

SUMMER AMUSEMENTS.

"Paris by Night" a New Roof Attraction—Other Productions.

The deadly dull summer season has settled down upon the city, and the greater number of theatres are closed. With the exception of "The Yankee Consul," "Piff Puff Puff" and "The Dictator," which promise to run far into the summer, the more pretentious type of entertainment is not to be found.

"Paris by Night," which opened on the Madison Square roof last night, met with such a favorable welcome that it is fair to assume it will continue to be a popular attraction for some time to come.

Since the arrival of Frank C. Bostock, "the animal king," from his Paris hippodrome, his animal arena at Coney Island has been much changed to cater for the new acts he has brought from France.

There is much that is new in the bill that has been arranged for the current week at Keith's. The reunited Smith and Campbell vaudeville team, after a separation of two years, will be the chief feature on the programme.

The bill at Hammerstein's Paradise Roof Gardens includes the following: The Mysterious Face, a quaint and ingenious invention, which has become one of the favorite acts on the roof.

Engaged by Weber & Ziegfeld for Weber's Music Hall. The first American appearance here, and whose uncyclie feat make them a feature of the bill.

Tony Pastor offers for this week an unusually strong bill, composed of the following favorites: Edward M. Favor and Edith Sinclair, in their latest offering, "Casar's Agent"; Mr. and Mrs. Allison, in "Minnie from Minnesota"; Frey and Fields, in "The Wrong Man"; Hayes and Wynne, the dancing couple; Harry Thomson, presenting "Uncle Tom's Cabin"; Bert Baker, singer and monologist; the Gignoux, jugglers and equilibrist; Sisters De Witt, singing and dancing specialty; Elwood Francis, singing and dancing specialty; Elwood and Magie Benton, character change artists; Miss Gordon, character change artist; the American Vitaphone, up-to-date events presented in lifelike motion.

For this week there will be made a change of programme for the vaudeville stage and for the circus rings. Helene Gerard, high school rider, will remain, however, and the new acts will introduce a number of vaudeville and circus performers.

The feature of the New-York Roof for the present week will be the first presentation in this country of "Carmen," in pantomime, with Rosario Guerrero, for whom the pantomime version was made by Charles Wilson, stage manager of the Alhambra, London, as the heroine, and Alexandre Volbert, the original Don Jose of the London and Paris presentations.

Shannon's Military Band continues to give concerts at the Manhattan Beach Theatre. "A Chinese Honeymoon" will be offered for the amusement of the beach patrons.

Peter F. Dalley, Fay Templeton and a chorus of eight, is drawing large audiences to the New-Amsterdam Aerial Theatre and Gardens.

The leading attraction at Proctor's Twenty-third Street Theatre, beginning July 4, will be Krona's military scenic spectacle, "Our Boys in Blue," a Zouave drill, and in addition to this feature, which has hitherto been considered sufficient, the drill is made part of a pantomime, in which numerous electrical and mechanical effects are introduced.

"My Friend from India," one of the modern farces, will be the dramatic offering at the Fifth Avenue Theatre this week. It will be interpreted by the members of the permanent stock company, and will include Maudie Williams.

At Proctor's One-hundred-and-twenty-fifth Street Theatre, as a special holiday week attraction, is offered "The Magic Kettle." The dramatic attraction will be E. E. Rose's story of Southern American life, "Lighting Bob," in which S. Miller Kent will appear.

ATLANTIC CITY DAYS. Prepared for Holiday Entertainment—Bathing Popular.

Atlantic City, July 2 (Special).—The unparalleled patronage of the resort during the winter and spring months is fast approaching a climax in a record breaking summer season.

