LATHROP'S LETTER.

Sport for the Dudes in the Great Metropolis--How They Keep in Appetite.

Difficulties of the Manager in Producing a Spectacular Play—Supers as Citizens.

Funny Action of the Orchestra—Campaini After an Engagement—Children Playing as Stars.

[Special Correspondence of the Gazette.

ATHLETIC CLUBS.

New York, Dec. 2.—When the season for yachting, boating and horse-racing, of cricket, ball, bicycle and lawn tennis ends, a problem begins of finding some means of healthful sport to take their place during the winter. New York, in the last few years, has developed immensely in athletic line, and there are hundreds of men here now to every one that there used to be who would consider life not worth living if they were deprived of opportunity for horseback riding, boxing or other forms of exercise. Even within the past athletics have taken a somewhat noticeable start. The Manhattan athletic club, leaving its old poorly appointed yard, has opened new grounds and a magnificent building and vastly increased its membership. This is the club which J. E. Myers, the champion amateur runner, belongs, and his wonderful achievements here and victorious England have no doubt increased popularity. The Manhattan also holds games and exhibitions of muscular skill during the winter at Madison Square garden. Its grounds are up at Eighty-third street, by the park, but this annual appearance again brings the club near to people and widens the public interest in its work. But the chief, the mammoth, the Leviathan, the prize flower and first fruit of all these associations is

The New York Athletic club. This is the young man's organization. The Manhattan has ambitious in its accommodations, about 1200 members, and charges a entry fee of $12. The New York has 2000 members, who pay $25 per annum. Of course I don't mean that all the 2000 are sick, but wealthy men have sustained and built up the club and now control it. For years it had its quarters on the Madison street, above One Hundred and Forty-fifth street, farther off than the Manhattan; but last winter it moved into a superb building at Fifty-fifth street and Sixth avenue, put up expressly for it. This is a massive pile of brick and terra cotta, having an artistic architectural effect and with big Roman arches adorning the windows of the gymnasium, on the top floor. In the basement is a bowling alley, with one alley partitioned for ladies, and beyond this a spacious restaurant, taking in both basement and first story, lined with porcelain tiles and attached to a swimming bath and Turkish baths. One flight up there are a large dining hall, a billiard room and smoking room, with unathletic little tables in them, whereon the cheerful and inebriated cup may often be seen. The men who lounge there or in the cozy ante-room, hung with triumphal flags won by the N. A. A. C., seem to be cultivating strength as much as it is done in other clubs—a kind of strength found

IN LIQUORS AND CIGARS.

On the third floor are the dressing rooms of lockers and space for sparring. The great gymnasium, with its running track in a gallery and its rowing machine, which enables the crew of an eight-oar to practice all winter, probably surpasses anything else in the country except the $600,000 gymnasium at Harvard. The New York also gives gymnastic and running exhibitions, and undertakes to be a social entertainment and supper every Saturday night. The club seems to be especially courteous to women, and last year one Saturday for a brilliant "Ladies Night," invitations to which are highly esteemed. William R. Travers, known as a wit on Wall street and in the club, is president, and also, I believe, owner of the New York. The stock exchange element is represented in its official vigor by the vice-president, A. DeGolcourin. Another prominent member is Herman Oelrichs, of the North German Lloyd Steamer line, and himself a great polo player at Newport. One of the champion strong men of the club is O. Morse, a son of the late Prof. Morse, inventor of the telegraph.

MORE MEN ARE BORN ATHLETES,

athletes are born with a talent for business or poetry, and Mr. Morse is one of the former class, tall and shapely, with a face like that of an old Greek statue. It is curious to see the bulls and bears, who have been wrestling, metaphorically, at the exchange during the day, come up here at 5 o'clock for a bout with the gloves, or an operator who emerges from the region of "blind pools" only to plunge into the swimming bath. The lawyer who has been utilizing his mental agility in arguments or contracts, now, while unbending his mind, bends his muscles into exactitudes as intricate as legal proceedings on the parallel bars or at the pulling weights. Young swells and society men put on their striped jerseys and then running drawers, and by judicious exertion for half an hour stimulate the healthy glow of their cheeks and gain an appetite better than that which depends on cocktails. Great numbers of business men, who in the country would hesitate to get out

FOR A LONG WALK,

think nothing here of tramping from the lower end of the city to their residence, three or four miles distant. As the metropolis grows larger, the competition keener and the mental strain of life more severe, people appreciate more the necessity of relief in physical exercise. Another thing: New Yorkers like to eat well and drink well, and athletics are needed to counteract the natural result of corpulence. Have you ever noticed the great increase of double chins among New York women since a generous mode of living has grown customary? The double chin seems to be a fashion, at present, and it is one that will be difficult to discard. I don't yet hear of any ladies' athletic club. Then, as to the men, fashion notes announce that ladies' dresses are to give the figure an "ample fullness behind;" but men in New York acquire an "ample fullness in front," with the assistance, not of their tailors, but of their cooks and caterers. Let the cultivation of athletics go on!

