THE THEATRE

MUSE'S CAP AND BELLS

Eva Tanguay Latest Recruit to Current Stage Frivolities.

Eva Tanguay will re-enter musical comedy to-morrow night, and try mixing in some waywardnesses of her own with "The Follies of 1909" as they are portrayed at the Jardin de Paris, on the New York Theatre roof. A brand new part has been fitted into the piece for her, and she will have songs to sing which are yet unheard along Broadway. For the rest, the cast and numbers will go on as before.

"The Climax" moves back to Weber's to-morrow night to run the summer out. The play was first heard at that house, but was transferred to Daly's, next door, to make room for another piece with earlier claims. To-morrow's performance will be the 156d since "The Climax" made its entry into New York.

"The Motor Girl" still holds a nightly train of machines in waiting at the Lyric door, to the entire satisfaction of their owners viewing the performance within.

"Havana" has quit the Casino and the house will have a period of summer stillness.

Hot days and cool alike are kind to "The Beauty Spot," which still pours its following into the Herald Square.

"The Midnight Sons" takes life easily at the Broadway and helps the rest of the world to do the same. Mazie King is the newest arrival in the cast, which is headed by Blanche Ring.

"A Gentleman from Mississippi" has no trouble getting its friends to air themselves on the New Amsterdam roof, where the play has now been encamped for two weeks.

VARIETY THEATRES.

Gertrude Hoffman, in "A Vision of Salome," will please the patrons of Hammerstein's roof. Miss Hoffman begins her season to-morrow. She will also give her Mendelssohn's "Spring Song" dance. Annette Kellermann's diving will be a leading attraction.

To the American Music Hall Señorita Rosario Guerrero brings two new dances, which have not been seen in this country hitherto. Ada Overton Walker, with "eight Abyssinian girls," will also have a new dance. Consul the Great, a trained gorilla, will head the bill. He has been very popular since he appeared first, a week ago.

The Eden Musée is both cool and entertaining, with several hot weather novelties on the programme.

AT BEACH AND PARK.

The Fourth this year—a triple holiday—was a great winner for the shore resorts, and the crowds there were the greatest of the season in spite of the cool weather. Greater Dreamland felt the boom, and it is looking ahead to still more business when another hot wave swoops down on the city. The place is running full blast, with plentiful crowds to see the circus over the lagoon, the fireworks, Bostock's Arena, Creation, the Temple of Music, the Levitation of the Princess and the many other attractions, including the dancing in the ballroom.

Brighton Beach Park is as cool and summery as ever. They turned away crowds from "The Battle in the Clouds" on the Fourth, and altogether that fireworks spectacle has proved itself one of the most popular of the many things one may see about New York.

The Palisades Amusement Park found many New Yorkers who heeded the blazing welcome across the river and made the trip over by ferry last week. The place is high and cool, and comfortable on a hot night.

Luna Park has developed a new sensation in the application of a "bouncer," which administers unexpected massages to those who venture down a long canvas slide. The trip costs nothing, as the management decided to make it a free amusement. Commander Adam Brown, who fired the first gun on the Monitor in her battle with the Merrimac, visited the park and saw the Merrimac and Monitor spectacle. His Grand Army post, the Phil Kearney, 7, will attend a performance this week.

BRITISH PRECEDENCE.

Some of Its Delicate Points and a Few Dilemmas.

A writer in "The London Express" gives some interesting pointers on social and official precedence in England and calls attention to a few of the many delicate dilemmas due to questions of rank and station.

"In the first place," he says, "I may mention that it is a common error to suppose that all peers take precedence of all commoners. Not only is this untrue in the case of official precedence, but it is equally untrue of personal precedence. Thus a duke's eldest son would precede all earls, and a duke's younger son and a marquis's eldest son all viscounts; while the eldest sons of earls and the younger sons of marquises have precedence over all bishops and barons.

"Again, in the matter of peers themselves, it is not right, as is so often said, to range peers of the same degree in the order of the date of their patents. Before this test is applied there has to be a preliminary marshalling of them by the class of their creation—peers of England preceding those of Scotland, and both preceding those of Great Britain, while peers of Ireland and the United Kingdom follow after.