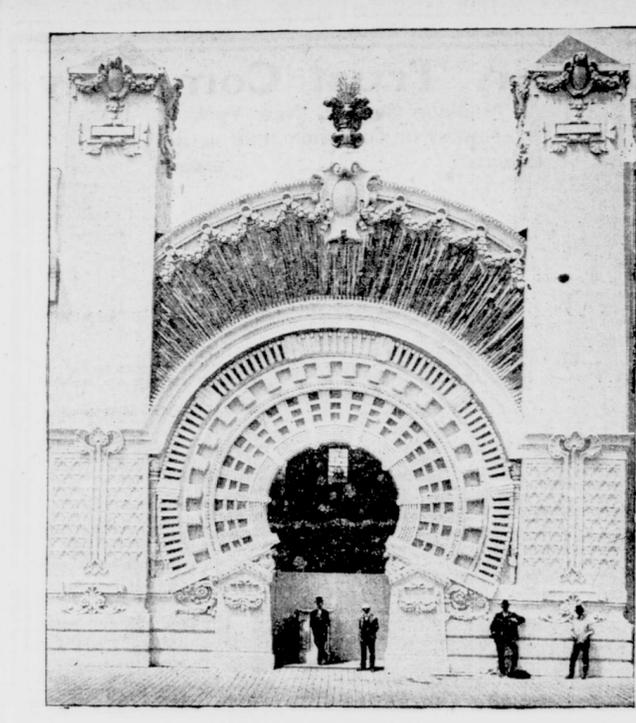
Although the authorities are taking steps to suppress the fireworks end of the celebration on Monday, there will be much in the way of providing entertainment for the multitudes. The yacht club, of which there are half a dozen on the island, will combine in a series of aquatic sports, consisting of many races, a marine pageant and open house on all the clubhouses.

Although the sporting events and social diversions will appeal to many visitors on the Fourth, the greatest attraction, after all, is the surf, which will be patronized by tens of thousands. The delightful weather of the past week has had the effect of bringing bathing to the front as the sport par excellence and the number in the surf every morning has grown from hundreds to thousands.

The splendid illuminations that made the recent season so attractive, will be continued throughout the summer along Atlantic-ave. and will be extended to Missouri-ave., beyond the Reading station, and to the Reading station, which will be the illumination of the Memorial Arch and the Court of Honor alone, and the festoons of lights extending to the distance of four or five blocks.

Great Atlantic—Mr. and Mrs. L. N. Jones, Mr. and Mrs. J. N. Jones, C. W. Turner, Mr. and Mrs. H. C. W. Gavit, Miss Fanny Hoak, E. Witsendahl, Miss Edna Luby, Mrs. Edith Luby, Clarence Cullen, John E. Fisher, Miss John Allen, Charles E. Thompson, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Scriber, Miss Marcella Scriber, Frederick Gehring, E. Bitchenauer, Mr. and Mrs. John W. Williams, M. E. G. Jones, Mr. Dixon, D. W. B. Baerman, Joseph F. Doms, J. E. Norman, Mr. and Mrs. Lyman N. Jones, Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Jones, Mr. and Mrs. W. M. Nacy, and Mrs. John J. Flanagan, Mr. and Mrs. C. J. Behan, D. H. Hoffner and G. L. Strong.

Beginning to-morrow and continuing throughout the week at the Manhattan Beach Theatre, "A Chinese Honeymoon" will be offered for the amusement of the beach patrons.



THE ELECTRICITY BUILDING AT DREAMLAND.

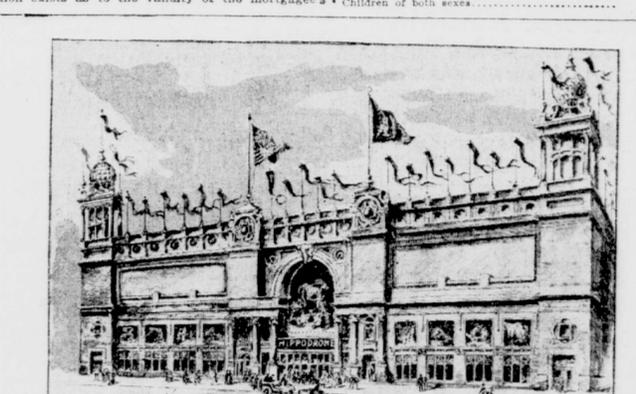
and Mrs. Charles Kaiser, Mrs. Caroline Hoffman, George Wiederhold, Antonette C. Fischer and W. E. Graham.

WATCH HILL COTTAGERS. This Rhode Island Watering Place Fully Awake.

Watch Hill, R. I., July 2 (Special).—Now that the steamers and trolley cars have begun their regular trips Watch Hill may be said to be fully awake. A few bathers have already encountered the surf, and the swimming master has arrived for the summer.

The steam yacht Alert, recently purchased by William D. Hoxie, of Brooklyn, comes each week with guests for over Sunday, going up the river to Mr. Hoxie's summer home. This yacht when purchased was named Reba. It was built in Greenport, N. Y., in 1899, her home port being New-York.

