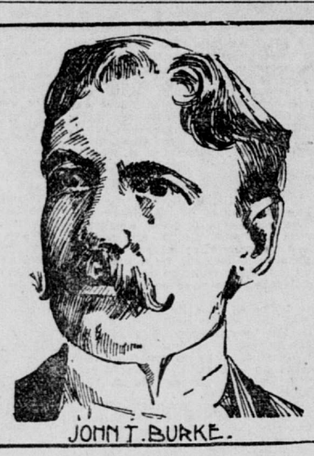
FRAWLEY TO THE RESCUE.

MIRIAM MICHELSON, Dramatic Editor.

T. DANIEL FRAWLEY.

THEODORE ROBERTS

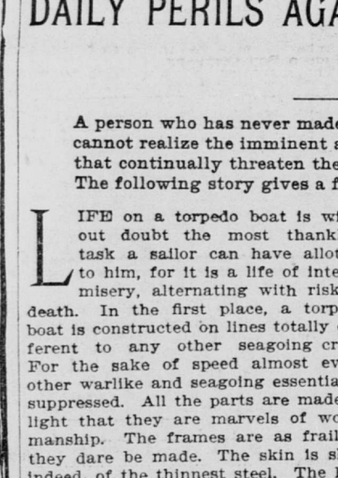


JOHN T. BURKE.

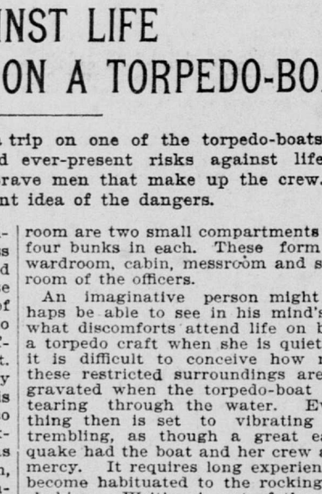
EDWARD M. BELL.

ELEANOR COREY

EVELYN ANDREWS.



MAUD WINTER.



SAM EDWARDS.

FANCHON CAMPBELL.

ALFRED HICKMAN.

IF the greatest of Frenchmen, who understood so well the value of a dramatic situation off the stage, could take a glimpse of San Francisco's theatrical situation just now he would probably repeat his celebrated motto to the effect that there is no indispensable man, or manager. But just now San Francisco, though it may not admit his necessity, is very glad of Mr. Frawley's existence. The historians who claim that the opportunity will surely produce the man will assure you that if Frawley had not arrived some one else would. But the fact remains that Frawley seized the opportunity to establish a western stock company and built up its western reputation. He had the courage to try, where so many before him had failed. He had the good fortune, and the merit, to succeed. And success is the most irresistible of virtues.

Since its modest beginning some years ago every step of the Frawley Company has been a step upward. It has still far to go. And just how far it will go depends upon its manager, mainly.

The Century for June publishes two articles on Augustin Daly and his company, in which J. Ranken Towse tells what qualities are necessary to the artistic success of a theatrical manger.

"The ideal manager must not only be a judge of good acting, and a thorough master of the principles that govern it, but must also be capable of detecting and developing ability in beginners, and of exercising direction and control in the case of players of wider experience. He must, of course, be acquainted fully with all the possibilities of stage representation, and have sufficient literary judgment to be able to recognize good play in manuscript form. More than this, he must be well informed concerning the best authorities on matters of architecture, ornamentation, furniture and costume, and on the artistic use of light and color in stage pictures. He must, in short, be the possessor of a vast fund of general and special information, as well as of great executive ability and tact. How many of our 'managers' are there who can boast of all or of any of those qualifications?"

To which question Mr. Towse furnishes his own answer. In the whole country, he says, there are not more than three, and Mr. Daly stands at the head of the list.

Mr. Frawley is not a Daly. If he were he would not be identified with the stage in San Francisco. There would be many larger and more important cities bidding for his talents. But he has energy, perseverance and ambition, and although it is unlikely that he—or any one else, for that matter—will reach the ideal standard, San Francisco owes him support and will give it to him, for the simple reason that in so doing she benefits herself.

What a San Francisco manager needs is an independent point of view, and a conviction that the West is as well able as the East to furnish dramatic ability. "A real stock company is the only school of acting worthy of the name." In course of time the presence of Frawley's company will naturally be an incentive to and an attraction for young local actors, who now take Horace Greeley's advice reversed—as most things are in stageland, and go East.

