

A THEATRICAL REVIEW

Hoyt's "A Milk White Flag" Scores a Big Hit.

GAUNT'S MUSIC IS ALSO GOOD.

Miscellaneous Rumors Circulated About Adelina Patti—Bad Actors' Opinions of Critics—Mr. Gattie's New Play, "The Transgressor."

Charles H. Hoyt's satire on the state militia of this country has come to New York after having been carried about from town to town for some time for the purpose of subjecting it to the whipping-into-shape process. It is now like the original production, so it is said, only in its general lines. The details have all been polished up, much added, more cut out, and altogether it is almost a new play. The title is "A Milk White Flag," and without more ado it may be said that it is by far the best thing Hoyt has ever written. If merit goes for anything, it ought to break the 625 performances record usually placed on matrimony. This was copied by papers all over this country, and each time it was added to until toward the last it looked as though the other abled world would be treated to another abled world before long. Of course it never developed for the very excellent reason that there was nothing whatever in the story. Nicolini may have his peculiarities—indeed he is generally conceded to be somewhat odd—but he is the most devoted of husbands. As for Patti, she loves her liege lord with all the ardor of her emotional nature and makes no effort to conceal the fact.

One of the latest romances about Patti is that she is unconsciously stingy. She is said to treat her guests in the most begrudging manner. It is even alleged that her guests are served with inferior wines at meals, while she and Nicolini pigishly drink only the most celebrated brands. Aside from the manifest absurdity of this statement, there are persons in New York city who have been the diva's guests at Craig-y-Nos castle and who not only deny these imputations against her generosity, but assert that she is a particularly unselfish hostess, who never hesitates to inconvenience herself in order to make the stay of her friends as pleasant as possible. It should be clear to any one that Patti did not care for visitors who would not have them. As she is a well bred woman, she certainly would not invite people to her castle simply for the purpose of humiliating them. Besides, as no one but an ex-guest could have circulated such stories with authority, they are manifestly unworthy of credence.

Never was the force of Shakespeare's dictum, "The play's the thing," more vividly exemplified than by the experiences of Tim Murphy, George Richards and Eugene Canfield. These three men have for years been members of Farce Constructor Hoyt's companies. Murphy gave an impersonation of Maverick Brander in "A Texas Steer" which was as clear cut as a cameo, and, although the character is not cast upon a high plane, artistic in the extreme. Richards and Canfield did excellent work in several of Hoyt's skits, the former being exceptionally droll, particularly in "A Temperance Town." All three of these men were violently attacked by the starring fever, and they determined to make for themselves the fortunes which they had been pouring into Hoyt's coffers. The abilities would then have the opportunity to shine with uncontrolled effulgence, and their bank accounts would speedily wax plathoric.

Richards and Canfield had a "bubble" entitled "A Circus Clown" specially written for them, while Murphy got Henry Guy Carleton's impossible pastoral, "Lem Kettle." The "Clown" has closed its season, and its stars have joined Murphy. Nearly all the stunts has run out of the "Kettle," and the three ex-Hoytites are announced to produce a new play within a short time. They are all probably convinced by this time that Shakespeare was in the prophet class when he expressed the opinion that the play—and by inference not the actor—is the thing.

An actor connected with a prominent organization, who has done some fairly good and some very bad work during his career, and whose handsome face and fine figure are responsible for his present status to a much greater extent than his histrionic ability, informed me the other day that he did not care a rap for what the dramatic critics say of him. As he has experienced the pleasure of what he denominates "roasting," perhaps his opinion is not as valuable as it might otherwise be, but he is not alone. Most actors of his class believe with him. Maintained by pleasing personal appearance in positions to which they are not justly entitled, they feel that they are as good as those in whose company they find themselves. The critics do not see it in that light, and they of course earn the enmity of these desultory mediocrities. The particular individual to whom I refer said that he could not see why an actor should not be a better judge of stage work than a dramatic critic. He doubtless loses sight of the fact that a well trained theatrical writer is prepared for his calling by years of study and experience, and that his mind necessarily acquires a judicial turn. Besides he attends more performances in one season than the average actor does in ten. Why, then, should he not be more competent to judge? Most critics are conscientious, and to a great many are correct. It is therefore manifestly unjust to blame the entire guild for the shortcomings of the few. Another thing, a good critic's opinion is not that of one man. In nine cases out of ten it is indorsed by theater goers and justified by subsequent events. There are just about enough exceptions to prove the general rule.

The farce is a huge success, and there is not a dull or a coarse moment in it anywhere. It is made somewhat spectacular by the production of some remarkable messengers. "Boys," "Handsome" and "The Original Music," which was composed by that skillful constructor of whistlenable melodies, Percy Gaunt, is catchy and will undoubtedly become popular and thus work its way into the barrel organs.

