

THE BOSTONIANS OPEN THEIR SEASON WITH "THE SERENADE."

A Clean Production That Banishes Clammy Reminders of "The Girl From Paris."

The New Opera Not Another "Robin Hood."

But It Is Legitimate and Has Delightful Pictures and Spirited Music.

SOCIETY NOT ALL THERE.

A Large but Not Brilliant Audience Applauded the Good Performance.

All clammy recollections of the late "Girl From Paris" were swept out of the Baldwin last night by those reliable and virtuous entertainers, the Bostonians, who appeared in a new three-act comic opera, the book by Harry B.



Smith, the music by Victor Herbert, and the title "The Serenade."

There are several reasons why "The Serenade" should be received with kindness and consideration. For one, we have had such a wholesale dose lately of musical comedy, musical farce, musical vaudeville and all the mongrel mixtures of so-called melody and mirth that anything in the line of a legitimate effort deserves attention. For another: Ever since the Bostonians first produced "Robin Hood," it has been the common practice to hold up their new pieces to odious comparison with that merry masterpiece—which is hardly fair, considering that De Koven himself never has been able to compose anything half so good. And for another: Everything the Bostonians do is done with such easy art and efficiency; there is so much ideal liberty shown in the distribution of parts that not one star but five or six warble in the choice songs and bathe in the rich cadence that settles in the center of the stage; the costumes and the scenery wear so convincingly the stamp of having been designed expressly for the occasion; the celebrity that comes only of accomplished stage management is so delightfully apparent—in a word the Bostonians have a method and an atmosphere in themselves that is pretty sure to make good entertainment of anything their judgment urges them to undertake. And anyone who has followed the comic opera output of the last five years will know that "The Serenade," while rich in unevenness and imperfection, is not to be despised. It has bright, pretty pictures, plenty of go, in a reckless sort of way, and music which is eminently singable and full of color, smash and bang, even if it is not the sort that follows you home and prompts the Aeolian pucker.

I will not press the value of Mr. Smith's story, which, fortunately for me, was most hopelessly foretold in yesterday's Call. Mr. Smith has the germs of a good story. He says they were suggested to him by an interlude of Goldini's. Mr. Smith doubtless is my senior, since my first meeting with his "suggestion" dates from an early performance of "Nanon." There is a particular tune in "The Serenade," as there is in "Nanon," and this tune forms the basis of a not unusual plot in which various identities are variously confused and discovered in the complicated course of its popularity. The ordeal the barytone sing it at the opera and straightaway falls in love with him. Hers is not a hopeless passion, but she is taken away by her cruel guardian, the Duke of Santa Cruz, to a haunted castle, and good Alvarado, the barytone, follows bravely and in sundry mental capacities contrives to keep in the neighborhood of his sweetheart.

But other susceptible ears have heard the titillating tune, and other hearing of the enraptured Duke. First it is a crushed tenor who essays to sing it in trio with a tailor, who is also enamored of Dolores, and the tailor's daughter, Yvonne, who is in love with Alvarado. The tenor is captured, and you hear no more of him. Then it is taken up in other forms; everybody has a pipe at it; from the girls in the convent to the monks in the monastery. It is a good tune that will endure such handling, and I must say that Mr. Herbert's—a rather taking waltz which experiences all sorts of "variation"—treatment—comes through the ordeal with honors, even if I cannot keep pace with Mr. Smith's accompaniment of plot.

We have come to hold all the old

standbys of the Boston almost as Native Sons among Daughters, but last night there was a special interest felt in the return of Alice Nielsen. Miss Nielsen I first heard at the lowly Wigwam, then later at the Tivoli, and always doing better and better work. Now she is a member of the swiftest comic opera organization in the land, and soon she will be a star "out on her own" with the genial and only Cowles heading her support. I think Miss Nielsen is lucky, as well as talented. Compared with Della Fox and Pauline Hall or any one else we have had here in recent years she is wonderful. Compared with Lillian Russell she is not quite so wonderful, and compared with Camille D'Arville she is not wonderful at all. I cannot wholly agree with the several New York critics who think her the cleverest soprano in comic opera. But she has a lithe, seductive personality, an agreeable air of sang gene and a deliciously sweet and lissomely cultivated voice. She has the birdie note in its superlative.