For San Francisco's sake as well as for his own Mr. Frawley should aim high. He should not be content merely with financial success; which, of course, was the first thing to be considered when he formed his first company and came down to San Francisco prepared for a Waterloo, but prepared also to battle against theatrical annihilation. He is in a position to cut the Gordian knot of our stage difficulties, due to isolation on the lonesome edge of the continent. With a little enterprise he could bring out to us the star and her leading man, or the star and his leading lady, and use his own company to support them; and in this way he would overcome the old difficulty of expensive transportation for a large company.

At any rate it is to be hoped that Mr. Frawley will take advantage of his popularity—for he and his company have a place in the theatrical affections of San Francisco which few managers have known how to conquer—to teach people here what good stage work is and to raise standards instead of catering to cheaper taste. That he has ideals, no one can doubt. There is no reason why they shouldn't be realized. And above all, he is really a Moses—our only one—who may lead us out of a theatrical wilderness.

The Columbia.

It is a new Frawley company that makes its debut as an organization tomorrow night at the Columbia, though members of it have been seen here with various companies. Madeleine Bouton, who retained her own name when she left Reno, Nev., to go upon the stage, was here with A. M. Palmer's company that included Julia Arthur, Wilton Lackaye, and others. She is most favorably known in the East through her creation of the title role in "The Tarrytown Widow," which will be presented here later by the Frawley company. She has played all sorts of roles, from Letty Fletcher in "Saints and Sinners" to Myra Brimstone in "The Globe Trotter." Edward M. Bell was here last with the same Palmer company Miss Bouton played with. During the last season he has appeared in New York in a variety of parts, ranging from Marshal Lefebvre in "Madame Sans Gene" to Alfred Hastings in "All the Comforts of Home." Theodore Roberts played the Indian chief when "The Girl I Left Behind Me" was here. He was the villain in "The Heart of Maryland," when Mrs. Carter produced Belasco's very successful play here. Cora Tinnie San Francisco met in Hoyt's "Trip to Chinatown." Maude Winter, the ingenue, is an Oakland girl, who made her debut with the Coghlan-Dixey-Barrymore combination at the Columbia a few years ago. Eleanor Carey was with Richard Mansfield's company on their last visit to this coast. Fanchon Campbell was out here with Neil Burgess' "County Fair," and she played Flavia in the Frohmans' production of "The Prisoner of Zenda" in the East. Sam Edwards is comedian in chief, and Fred Williams, who is the father of his famous son, and who was Frohman's stage manager for many years, will direct the Frawley performances.

Misses Carey, Bouton, Campbell and Winter and Messrs. Bell, Frawley, Edwards, Roberts, Burke and Conger will appear to-morrow night in "Number Nine, or the Lady of Ostend."

The Alcazar.

Lewis Morrison will prolong his engagement, which has proven most successful, at the Alcazar. To-morrow night he will produce "A Celebrated Case," the thrilling drama in which he created the character of the Count de Mornay. The story hinges upon the accusation of the father, Jean Renaud, by his infant daughter of the crime of murdering her mother while on a stolen leave of absence from the army to see his wife and child.

It concludes with the meeting of the father and daughter twelve years later, he as the galley slave and she as the adopted daughter of the Duchess d'Auberterre, when Renaud's innocence is established and the real criminal discovered.

"The National Defender," a strong patriotic play depicting scenes and incidents in the present war with Spain, will follow "A Celebrated Case."

The Tivoli.

"An American Hero," with its patriotic songs, stirring music, elaborate costumes and good cast, has made a success at the Tivoli Opera House. Edwin Stevens and Edith Hall are the life of the opera. Frank McGlynn is the pompous Major MacFarlane, Louis Royce's voice is a very good one, and Helen Merrill makes the prayer to Saint Anne a pretty and an attractive picture. It is one of the best productions the Tivoli has ever given.

"Ali Baba," a new burlesque on an old theme, follows.

Morosco's Grand Opera House.

