

## NEWS OF THE LOCAL THEATERS.

## HYPERION.

## "His Honor the Mayor" Pleases Many — Happy Affair.

One of the good things about the up-to-date musical comedy is that it is not worth while trying to get anything out of it except an evening's entertainment. "His Honor the Mayor," recently from New York, where it made a long and successful run, is this sort of a show. No one in the large audience that listened to and applauded it last evening at the Hyperion, had any idea that he was straining his mind in doing so; it was frankly spectacular, kaleidoscopic, burlesque from start to finish, and was all the more pleasing because it was also musical and artistic. Pretty girls, tuneful songs, merry incidents, tasteful scenery and gorgeous costumes danced through the three hours with no particular point that any one could discover, and no excuse except that it was all very diverting and pleasing. Some of the costumes came high, but it was all in the running. No one wants to know the plot, and we couldn't tell it if we tried to. But there was a lot of excellent farce and enough songs and business to rush the audience in a bewildering whirl that never let up till the last curtain call. Madelyn Marshall and Harry Kelly were the star team of the cast—Madelyn as the country girl and Kelly as the deacon in Paris. They are of the straight-faced comedy type and kept the house in a roar with their comic dances and songs. Mac Burt did some pleasant songs—one with the worn out game of coquetting with young men in the front row, that nearly emptied the orchestra of eligible and bashful youths. "Bobby" Barry was acrobatic but occasionally foolish as the Mayor and there were a number of lesser lights, though John H. Pratt did some bona fide bass solos. The six "English High Steppers" were trained dancers and added a good deal to an aggregation of the cat in the provincial routine but that will pass some pleasant hours for a good many people.

## "His Honor the Mayor" to Return.

By special request there will be a return engagement of one night at the Hyperion Friday, January 3, of "His Honor the Mayor," which has gone gaily along, breaking records in almost every city in which it has been presented, and judging from the newspaper criticisms, it must certainly be the liveliest and funniest attraction now upon the road. Never has a new star of his first season received the flattering notices which have been accorded Harry Kelly, and it is also evident that the English comedians must, this season, surpass their previous excellence—and they have always been the most wonderful dancers in the business.

## "The Secret Orchard." Channing Pollock's new play, to be seen here to-night, is a story of absorbing interest that can not fail to arouse the

sympathies and awaken the emotions of theatergoers of all classes. People who go to the theater to be amused will find plenty to entertain them and those who wish food for thought will be given much to reflect upon. In his final act Mr. Pollock puts a brand new philosophy into the mouth of one of his characters, a philosophy that will startle the conservative and make even advanced thinkers pause, but which is the direct and logical outgrowth of modern sex equality. The rehearsals of the play are progressing finely under the direction of Walter Clark Bellows and persons who have seen some of them say the piece will undoubtedly be one of the dramatic sensations of the season.

## NEW HAVEN.

## "The Four Corners of the Earth" the New Year's Attraction.

There was a good sized audience at the New Haven theater last night to see the stirring melodrama "The Four Corners of the Earth." The play, and as its name implies, the action and plot covers many parts of the globe, and the story is exciting, thrilling and occasionally decidedly sensational, though at all times consistent. It is described as a stirring melodrama of romance and adventure—a pretty love story replete with strong dramatic action and incidents besides unctuous comedy and all enveloped by the most massive and beautifully designed scenery. The presenting company is a good one. There will be a holiday matinee to-day and the performance will be repeated at night.

## "Bunco in Arizona."

"Bunco in Arizona," the big western comedy drama, will be the attraction at the New Haven theater on Thursday, Friday and Saturday nights, this week, and at the matinee Saturday.

With every accessory known to the dramatist, Miss Lillian Mortimer, the authoress of "Bunco in Arizona," has with skill vividly brought out to its fullest extent the many incidents of the play, which is located in the mining regions of the great southwest.

The last act discloses a typical rancher's home, and its general hospitable surroundings. "Bunco," a waltz adopted by Jim Blunt, a mine owner, was engaged to Dick Gold, but learning that she was an English heiress, her aunt had come from England to take her back to be educated in a manner befitting her future station in life.

An unprincipled cousin had made several ineffectual attempts on the life of Dick in order to win Bunco and her inheritance.

True to her promise, Bunco returns from England and marries Dick. On the eve of the celebration miners, cowboys, Indians and other well wishers are at Jim Blunt's ranch house toasting the happy couple when the villainous cousin appears unobserved at the window and shoots Dick. The shot falls to take effect, due to it striking

a locket which he had worn since his love journeyed to England. The cousin escaped, and became a fugitive of justice. A true western and home like flavor is given to the scene, and the dramatic intensity of the incidents make a strong and realistic finish to Miss Mortimer's thrilling comedy drama.

