

"Rageneau" answers; "I know it, and I turn my back to spare their feelings." "Cyrano" looks at him and says slowly, "I like you." But Mr. Mansfield didn't look at him and he delivers the line hastily and indifferently. It means a good deal, that line. It means that "Cyrano" saw that the baker, like himself, indulged in the luxury of ruining himself for what he loved; it is a pledge of protection, a salute to a soul somewhat like his own. For after this scene, "Cyrano" becomes the baker's protector.

The moon extravaganza in the third act, Mr. Mansfield intones, chants as a sort of recitatif, but even sung, it is not more melodious than his fervid reading of the balcony scene, in which all the romance of night since night began seems breathed between his lips. Any one who knows Mr. Mansfield's temperament will appreciate what a magnificent effort he makes in that act. He is not a man who wears his heart on his sleeve and he loves not to be sentimental. I think only in the stage darkness and the stage moonlight would he play the lover so ardently, and even then he was by no means the most ardent lover that I have heard. For under all this great man's disguises, under all his wigs and rouge and powder, at the bottom of every passion he assumes, one always feels his own personality; a personality intense to fierceness and tinged with bitterness. At the bottom of his crucible there is a hard substance which all the flame of his great genius has never fused, a kind of final negation, a drought of the soul.

The battle scene in the fourth act is one of the most novel and stirring stage effects it has ever been my good fortune to witness. When Christian is brought in wounded and dying he is laid upon the ground and "Roxane" kneels beside him. The Gascon cadets charge over the earthworks, "Cyrano" at their head, and are driven back, tumbling back over the ramparts on the stage in the most realistic manner, and all the while that poor despairing woman lies there upon the body of her lover, the dead and dying falling about her, indifferent alike to victory or defeat, kissing the lips that will soon be cold. "Cyrano" is driven back with his men. The Spaniards appear on top of the ramparts crying, "What brave devils are there?" Then "Cyrano," wounded, and fallen upon one knee, still striking out with his sword, cries:

"These are the Cadets of Gascony,
Of Carbon de Castel-Jaloux!"

I never heard such a burst of vibrant power from a human throat. I suppose Garrick and Kean used to achieve supreme moments like that, but I have never heard such a tone before and I shall remember it as long as I remember anything.

Of the last act and the death scene I will say nothing. It has been written about so often. It is magnificent, but on the stage as in the world, to live well is harder than to die well.

And again this Richard Mansfield this restless and prolific genius, has made stagelands the richer by one great character the more. As "Biff" Hall said, "after all there are just three kinds of actors; there are good actors, and bad actors, and there is Richard Mansfield." What a great example do you offer to the frivolous young actors of our generation, Mr. Mansfield. You have realized that the traditions of stage prints have nothing whatever to do with life or the interpretation of it, that they are the accidents rather than the essentials of your art, and that a dramatic effect is worth nothing save in so far that it illuminates the soul behind it. You build your characters up from the very beginning of life. Incidentally,

you lay bare the primal causes, the inherent traits, the conditions of nature which lie at the roots of the man's life and account for his conduct in the play. You get down to the subconscious personality of the man, to the frame work of his being, analyze those delicate combinations which are nature's art problems wherewith she beguiles the long tedium of the centuries. You know something of the chemistry of the blood, of those wasting fevers not named in the literature of medicine, of those warring elements which, under a seeming unity of character, from the man's first sobbing breath continually rend him. You have stood, I think, like Omar in the Potter's house at eventide, surrounded by the Things of Clay, and you have learned something of the secrets of his craft; how for his diversion he combines his rarest clay with the mud of the streets; how a turn of the wheel may subvert the fine vessel to base uses and how a little care in finish may destine the basest earth for honor and high offices.