"Under the Polar Star," Clay M. Greene's spectacular drama of an expedition to the north pole, is to be the attraction at Morosco's next week, with George P. Webster the star in the character part of Dr. Rabon, an amusing and volatile French scientist. Silas Rodman, a Boston millionaire, has fitted out an expedition to discover the north pole. In the far northern latitudes the steamer is seen approaching the icebergs, which finally crash upon and surround her, where she remains firmly imbedded for two years. Throughout the two preceding acts the romance and intrigue of the play have been unfolded. Helen Blaine, fearing danger for her betrothed, ships with the expedition, disguised as a colored cabin boy.

The third act witnesses the desertion of the officers by the crew, incited to mutiny by the villain. A realistic conflagration scene shows the party perishing amid the flames of the burning vessel, which Brandon has fired. The fourth act is a weird scenic spectacle. The entire stage is transformed into a sea of floating ice, the party being seen upon the moving floes. Dr. Rabon discovers that they are in 90 degrees of latitude, passing directly over the north pole, and at that point the weak and famished adventurers fling Old Glory's folds to the Arctic breeze. Crunching, grinding sounds are heard, the floe is rent asunder, and as the party are rapidly drifting apart, their despair is transformed to joy by the arrival of a rescuing party in a steam launch. The villain, in the face of death, having signed a confession exonerating the hero, the story happily ends, Helen confessing her love for him.

The Orpheum.

Miss Fanny Wentworth, direct from London, is one of the new features at the Orpheum for this week. She is a pianist of renown and will appear at the Orpheum in an act which she calls "An Up-to-Date at Home," which is interspersed with piano recitals, songs and character impersonations. She is very clever and comes with the most flattering English press notices. Carlin and Clark are the new comedy features. They are German comedians. The Sa Vans, comedy acrobats, return for one week. They promise an entirely new act. This week will be the last opportunity to see Ezra Kendall in this city, for he returns direct to New York to join Primrose & West's new show. Katie Rooney, assisted by John Harding, will appear in a new act, introducing new songs and dances and new impersonations. The Musical Johnstons have a change of repertoire. Others on the bill are the La Mont family, Wills and Loretto, with new songs and dances, and Alburtus and Bartram, champion club swingers. Matinees Wednesday, Saturday and Sunday.

The Olympia.

The Biograph, with its thrilling war scenes, is likely to become a permanent feature at the Olympia Music Hall. Each week new subjects of interest are put on as the owners of the Biograph have their machines for taking the life scenes at every point where United States troops are to be found. The variety olio contains several strong specialty acts and the bill is replete with songs, dances and novelties. The Olympia Ladies' Orchestra is also a feature. Matinee to-day.

The Chutes.

Henri Maurice Cannon, the overgrown man from Switzerland, who weighs 613 pounds, has been the sensation at the Chutes since last Sunday. He is as good-natured and full of fun as he is big, and has made friends of his thousands of visitors. He will continue to receive every afternoon and evening for a short season.

The bill for the Free Theater next week includes Charles and May Stanley in their sketch, "Mrs. O'Grady's Washday," Uno, the Arabian juggler; Webster, Bovino, Oro and Bell, and the strange little barytone, Minnie Berlin. The animatoscope has some new views of Camp Merritt. A large collection of snakes has just been added to the zoo.

The Chutes is the only place of amusement in San Francisco where soldiers are admitted free, and as a consequence the Haight-street grounds are crowded with military men every afternoon and evening.

The Baldwin.

The "Passion Play" has been revived at the Baldwin and is being presented every afternoon and evening.

The California.

The California will reopen Sunday, June 19, with "The Prodigal Father," a farce comedy which has been here twice before and was successful both times.

Stage Gossip.

"Aristocracy" will be the second play produced by the Frawley company at the Columbia.

The elder Salvini is playing "Saul" in Rome, in which he made his first success forty years ago.

"Trilby" continues to be hissed wherever it is played in Italy. No one understands it, neither public nor actors.

Clay Clement will give his final protrayal of Baron von Hohenstauffen in "The New Dominion" at the Columbia Theater to-night.

Richard Mansfield has secured from Messrs. Scribner exclusive rights in this country for the dramatization of Stevenson's "St. Ives."

In the Frawley production of "Number Nine" Theodore Roberts will be seen as Toby Knockitt, a retired pugilist. Mr. Roberts will make up to resemble James J. Corbett.

Martha Morton is writing a play for Sol Smith Russell.

Mansfield will produce the French play "Cyrano de Bergerac" this autumn in New York.

T. Daniel Frawley has secured the rights to some very clever curtain-raisers, among them being "A Woman's Won'ts" and "Po' White Trash."

