SOME TURF PLUNGERS

Men Who Wager Fortunes on the Speed of a Horse.

How Pittsburg Phil "Burnt Up the Ring" on King Cadmus.

In Sixty-Nine Seconds He Won Seventy-Nine Thousand Dollars.

Something About Michael Dwyer, Bob Aiken and Other Big Bettors.

It was down at Sheepshead Bay one brilliant afternoon last September, says a writer in the New York World. The Sapphire stakes, the second race on the programme, was about to be run, and the horses were galloping up the track to where the starter stood waiting for them, in the faraway gap in the woods at the end of the Futurity course. They came singly and in groups of twos and threes, puffing little clouds of dust from beneath their feet like smoke from innumerable rifles.

M. F. DWYER.

There were twelve of them altogether and they were all so well matched and so evenly backed that the speculation in the ring had been more than unusually lively. While the betting was at its height, a pale-faced, boyish-looking young man slipped along from bookmaker to bookmaker, wriggling through the crowd, creeping out the little alleyways between the stands, and making a detour where he could not pass through the masses of excited betters, but never missing a single bookmaker and never failing to repeat to each one the same question:

"How much do you want on King Cadmus?"

The young man carried a little note book in his hand and jotted down their replies in it. Some of them would take $100, some $200 and some as high as $500. King Cadmus was quoted at 12 to 1 by most of them. As he glided along from box to box more than one bookmaker looked after him and laughed. It was "only Pittsburg Phil backing that dog of his."

Even the little bookmaker, "the panfish" of the ring, to whom an offer of a $50 bet on a 12 to 1 shot would ordinarily cause sudden and violent death, grabbed at his hundreds voraciously.

For hadn't King Cadmus run four times before with Phil backing him every time, and had he ever won? The pan-fish chuckled gleefully.

The horses had already reached the starter and had made several false breaks when Phil came out of the ring and stood beside the steps that lead up to the top of the long, flat, shed-like structure at the end of the betting ring at Sheepshead bay.

He was talking in a quiet, easy way to an acquaintance; and but for a certain whiteness around the lips and a little tremor of the hands as he took his field glasses from their case, a dozen men around him appeared more interested and excited than he.

Before he could properly adjust his glasses, the little red flag, far away up between the green wall of trees, twinkled down, and the thousands in the grand stand were crying: "They're off!" "they're off!"

"Can you see me?" Phil asked of a man who was on the step above him,

PITTSBURG PHIL.

his glasses levelled at the approaching horses.

"Yes, that's you on the outside," was the reply, adding a moment later, with the directness of speech peculiar to the race track:

"You've gone to the whip; you ain't in it."

Whipping, and the race hardly begun! Phil's hands were shaking so that he could hardly put his glasses up. How could anybody tell what was going on in that compact mass, shifting and twisting and rolling on, a black heart in the white dust cloud behind? At last the glasses were properly adjusted, and Phil cried:

"Why, that's not me on the outside; I'm in there near the rail." His tone was full of exultation. A moment later he shouted:

"Look at that bay! He's pocketed." Then he added with almost a groan:

"He never can get through."

No one was listening to him. Each man was scanning the black mass for his own particular horse. In another moment Phil's friend yelled out joyously:

"Lew Wier walks in; they ain't nothing in it but Lew Weir."

"Why don't that boy pull around on the outside," cried Phil. "Now he's pulling out. That right. He's clear of 'em. Come on, come on!"

Phil's tone was quick and eager. His body was moving in jerks. He was riding his horse just as much as the jockey out there on the track. And now the field had left the Futurity course and was thundering by not a hundred feet away. A flash of colors, a swirl of rushing horses, a whirlwind of dust and they had passed. Lew Weir was out in front; two or three were at his heels, and well back in the ruck was King Cadmus.

Phil had dropped his glasses to see them go by, and when he looked again he yelled out exultantly:

"Cadmus is catching 'em!"

"You won't be one, two, five!" yelled the Lew Weir man.

They were away down past the grand stand now. All that could be seen looking after them was a bunch of horses,

BOB AIKEN.

apparently side by side, their necks stretched out, the jockeys whipping and driving and spurring. And there in the very center of the struggling, fighting mass was Pittsburg Phil's horse, his head rising and falling with the others. And so they passed the judges' stand, and the Lew Weir man turned to Pittsburg Phil and remarked that it looked like Lew Weir. Some one else said it was Galindo, and a third man thought it was Silver Fox.

Phil's face was as white as his shirt-front, and there was a tremor in his voice as he said:

"I think I'm one, two, sure."

Wouldn't the judges ever put the numbers up? The horses were coming back to the stand; the jockeys were holding up their hands to get permission to dismount. Still no numbers went up. Phil was looking at the board through his field glasses, his lips twitching.

At last the boy at the board bent down to pick up the number of the winning horse. How slow he was? At last the numbers go slipping up the little groove, some people in the grandstand cheer, and the Lew Weir man, in a disgusted way, said:

"They give it to Cadmus."