## POLI'S.

## Act of the Novellas the Greatest in the World.

Well may it be said of "The Novellas" that theirs is the greatest act of its kind in the world. It's surely true of it. The children are not the only ones to be delighted with it either. This wonderful circus production is interesting to the older people also.

Lee Tong Foo, the only Chinese baritone in vaudeville, gave a very fine entertainment, as do the Green brothers, comedy baseball jugglers.

Wilfred Clark, the comedian who entertains everybody, presents a farce written by himself, "What Will Happen Next" and he and his company kept their audience wondering what would. James Callahan, who is well known to lovers of vaudeville, and Miss Jenny St. George, have a delightful little Irish play, "The Old Neighborhood."

Copper and Robinson, the internationally famous comedians in their latest offering, "A Friend of Mine," present some colored specialties. Knight brothers and Sawtelle with a twentieth century dancing novelty, are very good indeed.

The electrograph has some new motion pictures that are as good as usual.

Holiday prices at the New Year's matinee.

## BIJOU.

## "Trilby" One of the Greatest Successes of the Season.

"Trilby," the offering superlative, the unqualified best production of the season at the Bijou theater, will be played this afternoon at a special New Year's day matinee. The production of "Trilby" this week at the Bijou has all New Haven a-talking. It is another dramatic triumph for the Bijou Theater Stock company.

The capacity houses which are this week witnessing "Trilby" are all the indication necessary of the excellence of the offering. Not only is the staging of the piece a matter of perfecting in stagecraft, but the production itself is a letter perfect.

Jana Wheatley, the leading lady, is delightful in the role of Trilby. It is one of the cleverest role interpretations that she has done since coming to the Bijou. Lea Baker as "Svengali" is creating the sensation of the production. The work of the supporting company is well balanced. Seats now selling for the remainder of this week. Seats for to-night held only until 6, and for the matinee to-day until noon.

hand. Angry at being "called down" by her for over-drinking, the husband made a menacing move toward her. To protect herself she put out the hand that held the scissors. A point of the scissors blade penetrated her husband's eye, the right one, and ruined it. A few years later, I heard, his other eye, through "sympathy," as they call it, with the destroyed one, went blind. His wife died of a broken heart over what she had done and the man is now alone, sightless, and a figure of misery.

"All this time the stubborn old proprietor of the house was storming at anybody who even dared to hint that the 13 room was must be a hoodoo, and every time anything happened in that room he declared that it was a coincidence well calculated to impress the minds of imbeciles, but only a coincidence for all that. He declared that he would tear the house down before he would yield to a beggarly superstition by taking the number 13 off the door of that room."

"Well, I couldn't begin to tell about all of the wretched occurrences that happened in room 13 of that hotel during the next four years. I can go on record as saying that only about one out of five occupants of that room escaped without having something more or less serious happen to them. Three different cases of smallpox, at different times, occurred in the room. All three of the victims died in the pest house."

"Each time, of course, the room had to be thoroughly fumigated and completely refurbished, but still the stubborn old proprietor would go up in the air, and all but foam at the mouth at the very suggestion that the number 13 had anything whatever to do with the room's bad luck. The dismal things that were still occurring to occupants of that room every little while, when I left the employ of the house."

"Maybe all of this doesn't prove anything. Probably it doesn't. And I am not superstitious—or strive not to be. But—well, I'm glad, all the same that there's no room or suite numbered 13 in this house. I'm a heap more comfortable about it."—Washington Star.

## After Once Tasting

**Vinol**

no one wants an old-fashioned cod liver oil preparation or emulsion, because Vinol is a much better body-builder and strength creator for old people, weak children, and for coughs, colds, bronchitis, etc. If it does no good we will return your money.

**Hull's Corner Drug Stores**  
Corner State and Chapel Streets; corner Howard and Congress Avenues.

## FOR THE FORESTS

## The Work in Saving Them Which the Government Is Doing.

## THEIR OBSTINATE FOES

## The Universal Self-Interest Which is to Guard the Trees

Ruthless deforestation in the Rockies has been stopped in time. By arbitrarily adding 1,500,000 acres to the forest domain in March last, the President finally locked the door with many horses still in the stable. It is in the East—from whose experience the West is profiting—that the problem is now serious. A proclamation from the White House can be of no service in the Appalachians where ownership is private and the migratory poor while farmer girdles the trees. After they die he takes a few crops, without the trouble of fertilization or thorough cultivation, and then this top soil, fit only for forestry, is washed away. In this way 24 per cent. of the Appalachian forest region has been laid waste.