In Lisbon during Duse's engagement a special newspaper was published in her honor, called La Duse. It contained only articles on herself, written by all the most celebrated authors in Portugal, and a marble tablet was placed in the theater to record the date of her appearance there.

Sydney Rosenfeld writes from Vienna to the Dramatic Mirror: "I have this day concluded an agreement with Mark Twain, who is residing in Vienna, whereby he and I are to work conjointly on a new comedy. He has to-day given me the rough draft of the play as it has emerged from his foundry. It will probably be with this play that Mr. Sire and I will begin operations together in a business way."

Jean de Reszke vowed when he left New York that he never would sing purely sentimental parts again, that he was done with "Faust" and "Romeo" for all time. In his recent tour of Russia he produced Wagner operas exclusively, none of which was favored by the Czar's presence. But when De Reszke's manager waited upon the "Little Father" with an invitation the Czar accepted, choosing for the first opera "Faust" and for the second "Romeo and Juliet."

James Hamilton Howe and Joseph M. Willard, who was concert master of the Philharmonic orchestra, have begun to organize for next season. The orchestra will include fifty or sixty instruments. A few preliminary rehearsals will be held during the summer, the regular work beginning about August. Classical overtures, easier symphonies, entr'actes, ballet music, symphonic poems and programme music will be taken up for rehearsal and for public rendition.

Ovide Musin, violinist and director of the Superior Violin Class at the Royal Conservatory of Music at Liege, Belgium, will return to this country about the 1st of August to open a violin school, which will be conducted on the same principle as the Liege Conservatory. This school will be under the persohal direction of Mr. Musin; he will be assisted by several violinists of international reputation, all graduates of the Liege Conservatory.

The attempt to abolish the "claque" at the Vienna Opera-house, says the London Chronicle, has been followed by some lively times. An instant result was that each performer provided a band of private supporters. Not content with applauding their employers, these hirelings thought it necessary to hiss all rival singers, and the auditorium became almost as lively a place as the Reichsrath. Accordingly, the administration posted up a notice forbidding any applause whatever.

From a preface to a volume of drawings by Mme. Yvette Guilbert it appears that she was born January 20, 1868, but this point is not insisted upon, the writer adding: "This requires investigation. It cannot give Yvette's age. Yvette has no age. She has eternal youth." Yvette's mother was an embroiderer of great merit. The daughter was apprenticed to a working dressmaker, but her natural bent for the stage asserted itself and overcame many obstacles. The apprentice dressmaker is now a wealthy woman, with a fine house in Paris and a chateau in the country, and an American husband.

DAILY PERILS AGAINST LIFE ON A TORPEDO-BOAT

A person who has never made a trip on one of the torpedo-boats cannot realize the imminent and ever-present risks against life that continually threaten the brave men that make up the crew. The following story gives a faint idea of the dangers.

LIFE on a torpedo boat is without doubt the most thankless task a sailor can have allotted to him, for it is a life of intense misery, alternating with risk of death. In the first place, a torpedo boat is constructed on lines totally different to any other seagoing craft. For the sake of speed almost every other warlike and seagoing essential is suppressed. All the parts are made so light that they are marvels of workmanship. The frames are as frail as they dare be made. The skin is skin, indeed, of the thinnest steel. The longitudinals are mere strips of metal. So delicate, in fact, is the construction that a bump even into a floating spar will twist the bow back on itself, and to brush against, say, the spile of a dock would twist the body out of shape as easily as one might crumple a piece of stiff paper in the hand. Not infrequently the space below is so low that men under the usual height have to be chosen. On some a man six feet high could only stand erect in his quarters by letting his head go up through the hatchway!

The first six or eight feet behind the knife-edged bow is given up to a collision bulkhead and is not unlike a magnified hollow-ground razor. The space is much too narrow to be used for anything. Next comes the torpedo room, then the men's quarters, and the eighteen or twenty men are literally packed like sardines. Next come the boilers and the engine room, occupying the entire waist of the vessel and part of the afterbody. There is not an inch of waste space and the heat is such that the men who have to keep the fiery maws aglow with all the fuel they can eat must be able to stand fire with nearly as much immunity as do salamanders. In the engine room the engineer and his assistants, like the stokers, are stripped to the waist, rivulets of sweat roll down their bodies, and woe betide them if anything breaks, as often happens, or a fireman misses his footing, which unfortunately happens, too, sometimes. Abaft the engine room are two small compartments with four bunks in each. These form the wardroom, cabin, messroom and stateroom of the officers.