Then he turned to Phil, who was nervously jamming his glasses back into their box, his face beaded with nervous sweat

"Did you win to the race?"

"Yes," replied Phil, a thrill of exultation in his tone. "Yes, I burnt the ring up."

And he did burn the ring up. After he had paid all the expenses of the race, including a handsome present to Taral,

J. E. M'DONALD.

who rode the horse, he won just $79,500, exclusive of the stake, which was worth an additional $2,050 to the winner.

He was just sixty-nine and two-fifth seconds winning it, and he earned every dollar of it.

Pittsburg Phil is one of the marvels of the turf. Just how he came to be called Pittsburg Phil, by the way, is a mystery, as he does not come from Pittsburg, but from Allegheny City, and his name is not Phil, but George—George E. Smith. He is a marvel because he holds his own at the hardest gambling game in the world to beat, with no apparent percentage in his favor.

Like Pittsburg Phil, Mr. Dwyer would make the very poorest material for a horrible example. He is as devoid of vices as Dr. Parkhurst. He never touches strong drink, and the taste of tobacco is unknown to him. He doesn't gamble, except on horses, and until his wife died last year there was no more devoted and attentive husband in America. He spends his evenings at home with his family, and rises at daybreak to attend to his horses. Personally he is a pleasant, agreeable man; in business transactions he is shrewd and exacting, and those who have had occasion to know say that he is open-handed to a degree to those who are deserving or to his friends.

The ablest of all the plungers is J. E. McDonald, a young man with a clear cut, colorless face, the jaws and chin well defined, keen gray eyes, and a strong, firm mouth. Although he has scarcely entered his thirties, he is regarded as the leader of the ring, and his advice is sought by men who were racing horses before he was born.

Two years ago Mr. McDonald planned and executed one of those coups which English turfmen say can only be accomplished once in a lifetime. He bought a mare called Daisy Woodruff out West, trained her in secret and sprung her on the public one day at Morris Park.

Nobody had ever heard of Daisy Woodruff. No one knew her owners or her trainer. There were sixteen horses in the race, and the bookmakers opened the betting by quoting 100 to 1 against Daisy Woodruff. Then the money began to pour in, odds were cut right and left, and Daisy Woodruff, when she went to the post, was the hot favorite. She led from start to finish, and won in a canter by half a dozen lengths. At least $125,000 was taken out of the ring by the backers of Daisy Woodruff.

Of all the men who bet on horses Mr. McDonald is the most studious. He devotes as much time and thought to a horse race as Mr. Choate does to a law case or Dr. Hamilton to a diagnosis.

The night before the races are run he studies the conditions of the race and the previous running of the different horses as given in the World guide. In addition he keeps by his side the Turf Guide for several years back and the American Stud book.

He rises at 4 o'clock in the morning, times the work of the horses himself, and when he mounts his box in the afternoon he has what he himself would call "a shade" over his rivals in the ring.

The same amount of intellect and energy turned into any other channel of life would make success, and McDonald would probably be a leading merchant, broker or speculator if he had adopted another business. But there is a fascination about the race track as there is about printer's ink or about life behind where the footlights glitter, and once a turf bettor always a bettor—if the money lasts.

Mr. McDonald keeps all his affairs to himself, and no one knows his income or his fortune. He is popularly believed to be worth a quarter of a million. He has various interests outside of the race track, but the absorbing question of picking the one horse that can run faster than the other horses, which seemed so idle and foolish to the Persian king, employs most of his time.

Mr. McDonald's partner is Mattie Corbett, who has probably more friends on the Eastern turf than any five men that race horses. Corbett and McDonald are inseparable. They bet together, eat together, travel together and at a pinch would unquestionably fight together, and yet they are totally different in their mental characteristics.

There are few better judges of horses than Mattie Corbett, and when he advises a friend to put down a "good bet" the friend, if he is wise in his generation, accepts the advice blindly.

No one knows how the firm of McDonald & Corbett has weathered the season thus far; but, if good sense, fine judgment, the best of information and close attention to business count for anything, they will unquestionably end the season with a handsome balance in their favor.

Bob Aiken is a new man among the plungers. He has only been plunging a year or two. He is a nervous-looking, muscular young man, with the intense look of the speculative American, and he will bet on anything from the toss of a coin to the turn of a card.

One day at Jerome Park last year Aiken drove out in a cab and the driver gave him a check for identification. There were three numbers on the check, and Aiken, picking up the programme, marked off these three numbers. The horses won, and Aiken, who played them, quit the day $5,000 winner.

He is regarded as the luckiest man in the ring, and there are innumerable stories of how he has run "a shoestring" up to "big money."

Personally, he is a typical American bettor, long-limbed, intensely nervous, keen gray eyes, elongated slender features, quick of wit, and with a burning, restless, unquenchable desire to risk all his own possessions to obtain even a portion of some other man's.