It is in this deeper knowledge of the products and bi-products of nature's combinations that you outstrip your playwrights, make your characters actual personalities, each with his own personal traits, mannerisms of speech methods of thought and peculiar habits of body, each as complete as a creation from the pages of Balzac. It is difficult to believe that the same blood flows in your Beau Brummel, and Rodion, that the same heart can feed two beings so different. Surely the same flesh cannot clothe the shrunken jowl of Chevalier and the youthful cheek of Don Juan. You seem to give to these beings different nerve fibre, different cellular structure. Each night you seem to wear the livery of a new master and to make your body the receptacle of a different soul. Each night your limbs seem moulded, your cheek seared, your eyes burned by the despotic usage of the particular passion you assume, as a house, long occupied, seems at last to conform to and even share the caprices of its tenant.

ABSENT MINDED.

It seems her husband had been out very late—celebrating—it was one of those holidays—and as he came home in the rosy flush of the morning he thought it would be a capital idea to take a bath on getting home.

First of all—and most important—it would contradict any wrong impression as to his condition, and his wife sometimes had wrong impressions when he had been out all night. We women are so suspicious!

But he went boldly to the bathroom and was soon splashing around as gayly as a canary. In fact he created such an unusual commotion that his wife woke up and went to see what was the matter.

Suddenly he saw her gazing through the door with a look so cold and contemptuous that it struck a chill to his very heart. But he made a dive for the soap and went on industriously with his ablutions.

"What are you doing there, Peter?" she asked him.

He made the effort of his life to seem debonaire and perfectly sober.

"Can't you see what I'm doing, my dear?" he answered, with another prodigious splash. "I'm taking a bath."

"Don't you think it would be a good idea for you to take off your underclothes?" she asked him, with a frozen inflection, as she passed out of sight.—Dramatic Mirror.

McCarty—Phwat makes you look so gloomy, O'Reilly?

O'Reilly—Flannagan 'at bet me foive dollars that he could dhrink a quart av whisky in wan day an' not shtagger; the loser 't pay f'r th' whisky.

McCarty—Sure, mon, yez hov a dead cinch! He can't take t'ree dhrinks without shtaggerin!

O'Reilly—Divil a bit av a cinch hov Oi! Th' shtalpeen's gone t' bed wid' th' bottle!—Puck.

MR. BUNSEN'S ILLUMINATIONS.

[LEONARD H. ROBBINS.]

If little Mr. Bunsen, jeweler and optician, had been gifted with second sight he might have done differently. He might have hung over his sidewalk a monstrous image of the human eye, a massive wooden watch or even a gigantic pair of spectacles. But the rapid civilization of the metropolis demanded something more startling in the way of advertising than such time-honored symbols of his craft, and that is why he suspended above the door of his shop a dazzling colored whirligig that at night flashed red and green and white far up and down Broadway.

The novelty was indeed striking. Over and over rolled the glowing chromatic disk, and folk who saw it paused for a second look and remembered the place afterward. Little Mr. Bunsen, who stood in his doorway on the night of his sign's initial appearance, listened to the comments of the passers-by and began to think seriously of enlarging his establishment.

Business increased during the next month to the extent that Mr. Bunsen was obliged to employ an additional clerk. Harry Hill, the tyro, was a bright, handsome young fellow, and he grew like a morning glory vine into the favor and confidence of his employer. Harry lived with his mother and sister in a cozy flat in Harlem, and thither he escorted Mr. Bunsen after work one hot evening in August.

Now, Mr. Bunsen was a retiring man of a singular and masculine persuasion that all women were to be studiously avoided; but he set aside his scruples on this occasion and accepted Harry's pressing invitation. They took tea in the little flower garden on the roof, and when Harry went down to help his sister with the dishes Mr. Bunsen suddenly discovered, with many inward wonderings, that his diffidence had vanished.

"There is the making of a fine man in that boy of yours," he said.

"Indeed, I know it," was the grateful reply of the gentle-voiced mother. "He will be the man his father was before him. Mr. Hill was killed when Harry was very young."