An imaginative person might perhaps be able to see in his mind's eye what discomforts attend life on board a torpedo craft when she is quiet, but it is difficult to conceive how much these restricted surroundings are aggravated when the torpedo-boat goes tearing through the water. Everything then is set to vibrating and trembling, as though a great earthquake had the boat and her crew at its mercy. It requires long experience to become habituated to the rocking and shaking. Writing is out of the question. Reading is almost impossible, and it is not easy even to eat and drink. Add to this the odor of oil, the smell of steam, the heat and the wet, and only the stoutest hearts can endure it. Rest and sleep are quite impossible and the crews have to be changed every three or four days for recuperation.

The risks, too, are enormous. To launch her torpedo with any hope of its fulfilling its mission the vessel has to come within 500 yards of its intended victim. She is consequently well within the range of the machine guns of the gunboat for at least 900 yards. Rushing up at the rate of twenty-four knots an hour she would cover the 900 yards of danger space in about sixty-six seconds. Then she has to fire, turn and return once more over the dangerous 900 yards. Altogether she is in imminent danger for about two minutes and a half. It does not seem long, but when it is remembered that the rate of fire of the machine guns is 1000 shots per minute, one sees better what a thrilling two minutes and a half it is. The little torpedo-boat is exposed to about 2500 shots, and if only 1 per cent struck their mark she would be hit twenty-five times.

No range-finders or spider-web sights are used to draw a torpedo bead on a hostile warship from the deck of a torpedo-boat. The sighting is done with the eye of judgment and experience, gained from practice. It is an exaggerated case of wing shooting, for when the torpedo is launched the boat is traveling rapidly, and the ensign, hanging over the off side of the boat, sights his big prey much as a duck hunter brings his shotgun to bear on a winging mallard.

When a torpedo-boat goes into action everybody is ordered below except the man at the torpedo-tube and the executive officer, who "sights" the self-moving missile. The engine is spinning the propeller-wheel around 450 times a minute. Not a light is seen on the boat, and it drives straight through the night toward the black shape which sweeps the water with luminous fingers of the electric searchlight, feeling for just such deadly pests as a torpedo-boat. The little craft has no puffing steam to betray it, for every bit of steam goes to the condenser, to return as water to the trembling boilers.

An impression is abroad that a torpedo is shot under water. The fact is the torpedo is ejected from a tube which is mounted on a standard bolted to the deck. The tube may be swung around, and has a vertical motion, so that the inclination may be varied. The torpedo is ejected by a charge of four ounces of black powder, just enough to throw the automobile projectile into the water. When once in the sea the torpedo's own propeller drives it to the mark at the rate of 20 knots—nearly 34 miles—an hour.

While the principal object in "firing" a torpedo is to blow up a hostile ship, it is equally important to prevent the torpedo exploding near the torpedo boat, so the firing mechanism performs a double service. It keeps the torpedo a harmless shell until it is at least 75 yards from the launching point, and it explodes the guncotton when the war nose rubs up against the bottom of the enemy's ship. The device which does this is regulated by a small four-bladed screw fan on the extreme bow point of the war nose. When the prescribed distance is covered the mechanism driven by the screw fan sets the "firing pin" in a position to strike the detonating cap of the primer case when the torpedo comes in contact with the target.

The true value of the torpedo boat in naval operations has to be yet recognized. So far in our present war it has not played an important part, and it is possible that the future will relegate its greater usefulness to coast and harbor defenses. Still, it is even now in naval warfare a formidable foe. The blazing searchlights that a threatened ship turns on the surrounding water are not sufficient to avert attack; the netting with which vessels are surrounded is easily cut in twain by the nippers or scissors attached to the torpedo, and a vessel assailed by torpedo boats is pretty certain to succumb, although it is certain to sink several of its assailants in the struggle.

An example of the efficacy of the torpedo boat may be found in the blowing up about four years ago of the famous Chilean battle-ship Blanco Encalada, which was guarded by every known protection, but was blown to fragments during the night by the fourth torpedo, three having missed fire.

