

NEW YORK CLIPPER

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WHO THE HEROES WERE.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

You never was scared in battle? Here, Old comrade, don't make a break like that. The man don't live who was free from fear. When the vicious bullets began to spit, And the canons belched from their iron throats, The deafening notes of the song of war— The frightful, terrible, thundering notes That caused the eternal earth to jar!

I've heard men say they were just as cool In the heat of battle as they would be In a quiet seat in a Sabbath School, But they couldn't find a believer in me. I never flinched, never shirked a call, But several times in the war swept South, If I'd been shot through the heart the ball Would have had to hit me square in the mouth.

It's the silliest sort of talk we hear— And hear from soldiers of solid worth— That they stood in the front and felt no fear. When the rumblings of battle convulsed the earth, I hold that our bravest men were those Who felt alarm at the cannon's roar, Yet never rearward pointed their toes, But stood like men till the battle was o'er.

CAPT. JACK CRAWFORD, "THE FORT SCOUT."

JIM AND JOHN.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.
BY CHARLES H. DAY.

I had met Jim off and on for years, on the road and in the big cities. He was cut out for a song and dance man, possessed of a small, graceful figure, and as tiny a pair of feet as ever belonged to any belle. On my arrival at San Francisco I was much pleased to meet so old an acquaintance and so genial a companion.

Poor Jim! He had two subjects which he was not pleased to have allude to—his health and his age. Each day it was his wont to boast that he felt better than yesterday, but the deadly encores had done its work, and consumption had marked him for its victim.

In rehearsing the triumphs of his career, and relating the humorous experiences of a wandering minstrel, he carried his listeners back so many years that it was hard to believe that Jim was only thirty-five.

Thirty-five was Jim's permanent age, and he was left to the enjoyment of his whim. It was at San Francisco he had met his girl bride, a pupil, and, while he taught her the intricate steps of the dance, she taught him lessons of love. The wedding journey combined business and pleasure, and the marriage bells rang merrily through the bridal tour and honeymoon.

The "new team," as they were called in the vaudeville theatres, were an artistic and financial success; but when the bleak Winter came it was too much for Jim's weak lungs, and, by the advice of a physician, he returned with his wife to San Francisco.

On meeting Jim at the city of the Golden Gate, I made no reference to his health, for I well knew that he was touchy on the subject. He volunteered: "I am laying off just now, but shall play some dates later on. The wife is working, but I had rather that she would not. I've got a little cough, but the doctor says my lungs are all right."

The cough was dreadful, and Jim also was but a weak shadow of his former self. I maintained a discreet silence, and thought that perhaps the physician had committed a pardonable prevarication. Jim was a companionable fellow, and when my day's labors were over at the office of *The Masque and Lyre*, we sought each other's company, and made the rounds of the theatres and the resorts of professionals.

One night Jim came to me bricker than usual and glibber of tongue. He was going to open at the Fountain, a variety theatre, and he seemed delighted at the prospect of winning a week's salary; but he laughed at the ridiculous small figure, and commented on it in comparison with the generous sum which he received years before at the old Bella Union.

Why, all the professionals in San Francisco met them on their arrival at Oakland, and they were escorted across the bay to the music of a brass band!

What a night that opening was—an ovation greater than words—and how the wine flowed in the delighted manager's box!

Jim managed to fill his week at the Fountain. I have often wondered since how he managed to do it, invalid as he was, but his will power was great. If he realized that it was the last time that he was to put on cork, he made no remark about it.

The sick man was not content with idleness, and chafed constantly at his forced leisure. When the week's salary which he had earned was spent, he positively refused to accept a cent from his wife, who was never missing at a performance.

Jim fretted so much that it was necessary to deceive him, and he told me no news when he met me at the usual trying place, at the corner of Bush and Kearney Streets. He said:

"Pard, I'm made! I've been appointed a street inspector, at two dollars a day!"

I was in the secret. I congratulated him, and we shook hands on his good fortune. Jim's duties were light. He was to look at Market and Kearney Streets, from the Baldwin Hotel to the Bella Union Theatre, every day, and report if there was anything out of order. There was never anything out of order, and Jim never had any report to make.

"It's a sinecure," said Jim. "It's as easy a job as a pavement inspector had in New York, when I was playing with Tony Pastor. He lived in Connecticut, and used to come to the city once a month, to sign the pay roll."

Sunday was a great day with the pair of us, and it was regularly on the bills that I should dine with "The Inspector"—that was what all the boys called him.