Miss Nielsen is the part of Yvonne, which is musically notable for a bolero and a waltz song with fancy trills and staccati at the close. These she sings to perfection. Jessie Bartlett Davis is the songster-struck Dolores. She is the same plumply magnetic Jessie Bartlett with rich chocolate-colored voice and the



Scene in the First Act of "The Serenade," as Produced by "The Bostonians" at the Baldwin—Gomez, Colombo and Yvonne Are on the Stage.

creamy enunciation, and her most sumptuous singing is done in an Angelus song, one of the best in the opera. Cowles' voice sounds to me to be greater and mellower than ever before, and he has a good part in Romero, but there are several good moments which he infuses large humor. Barnabee, "the boy wonder," was suffering from climate last night and did less with the Duke than he will do in a day or two. Macdonald is the "barytone singer," and, as always, an admirable one. The tailor falls to Frothingham. It is not a corrupt part, but there are several good moments which this trusty artist turns to good account. W. E. Philp is the new tenor—the real tenor—and Harry Brown the broken-down remnant mock article. Mr. Philp sings a euro, a tidy note and Mr. Brown has a voice to make any body laugh.

The chorus, especially the men, missed the key once or twice, but otherwise it sang with rare unanimity and spirit. ASHTON STEVENS.

SOCIETY NOT ALL THERE.

But Old Friends Are There to Welcome the Bostonians.

There was a smashing of the opera audience tradition at the Baldwin last evening.

The Bostonians had their first night and society was not there to greet them.

There were no jewels, no laces, no gleaming shoulders, not even the faintest glimmer of a snowy throat; in short, "the house," to put it managerially, was not "pretty dressed."

But it was substantial. Every chair from the orchestra rail to the last row in the gallery was occupied, and what the audience lacked in formal dress was made up in the enthusiasm and a floral expression of welcome and appreciation.

Monday night, according to the laws that be, is no longer the night of the week. One goes on Monday to enjoy the play or revel in the music, whichever the case may be, but one wears one's best frock and invites one's friends on Friday evening—the theater night par excellence.

It was the music lovers that were out to the music last evening. They burst their gloves and stamped holes into their best calf boots to accentuate the delight the music and the artists gave them. They lunged chilly "good form" to the winds, and when they wanted more they cried for it in the good old fashioned not-to-be-denied way and got it.

Theatrical rules were broken and flowers passed over the footlights. The second act was given over to the flower brigade, and Manager Friedlander, in spick and span full dress, directed the movements of a force of ushers who sped down the center aisle bearing the numerous floral tokens. During the waltz occasioned by the fragrant divestment a wall flower with a mathematical turn of mind observed that Miss Alice Nielsen bowed acknowledgment for twenty-five floral offerings.

Jessie Bartlett Davis was also generously remembered by her friends, and Eugene Cowles courted his thanks for a solitary bunch of jonquils.

From the rise to the fall of the curtain the audience was wildly enthusiastic and kept the singers keyed up to a similar pitch. It was as a greeting between old,

long separated friends. "We're so pleased to have you," said the audience. "Thanks; same to you!" answered the Bostonians.

Columbia.

"What Happened to Jones" was fairly well attended at the Columbia, and the week promises to be a grateful one for the new star and his excellent little company. Marie Walworth follows in "Shall We Forgive Her?"

California.

Several slight changes marked the opening of the second week of Black Patti's Troubadours. The show has made a hit that augurs another crowded week.

Alcazar.

"Charley's Aunt" continues at the Alcazar. "The District Attorney" will be given as soon as Mr. Paulding's run ceases.

Morocco's.

"Shenandoah" was given a liberal and attractive production at Morocco's last night.

Orpheum.

The Orpheum offered several novelties, besides Gaudier, the great horseman, who is still retained.

Tivoli.

"Said Pasha," an old favorite with Tivoli goers, was revived last night with Edw. Stevens in his original creation of Hadad. The cast is a good one and the production picturesque.

Chutes.

This is Chiquita's farewell week.

Loring Concert.

A double attraction in the way of soloists is promised at the concert given by the Loring Club at Odd Fellows' Hall on Wednesday evening. The debut of Llewellyn Hughes, the young violinist, already has been announced. The other soloist is Mrs. Florence Scarborough of Los Angeles, who is said to be the possessor of a contralto voice of beautiful quality and remarkable compass.

