

HE COLLARED A REAL MAYOR.

THE BOY'S HAD RUN IN SEVERAL FAKES ON HIM.

And when they introduced Mayor Fitzgerald of Boston it would not be so half grown smiling boy with a white coat...

It all came about when Meyer, Cleveland Chandler and Otto Koenig were sitting in the office of Young's and the juvenile looking person happened along who said to Mr. Chandler, "Hello, Cleve."

"Hello, Fitz," returned Chandler. "Let me present Mr. Meyer of New York, Mr. Fitzgerald." And while the two men were shaking hands Chandler whispered in the ear to Meyer, "The Mayor—he's the Mayor."

One night in Cleveland some time ago Mr. Meyer while chasing ads was introduced to "Mayor Tom Johnson." Later the advertising man had to buy things after listening attentively with one foot on the brass railing while the "Mayor" talked glowingly of his three cent fares and other Johnsonian "ideals."

Therefore Mr. Meyer became convinced that his friends' brainstorms always took the form of introducing fake mayors, and when the boyish looking man was introduced as Mayor Fitzgerald the New York man said in anything but Boston vernacular: "Too much is plenty. What's your real name, child?"

"That's right," answered the small man, smiling. "Fitzgerald—John F. Fitzgerald." "So you mean that Mayor Fitzgerald is the owner of the Republic, but the circulation of his publication is blacked out?"

"I used to think the money spent for light in show windows from closing time till morning was wasted," said a Fifth avenue merchant; "but I have changed my mind about it, and now I keep my windows lighted until 3 A. M. every night but Sunday. I took the trouble to make some investigations as to the value of shop windows before and after the method I found that in daytime, when the streets are filled, no one has time for more than a glance at the displays. But at night, particularly late at night, when there are fewer people out, they are not in a hurry and many of them stop to examine critically the goods shown."

"I'll do the proving here," announced Meyer. "I'll call on the Mayor's house and office on the telephone and if they say he's not home that'll help some. If they say he's here at Young's you can have it."

While Meyer was waiting for the telephone operator to get the number some of the hotel employees passed the doubling of the Mayor's salary. Meyer picked up the Mayor by sight. When they answered in the affirmative Meyer hailed them to the dining room door and asked them if they could see Mayor Fitzgerald at a table. In turn they pointed the little man out. But Meyer's Missouri training told him that the employees were in on the game and he had to be on his toes.

LIVE TOPICS ABOUT TOWN.

"If you want to shop in comparative comfort," reads the busy woman, "stay away from the stores on Wednesday and Saturday mornings. They are overrun with suburbanites who have come into town to visit the shops in the morning and to go to the theatre in the afternoon."

"Now, wouldn't this jar you," said the Bronx poet, "honest to goodness, wouldn't it, really? Here I had these spring poems on the stocks, all ready to launch, and along comes this snowstorm, and of course you can't float spring poems in a snow storm, so I'm out what I would have got for them if the weather had continued fair."

But that isn't the worst of it. Confident that the winter was over, I stored my surplus stock of winter poems some days ago. If I had those winter poems with me now, so that I could put out promptly a supplementary line of winter poetry, I could in a measure at least recoup myself for my spring losses, but unfortunately those poems are stored where I cannot get at them as readily before court proceedings on the market this second winter might be over."

No singer since Adeline Patti was ever so careful of the voice as the little tenor Signor Bonci. He refuses all social invitations, lives only among his intimate friends and seldom ventures into the theatre except when he is going to sing. Rarely has he been seen in one of the city restaurants, ordering some wine and gathering daily. Signor Bonci has learned from experience that his voice can be kept in condition only by careful living and a limited amount of singing. He therefore follows very strictly his rules of conduct. In these days in which singers are eagerly chasing after every kind of social attention his case is striking.

The elderly man in evening dress had eaten his soup indifferently and when he saw his wife stooping over his shirt front, carefully chalking every spot until, at least at long range, the linen looked immaculate. The lady regarded her husband with a queer smile as she looked like a quarter.

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THE SHYLOCK OF NOVELLI.

INTERESTING, OFTEN HIGHLY ORIGINAL, BUT UNEVEN.

Broad Effects of Grotesque Elizabethan Character Alternating With Microscopic Strokes of Psychology—The Text in Four Tablets and Interpolations of Colloquy—Portia of Giannini.