"Certain high officers of state precede all peers, and this is why their offices are so much coveted by great nobles. When the late Lord Salisbury, a marquis, became Lord Privy Seal he at once passed over the heads of all marquises and dukes (saving royal dukes), and stood in order eighth from the King's nephew. Again, judges of the High Court are almost invariably knighted, but not for their own sakes, for a judge of the High Court takes precedence long before a knight, but it is to give their wives special precedence that the custom has obtained. Thus the late Mr. Justice Wright was a bachelor when elevated to the bench, and it was not until he married that he accepted knighthood.

"Men, indeed, are often careless of their own claims, but their wives have a habit of being particularly observant of such points, and it is from the women that the reckless or ignorant hostess will hear of her disregard of their rank. Nor are such offences readily forgotten or forgiven. Now there seems to be a general idea that the wife of a peer takes precedence of the dowager peeress—usually, but not of course, always, her mother-in-law. As a matter of fact, the dowager precedes the reigning peeress on the ground that she is senior in dignity, her husband being nearer the succession. On the other hand, but on the same ground, the sons of the reigning peer take precedence of those of the late peer.

"If a woman is a peeress in her own right her position is secure, and she cannot derogate from her dignity, though she may add to it by marrying into a higher rank.

"Another point is sometimes forgotten—the position of the wives of the sons of peers. The wife of the eldest son of a duke goes in before countesses and all other peeresses of lower rank. So, too, does a duke's daughter. The wife of the eldest son of a marquis, the wives of the younger sons of dukes and daughters of marquises precede viscountesses.

"As to the lower title, the wives of baronets rank according to their husband's class and date of creation, but with this exception—the baronets of England, Scotland, Great Britain and Ireland rank only according to their dates of creation. Daughters of baronets naturally precede the daughters of knights, and between them come the wives of the eldest sons of knights. The daughter of a knight, be it noted, takes precedence of the wives of the younger sons of baronets, and, as a consequence, of the wives of the younger sons of knights.

"Finally, there is no social precedence between the professions as such, but a colonel in the army and a captain in the navy are esquires by right of that position, and they would rightly be preceded by a clergyman who happened to be, let me say, the son of a knight."

AN ASPERSION SUSPECTED.

"That is quite a remarkable Rembrandt," said the connoisseur.

"Sir!" rejoined Mrs. Cumrox.

"Yes, Rembrandt, you know, the great painter."

"Oh! I thought you said 'remnant.'"—Washington Star.

MISS MINNA WINSLOW.
In "A Gentleman from Mississippi" at the Aerial Gardens, New Amsterdam Roof.

MISS GERTRUDE HOFFMANN.
At Hammerstein's Roof Garden.

MISS MOLLIE LORRAINE.
In "Havana" at the Casino.

ON THE PACIFIC SLOPE

Business Men's Views of the Graft Prosecution.

[By Telegraph to The Tribune.]

San Francisco, July 10.—A meeting of one hundred and fifty prominent business men of San Francisco was held this week to devise means for obtaining the best candidates for city offices at the coming election. These men are mainly Republicans, but their desire is to obtain municipal officials who will carry out the business of the city without fear or favor.

The one overshadowing feature of the meeting, however, was the graft prosecution, which was heartily indorsed at the outset by all good citizens. The great majority of business and professional men of San Francisco are now thoroughly out of sympathy with the methods adopted by Rudolph Spreckels and Francis J. Heney. These men have had almost unlimited power in the last two years, but by alleged unfair methods and intense partisanship they have alienated most of their supporters. In their desire to convict President Calhoun of the United Railways they have granted immunity to all the supervisors, and have made such errors in prosecuting ex-Mayor Schmitz and "Boss" Ruef that new trials will be necessary in the case of each of these master boodlers. They have failed to convict Calhoun, despite a campaign in their newspaper organs without parallel in the history of the city.

What this organization of merchants desires is to elect a District Attorney who will press the trials of all grafters and carry them through in a dignified and orderly way. The city's credit has been hurt badly by exaggerated stories of general dishonesty among its officials and reports of sensational charges made in open court by Mr. Heney and his associates. The truth is that since the downfall of Ruef and Schmitz San Francisco has been as honestly governed as any city in the country.

E. C. Calvin, vice-president and general manager of the Southern Pacific company, is recovering from an operation for appendicitis, performed on Sunday at the New Railroad Hospital, near Golden Gate Park. The physicians worked for more than a month to give Calvin strength to bear the operation. Calvin has been subject to attacks of appendicitis for eleven years. He was the first patient to be treated in the new hospital.

