SUMMER SHOWS OF ALL KINDS

"ROLLICKING GIRL" TO RESUME ITS RUN TO-MORROW.

Novelties at the Wistaria—Robert T. Haines at Proctor's—Change of Bill at the Manhattan Beach Theater—Shriners to Go to Dreamland.

"The Rollicking Girl" will return to the Herald Square Theater to-morrow night after its brief vacation with a cast lacking none of the popular favorites and still headed by Sam Bernard and Hattie Williams with Joe Coyne and Aimée Angeles as the chief of the other funmakers. The century performance will be celebrated on Aug. 7 with souvenirs.

At the Lyric "Fantana" for a while last week was the only survivor of the shows which started out to brave the summer weather. The Smith-Hubbell opera is nearing its 300th performance and there is talk now of continuing its run until November.

The Wistaria Grove on the New York roof will have two novelties this week. They are the Three Zoelners, a troupe of aerial acrobats, and Ferry Corwey, the musical clown. New features for the Sunday night concert are Maximilian Pilzer, the young violinist, and the Alexander Bevan-Alice Desmond Operatic Trio. "When We Are Forty-one," with Elsie Janis, Harry Bulger, Edith Blair, Nella Webb and others, is as popular as ever.

The bill at the New Amsterdam Aerial Theater and Gardens, "Lifting the Lid" and "The Whole Damm Family," with the comic cinematograph automobile chase, continues. To-morrow night Fay Templeton, Stella Mayhew, Virginia Earl, Louis Harrison, Julius Tannen and D. L. Don will introduce new features.

In the bill at Keith's this week are Charles Guyer and Nellie O'Neill, for two years with "Babes in Toyland," presenting their new acrobatic comedy entitled "Watch the Finish"; John W. World and Mandell Kingston, the singing and dancing comedy duo; Emil Hoch, Jane Elton and company in their comedy success, "Mlle. Ricci"; the three Navaros, the Avon Comedy Four, Yamamote Brothers, Japanese gymnasts; and Ben Welch, the Hebrew impersonator.

The headliner at Hammerstein's Paradise Roof Gardens for the ensuing week is Col. Gaston Bordeverry, who recently appeared at the Hippodrome. Pewitt, the Mysterious Face, the roof garden novelty of last summer, will return again; The Four Bard Brothers will be seen in a sensational acrobatic act and the Three Ronay Sisters, the clown musicians, will also appear.

Mrs. Genevieve G. Haines's Spanish play, "Once Upon a Time," will be seen at Proctor's Fifth Avenue this week, with Robert T. Haines in the chief part and the members of the stock company supporting him.

"Jim the Westerner," written by Edward E. Rose, will be produced for the first time in New York city to-morrow at Proctor's 125th Street Theater. The rôle of *James Errol* will be played by G. Alanson Lessey and Beatrice Morgan will be seen as *Mary Lawton*.

At Proctor's Fifty-eighth Street Theatre Sydney R. Toler's romantic drama, "The Belle of Richmond," will be the offering. James Durkin and Grace Reals will have the chief parts.

A bill headed by Miss Helen Bertram, the singer, is the attraction at the Twenty-third Street Theater. As the extra feature Mr. Proctor has secured Sherman and De Forrest, who will offer their travesty "The Fall of Poor Arthur." There will also appear on this bill Miss Blanche Sloan and James Walthour and company in a racing act.

Tony Pastor offers for next week a bill headed by Herbert Lloyd, the tramp juggler, assisted by Miss Lillian Lilyan. An added attraction is Arthur and Mildred Boylan and company, who will present the one act playlet "Jack and Jill." Others are Stine and Evans, Gilday and Fox, Ali and Peiser and Mr. and Mrs. Chamberlin, who will show some marvelous tricks with the lasso.

The Eden Musée offers a cool place of refuge for these warm days. New things are constantly added to the wax works and the concert.

The nightly concerts by Conterno's regimental band are drawing crowds to Terrace Garden, in East Fifty-eighth street. The special Sunday night concert, which is a big feature, is given by a band of forty men.

Huber's Casino offers a strong vaudeville bill, including moving pictures of the Russian-Japanese war. Extra attractions are also announced for the Sunday night concerts.

SHOWS BY THE SEASIDE.

New Things in the Vaudeville Bill at Manhattan Beach.

Henry Lee, whose specialty is presenting likenesses of great men, is the headliner at Percy Williams's Manhattan Beach Theater this week. Others in the bill are the Zancigs, who have a thought transmission act; Toto, the automatic musician; the Matzetti Troupe, acrobats; Moore and Littlefield and Reno and Richards. Emma Carus will appear at to-day's concerts.

Pain's "Port Arthur" at Manhattan is about the best of the many fireworks shows the beach has seen. The Ladies' Catholic Benevolent Association of Kings county will have a special night on Wednesday.