A person who has just returned from Europe, and who is a great friend of the peerless Adelina Patti, tells me that it is not improbable that the diva will next year. While Patti had not stated specifically that she would do so, the impression made upon her friend was that the only stumbling blocks would be a competent manager and a guarantee that her salary would be paid. Patti has reached the age when long railroad journeys are exceedingly distasteful as well as wearying to her, and she declares with emphasis that she would not undertake a tour like her last one for all the wealth of the Indies. She complains, too, of the lack of arrangements for keeping drafts from her in the theaters at which she sang.

A great many persons imagine that Patti is unduly fussy and that her demands are frequently and, in fact, usually unreasonable, but when it is considered that the condition of a few vocal chords means a large fortune each year it will be admitted that she is justified in being as careful as possible of her health. During the present season Patti is making more money than ever before in her career. She has engagements in all of the European capitals and in most of the important cities. Besides these she has been obliged to refuse offers which would have started either of those two song birds of the north, Jenny Lind and Christine Nilsson. Most critics declare that her voice is as good as ever, and a few extremists, who allow their admiration for the singer to run away with their judgment, foolishly insist that Patti can sing better than ever. The absurdity of the latter assertion is manifest, but the fact remains that the present European season of the cantatrice partakes very much of the nature of a triumphal tour.

By the way, it is inconceivable that dramatic editors will believe the awful rot that enemies of Mme. Patti circulate to her detriment. Last season just prior to the close of her tour some of the New York newspapers printed the most cruel stories about her. They started with vague innuendoes which developed after the singer's departure for Europe into bold assertions. One of these concoctions was to the effect that Patti and her husband, Nicolini, quarreled perpetually, and it was even hinted that a divorce could be slimly scanned upon the horizon of their

usually placed on matrimony. This was copied by papers all over this country, and each time it was added to until toward the last it looked as though the other abled world would be treated to another abled world before long. Of course it never developed for the very excellent reason that there was nothing whatever in the story. Nicolini may have his peculiarities—indeed he is generally conceded to be somewhat odd—but he is the most devoted of husbands. As for Patti, she loves her liege lord with all the ardor of her emotional nature and makes no effort to conceal the fact.

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A HERO ON CRUTCHES.

He Tackled a Burglar and Had a Dapper Struggle For Life.

Captain I. W. Lees, chief of the San Francisco detective force, told this story to a Chronicle reporter recently: "It was Christmas night, 1887, when I had the closest of the scores of close calls I have had in my life. I had been invited to dine with mine. Gillotti, a prima donna of those days who lived near what was then known as the San Jose depot at Valencia and Twenty-first streets. I was told to bring a friend, and I took along Fred Fuller, one of my detectives. At the time I was on crutches, having broken my ankle a few weeks before. On the way out to Mpe. Gillotti's in the horse car Fuller and I were talking of a highway robbery committed a night or two before in which N. W. Spaulding, a prima donna, had been relieved of his jewelry and money. We agreed that Bill Gregg and Tommy Jackson, two notorious crooks we had duffer like ye?"

"When we reached the depot, I hobbled out of the car on my crutches, and seeing the depot lighted up suggested to Fuller that we walk over and see who was there. The depot waiting room was a square and filled with windows on three sides, the sills about as high as a man's waist. Fuller and I walked into the waiting room and saw that there were only two men in it. They were Gregg and Jackson. Jackson ran as soon as he saw us, Fuller after him, shooting every time he could get a chance. Gregg and I were left alone together, and I was between him and the door. There wasn't a soul near the place. Even the watchman was gone, having joined the chase after Jackson."

"As I hobbled toward Gregg on my crutches he said, 'Keep off, captain, or I'll hurt you.' I began talking to him, telling him it would be cowardly to attack a man crippled as I was, all the time hob-

bling along nearer to him. Suddenly Gregg drew his pistol, and as he did I dropped my crutches and grappled with him. He was a powerful man, but I had fooled him and got hold, so I pinned his arms to his side. He was trying to use his revolver, and every time he did I lifted him up and jammed him against a window, finally getting the small of his back over the sill. There I would hold him until he would make another move to get the gun against me, and then we would smash another window. The broken panes were forgotten. It was a fight for life. Had the double action pistols been in use Gregg would have killed me sure, but he had an old fashioned navy revolver, and I was able to keep it from me. I was fast getting exhausted, and the sore ankle was giving way, when Fuller and a big crowd returned, with Jackson a prisoner. Gregg was soon tamed, and then I dropped my exhausted and pain. We had broken every window in the waiting room in our struggle, and for 45 minutes my life had been in peril every second of it.

