

# INNS OF DICKENS ARE RECALLED AT CENTENARY OF FAMOUS NOVELIST

Enthusiastic Admirer Would Turn Every One Mentioned by Author Into "Dickens' Head"—"Pickwick Papers" Alone Tell of 55 Taverns, Only 12 of Which Remain.



THE GEORGE AND VULTURE, FAVORITE CITY RESORT OF DICKENS



THE "LITTLE INN" AT CANTERBURY, PATRONIZED BY MRS. MICAWBER.



THE OLD GEORGE INN, CALLED BY DICKENS, THE WHITE HART.



THE SPANIARDS INN, THE HAMPTON HEATH HOSTELRY, WHERE MRS. BARDLELL WAS ARRESTED.



CHARLES DICKENS, WHOSE CENTENARY IS TO BE CELEBRATED FEBRUARY 12TH

Atmosphere surrounds the place, every room in which seems peopled with ghosts of the past. The joints and sweets are still displayed to view behind the glass doors of the "famous larder" in the hall, and you may enter the little ballroom in which those immortal creations of the novelist jostled each other in the crowded "Pickwick."

**Inns' Customs Change.**  
In London the sole survivors are the galleried Old George Inn—called by Dickens the White Hart—in the Borough High Street, where Sam Weller was "boozed"; Osborne's—now styled the Adelphi Hotel—in John street, Adelphi, associated with the flight of Emily Wardle and Snodgrass, and the George and Vulture, in St. Michael's alley, Lombard street, now better known as Thomas' restaurant. At all these establishments Dickens was a frequent visitor. In the latter busy city house, peopled in by towering edifices, you may still enjoy a succulent chop, served on one of famous old pewter plates, and drink ale from a pewter mug; but the traveler can no longer rest his limbs for the night beneath its hospitable roof.

**Maypole Is Interesting.**  
Three more inns associated with "Pickwick" are well worthy of mention, as they remain practically unaltered. These are the Bell, at Berkeley Heath, on the high road between Bristol and London, where Mr. Pickwick and his companions had lunch on their journey to Birmingham; the picturesque old Hop Pole, at Tewkesbury, where they stopped to dine on the same occasion; and the Saracen's Head (now styled the Pomfret Arms) at Towcester, where Sam Weller prevailed upon Mr. Pickwick to remain for the night after a long, wet drive from Coventry.

**Inn of the Bull Unchanged.**  
A delightful experience awaits the pilgrim to Dickens shrines when, following in the train of the Pickwickians, he halts for the first time at the Bull, Rochester, to which the party came at the close of their first day's travel. It remains practically unaltered and a pleasant old-world at-

from its iron bracket, is a delightful Old World inn, and is as well preserved today as when Dickens added some fancy touches to its outlines. The Coach and Horses inn at Petersborough, where Nicholas Nickleby and Smike stayed on their long tramp from London to Portsmouth, and the Coach and Horses at Isleworth, mentioned in "Oliver Twist," when Bill Sykes and Oliver were on their way to commit a burglary at Chertsey, are in similarly good preservation.

**Steps Prove Surprize.**  
The George is a substantial and imposing old hostelry, and ignores the pretensions of its humbler rival to have any share in the picture. A room is pointed out to the visitor as old Martin Chuzzlewit's bedroom, though it possesses only one instead of "the two steps on the inside so expensively unexpected that strangers, despite the most elaborate cautions, usually dived in head first, as into a plunge bath." Half a mile from Alderbury is St. Mary's Grange, a red brick building locally known as the original of Mr. Pecksniff's house.

At Canterbury is an antiquated inn, with red tiled roof and projecting upper story, which is supposed to be the original "little inn" patronized by Mr. Micawber. The Deadlock Arms, of "Bleak House," has been identified with the Arms of the Kings, which Dickens, in "Great Expectations," is supposed to be the Horsehoe and Castle, a little boarded-in coaching inn, and the Lion at Henley claims to be the up-river inn mentioned in "Our Mutual Friend," where Lizzie drags the half-conscious Wrayburn into the inn.