STABBED IN THE BACK.

A Young Italian Assaulted by an Unknown Man.

Louis Ottana, a young Italian, was stabbed in the back by an unknown man at the corner of Green street and La-

fayette place last evening and was so seriously injured that he had to be taken to the Harbor Receiving Hospital. A wound a couple of inches long and an inch and a half deep was found about the middle of the back near the spinal column. Ottana, who drives a baker's wagon, had been to call on his sister, who lives at the corner of Dupont and Green streets, and was returning from there when he was assaulted by the man, whom he claims he does not know and never saw before. The assailant grabbed Ottana by the head, stabbed him and afterward made his escape.

The police believe that the stabbing was over some Mafia trouble, and think Ottana knows who the man is. It is said that the injured man had some trouble about a week ago with an Abyssinian fisherman whose identity is not known, and he may have been the one who did the stabbing.

TWO MORE DIRECTORS.

The Sierra Railway Holds a Meeting and Passes an Important Resolution.

The first regular meeting of the Sierra Railway Company was held yesterday at the company's offices in the Crocker Building. The old board of directors, Prince Poniatowski, S. D. Freshman, Samuel Sussman, Hall McAllister and Frank Pierce, were unanimously re-elected.

The only other matters of importance passed upon were two resolutions which were adopted, the first authorizing the purchase of some rolling stock, and the second increasing the number of directors from five to seven. Henry Crocker will be one of the new directors and will have the naming of the other, whom he has as yet not selected. They will be formally elected at the meeting to be held the second Monday in March.

Has Lost His Daughter.

Ho Bong of the company of Lee Bew, in the clothing business at 636 Pacific street, is looking for his daughter and has called for her name. The girl is named Ho Ly Gum. She is only 21 years old and is very attractive. Last Saturday evening she was taken out to dinner in Safford alley by a young Chinese laundryman, and has not put in an appearance home since. Her father's position is that she loves the "wash-ceman" better than she does her father.

Before rain, snails crawl upon leaves. If the rain is going to be light they lie on the outside of the leaf; if long and heavy, they get on the under side.

What Ryan Says.

SACRAMENTO, Feb. 14.—The rumor in circulation that Governor Budd would refuse to certify to the election by the last Legislature of the new Board of Trustees to manage the State Library on the alleged ground that they had given a pledge not to retain any Democrats in position, is made light of by politicians involved. F. D. Ryan, the only local member of the new board, which body is to go into office the last of this month, said to-night they had made no promises that could act as a bar to their taking office.

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WILL REFUSE TO GIVE THE CERTIFICATES

Budd Ignores the New State Library Trustees.

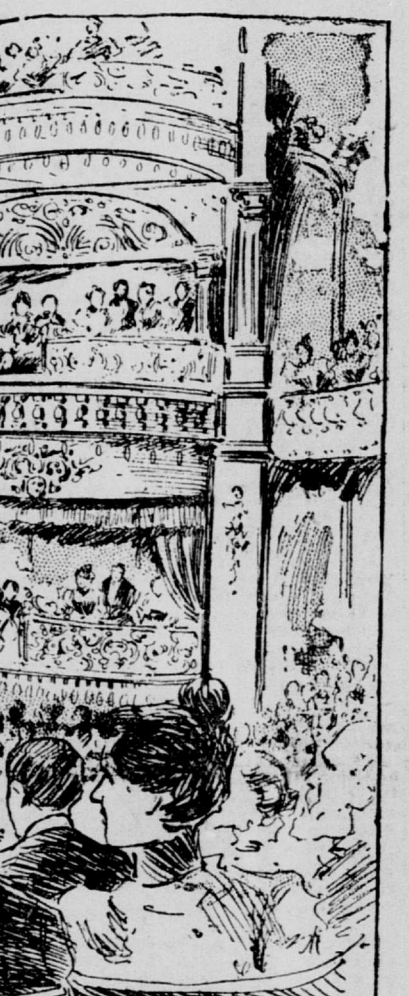
Took a Pledge and Violated the Purity of Election Law.

Promised if Elected to Keep Only Republicans in Office.

A CASE FOR THE COURTS.

The Trustees Will Not Give Up Their Places to the Board-Elect Without Credentials.