Mrs. Hill sighed, and Mr. Bunsen sat silent until the brother and sister returned. From the Boulevard below came the muffled sounds of moving life. Ferry boats roared to one another across the river, and the rumble of a train over the Jersey reached the ears of the little roof party. Up among the chimney tops a cool breeze blew, and all was so quiet and peaceful that Mr. Bunsen felt real regret at the thought of returning to his sultry bachelor's hall down town.

Having once broken his iron clad rule, Mr. Bunsen found it hard to resist a second invitation, and before Dame Nature in the Park had begun to paint her verdant countenance with the cosmetics of declining days he had come to be looked upon by the Hills as one of their most regular visitors.

"How long has your father been dead?" asked Mr. Bunsen of Harry one day in late autumn.

"Ten years, sir," replied the boy. During the remainder of that day Mr. Bunsen seemed preoccupied.

Captain Muller, of the New York detectives, was puzzled. "I can't understand it," he said. "Either the boy is guilty or my men are idiots. That's the fourth robbery reported from that corner within two days. This was not done by an ordinary pickpocket. The boy, you say . . ."

"He's an honest looking chap," interrupted an elderly man in evening dress. "He don't look like a thief, but the odd

part is that he can't tell a plausible story."

"He says?"

"He says that he started for my house with my wife's diamond brooch in his pocket. The jewels are heirlooms, and perhaps the most valuable stones in New York."

The Captain waited, politely silent. The elderly gentleman paced the floor nervously.

"We have trusted Bunsen for years," he continued. "I took the brooch there myself to have a setting secured, and Bunsen was to deliver it here in person. Mrs. Marshall intended to wear it at the Sturdevant reception tonight. She is in her room now, completely prostrated by the shock."

"The boy left the store with it?" said the Captain.

"Bunsen saw it safely in his pocket and watched him until he was outside the door. The boy says that he stood at the corner a minute, waiting for a car."

"Did he brush against anyone?"

"No, but he remembers passing a few words with a countryman on the corner and chaffing him about his wonderment at that revolving illumination in front of Bunsen's store. He says he spoke to no one else until he turned to look for a car and found himself in a dark alley two squares away from the corner."

"Impossible!" exclaimed the Captain. "The brooch, of course—"

"Was gone. The boy rushed back to the jeweler's and Bunsen sent for me. The boy seemed completely upset and Bunsen took him home in a cab. That's all I can tell you beyond giving you a description of the diamonds."

When Captain Muller returned to detective headquarters he issued a warrant for the arrest of Harry Hill and detailed four picked specials for duty on the block in which Mr. Bunsen's store was situated. Then he leaned back in his chair, put his feet upon his desk and reflected:—

"Harry Hill—Bob's boy—Bob Hill, that beat me out of my lieutenantcy, and married Nell! And now his son's a thief!"

A sudden determination seized him. "He's Nell's boy, too! By Jove! I'll serve the warrant myself!"

"A lady to see you, Captain," said a sergeant, appearing at the door. A red-faced woman entered and fell into a chair.

"Oh, sir, I'm that wroought up I can hardly walk," she began.

"What is your business with me?" asked the Captain.

"I've been robbed sir, robbed of every cent I had in the world," sobbed the woman.

"This is your complaint, Dick," said the Captain.

"I wanted you to hear it," said the sergeant.

Between bursts of grief the woman told her story. Early in the evening she had been standing on a Broadway corner waiting to cross. She dropped a parcel, a well dressed young woman picked it up for her, and for a moment the two conversed.

Then she remembered a thrill of fright and found herself in a narrow hallway a quarter of a mile away.

"You talked to no one but this young woman?" said the Captain.

"I'm sure I didn't," replied the woman. "She said a few words to me about that funny red and green sign near the corner; then I forgot what happened until I found myself in the hallway with my purse gone."

"Curious," muttered the Captain. "They all say so. Keep this from the reporters, Dick. I won't be back tonight."

A sorrowful group waited in the living room of the little Harlem flat. Mrs. Hill's eyes were red with weeping; but the first anguish had passed, and noth-