It was in the midst of a heated local and national political campaign, but there was no room for political discussion, for Jim, his wife and I were all of one mind. So the dinner never got cold during an explosion of private opinion.

Perhaps Jim's wife was a little inconsistent on one point. She had worked a motto—a worsted motto; most women do. This one did not read: "God Bless Our Home" or "Give Us This Day Our Daily Bread," but one "more in keeping with the climate," so Jim said. It read:

"THE CHINESE MUST GO!" That appeared to be the shibboleth of all parties in California, more especially the one that held open air meetings at the street corners, and scourged the heathen Mongolian verbally.

While the motto of Jim's wife, on the wall said one thing, the shrewd little lady, like many a blatant politician, postponed the departure of the yellow fellow by giving him the family wash.

As Spring approached, the sick man did not gain in strength, as he had promised himself that he would. The dying man made one last rally, came out in the sunshine and the balmy air, but it was no use—the will was there, but the strength was gone.

One Sunday night I was at Jim's bedside. John the Chinaman came as usual for the washing. The sick man smiled at the fellow, and addressed him as of yore—as Mr. Wun Lung.

"How's Jim?" asked John.

"A little better," was the reply. John knew better than that. I read it in his face, and, when Jim's face was turned, he shook his head mournfully. The Chinaman bustled himself by placing a bouquet he had brought on the table be-

lieve. It was some moments before he arose and stole quietly away.

The moral lesson read:

JIM.

TRAPPING CHICKENS.

Islip, L. I., can boast of at least one remarkable dog, which is owned by Alden S. Swan. According to Mr. Swan, this is the story which makes Berkeley one of the most intelligent animals ever trained for birds:

"Yes," said Mr. Swan, as he sat upon the broad veranda of his Islip cottage, "I know it is hard on the old dog to keep him chained in the stable, but it

ON THE SQUARE.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.
BY LEONA FONTAINE BLAU.

Yes, Jim, I intend to go starting, And I'm going to hit 'em real hard; My piece is a cuckoo—I wrote it myself— And it's christened "A Handful of Lard."

You couldn't buy me for a million; She's a winner, and make no mistake; I swallow a hose, wear steen suits of clothes, The public know I ain't no cake.

Play New York? Well, I should say we don't; This place is too easy to please; But they'll miss the treat of their life When they don't hear my topical sneeze.

You know I was always a bright boy, And my backers have plenty of tin; Oh! wait till we've started! Just give me a chance, And you bet that we'll scoop 'em in.

Say, lend me a quarter, Jim, will you? My small change is getting quite low, Lithos and paste cost money, my boy, As only we stars can know!

WILLIAM DAVIDGE.

William Davidge is the son of the late William Davidge, the eminent comedian whose fame extended to both continents. The subject of our sketch was born at Manchester, Eng., and came to this country with his parents. He was placed by his father with the late Dr. Stratton, a well known dentist of Brooklyn, to learn that profession, but it did not prove a congenial one, and he began to look for an opportunity to cultivate the histrionic abilities he had inherited from his father. He made his debut on the professional stage Aug. 24, 1844, at Newark, N. J., as Koska in "Mazeppa," doubling Kosham, Kadak and Zomba in the same play. He was afterwards a member of the Park Theatre, Brooklyn, and of the Holman Opera Co., sharing the comedy parts with W. H. Crane. He was a member of the company at the Grand Opera House, this city, under the management of the late James Flax Jr., and made his first appearance there as Trinculo in "The Tempest." He was next engaged by Laura Keane, at the Fourteenth Street Theatre, and the Summer following he, in conjunction with W. H. Crane and Charles H. Drew (then of the Albee Gates Co.), organized a dramatic and operatic troupe for a tour of Canada, opening at Toronto. While in that city he married Maggie Harold, who was then a member of the Holman Opera Troupe. Soon after he joined the forces of Col. Wood's Museum, Philadelphia, displaying great versatility both in character and comedy business, and at Christmas playing most successfully the clown in the pantomime. He afterwards became lessee and manager of that theatre, and during the Centennial, in conjunction with McKee Rankin, A. R. Van Horn and J. H. Meade, he produced "The Two Orphans," which had an uninterrupted run of 100 consecutive performances, and scored the first hundred night run in the City of Brotherly Love. Mr. Davidge's impersonation of Pierre, the cripple, received unqualified praise from the press and public. The following season, for the opening attraction, he secured Dion Boucicault's "Marriage," and it was produced simultaneously at the Museum, Philadelphia, and Wallack's, New York. Mr. Davidge next joined Kate Claxton's Co. as comedian and stage manager. After that season he played the comedy part in the long run of "Enchantment" at Niblo's Garden, and was a member of Aug. Daly's "Arabian Night" Co., appearing as the cannon ball tinner, Hercules Brown. The year following his father's death, Mr. Davidge did not act, but managed J. C. Roach in "Dan Darcy," for J. M. Hill. During his career, Mr. Davidge has made many notable successes. He is the original Solomon Isaacs in "Queen's Evidence" in this country, and the original Geoffrey Gordon in "The Great Divorce Case," which was produced at Philadelphia some time previous to its run at the Union Square Theatre, with Charles Wyndham as the brilliant barrister. Mr. Davidge's performance of Bishoppriggs, the old Scotchman, in "Man and Wife," was pronounced an excellent piece of character acting, as were his Dr. Massette in "The Tale of Two Cities," his Lotty in "Aurora Floyd," Mock Duke in "The Honeymoon," Catermole in "The Private Secretary," Bob Brierly, Toodles, Laurence Gobbo, Touchstone, Fool in "King Lear" and many others. Mr. Davidge has not closed for this season, but is still with his family at his residence at Atlantic City, N. J., where they have passed the Summer.