The man to whom all the plungers turn when they want to make a big bet in the ring is Orlando Jones. He accepts their bets, big or little, and stands to win or lose a fortune every day. But he "bets in his book," and very rarely is his money seen floating about the ring.

When Mr. Dwyer sends in a commission of $25,000 on Kingston, Mr. Jones has first chance at it, and he usually says "I'll take it."

Jones won $150,000 last season and he has lost $100,000 already this season. He is a hard worker, a close student of horses, and he has an unusually valuable turf connection.

David Gideon and his partner, John Daly, are among the heaviest bettors in the ring. Mr. Gideon is not as impulsive as Mr. Daly and he bets more carefully.

"When I put down a bet I like to pick it up again," says Mr. Gideon, and he usually does pick it up. He is one of the best judges of form at the track, and his information is worth seeking.

Mr. Gideon and Mr. Daly quit last season winners of at least $250,000. They have a valuable stable of horses, including His Highness; and they have probably won $100,000 this year.

STILLWATER NEWS.

Events of a Day in the City on the St. Croix.

In accordance with a recommendation made by the secretary of state, several election districts in this county will be divided into two or more precincts. The districts to be divided, viz: Newport, South Stillwater, Marine, the First and Second precincts of the Second ward and the First of the Third, have more than 400 voters, and in the opinion of Secretary Brown it would take too long to count the ballots under the Australian system of voting, and each district should not have more than 200 voters.

Muller Relief Corps No. 96, W. R. C., was organized Friday evening at Grand Army hall, with a membership of twenty-five. The following officers were elected and installed: President, Mrs. Jennie Varney; S. V., Mrs. Nellie Smith; J. V., Mrs. Julia May; chaplain, Mrs. Margaret Swanson; secretary, Miss Stella Dore; treasurer, Mrs. Rebecca Carmichael; conductor, Mrs. Amelia Dore; guard, Mrs. Melissa Hoehnel; A. C., Miss Ellen Bouin; A. G., Mrs. Kate Secrest.

In the probate court yesterday the executor of the estate of Mrs. T. Boutwell, deceased, filed a report of the sale of real estate, which was confirmed. J. E. Bentil made application for letters of administration of the estate of Christian Bentil, deceased, to be heard Sept. 12. In the matter of the estate of Albert William Zaspel and others, minors, an application was made by the guardian for license to sell real estate.

The Clyde cleared yesterday with a raft of logs consigned to Taber & Co., Keokuk, and the Burlington Lumber company, Burlington; the City of Winona departed with a raft for Youmans Bros. & Hodgins, Winona; the Bun Hersey took a barge load of lumber to Marine, and the May Libby left for Hastings with a half-raft of logs for R. C. Libby & Co., Hastings.

The Baldwin-Melville combination closed its week's engagement at the Grand opera house last evening in "Uncle Daniel." The company has been greeted by large audiences each evening, and the week has been one of the most successful in the history of the company.

A civil case of A. W. Kearney vs. Isaac Bernstein, an action for rent, has been on trial in the municipal court before Judge Nethaway and a jury. The jury returned a verdict for the plaintiff.

F. W. Temple, of the board of prison managers, was in the city yesterday on his return from a trip to Devil's Lake, where he disposed of considerable prison-made twine.

The residence of John Larson on West Hickory street was destroyed by fire early yesterday morning. The damage will amount to about $500.

Misses Avadanna and Leola Millett, who have been visiting relatives in Seattle, Wash., are expected home the latter part of this month.

Mrs. G. N. Culver, of Mexico, was a guest of Mrs. W. H. Caine during the week. She was accompanied by her two children.

Miss Lizzie Fohey, of Milwaukee, is spending a few weeks with her sister, Miss Nellie Fohey, assistant clerk at the prison.

Henry Blunt and Miss Louisa Triebel, of Peoria, Ill., were guests of Mr. and Mrs. A. G. Triebel during the week.

The Picketts and Wilmots, of St. Paul, will play the second of a series of games at the ball park in this city today.

Mrs. E. G. Holland and son, of Delevan, Wis., were guests of Stillwater friends the first part of the week.

Wesley Northey and family left Monday for Cleveland, O., where they will reside in the future.

Otto Assman and family, of Altod, Ill., spent the week with Mr. and Mrs. F. E. Weber.

Miss Mary Wilson, of Faribault, who has been visiting Miss Grace Jenks, has returned home.

Miss Lizzie McCormick, of West Superior, was a guest of Miss Mollie Moffatt during the week.

Walter Merrill, of Des Moines, Io., was a guest of Dr. and Mrs. B. J. Merrill the past week.

Miss Clara Holt, of Minneapols, was a guest of Miss Edith Brown during the week.

D. W. Vanderhoof left last evening for Clifton Springs, N. Y., on a two weeks' visit.

Rev. D. G. Stoffer, of Peoria, Ill., will preach at the First Methodist church today.

John A. Carlson left last evening for St. Louis, where he will reside permanently.

