"TRILBY" WELL DONE AT BURBANK

BRIGHT PRESENTATION OF DRAMATIZED NOVEL

Mary Van Buren's Farewell a Happy Selection—Grand Gets Back to Melodrama With a Vim

Mary Van Buren began the closing week of her very brief season at the Burbank yesterday in that clever dramatization by Paul M. Potter of Du Maurier's immortal novel of artist life in Paris, "Trilby." And Mary Van Buren, more than in any other play in which she has appeared here this time, deepened the regret which is generally expressed that her stay is to end so soon.

In only one respect can one seriously object to the Trilby of Miss Van Buren—she is not tall enough. The heroine of the novel was quite of a generous height, and Miss Van Buren, while of good size, is still hardly as elongated as the text requires. But in the multitude of attractive qualities which her characterization presents, one nearly always forgets this one thing that she cannot change. And it seems hardly fair even to mention this one objection to her, inasmuch as her pulchritude was the one great fault in her Camille; and she can't change her beauty, either. That same beauty mightily applies in "Trilby," for the Du Maurier heroine certainly was depicted as lovely.

The Trilby of Miss Van Buren is a very winning young woman. She is not the wild, hilarious grisette that one at first thought would believe she ought to be. A careful study of the book will demonstrate that she is right in thus toning down the character from the ordinary conception. She presents a sweet, lovable, happy-go-lucky girl, quick to anger but equally quick to affection; tender and demonstrative in her love, full of camaraderie, and altogether winning. This is the kind of girl Trilby must have been, to capture the hearts of the redoubtable trio who all loved her.

That she was wicked, not intentionally but merely good-naturedly, Trilby as here played implies rather than declares. This, too, is acceptable; one cares more for her than if she frankly avowed her moral shortcomings. She sinned; she admits it; she palliates it in no way; she explains merely by saying that she was accommodating. It is not a good moral defense, but it makes us like her for her very humanness. And that's Trilby. So Miss Van Buren's depiction of the part leaves a pleasant memory with us, and the fetching heroine clings closely to our hearts.

The Burbank players shine strongly in the several roles allotted them. Mace Greenleaf is a ponderously likable Taffy; William Bernard is uniquely clever as the canny Laird, and Harry Mestayer, as Little Billie, a sort of milk-and-water part in less capable hands, makes one think strongly of a certain very delightful "Imp," and to applaud as much from memory as from present evidences. Harry Glazier's Svengali, while in many re pects like that of William Gillette, is yet different, and is quite as thrillingly creep" as could be asked, thus adding to his list another role of peculiar excellence. John Burton makes the Rev. Thomas Bagot the typical caricature of a clergyman—why a real minister cannot be depicted on the stage one cannot but wonder. Carroll Marshall is Mrs. Bagot; Phroso McAllister is capable as Mme. Vinard, and the rest of the company in minor parts almost raise them to higher proportions. It is too bad that the soon to leave Brenda Fowler hasn't a better chance, but she does well what little is given her.

"Trilby" abounds in good scenes. The studio in the first act is atmospheric to a degree, and the revels in the second act are quite natural. The Trilby song in act III is cleverly done. The mountings and costumes are fine.

WITH "CATTLE KING" GRAND RETURNS TO MELODRAMA

With the production of "The Cattle King" yesterday the Grand theater returned to its own—melodrama. And the throngs that habitat there were delighted accordingly.

Not that the falling away of the Grand for two weeks, when a conglomeration of everything from tragedy to farce was given, didn't please; on the contrary, that was like the salad course at a hearty dinner—it rested the palate and eased the strain. But when the salad is over one craves strong meat again, and surely "The Cattle King" furnishes that in abundance.

The play's locale is the Rocky mountains, and the second act takes one into the Benzine saloon which is as hot as its name indicates. Then one sees in turn a mining claim and the cattle king's home in Mexico; a pretty woodland glen, back to the saloon, a corridor in Don Pedro's home and, in the last act, when all comes right, are transported to the Pedro home again. Thus, in five acts and ten scenes, the story is told.

And that story is so plainly indicated by name and succession of scene that to repeat it would be a work of superogation. It is thrilling enough to please anyone, and the guns crack as often as the most effete idea of the western cowman would require.