The Rhode Island Yacht Club, when the annual cruise is made the latter part of July, will have a ball at the Ocean House. The visiting fleet will enjoy a variety of sports and pastimes in the afternoon of their stay here, and in the evening will witness the display of fireworks sent out in their honor.



THOMPSON & DUNDY'S PROPOSED HIPPODROME.

A hippodrome for New-York is assured by the deal just closed between Thompson & Dundy, owners of Luna Park, at Coney Island, and the United States Realty and Construction Company, whereby the amusement men have secured a sixty year lease of two tract of ground on the east side of Sixth-ave., between Forty-third and Forty-fourth sts., until recently the site of the Sixth-ave. car-stables.

BIRDS OF MANY TRICKS.

Raven an Arrant Thief, but He Sticks to One Wife.

"The augurs and necromancers of old are said to have distinguished sixty-five intonations of the raven's voice, a wide field for augural science or chicanery; but there are quite enough varieties—his croak, his bark, his grunt, his chuckle—to attract the ear and call for close attention," says R. Bosworth Smith in "The Nineteenth Century."

"There is no bird whose movements are so varied and so graceful, especially when the nest is preparing and the cares of motherhood have not yet begun. They will toy with one another in mid-air, and tumble down a fathom or two, as if shot, when the wind is high, the 'tempest loving' ravens shoot high up in the air like a rocket or a towering partridge to an immense height, and then, by closing their wings, drop, in a series of rapid jerks or plunges, which they can check at pleasure, down to the ground. The male bird, while his mate is sitting, keeps anxious watch over her, and croaks savagely when any one approaches.

A greater part of the summer colony of cottagers is here, and the social season began on Saturday, July 2, when the wedding of Miss Whitney, daughter of Eli Whitney, president of the New-Haven Water Company, to Dr. Leonard C. Sanford, took place at their cottage.

Some of the cottagers here now are E. S. Bradford, of Springfield, Mass., at East Dunes; George N. Durick and family, at Belvidere; Miss Burman and Miss Cens, of Baltimore, at Louisiana Cottage; J. S. Burnett, of Cincinnati, at Beach Meadows; Mrs. A. M. Byers, of Pittsburg, at

Wickup; Mrs. Josiah H. Clark of Worcester, at Stone Path; L. W. Dalvell, of Pittsburg, at Interchange; Mrs. J. Smith, at Overlook; H. B. Platt, of New-York, at the Hunt cottage; J. W. Collins, of Hartford, at Collins cottage; Mrs. C. B. Cottrell, of Westbury, at the Archer; Freeman Cudworth, of Pawtucket, at Ocean Mount; the Rev. S. H. Davis, of New-York, at Log Cabin; W. Howard Doane, of Cincinnati, at Echo Lodge; Amos T. Enos, of Englewood, at Edge Cove; Lewis, of Plainfield, N. J., at Langworthy-on-the-Cove; Dr. F. R. Lewis, of Westbury, at Sunset View; Daniel L. Lyon, of Cincinnati, at Edge Cove; the Misses McAllister, of Philadelphia, at Craigie Brae; E. B. Morris, of Philadelphia, at Cedarhurst; Mrs. G. R. Parsons, of Providence, at Sunnyside; Dudley Phelps, of New-York, at Meadowood; Mrs. G. W. Russell, of Hartford, at Thessalia; Mrs. J. B. Skinner, of Cincinnati, at Edgewater; Mrs. J. Stanton, of New-York, at the Tepee; the Rev. E. S. Sully, of New-York, at Kenneth Ridge; Royal C. Taft, of Providence, at Sunnyside; Thomas H. Thacher, of New-York, Longshore; and Mrs. J. Stark Wayne, of New-York, at Wayne Cottage.

AMORA AND HER POLAR BEARS AT BOSTOCK'S, CONEY ISLAND.

"ashes of silence," by the hour together. His voice is so human that it has often been mistaken for a man's. Anecdotes about him abound. Here is a sample or two of them:

"One raven, kept near the guardhouse at Chatham, managed to get once to 'turn out' the black dog, who thought they were summoned by the sentinel on duty. Another, the favorite of a regiment of which I used to hear much when I was young, would walk demurely on to the parade ground, take his place by the side of the commanding officer and, in defiance of military discipline, repeat, with appropriate intonations, each word of command. When that famous hostler was in the old time, a brewer's yard in more recent times, formed an excellent 'school for scandal' for a pet raven, who would not only learn to imitate all the sounds made by all the animals or birds which frequented the spot, but would pick up 'stable language' or bawling language, with a somewhat objectionable facility.

