

PLAYGOERS' SACRED FEELING'S

OUTRAGED BY THE EDUCATOR OF MR. PIPP.

Augustus Thomas on the English Nobility... "Buttenbros of Speech 'Antigal' and a New Playright 'Sinfal Love' and the Chaperoned Man - A Miracle."

"My sacredst feeling," Artemus Ward once exclaimed, "has been trampled on." The words came forcibly to mind in witnessing the conduct of nobility in "The Education of Mr. Pipp."

If Augustus Thomas had dealt with his problem of the international marriage in the manner of other American playwrights, no false hero would have been raised—there would be a word to say. When Bronson Howard wrote "Aristocracy" he fondly imagined that what he wanted was to have our democratic selves contrasted with the effete nobility of Europe to their shame and our glory.

It is true that they make a virtue of their miserable necessity. Bernard Shaw even calls Shakespeare a snob for preferring the blood royal, and makes a virtue of his own superiority to ask us to listen to the cry of John Tanner, dentist, and "Every Straker" chauffeur. But the clear vision of Augustus Thomas is not to be deceived by paradox and quibble. He may pretend at the outset that his young lover is merely Herbert Fitzgerald, riding master at Durban's. The plot required this, but otherwise Mrs. Pipp would never be so successful in her professions to the father of the Gibson daughter. But half an act, half an act onward it heroically transpires that he is none other than Lord Herbert Fitzmaurice, brother to Aronny Castle, and that in the eyes of the playwright he is a rippin' fine feller. Bravo, Mr. Augustus Thomas.

Having gratified our sacredst feeling's, however, what does he proceed to do. He brings on the play in a way Mr. Howard and Mr. Fitch would never have dared, making his Lordship it is thus that the other people in the play address him do things that even our poor, miserable proletarian selves would never, never dream of. At his entrance as a guest at a dinner party Lord Herbert wears white gloves, and holds court to them in a way Mr. Howard and Mr. Fitch would never have dared to do. He is a rippin' fine feller. Bravo, Mr. Augustus Thomas.

His Lordship's rivals, haas, obvious villains, were at the same dinner party; and having tasted the salt of hospitality in the olive of a cocktail, His Lordship openly denounced them for impostors, even explaining to the benighted Americans what from the Monte Carlo. "Wander Mr. Pipp, insisted in thinking him a new man from the stables."

To give the devil his due the charge was first brought by John Willing, a mere American, occupying the humble station of secretary of the Steel Trust. In fact, we pleasantly anticipated that Mr. Thomas was only preparing a greater delight to our worship for His Lordship. One of our sacredst feeling's is that any lord worthy of us has the tact to defer inopportune business to opportune moments. Oh, Mr. Thomas, alas, Mr. Thomas! Lord Herbert strode out to the footlights and corroborated the charge with a flourish of the white glove, that had erstwhile fluttered as a false emblem of peace. It was a terrible blow.

It is possible that Mr. Thomas had an astute, ulterior purpose in all this. Was it his kindly intention to convince us that though we plain Americans were at heart mere stable boys, the noblest blood of England is no better? If so, he failed to make the point. At first blush it seemed that he had proved for our sacredst feeling's, and the more deeply we blush over it in retrospect, the more deeply we are indignant at Mr. Augustus Thomas.

In one respect the vicious educator of Pipp is a never ending joy. The language he provides for his gentilefolk is untingly elegant and refined. Certain of flowers of speech we shall wear forever the buttonholes of memory. In "Antigal" one of the characters says: "In North the duello does not obtain." "I'll tell you we heard those words did we not?" "The full glory of the words that we ought to be in." "Mrs. Loftingwell's

Boots" one of the characters says: "Does your mother apprehend that you are out?" or something like that. In the present play His Lordship, finding himself in the way, says: "I am patently the intruder," and some one else, instead of saying a bare "thank you," remarks: "I am certainly sensible of the honor you do me." It is worth calisthenics of the tongue every morning before you go to bed to be able to speak languages like these.