L'INDIFFERENT—WATTEAU.

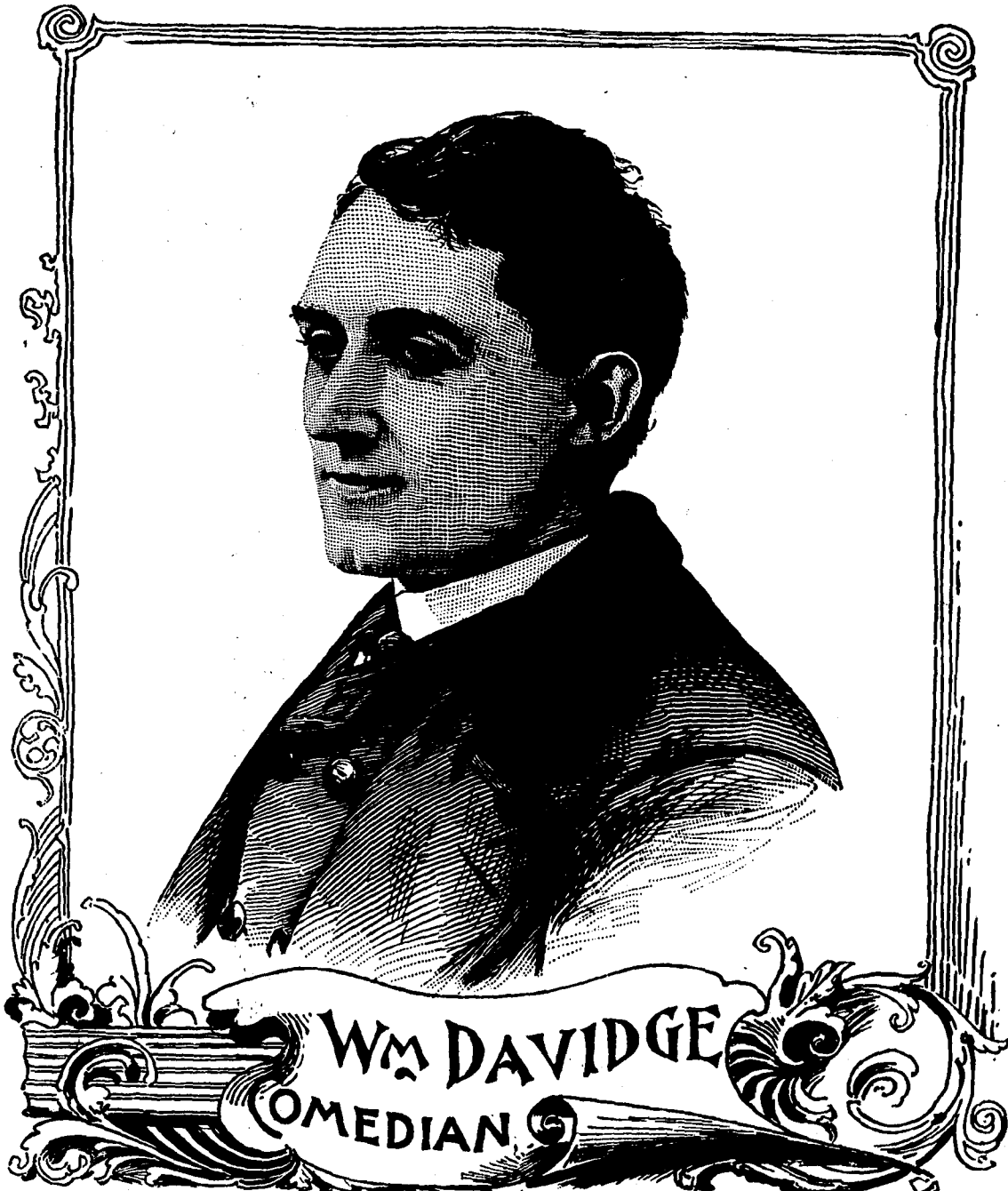
He dances on a toe As light as Mercury's; Sweet herald, give my message! No . . . He dances on; the world is his, The sunshine and his wingy hat— His eyes are round Beneath the brim. To merely dance where he is found Is fate to him, And he was born for that.