* * *

Few persons who have not yet attended the rehearsals of a spectacular play can understand the difficulties and anxieties which beset a manager or the contrast between the inside history of preparation and the outside show. I saw something of this recently, and when the production occurred on Monday could share the feelings of blended relief and triumph which pervaded the whole company. At the rehearsal the stage was lighted by only one or two flaring burners, and the rest of the house was dark except for a few rays of sunlight that came in through the dusty windows. The players wore street clothes and the "star" shone not with the luster which he was to have for the popular eye, but with a glistening silk hat. He had on gloves and carried a cane—a singular combination for the role, which is that of a wandering German rat-catcher. In the closing scene he climbed up a scaffolding intended, at the performance, to form the solid geology of a mountain, and there he declaimed lustily to a horde of men and women on the stage below, while the stage manager drilled them as if they were

SO MANY MILITIA,

showing them how to advance in unison and exclaim, "Save the children!" Then they fell back two paces—left foot first—to indicate grief and dismay, and cried out, "They are lost!" Meanwhile the carpenters could be heard sawing and hammering, the costumer was busy with tarletans, tights, slippers, etc., and the ballet girls were everywhere, on the stage, in the lobbies, and in the orchestra chairs. It was a vast stage, and in one part of it was a cleared space among fragments of scenery and properties, where a man was training a squad of supers, "trying," as he dryly remarked, "to make good citizens of them." A good many children were employed in the piece, and it was no easy matter to keep them in order, for they romped and rollicked around the stage as if they considered it a playground and the rehearsal a school recess. Let me tell you a picturesque little incident. As I passed through the lobby, I came suddenly upon a group of small girls who, in an interval of leisure, were performing a little play of their own, made up of scraps and sentences taken from the different spectacles

IN WHICH THEY HAD FIGURED.

"There ought to be another lady over there," said a child of about seven, who was acting as stage manageress and playing the chief role. Accordingly a "lady" of six years took the position indicated. Then the star announced that she would "take the center of the stage." She raised her tiny arms above her head and exclaimed in tones of well-simulated anguish: "Oh, Ferdinand! will you see me perish, and yet say no word to soothe my breaking heart?" Here, unfortunately, they saw that they were observed; the play came to an abrupt end and the little girls scurried off in confusion.

An attentive watching of the rehearsal failed to give any clear idea of the plot of the piece, and the prospect seemed to be that the public would be called upon to sit through an evening of unintelligible talk. Everybody concerned, even down to the call-boy, was anxious, though not exactly on that ground. And finally came the performance, and all the confusion vanished in a blaze of color and costume and success. The anxiety of the manager and the authors, however, was intensified by the fact that at the moment when the curtain was to be rung up the orchestra refused to play unless a contract should be signed with each member on the spot. This was done, but the validity of a contract forced by threats of compelling failure before the public and the loss of hundreds of thousands of dollars seems

OPEN TO QUESTION.

Two years ago, when Henry Abbey had a benefit at the end of the German opera season, the orchestra played a similar trick upon him, though everyone else assisting in the benefit had volunteered their services. The season had been most disastrous to Abbey, and, notwithstanding his heavy loss, he had carried it through and paid the orchestra every dollar he owed them. Yet they did not hesitate to demand double pay on pain of preventing the performance. It may be hard for musicians to get good terms but that scarcely justifies them in taking such mean advantages. I am told that the Musical union encourages them in doing so. * * * I have heard something surprising about Campanini. Four years ago he was at the height of popularity in New York, a social favorite, the companion of men about town and the idol of romantic young women. Even during his last engagement here, two years since, his admirers were lenient, though his voice was evidently in its decadence. Overwork, late eating and much drinking were the causes. Every one was prepared for the announcement that he was about to retire finally from the stage. He has lived in Italy since, where it was supposed that he had an ample property laid up from his large earnings. The other day a regular paid advertisement appeared in one of the Florentine papers, setting forth that Italo Campanini, the famous tenor, desired an engagement with an opera or concert company.

GEORGE PARSONS LATHROP.

Father Christmas is Back Again.

Gentlemen wishing to make a present of a shot-gun can get one from $10 to $150 at A. Stert's gun store. 296 Main street.

THE PAPER CIGAR.

The Many Ways That People Try to Rid Themselves of Cigarette Smoking.

Utilizing Waste Tobacco as Good a Way as Any to Put Worthless Boys Out of the World.

"Small bunch of cigarettes? No, sir; I don't keep them. I used to, till I had all the newsboys and bootblacks running in here for 5-cent packages, and then I had to shut down. It was too much of a nuisance."

A reporter, at whose head a callous-hearted tobacconist had launched the foregoing, began to feel around with his cane for a knot-hole in the floor to drop through. He wondered in which class the nicotine-dealer rated him. It was not altogether pleasant, but a cigarette-smoker is accustomed to abuse, and the reporter had become somewhat hardened.