An appropriation of \$25,000 for delimiting the nucleus of an Appalachian national forest barely passed congress. Mr. DeWitt of Pittsburgh was among those who voted against it in a desire to draw the line somewhere on the cranks of the agricultural department (and congress has to deal with so many cranks that it gets confused in separating the sheep from the goats). That was only last winter. In the spring western Pennsylvania suffered from a flood which cost her several millions, and Secretary Wilson, Pinchot's chief, in his dry, you-can't-dispute-it way, told the Pittsburgh chamber of commerce that more and worse floods might be expected until trees were growing again in deforested sections of the Alleghenies. Probably no members from western Pennsylvania will err on this subject again.

Even a member from central Kansas, say forest experts, ought to have favored the appropriation from selfish interest; for the price of his bureau and tables is affected by the price of hard woods. A forest policy is a policy for all. It brings an innovation which is as necessary at this stage of our country's growth as water mains and sewers in certain stages of a town's.

The delicate and the most difficult of Pinchot's task is to make men see its wisdom. In his hands congress has placed the power to issue permits for all timber cut, to name all conditions for its cutting and for grazing in the national forests. When he sought a force of administration for this service of to-morrow, he found that the only trained foresters in the United States were from his own little school at Billmore, the school his father had lately established at Yale, and other schools where scientific students had paid attention to forestry.

"A dude in Washington is to decide whether a man out in Idaho shall cut a stick of timber or not," that was the natural war-cry of the great timber interests. It went home to the pioneer, bred of a race of pioneers that made clearings to plant corn and used to regarding the forest as an enemy.

But the dude makes it a rule for himself and the responsible heads of the service, to spend six months of the year "at the front." In turn the supervisors who are his officers in the field, one for each of the 150 forests, are brought to Washington. They are the forest rangers and the forest guards, who must be residents of the states where they serve.

Any settler is entitled to firewood free; to graze his cows and horses on the forest domain adjoining his ranch. A ranger may sell \$50 worth of timber without the consent of his supervisor; a supervisor \$500 worth without the consent of Washington. This avoids delay in meeting immediate calls.

The lumbermen must not leave blackened and unproductive hillsides; they must not cut the small trees, and they must leave strips uncut to permit of reseedling; they must not waste by high stampede; they must pile the brush so it can be burned safely without making forest fires. And a herd must not graze ground which needs a rest to save it from ruin.

Could any reasonable man object? Was it good lumbering, in the name of the nation, to kill the sources of timber? Good grazing to kill the grass roots? However hard they come at him Pinchot puffs. An objection means an opportunity to spread light. Even as he accepts an inquiry, "The deer himself couldn't make a man who calmly plants trees as a crop lose his temper," to quote one of his enemies, "He belongs in the same category with Job."

There is no reaching him by the ordinary "pull" routes. He is satisfied to know one thing well. It is no secret that he might have had a cabinet office. Should Cincinnati leave the play to be an alderman in Rome? Hardly. The savior of the tree sticks to his wood-lot, and there he has moral force and the layman may scarcely expect to beat him in argument.

Pinchot knew that if he had the settlers and the prospectors with him he must win his fight. Their support both he and his enemies sought; and his campaign documents is the use book. This he widely circulates in forest regions. Its name expresses the idea. Timber is for use, "no longer to be locked up, but opened up."

Not through his rangers, but through the intelligent self-interest of the people who live in his neighborhood he must guard the trees. If we had relatively as many rangers for the size of our national forests as Germany, they would form an army of 300,000 men. So 1,400 are as needed in a haystack.

In the old days the signboards on the forest reserves emphasized the penalty for starting forest fires, as well as for stealing timber. But the offender was in no danger of being caught in the wilderness, and he knew it. The black-letter headline of the present signboard is Caution. Instead of Fine. It aims to make the reader realize that it is his own forest which he may destroy if he leaves a camp-



VERTIGRAND, \$550.

Minutiae Grand, \$800.

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**\$550**  
OF THE  
**January**  
**Dividends**  
WILL PURCHASE  
A NEW VERTEGRAND  
MODEL OF THE  
**Supreme**  
**Steinway**  
**Piano**

The Steinway Piano is monopolized by no class except the first class. The refined, the cultivated, the artistic, whether favored with dividends or obliged to practice economies, together make up the long roll of Steinway owners, admirers and devotees.