Harrison King has a good part as Bob Taylor, the cattle king, and Harry Von Meter is good as Don Pedro, the Mexican. Frank Richardson characterizes a preacher and Albert McQuarrie an Englishman. Lillian Hayward is strong as Donna Charlotte, Agnes Ranken is good as Kathrine Paxton, an heiress, her long suit, and Lule Warrenton and Myrtle Selwyn are excellent in their several roles.

The balance of the cast is good, and the scenery and surroundings are all that could be asked.

COSTUME COMEDY, "BEGGAR PRINCE"

Tonight Manager Fischer's comedy company will appear in Fred L. Griffiths' latest musical comedy, "The Beggar Prince."

The piece tells a romantic story of a prince who is exiled through the evil efforts of an unscrupulous baron who endeavors to marry the prince's sweetheart, but is repulsed by her loyalty. By the aid of a fairy queen, the beggar prince recovers his rank and position at court, and weds his faithful lady love.

The characters are all of the burlesque order, and will be in the costumes of the sixteenth century.

All the popular members of the company will have prominent roles, and will each introduce musical numbers. The scenes and situations are very funny. The full chorus will appear in each musical number and a splendid fairy ballet will be the feature. The vaudeville olio will be headed by Bimbo, a clever and funny comedy acrobat.

BRIGHT ACTRESS AT ORPHEUM WHO LEADS THE POLLY GIRLS

MAY BOLEY

Miss May Boley off the stage is a charming young woman with both brains and beauty—one whom no one would suspect of doing anything not strictly Bostonian.

On the stage she is still charming, but not at all conventional.

As the "Village Cut-up" she is a boisterous overgrown girl whose ankles and antics would make merriment anywhere outside a morgue. Whether she sings, dances or yells the effect is uncontrolled hilarity. When she dons the white flannels and becomes a man she flirts most shamelessly, but withal artistically, with six exceedingly pretty girls, and does it without making any of them jealous.

Miss Boley would have no difficulty in securing an understudy in this latter act. Numerous offers have reached her during the past week from young gentlemen who would like to sing "Ophelia" and deal out that double round of kisses to the pretty "Polly Girls."

"THE INSIDE TRACK" WINS FAVOR AT THE PEOPLE'S

"The Inside Track," with five acts and eight scenes, commenced a week's run at the New Peoples theater yesterday by playing to two big houses. There was but one verdict, and that was the play was the best produced by this company. Miss Ethel Tucker's talent and ability and her ease and naturalness won for her at each appearance the heartiest applause. Mr. Brandon, as Miss Tucker's support, gave entire satisfaction. The play is well staged, especially the fire scene in the fourth act.

HOTCHKISS PUTS ON A NEW PLAY TONIGHT

The Hotchkiss will start its second week today with George Howard in Nat Goodwin's old play, "The Nominee;" and if the sturdy Nat is still in Ocean Park, it will pay him to run in and see himself as others see him. Howard ought to be Goodwin to the life, and then some. The theater has done well in the first week with the hoodoo removed, and the offering of "Christopher Jr." was very acceptable to everyone fortunate enough to see it. Much is expected of "The Nominee," and the promise is made that no one shall be disappointed. There will be a special matinee this afternoon.

BELASCO PLAYERS WILL REVIVE "KNIGHTHOOD"

That very fine offering of some weeks past by the Belasco theater, "When Knighthood Was in Flower," will be revived by that house today, beginning this afternoon, with Amelia Gardner in the part of Mary Tudor. The three new Belasco players will have parts in it, and a fine revival is confidently expected. Miss Gardner ought to make a splendid Mary Tudor, and there is much curiosity to see the newcomers.

BABY'S SHRIEKS CAUSE A STRIKE

Thrown Into Nervous Frenzy, Long Beach Music Director Quits the Stage in Disgust and Another Takes His Place

During the rendition of a pianissimo passage in "Il Trovatore" at Long Beach yesterday afternoon, by one Royal Italian band, a baby in the rear of the auditorium struck up a lusty squall.

The mother, naturally desirous of hearing the classical selection to its finality, sat peacefully while the babe continued to shriek.

The large Sunday afternoon audience, very much enraptured with the music, was surprised to see the leader, Marco Vessella, suddenly throw down his baton, and hurry from the stage to his dressing room. The piece went unfinished.

Furthermore, Vessella did not appear to lead the remaining four numbers of the program, Cincione taking his place.

At the opening of the second part of the program an announcement was made to the effect that parents with children of tender years, or months, were requested to sit close to an exit.