The death of ex-Judge Stafford, of Eureka, under the wheels of a racing automobile at Emeryville on Monday will probably lead to stricter rules for the policing of automobile racetracks. The driver of the car wrecked his machine and endangered his own life in a vain effort to avoid running down Stafford. Judge Stafford was warned not to cross the track, but he disobeyed the police injunction.

When Miss Hazel Hotchkiss returned from the East the woman tennis champion she was challenged by Miss May Sutton for the California tennis championship. Many thought she could defeat the older player, but Miss Sutton on Monday decisively showed her superiority. In the first set Miss Hotchkiss outplayed Miss Sutton at the net, and if she had adhered to this position she might have won, but when she selected the back court in the second set she was badly beaten, getting only one game. The match was witnessed by the largest crowd ever seen on the San Rafael courts.

The day after her victory Miss Sutton revealed to friends the carefully kept secret of her engagement to be married to Harry B. Ham, a Yale man, who is interested in mines in Mexico and in oil wells in Southern California. Ham lives in the City of Mexico, and is the champion amateur billiard player of Mexico. Miss Sutton will probably not give up tennis after her marriage.

The death of Mrs. Nellie Holbrook Blinn, the former actress, caused much regret, as she had endeared herself to a large circle by her many charities. After she retired from the stage she frequently appeared in plays and recitations for charity. She had the pleasure only a week before her death of seeing her only son, Holbrook Blinn, appear in "Salvation Nell" and divide honors with Mrs. Fiske.

Mrs. Thomas B. Bishop, daughter of Dr. Hall, the noted geologist, of Albany, has given Golden Gate Park Museum one of the finest collections of Esquimau baskets in the world. These baskets were made over twenty years ago for household use, before the collecting mania began, and they are much superior in design and workmanship to the present baskets. There are over 300 pieces. The collection also includes many weapons of war and the chase.

Land in the Sacramento Valley that had been worn out by successive crops of wheat was planted three years ago to sugar beets. Good crops were raised. This year the land was once more sown to wheat, with the result that the yield was fifty-six bushels to the acre—far more than the land had produced for many years. This practical demonstration will induce many farmers to use sugar beets for restoring overcropped lands.

Federal troops in the Yosemite Valley are not enthusiastic over spiritual mediums. One of these mediums in Oakland gave an outline of the fate of F. P. Shepherd, of that city, who recently disappeared while on his way to climb Sentinel Dome. This medium told how she saw Shepherd fall off the trail and go to his death in a deep canyon. Soldiers were sent out to verify her vision, but returned saying she was a fraud, as there was no such place as she described.

The Western Pacific Company, Gould's new transcontinental line, will build car shops in Sacramento which will cost $700,000. It is expected that the new line will be running trains from Salt Lake to Oakland by October 1.

AT THE CARD CLUB.

First Bridge Fiend—Mrs. Thompson has fainted away!

Second Bridge Fiend—How provoking of her! She might have waited until she was dummy.—Life.

THE "STRADIVARIUS"

Paris Enjoying a Farce Based Upon a "Brace Game."

Paris, July 1.

The Paris theatrical season comes to a close—at least so far as new plays are concerned—with an exceedingly droll one-act comedy by M. Max Maurey, produced with great success at the Théâtre Français and acted to perfection by MM. de Féraudy, Numa and Croué. It is called "Le Stradivarius." It is irresistibly funny, and, strange to say, there is not a single female part in the play. It is thoroughly "wholesome," and the most straitlaced Puritan maid of Boston might readily take her mamma to see it. Miss Priscilla will probably have a chance of doing so, because, according to present arrangements, this quaint, Dickens-like little curtain raiser is to be given in English attire next season in the United States, Great Britain and Australia.

