

MANSFIELD PLAYS KING RICHARD III

ACTOR'S CONCEPTION IS ONE OF POWER

One of the Greatest Examples of Dramatic Art Is His Delineation of Unfortunate Monarch's Character

Richard Mansfield last evening at the Mason opera house presented the career of the last Plantagenet king, reading into the lines of Shakespeare's "King Richard III," a conception of the monarch which in many respects is novel and valuable.

Mr. Mansfield has used for his production his own version of the play, evidently taking his arrangement largely from the original text.

He follows a procession before the tower of London in which King Edward's queen is the chief figure. Thereafter it discloses the murder of the deposed King Henry VI; Gloucester's strange wooing of Lady Anne, assigned to a lonely spot on the road to Chertsey; the episode of the young prince; the Buckingham plot; the hypocritical interview of Gloucester with the Lord Mayor of London; the temptation and fall of Tyrrel; the ruin of Buckingham; the march of King Richard to battle with the rebellious Earl of Richmond; the vision of specters, and the fatal catastrophe on Bosworth field.

The subtle, powerful manner in which the player conveys the character of the king across the footlights makes it one of the greatest examples of dramatic art ever witnessed in this city.

It has been generally agreed that Gloucester was a ruthless, savage brute—and until Mansfield's time he was portrayed so that the character impressed the audience as totally repulsive both in his misshapen body and in his mental depravity.

But from the first in Mansfield's creation there is in addition to the dreadful horror which the figure inspires also a note which finds pity for its response. There is always the fore-shadowing of that dreadful remorse which finally so breaks the spirit of the king who in placing his all upon his human will finds himself wrecked upon the adamant law of God.

The transition of the king from the youth to the man matured by the frightful experiences he brings into his own life is a triumph for Mansfield's powers.

At first Gloucester presents an almost comic phase in his bloody butcheries and gives to them by this means an added horror. Later he shows the development of the character with sunken cheeks, deeper and graver voice and finally a fear that is haunting.

Miss Florence Rockwell finds enough opportunity in her short role of Lady Anne to show herself a superior artist and have in the hearts of her hearers anticipation of much enjoyment from her Portia to be presented later in the week.

The others of the company were generally acceptable.

Motoring on Rural Road—"Hi, there boy! Where will this road take us?" "Ter'jal, mister, for the constable what's watching round the bend ketches ye."—Baltimore American.

She—I'd like to sling, but there are so many people here. He—Oh, don't be bashful. You just wait till you begin and there won't be so many.—Judge.

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SHUN BLACKTHORN COCKTAIL, IS ADVICE OF ONE WHO KNOWS

"DRUNK" TELLS OF TERRIBLE EXPERIENCE

Tries New Drink and Declares His Brain Seemed to Diminish.

Pursued by Ball of Fire

Hallucinations produced by indulgence in a new drink known as the "blackthorn cocktail" were described by a "drunk" who was arraigned before Judge Rose yesterday afternoon, and as each awful detail was pictured by the unfortunate individual, who for three days resided in a region of imaginary monsters of the most horrible sizes, shapes and hues, the other occupants of the court room, of whom two were women, shuddered, groaned and covered their faces with their hands in horror.

The description of the beings, which were none other than the poor "drunk's" surroundings and members of his own family, outstrips anything yet produced by writers of tales dealing with giants and monsters of the most uncouth and horror-producing kind.

In view of the torture that the "drunk" had endured and his apparent desire to keep as far away from "booze" as he could in the future, the prisoner pleaded for mercy from the court. With an oath he declared that the fearful beings which he had met and with which he had shaken hands was enough punishment for the gravest offense against the dignity of the law.

Fought With Monsters "Judge," he said, "if you knew what I have endured, the awful objects which I have fought and from which I have fled in terror, you would realize that I have been punished sufficiently. I beg of you to be merciful with me, I am poor and my last cent was contributed to produce the horrible creatures that have tormented me for three days.

"You can see what agony and what things have haunted me by the state I am now in," pleaded the prisoner. In the state to which the unfortunate referred there was no sham. Spasmodically he ran his fingers through his tousled hair and wiped big drops of cold perspiration from his face. The man trembled like a leaf and clearly showed that he was on the verge of nervous exhaustion.

Although the court room was uncomfortably warm, he shivered and rolled up his coat collar and tugged at the cuffs of his sleeves in an effort to cover up the exposed portions of his body.