Torpedo boat destroyers, however, are very much more effective than the torpedo boats—which, by the way, the British Government has for six years ceased to build. For one thing, being larger than the torpedo boat, the destroyer can attain a higher speed. Then, again, it carries torpedoes and does all the work of the torpedo boat; and, in addition, being armed with heavy guns, it can overtake and destroy the enemy's torpedo craft.

Skobeleff understood his men and considered that their courage throve best in an atmosphere of dare-devil gaiety, which he was always at great pains to create. Men actuated by strong religious principles, when they can be got to fight, generally do it effectually, with little or no fear apparent, but this is in a measure owing to the fact that there is not room in the human mind for more than one powerful emotion to operate at a time; fear cannot enter because the demon of fighting has the floor.

After all danger is not so much disconcerting because it may result in pain or death, as because it is big with import and something unusual. Many a man will display more trepidation on the day of his wedding than on the first occasion he is called upon to face danger where there is no time for premeditation. It may be true, as some one recently observed, that our brave forefathers went to battle with stouter hearts than we take to the dentist, but they went to battle two or three times a month and we to the dentist once a quarter. Hotspur of the North—"he that kills me some six or seven dozen of Scots at a breakfast, washes his hands and says to his wife: 'Fie upon this quiet life! I want work'"—belongs to a type and an age in which cowardice was considered not only disgraceful but eccentric.

Johnson frankly admitted that he feared death and what comes after, though he was a virtuous man and physically courageous. Villon specially and pathetically dreaded the gallows, and reasonably, considering his habits; whereas Gordon Pasha feared the Mahdi less than he did a dinner party, for which he appears to have had an almost malignant antipathy.

A gang of thieves organized to prey upon thieves has been discovered in Paris. Their plan was to watch for shoplifters in the department stores like the Louvre and the Bon Marche, to follow them home, and then enter under pretense of being police inspectors to search the apartments for stolen goods, which they carry off, with no fear of complaint being made.

WAR IS BOOMING CALIFORNIA'S QUICKSILVER MINES

Since the war was declared the Great Almaden quicksilver mines of Spain have been gradually closing down. The price of the metal has jumped, and the famous San Jose mines, next to the largest in the world, are reaping the full benefit.

MERCURY, or quicksilver, to use the more common mercantile term, has been rising in price, not rapidly but steadily, since the outbreak of hostilities between this country and Spain, and its rise is due directly to the war, although in a curious way.

Spain produces more quicksilver than any other country in the world. Until three or four years ago thousands of pounds were annually imported from that country into the United States.

The next largest quicksilver yielding mines are in California, and have been worked for years, but while the metal could be brought from Spain free of duty the California product was not able to compete largely with the foreign. Since the Wilson tariff bill of 1894 put a duty of 7 cents a pound upon quicksilver (a rate unchanged by the Dingley tariff) practically all importation has ceased, and consumers have bought the California mercury. Hence the apparent strangeness of the fact that, although we import no quicksilver from Spain, but produce our own, nevertheless the war has sent up the price of the article here just as it has in Europe.

The fact is that the American prices are ruled entirely by foreign prices, and are kept at figures just below the cost of importation. The great Spanish quicksilver mines at Almaden are controlled by the Rothschilds, who are said to have taken them some time ago as security for the Spanish bonds which they hold. Since the beginning of the war they have raised the prices, because of the riots in Spain and the generally unsettled conditions among the laboring classes.

Now, the California mines are also controlled by one firm, the California Quicksilver Agency—it does not like to be called a "syndicate!" Immediately on an advance in foreign prices this California agency, ruling the American product, raises its figures, correspondingly, and consumers have no choice but to submit.

It is stated by competent authorities that one central control of the California mines was made necessary by the fact that under the old regime the competition among the different mine owners was ruinous, and the business could not be carried on at a profit to anybody.

Quicksilver, which is unique among metals in being fluid at ordinary temperatures, is put up and shipped in flasks, containing seventy-six and a half pounds each. The price is now 59 cents a pound, or $43 50 a flask, when in quantities of from twenty-five to a hundred flasks. In larger lots, of over a hundred flasks, it is $43 a flask. This is about $3 higher than at the beginning of the war.

The respective quantities produced in California and in Spain may be ascertained from a comparison of the following figures: Last year California produced 26,079 flasks, and in 1896 29,863 flasks.