"Did we go to the Christmas dinner? Well, rather. We were a little late and somewhat disfigured, but we had Gregg and Jackson, and I had the closest call of my life."

A HUNGRY MAN FROM THE GRAVE. Jules Carlo Kicked Out of His Coffin and Sat Down to Breakfast. While Jules Carlo sat in a restaurant awaiting his ordered breakfast at Westminster, B. C., he suddenly died—at least there was every physical evidence of death. A competent physician examined him and pronounced him dead, a victim of heart disease. He was laid out for burial, and his friends kept the usual vigil over his body. All the time he was keenly conscious of what went on about him and could realize the fate in store for him and yet was as helpless as if he had been really dead. In the afternoon of the next day his friends bore him in adhesion to the graveyard. He suffered untold agonies lying in the coffin, with the lid fastened down. He tried in vain to move, and saw a noise to indicate that he was alive. The traces held him a deathlike prisoner. Finally he could feel himself being lowered into the grave. As the first clod of earth struck the lid of his coffin he began feeling warm blood pulsating from his heart. All at once he could move his hands. He struck the coffin lid and called out for help. The alarmed pallbearers stopped shoveling dirt into the grave. He called again. The majority of those present had a hasty retreat, alarmed over the fact that the dead had come to life. One courageous friend unscrewed the lid of the coffin and helped him out. He never felt better in his life and ran about, exercising his benumbed limbs. The people believed they had witnessed a miracle. He returned to town and entered the restaurant, hungry for supper, and when the cook and waiter saw him come in, wrapped in his shroud, they rushed out through windows and doors, shaking with fright.

Eloped by Trolley. Farmer Schwab of Bronville, N. Y., used to swear by his grizzled beard that there was nothing in Westchester county that could beat his neighbor Bulein's bay team. That was last week. This week Farmer Schwab bars trolley cars. He also bewails the loss of his daughter Lizzie, who eloped with Charles Smith the other evening. The farmer missed his daughter after supper and called forth to find her. He caught the lovers in the act of eloping, and when they escaped by trolley he seized his neighbor's team and gave chase. The race was a most exciting one and set three villages by the ears. To Cupid's credit, he it said that the trolley won, and the lovers were happily married.

What Has This to Do With the Taxist? A number of skeletons, with manacles attached to the arms and legs, have been found buried close to the surface of the courtyard of the custom house at St. Petersburg.

HE WAS NOT STUCK UP

JUMPIN JOE DECLARED THAT HE WAS ONLY A HUMBLE WORM.

But the Wild Eyed Critter He Met Was Skeptical and Made Him to Come Under the Shadow of the Law—\$20 Made Things All Right.

I was pushin' my way over the kentry, with a view to openin' my monster exhibition and grand aggregashun in the town of Jericho, when a wild eyed critter comes ridin from the dreeksashun of Plumb Center and stops me to yell:

"Now, then, who gin ye leave to be drivin along this yere road with yer hat on yer ear and yer nose stuck up as if our society wasn't half good nuff fur an ole duffer like ye?"

"My friend," sez I in answer and sizin him up to once as a bad man who was yearnin to pick a fuss with me, "the ways of my hat and my nose ar' not my ways. I am one of the humblest of the humble worms of the air. I hain't even a whittin the toone of the 'Arkansaw Traveler,' fur fear somebody might suspect me of bein an aristocrat and a feelin too stuck up to ask him fur a chaw of tobacco. Be vorehous, and ye'll be happy."

"Durn yer peaky ole hide!" he hoots as he glares at me, "but I believe ye ar' the kuss who calls hisself Jumpin Joe!"

"The same," sez I as I bows in my humble way.

"And ye've got a panoramay and an eddicated hog and var' us other things, and ye gin exhiblshunshun!"

"I do, my friend—trooly I do. I am not concealin the fact that in the midst of life we ar' in death and that my gigantic aggregashun of animal intelligence and monster compendium of fam'ly remedies hev brought joy to the souls of thousands of my sorrowin fellow men. As fur instance, I'm offerin a reward of a hundred dollars fur each and every case of—"

"Arter each exhiblshun of reptile intelligence ye marry everybody who will cum fur'ds free of cost!" he interrupted me.

"Trooly I do, and I won't deny that it's a strong hold on the general public. With my panoramay of 22 pictures, my eddicated hog, five legged wolf, exhiblshun grasshopper, Cherokee sassyparilly, Magie camentry and the marryin bizness I've got a combi-nashun which can't be busted by nuthin short of another 40 days' rainstorm. I shall be givin one of my unrivaled ex-

A WILD EYED CRITTER. hiblshun in the town of Jericho tomorow evenin and shall esteem it an honor to see ye present on a front seat. No charge fur admishun—no reserved seats—children of all ages welcomed with a fashery smile."