Miss Janet Wayner, one of the Boer women in the Boer War spectacle at Brighton Beach, will reproduce Gen. DeWet's flight from the British on a plunging horse. The animal which will carry Miss Wayner leaps from a platform on a level with the blockhouse, which is captured by the British during the battle of Paardeburg, into a stream of water twenty feet below. A spectacle picturing the life history of John Paul Jones will be specially produced in the arena of the Boer War spectacle at Brighton Beach on the day of the arrival of the fleet with the body from France. The production, in the form of a music drama arranged by Silas G. Pratt, will include 1,000 singers.

The warm weather of last week drove thousands to Coney Island, and Luna Park profited. The attendance so far this year has exceeded that of 1904. The management announces a number of new acts for the open air circus.

Dreamland will entertain the Nobles of the Mystic Shrine on Wednesday. All of Dreamland's attractions will be visited by the Shriners and their friends, and the concessionaires are preparing special programs.

Capt. Jack Bonavita, the one armed lion trainer, has returned to his work in the Bostock wild animal arena at Coney Island. It is announced that he had a narrow escape as a result of the laceration of his remaining hand by the lion Emperor a week ago. It was just about a year ago that Baltimore made his assault on Bonavita.

The electric "scenograph" of the Johnstown Flood at Coney Island is an admirable representation of the catastrophe and is attracting crowds.

Austen's spectacle of "New York to the North Pole" has also caught the fancy of the visitors to Coney Island. Interest in Peary's trip may have helped to swell the attendance.

Several hundred Masons will attend the performances at the Galveston Flood, Coney Island, next Wednesday. Special decorations, music and souvenirs will be provided.

WHERE THEY FISH WITH PITCHFORKS

In Kansas, of Course—But There Are Other Ways of Getting Them in the Middle West.

KANSAS CITY, Mo., July 22.—"Going up in the mountains fishing?" I asked the insurance man who was telling fish stories in the Pullman smoking room.

"Not much—better sport right here at home. I have just been up by Nebraska City in an old river bottom of the Missouri and had more fun than I could have in a mountain stream in a month. I go there every summer for a few days. The river cut off a few hundred acres and left a mill out on dry land. The old bed fills with water every spring, holding enough the year round to keep the cat and bass alive."

"All fish out of the Missouri taste muddy," came from a railway man opposite.

"Not much," defended the insurance agent. "The Missouri is simply colored from the clay banks of Montana and it does not affect the taste of the fish in the least."

"I go up in Minnesota for the best of my fishing," put in another, "There is where you get the 'muskies; and it is fun, too. Every year I and my partner take our wives and go up to the headwaters of the Mississippi river—Lake Itasca and the little lakes around there. We leave the women folks at a little settlement and we take our traps and go inland to another lake where is the 'bull-pen.'"

"Up in the stockyards districts?" inquired the railroad man.

"No, it is an old Indian's invention. He has built a log house perfectly round with an opening in the center of the roof. A big fire is kindled on the floor under this hole and there are ten beds around the wall, every man with his head to the outside and his feet to the fire. There are Indians and whites mixed up in the bunch, but we all sleep hearty I tell you."

"Fish in the lakes, I suppose?"

"Lots of them. The finest fishing in the West anywhere—I doubt if the mountains could beat it."

The railroad man, who had been listening closely, turned to the speaker. "Oh, I don't know," he drawled. "Did you ever fish in a Missouri creek?"

The crowd laughed. The railroad man was indignant.

"That is no joke. Let me tell you what I do once a year. My partner and I hire a boat and a boatman and ship them up to the head of one of the creeks or little rivers that flow down the foothills of the Ozarks in southern Missouri. Clear, bright little streams with rocks and pools and long islands—no white man crosses them once a week, and mighty few others. The fish don't know what it is to be hunted."

"Seine 'em?" inquired the insurance man, quietly.

"Not much. We get some provisions together and start downstream. The water runs about eight miles an hour and it would be too hard work to row against the current—that is why we ship upstream. The boatman has nothing to do except keep the craft headed right and help lift over an occasional fall. The fish go upstream about three miles an hour.

"As the boat goes downstream, we whip the water for smallmouth bass. They have been undisturbed so long that they will bite at anything. It is exciting, for the boat makes all sorts of sharp turns and the skill it takes to stand and handle a pole is something not often required."

"They fish with pitchforks out in Kansas," put in the conductor, who had been listening. "One day last summer we were sidetracked alongside the Kaw and I went out on the bank of an old river bed that had been dry so long it had been planted to corn. The crop was six feet high and the water had backed in from the river until it was three feet deep over the whole field. A farmer came driving through the field, the horses splashing the water over themselves and him.

"Suddenly he stopped and reached over the side of the wagon box with a pitchfork, as if diving after a lost pumpkin. But it was a fish he was after. He got it—a fifteen pound cat—and he brought it squirming and wiggling to the surface, hoisting it into the wagon. The next lunge brought up a twenty pounder, and the third was bigger still, and he had hard work to land it. That old cornfield was fairly alive with catfish and carp, come in from the river."