Merely a vague notice of the true humor of "Le Stradivarius" can be conveyed by an outline of the plot, which is deftly woven with dialogues brimful of human observation. The action passes in an old curiosity shop in Paris, encumbered with dusty eighteenth century portraits, Louis Quinze silver, Renaissance armchairs, Della Robbia dishes, Louis Treize pewter, tapestry, lace, brocades and candlesticks. Flack, the clever, unscrupulous antiquarian, does a thriving business by supplying American and other amateurs with rare bric-à-brac, promptly and punctually. Flure, a sympathetic musician, rather down in his luck, who often calls at Flack's shop either to borrow money or to sell objects that he has picked up at a bargain, tells Flack about a certain Count Krabs, a Russian art connoisseur, who, according to Flure, is a bosom friend of various grand dukes and is in the habit of making important purchases. Flure, who has come into the shop after the performance of one of his concerts, casually leaves his fiddle in its case on a table during a brief absence. Count Krabs enters the shop and inspects and criticises object after object, which Flack commends with eloquent virtuosity. Count Krabs remains insensible to all the wares. But while Flack is vaunting the graceful lines of a Leonardo da Vinci vase, for which a princely price is demanded, Count Krabs catches sight of Flure's violin. He examines it with grave attention and reverence. He says: "Ah! This is just what I have been looking for for years. No doubt about it—here is a genuine Stradivarius! I must have it." This is a complete surprise for Flack, who nevertheless rises to the situation by remarking: "Ah! How unfortunate! This priceless instrument does not belong to me, but to a friend of mine who is a musical artist." "No matter," answers Count Krabs, "I must have it at any cost. Try and arrange the matter with your friend. I will pay 20,000 francs for it, but on one condition, and that is it must be delivered to me to-day. I shall be at my hotel until 4 o'clock." Count Krabs leaves the shop, after selecting one or two vases of value to be delivered at the same time as the violin. In comes Flure, who wants Flack to buy a Sèvres coffee cup. Flack turns to Flure, and offers him 100 francs for his violin. Flure hesitates, and says: "Oh, no! I could never part with my old violin. It was bequeathed to me by a dear friend, a venerable musician, and it would be criminal in me to sell it." "Just think it over," says Flack. "I will give you far more than it is worth. I have a taste for music and I want this violin. Come, what do you say to 200 francs?" This bargaining is spun out with great cleverness, until at last Flure consents to part with it for 10,000 francs. Flack pays him the money forthwith, and Flure takes a formal receipt. It is getting toward 4 o'clock. Flack takes the violin under his arm and goes off to Count Krabs's hotel to deliver the "Stradivarius" and get his promised 20,000 francs. Flure remains alone in the shop. Count Krabs enters. "At what price did you sell the fiddle?" is his first question. "Ten thousand francs," replies Flure—"just think, the old thief at first offered me only a paltry 100 francs for it." Flure and Count Krabs divide the spoils, and each pockets 5,000 francs. Pretty soon back comes Flack, who has called at the hotel and been told that the count had returned to the curiosity shop. Count Krabs opens the case of the violin and says, "Why, good heavens! This is not the same violin that I saw before. You have changed it! This is not a Stradivarius, but an ordinary tingle-tangle pothouse fiddle! I never could think of giving 20,000 francs for such a thing! For gracious sake, take it away." The count goes off indignant. Flack faces Flure, and asks him to return the 10,000 francs Flure replies that "a bargain is a bargain," that he holds the receipt and that he has invested the money. Luckily for Flack, an opulent amateur enters the shop and examines various rare objects. "I can offer you a genuine Stradivarius," suggests Flack. "No; that does not interest me," replies the amateur. "Ah," retorts the wily Flack," but this musician here can show you the receipt certifying that I have just paid him 10,000 francs for it! Moreover," adds Flack, "I can assure you that it is a great bargain, and I will let you have it for 15,000 francs." "Ah! Fifteen thousand francs! Why, that is different. I will give you 12,000 francs for it." The naïve connoisseur hands over the money and goes away with the "Stradivarius," and the curtain falls upon this delicious bit of irony.

C. I. B.

IN CHILDREN'S COURT

Incidents of Probation Officer's Work Among Young Criminals.

"I shall tell in the following pages, as well as I may, a few of the incidents that have come to my knowledge as chief probation officer of Columbus, Ohio, from the simple standpoint of one who works in the field," says Jessie M. Keys in "The World's Work."

"I remember very well a boy of sixteen who was brought before our juvenile court for stealing $16 from the pocket of a coat left hanging in a public hallway. The boy opened a savings bank account for himself with the money. That was one unusual feature of the case. The judge, instead of sending him to the reformatory, or dismissing him with a reprimand and a firmly fixed idea that the court was 'easy,' put him on probation for a year.

