

VERY MIXED MELODRAMA.

THE ACADEMY'S TWO LITTLE BOYS WHO DON'T SAIL.

Wicked Mother Who Teases Her Son to the Waves—A Remarkable Specimen of the Melodramatist's Black Art—News of Mr. Willard—Facts for Henry Miller.

Facts in the case of Henry Miller: Mr. Miller had not played *Armande* so seriously, the public, critical and uncritical, would have taken Mr. Miller more seriously. If this seems paradoxical so did the actor's printed remarks, remarks he promptly denied ever having uttered.

E. S. Willard's business man says that there is no truth in the report that the English actor will visit America next year, who over the water? But as the wedge has been introduced, far be it from us to deny the fact that Mr. Willard will visit America in 1904; that he will have one of the best seasons of his career (Mr. Capus will have written a half dozen new ones in another year) that Mr. Willard is meeting with his accustomed success in Liverpool.

When is Beerbohm Tree coming westward? He has made wild threats for some years, and some one heard him declare that, despite antagonistic notices, he intended to carry New York by storm some day. Who knows? We hope Ben (tree) will be here to join in the chorus of admiration!

The vitality of music is marvelous. In "The Man From China," at the Majestic Theatre, we recognized an old tune from Carter's score, "Castles in the Air," in which Della Fox made such a hit—Della Fox and De Wolf Hopper and Thomas Seabrook. Probably the melody of Alfred Dreyfus the daily opera; but melodies whistled often become lodged in the subconscious memory.

It is a pity that the librettist and star failed to exhaust the possibilities of that "human band" idea in this opera now at the Majestic. Charles Bigelow's entrance song is funny and rhythmically catchy, but after that he spends so much of the original voice as to lose the effect. A comedian, whose pull looks like Bob Fitzsimmons's with its peculiar conical formation, seemed in all ease with his complicated apparatus on the opening night. No wonder! Such a combination gear is not to be managed without much practice. The accompaniment was not the keys. A bagpipe or an old-fashioned hurdy-gurdy with a wheezy tone would be more effective. Bagpipes always create laughter, with their skirling, droning wall. A genuine "human band" would have been a novelty. And the man who can manipulate such a musical instrument usually looks like a candidate for an epilepsy; so Charles Bigelow cannot be blamed for limiting the size of his orchestra.

Doubtless "The Man from China" will be rigorously overhauled and its story made more shipshape. The lyrics of their kind are intelligible enough, and some of the music has a distinctly popular quality. "Columbine," "Tidy-set," "Catch a Man," (without mentioning the pickle), "What Would You Do Without Reggy?" are lively, while Stella Mayhew has turned them into the hit of the piece. But how long, oh, how long, are we to be inflicted with young men in plain clothes and dinky straw hats? You may line a stage with as many of these fellows as you please, but the audience will not be interested. There is an unwritten law in comic opera that mere man never appear unless smothered in ruffles and velvet. Modern costume for the taller sex is ugly enough in the streets; on the stage—horror! That is a neat notion—the cross-eyed row of little girls. The effect is confusing at times.

The question that naturally arose in the mind of the unprejudiced spectator at the matinee in the Academy of Music yesterday was this: Why didn't Tom throw his mother over that bridge into the raging current, instead of mockingly and insultingly over her? Possibly, like the manly man in Mark Twain's story, "he never shook his mother." Yet what a welcome relief it would have been to see that daring old fellow, Miss Evans, alias a dozen other names, slain by the hand of her son. Child murder has become a drug in melodrama.

But "The Two Little Sailor Boys," who never sail until the curtain falls, is a "thriller" of the first water, though the tale is of the most conventional brand. The bridge scene is picturesquely set, the background of sky and water being particularly atmospheric, more atmospheric, indeed, than much of the acting. It is the case with the majority of plays of this kind, the "oomy" interest is more entertaining than the dazzling "heroics" of the upper crust. Daringly and bravely, the bridge scene is picturesquely set, the background of sky and water being particularly atmospheric, more atmospheric, indeed, than much of the acting. It is the case with the majority of plays of this kind, the "oomy" interest is more entertaining than the dazzling "heroics" of the upper crust.