"Did he get them all?" asked the insurance man.

"Not that way. He took a wagon load to town and then stretched a barbed wire fence across the opening that led to the river and held the others in. They fed on the corn and kept fat. Every day he went in and speared another load. The crop lasted most of the summer and he made enough out of the fish to buy an automobile and an imported bull pup."

The conductor did not wait for comments. With the last words he called out, "Kansas City, Union Station. All change!"

THE ICE WAGON.

Why It Is Built With Its Body Down by the Head Explained to an Inquirer.

"Why are ice wagons made with the body pitching forward instead of backward, as most wagons are made?" repeated the iceman. "It's to keep the ice from sliding out, of course. Ice is slippery, as maybe you've discovered. If you made an ice wagon like other wagons, with the body hung on the springs so that it was higher at the front end than at the back, the ice wouldn't stay in.

"They look like a ship down by the head; but that's the only way to build them."

His Right to the Weed.

Said the beetle to the hopper,
"Does your father know you smoke?"
Said the hopper to the beetle,
"Do you mean that as a joke?
Before I smoked, I chewed, sir,
Nicotin is my delight;
My family 'spits tobacco'
By hereditary right."

CHORUS GIRLS' VACATIONS?

DON'T HAVE ANY, EXPLAINS THE WARDROBE WOMAN.

This Is Their Busiest Time of Year, and in June When Work Is Over They Don't Dare Leave Town for Fear of Not Getting An Engagement for the Fall.

A woman who "dotes" on musical comedy was wondering the other day where the chorus girls spend their vacations. "Do they make a beeline for the seashore when the show season is over or do the mountains appeal to them more?" she mused.

When this question was repeated to a mistress of the robes—of theatrical robes—who was hard at work in the upper story of a big theater building, she answered: "That's an easy one. Chorus girls don't have any trouble choosing between mountains and seashore for the very good reason that they go to neither. Chorus girls don't have a vacation.

"There are exceptions, maybe, but they only prove this rule, that the rank and file of chorus girls never dream, as do most other young women who work for a living, of packing up and starting off to this, that or the other resort every summer for a two, three or four weeks vacation. Saleswomen, typewriters, milliners, dressmakers, all have vacations, but not the chorus girl.

"Yes, I know this doesn't agree with the popular idea of her life. The reason? Well, here it is: From an outsider's point of view chorus girls might easily take a vacation in June without anybody objecting at all; and so they might but for one thing. Chorus girls don't dare leave New York in June for fear of losing a chance to nail an engagement for the fall season, which begins anywhere from the middle of August to Sept. 1.

"Most of the shows on tour in the spring, as well as the New York productions, close up in May, which means that the girls are discharged then and for the time being are out of a job.

"Take a vacation then? Of course they could. No one would stop them. But they don't dare to. Instead of leaving New York they all flock here and present themselves promptly and persistently to the different managers, for if a chorus girl isn't engaged in the early summer her chances for a steady winter engagement are slim and she knows it.

"After an application is made it may be a good many days before managers decide, and then it is almost time to begin rehearsals, which last anywhere from four to eight weeks and mean that the chorus must get together every weekday and practise from 10 to 12 and from 1 to 4.

"The hardest work of the whole year is done by the chorus girls in July and August, and what is more they don't get a cent for doing it. Their pay doesn't begin till the production is actually put on the boards and the box office is opened to the public.

"Another phase of the case some people fail to consider is this: The average chorus girl can't afford a vacation. Most of them, in fact, find it hard to pull through the summer without running in debt. It all depends on how much of their winter salary they save. Chorus girls get fairly good pay—about $18 or more a week—and the provident ones lay by a little in the busy season to help steer them safely through the dull season. Others are careless and spend as they go, depending a good deal on the chance of getting a summer engagement.

"I ought to explain perhaps that improvidence is not the only reason why so many chorus girls can't afford a vacation. There is another which the general public is not wise to. Nine out of every ten I have known were trying to contribute to somebody's support."

NOTABLE TEA TOPERS.

Men Who Drank the Stimulating Brew to Excess—Consequences of Habit.

From the London Globe.

The most hardened tea drinker may admit that tea drinking can be, and often is, overdone, and yet the best known tea topers do not appear to have suffered in consequence of their excessive indulgence in the cheering cup.

De Quincey was a notable tea toper. In his picture of a winter evening in his cottage among the Cumberland hills he mentions the tea equipage on a table beside the fire, and behind the table a fair tea maker, whose duty it was to fill an almost endless procession of cups. De Quincey declares that he drank tea from 8 o clock at night to 4 in the morning, and claims the infusion as "the favorite beverage of the intellectual."