**Ship and Lobster Show.**  
Standing on a raised bank of stones by the river-side below Gravesend is the Ship and Lobster, whose dismal situation was chosen by Dickens for "Great Expectations," as a fitting site for the inn at which Pip and Magwitch stayed when the former was endeavoring to smuggle the convict out of the country.

The ardent admirer of Dickens probably will not rest content with a list of the surviving inns mentioned in his novels, but will wish to know something of the houses at which he stayed himself in his reporting days, during his tours in "Pickwick" and on sundry other occasions. At the Saracen's Head, Bath, the landlord will show interested visitors not only the room, but the very four-poster in which Dickens slept when a young reporter in 1828, he stayed at the inn and was assigned a humble apartment in the room of a former landlord, the Great White Horse Inn, where Dickens and "Phiz" put up when the novelist was collecting material for "Nicholas Nickleby," and the Unicorn Inn, at Bowles, is indicated as the house where Dickens met Shaw, the schoolmaster, from whose peculiarities he drew the character of Squeers. When visiting Shrewsbury, Dickens and "Phiz" stayed at the Lion, or more strictly speaking, in its annex, now a private house; but it still wears the pavement, resembling the bow of a vessel, as described in a letter by Dickens to his eldest daughter.

**Library Notes**  
THE course of lectures on children's literature to be given at the East Portland Branch Library this week by Miss Edna Lyman, will be as follows: January 22, at 8 o'clock—The relation of the parent to the child's development. January 23, at 8 o'clock—Books for the cultivation of the imagination—poetry, the novel and the future of the novel. January 24, at 8 o'clock—Bible stories. January 25, at 8 o'clock—Hero stories in the classics. January 26, at 8 o'clock—Humor and fiction.

**2000 VISIT LENTS SCHOOL**  
New Building Inspected After Big Public Reception Programme.  
The reception for the public held Friday afternoon at the new school-house at Lents was attended by not less than 2000 persons during the afternoon, beginning at 12:30 o'clock and continuing until dark. More than 800 persons listened to the programme in the assembly hall, and many were not able to get into the hall. The address was delivered by F. Hershner, principal, who said the fine building was provided for the Portland district. He invited the children to bring their mothers and especially the school work. Mr. Fred L. Olsen, Miss Ransom and Miss Keller, of Portland, furnished the music. Drills and songs by the children were among the more interesting features of the programme. Handiwork of the boys from the manual training department attracted much attention.

**Street Artists All of "Profess."**  
I would ask you to understand the term street artist in the catholic sense, which takes in so generously all members of the "profession." While we peevish Mahometans wait our entrance on the mimes, the mimes come to us in the persons of their ragged troupe, but a troupe savoring strongly of its old kinship. Outside His Majesty's, where Sir Herbert Tree's productions draw one of the most enviable queues in London nightly for the practice of the street artist fraternity, there comes occasionally one of the actors who reads about, but seldom sees, Tall and stately, with long black hair, and just enough of the threadbare appearance to lend the look of decline to his dignity, he stowed the center of his out-door stage for a vigorous recital from the master of the crowd is antipathetic within. He recites the more declamatory passages from Richard III, for instance, with a generosity of voice and gesture that quickly attracts a crowd from the shopping thoroughfare of Haymarket. He bows by his audience, he never fails to include a likely member or so in the play which grows in fancy round him. This he did the other night with almost disastrous results. He was showing the crowd how Sir Herbert would have played Macbeth had he lived when "there were actors," and reached the end of a glowing recitation of the murder scene just as a brawny laborer stroiled up to the crowd bearing a huge saw. Straightway the aged Thespian saw him, waved a menacing hand in his direction and thundered the words, "How now, thou

# DRAMA AFFORDED LONDON THEATER-GOERS WITHIN AND WITHOUT DOORS

Comedy and Pathos Mingled in Street Performances to Amuse Line of Those Waiting for Play to Begin—"Down and Out's" of Better Days and Shams Partake in Hunt for Coppers.