There is every probability that the new Board of State Library Trustees will not take office without a struggle in the courts. It is understood that Governor Budd will refuse to certify to the election by the last Legislature



Scene in the First Act of "The Serenade," as Produced by "The Bostonians" at the Baldwin—Gomez, Colombo and Yvonne Are on the Stage.

of the five men who are to constitute the new board. The gentlemen who were elected are expected to take office on February 28. The present board will not turn over the office unless the new members present credentials and the result will be that the courts will be asked to decide the matter.

The Governor will base his refusal on the ground that the board-elect, with the exception of one member, took a pledge not to retain any Democrat in office, and that the pledge disqualifies them from holding public office under the provisions of the purity of elections law.

During the last session of the Legislature when he came to the election of the new Board of State Library Trustees, the Republican Assemblymen called a caucus, and at the meeting it was decided that they would refuse to support any candidate for the office unless a pledge would be given that none but Republicans would be retained in the positions the new board had to offer.

Frank D. Ryan of Sacramento, Jacob H. Neff of Colfax, A. J. Lemmon of Santa Rosa, Thomas Flint Sr. of Monterey and Lee of Los Angeles were the Republican candidates.

Letters dictated by the caucus were sent to them asking them to pledge themselves to give offices only to Republicans in the State library. All but Jacob H. Neff replied giving the necessary pledge. All five, however, received the Republican support in the Assembly, and they were elected.

The purity of election law provides for such emergencies, making the crime of bartering in public offices a felony, and it is said the Governor, by refusing to issue the certificates, will bring the offenders in direct contact with the law.

Demand for More Battleships.

The Secretary of the Navy has demanded more battleships and there can be no doubt that Congress will consider his recommendations. Protection is what our supports require, and fortification will not adequately supply this. Defense against all disorders of a malarial type is, however, adequately afforded by Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, an efficient remedy, also, for constipation, biliousness, dyspepsia, rheumatism and nervousness.

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Weak Men and Women.

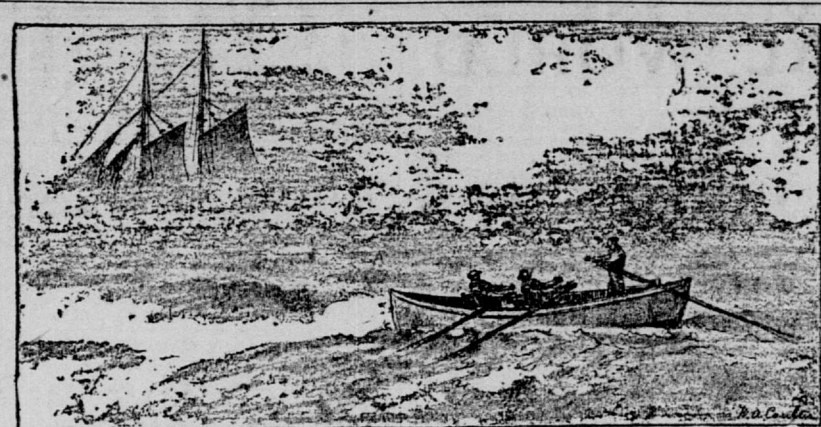
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CLOSING DOWN OF THE FOG.

Three of the Crew of the Sealing Schooner Mary Taylor While Out Hunting off Point Reyes Lost the Vessel in a Fog and Captain Nelson Gave Them Up for Lost After Searching in the Vicinity for Twenty-four Hours. The Men Landed at the Mouth of Russian River, However, and Sold the Schooner's Boat and Hunting Guns to the Fishermen and Ranchers for whatever They Could Get.

SEALERS IN HARD LUCK

The Weather Unfavorable and the Hunters Deserting.

Three of the Crew of the Mary Taylor Lost the Schooner in a Fog.

Landed at the Mouth of Russian River and Sold the Vessel's Boat and Guns.

This year's sealing fleet is not a very large one, and those vessels that did venture out are having a hard time of it. Captain Billy O'Leary of the schooner Geneva reports that seals are very scarce and wild, and the weather very unsuitable for hunting. Captain A. Nelson of the schooner Mary Taylor lost seven of his men and had to put into port for repairs. He also reports seals being very scarce. So the chances for anything like a catch this year are very poor.