Another tea toper was Hazlitt, the essayist, who was not only very fond of the beverage, but seems to have drunk it of extraordinary strength. We are told on excellent authority that he used two ounces for his breakfast and two for his tea, with cream; and that for this tea—the finest Soochong—he paid at first fourteen shillings and afterward twelve shillings per pound. Perhaps this extravaganct and excessive consumption of tea may account for some of the essayist's quarrelsomeness.

Cowper, as we all know, appreciated to the full the charm of the fragrant leaf, but there is hardly sufficient evidence to show that he was guilty of undue indulgence. The most famous tea toper was, of course, Dr. Johnson, whose feats with the cup which Mrs. Thrale filled so assiduously are too well known to need enlarging upon. His record appears to have been twenty-five cups, which he drank at a sitting, but in mitigation of judgment it should be remembered that in all probability the cups were much smaller than the teacups in use at the present time. Still, Johnson told Miss Reynolds in playful verse:

Thou canst not make the tea so fast
As I can gulp it down.

And he described himself as a "hardened and shameless tea drinker, who has for many years diluted his meals with only the infusion of this fascinating plant; whose kettle has scarcely time to cool; who with tea amuses the evening, with tea solaces the midnight and with tea welcomes the morning." It is an amazing confession, but we are bound to remember that this intemperate tea bibber lived to the age of 75.

Johnson's record was equaled by Bishop Gilbert Burnet, the author of the well known "History of My Own Times," who is reported to have disposed of twenty-five cups in a morning. Another man of letters of a very different type, Nathaniel Hawthorne, who might have equaled the doctor, curbed his tea drinking propensities early. When he was a very young man Hawthorne was in the habit of visiting at a house where the hostess made excellent tea, and one evening when the visitor's cup was passed to be refilled she said: "Now, Mr. Hawthorne, I am going to play Mrs. Thrale to your Johnson. I know you are a slave to my tea." The young man made no reply, but he had no inclination to play the rôle assigned to him, and for five years from that night Hawthorne did not taste a cup of tea—a protest which seems as excessive in its way as the inclination which his hostess had attributed to him.

There have been other heroes of the teapot not a few. Hartley Coleridge may fairly claim a place among the tea topers. Some one is said to have asked him once how many cups he usually drank and to have received the scornful reply: "Cups! I don't count by cups. I count by pots!" Then there have been others whom it would be hardly fair to rank as tea topers, but who have shown marked devotion to the teapot. In recent days Mr. Gladstone and Dean Stanley would appear in this class, but indeed any list of enthusiastic lovers in recent times of what Waller called the "best of herbs" would be of most inordinate length.

SCARED THE HANDBOOK MAN.

Crowd That Thought They'd Won Gloated Over His Sufferings.

"I reckon no one loves a handbook man," said the occasional player, "but the meanest trick I ever saw handed to one was at Boston not long ago. There was a steeplechase here at the Bay, and after the overnight entries had been sent out some one added a horse called Knight of Harlem.

"I was in Boston at the time, and when I went downstairs for breakfast at my hotel a friend tore up to me and whispered:

"'Got a sure thing from Sheepshead today. It's Knight of Harlem, in the steeplechase; added starter, and my friend wires to plunge the limit.'

"'I don't want any of the jumpers,' said I. 'And never will I play a horse except at the track, where I can see him, know the jockey and watch the betting. I don't throw my money away blindly.'

"That Knight of Harlem tip soon spread all over Boston. By 12 o'clock every hotel waiter knew it and was trying to whisper it to you. The bellboys coughed knowingly and tried to pass it along. The barkeep told me he had a sure thing, and I threw Knight of Harlem at him. The street car conductors handed it to patrons with transfers. In spite of myself I caught the contagion, and about the time for the first race I drifted around to a barroom, where the handbook man in Boston can always be found.

"The jumping race was the second event on the card, and just before the first race was called a big fat man pushed his way through the crowd and tried to hand the handbook man a roll of bills on Knight of Harlem.

"'I don't want no Knight of Harlem,' said the handbook man, nervously. 'Leastways, not that much. What is there in the roll?'

"'Only five hundred,' said the fat sport. 'Take it and give me just half the closing odds. Great Heavens, I came over here from New York to play Knight of Harlem, thinking I could get my money down without trouble. And now I've only found one handbook man in town who will take so much as a hundred. Boston is a fine town, I guess not.'

"Well, the handbook man finally agreed to take a hundred, but said he would have to pay off at only half the closing odds, and his limit, anyhow, was 10 to 1.

"You ought to have seen the money roll in on Knight of Harlem. That poor handbook man was simply deluged. He couldn't refuse the dollar bets of his regular clients for fear he'd lose their patronage for good. So he took in about $150 in small wagers, from 50 cents up to $5, and I guess every waiter, cook, clerk, bellboy and loafer around the hotel got down his little bit on Knight of Harlem.

