

RICHARD WAGNER'S PARSIFAL

AT THE

Turner Theatre, Sunday Eve., Feb. 28th.



PARSIFAL'S
PRAYER IN THE
MAGIC GARDEN.



TURFMAN'S BIG LUCK

How "Lucky" Baldwin Lived Up to His Name.

QUICK MOVE FOR A FORTUNE.

Famous Plunger Won \$200,000 on the Turn of a Card in a Faro Game. How He Got the Last Hair From Baldy Monson's Scalp.

One of the members of Washington's Dilest Inhabitants' association, whose only prolonged absence from the capital during sixty years occurred when he joined the forty-niners in California, told some years ago the following about E. J. ("Lucky") Baldwin, the noted horseman and plunger:

"I once witnessed 'Lucky' Baldwin win \$200,000 in considerably less than a minute. That happened one night in September, 1856. Baldwin owned several acres of fine land on the crest of what is now known as Nob Hill, in San Francisco. This property, even at that time, on account of its obvious future value for high grade residence purposes, was worth easily \$200,000.

"Tom Vanbrugh, the proprietor of the El Dorado, a big San Francisco gambling club, owned faro banks all the length of the slope as far as it was then settled, in addition to possessing a big gambling club in the City of Mexico, and he was a millionaire several times over. Vanbrugh wanted 'Lucky' Baldwin's parcel of Nob Hill ground, but Baldwin wouldn't even talk about selling it. Vanbrugh owned a whole block on lower Market street, on which Baldwin wanted to build. It was worth about the same amount as Baldwin's Nob Hill ground. Vanbrugh had offered to trade the Market street block for the piece of Nob Hill land, but Baldwin wouldn't listen to him.

"That's the way it stood between Baldwin and Vanbrugh on this night in September, 1856, when Baldwin strolled along toward midnight into the El Dorado, after having dined pretty cozily somewhere or other. Vanbrugh was sitting at a desk in his private room, just off the main faro bank, writing, when Baldwin stepped in.

"Hello, Tom," said Baldwin to Vanbrugh. "How are you feeling?"

"Still Nob Hilly," replied Vanbrugh. "When are you going to transfer the deed of that piece of ground to me anyway?"

"Tom," replied Baldwin, "I'm getting tired of hearing you talk about that ground. Come out here and get behind the box," and Lucky led the way into the main faro room. Vanbrugh, seeing that there was going to be something doing characteristically Baldwinesque, followed him with alacrity.

"The dealer at one of the no limit tables was just shuffling the cards for another box full.

"Sit down there, Tom, and get busy," said Baldwin to Vanbrugh, pointing to the dealer's chair.

"Vanbrugh motioned to the dealer, who slid out of the chair. Vanbrugh slid into it.

"If the ace loses, Tom," Baldwin said, without a trace of excitement, to Vanbrugh, "the Nob Hill ground is yours. If the ace wins, the Market street block is mine. How about that?"

"Vanbrugh nodded. He shuffled the cards, did the unusual courtesy in faro bank of passing them over to Baldwin to cut—Lucky could cut twenty-six cards as well as any veteran faro bank dealer—and slid the cards into the box.

"With your permission, gentlemen," said Vanbrugh to the other players around the table whose play had been interrupted, and they leaned back in their chairs to watch the outcome.

"Baldwin removed the round topped panama from his head, and the cabbage leaf which he always wore inside of his hat in hot weather fell to the floor just as Vanbrugh started to slide the cards out of the box. Baldwin stooped to pick up the piece of cabbage leaf and replace it in his hat. Before he stood up erect again he was the owner of Vanbrugh's Market street block. The ace had come out on the right side for Baldwin while he was still stooping over.

"If your name isn't a fit, Lucky, I'll be —," was all that Vanbrugh said, and on the following morning he transferred the Market street property to Baldwin.

"When the whimsical gambling was going on out on the Pacific coast 'Lucky' Baldwin was easily the most daring chance taker of all the notable argonauts," said an old time Californian. "One night in the late fifties 'Lucky,' as he was even then called,

walked into the famous old Alcatraz club on Kearney street in San Francisco after having been religiously shunning his bed for about three days and nights running, and in that shape 'Lucky' was in those days ready for anything.

"A famous dealer in the Alcatraz club—the biggest gambling establishment on the coast at the time—was Baldy Monson, so called because his poll was bare of hair as a pat of butter, except for a tiny patch that remained right on the crown of his head. It had been a cowl, and with consistent stubbornness it had refused to go when the rest of Baldy's hair had departed. Baldwin strolled over to where Baldy Monson was acting as lookout for the faro game, preparatory to taking hold of the box himself, and, drawing Monson's head down, 'Lucky' began to count the hairs that the dealer had left on the top of his head.

"How many have you got left?" Baldwin asked of Monson.

"Eighteen of 'em an inch or more over the last time they were counted," soberly replied Baldy. "There may be some trifling short ones besides in the tuft, but they don't figure."

"Eighteen, eh?" said 'Lucky.' "Well, it's just foolishness to be packing around only eighteen hairs. Turn me the king, open, for \$18,000, and if I win four eighteen hairs go with the pot. How's that?"

"Baldy" glanced inquiringly at the proprietor of the club, who was standing by, and his employer gave him the nod. Monson took the dealer's chair and began the deal. The king won down near the middle of the box, and the proprietor of the club scrawled a check for \$18,000 on the Bank of California and handed it over to Baldwin.

"Lucky" snipped the eighteen hairs off of 'Baldy' Monson's head with the razor edged blade of his pocketknife, had the housekeeper at his hotel tie them up in tiny pink ribbon, with a double bow to set them off, and exhibited the tuft in the window of the Bella Union, labeled 'Baldy Monson's Scalp.'