DAVID ERSKINE, THE BOY VIOLINIST, PLAYING IN THE STREET



MRS. PATRICK CAMPBELL IN "BELLA DONNA"



TYPICAL LONDON STREET ARTISTS



Mrs. Patrick Campbell in "Bella Donna"

**London, Jan. 20.—(Special.)**—The dramatic season is now in full swing in London, and from a score of theaters long queues of theatergoers proclaim nightly, according to the ingeniously devised custom of wily London managers, the comparative popularity of the piece within. The theater-queue is not unknown, of course, in America. Bostonians, whose real or pretended penny capriciousness is now in evidence, have made it an institution. Earnest music lovers begin to gather for the Boston Symphony's 25-cent gallery at 11 o'clock of a morning. A spell of Shakespeare or Irish plays or the stellar attraction of a great name on the boards provokes the appearance of the same weary snake line in all the big transatlantic theater centers.

**London Games Are Nightly.**  
In London, however, this sort of thing is a daily or rather nightly occurrence. Here it is not the desire of a manager to give fair play for a special attraction at his theater by preventing leisurely folk from buying out all the seats in the "celestial balcony" beforehand. It is a frank device he adopts to advertise his attraction; for man, a London playgoer, unappreciated for the critics, thinks more of a long queue, which he can see than he does of a long criticism, which he may not understand.

**Collection Is Everything.**  
Another man, who sings "Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep" nightly through Bloomsbury, has the curious humor of cutting his song off as with a knife at the welcome sound of a falling coin and picking it up again on the same note when he has fumbled for the copper successfully along the gutter. All the singers outside the theaters make a most sorry "cut" in their performance if they think the fateful door will open before they can have properly "squeezed" the crowd.

**Children Take Collection.**  
Suppose we are waiting outside a theater before such an informal performance as occurs, say, on the "gallery alley" beside the Garrick, where the American-made success, "Kismet," is running into this season from its fine success of last. A third-looking woman is there with a sither when we arrive, playing to a straggling and inattentive line of about 20 persons and singing in a fearful voice. She is accompanied by a lot of about 10, who collect the pennies—a precocious

child, who peers pertly into all the faces of her prospective contributors and pipes, "Aw ay, it's with a penny, ain't it?" The pair soon go; they must "do" other queues this night, and there comes on a marvelous boy contortionist, a jolly little chap with frank blue eyes and a most spallery spine. He smiles when you give him a penny, and you feel it's worth it, for he can smile much better than he can wriggle.

**Dignity Held Through All.**  
Bowling stiffly, however, the artist senses the opportunity of making the collection, then turns with the coins jingling in his frayed silk tile, and says, in a manner to which one must be born: "Ladies and gentlemen, I hope you will enjoy the performance very much."

**Boy Rises to Prominence.**  
But some of them, though good, are not too flourishing. David Erskine, a ragged waif with a violin, was one of these queer amateurs till last year. Then he came out on top in a newspaper competition for the best street returns, was offered a contract on the part of the publisher, and was sent into a full-blown artist, with an agent and all the rest of it. Since then he plays in the marble halls of the mighty, still clad in his quiet performing rag, but his fiddle is a rich-toned beauty presented to him by Kubelik and his patrons have included the Kaiser Wilhelm.

**These street performers are the keener of all London's residents for seeing a new success.** Just now Mrs. Patrick Campbell's acting of the part of the heartless wife in "Bella Donna" at the St. James Theater is the lodestone that is attracting the biggest queue and great is the pressure of performers outside that playhouse's nights. As to the halls, there is always a crowd where Tona, the Illusionist, is appearing, partly because of his wonderful artistry and partly because of her pet bear that strolls along with her in her walks abroad. Indeed, so great has been the pressure to see the pair outside the theater that the authorities have asked the actress to exercise her pet in more secluded quarters.