Today—see the big locomotive collision at Agricultural park.

If you want to go east, C. Haydock, Agent Illinois Central R. R., 113 W. Sixth.

CROWDS GUESS AT AUTO OWNERSHIP

POLICE INSIST ON REMOVAL OF REMAINS

Speculation Prevails as to Who the Woman Occupants Were—One Was Hurt; Other Ran Away From the Scene

Curious crowds thronged the vicinity of Figueroa and Eighth streets yesterday inspecting the demolished automobile which met with destruction in collision with an east-bound electric car of the University traction line, Saturday evening.

A general supposition is that the wreck belongs to Allen Ellington of the Home Realty company, who resides at 1760 West Twenty-third street. Ellington, who was formerly connected with the drug establishment at Temple and Spring streets, refused to make any statement regarding the affair at his home last night, where it was admitted that the Ellington machine had met with dire mishap.

Although the fact that a woman perhaps seriously injured, had been taken from the scene of the accident to the Douglas building, was published yesterday morning, no efforts were made by the police throughout the day to make inquiries regarding the affair.

Protest Against Debris

An inconvenience to residents in the immediate neighborhood of the accident resulted in a protest to the police station, where it was said that action would be taken to remove the shattered pleasure car.

The fact that Ellington would not talk regarding the supposed destruction of his machine, combined with the statement of his sister, Miss Adele, that her brother had not been at home Saturday evening prior to the accident, and the admission at the Ellington residence that the car had met with a mishap, leads strongly to the belief that Ellington was one of the party of four which collided with the electric car.

Although it was rumored Saturday night that Miss Adele Ellington was with her brother at the time of the accident and received serious injuries, later developments arising from the fact that the feminine occupant was taken to a surgeon's office in the Douglas building tend to a belief that the woman was other than Mr. Ellington's sister.

Woman Still Unknown

Nothing which would lead to the identification of the uninjured woman who, according to witnesses, ran swiftly down Figueroa street, has become manifest.

A close inspection of the wrecked automobile demonstrates that the occupants had met with a remarkable escape from death, as the entire car is nothing more than a scrap heap.

The fact that Motorman Tim Follie saw the car whiz into view as he approached the crossing prevented a catastrophe, as the trolley was speeding to gain schedule time. The air brakes were applied simultaneously with the appearance of the auto as it shot in on South Figueroa, lessening the impact which could not possibly be avoided.

The members of the accident party were tremulous with excitement and appeared extremely anxious to hide their identity from the crowd of car occupants and witnesses of the affair who quickly gathered with offers of assistance.

The man who occupied the rear seat of the machine wore nose glasses, which were smashed to pieces, portions of the glass lodging in the face and clothing of the injured woman.

CANDY TEMPTS COVETOUS KIDS

PRY STORE SCREEN AND HELP THEMSELVES

Big Policeman Comes Along and Lays His Hand on Youths Whose Future Now Appears Darker

The whole corps of reporters in the central police station rushed to the sergeant's desk, for the patrol wagon had just arrived and its clang gave promise of criminal news to break the monotony of silence that had given the boys ennui.

There was an exclamation from all that expressed disappointed chagrin, as the only "criminals" before the desk sergeant proved to be two diminutive little dirty youngsters of nine and six, who held each other's hand like the "babes in the woods;" seeming to look to each other for protection from the reporters and the grim catechizing sergeant who relentlessly probed the youngsters with questions that bewildered them to the point of crying.

"What is the charge?" the sergeant asked, with a look of austerity at the trembling rogues, all the more to make them respect the majesty of the law.

"Burglary," said the policeman, and the reporters exchanged looks of amazement.

Some who had started to leave, thinking the little rascals but petty offenders and uninteresting, returned at the mention of burglary and looked incredulous, for the prisoners were such little tots, apparently too innocent to do more than break a neighbor's window.

Start to Cry

"Names," continued the desk sergeant, and again the babies trembled, hugging closer to each other and starting to cry.

The sympathetic officer beside them touched their arms and told them to tell the good sergeant their names. The older of the lads faltered.

"My name is Harvey—Harvey Hanson, and his name is Raymond Cobb."

"How old are you?" Still the big fearsome man in the blue coat persisted, and it seemed this time the tears would surely come, but the brave little spokesman placed his arm about his pal and together they piped, "Nine and a half, and, "six."

Then the story of the juvenile offense followed.