"I joined the general throng with a five dollar bill just to see the fun, though I didn't expect the mutt would win. Just to get in on things Hap Ward, the comedian, who had sent in a ten dollar wager, hired one of the bellboys to go around to the telegraph office and get the result of the race. He fixed it with the boy so that when he returned he was to hand the real result of the race, on a slip of paper, to Ward, but at the same time was to announce loudly:

"'Knight of Harlem wins, at 35 to 1, by seven lengths.'

"As the time for the race came near the handbook man began to get very nervous. There were thirty or forty people loafing around the lobby and the bar, all of whom had played Knight of Harlem, and they were going to watch that handbook man until the result came in.

"Two or three times he went to the washroom, but half a dozen men were inclined to wash up a bit at the same time. There was some drinking, to pass the time away, but every one kept watching the handbook man and he knew something would happen to him if he tried to welch.

"Pretty soon the bellboy came running in, and before he got through the hotel lobby, he shouted, loud enough for everyone to hear:

"'Knight of Harlem wins, by seven lengths, 35 to 1.'

"Say, the shout was like a Comanche yell. The fat sport commenced to buy wine, and he bought for every one in the room. His check was nearly $80. Even the chambermaids who had played 50 cents or clubbed together to place a dollar on the hot tip ventured down into the lobby to see what the commotion was all about. When they heard the racket they commenced to quarrel among themselves over the division of the profits.

"And the handbook man? If ever you saw a pitiable exhibition of humanity it was he. You have seen the cartoons of the common people crushed under the octopus. Well, that is a faint description of the wo in that man's face.

"'You know my limit is only 10 to 1,' he kept repeating. 'And you must all allow me time to make a settlement. Anyhow, you must wait for the official published prices.'

"'We'll wait, all right,' said the fat sport. 'I won't mind sitting up all night with you for my thousand.' And he turned to order more wine.

"Meanwhile Ward was sitting calmly by, with a folded piece of paper in his hand. So keen was his enjoyment of the scene before him that he didn't open that paper.

"I waited, expecting every moment to see him get up and announce the mistake. Instead he called the bellboy and gave him a five dollar bill.

"'You'd better make yourself scarce, bub, for the rest of the day,' he said. 'There's liable to be an explosion here if they find out you made a mistake.' The boy took the bill and skipped.

"'Aren't you going to see who won?' I asked, nervously. 'Read the name of the winner. Perhaps Knight of Harlem did win.'

"Ward rose and yawned.

"'I don't care who won,' he replied, and he looked as though he meant it. 'I have seen one handbook man sent through the stone crusher, and these people are too happy to wake them up. Let them think they won a while longer—perhaps they have won, for all I know.'

"And without looking to see the name of the winner he tore up the slip of paper."

"Well, and did Knight of Harlem win?" inquired a listener.

"Knight of Harlem finished a mile and a half behind the leaders, and Boston was so gloomy the next day that it rained out of sympathy."

Decanting Wines.

From the American Wine Press.

A deposit will often form in the bottles, making it necessary to decant them into other bottles. The utmost care should be taken not to disturb the sediment. In large wine cellars in Europe, and in the cellars of hotels and clubs employing a cellarman, a decanting apparatus is used.

Decanting old wine is a delicate operation, which requires much care. The bottle should be carried in a horizontal position, and, gently lifting it to a slanting position, insert a "power corkscrew" and remove the cork without shaking. Then raise the bottle so that you can see through the wine by candlelight, and, in drawing it off, stop as soon as the cloud or deposit in the bottle gets to the neck. In this way you avoid having any deposit, cloud or crust flowing into the decanter.

THE CADDIE'S TRICK.

An Old Wager at the Environ Club, and How It Was Won.

A lemon soda drunk from the bottle and a piece of pie are the caddie's favorite luncheon. Thus sustained and comforted, a diminutive caddie will carry a bag of clubs and follow the ball over a ten mile stretch of links, and by way of recreation play a baseball game before going home.

There are occasions when a caddie may find real enjoyment on the course, but they are out of the ordinary.

Such a happy moment once came to Red Scrapple, the trickiest caddie at the Environ Golf Club. The inspiration that brought the merriment, and, to crown all, the discomfiture of his greatest rival, Squint Allen, came to Red as he sat in the shade of the clubhouse, his back propped up by the building, enjoying his soda and pie.

Old Bluffy, for whom he always caddied, sat at an open window just above Red, at luncheon with his opponent of the morning, and their talk floated down.

"Let's see, I am 6 down and owe you six boxes of balls," said Bluffy. "I'll give you a check for $45 after lunch."

"Why not play again and get even?" was the rejoinder of Sharpton, his opponent.

"Gee," murmured Red, "Bluffy's been stung agin."

A plump refusal from Bluffy brought out a boasting rejoinder from Sharpton. The retort did not soothe the spirits of the loser, and, as golfers are not so different from schoolboys, after all, the two were presently exchanging some caustic opinions of each other's golf.