Harry St. Maur, a veteran, was the deceived papa; Ethel Brandon the wicked mother; and M. J. Jordan the low-down, sea-hardened villain. The second actor of the "Black Dog Inn," with Plymouth harbor in the distance, was also a fine stage picture. Strange to relate, Plymouth was actually a harbor. The hero and heroine were stiff as poker. And was it really any wonder that the father of the girl should suspect the motive of his daughter when she fled from the clutches of her lover? She knew she was innocent; the audience—very much worked up by this time—could have sworn that she was behind the screen; the screen's testimony might have been added; but the old man—should we really blame the old man for his passionate hate?

"Two Little Sailor Boys" will please all lovers of the black art of melodrama.

News of Plays and Players. Capt. Griffith and the American League ball players saw Mr. Willard in "A Son of Rest" at the American last night.

The "Volunteer Organist" has done so well at the Fourteenth Street that the play's stay there has been extended two weeks.

"The Secret of Polichinella" closes at the Princess on May 14. The play will then reach its 123rd performance.

LIVE TOPICS ABOUT TOWN.

A novel scheme for getting literary material for a small sum, or possibly for nothing, has hit Park row, and the victims are likely to be many unless they are warned. A letter was received in a newspaper office a few days ago from a company engaged in booming neglected Brooklyn real estate. It said that the company's property, an elaborate list and he takes daily practice in putting and points to be covered was submitted, and the editor was requested to hand the communication to some competent member of his staff, who was to receive \$50 for the work.

On its face, the letter contained an order for work requiring skill and special knowledge. The two men, East Side, found that that was a mistake. Writing to the company to suggest an interview first, he learned that the company didn't want to see him. Mr. De V. declined to consider your contribution. Subsequent inquiry showed that a duplicate of the real estate man's request had been sent to the city editor of every important paper in town.

Apparently the scheme was to collect rapid letters for the use of the real estate boomers from men who would be likely to contribute to a fifty dollar prize competition. A former Senator signed the letter. The company's letterhead bore the names of Senator Dewey and H. C. Du Val as directors. It would be interesting to know what Mr. De V. had to say about the ex-Senator's method of getting his advertising matter written.

"Talk about born fighters, I never say man or beast that could equal that fellow for pugacity," said a keeper in the Central Park menagerie of the Sardinian mouflon. "He'd rather fight than eat hay. We've had to run the fence up twelve feet high to keep him from getting at the Barbary sheep on the one side or the other. The goat mascot of the Seventy-first Regiment, on the other. He can strike a tremendous blow with those curved horns and he takes daily practice in pushing and wooden partition. You can hear the blows out on Fifth avenue."

"We aren't put any other animal in the enclosure with him. He'd take an elephant and could lick a mule, I believe, although he's not bigger'n a goat. He's a dandy for scrapping and you've only to point your finger at him to stir up his fighting blood."

The owner of a large estate on the island of Madeira is anxious to establish a colony of squirrels on his place. There are none of the little animals on the island. He had his representative in this country make inquiries at the Agricultural Department at Washington as to how to establish the colony. The representative usually looks like an inquirer to Director Smith of the Central Park menagerie, who knows all about gray squirrels and likes to tell things about them.

No nuts of any kind grow in Madeira, so the natural food of the squirrels will have to be imported. There are even no acorns. The director has had peanuts imported to feed the squirrels which are to be sent. They might be induced, however, to live on maize if pushed to it. Of this island has an abundance.

Since Mrs. Robert Osborn retired from the field of theatrical management this city has been without a woman manager. It remained for Nashville, Tenn., to supply the void. The actress, who has been in the city since she was a child, and the melodrama produced last night at the Academy of Music was brought here by Mrs. T. J. Boyle, who, in addition to being successful in her own right, is young and pretty. She acquired her experience with a stock company in Nashville and has turned into a theatrical manager. She has something to offer the metropolis and has not hesitated to come with it into the largest theatre in the city. Her manager, who has not always been successful in this city, but they have often been interesting.