Far more powerful and authentic than his Lear, Novelli's Shylock of a texture so uneven and of qualities so mingled as to render analysis difficult, if not quite impossible.

As if with a single gesture this intelligent actor has swept aside the modern and sentimentally humanitarian conception of the part—the savage yet austere and dignified exponent of a persecuted race—and restored it to its original Elizabethan level of grotesque racial character.

Here the Jew was always the Jew, and always as seen from the point of view of the mocking Ghetto. Plastically it was crabbled and trivial, abounding in abrupt and trivial gestures. This Shylock grimaces and spits, kicks out in spleen at the empty air, dances like a child in elemental glee, and rolls on the ground biting the dust with impotent rage.

That wonderful passage with Tubal, in which the Jew alternately glows over Antonio's losses, and then goes out in despair at his own, has never in recent memory been given with as truly Shakesperian a sweep of theatrical effect. No attempt was made to minimize the normal play-house value of any word or line; and as a result the house responded with delight, as it always will, to the frank revelation of essential human nature.

Yet at times and notably in the trial scene, which is normally so rapid and dramatic, Novelli seemed to be viewing the soul of a ravaging wolf with a microscope. Repose was the watchword, and he repeatedly charged with potential energy. Through pause after pause one had the sense of assisting a clinic of physiological psychology.

In that subtly salient physiognomy there seemed to be stratum under stratum of purpose and instinct, which shifted and blended one into another. Yet, in the end, it was clear that every atomic moment had tended toward a single dynamic purpose. When Shylock rushes at the breast of Antonio with knife in hand, the effect was of a single primal passion of blood lust—greedy, inexorable.

On the whole, deftly calculated as was the interpretation, it looked unity and coherence. The effect becomes effective and intermittent. A part of this was due no doubt to the originality, or rather the originality of the reading. It would be a wise Shakespearean who can recognize his own father on the boards, even if he were permitted to see him. Yet it is probable that to any view the interpretation would lack illusion, conviction. It is a parcel of talent, but mutually repellent strokes of characterization, rather than a spontaneously engendered and fluently executed whole.

The fragmentary effect was abetted by the wretched inadequacy of the text employed. Shakespeare's multifarious and rapidly shifting narrative was segregated and compressed into four scenic tableaux, the whole ending, after our own ancient manner, with the trial scene. And much beside the final act of romantic comedy in the garden at Belmont had gone by the boards, for example the low comedy turns of the Ghetto family—an omission that need not be deeply mourned.

Far more distressing were the interpolations. The translation was flat prose, often the most flatfooted colloquy. In places of Shakespeare's distinct and fresh lines appeared in verbal commonplaces, for which the original gives not the slightest warrant. Only the figure of Shylock stood forth, interesting, alluring compelling even when it most baffled comprehension.

The Portia of Giannini was like Hamlet, a creature of too, too solid flesh, and according to current theatrical methods of the lines abounded in verbal commonplaces, for which the original gives not the slightest warrant.

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TEMPORARY BAN ON THEATRE.

HEALTH BOARD ORDERS NEW AMSTERDAM CLOSED.

Active Sanitary Policeman Rushes Matters a Trifle by Refusing to Give 24 Hours Delay—Offending Portiers Fined Out and Business Goes On as Usual.

The New Amsterdam Theatre in West Forty-second street was ordered vacated and closed as "dangerous to life and health and a public nuisance" by the Department of Health at 5 o'clock yesterday afternoon. The order was not intended to become effective for twenty-four hours, but the policeman of the sanitary squad who brought the formal notice ordered the place shut up forthwith.

Joseph Brooks, one of the owners of the theatre, was sent for. He read the notice and ordered the treasurer to go ahead and sell tickets. He was sure he could get things fixed up so there need be no interference with Mr. Richard Mansfield's appearance in "A Parisian Romance" scheduled for the evening.

He reached Dr. Walter Bensen, Assistant Sanitary Superintendent of the Health Department, and told him that one of the department policemen had shut up the theatre. "You've got to take down the curtains," Dr. Bensen explained. "You have had repeated notice both in writing and from our inspectors, and as you appear to have ignored our orders the board has decided to let you know who is boss. You'll have to remove the curtains or close the theatre. This is final. But the order becomes effective tomorrow, not to-night."