He dances in a cloak Of vermilion and of blue; Gay youngster, underneath the oak, Come, laugh and love! In vain we woo . . . He is a human butterfly; No soul, no kim, No glance or joy! Though old enough for manhood's bliss, He is a boy, Who dances and must die.

MICHAEL FIELD.

OF THE SKOWHEGAN FAITHFUL.

RUSTICATOR.—When I was discussing Science and Revelation with the Rev. Mr. Small today, he got excited and informed me he was descended from a race of New England clergymen who had always stood out against the arrogant claims of science. Were any of his people noted divines? OLD RUSTICATOR.—His grandfather was. He blew out the gas.



As John came on Sunday nights for the laundry, I had several times listened to his pigeon English and cute bartering with the lady of the house as to the price of his labors.

This Chinaman was called John, as most of his race are, and his name really was Sing Flat or Sing Lean; either or neither, Jim called him Wun Lung, in memory of a character in an old variety act, and to the wife he was known as Washee Washee.

One Sunday John Sing Something, Wun Lung or Washee Washee came late for the washing, and apologized by saying:

"Big late, Sumpay School heap long!"

John was learning about the Melican Joss and the English language—especially the language—and Jim and I joked the Mongolian about the pretty Sunday School teachers. But John's heart was far away in Canton, and he confessed as much to his inquisitors.

As the rainy season continued, Jim's health failed perceptibly; but, little by little, he said: "The weather is a little against me now, but I will be all right in the Spring."

Jim's detention in the house was a new source of anxiety. How was the Inspector to know the condition of Market and Kearney Streets? That was easily arranged. A friend with a political pull said that he would see Boss Buckley, and it would be all right, and it was. It was not necessary to see the boss. The twelve dollars a week came from the same source—"the boys"—and Jim was never the wiser.

One day I met John the Heathen on the way to perform a very Christian act. He had a big bouquet of California flowers, and he was carrying them "to Jim."

"Who sent them?" I asked.

"Gief sent 'em," he said. "Poor Jim. John likee Jim!"

All Winter long John carried flowers to Jim, and he said to me one day:

"Jim go to heben pretty quick!"

Jim was not long for this world, it was true.

side the bed. After John had received his washing and departed, Jim's wife made a discovery.

In the middle of the table lay a ten dollar gold piece.

"How did it come there?" was the question that we all asked.

No one saw it before the arrival of John. It was but a second thought, and I was down stairs in pursuit of the yellow fellow. I caught up with him, and explained about the finding of the gold piece.

The rascal only grinned in my face and peered so cute out of his little eyes, then looked as solemn as only a Celestial can, and said:

"Money no mine. Melican angel drop it there!"

The heathen! He dumfounded me.

"It's noble of you," I exclaimed, "but it is more than you can afford. Then again Jim is not in need of any assistance. His wants are well provided for."

The argument was of no avail. John moved on down the street. Again I overhauled him. This time he spoke very much in earnest:

"Jim no live long. Die soon. Wife no got much. Me plenty."

I could say no more. As I turned back the heathen, the despised Mongolian said:

"Caste bread on watee, returnee some day."

Jim died!

Hundreds of friends gathered around the bier and shed tears in his memory; theatrical tributes were many and elaborate; the locals of the daily press spoke nice words in his memory and recounted his professional triumphs.

A great number followed the remains to their last resting place, and far in the rear of the carriages was a lone Chinaman—John. He entered the cemetery, but remained aside and alone until all were gone and the grave diggers had completed their work. When the last shovelful of earth was placed there, the yellow fellow approached and deposited his tribute.