The Misses Proctor, of Minneapolis, are guests of Mr. and Mrs. L. C. Proctor.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Judd have returned from an outing at Chisago lakes.

Mrs. Harry B. Capron returned Friday from a trip to Mackinac island.

Miss Edith Hope, of St. Paul, was a guest of Miss Eva Hall last week.

Miss Jennie Wade, of Springfield, is a guest of Stillwater friends.

Mr. and Mrs. James W. Foley have returned from Maine.

John Per Lee left Thursday evening for Charleston, S. C.

R. J. Wheeler left Thursday evening on a trip to St. Louis.

W. P. Brown spent a few days at Duluth during the week.

Miss Trego, of Chicago, is a guest of Miss Cathryn Nelson.

Mr. J. Towey, of Dubuque, was in the city during the week.

Miss Adelle Davis is uisiting at Anoka.

A New Kind of Diamond.

James S. Kirk & Co., of Chicago, have put upon the market lately, as a result of their half-century's experience, their Dusky Diamond Soap, a soap adapted to all household uses. By a happy but peculiar combination they are enabled to use tar in this soap, and there is no one that needs to be told that tar is recognized as the greatest of the healing agents. It also is recognized for its softening qualities, and any one troubled with hard hands, cracked hands, sore hands, will become enthusiastic over the "Dusky Diamond" Soap after once using it. Your grocer keeps it.

FOR THE LOCAL STAGE

The Regular Season at the Metropolitan Opens Today.

"Blue Jeans" Will Be Given a First-Class Representation.

Manager Bixby's Benefit Underscored for Tomorrow Night at the Grand.

A Retrospective View of Players Within the Past Century.

The summer season at the Metropolitan and Grand close with yesterday. The Winston Opera company, from an artistic point of view, has been a decided success, but financially, the least said the better. The organization was sadly let down by the male members, who, to put it mildly, were not in it. It would be difficult to imagine what sort of a performance the company would have given but for the effective work of Miss Winston and Miss Johnson. The patronage extended the company was, undoubtedly, due to these artists, and the feature of each opera produced was their singing. Both made a decided hit. The chorus of the company was fairly strong, but the experience of the Winston company has demonstrated that, even with cheap prices, the theater-going public do not care to be tortured out of their seats by a few would-be witty men, whose attempts to render popular songs were dismal, flat failures. The Winston company goes from here to Denver, where they fill a six weeks' engagement. The stock company at the Grand was more successful, the management hitting the popular taste by the production of old, standard plays. The company, dramatically, was exceptionally strong, and the successful production of two new plays, "A Nutmeg Match" and "In Old Kentucky" was one of the strong features of the season. The financial results have been so gratifying that Mr. Litt proposes to have the summer season next year extended by two or three weeks, and, in all probability, the company will be seen at the Grand every week, instead of each alternate week.

The regular season of 1892-93 will be opened this evening at the Metropolitan. The Grand will remain closed until next Sunday evening.

"BLUE JEANS"

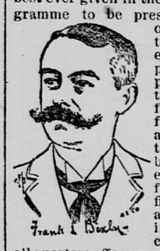
Will Open the Regular Season at the Metropolitan Tonight.

Tonight the Metropolitan patrons will have an opportunity of witnessing one of the greatest dramatic successes that the American stage has ever known. In "Blue Jeans" Joseph Arthur wrote a great play, and from the time the curtain went up on the first act on the opening night it has been amply demonstrated by the crowds that have witnessed it everywhere. "Blue Jeans" is an absorbing reflex of life in the Hoosier state. The play possesses a world of realism, one feature of which, the saw mill episode, is the most strikingly sensational bit of realistic innovation bestowed on a stage production. Perry Bascom, the hero of the play, has been struck senseless by a vindictive rival in the former's saw mill in Rising Sun, Ind. His body is placed upon a plank that is being fed to a trio of huge, revolving steel saws. The long teeth of metal hew their way through the wood, the sawdust is thrown up in showers, and every breath draws Bascom nearer and nearer horrible destruction. Of course he is rescued at the last instant, but the sensation of danger is not lessened a tithe. It is a great materialistic stage achievement, but, despite its realism, it is a question whether it is essential to the play's success. "Blue Jeans" need not, however, depend upon any mechanism for public favor. The company is a large one for a dramatic organization, containing twenty-eight people, but Messrs. Rosenquest and Arthur never do anything by halves, for besides the regular acting company, the carpenters, machinists and engineers, there is a quaint country band and a sweet-voiced quartette, which prove very strong features and add greatly to the evening's amusement.

BIXBY'S BENEFIT.

A Great Programme to be Presented Tomorrow Evening.

