will say. I had to create a contrast. I made the contrast sharp by opposing to Dorgan, Mr. Latimer, a man of education, of culture, and attainments, of social position—in a word, a gentleman. And I made Nance feel the influence of the two men on her life, the one for her and the other for good at the same time. And I followed these influences, showing what effect they had on the girl in development of her character, and what effect, she in turn, had on Latimer. In this way there was a development to the entire play, and to all the characters in it, just as there is to the real people who make up the plays of real life. All this, had I followed the book, I should have lost, and the play instead of being a big success, would have been a flat failure.

Pollock feels that he has done his best work in his play "The Little Grey Lady." This is not a dramatization, but is an original, although based on Washington life. The play was written for Annie Russell, and will be given its first performance in Washington, November 2nd. In this drama Pollock has embodied many of the ideas of playwriting that he has cherished for long.

He counts confidently upon its success.

"It is a play," he told me, "of the ordinary things of life. There is nothing that the old dramatists would call 'dramatic' in it, yet it is charged with dramatic situations, tinged with the real essence of drama as we find it in life. Do you know," he asked me, with a laugh, "that I cherish the hope of founding a new school of playwriting? Yes, that is what I said—founding a new school, and I do."

"My school," he continued, "would be based on the principle that the truest, most vital drama must reflect the actions of everyday people in the street."

(Continued on Page 8.)

THE VALUE OF CHARCOAL.

Few People Know How Useful it is in Preserving Health and Beauty.

Nearly everybody knows that charcoal is the safest and most efficient disinfectant and purifier in nature, but few realize its value when taken into the human system for the same cleansing purpose.

Charcoal is a remedy that the more you take of it the better; it is not a drug at all, but simply absorbs the gases and impurities always present in the stomach and intestines and carries them out of the system.

Charcoal sweetens the breath after smoking, drinking or after eating onions and other odorous vegetables.

Charcoal effectively clears and improves the complexion, it whitens the teeth and further acts as a natural and eminently safe cathartic.

It absorbs the injurious gases which collect in the stomach and bowels; it disinfects the mouth and throat from the poison of catarrh.

All druggists sell charcoal in one form or another, but probably the best charcoal and the most for the money is in Stuart's Charcoal Lozenges; they are composed of the finest powdered Willow charcoal, and other harmless ingredients in tablet form or rather in the form of large, pleasant tasting lozenges, the charcoal being mixed with honey.

The daily use of these lozenges will soon tell in a much improved condition of the general health, better complexion, sweeter breath and purer blood, and the beauty of it is, that no possible harm can result from their continued use, but on the contrary a great benefit.

A Buffalo physician in speaking of the benefits of charcoal says: "I advise Stuart's Charcoal Lozenges to all patients suffering from gas in stomach and bowels, and to clear the complexion and purify the breath, mouth and throat; I also believe the liver is greatly benefited by the daily use of them; they cost but twenty-five cents a box at drug stores, and although in some sense a patent preparation, yet I believe I get more of better charcoal in Stuart's Charcoal Lozenges than in any of the ordinary charcoal tablets."