The boys had seen some very enticing candy in the grocery at 2209 Mateo street, next to which Raymond, the younger lad lived, and with covetousness they put their closely shocked little heads together in a vain effort to think of some stratagem by which that candy—such good candy, all colors and on sticks—might be had.

But Harvey's parents were so very, very poor that they could not spare a penny from their bread. And oh the pity! Raymond's mama was sick, with only a few dollars to pay for food and fuel, a wee babe to care for and papa was away up north in a hospital at San Francisco.

But the little fellows gave up the task of solving the problem of how to get something for nothing, which worries their elders so often and, too like their elders, they surrendered to temptation.

Attack Screen Door

Raymond, the wee little fellow of six, was the instigator of the burglary, and with plans for the execution of their theft that would have done justice to Pat Crowe, they proceeded to carry out their first crime.

Having cut a small hole in the back screen door, which was the only barrier between them and the bounty of sweets inside, the latch was easily slipped, and the younger of the two boys went in to get the booty.

The older boy remained at the lookout, "ready to give the jigger," as he said, with something like a look of pride.

With his hands and pockets loaded with all manner of "all-day-suckers," "jaw breakers," and other wonder creations of candy-land, the little burglar came out, and together the two youngsters ran for escape.

But a big policeman saw them. They ran from him until their little legs grew weary to exhaustion, and the great hand of the law grasped them in its thorny clutches.

Now their candy lies in the sergeant's desk, and the boys are waiting to face their first charge of crime at the Detention Home.

MORMONS AN ISSUE IN IDAHO ELECTION

REPUBLICANS DIVIDED IN THE DUBOIS CAMPAIGN

Question Is Whether Hierarchy at Salt Lake Shall Dominate Political Affairs of the State—Bitter Feeling in the Party

Information from Idaho looking to the success of Fred T. Dubois in the campaign now on in that state is of the most encouraging character, according to Idaho visitors at the hotels.

A prominent stockman of Idaho in Los Angeles, speaking of the political situation, said to a friend that Judge Stockslager would be elected governor beyond any question by a majority of at least 10,000.

This Idaho cattle man, who is a lifelong Republican and who refuses to be read out of the party by a few would-be Republican leaders, who are tied hand and foot to the Mormon church officials, to whom they look for guidance in political affairs, says that in traveling over the state he was surprised to find that leading, influential Republicans everywhere are lining up in solid phalanx against the Mormon hierarchy.

Who Shall Dominate?

These men, he says, are as good and true Republicans as they ever were, but they realize that a crisis is impending; that in this campaign the issues must be squarely met.

It must be decided at the ensuing election whether the free American citizens of Idaho shall govern in political affairs or whether the Mormon hierarchy at Salt Lake shall dominate the political affairs of the state.

"The arrogance and criminal practices of some of the leaders of my party in Idaho," said the gentleman whose views are given merely to show the drift of feeling there, "should bring the blush of shame to every right, freedom loving man and woman in Idaho, be they Democrat or be they Republican in politics."

Today—see the big locomotive collision at Agricultural park.

PERSONALS

H. Bucksleman of London, England, is at the Hollenbeck.

D. A. Mack, a banker from Bakersfield, is at the Hollenbeck.

Former Senator Thomas Kearns of Salt Lake is at the Angelus.

G. W. Dietz of Silverbell, Nev., a mining man, is at the Alexandria.

E. A. Hornbeck, city attorney of San Diego, is registered at the Angelus.

R. D. Ferrington of the Rock Island, of Chicago, is at the Westminster.

Frank A. Salmons, city clerk of San Diego, is registered at the Hollenbeck.

T. D. Van Devort, a wealthy Goldfield miner, is registered at the Hollenbeck.

R. Lowry, agent of the Southern Pacific at Tucson, Ariz., is at the Hollenbeck.

Frank F. Muller, a prominent San Francisco business man, is at the Angelus.

J. D. Robertson, banker, and wife of San Francisco are guests at the Alexandria.

L. E. Richardson, a Santa Fe railway man from Eureka, Cal., is at the Hollenbeck.

Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Spreckels, maid and child, of San Francisco, are at the Alexandria.

R. Craig, a prominent business man of Gila Bend, Ariz., is a guest at the Hollenbeck.

C. W. Waller, an influential business man of San Francisco, is a guest at the Alexandria.

B. F. Miller, mining man and stage owner of Goldfield, Nev., is registered at the Hollenbeck.

W. C. Hollingsworth, a large mine owner of Goldfield, Nev., is registered at the Angelus.

G. W. Walz, a prominent curio merchant of El Paso, is a guest at the Hotel Nadeau.

George R. Welborn, a prominent business man of Colorado Springs, is at the Alexandria.