Tomorrow evening will be a red letter event in the history of the Grand opera house, when the testimonial benefit of Manager Frank Bixby takes place. The affair will, without doubt, be one of the best ever given in the city, and the programme to be presented is a notable one. The committee having the benefit in charge were placed in a peculiar position, in that twice as many offers were received from professional and amateur talent than could possibly be utilized at the entertainment. The friends of the beneficiary are legion, and can be found in every part of the country, and from all quarters offers were sent from friends who were desirous of taking part in the testimonial benefit. It may be truly said of Mr. Bixby that one is better off for having met him, for he combines the courtesy of a Chesterfield and the good fellowship of a Brummel, and has the happy manner of making friends everywhere. For these traits of character and for the unselfish manner in which he has given his services for the benefit entertainments of various associations in the city, the benefit is tendered him, and that it will be an artistic and financial success is a foregone conclusion. The use of the theater has been given by Manager Litt, and the employes of the house have also donated their services as a mark of their respect for the manager. The Twin City lodges of the order of Elks will send all of their members to be present at the benefit and do honor to their esteemed brother. The press club will also send a delegation of members in recognition of the valuable services rendered the club by the manager at the annual benefit given in its behalf. The members of the Litt stock company have remained over specially to take part in the entertainment, and many of the artists have come from Chicago and New York just to give the affair a "good send off." The following is a full list of the attractions to be presented at the benefit.



First Part.

By the Minstrel club of St. Paul:

Bones—Eugene Melady, Franklyn W. Lee, John Stark.

Tambos—Al Flournoy, Harry O'Gorman, John P. Moore.

Conversationalist—M. J. Donnelly.

Gentlemen of Color—F. Q. Swasey, A. P. Quesnel, George Collins, George Freeman, Lou Lelaney, Thomas Connors, George Sheehan, George Fetsch, Adolph Giesen, J. Kemp, Joe Prendergast, A. J. Schmitz, Martin Giesen, W. Allen, James Grathwol, J. W. Silk.

Assisted by the Twin City Banjo, Mandolin and Guitar club—F. Swanson, D. Brose, G. Robinson, W. Isbel, P. Reilly, A. Robinson, E. Henry, S. Lachapelle, T. Snyder, H. Aldrich, R. Hatry, C. Hatry, C. Roberts.

"THE GARDEN PARTY."

Introduction—"Hear Dem Bells"...Company

Arrival of the Jesters,

Messrs. Melady, O'Gorman, Lee, Stark, Moore and Flournoy.

"Knights of the Mystic Star"—Harrigan.....Company and Ends

"Tinker's Song"—From Robin Hood—Company

"Bogie Man"—"Sinbad"—George Fetsch and Company

"The Prodigal Son" (that never came back).....Harry O'Gorman

"The Armorer's Song"—Robin Hood—A. J. Schmitz

"Golden Bells".....J. B. Stark

"Bedouin's Love Song".....Thomas Connors

"Moments When We Want to Be Alone.....Al Flournoy

"Songs of Other Days".....C. S. Hatch

"The Farce Comedy" (Original)—Franklin W. Lee

"And He Didn't Split the Wood"—Evoone Melady

Artistic Banjo Song and Dance..John F. Sherry

"The Voice of Angel Mother"—A. P. Quesnel

Spanish March—"Romania".....Romero

Twin City Banjo, Mandolin and Guitar Club.

Concluding with the mystifying finale—"The Telephone Exchange"

Second Part.

Soprano Solo—"O, Loving Heart, Trust On".....Gottschalk

Miss Bertha Harmon, of Minneapolis (late of Francis Wilson Company).

Monologue—Entitled "By Special Request"

Miss Nettie Bourne, of Minneapolis (late of E. H. Sothern Company).

Tenor Solo—"Sound an Alarm"—From Judas Maccabaeus

William Courtney, of New York.

Gypsy Dance (recently rendered so successfully at "The Gathering of the Clans")—Misses Lucie Watterson, Hattie Watterson, Sadie Adamson, Ena Adamson, Nellie Morrison, Marie Rederson, Eva Morrison and Mamie Dinon.

Baritone Solo—"Anchored".....Watson

Thomas Taylor Drill, of Minneapolis.

Imitation of Adeline Patti.....F. J. Hammil

Male Duet—"The Moon Hath Raised Her Lamp Above".....Benedict

William Courtney, Tenor; Thomas Taylor Drill, Baritone.

Frederick L Bancroft in the following feats of legerdemain and sleight-of-hand. "The Fairy Star;" "The Magic Orange;" "Illusion Diable;" "Several Surprises;" "Magic Money;" "Finale Fantastique."

Third Part.

"THE ROUGH DIAMOND"—A FARCE.

With the cast made up from Jacob Litt's players, as follows:

Cousin Joe.....George R. Edeson

Sir William Evergreen.....W. R. Walters

Capt. Bienheim.....Joseph Zahner

Lord Plato.....T. H. Taylor

Margery.....Miss Julia Arthur

Lady Plato.....Miss Nelette Reed

JOE ARTHUR.

An Interesting Chat About the Author of "Blue Jeans."