It was a careful, beautiful and costly; three letters in flowers . . . (it) arranged by one of the city's first florists. As John knelt the tears coursed down his

can't be helped, for if he were let loose he would kill every chicken on the place. Berkeley was one of the best dogs in the Robinson Island Gun Club, and has carried off prizes galore. He's old now, but he's a good one. The only trouble with him is he thinks a chicken is game every time. One day he got loose and killed eighty-two before he was discovered. There are quite a lot of chickens around my place. One day I entered my stable at the door opposite to the one at which Berkeley was chained. He did not hear me, for he was busy with his own schemes, so I just stood and watched him. My coachman on the same day brought in some bags of feed, and quite a quantity of corn dropped on the stable floor near the dog. The grains were just out of reach of his head, but he seemed at once to realize what unused powers lay in his tail. You wouldn't believe, but the animal must have known by intuition or observation that chickens like corn, for he just backed himself up toward it, and began wagging his tail at the grains, thus sweeping most of it within the reach of his chain. Then he quietly lay down to await developments. In a few moments they came in the shape of a young rooster, the dude of the yard. The dog was then apparently all indifference. A benevolent light gleamed from his half closed eyes, and he looked the picture of innocent repose. The rooster was doubtful, but he kept coming closer to that corn, and finally, after making two or three sideway jumps, managed to seize a grain. Berkeley never budged. Another grain was seized by the bold bird, but at the third a streak of brown lightning struck him square in the neck, and for an instant Berkeley was happy. "Hi, you rascal!" I shouted. Did that dog drop the rooster? Not by a long shot. He just turned around to me, and apparently beaming with joy, stretched forward as far as his chain would permit, and held the rooster out for me to take. He hadn't even nipped it, so quickly had his mind worked, and I released the bird unharmed.

HIGH TIME—The Top of the Morning.

[illegible]

...d Jennings and O'Brien. At the New State Opera
house: Hattie Myers, Harry Emerson, Kittle, Vine,
Hester, Hume, Rose and Marretta, Trixie Bohman, Mal-

rt, Glenn and Stanley, the Zoyarras,
O'Brien.....At the New State Opera
ra, Harry Emerson, Kittle, Vine,
and Marretta, Trixie Bohman, Mat-

Sept. 13, The house

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rt. Glenn and Stanley, the Zoyarras, O'Brien..... At the New State Opera ara, Harry Emerson, Kittle, Vine, and Marretta, Trixie Behman, Mat-

[illegible]

sweepstakes of \$75 each, with \$1,250 added, of which \$250 to second and \$100 to third, selling allowances, less than six furlongs—J. H. Batchelor's

Figure 1 illustrates the experimental setup. A subject is seated at a table, looking at a video screen. A camera is positioned above the screen. A horizontal bar is placed between the subject and the screen. The screen displays a target area. The subject is instructed to move the bar to the target area. The diagram is labeled with 'Subject', 'Video Screen', 'Camera', 'Bar', and 'Target Area'.

One mile bicycle trial by W. Windie, Berkeley A. Club.—Windie, paced by Campbell, Lumsden, Mc Zimmerman, rode the mile in 2m. 25 1/2s. This is the fastest mile on any style of wheel.

Half mile trial: by W. Windie, Berkeley Athletic Club.—Zimmerman rode in 1m. 5 1/2s. or 1/2s. his best previous record.

One mile tarmac trial: by W. F. Murphy and Land Smith, New York Athletic Club.—This team rode 2m. 27s. The best previous record was 2m. 32s. Florida Lake, Fla.

One mile trial.—A. Lumsden, of Chicago, on a bike and F. J. Merlo, of Boston, on a safety. Started together and finished neck and neck in 2m. 32s. Merlo's time was a record for a solid tyre safety, the previous record being 2m. 35s.

The cracks were to have made additional efforts to the better of the saythe bearer on the Day Tan U. went to press.

RICHARD HOWELL, the professional champion of England, says a cablegram, has been held for the purpose of considering a felonious assault in the city kept by him at Leicester, Eng.

Thomas Pettit, the champion heavyweight of the world, announced his determination not to fight for the title of champion for the time he remains in the United States.