"I'll play you double or quits, $90 or nothing," exclaimed Bluffy finally, "on this condition: You're to use any club I call from your bag for each shot, and you do the same for me."

"Done!" said Sharpton. Both laughed over the climax to their debate, and after luncheon they set out to the first tee, followed by a group of members anxious to see the outcome of the wager. Their caddies were awaiting them, Red Scrapple with Bluffy's bag and Squint toting Sharpton's clubs. A referee had been selected by the contestants, and, before tossing for the drive, he made a little speech.

"The man who wins the honor, gentlemen, as I understand it, is to drive off with whichever of his clubs his opponent selects, and in turn he may select for the other. Such selections are to be used for each stroke played. Am I right?"

Neither Bluffy nor Sharpton dissented, and on the call of head the latter had the honor. At this juncture Red whispered to Squint: "Say, yer stuff, I'll bet a dollar Bluffy wins. See?"

"Yer on."

The head caddie, trusted as the Bank of England by the younger ones, was the holder of the stakes. Meantime Sharpton stepped on the tee and asked which club he should use.

"Take a niblick," ordered Bluffy, while the gallery shouted with glee. "It's the club you have the most practise with, anyhow."

As all players know, this short iron is a sort of scoop, only meant to dig with when the ball is in the depth of a bunker. Squint handed out the niblick, and Sharpton did the best he could.

"Now, Bluffy, let's see how you can drive with your niblick," commanded Sharpton.

"All right; it's your option to call for any club in my bag," said Bluffy. "Scrapple, hand me the niblick."

There was a cherubic expression of innocence on Scrapple's face as he hunted among Bluffy's clubs, but he did not hand out the niblick.

"Hurry, boy," ordered Bluffy.

"There ain't no niblick, sir," replied the caddie. "It must 'a' bin lost."

"Confound the luck," exclaimd Sharpton. "Then give him a mashie, that's not much better."

"They ain't no mashie, neider," was Scrapple's reply. "Dere ain't nuttin' in der bag but mid-irons an' der wooden clubs."

"I've been buncoed, foxed by old Bluffy!" yelled Sharpton, while the gallery laughed and cheered. That old Bluffy should have been too clever for the keenest better in the club was as good as a circus.

"I'll pay up, you reprobate," was Sharpton's chaffing surrender. "You win without having to play a stroke."

"Gentlemen, I—really, I—do not claim to be any sort of a trickster, I—really——" the stammering explanation was never finished. As Bluffy saw Red Scrapple pocketing his bet and heard the indignant protests raised by Squint, a light dawned on him. The boy's grin revealed the real culprit, and, with wisdom, Bluffy asked all the members to join him. To this day Bluffy is regarded as the foxiest old hand in the club.

"FORTY-FOUR FEET OF SONS."

A Michigan Family Which Boasts Nine Boys, All in Business.

Out in Michigan there is a family of boys whose proud parents refer to them as the forty-four feet of sons. The father, W. H. Howland, was born in Rome, N. Y., Jan. 28 1854, and has been running a hack and baggage transfer line since 1879. To-day he advertises "The Whole Family Proprietors." There are nine sons, George L., born in 1876; Fred D. W., 1878; Frank C., 1880; Harry De A., 1883; Charley W., 1888; Clarence W. A., 1889; Stiles R., 1892; Paul B., 1894, and William W., 1895.

The mother tells how long they waited and watched for a daughter coming and how finally they decided to make housekeepers of their boys.

The younger ones, too small to assist their father in his business, had each a household duty. One took charge of the marketing, while another helped with the cooking, a third cleared the table and washed the dishes, while a fourth did the sweeping and a fifth made the beds.

A Fly Girl.

"Will you fly with me?" murmured the lover.
The girl, who was modest, but keen,
Said: "I will, if you have the long green goods
To furnish the flying machine."

AMUSEMENTS. | AMUSEMENTS.

THE GREATEST ROOF ENTERTAINMENT IN NEW YORK.
EVENINGS at 8:25—Rain or Shine.

AERIAL GARDENS over the New Amsterdam. Klaw & Erlanger, Managers.

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And the GALAXY OF STARS.
STELLA MAYHEW, MAUDE LAMBERT, CATHERINE HAYES, WILFRED GERDES, D. L. DON, VIRGINIA EARL, LOUIS HARRISON, JULIUS TANNEN, EDDIE LEONARD, SUE STUART
"THE WHOLE DAMM FAMILY" ★ and Company of One Hundred in TWO DISTINCT SUCCESSES and SECOND EDITION of "LIFTING THE LID"

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TO-NIGHT
GRAND CONCERT. All the Stars and Wistaria Favorites.
Harry Bulger, Elsie Janis, EDITH BLAIR, CHARLES PRINCE and the Company, JOHNNY McVEIGH and Rose Dani, NELLA WEBB and the Shetlands, THE GREAT NAVASSARS, SAM ELTON—AVOLOS, MARCO TWINS, PILZER, The Violin Marvel, GRAND OPERA TRIO, The Carrolls Three, Kelly & Reno and LE DOMINO ROUGE