Another, kept in a yard in which a big basket sprang trap was sometimes set, watched narrowly the process from his favorite corner, and managed, when the trap fell, to lift it up, hoping to get at the sparrows within. They, of course, escaped before he could drop the trap. But, taught by experience, he opened communications with another tame raven in an adjoining yard, and the next time the trap fell, while one of them lifted it up, the other pounced upon the quarry. Wild ravens have, in like manner, been observed, upon occasion, to hunt their prey in company.

"The strange story of yet another raven I owe, in outline, to John Digby of the Middle Temple, who got it from his friend, the owner, and saw much of what it relates. A female raven, known at that time to be sixty years old, and who had passed much of her early and middle life with a strange companion, a blind porcupine, was given, in the year 1854, by H. G. Gurney, the well-known ornithologist, to the rector of Bluntham, in Huntingdonshire. She seemed so disconsolate at the loss of her surroundings that her new owner, falling to get another raven, managed to secure a seagull as her companion. A warm friendship soon sprang up between the birds. They followed one another about everywhere, and the raven used often to treat her companion to pieces of putrid meat which she had buried, for her own consumption, in the shrubberies. These were delicacies in the eyes of the raven, and they were not so good for the gull. In course of time, whether from indigestion or not, the gull fell ill and the raven became more assiduous than ever in her attentions, never leaving him and plying him with her most nauseous tit-bits. The gull grew worse, as was, perhaps, natural under the treatment, and less companionable; and, one day, when he positively refused to touch a morsel, she was unmorseled than usual which the raven had denied to herself, and, doubtless, thought to be a panacea, the raven, in a fit of fury at the ingratitude of her patient, fell upon her friend, killed it, tore it to pieces, and burying half of it for future consumption, devoured the rest.

"Of course, a tame raven is an arrant thief, and if you let him loose you may expect to pay for your amusement. Anything bright, especially attracts him. A butler who had lost soap after soap, and had thrown the blame upon every one but the real offender, at last saw Ralph with the proverbial 'silver spoon in his mouth,' watched him sneak off to the hole which served him for a savings bank, and missed the deposit in the eye of the raven, but they were not so good for the gull. In course of time, whether from indigestion or not, the gull fell ill and the raven became more assiduous than ever in her attentions, never leaving him and plying him with her most nauseous tit-bits. The gull grew worse, as was, perhaps, natural under the treatment, and less companionable; and, one day, when he positively refused to touch a morsel, she was unmorseled than usual which the raven had denied to herself, and, doubtless, thought to be a panacea, the raven, in a fit of fury at the ingratitude of her patient, fell upon her friend, killed it, tore it to pieces, and burying half of it for future consumption, devoured the rest.

the adjoining village of Stafford; and no small boy, home for the holidays, for the first time, from school, could give a greater imp of mischief than he. He led the pigeons, the ducks and the hens of the stable yard a sad life; but he never let a wide berth, except when they were busy fighting, and then he would attack them in safety and with perfect impartiality, from the rear. When a favorite cat was walking demurely and daintily across the yard, Jacob, with a few quiet sidelong hops, would come up behind, his head just on one side, as always when he was frisking mischief, give her a sharp nip in the tail, and cease his delight at the sharp he had created by a loud croak, and would have scolded everywhere of sticks, bones, or white rags, thimbles, and even halfpence, some of which he never discovered till after his death, and then, chided by his namesake and successor and residuary legatee. If you ever noticed him putting on a particularly nonchalant air, you might be quite sure he had particularly anxious to stow away unobserved.

"He was the friend of every one in the village, but the marplot of all being one in the do, it did he met the gardener bedding out with a special care, any particular plant, he would select it for his especial attention as soon as the gardener's back was turned. Did he see a laborer in the allotment 'setting' a row of his beans, as soon as he was done, he would follow in his footsteps, dig up one by one, into a hole, or a ditch, or a well dressed man, something perhaps of a dandy, drop a new lilac kid glove, the raven would be off with it in a moment, dodge all his pursuers, and the moment the pursuit slackened, would begin to work, each time a thing of shreds and tatters. He would follow me about for a mile or so, and if he happened to meet a dog, there was a great show of excitement and fury on both sides; but each had too much regard for his own safety to come to close quarters. It was a case of cave corvum quite as much as of cave canem.