Joseph Arthur, whose play "Blue Jeans" has brought him deserved fame and fortune, is at the Ryan hotel. Mr. Arthur, like all successful men, has had a varied experience. The son of a minister, he early in life became connected with journalism in Indianapolis, his native city. From this he graduated into the amusement business. Said a gentleman who has known Mr. Arthur for years, both in adversity and prosperity: "Joe is the same jolly, hard-working, genial fellow before and since his successful 'Still Alarm' and more successful 'Blue Jeans' brought him fame and fortune that he was in the old days when he chased the fleeting items for an Indianapolis newspaper and was making his maiden effort at playwriting."

"We well remember Joe's first play. It was a blood and thunder border drama of the most crimson persuasion."

"It was produced at an Indianapolis theater about twenty years ago, with a cast composed of such professionals as the town could muster in the summer season, assisted by aspiring amateurs. The gory story was called 'Colorado,' and was supposed to depict life in the mining camps of the young 'Silver State' as it existed at an early day. The curtain rose at 8:15 p. m. The killing began at 8:20 p. m. and continued until the last armed scout, cowboy, Indian, bull-whacker, road agent and honest miner expired.

"The principal item of expense in this grand realistic production was perishable props in the way of blank cartridges.

"Mr. Arthur had the same mania for realistic production that has since brought him favor with a fire engine in 'Still Alarm,' and a saw-mill in 'Blue Jeans.'

"As years grew apace and silver began to intrude among the gold of Joe's sunny hair, and both colors had evacuated the crown, after he had created border characters and high kicking agile farce comedy characters with but indifferent success, he hit the capricious public hard with a strong melodrama. A real fire engine in full flight going to a fire—a familiar scene in large cities, with its never-failing excitement—was put upon the stage for the first time, and was instantly successful, so much so that at once the horde of hungry unscrupulous, piratical imitators, who hang like barnacles to the theatrical profession, copied this fire engine scene, and now half a dozen bad plays are depending on this successful feature Mr. Arthur introduced into the 'Still Alarm,' and by its help are managing to keep before the public.

But it was when Arthur's fertile brain and graphic pen placed behind the footlights the people he had known in his boyhood days that great success came to him. The homely, innocent, honest characters were placed in the glare of the footlights, amid canvas corn fields and wheat patches. For three years the constant crop of dollars of the public into the box office of every first-class theater in America has attested the appreciation of Mr. Arthur's old neighbors, as he has introduced them in "Blue Jeans."

Mr. Arthur is a happy, prosperous man, and will be so long as he can produce such care dispensers as "Blue Jeans."

IN WORLD'S FAIR YEAR.

A Retrospective View of the Condition of the American Stage.

This is World's Fair year, and we are recollecting all the extraordinary things that have happened in all branches of science, art and commercial pursuits since Oct. 12, 1492, when Columbus landed on San Salvador. Four hundred years ago Wednesday, Aug. 3, 1492, Columbus and his expedition set sail from Palos, going west to find India, that treasures might be secured to equip another crusade against the Moslem. While every one is pointing glasses and telescopes towards lazy, sunny old Spain with the hope of discovering something new regarding Christopher Columbus and his exploits, let those who can be interessed in watching the fluctuating condition of the theater also turn their glasses back and follow on the chart of say only the past 100 years, in America alone, the course of public opinion regarding plays and players. Emerging by slow and gradual steps from the darkest caverns of bigotry, the stage of today exemplifies in our world's fair year its influence over the public mind perhaps more than any other one institution, unless, perhaps, it be the newspaper. What an astounding thing it would appear to our good old Revolutionary fathers to pick up a paper of today and read an account of Joseph Jefferson and Grover Cleveland out fishing together at Buzzard's Bay. They would hold up their hands in horror and bemoan the deplorable condition of things when an actor, a common player, a performer behind the footlights, could be allowed to even sit in the presence of an ex-president of these glorious United States that they fought so hard, and sacrificed so much for, just a little over a hundred years ago. About the time that the English stage was at the height of its glory, about the time that Garrick was amazing the public with his genius, Charles Mackin was creating the part of Shylock as it is played today. Foote was convulsing audiences with his mimicry and Peg Waffington's sun was beginning to cast its evening shadows across the English stage that it had once illuminated so brightly, bigotry against the stage and its players in America was pronounced. About this time an actor named Thomas Keene, assisted by another named Murray and some amateurs, gave a performance of Otway's "Orphans" in a coffee house in Boston. This shocking exhibition of giving a play on a stage right out in public led the great and general court of Massachusetts to pass "An act to prevent stage plays and other theatrical entertainments."

While sitting a few weeks ago, chatting with Minnesota's own delightful performer, Sol Smith Russell, at his beautiful home on First avenue south, Minneapolis, I could not help but notice the contrast of the surroundings between the Sol Smith Russell of our world's fair year and that of his splendid uncle, "Sol Smith," who was one of the most amusing of the broad class of comedians, and in many ways an odd and entertaining character. He began his career as an actor in 1819, and at various times he was a clerk, a singing master, an editor, a law student, a politician, an actor and a manager. Speaking of the bigotry existing against actors in those days, Sol Smith, in his delightful reminiscences, tells of one town where he caused a negro boy to be arrested on the charge of having stolen his watch. In giving his testimony Sol remarked that he was at the time of the theft officiating as high priest of the sun.