It will be a pity to continue to see him in the

JOB PRINTER
New York Clipper Building,

1997, 1998, 1999, 2000, 2001, 2002, 2003, 2004, 2005, 2006, 2007, 2008, 2009, 2010, 2011, 2012, 2013, 2014, 2015, 2016, 2017, 2018, 2019, 2020, 2021, 2022, 2023, 2024, 2025, 2026, 2027, 2028, 2029, 2030, 2031, 2032, 2033, 2034, 2035, 2036, 2037, 2038, 2039, 2040, 2041, 2042, 2043, 2044, 2045, 2046, 2047, 2048, 2049, 2050, 2051, 2052, 2053, 2054, 2055, 2056, 2057, 2058, 2059, 2060, 2061, 2062, 2063, 2064, 2065, 2066, 2067, 2068, 2069, 2070, 2071, 2072, 2073, 2074, 2075, 2076, 2077, 2078, 2079, 2080, 2081, 2082, 2083, 2084, 2085, 2086, 2087, 2088, 2089, 2090, 2091, 2092, 2093, 2094, 2095, 2096, 2097, 2098, 2099, 2100, 2101, 2102, 2103, 2104, 2105, 2106, 2107, 2108, 2109, 2110, 2111, 2112, 2113, 2114, 2115, 2116, 2117, 2118, 2119, 2120, 2121, 2122, 2123, 2124, 2125, 2126, 2127, 2128, 2129, 2130, 2131, 2132, 2133, 2134, 2135, 2136, 2137, 2138, 2139, 2140, 2141, 2142, 2143, 2144, 2145, 2146, 2147, 2148, 2149, 2150, 2151, 2152, 2153, 2154, 2155, 2156, 2157, 2158, 2159, 2160, 2161, 2162, 2163, 2164, 2165, 2166, 2167, 2168, 2169, 2170, 2171, 2172, 2173, 2174, 2175, 2176, 2177, 2178, 2179, 2180, 2181, 2182, 2183, 2184, 2185, 2186, 2187, 2188, 2189, 2190, 2191, 2192, 2193, 2194, 2195, 2196, 2197, 2198, 2199, 2200, 2201, 2202, 2203, 2204, 2205, 2206, 2207, 2208, 2209, 2210, 2211, 2212, 2213, 2214, 2215, 2216, 2217, 2218, 2219, 2220, 2221, 2222, 2223, 2224, 2225, 2226, 2227, 2228, 2229, 2230, 2231, 2232, 2233, 2234, 2235, 2236, 2237, 2238, 2239, 2240, 2241, 2242, 2243, 2244, 2245, 2246, 2247, 2248, 2249, 2250, 2251, 2252, 2253, 2254, 2255, 2256, 2257, 2258, 2259, 2260, 2261, 2262, 2263, 2264, 2265, 2266, 2267, 2268, 2269, 2270, 2271, 2272, 2273, 2274, 2275, 2276, 2277, 2278, 2279, 2280, 2281, 2282, 2283, 2284, 2285, 2286, 2287, 2288, 2289, 2290, 2291, 2292, 2293, 2294, 2295, 2296, 2297, 2298, 2299, 2300, 2301, 2302, 2303, 2304, 2305, 2306, 2307, 2308, 2309, 2310, 2311, 2312, 2313, 2314, 2315, 2316, 2317, 2318, 2319, 2320, 2321, 2322, 2323, 2324, 2325, 2326, 2327, 2328, 2329, 2330, 2331, 2332, 2333, 2334, 2335, 2336, 2337, 2338, 2339, 2340, 2341, 2342, 2343, 2344, 2345, 2346, 2347, 2348, 2349, 2350, 2351, 2352, 2353, 2354, 2355, 2356, 2357, 2358, 2359, 2360, 2361, 2362, 2363, 2364, 2365, 2366, 2367, 2368, 2369, 2370, 2371, 2372, 2373, 2374, 2375, 2376, 2377, 2378, 2379, 2380, 2381, 2382, 2383, 2384, 2385, 2386, 2387, 2388, 2389, 2390, 2391, 2392, 2393, 2394, 2395, 2396, 2397, 2398, 2399, 2400, 2401, 2402, 2403, 2404, 2405, 2406, 2407, 2408, 2409, 2410, 2411, 2412, 2413, 2414, 2415, 2416, 2417, 2418, 2419, 2420, 2421, 2422, 2423, 2424, 2425, 2426, 2427, 2428, 2429, 2430, 2431, 2432, 2433, 2434, 2435, 2436, 2437, 2438, 2439, 2440, 2441, 2442, 2443, 2444, 2445, 2446, 2447, 2448, 2449, 2450, 2451, 2452, 2453, 2454, 2455, 2456, 2457, 2458, 2459, 2460, 2461, 2462, 2463, 2464, 2465, 2466, 2467, 2468, 2469, 2470, 2471, 2472, 2473, 2474, 2475, 2476, 2477, 2478, 2479, 2480, 2481, 2482, 2483, 2484, 2485, 2486, 2487, 2488, 2489, 2490, 2491, 2492, 2493, 2494, 2495, 2496, 2497, 2498, 2499, 2500, 2501, 2502, 2503, 2504, 2505, 2506, 2507, 2508, 2509, 2510, 2511, 2512, 2513, 2514, 2515, 2516, 2517, 2518, 2519, 2520, 2521, 2522, 2523, 2524, 2525, 2526, 2527, 2528, 2529, 2530, 2531, 2532, 2533, 2534, 2535, 2536, 2537, 2538, 2539, 2540, 2541, 2542, 2543, 2544, 2545, 2546, 2547, 2548, 2549, 2550, 2551, 2552, 2553, 2554, 2555, 2556, 2557, 2558, 2559, 2560, 2561, 2562, 2563, 2564, 2565, 2566, 2567, 2568, 2569, 2570, 2571, 2572, 2573, 2574, 2575, 2576, 2577, 2578, 2579, 2580, 2581, 2582, 2583, 2584, 2585, 2586, 2587, 2588, 2589, 2590, 2591, 2592, 2593, 2594, 2595, 2596, 2597, 2598, 2599, 2600, 2601, 2602, 2603, 2604, 2605, 2606, 2607, 2608, 2609, 2610, 2611, 2612, 2613, 2614, 2615, 2616, 2617, 2618, 2619, 2620, 2621, 2622, 2623, 2624, 2625, 2626, 2627, 2628, 2629, 2630, 2631, 2632, 2633, 2634, 2635, 2636, 2637, 2638, 2639, 2640, 2641, 2642, 2643, 2644, 2645, 2646, 2647, 2648, 2649, 2650, 2651, 2652, 2653, 2654, 2655, 2656, 2657, 2658, 2659, 2660, 2661, 2662, 2663, 2664, 2665, 2666, 2667, 2668, 2669, 2670, 2671, 2672, 2673, 2674, 2675, 2676, 2677, 2678, 26