Since practically all of the Spanish quicksilver goes to London, the figures of the imports there may be taken as about the same as the output of the Spanish mines. In the year which ended on October 31, 1897, there had been sent to London from Spain 46,577 flasks, and in the corresponding period of 1896, 40,999 flasks.

It will thus be seen that the Spanish mines produce much more abundantly than those in California. They are apparently inexhaustible, for they are supposed to have been first worked over two thousand five hundred years ago, and still reveal rich masses of untouched ore in their depths. They are situated near the town of Almaden or Almaden del Azogue (the mines of quicksilver), in the south central part of Spain, fifty-five miles southwest of the city of Ciudad Real, and about one hundred and fifty miles northeast of Cadiz.

According to Pliny, they were worked in 700 B. C., and in his time sent annually 10,000 pounds of cinnabar (the ore of mercury) to Rome. The mines have now been excavated to a depth of nearly a thousand feet below the surface, and the richness of the ore increases with each lower level.

The ten successive floors or levels upon which the mines are worked are nearly a hundred feet apart. Masonry and pillars of the ore itself are used as supports for the roofs of the levels.

Forty per cent of the heat of an ordinary fire goes up the chimney.

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Orpheum

MATINEE TO-DAY (SUNDAY), JUNE 12. Parquet, Any Seat, 25c; Balcony, 10c; Children, 10c, Any Part.

Week Commencing Monday, June 13—FANNY WENTWORTH, London Society Entertainer; CARLIN & CLARK, German Comedians; LA VANS, Acrobatic Comedy; EZRA KENDALL, KATIE ROONEY, WILLS & LORETTO, ALBURTUS & BARTRUM, MUSICAL JOHNSONS. Retained by Popular Demand—AL LEACH and the THREE ROSEBUDS.

GRAND EXCURSION TO LOS GATOS

—ON—

JUNE 17, 1898,

—BY—

Bunker Hill Association, Sons of Vermont, Sons of American Revolution and California Pioneers.

Oration by HON. SAMUEL M. SHORTRIDGE. FULL BAND OF MUSIC.

Trains leave Third and Townsend streets at 8:30 a. m.

TICKETS $1, ROUND TRIP.

Children 50c. To be had at the Emporium and at the depot on the morning of the celebration. Prizes awarded.

AMUSEMENTS.

TIVOLI OPERA-HOUSE.

Mrs. Ernestine Kreling, Proprietor and Manager.

THIS EVENING,

—1776—1898—

THE PATRIOTIC OPERATIC SPECTACLE,

AN AMERICAN HERO!

A Perfect Production in Every Detail.

LOOK OUT FOR

"ALI BABA!"

A New Burlesque on an Old Subject.

Popular Prices .....25 and 50c

No Telephone.

SUTRO BATHS.

SUNDAY, June 12th, at 2:30 p. m.

SWIMMING RACES

Between the

BOYS IN BLUE!

For Valuable Prizes.

Kansas, North Dakota, South Dakota, Montana and U. S. Signal Corps will take part.

ADMISSION, 10c.....CHILDREN, 5c.

BASEBALL—RECREATION PARK,

Eighth and Harrison Streets.

PACIFIC COAST BASEBALL LEAGUE.

Championship Pacific Coast.

TO-DAY AT 2:15 P. M.

SANTA CRUZ VS. OAKLAND.

Admission 25c. Ladies Free.

AMUSEMENTS.

HENRI MAURICE CANNON,

THE GREATEST GUN ON EARTH,

IS AT THE CHUTES

EVERY AFTERNOON AND EVENING.

WONDERFUL ANIMALS IN THE ZOO!

MIRTH AND FUN ALL OVER THE GROUNDS!

Great Show in the Free Theater.

See the "DEPARTURE OF THE PEKING."

10c, Including Zoo and Theater. Children, 5c; Sundays and Holidays, 10c. SOLDIERS FREE.

EL CAMPO,

THE POPULAR BAY RESORT.

Now open every Sunday during the season. Music Dancing, Bowling, Boating, Fishing and other amusements.

Refreshments at city prices. Fare, round trip, 25c; Children, 15c; including admission to grounds.

—THE STEAMER UKIAH—

Will leave Tiburon Ferry at 10:30 a. m., 12:10, 2 and 4 p. m. Returning, leave El Campo at 11:15 a. m., 1, 3 and 5 p. m.

Weekly Call $1.50 per Year