It is only Mr. Thomas's professional gentleness, however, who indulge in them, and here again we have a real grievance. When poor Mr. Pipp makes a wry face over the olive in his cocktail he says quite plainly: "If you pay your butler \$60 a month, I suppose you've got to let him butte." And when Mrs. Pipp discovers the poisonous perfume of her Count, she calls him a "blaze roo." That is, of course, the way such people might have spoken in real life. But do we pay \$2.50 a seat to hear nothing more than that? Certainly when Mr. Pipp's education was completed in the Thomas school of language, he should have known better.

In making these objections I am aware that I am setting up a standard beyond that of average theatregoers. Available as they are, they are not always aware that they have any sacredst feeling's. And neither do they expect as much for the \$2.50 which they pay as the carpers of the press expect for that which they do not pay. All they want is to see, not Dutch and Dutchess, but men of the street look themselves. From beginning to end they laughed at the humble vernacular of Pipp and the Gallic malapropas of his Missis. They would have liked, perhaps, to find a better love story, and a play in which the suspense did not end with the first act. When an entirely new theme was introduced for the time, they may have found the plot to be a bit of a bore. But somebody has remarked, one touch of nature makes the whole world grin; and whenever Mr. Thomas forgets how gentle his gentilefolk ought to be he is betrayed into the rarest and the most of character and dialogue. His portrait of Mr. Pipp is all but a masterpiece of genre painting; and, dominating the play as it does, affords an excellent example to those, that, who are humbly unaware of their sacredst feeling's. Mrs. Pipp, though necessarily less amiable, is done with quite as much observation and downright sense of character. It is the excellence of these two characters, in fact, that makes one feel so keenly the lack of a sustained comedy spirit.

Mr. Thomas is ever to give us a whole play on the level of high low, according to the point of view which he has so often attained in parts, he must make up his mind which light to follow in portraying character and emotion—the rushlight of truth, or the limelight of Laura Jean Libbey.

It is the spirit of simple truth that makes Mr. Harrie Chambray's "Antigal" so refreshing. The story is one of the slenderest and oldest in the world, and the characters are of no particular moment—merely a group of young people living on what Mr. Howells has called the coast of Bohemia. Whereas the humble, henpecked captain of industry, Mr. Pipp, and his lady and her sister, are of no particular moment—merely a group of young people living on what Mr. Howells has called the coast of Bohemia.

That there are perils besetting the path of facile youth, however, is suggested by Henry V. Esmond's "Love and the Man." Time was when we all expected the author of "When We Were Twenty-one," "The Wilderness" to do great things. The were touch of acute character observation and of pregnant wit, that suggested a spirit of no second rate. If there was also a touch of sentimentality and of a boyish outlook upon life, it was easy to hope for youth is, or ought to be, a self-limited disease. Unfortunately, the older Mr. Esmond's gets the more juvenile seems to be his muse.

His present play has only a faint mirage of his former qualities, and the defects have stepped forth into the centre of the stage. Is there any real and significant truth underlying the conception of a statesman who, having made himself Prime Minister, feels only, in the sacredst feeling's, because he has not a wife and a large, prosperous family his career is wasted? It sounds very much like the moaning of a man who in real life would never have got anywhere in particular. Is there any precedent of an English statesman who, with the world of glorious opportunity, to say nothing of duty, before him, has been ready to dump the office, and to go to the country, and to live in a cottage, and to be a simple man? Only a great and overmastering passion of love could bring him to that sort of thing. And if he draws back on the brink of a fall his safety can only be in a greater passion for love.

Now, the one thing Mr. Esmond does not suggest is a great passion. Circum-spection is the jellu that guides the "Antigal" Waverley. We discovered that Lady Gaudinister, worn out by the malignant humors of her husband, returns his love, his first thought is of the proprieties. "Make love to a married woman," he exclaims, waving in her face the palms of holy horror. That phrase is the cant of the astute manager who studies the prelude of the public, and as Gerald utters it we hear the voice of the playwright talking for Buncombe as he says: "He is no fear, good people. The tenderest conscience, the most delicate sense of propriety shall not be shocked." It was all in the vein of "Bully Bottom," who for fear of frightening the ladies learned to roar as gently as a sickening dove. So, when Gerald and Lady Gaudinister ran away they took them to be a double-barreled chaperonage. The scene is a double-barreled chaperonage. The scene is a double-barreled chaperonage.