"How's this? How's this?" interrupted the country justice, "High priest of the sun? Pray, where did all this happen?"

"At the theater, sir. I was officiating as high priest, and as—"

"At the theater?" screamed the justice. "Served you right, then, served you right. Boy, you may go. I dismiss the case."

Another incident in the life of one of the first of American actors. A Mr. Henry was, through lameness, obliged to go to the theater in a coach, and to prevent public outcry at the enormity of an actor keeping a coach, he hit upon the devise of painting on the door, in the manner of a coat-of-arms, two crutches crossed with the motto, "This or these." Not more than two months ago there appeared in St. Paul and Minneapolis in the cast of "Mr. Wilkinson's Widows" an actor named Holland, whose father's funeral and the bigotry of a certain Rev. Mr. Sabine were the direct cause of the erection of that little place of worship in New York dear to the heart of all stage players, known as "The Little Church Around the Corner." At the death of the venerated actor, George Holland, in 1870, Rev. Sabine refused to open his church for the funeral of the actor, and this lead to the building of the church from which so many actors and actresses of late years have had the last sad respects paid them by hundreds of sorrowing friends.

In 1832 a Harrisburg clergyman, who read the burial service over the remains of Joseph Jefferson, the great comedian of that period, and as illustrious and beloved as his beloved descendent and name-sake, altered the text of the service so as to say "this man" instead of "our deceased brother" in the sentence which commits the body to the ground.

These signs and many like them indicated the ancient spirit of comingled bigotry towards the theater, but is almost an unknown quality in this world's fair year. The hundreds of Columbian astronomers are searching the horizon of history with their glasses, in their attempts to discover something more incidental to the life of the great navagator whereby he has benefited the American people, the world generally and for which they are to be thankful for. The astronomer who studies the stars and satellites of the theatrical firmament, their conditions and changes since the first theater was erected on this hemisphere which Columbus first told the world about, also in this world's fair year has many things to be thankful for. One is the betterment of the actor's condition, both morally and financially, and the expulsion, let us hope forever, of bigotry against the stage and its performers. In this year the public mourns the loss of a great actor as much as they do a great statesman. No church shuts its doors to prevent poor "Billy" Florence from having a most respectful funeral, but, on the contrary, hundreds of the most eminent minds, poets, painters, men of letters, scientists, senators and the representative men of our nation and the representative men of other nations sent to the bereaved widow letters and telegrams of condolence and sympathy. Bigotry rides on its raids no more against the player. During the week of the Democratic convention in Chicago Grover Cleveland was the most prominent figure in all our 64,000,000 of population. During that time his closest and perhaps most beloved companion among his friends was an actor. Think of it! What a change.

For this change both the players and the people should be thankful. In this year, if one will pause to listen, he may hear coming from the ranks of those enlisted in the theatrical enterprises, the hum of industry, the fine poetic murmur of reverence and aspiration coming from these theater folks. Let them give thanks—they have good cause to in this world's fair year.

CHARLES ASTOR PARKER.

WILL MISS BLAIKIE.

Musical Circles Regret His Departure to Minneapolis.

The announcement, made in the GLOBE a week ago, that James D. Blaikie had accepted a call to Gethsemane church, Minneapolis, has caused wide-spread regret in local musical circles. For upwards of five years Mr. Blaikie has labored in this city to encourage a popular taste for high-class music, and he has been the prime mover in introducing vested chosrs into our Episcopal churches. His choir at Christ church is, undoubtedly, the finest in the Northwest, and there are only a few in the Eastern cities that can compare with it. The vacancy in our midst is not easily filled, as Mr. Blaikie is not only a talented and thorough musical artist, but his manners are pleasing and gentlemanly, securing him a wide circle of friends and making him a popular and useful citizen.

J. Lewis Browne, the well known organist, has been requested to fill Mr. Blaikie's position at Christ church.

IN THE WINGS.

"The Dazzler" will open a week's engagement at the Metropolitan next Sunday evening.

"The Stowaway" will open the regular season at the Grand Sunday evening next. The engagement is for four nights.

The Olympic is to be opened Sunday afternoon, the 21st inst., under the management of Harry Montague. The new management promises a high-class entertainment, and a most diversified programme has been arranged for the opening week. Harry Montague has surrounded himself with a number of able and successful vaudeville artists, and declares everything will be done to make the Olympic the popular amusement house in the city.

His Name Was All Right.

Detroit Free Press.

A young fellow six feet tall and weighing 200 pounds not long ago applied to a Detroit merchant for a position in his store.

"What's your name?" inquired the merchant.