The Mary Taylor left Victoria, B. C., last Monday for a cruise along the coast. A week ago one of the boats got lost in the fog while out hunting. The schooner cruised about in the vicinity for twenty-four hours, when the captain came to the conclusion that the men had either reached shore in safety or that the boat had gone down and the men were drowned. A few days ago the foremast head of the schooner was sprung in a gale of wind, and the captain had to put into Drakes Bay for repairs. On his arrival there he found that the men who were lost in the fog had reached the mouth of Russian River in safety. They sold the boat to two fishermen and the hunting guns to a rancher and then made the best of their way to San Francisco. Two of the men started to walk—one of them walking along the edge of the cliff and the other sticking to the beach. The fog came down again and they lost each other. The man who was on the cliff has not been seen since, but the one who stuck to the beach reached San Francisco in safety where he was found by Captain Nelson yesterday.

While the work of repairing the schooner was going on four more of the crew deserted. The captain and the mate chased them for quite a distance, but they also got lost in the fog and made their escape. Being seven men short in his crew Captain Nelson had to return to San Francisco in order to fill the vacancies. He got his men together last night and at once left for Drakes Bay. He expects to continue his hunting cruise to-day.

The British sealing fleet of Victoria, B. C., will not be put in commission this year. All their schooners were hauled out of retirement and docked at the various wharves. The sailors and hunters had been engaged in the repair of the boats had been secured and the stores were on board, when the owners suddenly changed their minds and returned the vessels to their anchorage in "Victoria Harbor." The British sealing fleet of the United States to prevent poaching seems to have had a good deal to do with the non-commissioning of this fleet of British sealers.

The river steamer Herald broke down at a most opportune time yesterday. She had completed her morning trip from Vallejo and Mare Island and was just backing into Green-street wharf to discharge some flour when her shaft broke. Luckily her stern lines held and she was warped into her berth without doing any damage. While her new shaft is being put in the steamer Sonoma will take her place on the Vallejo run.

About twenty-five painters, patchers and pildrivers were discharged by the Harbor Commissioners yesterday. Owing to the injunction now pending in court treated pilots for the repairing of the wharves cannot be procured, and furthermore nearly all the heads of departments under the commission are in attendance on the court and cannot look after the men at work. The chief engineer's department has been taking advantage of the low tides during the past week and has marked out all places along the water front that require repiling. The work of repiling

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will begin as soon as the injunction suit shall have been settled. The bark Northern Light will go on the drydock to-morrow preparatory to being got ready as a passenger ship for the Ketchikan Sound trade. She will take about 127 gold hunters and will get away early in the spring. The bark Alaska, which is also managed by Captain Cogan, has all her accommodations taken and the machinery for the stern wheel steamer has been put aboard. The lumber for the vessel is expected daily from Puget Sound, and as soon as it gets here the steamer will be built in sections and stowed away in the hold of the Alaska, after which Captain Cogan will take a rest until the vessel sails next April. The Alaska-Northern Light expedition will be one of the best equipped gold hunting ventures that will leave San Francisco this year.

The Australia and Zealandia will both sail next Thursday. Over a hundred men have been at work on the Australia getting her ready for the Dyea-Skaguay trade, and she will get away Thursday at 4 p. m. The Zealandia, which will take the Australia's place on the Honolulu run, is in readiness to go out and will get away on Thursday at 2 p. m.

The Alaska Commercial Company has evidently some fears for the safety of the bark Coloma. On December 23 last she left Tacoma for Unalaska with \$80,000 feet of lumber valued at \$965,000. This was intended to be used in the building of barges, but as the captain of the steamer Lakme reports that the Coloma had not reached her destination when he left Alaska her owners think that something has happened to her. Accordingly the steam schooner Sunol has been chartered to go to Port Blakeley at once and load lumber for Unalaska. The Sunol has had a hard time of it this last week. She left here for Unalaska last Monday, but had not got one sling aboard when her moorings parted and she had to put to sea. When communications with shore were again established a telegram ordering the steamer back to San Francisco was put aboard. She arrived here yesterday, and at once began taking stores for her trip to Port Blakeley.

Captain Doran, late master of the steamers Pomona and the Alice Blanchard, has taken command of the steamer Tillamook.

The steam whaler William Baylies and the tug Fearless were both in the dry dock for an overhauling yesterday. The Baylies is going to the Arctic whaling while the Fearless is being got

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