In the third act comes the call of duty. Lady Gaudinister of the mind of Barks, but Gerald has reflected that a statesman is a politician who sees the future through a field glass, and he is modestly aware that only he has the field glass. "I love you!" he exclaims, "as I drink with love of you." But listen! Wasn't that the dinner bell? It was the dinner bell, a vigorous organ behind the scenes, and the cup of his passion has not been too deep to prevent him from giving her a very sober arm and leading her in to the well chaperoned table. It may all be true, it is certainly all very proper. But it is not interesting. It is not convincing. Worst of all, it is irresistibly funny, as all plays are that treat

THE COMMUNISTIC LIFE IN THE SUBURBS.

Practical Form of Socialism at Five o'Clock Teas and Other Functions. "The nearest approach to communism in this country," according to his friend at luncheon the other day, "is our suburban society. Nobody owns anything, everybody owns something, and whatever anybody owns is shared by everybody."

For example, Mrs. Brown decides to give a tea. "As Mrs. Green, wife of the florist who lives next door, has promised eight dozen red carnations, Mrs. Brown decides to have a tea."

"Miss White, the spinster lady on Maple street, with the silver service and family connections, is of course only too glad to lend her teapot, caddy and tray when she hears of it. For didn't Mrs. Brown send over four quarts of ice cream for her supper after the assembly last fall?"

"Mrs. Black, who has a heart shaped sandwich cutter, volunteers to make all the sandwiches, but of course Mrs. Brown objects to this, as she has her own that extent. However, since she really insists, Mrs. Brown will let her make half. Mrs. Redmond, who is charmed to lend her yellow Royal Worcester for the flowers, will make the other half."

"Then arise a couple of rather difficult questions. Would the fudge candies that Miss Vassar has promised to make look like Mrs. Green's? Or would they be like Mrs. Black's? Or would they be like Mrs. White's? Or would they be like Mrs. Brown's? Or would they be like Mrs. Redmond's? Or would they be like Mrs. Black's? Or would they be like Mrs. White's? Or would they be like Mrs. Brown's? Or would they be like Mrs. Redmond's?"

"I hear there's a new family coming down next month, though, and then I suppose Mrs. Black will have to consider herself sufficiently introduced to pitch in and do a little work herself."

"The day before last Mrs. Drabney consulted her cards and found that she had such a knock at that sort of thing. It's very fortunate that she has, for Mrs. Vassar, who had intended to do the fudge, has just decided to turn home and do it herself. She'll have to stay home and do it herself."

"A couple of hours later the carriage had to draw up in front of Mrs. Brown's house. "By a drawback the women who have been working their slaves together all week are suddenly released. Mrs. Black and Mrs. Redmond, each nibbling a heart shaped sandwich."

"Yes, and such tasteful decorations!" Mrs. Redmond says. "The amateur record is 77, made by A. G. Lockwood, but in the intercollegiate tournament, three records were broken, one by Lewis, one by Walter E. Egan. It will be the third record of the open at Myopia, but the first since the modernization of the course after the old record of 82, made by the late England in search of points."

"Fred Reed of Chicago won the open at Myopia in 1898 with 72, with Aleck Smith second with 73, and Lewis with 74, respectively 335 and 336. On the next occasion, in 1901, Will Anderson and Aleck Smith tied at 43, the former winning the title and the latter the money. Will Smith was third, 23, and in 1898 he had been fifth with 30. He won the title in 1899, and, after a temporary setback, he again played the most golf and is the early favorite for the coming competition. He won the open championship of New Jersey last November, and he is expected to do well at Myopia."

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THE CHAMPIONSHIP LINKS.

Points of the Courses for the Three National Competitions. Two of the three links selected for the national championships, Wheaton and Myopia, are conceded to be the peer of any golf courses in the land, while the other, the Morris County Golf Club's course at Morris-town, is an ideal test of the game for women, who are to hold their championship there.

The Chicago Golf Club has made many changes in its course and house since H. J. Whigham, entered from Onwentsia, beat Rossiter Betts of Yale in the final and Findlay S. Douglas in the semi-final of the third amateur championship of the United States Golf Association there in 1907. It was the last time the open championship was held at the same meeting.

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WOMEN IN HUSBANDS' EMPLOY.