FIGHTING IN THE SKIES

Horrors of Next War Pictured by Hudson Maxim.

NO SAFETY IN FORTIFICATIONS

"With Flying Machines in Use No Home Will Be Secure, Women Nowhere Safe," Says Inventor—Declares Appropriation For Aeronautics Should Have Been \$5,000,000.

"Napoleon's dictum that God fights on the side of the strongest artillery will no longer hold true. In the very next war between civilized countries the world will see that God fights on the side that has the strongest flying machines and the most of them."

This was part of a striking word picture of what the next war will be like which Hudson Maxim, inventor and scientist, painted for his hearers the other night at the "aeronautic evening" of the Automobile Club of America in its clubrooms in New York.

He predicted, among other things, that every village after awhile will have to have its brigade of batteries

of field guns for the destruction of airships, just as it now has its volunteer fire department. War, he said, will become once again as horrible as it was in the days of hand to hand fighting.

"In war the frontier is the line of battle," Mr. Maxim said. "An invading army carries its frontiers with it. The flying machine will obliterate all frontiers, and there will be no city or village that may not be a possible battlefield.

"Future wars will not be decided, as heretofore, by artillery thundering from hill to hill. Artillery, however, will not by any means be done away with. The field gun will still eat up shrapnel, and the big navy cannon will still shake the shores. But everything will no longer depend upon the conquering of positions with artillery fire.

"Although flying machines will not be able to carry any artillery, yet an army of raiders with the raiders' outfit will be able to reconnoiter and alight in defenseless places, destroy bridges, rip up railroads, cut communications, burn towns and blow up magazines, stores and powder mills.

"As in future wars these visitations may come any night to any inland town, no home will be safe. The flare of the torch and the glint of the sword may be the first visions of an awakening. Death and rapine may any moment come thundering at the door.

"No longer will war be confined to restricted areas whence women and children may be removed to places of safety. There will be no refuge whither they can fly from the Huns and vandals of war. Gunpowder can no longer effectually bar the invader.

"The aeronaut can laugh at forts, coast fortifications and battleships. The flying machine opens human history again to the page when there were no forts along the frontiers and no quick firing guns; when blood and brown alone stood between home-loved ones and the fierce barbarian; when wolves of rapine, murder and slavery howled beyond the wall; when love and life were victory's reward and death or worse the forfeit for defeat.

"We must have our air fleets numerous enough and strong enough to meet and repel any invasion of our sky, and in time of war around our entire national horizon aerial scouts and aeroplane destroyers by night and day must stand ready perched to fly to the attack.

"It may come that every country town must have its battery of field guns supplied with shrapnel and canister, as it now has its fire brigade, while possibly every able-bodied man, invalid and cripple will be provided with side arms and rifle, as in the old pioneer days they were armed to meet the menace of the red Indian devils.

"A bill calling for an appropriation of \$500,000 for aeronautical work has just failed to pass congress. The bill ought to have been for \$5,000,000 and should have been passed by a unanimous vote. Five million dollars is less than half the cost of the latest battleship."

At the end of the meeting a memorial was passed to be sent to the appropriations committee of congress asking it to place the aeronautic bill again on the calendar. Many members of the Automobile club and the Aeronautic society pledged themselves to start an "endless chain" in behalf of the bill.

Much Metal Even on Shirt Waists.

Metallic effects are creeping in everywhere, even on the washable shirt waists. Sprigged lawn for the spring and summer may be decked in gilt braid and buttons. The dull effects in braid are seen in the shirt waist that comes from Europe. This season a material much favored is challie in mode and fawn color. Rows of buttons are used even for outlining small tucks in the front and back. One idea is to have the skirt buttoned up the tucks in the waist. Paris tried to kill off the shirt waist, but in vain. Now the dress-makers of the Rue de la Paix are exerting themselves to make the suit of this spring the most radiant ever on the market.

New Irish Society.

At a recent meeting in Chicago of eighty enthusiastic Irishmen a new Irish society was formed. It will be known as the Irish-American union, and its purpose will be to "develop the higher racial ideals of the Irish character and to propagate a knowledge of Irish history and the achievements of Irishmen in the founding and preservation of the American republic." The officers elected are Daniel L. Madden, president; John McKeon, vice president, north side; Timothy O'Sullivan, vice president, west side; Michael McMahon, vice president, south side; J. J. Touhy, recording secretary; J. P. Fitzpatrick, financial secretary.

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For the Past 14 Years at 384 Wabasha Street, St. Paul.

TURNER THEATRE
SUNDAY EVE., FEB. 28th.

Messrs. Martin & Emery's Presentation of Richard Wagner's Mystic Festival Drama.

Parsifal
(IN ENGLISH)

ADAPTED BY WILLIAM LYNCH ROBERTS

Based on the Legends of the Holy Grail, produced at an enormous cost and enacted by a cast of noted players.

SPECIAL NOTICE For the convenience of "Parsifal" patrons the former rule of commencing the evening performance at 5:30 and giving a two-hour dinner intermission has been done away with. During this engagement the curtain will rise at 7:45 sharp. Carriages may be ordered at 11:15. Auditors should be in their seats at rise of first curtain, as no one will be seated during the action of the play.

Prices: Lower Floor, \$1.50 and \$1.00; Balcony, \$1.00 and 75 cents; Gallery, 50 cents.

Seats should be Secured Early.

Royal Baking Powder
Absolutely Pure

Renders the food more wholesome and superior in lightness and flavor.

The only baking powder made from Royal Grape Cream of Tartar.