Ted Mark's concert at the Metropolitan on Sunday night is said to have been curtailed through the activity of no less a person than the director in the Metropolitan Opera and Real Estate Company who interests himself in the business of the director saw with pain the picture of Miss Marie Dressler on the billboards usually occupied by the opera company. He decided himself to stand that sacrifice. But when his eye fell on the announcement of the pony ballet, the blow was too much. To his tolerance he has been a member of the Metropolitan stage at all would have been had enough, to have them on a Sunday night was not to be thought of. So the casual remark by Mr. Mark, who is the result belongs to Tenderloin history.

The first of the houses in Fifth avenue to lose was the new Perry Belmont house on the northwest corner of Forty-seventh street. The windows of three of its stories are ornamented with red geraniums. No other home on the avenue exhibits such an elaborate display. The house of Madison avenue seems to have run to hyscintins. The most striking house is again that which covered its balconies with blue flowers last year. Especially altruistic are the wealthy owners of this house, as they have been out of town for some time and the house is closed but for the presence of a caretaker.

In front of one of the restaurants in the French quarter, near 27th Street and Square, is a grass plot 12 feet long by 2 inches wide. And annually there the restaurant's patrons see that spring has come. A painted sign of nearly the same dimensions as the grass plot comes out about this time and is planted in the middle. It reads: "Keep off the grass."

WANDERING NEWSBOY BACK.

TOOK IT INTO HIS HEAD, ONE DAY IN PARK ROW, TO SEEK EUROPE

Consul at Havre Got Him and New Hill Island Has Got Him and Doesn't Know Whether He's an Alien or Not—He Wants to Get Back to Park Row.

Samuel Morganlander, a sharp-eyed Jew lad of fourteen, who had been selling newspapers in this city for a year or so, went down to the French Line pier on April 14 with the idea of rediscovering Europe, which he left at so tender an age that he has not even a faint memory of what it looks like. He boldly boarded the steamship *La Lorraine*, mingled with the steerage passengers and found out by talking to some who could understand East Side English and German, which he speaks with gossamer fluency, that *La Lorraine* was bound for Havre, where chiefly French is spoken, and that his chances of getting a job there might be rather slim. But he decided to stick to the ship.

Naturally when she was a few hours out the purser found that Samuel did not belong to anybody and that he had not paid his passage. He landed at Havre on April 21 and got ashore without being seen by the ship's officers, he says, although it may be that the ship's officers were not much interested in a boy who seemed so capable of taking care of himself. He wandered into a restaurant and managed to make the proprietor understand that he was willing to work for his grub until he proved himself worthy of a wage.

The restaurant man said that he did not want Samuel, but Samuel seemed to think the man did not know his own mind and came around again the next day. This time the man sent Samuel to the United States Consul, who put him aboard the French liner *La Touraine* and sent him back to New York.

He landed at Ellis Island on Saturday with a lot of immigrants, and since then the officials there have been puzzling over him. They are trying to find out if he is whether or not Samuel is an alien, and therefore to be sent back to the Lord knows where, or the one who would hurry up and decide things so he can come out on Park Row again and join his fellow merchants.

Samuel is very hazy about his antecedents. He is pretty sure that he was born in Europe. He thinks that he must have been not more than a few years old when his parents, who are now dead, brought him here. He has heard his father and mother say that they landed in New York. They were here a few years and then went to Boston, where they stayed three years.

Samuel does not know whether his surname of Morganlander is one that his father used, like many other immigrants, or if he has a cousin's name. He says he has a cousin's name in Church street. Sometimes, he says, he slept in the newsboy's lodging house, and sometimes in a warm room in City Hall Park. All he asks of fate is a bunch of evening "papers" and the liberty of Park row.

WILL BURST INTO SONG.

The Cochran System of Universal Equity, whose lyrics and objects were printed in detail in *THIS SUN* a few weeks ago, is about to burst into song. Thomas Cochran, founder of the system, told a *SUN* man, in explaining the workings of his invention, through whose agency all troubles, local and national, domestic and economic, financial and ethical, are to be settled, that the system would give new music and power to music, and that it would be a labor, under some circumstances, might be brought together through the wondrous power of song.