Many Retain Salaries They Held Before Marriage. There is a large and rich mercantile house in Chicago in which the firm consists of several members of one family, says the Chicago Tribune. Near the top of the office, among innumerable other typists, sits a pleasant faced girl whose looks or work do not distinguish her in any way from those who sit around her.

If you happen to pick her out as a convenient person to ask what you want to know and at the same time your question is one of slightly more than technical importance, she will as likely as not say: "Wait a minute, I will go and speak to papa about it."

Your first bewilderment is followed by that still greater when you learn that she is the wife of one of the younger members of the firm, and that she has kept the same place there since she married that she had before that event occurred. She works at the same salary, and strange to say, there is no domestic discord. It is only the lack of ability on the part of the wife to take pleasure other than that of work and simple expenditure, and she is totally without power to resist herself even to a wider sphere of economy.

Another large house has a woman occupying a similar place, and the fact that she is the wife of the managing director of the firm is known only to one or two of the most trusted employees. She comes and goes, and receives orders, in exactly the same way as the women with whom she works, and the secret of the situation is that for years she has been legally separated from her husband, and not wishing to be dependent upon him for support she obtained this place with the firm.

A more singular case still, which exists in a large millinery house, was the result of an unhappy love affair. The owner employs his wife as manager of his business, and pays her a fine salary, but he treats her as if no closer relationship existed between them. Before they were married she had the place, and although she resigned at the time of their marriage, her life did not turn out to be a happy one, and one day she suddenly forsook it and took a place with another house similar to the one she had filled for her husband. In the meantime her husband's business did not prosper under his own management and that of his new assistant, and he went to the woman and begged her to come back as his manager. If not as his wife, she consented and draws a large salary, but they do not communicate except on business matters.

"Simply delightful!" agrees Mrs. Green, snuffing at the carnations appreciatively. "The children's charms, Mrs. Black and Mrs. Redmond, each nibbling a heart shaped sandwich. "Yes, and such tasteful decorations!" Mrs. Redmond says. "The amateur record is 77, made by A. G. Lockwood, but in the intercollegiate tournament, three records were broken, one by Lewis, one by Walter E. Egan. It will be the third record of the open at Myopia, but the first since the modernization of the course after the old record of 82, made by the late England in search of points."

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STORIES OF WINTER BIRD LIFE.

Frozen to Death on Her Nest. From the London Chronicle. While shooting over Charlwood Place Park a party of Redpolls spotted down a blackbird's nest containing four eggs, on which the hen bird was sitting dead.

It is assumed that the nest was built in the middle weather which followed Christmas, and that when the change set in the bird was frozen.

Loon Overcome by Cold. From the London Chronicle. Be. E. Skimmer, contractor at the town farm, found a large loon in the road yesterday near his house.

He caught the bird, carried it home and fed it. It seemed to be suffering from hunger and the severe cold.

Bird Hatched in Polar Winter. From the London Telegraph. Dr. E. E. Wilson's lecture at the Royal Institution on the emperor penguin was illustrated by skins, eggs and a number of lantern pictures of the birds and their rockeries.

These fine species, larger than the king penguin which has been exhibited in the Zoological gardens, was discovered during Capt. Cook's second expedition, but until the return recently of the Antarctic expedition, nothing was known of its life history or habits. The curious thing is that the birds are hatched in the depth of the Polar winter.

A single egg is laid, which is brooded several days, and the soft gray down of the body. The chick is clothed in grayish white down, which is moulted after five months, and when about a year and a half old the immature plumage is exchanged for that of the adult. One young bird was taken on board the Discovery, and kept alive for five months.

Sparrows in the South. From the St. Augustine Record. Yesterday the sun was obscured in the vicinity of the city gates by thousands of swallows hovering over the neighborhood. Occasionally the small albat on a comb, two in orange street, and the larks sang under the weight.

Where all these "summer swains," as they are commonly called, came from is a mystery. The birds, which are said to be a species of a gathering from all parts of the country.

Starving Crows Kill Pig. From the Philadelphia Record. Hungry crows, unable to find food elsewhere, killed and partly devoured eight pigs belonging to Julius Daubmann, a farmer near Stratton, a couple of miles from Philadelphia. The farmer had the place for several days and became such a nuisance Daubmann found it necessary to use his gun. Yesterday one of Daubmann's assistants was advised to go to the woods and get a pig. He went to the woods and after a while he returned with a pig. He was carrying it on his back and was walking along the road. He was carrying it on his back and was walking along the road. He was carrying it on his back and was walking along the road.