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 Would be pleased to hear from managers of first class opera houses having open time (week stands) through the states of ILLINOIS, IOWA, INDIANA, OHIO (NEW YORK STATE MANAGERS, WRITE).
 To whom it may concern: Dr. Herbert L. Flint is now doing a wonderfully heavy business at his house. Open large, the number of auditors have increased at each performance, and the week is ending with 8,000 out at 8:30 P. M. daily. The ladies and children join the males in their shouts of approval, while our professors, doctors and newspaper men join the multitude in pronouncing Dr. Flint a wonder and a marvel.
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 I WANT A SET OF SLEIGH BELLS AND A GOOD COMEDIAN THAT CAN DO A NEAT NIGGER ACT AND CLOG. No amateur need answer.
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MISS ADA GRAY IN "EAST LYNNE."
 HER FIRST APPEARANCE IN NEW YORK IN THREE YEARS.
 "THE STREETS OF NEW YORK." This house has been thoroughly renovated, redecorated and stocked with new and new scenery, and will be run as a first class Combination House. Prices 15 cents to \$1.00.
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 So says MR. KARL HAYDN (the popular tenor and musical director of the Celebrated Hi Henry's Minstrels), of the beautiful song,
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 A FEW MORE GOOD MUSICIANS TO DOUBLE IN STRING. Must be sober and reliable. Long season to good people. Wire or write, Bridgeport, Ct. Sept. 18 South Norwalk 19, New Rochelle 21, Jersey City, N. J., 22

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 Write at once to **DONALD G. MEYER,**
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 Authorized Booking Agents for the only circuit on the Coast.

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THE AMERICAN QUARTET
 Are singing it this week with "A Texas Steer." It's at two other theatres in this city. Besides Cushman's Lullaby, you all remember his "Don't You Hear Dem Bells?" It is suitable for any one. Lullaby No. 1, price 10c. **WILLIAM H. HASTEN,**
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First Class Artists Wanted.
 Think twice before you book, as we shall make an example of those who cancel without due notice.
 Six Evening Performances and Saturday Matinee.
 FINE LADY AUDIENCES.

PEOPLE'S THEATRE,
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 Open till October 19-26,
 AND THANKSGIVING WEEK.
 First class attractions only. Address
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 All Good Attractions Wanted.
FIRST CLASS HOUSE IN EVERY RESPECT.
 On Circuit of Ten Good Show Towns. Full particulars of terms given. Address **MANAGER ZOO,** as above.