Mr. Brooks made some additional inquiries and found that the curtains complained of were some blue plush draperies at the end of each aisle leading to the promenades on the main floor. There were eighteen pairs in all. He protested that the curtains were not in any way an obstruction to the passerby, but were draped back, occupying not more than six or eight inches of space above a tall man's shoulder.

Dr. Bensen said he would be delighted to do so and promised to call around in person to see the curtains. He was personally by that time Mr. Brooks would have the curtains removed. In fifty minutes Dr. Bensen called and made his inspection, with the trial scene. And much beside the final act of romantic comedy in the garden at Belmont had gone by the boards, for example the low comedy turns of the Ghetto family—an omission that need not be deeply mourned.

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DR. DARLINGTON DEMURS.

Explains That Health Board Attitude on Pasteurization Has Been Misunderstood.

Commissioner Darlington of the Department of Health said last night. "The attitude of the Board of Health toward the pasteurization of milk apparently has been misunderstood. The following statement authorized by the board seems desirable:

The Board of Health for many years has advocated in every possible way the boiling or pasteurization of all milk not certified used in the feeding of infants during the summer months. It has, year after year, in every possible way through its summer corps of medical inspectors and nurses, and through the distribution of thousands of circulars of information on infant feeding in the tenement house districts, urged advised and continues to advise this procedure.

Several years ago extensive investigations were carried out in connection with the Rockefeller Institute for Infectious Diseases in the matter of feeding of infants in the tenement houses.

Result of the educational work carried on in connection with milk is that many mothers in the tenement house district have become familiar with its importance, so that a large portion of them boil or pasteurize the milk used in the feeding of their infants. The department has done everything in its power to extend the usefulness of the Straus milk depot; furthermore, the department has provided in its sanitary code for the sale of pasteurized milk and is prepared to heartily encourage its use.

MARSHALL P. WILDER LECTURES.

And Shows Beautiful Pictures of Japan. Even to the Mikado.

Marshall P. Wilder appeared last night at the Waldorf-Astoria as a lecturer on foreign travel. The subject of his lecture was Japan, the first of a series he is to give on his recent trip around the world.

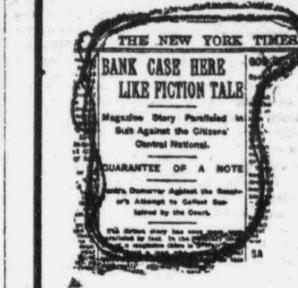
Mr. Wilder took in everything in Japan, from street signs to geishas. He presented them in many beautiful pictures, moving and otherwise. Many of the pictures, which had been colored by Kimbei, Japan's greatest colorist, excited general admiration from his audience.

One of the pictures was a snapshot of the Mikado as he appeared at a review. It is against the law to take a picture of the Emperor, but Mr. Wilder got a back view as the Emperor sat his horse, showing him on a very ill shapen nag in a very ill fitting uniform, the latter being due, Mr. Wilder explained, to the fact that the suit had to be made by guesswork, the Emperor's person being too august to be touched by tailors. Mr. Wilder said that he had the same feeling against being touched by sailors, but it did not have the same effect.

Mr. Wilder did little else but explain the customs and manners of the Japanese. He told the audience that the Japanese are very clean, and that they are very polite. He also told them that the Japanese are very fond of their country, and that they are very patriotic.

Mr. Wilder also showed some beautiful pictures of Japan, including the Mikado and the Emperor. He also told them that the Japanese are very fond of their country, and that they are very patriotic.

Fact Parallels Fiction



THE fiction which the Times refers to was the Randolph Mason story as told in Pearson's for February. If you read this story you doubtless pronounced it absorbing but improbable. With improbability removed, you will enjoy more than ever

The Burgoyne-Hayes Dinner wherein Randolph Mason, Coroner of Destinies, sells land which his client does not own, to two different parties and yet keeps within the laws of West Virginia. This tale is one of the best of Melville Davison Post's fascinating series, complete in the April

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COSMOPOLITAN COLUMBIA.

Statistics prepared by the registrar of Columbia University show that there are at the university representatives of thirty foreign countries. Canada comes first with 31 men, but Japan is not far behind with 24.

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