H. H. Bru, prominent in business circles of Globe, Ariz., and wife are guests at the Hollenbeck.

A. J. Richardson, a well known business man of Prescott, Ariz., is a guest at the Hollenbeck.

Dr. C. W. Dewlaney, a prominent physician of Santa Barbara, is registered at the Nadeau.

Mrs. R. E. Ferrington, a prominent woman of Wichita, Kans., is a guest at the Westminster.

C. W. Adamson of Douglas, Ariz., is at the Hollenbeck. Mr. Adamson is mayor of Douglas.

Dr. McDonald Peggs, a prominent physician of New York City, is registered at the Angelus.

R. M. Priest and M. H. Gates, prominent men of Yuma, Ariz., have apartments at the Hollenbeck.

Charles B. Henderson, broker, of Wall street, New York City, and wife are registered at the Lankershim.

Captain J. W. Morrell of the regular United States army, and wife of Nevada City, Cal., are guests at the Angelus.

W. H. Moore, advertising manager for Coronado Beach, is registered at the Alexandria, on his way to New York City.

Sinclair Berdan of Toledo, Ohio, president of the largest wholesale grocery company in the middle west, is at the Alexandria.

Mr. and Mrs. E. B. Van De Venter of Pittsburg, Penn., are at the Lankershim. Mr. Van De Venter is a wealthy steel operator.

George Sutro and a party composed of other capitalists and business men of San Francisco, arrived at the Westminster last night.

W. L. Pinney, J. M. Gibson, R. F. Fletcher and Louis C. Hill, business men of Phoenix, Ariz., have apartments at the Hollenbeck.

Capt. Charles F. Hinde of Coronado, prominent in the southern part of the state, is in Los Angeles for a few days and is staying at the Angelus.

Arthur Grosse of Chicago is at the Lankershim. Mr. Grosse has come west to manage the Grosse building at Sixth and Spring streets, erected by his brother.

George Schonewald, formerly manager of Hotel del Coronado and Hotel del Monte, and now a large grape grower of St. Helena, off the African coast, is at the Westminster.

E. A. Schumacker and H. Otto Hanke of Cincinnati, Ohio, associated in one of the largest firms in the United States in the manufacture of mining machinery, have apartments at the Angelus.

Mr. and Mrs. A. B. Daniels and Captain Mitchell form an automobile party from Santa Barbara. They are wealthy people from Denver, Colo., taking in Southern California and have apartments at the Van Nuys.

The name of H. A. Kidder on the register of the Alexandria has been the subject of no small amount of amusement at that hostelry. "Hal Kidder" is the way one of the jocular clerks has put it down. Mr. Kidder does not seem to mind in the least, and he is pronounced the original fun maker. Mr. Kidder is from New York and in personal appearance he bears out the inference of his name. He is fat and jolly looking—sort of a jolly-old-St.-Nicholas-type of man with a laugh and a joke for everyone.

Registered in New York

Special to The Herald.

NEW YORK, Sept. 9.—Southern Californians registered at New York hotels are:

Los Angeles—J. F. Crowell, C. O. Dewey, W. Duffield, W. Schell, L. Heln, W. Meek, C. B. Blakeman, H. R. King, E. Hayes, R. W. Clark, B. P. Brockway, A. W. Ballard, O. G. Hasket.

Pasadena—Dr. A. N. Star, L. F. Brown, T. W. Mather.

Riverside—C. A. Higney.

TACKS ARE HIS WEAPONS

Howls of Pain Tell of Their Effectiveness When Loafers Sit on Steps

WAYNESBORO, Pa., Sept. 9.—Waynesboro's high constable, George W. Gans, has adopted a new method for driving loafers off the steps of business places after the doors are closed in the early evening.

He has managed heretofore to keep the steps clear of tobacco-spitting loafers while he has watched them, but there has been a quick gathering of the crowd after he has moved on. So he has taken to placing small sharp-pointed black tacks on the steps.

When the loafers sit down their howls of pain tell the community that they have been well punctured. The scheme seems destined to accomplish all the high constable desires.

Today—see the big locomotive collision at Agricultural park.

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