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 Owing to the postponement of the opening of the stock season at Winnipeg, Manitoba, for which we were engaged,
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 First or Second Base Quartet or Trio, and Single Singing Specialty. Reliable managers only. CAN JOIN AT ONCE. Address **FRANK BEAL,** Quinnesec, Mich.

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 To do Middle Business with
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 Also good Specialty People, sober, reliable people; long engagements and sure salaries. Route: Chattanooga, Tenn. Sept. 18 Knoxville 19, Bristol 21, Johnson City 22, Roanoke, Va., 23.
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Open Dates at Opera House, Petrolia, Pa.
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WANTED, GIRLS TO PLAY BASEBALL.
 WANTED—Every girl in the United States that has any experience in Playing Ball, between the ages of 15 and 20, of good face and figure, to send her address with photo or 2 cent tin type to
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Salary \$5 to \$15 per week. Uniform furnished and 4 expenses paid round, summer and winter, to travel. One to five years' engagement to desirable and experienced players. I have cleared more money within the last two months than any baseball manager in America, bar none. I want 10 more girls immediately and 50 for next season. State age, weight and all particulars.

THE RECORD BREAKER.
THE LONDON GAITY GIRLS

Opened a week's engagement at **STANDARD THEATRE** (old Shakspearian Hall), Syracuse, N. Y., Monday, Sept. 15, to the Largest House Ever Within its Walls. Turned away enough to fill the house again. Nothing like it ever known in Syracuse. **MANAGER GEORGE H. WRIGHT** will vouch for the authenticity of our statement. **DID THE BANNER WEEK IN TROY** last week, with the Howard Athenaeum Star Specialty Co. as opposition. **WE ARE THE PEOPLE.** We possess the three greatest rudiments: A GREAT TITLE, Grand Printing and the Laughing Show.

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 QUANT YANKEE COMEDY DRAMA,
"OLD JONATHAN COBURG,"
 I AM ABOUT TO PRODUCE IT WITH A STRONG CAST AND SPECIAL SCENERY. **WILL CARRY A FIRST CLASS BAND AND ORCHESTRA.**
WANTED, ACTORS AND MUSICIANS.
 One year's engagement to good people. State lowest salary. We pay expenses. No fares advanced. **F. T. ROBERTS, Proprietor.** **GEO. ROBERTS, Manager, Central Hotel, Easton, Pa.**
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THE POPULAR FAMILY THEATRE.
PRICES, 10, 20, 30 and 50cts. CAPACITY, \$3,100.
 REGULAR SEASON OPENED SEPT. 8 WITH
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 To \$2,109.80 Gross with Bad Weather.
 The above is correct, and we've booked a return date. **LATT & DANIELS, Managers "Eagle's Nest" Co.**
OPEN TIME FOR GOOD COMBINATIONS.
 Address **J. J. COLEMAN, Business Manager.**

GAITY THEATRE,
TROY, N. Y.,
JAMES HEARNE Sole Proprietor and Manager
 Opened Sept. 8 to capacity of new house, with hundreds turned away. Done Troy, with Howard Athenaeum, Grand Opera Company and Roland Reed as opposition, but they were not in it. Farming managers of First Class Vaudeville and Burlesque Combinations will find it to their interests to book at the GAITY, as we now have the Seating Capacity, with unrivaled stage facilities.
 WANTED, FIRST CLASS COMBINATIONS OF SPECIALTY ARTISTS, for SEPT. 29 and later dates. **WANTED, BURLESQUE, DOUBLE BASS AND TUBA, IN HAND; CLARINET, IN ORCHESTRA, AND ALTO, IN BAND.** Must be well up in Variety Business. Address **JAMES HEARNE, Proprietor, or JOHN J. DWYER, Business Manager.**

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 Producing in the most complete manner an entirely new and brilliant repertory of FARCE COMEDIES, "Dolly," "Lord Billy," "In Purgatory," "Where for the Blues," "The Bridal Party," "The Nival Attraction," "A Matter of Life or Death," interpreted by a company of recognized comedians. Introducing Minstrels, Quartette, Skirt Dancers, Musical Specialties and Elegant Wardrobe. It is our aim to establish an organization outshining anything in the shape of repertory companies ever placed before the public. Managers in New York and New England States, send open time at once to **BURT KLUNK, 116 Lexington Avenue, N. Y.**
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 First Class Leader of Orchestra to double E or B Cornet, Second Violin to double E or B Cornet. Orchestra in white face. Fifth season opens Sept. 22. We pay usual expenses. Wire your very lowest salary per week. Must join quick for rehearsal. Address **FRANK T. MERRITT, 19 Orchard Street, Detroit, Mich.**

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