"What in the world could you have been drinking?" asked the judge. "It was a new drink, your honor; one I had never heard of before. If I remember the name right it was 'blackthorn cocktail.' I met some friends from the east last Friday afternoon, and they introduced me to it. The first few glasses were the most delicious I had ever tasted. It's beautiful to look upon, but the aftermath is something terrible.

Brain Diminishes "I cannot say that I was drunk, for it influenced me in a way that I never felt before. I did not stagger. My brain seemed to gradually diminish to

a knot and rose to the top of my head. All sensation except within the radius of an inch or two seemed to have entirely disappeared. If I rubbed my head or face the feeling was confined solely to the hand and resembled that of touching a corpse.

"I seemed to have an unusual capacity for the drink, and I don't believe that sleep ever occurred to me Saturday and Sunday I took several glasses of the cocktail. Sunday night I left my friends and started to walk out home.

"I had gone only a short distance when something snapped like the report of a gun. In the next instant I saw a huge ball of fire come crashing toward me with an angry hiss. I tried to run and it passed me. That was the beginning. Beings with bodies like fishes and with heads like birds, with horrible large pink bills grasped me by the hand and talked to me.

"I seemed to understand what they said and I must have answered them. They were cordial and simply passed on like any of my friends would. A tree, at least that is what it must have been, resembled a huge octopus, and everything I passed took on some awful shape.

Children Look Like Toads "Children playing in the streets looked like differently colored overgrown toads, some with large heads of animals and some with heads and hands almost invisible. Horses and carriages looked like prehistoric animals. It was the most horrible experience I ever had, judge, and mercy or no mercy from you, I am certain of one thing, that I will never drink another drop of any kind of liquor.

The "blackthorn cocktail" is the invention of Rol King, proprietor of the Holtenbeck bar. A simultaneous discovery and invention of it was made by a prominent connoisseur of New York city. A tremendous demand has been created for it with those who have tasted it.

But to drink more than a glass or two of it will produce the most strange sensations. According to several persons who have made its acquaintance, the description of the mental condition of the prisoner, as given by himself, is the true effect that it has upon the brain. The brain seems to gradually decrease in size and grows into a small hard knot. The most weird and uncouth forms which in reality are simply human beings are flashed upon the mind of the "blackthorn drunk." And all who deal in this delicious drink always advise a halt after the second glass.

How Drink is Made "The cocktail is made of one-third each of French and Italian vermouths and slow gin with a dash of orange and peacham bitters," said a bartender.

"All is poured over ice and thus diluted. The hallucinations are produced by the combination of the vermouths and the slow gin. Vermouths are in themselves brain stimulants of a milder form and gin is a more violent stimulant. A reaction is formed, producing the hallucinations.

The name is derived from the blackthorn bush, and the coloring of the slow gin is obtained from the sloeberry which grows on the blackthorn bush. Slow gin is redistilled gin. It is from the blackthorn bush that the shillalah, carried by all the natives of Ireland, is made. The blackthorn cocktail is delicious, but take the advice of the bartenders and beware."

MAINE FARMER'S BATTLE WITH BULL

MAN AND INFURIATED ANIMAL FIGHT HALF AN HOUR

Bull Is Killed, but Man's Injuries Are Severe—Weak From Loss of Blood, Farmer Stuck to Adversary, Finally Cutting the Beast's Throat

Special to The Herald. SIDNEY, Me., Dec. 10.—James Clark is in a very critical condition at his home in this town as a result of a desperate battle he had with a bull owned by him. Mr. Clark suffered the fracture of one leg, his collarbone and several ribs, but succeeded in killing the animal and saved his life.

While Mr. Clark's injuries are very severe, it is expected that he will recover, as he is a vigorous man of about 50 years of age. Mr. Clark took the bull from the barn with the intention of watering him at the well in the yard, using the usual ring and leading pole to handle him.

The animal pulled the pole out of Mr. Clark's hands, and before anything could be done he was practically master of the situation. Mr. Clark received serious injuries early in the battle, and it soon became a question of his life or that of the bull. Mr. Clark succeeded several times in getting a hold on the ring in the animal's nose, but always lost his hold, clinging to the infuriated beast as best he could, and saving himself from being crushed. For nearly a half hour the fight went on between man and bull, the latter having the better of it, but never succeeding in quite finishing his victim.

The man of Mr. Clark's injuries was intense, and his clothing was saturated with blood from the many cuts and wounds he received. His strength was beginning to fail, when Mr. Clark succeeded in getting a hold on the ring, and, getting from his pocket his jack-knife, cut the bull's throat.