"Durn yer ole show, but I'm a-mind to pop ye!" he hoots. "What hev ye dun in that free mar'yin bizness but mar'd my ole woman to three other men, and I've had to stay by the shanty night and day fur the last four weeks to keep 'em from gittin her. Prepar to die!"

"My friend," sez I, workin up my blandness with all my might, "ye must allow that if yer ole woman hadn't stepped out to be mar'd I couldn't hev' lined her to anybody."

"Howsenever, I'm a man as plays a fa'r game, and hev'n mar'd her I will now divorce her. From this mint on them other critters hain't got no rights."

"That's better," sez he, seemin to soften up a bit, "but how about that jumpin frog?"

"As to what?"

"As to carryin him around the kentry to discourage human bel'n's from tryin to git along."

"Has he discouraged anybody?"

"Dozens of 'em, and I'm one. I was the jumpinest thing around these yere parts till that blamed reptile appeared. Durn his hide, but I'm the jumpinest thing yet! I hain't goin to allow no varmint of a frog to lay over me and put down my pride. Git him out yere, and I'll beat him on the jump or leave both legs behind."

"How ye goin back on natur?" I asked.

"What's natur got to do with it?"

"She made the frog to jump. He can't walk nor fly nor skate. 'THAT'S AGIN THE LAW' He's got to jump when he goes, and the farther he jumps the quicker he gets ther."

the town of Rlain Sun to arrange fur my show, I followed him in peace. When we got thar, he went into a saloon and brung out the jectice of the peace and sez: "Bill, yere's a human critter as is travellin around the kentry to discourage am-bishunshun."

"Which ar' agin the statoots, and I'll make him wish he'd never bin born!" shouted the jectice.

"He's got a frog with wings glued on to him, and no critter in Cherokee kin jump agin him."

"That's wuss and wuss. I'll open this yere court on the head of this yere bar!" and convict the prisoner, and may the Lord hev mercy on his soul!"

"I wish fur to deny about them wings," sez I, holdin up the frog.

"But how kin ye?" sez I, "I wish fur to deny about them wings," sez I, holdin up the frog.

"Look fur your- ABOUT THEM WINGS," self. He's jest a jumpin frog, and if he had wings he wouldn't know how to use 'em."

"Prisoner, this yere plaintiff and constable ar' my brother Sam. What Sam sez has to go with this yere court. I'm agoin to take his word about the wings, but bein it's yer fust offense and bein bizness in the saloon ar' drivin I'll let ye off with a fine of \$20."

"Kin I take an appeal to a higher court?" sez I.

"Sartinly ye kin, and the same higher court ar' the vigilance committee, and the president of the same stands afore ye. Will ye pay or hang?"

Feelin that my life belonged to my fellow men or to sich of them as kin be amosed by my exhiblshun and restored to health by my Cherokee sassyparilly, I paid the fine and departed. The price is allus a dollar a bottle, and it is warranted to tech more vital spots in the human system than any other compound prepared by human hands. While not furtgittin my fam'ly remedies, keep yer eyes on my panoramay and so forth and secure front seats if possible.

A Rude Disappointment. Country lawyers are often forced by the scarcity of business to look very sharp for opportunities to draw up wills and perform other "legal" services. A stranger of mature years—a carpenter—who had come to a certain town to work at his trade, was asked several times by a local lawyer if he did not think he had better make his will. At last the carpenter took the delighted lawyer aside and said to him with an important air:

"Ain't quite ready to make my will, but when I am I'll let you do it."

"Good! But now's the time to draw it up."

"Well, the fact is, I've had a disagreement with my sister Jane, and I ain't goin to leave her a cent."

"Good! But have you any other relatives?"

"Yes—one sister and a nephew."

"Good! Any disagreement with them?"

"None whatever. But I ain't—I'll tell it to you particular—I ain't going to leave either one of them a cent neither."

"Now, why is that, pray?"

"Because I haven't got a cent to leave to anybody."

Whereupon the lawyer hastily took his departure and troubled the carpenter no more about his will.—Youth's Companion.

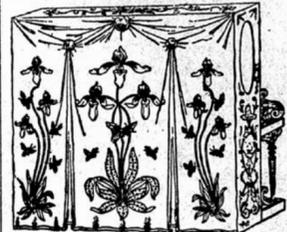
With a Double Meaning. It was on a certain east bound street car that a young man sat, looking "stuck up" in his form. He was very young indeed, and when a pretty damsel, with a solid looking valise, entered the car and occupied all the seat in front of him he endeavored to win from her a smile. Presently she rang the bell and picked up her valise. The very young man instantly jumped up and bowed.