To-morrow AND EVERY EVENING This Week
A NOVELTY EVERY 10 MINUTES, 8:20 TO 11:20.
—PART ONE—
Direct from the New York Hippodrome.
FERRY CORWEY, The Musical Clown.
THE GREAT NAVASSAR TROUPE.
THE 3 ZOELLERS, from Berlin Winter Garden.
MARCO TWINS—KELLY AND RENO.
HUGH JEANS, The Baseball Equilibrist.
THE WISTARIA SHETLANDS and
The Season Beau Monde Sensation
LE DOMINO ROUGE (The Girl with the Red Domino.)
—PART TWO—
The $10,000 Summer Gayety by Robert B. Smith.
"WHEN WE ARE FORTY-ONE."
With the Cast of Popular Favorites.
HARRY BULGER, EDITH BLAIR, John McVeigh, Nella Webb, Charles Prince, Rose Dani, ELSIE JANIS
and BEAUTY CHORUS OF FIFTY.
Admission to Table Seats, $1.00. Best Seats, $1.50.

JULY 31, First Time in America of 3 Sisters Camaras

NEW YORK THEATRE
KLAW & ERLANGER, Managers. Broadway, 44th to 45th Sts. Eighth Time in New York.
Return by Public Acclaim GEO. M. COHAN
SEASON OPENS JULY 31ST "LITTLE JOHNNY JONES"
SEAT SALE OPENS THURSDAY MORNING AT NINE.

PROCTOR'S 23RD ST. ALL STAR VAUDEVILLE Bargain Mats. for Sheppers 25c
HELEN BERTRAM
FERRY CORWEY MUSICAL CLOWN.
BURKE & LARUE and "INKEY The BOYS"
J. C. Nugent & Co. { 6-Ratzenbenders-6
Chevalier De Loris { Sherman & De Forrest
SYD FORRESTER—MOTION PICTURES.
BLANCHE SLOAN Sister of the Famous Jockey, TOD SLOAN,
& JAMES WALTHOUR in a Thrilling Race, Horse vs. Cyclist.
TO-DAY—EDDIE FOY, Geo. Evans, John Mason & Co., Moore & Littlefield, 4—Bards—4, "Jack & Jill," Marion Garson, 3 Hickmans. Extra Attraction, HENRY LEE.

5TH AV. "ONCE UPON A TIME," with ROBT. T. HAINES, J. H. Gilmour, Geoffrey Stein, Paul Everton, Byron Ongley, Frances Starr, Helen Tracy, etc. TO-DAY—DOLAN & LENHARR, 6—Matsetti Troupe—6, Edgar Bixley, Franklyn Wallace & Quartette, Bertha Allison Gallando, Mr. & Mrs. Nello, Hindes & Devere, others.

58TH ST. "THE BELLE OF RICHMOND," Jas. Durkin, Grace Reals, Wm. Norton, Chas. Abbe, Chas. Arthur, Louise Macintosh, etc. Souvenir Mats. Daily, 25c. TO-DAY—SHEAN & WARREN, Sailor & Barberetta, Thompson & Vidocq, The Tannakas, Harry & Sadie Fields, Mareena, Nevaro & Mareena, Edgar Allen & Co., Albora Trio, etc.

125TH ST. "JIM THE WESTERNER," Beatrice Morgan, Jas. E. Wilson, Sol Aiken, H. Dudley Hawley, Harold Hartsell, Mary Ryan and Fine Cast. Daily Mats., 25c. Souv. Mats. Tues. and Thurs. TO-DAY—TO-TO, Holcombe, Curtis & Webb, Coakley & McBride, Trolley Car Trio, Eldridge, Yaeger & Yaeger, Falardo, The Seyons.

BRIGHTON BEACH PARK
LEWIS & FILLIS'S
BOER WAR 1,000 MEN and HORSES
WITH GENERAL Cronje
Daily, 3 & 8.30, Sat. & Sun., 3, 5, 7.30 & 9
Admission, 25c. Grand Stand, 50c. Box Seats, $1.

PASTOR'S
14th St., near 3d Ave. Continuous Performances. SEATS 20 AND 30 CENTS.
COOLEST THEATRE IN THE WORLD.
HERBERT LLOYD
Jack of All Trades—Assisted by
MISS LILLIAN LILYAN
Juggler, Magician, Crayon Artist and Mimic.
STINE & EVANS
In "Wanted—A Divorce."
GILDAY & FOX
The Hebrew Trainer and Jockey.
AS A SPECIAL FEATURE
ARTHUR & MILDRED BOYLAN CO.
Presenting "JACK AND JILL."
ALI & PEISER, KENNEDY & JAMES, AL COLEMAN, ADAMS & WHITE, BLOCKTON ILLUSTRATOR—THE VITAGRAPH. THE CHAMBERLINS, McCALL TRIO, GEO. H. DIAMOND, CARL HERBERT
AND AS AN EXTRA ATTRACTION
WM. BONELLI & CO.
In "The Pugilist and the Lady."