Sold here exclusively by  
**The M. Steinert & Sons Co.**  
777 Chapel Street.

Vertegrand, \$550.  
Minutiae Grand, \$800.

## A DEFIANCE OF IT

## How a Hotel Clerk Treated the Number Thirteen Superstition.

## AND HOW IT TREATED HIM

## A Stubborn Proprietor Called It All Nothing But a Coincidence.

"An allusion, a while back, in the 'Star' to the subject of rooms numbered 13 in hotels had no pertinence so far as this house is concerned," observed the manager of a Washington hotel. "There isn't anything numbered 13 in the shop, not even a bell-boy."

"What do I, myself, think of the 13 superstition? Well, while it's not material what I think, I'll say this: You have addressed that question to a non-superstitious individual who, nevertheless, is a victim of prejudice, through herence, against the number 13."

The experiences were various. For ten years I was head clerk of a leading hotel in another city. One of the finest rooms in the house—the finest—was room 13. And, oddly, room 13 in that house was to stay.

The proprietor was a violent man who was dead against any and all of superstition. His paragon of the line of superstition was the one attaching to the 13. It was to indicate his horror of the 13 superstition that the room 13 was one of the most desirable big houses.

I went to work at the hotel where I displaced told man—it would only get eerily excited my prediction—but don't give that

13 room to anybody you know and like. "I received his warning rather lightly. I didn't take much stock in the 13 thing myself. On the day that I took my new billet the room was vacant. But that evening a bride couple, wealthy folk, drifted along. The young man of the new sketch, as a matter of course, wanted the best in the house and room 13 happened to be the best available. So I put the pair into that room."

"On the following afternoon, while the bridegroom was out for an airing the bride was curling her hair, using a gas jet by the dresser to heat the curling tongs. She was waving her back hair when the curling tongs slipped out of her hand and fell under the collar of her room jacket."

"The entire floor was aroused by the unfortunate young woman's terrible screams. The chambermaids found her rolling on the floor in agony. The curling irons were still searing the flesh of her back. Most direfully burned, she had to be removed to a hospital. She was sadly disfigured, and she didn't recover from the shock to her system for years."

"A few weeks after that a noted railroad official—a man with a national reputation, in fact—came along when the house was pretty well filled up, and the night clerk, not being able to give the official his usual accommodations, put him in that room 13. The noted railroad man was found with a bullet in his head on the following morning. There was, it is true, a pistol with him in the morning, but nobody at the time could figure out whether that railroad man had committed suicide or had been murdered. There was no conceivable reason why he should have taken his life. Nobody knows, yet, whether he did or not."

"By that time, of course, that 13 room was pretty well on my nerves. But there wasn't anything I could do about it, knowing, as I did, the crusty proprietor's violent antipathy to the 13 superstition."

"Well, not long after the last room catastrophe, a wealthy young woman from New York, whose fiancé had recently died under the knife in a hospital, reached town, ostensibly to attend to some business connected with investments. The 13 room was the only one I had at the moment that would answer her requirements. I wasn't familiar with any of the details of her history at the time, and, as she seemed a self-contained young woman I couldn't figure out how anything could happen to her in that room—though, as I said, I was beginning to dislike to put anybody at all in that room."

"The young woman spent most of the night writing letters, and then she lay down on the bed, all in her neatly arranged burial finery, and took enough poison to kill a dozen women."

"That year the summer business was light, and for quite a stretch I was able to keep that 13 room vacant. But when the fall rush began I had to 'kick a young Chicago couple into the room. On the first evening the Chicago man reached his room a trifle intoxicated, and his wife upbraided him. When he entered the room she was doing some fancy work, and she had a small pair of scissors in her

## NO DETECTIVES FOR HIM.

## A Kansas Farmer Who Had a Poor Idea of Sleuths.

An elderly farmer from the neighborhood of Marysville, Kas. was seated on the shady side of the Hotel Baltimore, conversing idly with a Kansas City acquaintance. He had been engaged in trying to find some trace of a friend who recently disappeared from his home, but without encouraging results.

"Why don't you engage a good detective?" queried the acquaintance. "Detective!" snorted the old man. "The very word makes me sick. I have a son who is a detective. He was a very good boy and promised to become an industrious and prosperous farmer, until he became infatuated with Sherlock Holmes and those other fellows who can examine a cigar stub and unravel any sort of a duplex, back action mystery. He read an advertisement of some detective agency which wanted sleuth-hounds the worst way. Then he left home and a couple of weeks later sent me a photograph of himself with a big star on his bosom. He wrote that he was on the trail of a gang of counterfeiters and when he had them rounded up he'd get a reward of \$5,000. Meanwhile he was busted, and unless I sent him \$20 right away he'd have to go to a home for the friendless. He had to pay \$5 a week to the agency for the privilege of wearing that star, and his board and lodging cost something besides."