"May I carry that valise off for you?" he said winsomely.

PIANO COVERS.

Fabrics Adapted To This Special Decoration—Drapery For Upright Piano.

As far as possible it is wisest to select materials for piano covers wide enough to avoid seams. This is especially necessary for the cover of a square piano. Fortunately there are a number of fabrics now obtainable which lend themselves particularly well to this special decoration. The Roman or silk sheeting comes in many shades—blue, pink, white, gold, green and terra cotta pink. It is about 50 inches wide and is extremely soft and pliable. Art satin also comes in many shades. It is nearly as wide as the Roman sheeting. Mail cloth is a little heavier than the others, but is equally beautiful, although a little more difficult to embroider upon. Especially



attractive for embroidery purposes are the colored linens, coming, as they do, in the light and darker shades of color. They are not so wide as the above mentioned materials, but will be found particularly suitable for the cover of an upright piano, as they form a beautiful background. China silk is always available.

As an upright piano stands most frequently out from the wall and is placed so that the back is toward the entrance to the room, where it is much seen, it has become necessary to have drapery for the back as well as the top and front. A design of orchids, given in an illustration in Ladies' Home Journal, shows the back and top for a cover for an upright piano. It may be worked in two sections. The two portions, embroidered as shown, would be very handsome, but a selection of the design may be made and simply the back embroidered, the front and top being left unadorned, making the cover much less expensive.

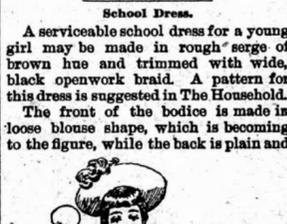
Much of the beauty of the tone of a piano is lost by putting heavy ornaments on the top of the case, a reverberating sound being caused by them as well as an injury to the piano by their weight. Carefully covered with a cloth, embroidered in an artistic manner, upon which may rest the photographs of a few of our famous composers, lightly framed, the piano is sufficiently adorned.

Grape Jelly and Preserves. For jelly select ripe grapes, free them from stems and mash them thoroughly. Cook them slowly in a closely covered kettle for 20 minutes without adding water. Squeeze out the juice, add a pound of sugar to each pint of juice and boil for 20 minutes. Green grape jelly is made in the same way. After weighing the sugar heat it in an oven previous to adding to the juice.

For preserves free the fruit from stems and skins, put it into the preserving kettle and cook until the seeds are loose. Strain the grapes, weigh with their skins and to every pound allow a pound of sugar. Put the fruit again into the preserving kettle, and when it begins to boil add the sugar and cook slowly for half an hour or longer. Spiced grapes are fine. To 5 pounds of grapes allow 3 pounds of sugar, a pint of vinegar, a tablespoonful of cloves and one of cinnamon. Boil the pulp of the grape and strain; then add skins, vinegar, sugar and spices and boil for an hour.

Recipe For Tomato Sauce. Skin, halve and remove the seeds from a pack of large, ripe tomatoes. Then slice, put in a crock with 4 tablespoonfuls of salt sprinkled between and let them stand 4 hours. Put the tomatoes in a porcelain kettle, add 3 sliced onions and 4 green peppers and boil soft enough to strain. Return the pulp to the kettle, boil slowly, stirring almost constantly, until it is reduced one-third. Then add a tablespoonful each of ginger, cloves and salt (if the latter is needed), one-half a teaspoonful of cayenne and 6 tablespoonfuls of tarragon vinegar. Let boil 5 minutes, bottle and seal.

School Dress. A serviceable school dress for a young girl may be made in rough serge of brown hue and trimmed with wide, black openwork braid. A pattern for this dress is suggested in The Household. The front of the bodice is made in loose blouse shape, which is becoming to the figure, while the back is plain and



buttoned from the neck to waist. Below the belt is a deep circular ruffle, trimmed with the braid, which is opened in front and gives something of the basque effect. Three overlapping cape, trimmed with the braid, are placed over the top of the coat sleeves.

High. Florence—Helen says Mr. Smallcash loves the very ground she walks on. Harry—Jupiter! I guess so. It would bring \$100,000 any day.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

A Pleasant Surprise. "With what are you going to surprise your husband on his recovery from his long illness?"

"With my new hat."—London Million.

A Matter of Surprise. She—The other day I visited the house I was born in. He—Is it still standing? Brooklyn Life.