"Little Dickey Robinson," replied the young man promptly.

"What?" exclaimed the merchant in astonishment as he surveyed his proportions.

"Little Dickey Robinson," was the reply, this time several tones louder.

It made the merchant half angry.

"What in thunder does a great big fellow like you mean by giving such a name as that?" he asked indignantly. "Havn't you cot loose from your mothers apron string yet?"

The young fellow's temper was admirable, and he was after a job, besides.

"I give such a name as that," he said, "because that is my name, and if you've got a man in this house that thinks he can lick me, or dares to make fun of that name, trot him out."

The merchant began to smooth him down and asked for an explanation.

"It's this way," he said, quite good-naturedly, "my mother's maiden name was Little, my father' name was Robinson and and his mother's maiden name was Dickey. They wanted me to have the family names, and so I'm Little Dickey Robinson."

The explanation was eminently satisfactory; so was the young man, and he's going to work soon.

MULTITUDINOUS TESTIMONIALS

Recommend Golden Specific as the Positive, Permanent, Economical and Harmless Cure for Drunkenness.

All advertised cures for the liquor habit do not cure. Thete are institutions for the cure of drunkenness, where men seeking to rid themselves of a habit may spend all that they have for "that which is not bread," and stand a good chance to return home physical and mental wrecks. Some have found the costly, deadly sanitarium the shortest cut to the asylum. To be pronounced cured is one thing, but to be cured is quite another thing. It's a poor remedy whose cure is worse than the disease. Golden Specific as a cure for drunkenness is recommended to thoughtful people for these reasons: It is a positively permanent cure, and it is guaranteed. Not one known case of failure out of thousands of cases treated in every land and clime under the sun. On the diagnosis of drunkenness being a disease this remedy works like a charm, arresting the disease within a short space of time, whether in its incipient or advanced stage. Shattered nerves are rebuilt and restored to their normal condition. From the first dose a dislike for liquor is created, which, as the treatment advances, amounts to an utter dislike for it. It's a cure whose ingredients have been known for years to the medical fraternity as being positively harmless. It is one of the greatest nerve restorers in the world.

It being a home treatment, and inexpensive, further recommend it. Surrounded by friends and relatives, at home the patient knowingly or unknowingly may find healing and health through his tea, coffee or food. In this way many wives, mothers and sisters have been instrumental in bringing about marvelous cures. It is strangely true that the majority of drinking men are averse to being healed of their infirmity. A $3 box of Golden Specific by mail may bring joy to your heart and home. One box is often quite sufficient. On application to Golden Specific Company, Cincinnati, O., a 48-page pamphlet on "Drunkenness Curable," full of valuable testimonials and information, will be sent free.

TRAINING PIGS TO RACE.

A New Pastime on the Race Track in California.

San Francisco News-Letter.

Ever since Healy's pig Casey covered himself with glory and renown by fighting the rattlesnake Mars, Michenfelder has been thinking of raising a breed of athletic porkers, whose feats of agility and skill would be told and retold from the rising to the setting of the sun.

With this object in view he has been scouring the country far and wide and advertising in a most extensive manner for hardy hogs, whose anatomy should contain a high percentage of muscle and sinew and be practically devoid of fat.

He has now secured a choice litter, which promises well to come up to the required standard, and every morning, with the regularity of a good race horse breeder, he takes the little chaps out to train.

He begins in the early dawn by giving them a stiff walk up to the reservoir and back, and whenever one of the youngsters gets to fresh or sulks on the way he puts his little curly tail in clothespins; and if there is any punishment that is more morally degrading and hurtful to the amour propre of a small pig than another, it is having the spring taken out of his curly tail by having the said tail weighted down by clothespins.

After their walk he takes them back to their yard and gives them a cold shower bath with a garden hose. Then they get a light breakfast of weak swill, after which they are given a half-hour's rest for the purpose of facilitating digestion.

At 7:30 the speed trials begin, and as Michenfelder himself has too much business to attend to to personally superintend the matter, he has hit upon an ingenious labor-saving device whereby he can make those pigs run like wildfire without exerting himself at all.

He just strolls down town with a piece of liver in his hand, and coaxes up Healy's dog Jack and Black Peter from the Pioneer, as well as Neff's Cy and Pearce's three dogs and half a dozen stray canines that have nothing in particular to occupy their attention. These he "sicks" on the porkers, and when the dogs are "sicked" it is a comfort to watch the pigs run.

The "sicking" process lasts from twenty to thirty-five minutes, by which time the athletes are swimming in their own perspiration, and the dogs are beginning to be fagged out. They are permitted to rest until noon, at which hour Michenfelder rounds up a few more dogs and gives his pets more exercise.

By this process he has reduced his herd to the narrow dimensions of fence rails, but he has endowed them with a speed heretofore unknown among porkers.

Healy has another string out of the old Casey stock training in Oakland, and Kofoed and Hanson are also starting speeding styes.

There will be at least four good styes of racing