"You have no idea how many young men are lured away from home by the glittering agencies. No experience necessary," say the advertisements and young fellows who have saturated themselves with Nick Carter and Old Sleuth literature think they see the pot of gold at the end of the rainbow. I could name half a dozen young fellows of my own neighborhood who have been fleeced by these advertisement sharks."

"I suppose that there are good detectives in the world—men of probity and acumen and devotion to their profession. I haven't seen many, but they were all lame ducks. The country I live in (Marshall) was swarming for months with detectives, trying to get to the bottom of a mystery that was no mystery at all. Something more than a year ago David Tennyson, a wealthy farmer and stockman, was murdered in his home near Frankfort. He was seated in his rocking chair, reading a newspaper by lamplight, when somebody shot through the window and blew the top of his head off."

"For several months you couldn't throw a club in that vicinity without hitting two or three detectives, and these detectives were the real thing—experts from Chicago and Kansas City and St. Louis and elsewhere. They dug up a good many clues and looked extremely wise and then they all went away, leaving things just as they found them. And the mystery which they vainly attacked was so transparent from the beginning that any constable in the county could have turned it inside out and hung it on the line to dry in half a day. If you want to retain my affection and attention, you won't talk to me of detectives."—Kansas City Star.

Added Cast of Debutante Ladies and Beauty Chorus of 100.  
Sent Orders, Jan. 1. Prices 25c, 50c, 75c, \$1.00, \$1.50.  
Carriages at 11.

held the diamond and placed this upon one of the fingers of his savior. The Englishman kept it for many years, frequently refusing large offers for it, but finally he met reversed and was forced to part with the jewel. So it eventually came into the possession of the present owner.

The diamond weighs about 4 1/2 karats, and offers of amounts as high as \$50,000 have been refused for it. Efforts have been made also by Mrs. Montgomery to find a duplicate of it, and though she has had a standing offer of \$10,000 for a mate of the gem she holds none has ever been brought forward.

## ENTERTAINMENTS.

## HYPERION THEATER

New Year's Day, Wednesday, Jan. 1.  
"THE SECRET ORCHARD."  
Channing Pollock's Wonderful Drama—Great Broadway Cast and Production—Resume Its Sensational Run in Astor Theater Next Week.  
Prices, \$1.50, \$1.00, 75c, 50c, 25c. Carriages at 10:50.

RETURN ENGAGEMENT.  
By Special Request.  
ONE NIGHT ONLY.  
FRIDAY, JANUARY 3.  
With a New Line of Laughs in  
"HIS HONOR THE MAYOR."  
Prices, \$1.50, \$1.00, 75c, 50c, 25c. Seats now selling. Carriages at 10:50.

Saturday Evening, Jan. 4.  
First Time on Any Stage.

## THOS. W. RYLEY'S NEW MUSICAL PRODUCTION.

## FUNABASHI

By Irving S. Cobb and Stafford Waters.  
Notable Cast Embracing

Vera Michelena, William Rock, Walter Percival, Margaret Rutledge, Joseph Miron, Maud Fulton, Percy Ames, Charles Butler, and Alice Fisher.

Added Cast of Debutante Ladies and Beauty Chorus of 100.  
Sent Orders, Jan. 1. Prices 25c, 50c, 75c, \$1.00, \$1.50.  
Carriages at 11.

## NEW HAVEN THEATRE

MONDAY, TUESDAY, WEDNESDAY, Dec. 30, 31, Jan. 1.  
Holiday Matinee, New Year's Day, The Melodramatic Hit.  
"The Four Corners of the Earth."  
20-BIG SCENES—20.  
50-PEOPLE—50.  
REGULAR POPULAR PRICES.

THURSDAY, FRIDAY, SATURDAY, January 2, 3, 4.  
MATINEE SATURDAY.  
LILLIAN MORTIMER.  
In the Great Western Melodrama, "BUNCO IN ARIZONA."  
5-TRAINED BRONCHOS—5.  
REGULAR POPULAR PRICES.

POLI'S NEW THEATER  
ENTIRE WEEK OF DECEMBER 30.  
THE TEN NOVELLOS  
Real Circus—Elephants, Ponies, Dogs,