"Most villages in Dorset—as far, I suppose, the case in other counties—have at least one happy or unhappy imbecile living among them—who—such is the kindness of the people—is almost always the village poet rather than the village butt. The raven soon detected the weakness of the Stafford imbecile, and would demonstrate around him and make vigorous attacks on his legs whenever he passed through the yard. He showed himself inquisitive and contempt for intellectual weakness which kept him for a term or two in the gardens of Trinity College, Oxford. The son of the gardener, who helped his father in the more mechanical part of his work, happened not to be strong in his mind. The raven instantly recognized the difference between them, and while he never molested the father in his work, he never left the son alone in his. Sometimes he would fly up to my window while I was giving a lecture. It may be on some Greek play, to my pupils, and would interpolate remarks which, if they were a sore interruption to the lecture, seemed often quite as much to the point as some of the remarks of the Chorus, through which we were painfully laboring.

"He was quite unobtrusive to rain or frost or snow. When the snow was deep on the ground, he would play in it or roll over in it like a dog.



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He chose for his roosting place the ridge of a thatched wall in a very exposed place in the allotments, and stuck to it through all weathers. He was usually come to a sad or premature end. Water-tom's pet raven, Marco, perished from a blow of one of his best friends, an angry coachman, on whom, in a moment of play or of excitement, he had inflicted a sharp nip. So sharp and strong is a raven's beak that he can hardly ever touch the hand without bringing blood and cutting rather deep. Dickens's pet raven, Grip, developed an 'unfortunate taste for white paint and putty,' and died of the slow poison, as is narrated in Dickens's own preface to "Barnaby Rudge," and at greater length in his "Life," by Forster. My pet raven, Jacob, met with the most ignominious and unworthy fate of all. He either walked or slipped into a barrel of liquid pigs' wash, and was found by me therein. An open verdict of 'found drowned' was all that could be said about him.

"Another pet raven from Millicut Clump could not be allowed such unfettered liberty at Dorset as he might have had in his native air of Harrow. It was kept in a large aviary, where, if his opportunities for mischief were less, his progress in language was greater. His own name, Jacob, and that of the gardener, Holloway, he would repeat in a half dozen different tones. 'Come on,' he would say, now in a commanding, now in a hectoring, now in a persuasive tone, and now again in the most confidential of whispers. This last was a great effort. He would bend his body right down to the perch on which he stood, open his wings, and exert force in his body would stand erect, and would move in sympathy with it. But his pleasure was in proportion to his pain. He loved, as a clever parrot does, to call forth a peal of laughter, and though he could not laugh himself—it was almost the only human achievement that he did not attempt—his eye showed that he knew all about it. 'How's that?' 'Out,' was a question and answer which he picked up for himself from a cricket yard at some little distance.

"A bad cough, which I had, he managed to imitate so well that people who passed down the adjoining lane thought it inconsiderate of me to expose a gardener who had such a hacking cough to all weathers in my garden. He was a capital 'catch.' Blackberries thrown to him—as boys throw a ball to one another when practising themselves at 'catch'—he would manage to intercept, whether thrown high or low, quickly or slowly, from the central perch, by a dexterous movement of his neck and beak, without ever shifting his position, and hardly ever missing one, even on its rebound when thrown against the opposite wall of the cage. Morsels of food given to him he would pack, one after the other, into the expansive skin of his lower mandible, till it was puffed out like a pouch; and he then would look at you with a queer and knowing expression—'they-all-gone-to' sort of expression. When he had given you time, guest he would gravely reproduce them, one after the other, and proceed to hide them in various parts of his cage, patting them down under sand or stones or rubbish of any kind, and then again would disinter them as quickly as children do a doll which they have buried in their play, with a genuine 'Bury my love' look.

"The key of his cage door, if it were left open by chance, he would whip out in a moment, and was always ready to give you a good lesson in the art of pecking the trouble he gave you in looking for it. He pecked a small hole into the next compartment of his aviary, and was kept some time on a hole, sometimes a kestrel hawk, and it was his supreme delight to flick away a bit of food which he had been told to keep from the bird, and sometimes he would lean near it. One day the kestrel himself, in a moment of forgetfulness, came too near the hole. The raven, caught him by the leg, and it was soon all over with him.

THE "BULL'S-EYE."

Why is the target's bull's-eye so called? This is a question which has long puzzled many a student who has gained a higher status than that with which the target and have been promoted from the slung dictionary to the library of words of respectable and current use.