To further the work Mr. Cochran said that Universal Equity was about to bring out a new song—words by the greatest lyric writer of the century—entitled "When Capital and Labor Are United." As soon as published, Universal Equity was to bring Miss Mabel McKinley, niece of the late President, to Brooklyn, and have her soothe the souls of the song-writers in the spirit of "with the melody of the song."

The glad time draws near. Announcement is made that the song will be sung at the Fulton Street Lyceum on Monday night. The system evidently could not connect with Miss McKinley, but in her stead to Mrs. Mildred Hanson, who is the soloist will be Miss Mabel McKinley. Mrs. Hanson has charge of the musical end of the system. She has big, soulful, blue eyes that suggest a sympathetic interest in the troubles of capital and labor, and the result belongs to Tenderloin history.

International Salt Co. Incorporated. ALBANY, May 4.—The International Salt Company of New York was incorporated to-day with a capital of \$600,000. The directors are Edward L. Fuller and Mortimer B. Fennell. Mr. Fennell, president, is of Livingston county.

Burgess-Kay. BROOKLYN, May 4.—Miss Kay, K. M. Kay, daughter of J. Murray Kay of Brooklyn, and Herbert R. Burgess, son of Edwin C. Burgess, president of the New York Produce Exchange, were married at the First Parish Church, Brooklyn, to-day at noon by the Rev. Paul R. Frothingham, pastor of the Arlington Street Church of this city. Mrs. John Prentiss, a sister of the bride, was matron of honor and the bridesmaids were the Misses Winifred Prentiss, Kay, Raymond Prentiss, Kay, Mary Murray Kay, sisters of the bride; Clara Kitzell and Jean R. Burgess. The best man was Edward C. Burgess, Jr., and the ushers were Messrs. J. H. Gray, Joseph L. Gray, Martin of New York, William Godfrey of Philadelphia, George E. Fuller and Mortimer B. Fennell, of New York, and Arthur G. Roth of New Bedford, James D. Redmond of Brooklyn and John W. Prentiss of Boston.

Philippo-Daeniker. Miss May Mills Daeniker was married to James Lawrence Philippo yesterday afternoon in the West Collegiate Church, the Rev. Dr. Henry Cobb officiating. The bride wore white crepe de chine, with a tulle veil and orange blossoms and carried a bouquet of orchids and lilies of the valley. Miss Josephine Evans was her maid of honor and the Misses May Eldred, Florence Nichols, Julia Law and May Sharkey were bridesmaids. Beside Philippo's sister, Thomas F. White was the bridegroom's best man and Harry J. Everett, Nourse and William Pearl were ushers. Mrs. Henry M. Daeniker, the bride's mother, was seated at her home, 685 West End avenue, for relatives and intimate friends.

Leach-Wylie. The marriage of Miss Juliet Agnes Wylie to David Charles Leach, Jr., took place yesterday afternoon at the home of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. Gill Wylie, 23 West Fortieth street. The Rev. Dr. Robert Collyer, of the Church of the Messiah, performed the ceremony and Miss Lucilla D. Wylie attended her sister as maid of honor. The Misses Lucilla S. Damon, Helen Fleischman and Miss Eliza Wylie were bridesmaids. The bride and groom were ushered by Messrs. John W. Wylie, James D. Redmond and John W. Wylie, Jr. The reception afterward was given at the home of the bride's mother, Mrs. Wylie, at 685 West End avenue.

PUBLICATIONS.

THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL at \$6.00 per line is the cheapest advertising you can buy—because it pays.

You cannot get a discount nor the agent's commission—but you can reach more than 1,000,000 different families with this one publication, and save expensive duplication. You reach the consumer with one publication. If you hope to save money by going into several lower-priced magazines, you will not only pay more for 1,000,000 bona fide readers, but you must duplicate more or less. You cannot get these 1,000,000 different families in any other one medium, and you cannot buy profitable advertising as you buy merchandise.

Every copy of THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL goes direct to a prospective customer if your consumers are women. If men, THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, a weekly 176 years old, is more thoroughly read by men than the daily papers.

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY PHILADELPHIA BOSTON CHICAGO

RESCUE BY LINER'S LIFEBOAT.

ALL SAVE THE PIG TAKEN FROM A WRECKED BARKENTINE.