For nearly an hour after he had conquered the animal the injured man lay upon the ground, unable to crawl to the house. A doctor was summoned as quickly as possible, and the injuries attended.

BATH DRIVES MAN CRAZY

Shock Sends Forcibly Washed Vagrant to Padded Cell for Safe Keeping, a Raving Maniac

Special to The Herald. CLEVELAND, O., Dec. 10.—Dalagas Izat, a foreigner, fell insane as the result of taking his first bath in five years. He was found in Wade park, arrested for vagrancy, fined \$25 and costs, and sentenced to thirty days in the workhouse. Arriving at the prison, Izat was bathed. The shock was so great that he immediately lost his mind. Gradually he grew worse and, becoming a raving maniac, was removed to the padded cell in the county jail.

Mr. Younghub—This sponge cake is very tough, my love. Mrs. Younghub Izat, a foreigner, fell insane as the result of taking his first bath in five years. He was found in Wade park, arrested for vagrancy, fined \$25 and costs, and sentenced to thirty days in the workhouse. Arriving at the prison, Izat was bathed. The shock was so great that he immediately lost his mind. Gradually he grew worse and, becoming a raving maniac, was removed to the padded cell in the county jail.

BELIEVES IN BEING CLEAN

Atlanta Man Has Baths Connected With Every Room in His New House

Special to The Herald. ATLANTA, Dec. 10.—An Atlanta business man, who has prospered exceedingly, and whose income fits up a good many thousands in the course of a year, erected a beautiful home within the past twelve months, and the other day he was showing a friend over this mansion.

None of the family was at home at the time, and the two gentlemen had the house all to themselves, with the exception of the servants, so they went leisurely from room to room and visited all of them, the first being that of the daughter of the household.

"Here is Mary's room," said the proprietor, and the visitor looked around at the pretty boudoir, and here, "continued the host, "is her bath room."

He threw open a door, disclosing a pretty picture of white marble, porcelain, mirrors and shining nickel.

Then they passed to another apartment, which the host pronounced to be the quarters of his elder son.

"And here is his bath room," he remarked, opening a door and disclosing another vision of marble.

The next room visited was the younger son's, and he, too, had a big and beautiful equipped bath room.

"Now, here is my first guest room," said the host, leading the way into a beautiful bed room, furnished in the richest mahogany, "and here is my guest's bath room."

There were two more guest rooms, and in each was a bath room similar to that in all the other apartments. Then came the room of the host and his wife. There were two bath rooms opening from this chamber.

"This is my wife's," remarked the host, "and this is mine," he said, throwing open another bath room door.

By this time the proprietor of all this plumbing and marble had come to wear an excited look, and he turned impatiently to his visitor and invited him to another room, which he called his "poker room," where, he said, some of the boys dropped in once in a while for a friendly game. There was a bath room opening off this apartment as well.

"All my wife," said the host, "I have been worried about this thing of bath rooms. Heretofore I have lived in houses that some one else planned, and I have had to contend with a great deal of heat as best he could, and saving himself from being crushed. For nearly a half hour the fight went on between man and bull, the latter having the better of it, but never succeeding in quite finishing his victim.

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BREVET RANK BURIED FOR FORTY YEARS NAMED IN 1865 BUT NEVER HEARD OF IT

Col. J. R. Hurd of Pueblo, Colo., Just Learns He Was Made a Brigadier General After the War Closed. Ignorant of It All This Time

Special to The Herald. PUEBLO, Colo., Dec. 10.—Brevetted a brigadier general in the United States army forty years ago, but during all these years having no knowledge of the fact, is the experience of Col. John R. Hurd, commander of Pueblo post, G. A. R., and representative from Pueblo county to the state legislature.

The first communication from Gen. Nettleton asked Gen. Hurd's approval of a measure to be introduced at this session of congress to secure certain legislation that will be of advantage to officers of that rank. Gen. Hurd replied that he was in favor of any legislation that would benefit officers or privates of the army, but he did not see how the proposed legislation would benefit him, for, said he:

"If I am a brigadier general I do not know it."