Intoxicated Sparrows. From the Lancaster Herald. Some mischievous boys scattered a quantity of cheap whisky on North Columbus street Saturday evening and scattered the grains on the ground.

Shortly after several English sparrows assembled on the whisky, and they were intoxicated. Some of them became intoxicated and staggered around on the pavement in a helpless condition for nearly an hour, when they had suddenly recovered from the effects of the liquor to fly away.

Crows Following a Hawk. From the Boston Herald. In Bennington, Vt., the severe and long continued cold has driven a number of hawks from the surrounding country into the city, where they prey upon English sparrows. The hawks have been seen to take sparrows from the piazzas of dwelling houses, and one or two instances even in business thoroughfares.

Hawks do not, however, completely rule the sky. A week or two ago one of the residents of Bennington, in the vicinity of Columbus road, witnessed a terrific battle between a large hawk and a number of crows. The crows followed the hawk continually, diving down at his back and evidently striking him with their bills. When their attack became unbearable, the hawk would turn and try to bring them within reach of his talons.

The crows, doubtless, had a good idea of the power which they possessed, and they would dodge away from him, only to return for a fresh attack as soon as he started flying, or rather sailing, on a straight course. At least a score of crows were engaged in this attack on a single hawk, and they followed him for more than a mile, making his life so miserable that he took shelter in a thick evergreen, where his enemies with such sharp bills could not reach him. For over an hour afterward the crows circled round this tree, waiting for the hawk to again take wing. He knew enough to wait until darkness would cover his movements, and would then escape. Therefore, even if the hawk does find an easy prey in the English sparrow, he has reasons to fear the concerted attack of a flock of crows, while they, in turn, are sometimes put out, we believe, by their far smaller enemy, the kingbird.

Paris Note. The rice should be carefully washed and placed in a kettle of boiling water, which should be set on the back of the range over a low fire. Before the rice should simmer slowly until done. Stir it once or twice, but do not let it boil. If there is any water left, it should be drained off carefully and the rice should then stand in a hot place for some time. Nothing should be added during the cooking, no salt, sugar, milk, or butter. If the rice will stand out by itself, plump, dry, and beautiful, it is a fine specimen of the rice. The rice should then be properly treated with extreme proper and butter, which will give it a rich and creamy appearance. The secret of the success of the Japanese is in this.

Mad Light of Trapped Eagle. Kutzow correspondence Philadelphia Record. Jonas Neiter, the phenomenal trapper of Dryville, had a fierce combat with an eagle on Tuesday. He had caught the bird in a trap, but the imprisoned eagle attacked him and sunk its talons deep into his flesh.

The heavy chain attached to the trap, which had prevented the eagle from flying, was broken. He finally killed the bird, which measured 7 feet 2 inches from tip to tip.

PAID TRIBUTE TO CONSCIENCE.

Found Ten Cents, Paid a Dollar. From the New Haven Palladium. C. S. Peach of North Adams has received a letter from New Hampshire, where he lived many years ago, and in it was enclosed a dollar bill.

The letter is not dated or signed, but the writer says that when he was a child he visited Mr. Peach's room, where he boarded, and found ten cents there, which he kept. The matter has troubled him of late, and so he sought out Mr. Peach's address and forwarded the dollar in order to restore the original sum of ten cents with interest.

Mr. Peach has no idea who the person is that sent the letter and money.

For Postage Held Back. From the Philadelphia Record. A remorseful female bought a dollar's worth of salve for an ailment conscience yesterday by mailing a crisp, new bill for that amount to Postoffice No. 1000 with the following explanation:

"Intentionally I paid too little postage on a foreign parcel during the holidays. I thought the postage due was for a pamphlet and paid at that rate, when I should have paid at a higher rate. To ease my conscience, I enclose a dollar, which more than makes the matter correct. The money will be forwarded to Warrington, where it will enrich the Post Office Department's regular consumer fund. P. authorities.

Returned Stolen Wallet. From the Philadelphia Record. H. G. Moore of this place does not believe in the theory of this place. Two weeks ago a fine