The Princess Irene Here with the Crew of the *Marje*—Rescuers Set Fire to Her Before They Left Her, and the Pig Perished—Crew Pumped 8 Days.

It was blowing half a gale from the southwest, the skies were leaden and spindrift obscured the vision of the lookout in the crow's nest of the North German Lloyd steamship *Prinzess Irene*, in yesterday from the Mediterranean, when in midsea early on Sunday morning he saw to the southward a blur on the tumbling surface of the ocean.

After a time he made it out as a wrecked sailing vessel, and he shouted his discovery to Capt. Danneberg. The rescuers rowed under the stern of the wreck and after that she was the Austrian barkentine *Marje*. Her skipper, Capt. Orion de Bortolazzi, was standing feebly at the pumps. The old craft looked as if she was about to founder. Braue took the Austrian that the seas were too dangerous to permit the lifeboat to come close alongside, and the barkentine men were invited to jump, with the assurance that they would be promptly picked up. They did, the skipper being the last, according to the etiquette of wrecks, to leave.

But there was a young pig aboard that was much beloved by the Austrian crew, who observed the pig from the prospecting. It was not going to be rescued. The pig had had nothing to eat in eight days, and the skipper said that he feared that it had become denatured from hunger. The strongest of the shipwrecked men made an effort to catch the pig and toss it over, so that it, too, might be picked up. The pig ran away, and the men had quite enough to keep them from starving. There had been several proposals for the unsentimental to kill the pig and eat it, but the skipper frowned on the proposition. Seeing that the pig was so sick to attend to the duty of properly cooking so tender a bit of pork. Capt. Danneberg observed the pig from the prospecting, and he also expressed a desire, entirely unconnected with sentiment, to have it. He was so much disappointed when he saw the lifeboat leave the wreck a week before the Princess Irene fell in with her. She sprang a leak and was delaminated. All sail was carried away in a succession of gales, and for eight days the crew did nothing but pump. There were eight feet of water in her hold when she was abandoned.

The cook left the four days before the liner came alongside and thereafter all hands lived on raw food and hard tack. The feet of nearly all the crew were swollen and their hands were covered with sea water blisters.

PUBLICATIONS.

JUST READY

HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES of America

CONVENIENT: Covering the whole history of the country, from the time of Columbus to the present day, in one 12mo volume.

ACCURATE in all its references to matters of fact, thoroughly in line with the best of modern research.

VIGOROUS in the sweep of its narrative, well proportioned in its fullness of treatment, thoroughly entertaining in style.

INTERESTING in its clear-cut sketches of prominent individuals; fascinating in its pictures of the life and habits of the people.

By HENRY W. ELSON

Author of "Side Lights on American History," etc.

Cloth, 12mo, gilt top, \$1.75 net. (Postage, 24 cts.)

Published by THE MACMILLAN COMPANY 66 Fifth Ave., N. Y.

THE STEPS OF HONOR

The story of a young man who succeeds through dishonesty but slowly descends the steps of honor. His later atonement and ascent, the struggle of the woman he loves, make a story of unusual power.

By BASIL KING Author of "Let Not Man Put Asunder."

8 vo. Cloth. \$1.50

HARPER & BROTHERS - NEW YORK

The Jessica Letters

AN EDITOR'S ROMANCE Contains some of the prettiest love-making that has appeared in years. The correspondence between a New York editor and a charming and imaginative Southern woman.

12mo, net \$1.10. (By mail \$1.25.)

NEW YORK G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS LONDON

What's Worth Having?

A. The Quality of Youth.

Read this novel by LOUIS E. SHIPMAN, author of "D'Arcy of the Guards." Price, \$1.25.

MIND READER WAS RIGHT.

Ladies' Four-in-Hand Club Dinners. The annual dinner of the Ladies' Four-in-Hand Club was given last evening at the Suburban Riding and Driving Club on Washington Heights.

Prisoner He Gave Bail for Discharged, According to Prediction. Prof. Abram Hochman, the mind reader of 109 Rivington street, who gave bail on Tuesday for Abraham Langener, one of eight men arrested for burglary, occupied a seat on the front bench when the prisoners were arraigned yesterday in the Essex Market police court.