In reply to this communication Gen. Hurd received a copy of a paragraph from the records of the army containing the following:

"Hurd, John Ricker; Kentucky, born in Ohio, mustered in as captain Second Kentucky, three months' service, June 5, 1861; mustered into three years' service as major, January 28, 1862; as lieutenant colonel, February, 1863; honorable mustered out, June 19, 1864; mustered in as colonel of the Thirty-third Ohio infantry, September 1, 1864; brevetted brigadier general of volunteers, March 13, 1865, for gallantry at the battles of Shiloh, Stone River and Chickamauga and for meritorious ser-

SKUNKS INVADE A TOWN

Procession Emerges and the Community Gasp for Breath—Relief Parties Formed

Special to The Herald. WASHINGTON, Pa., Dec. 10.—Beallsville, near here, which is known as Col. Hawkins' town, is in the possession of mephitic mephitica, otherwise skunks. Schools have been closed and the country store dealer, it is averred, has ordered an extra supply of clotheings.

Natural gas mains, eight inches in diameter, as yet unconnected, have been laid from Beallsville to Greene county. The stretch of pipe is fifteen miles long. Boys who were playing near the main yesterday thought the gas was escaping.

One of the lads suggested they light a fire to ignite it. As the match blazed a procession of dark little animals began parading out of the pipes. The boys counted fifteen, then fled.

The oldest inhabitant says no skunks had been seen in Beallsville for nearly fifty years. The supposition is that they entered the gas pipes in Greene Washington county, and that they crowded each other through, being chased by some animal until they came out in Beallsville.

Relief parties have been organized by citizens and raids have been made on the beasts, until fifty scalps adorn the barns in the region. Gotrox—I can't afford to help you any more. My daughter has just married a foreign nobleman. Beggar—Gee, dem foreign beggars is a-cuttin' inter us Yankee beggars terribly—dat's vot!—Judge.

MAN-WIFE'S SECRET BARED BY DEATH

Attired as a Woman, He Even Posed as a Farmer's Wife, Assumed the Name of Virginia Jackson and Was Never Even Under Suspicion

Special to The Herald. NEW ORLEANS, Dec. 10.—After eluding the authorities for seven years by masquerading in women's clothes and posing as the wife of a farmer, Virginia Jackson, a name assumed by the man, has been found out and his life's secret exposed. He committed a crime and escaped to Jonesville, La., where he died today, when his sex was revealed.

Virginia Jackson was a fugitive from justice. His crime was hidden and its secret buried with the body. Seven years ago he was married to Posey. They lived as man and wife up to Virginia's death. The latter always dressed as a woman and did the household work. They visited their friends and went to church without exciting suspicion.

Parties were given at the house at which "Mrs. Posey" acted as hostess. They were regarded as the most affectionate couple in the neighborhood. Virginia was taken sick and nursed by Posey. Death came, and when the neighbors prepared the body for burial they discovered that the "wife" was a man. A letter was found supposed to have been written by the mother to the fugitive.

"Jim, come home and take off your dress and put on your pants, for the thing has been forgotten," wrote the mother.

The man-wife wrote a letter on his deathbed requesting that his body be left unburied when placed in the coffin. But the corpse was laid out in man's clothing. Posey confessed that he had harbored Virginia as a friend to shield him from the authorities.

ONE OF CARUSO'S JOKES

He Handed an Egg to a Fellow Singer and Created a Problem

Special to The Herald. NEW YORK, Dec. 10.—That was a very amusing story that was told of Caruso, the great tenor, who put Scotti, his fellow singer in a cold sweat during the performance at the Metropolitan opera house by slipping into his hand, slyly, a plump egg. Of course Scotti didn't know what to do with the pesky thing. He couldn't drop it. He couldn't throw it anywhere. Behind the scenes there was a small army, as well as a larger one in the boxes and seats. If he were to nervously crush it in his hand he would be in a nasty fix.

The most natural thing for him to do under the circumstances was to throw the egg at Caruso's head, and he probably was angry enough to do it, but he was paralyzed by the thought of the vast audience arrayed in splendor to whom a flying egg would have been as terrible vision as a comet loaded with sulphur. With what intense terror the fashionable ladies and gentlemen would have watched that egg until it landed with a great spatter on Caruso's forehead, and the yolk trickled in yellow nastiness down the back of his neck, had stood the test of continued successful use, Ely's Cream Balm is recognized as a specific for membranous diseases in the nasal passages. It is not drying, does not produce sneezing. Price, 50 cents at druggists or by mail, Ely Brothers, 56 Warren street, New York.

Give up prejudice and try it. Messrs. Ely Brothers—I have been afflicted with catarrh for twenty years. It made me so weak I thought I had consumed. I got one bottle of Ely's Cream Balm and in three days the discharge stopped. It is the best medicine I have used for catarrh.

FRANK E. KINDLESPIRE, Proberta, Cal.