"We went to his mother, and she awoke to her responsibility. We talked to the boy firmly, and found him willing to work. Finally we found a position for him. In the first probation year his earning capacity was $340. Since then he has been an inspiration to us, a strong agent in this city for the growth of the power of law, and upon his name there rests no prison blemish.

"Sometimes it takes a lot of study to find out just what is the matter with these young criminals. This search for ultimate causes is not the least important part of the work of the Juvenile Court; undoubtedly the most frequent cause of the offences committed by children is parental neglect, though very often it is parental vice, and sometimes the two combined. I remember the case of a boy of fourteen who was brought into court for entering a freight car. He could not see why he was arrested at all, for, as he said, 'I didn't get nuthin', 'cos de cop come too soon!'

"He was put on probation, and we visited his mother. At first she would not let us in, but after a while she did, and she was visited constantly. On one occasion I found her out behind the house knocking coal from a loaded car standing on the tracks. She declared that there was no harm in this, because the company would not miss it and she needed it. It took months to explain to her that there was any relation at all between her predilection for the company's coal and the fact that her boy had turned out to be a thief. This boy was in rather a sad state—fairly in the early stages of consumption, pale, listless and poorly nourished. I advised his mother that she should feed him better, keep the windows of his room open at night, take him out of the chain factory where he was working and let him take a position that we were ready to get for him out in the open air. She listened with alarming calmness, but at the end of the little sermon she said:

"'Well, I think the county might be in better business than sending fussy old maids to tell me how to raise my children. Sure, I knows how to raise kids—I've buried five of them already.'

"She buried the sixth one later.

"There is no telling how the mind of a boy will work. A lad of thirteen was accused of stealing $10 from the teacher's desk in school. He stoutly denied it, and a long and careful search failed to discover the money. But it did discover quite a collection of cheap, trashy literature in the boy's possession. One of the books described how a thief concealed a valuable gem by dropping it into a hole made by tearing off a trouser button. This tale furnished the clew to the lost money, and it was discovered folded very small and tucked in beneath a loosened button on the waistband of the boy's trousers.

"We found three boys who got into a pretty pickle one Sunday afternoon, and who were only saved because the court had learned to temper justice with good nature. They had found their way into a half-finished dwelling, and had found there no provision made for their special amusement, so they set to work to remedy this omission. They picked out a very handsome, polished floor, set a couple of bricks on it, and built a roaring fire. The owner arrived when the floor was just nicely scorched. He brought them into court in a hurry, and nothing would satisfy him but a sentence to the reform school. They were all 'first offenders,' and we argued for hours with that owner before we persuaded him that he would be doing both the boys and himself a great injustice by insisting. He finally yielded. A year later a 'gang' partially wrecked another of his buildings, and he called on those three boys to find the 'gang' for him. They did it willingly, so his 'bread upon the waters' came back to him.

"I suppose that in every town there is a 'Sleepy Hollow' or a 'Happy Hollow.' In my 'Happy Hollow' there are many little children neglected by their mothers and not provided for by their fathers. One little girl, when I asked her how things were at her house, said:

"'Oh, we live in "Happy Hollow," and you know all our fathers get drunk down there, and nobody has any shoes.'

"A little boy and his sister, brought up from 'Happy Hollow' by the police, listened while their mother was sent to the workhouse and while they themselves were committed to the county children's home. The poor little wizened face of the ten-year-old boy wore a look of terror, as he realized that the sentence meant separation from the only things he had, his mother and his home, but the girl, one arm around her doll and the other around the boy, met the situation with the philosophical remark:

"'Don't cry, brother; God ain't dead yet.'

"I remember another child of eleven whose father had gone to the 'pen' for stealing, and whose mother had cut the family adrift and left them to shift for themselves. Brought up before the court, he put the situation quite succinctly when he said:

"'Mammy went away when I wore petticoats and I've been "batchin" it ever since.'"

HONESTY REWARDED.

After dining, the restaurant patron proceeded to tip the waiter.

"Beg pardon, sir," said the waiter, examining the coin, "but this quarter is counterfeit."

"Is that so?" exclaimed the other. "Oh, well, keep it for your honesty."—Chicago News.

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