LYRIC
Tel. 6570—38. Mats. Wed. (Best Seats $1) and Sat. Evgs. 8:15.
A ROOF GARDEN DOWN STAIRS
Temperature 70 degrees.
221st to 228th time of
JEFFERSON De ANGELIS
in "The patriarch of Musical Comedies."—World.
FANTANA

First and Foremost Among Summer Seaside Shows
THOMPSON & DUNDY'S
Luna Park
NEW AND ORIGINAL THROUGHOUT.

HERALD SQ. THEATRE, B'way & 35th St. Evg. 8:15. Mat. Saturday, 2:15.
CHARLES FROHMAN.....Manager.
To-morrow Evg. 8:15,
REOPENS AFTER A 3 DAYS' VACATION.
100th Time MON., AUG. 7—SOUVENIRS
CHARLES FROHMAN presents
SAM BERNARD
in the Landslide of Melody and Mirth,
The Rollicking Girl
80 FUNMAKERS, including 80
HATTIE WILLIAMS—JOE COYNE.

KEITH'S 14th St., n'r B'way Subway Express Station.
Continuous Performance, 1:30 to 10:30 P.M.
Chas. Guyer & Nellie O'Neil
EMIL HOCH—JANE ELTON & CO.
JOHN W. WORLD & MINDELL KINGSTON
Three Nevaros, Avon Comedy Four, Ben Welch, Orth & Fern
—Yamamoto Brothers—
O'ROURKE & BURNETT, BARR & EVANS, VIOLET STALEY, MILLS & MORRIS, THE BAILEYS, GAITES & NELSON
PRICES, 25c. & 50c. RESERVED SEATS, $1.

HAMMERSTEIN'S PARADISE ROOF GARDENS, 42d St., B'way, 7th Av.
To-day SUN. MAT. in Victoria Theatre ENTIRE ROOF BILL.
To-night At 8:15 on THE ROOF Big All Star Bill.
WEEK BEGINNING TO-MORROW (MONDAY): CHANGE OF BILL WEEKLY. Col. Gaston Bordeverry, Expert Rifle Shot Bard Bros., Ernest Hogan & Co., 3 Ronay Sisters, 4 Musical Avalos, Peskoff Troupe, Pewitt (Mysterious Face), La Page, Rice & Prevost and others.
MATINEE EVERY DAY Down Stairs in VICTORIA THEATRE. Entire Roof Bill, 25c. & 50c.

DREAMLAND (TAKE IRON STEAMBOATS)
HAS THE BIGGEST FEATURES.
FREE HIPPODROME RACES AT 4 AND 9.
MYSTIC SHRINE DAY WEDNESDAY, JULY 26.
AUTOMOBILE TRIPS, $1. Lv. N. Y. Theatre, Broadway and 44th, 5:30 and 7 P. M. daily; 2, 4, 5:30 P. M. Sundays. Tel. 2659—38th.

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DEBUT OF YOUNG CONSUL, THE ALMOST HUMAN CHIMPANZEE. RETURN OF BONAVITA
25 Other Remarkable and Thrilling Features.
Combination Price at Bostock's Surf Ave. Entrance includes Dreamland, 25c. Children, 10c.

ADMISSION 25c. SUNDAYS
WORLD IN WAX.
EDEN MUSÉE
PAUL JONES Father of the American Navy.
Grand Concerts, Commencing at 2 o'clock.
LEIPZIGER ORCHESTRA

MANHATTAN BEACH
PERCY WILLIAMS'S VAUDEVILLE 3 AND 8:30.
HENRY LEE
ZANCIGS, TOTO, MET ETTIS, MARION GARSON, WESTONS & OTHERS.
Special Concerts To-day at 4 and 8:3.
PAIN'S PORT ARTHUR GRAND FIREWORKS Every Evening at 8:15 except Sundays.

Malta's Rock Cannon.

From Pearson's Weekly.

Most people are aware that the fortifications at Malta were cut out of the solid rock, but it is not generally known that rock cannon were used to defend the place when the knights held it.

The knights shaped and bored rocks in the form of gigantic cannon, which, when loaded, contained a whole barrel of gunpowder. This shoveled in, the cannon mouths were plugged with pieces of wood as wadding, and loaded up with cannon balls and shells.

Many of these cannon, of which fifty commanded the spots where hostile ships were likely to approach, were able to throw ten-thou and-pound weight of balls.

Nothing surpassed these natural cannon in the days of the knights, and they were unknown any where else in the world.