"I bailed this boy out because I read his mind," said Hochman to Sgt. McCarthy of the court squad, "and I predicted he would be discharged today. Just wait and see if I am not right."

The prisoners were found in a room in Eldridge street on April 27 with goods valued at \$7,000 stolen from a tail or shop on the Bowery.

Langener and one of the others were arraigned first. They said they went to the rooms on an innocent errand. "The evidence is not sufficient," said Magistrate Crane, "and they are discharged."

The six others, who gave similar excuses, were held in \$2,500 bail each for trial. "What did I tell you," said Hochman, "about 200 hospitals of Langener gathered around the professor on the sidewalk and almost tore his clothes off trying to shake hands with him. He was rescued by the court squad, who drove the excited crowd away."

AMUSEMENTS.

PROCTOR'S To-day, 25c. 50c. To-night, Rs. 75c. 23d St., "LOVE ON CRUTCHES." 5th Ave., "RALPH STUART OF SWORD." 125th St., "ROSE OF PLYMOUTH TOWN."

ROADWAY THEATRE. 41st St. & B'way. EYE, EAR, NOSE, THROAT & CO. RAYMOND HITCHCOCK IN A NEW COMIC OPERA—THE YANKEE CONSUL

MAJESTIC. 47th St. & B'way. EYE, EAR, NOSE, THROAT & CO. BIGHLOW THE MAN FROM GRINA

AMERICAN. 47th St. & B'way. EYE, EAR, NOSE, THROAT & CO. NAT. M. WILLS

ESTAR. 47th St. & B'way. EYE, EAR, NOSE, THROAT & CO. ESTAR

AMUSEMENTS.

EMPIRE THEATRE. 40th St. & B'way.

JULIA MARLOWE WAS IN FLOWER. HERALD SQ. 47th St. & B'way. LAST TWO WEEKS.

CRITERION THEATRE. 44th St. & B'way. WILLIAM COLLIER THE DICTATOR

GARRICK THEATRE. 45th St. & B'way. ELEANOR IN MERELY ROBSON MARY ANN

SAVOY THEATRE. 24th St. & B'way. THE OTHER GIRL

DALY'S THEATRE. 47th St. & B'way. JAS. K. HACKETT THE CROWN PRINCE

KNICKERBOCKER THEATRE. B'way & 23rd St. A VENETIAN ROMANCE

ACTORS' FUND YVETTE

LYRIC 42d Street West of Broadway. DE WOLF HOPPER "WANG"

CASINO 14th St. & B'way. PIFF, PAFF, POUF.

American Art Galleries, MADISON SQUARE SOUTH.

THIRTY-SEVENTH WATER COLOR SOCIETY. EXHIBITION.

NEW AMSTERDAM 14th St. & B'way. THE TWO ORPHANS

WALLACK'S 47th St. & B'way. CHAIRMAN

PASTOR'S 14th St. & B'way. WIZARD OF OZ

MURRAY HILL. LEXINGTON & 42d St. HENRY OTTO

CIRCLE Broadway and 80th St. MENTHE & HEATH

MADISON HURTING & SEAMON'S 11th St. & B'way. 254 MINSTRELS

HARLEM 137th St. & B'way. LACKAYE IN THE PIT

BELASCO THEATRE. 47th St. & B'way. GROSZMAN IN DAVID BELASCO'S NEW PLAY

WEST END SOLDIER OF FORTUNE. 47th St. & B'way. GRAND BERtha GAILLARD

EDEN WORLD IN WAX. NEW GROUP CINE MATA TO GRAPE

3 ARTIST. Next week: The Voice of the Minstrel

School of Languages.

FRENCH GERMAN SPANISH

Spoken, Taught, and Mastered Through THE LANGUAGE-PHONE

The Latest and Best Work of Dr. Richard S. Rosenthal.

No longer unnecessary memorizing of words, declensions, or rules. You hear the exact pronunciation of each word through the Language-Phone.

International Language - Phone Method 1132 Metropolitan Building, Broadway and 15th St., N. Y.

Business & Shorthand

Typewriting Bookkeeping

Miller School

Kindergarten