"But," he faltered, screwing up his courage to talk back to the awful owner of a real wooden Indian, "what do you care as long as you get your profit."

"Profit!" with a contemptuous look. "That's just why I do care. I don't get profit enough off them to pay for handling hardly, and then they drive away cigar customers, from whom I do get a good profit. You see, I had to put a sign up outside—'No small bunches of cigarettes sold here.' Now, there are some grown-up cigarette-smokers whom I would like to accommodate by keeping the small bunches. They buy them because they are more convenient to carry. Possibly you are of that class." The reporter brightened visibly at this somewhat doubtful compliment, and had the audacity to look the proprietor right in the face. He really felt as though he was on quite sociable terms with him. "But," he continued, "the majority are boys and the impecunious cigarette fiend who has got 5 cents and can't resist the temptation to burn these things. Cigarette fiends are impecunious, as a rule, anyway. I always think that the fellows who smoke them do it because they can't afford to buy cigars."

The reporter had begun to feel secure on his familiar perch, but this last remark, delivered in a very matter-of-fact sort of way, knocked him off as though Sullivan had let him out one from the shoulder.

"If I had time I could tell you some very funny experiences I have had in connection with cigarettes, but I don't feel like talking now."

A bright idea flashed like a meteor across the murky horizon of the reporter's cigarette-consumed brain. It was the key to the whole situation.

"Here," he said, "give me a fifteen-cent cigar and find time to talk."

"Mild or strong? Oh, thank you, I don't mind if I smoke a little one. Some five years ago I had my first trouble with cigarettes. I was looking around for a business to invest some money in, and I met an oily Frenchman with a big O. One of these fellows that are always cutting the air with their hands so that it makes you dizzy. Seemed like he had an everlasting fence in front of his face, with his fingers for the pickets. Well, he had an idea that was all capitals. It was to start a factory to make cigarette paper out of refuse tobacco. He said it was worth millions, and waved me into the scheme with his hand. We leased the factory and advertised for waste tobacco. Inside of two days there was a line of tramps and ragpickers that reached from the office door half a mile back into the country. They all had bags of stuff with them that they said was waste tobacco and that they demanded our advertised price of 10 cents a pound for. A little of it was cigar stumps, and the rest dead leaves and paper that they had rolled in the mud and torn up. We sent them away, but they came again day after day. The news of our wants spread, and I think we had all the tramps and vagabonds in New York out there. They stole everything they could lay their hands on, and made it very interesting for us. In fact, they actually took possession of the whole place and helped themselves to everything they wanted. Meanwhile we had tried to make the paper out of the refuse tobacco from the factories."

"Was it a success?"

"No, it wasn't. It was too brittle. We put some on the market, but it was no go. It couldn't be used at all. Well, I lost a pile of money. I had put in all the money, by the way. The Frenchman had put in the idea. The tramps were still there, and they were putting in lots of time. They broke my windows and threw mud at me. I actually had to sneak away from the place and leave it to them. Then I went in o the tobacco business, but that Frenchman's idea always rather set me against cigarettes."

"It is a very difficult matter to leave them off, though."

"Indeed it is. I never used them, but I can understand that from the struggles people make to cure themselves of the habit."

"Do they succeed?"

"Very seldom. There was a professional roller-skater who used to be around here a good deal last spring. Like all roller-skaters, he was forever making cigarettes. He said he would give almost anything if he could be cured of the habit. So, unknown to him, I thought I would experiment a little. I ran five or six horsehairs through every cigarette in a bunch, and gave it to him the next time he called for some. Then I watched him."

"What was the effect?"

"He lit one and began to smoke it. The hairs sizzled and smelt awfully rank. Must have tasted pretty tough, too. He looked at it, snuffed the smoke, and said the brand wasn't as good as it used to be; didn't see why he wanted to smoke such miserable things anyway, and when it was about half burned threw it away. In a few minutes, though, he lit another. It had just the same effect. After the third one he began to look kind of queer. Couldn't understand why those cigarettes should taste so bad. The habit was too much for him, and he kept on smoking until he had used up about half a dozen. Then he threw the rest into the street and just gave himself up to being sick. He was sick, too. Oh! so sick for an hour. Swore he would never smoke another one of them."

"Did he?"

"No, not of that brand. In a day or two he shifted to another kind, and smokes thirty or forty of them a day now, just the same as ever."

"How do people usually try to break themselves of the habit?"

"Oh, by simply stopping off short. That's the only effective way. Some fellows take up cubeb cigarettes instead, and keep it up until their noses begin to feel as big as their fists and they smell like an energetic tanyard. Then people avoid them as though they were a case of smallpox, and say unkind things, for a cubeb is a trifle more offensive to a second party than a tobacco cigarette. Then they quit it and go back to the old line. Other men break right off and stay broke for a week or two. Then they conclude they are slaves to the habit, and go on smoking again."

"Doesn't cigar-smoking do away with the desire to smoke cigarettes?"

"No, it does not. I have known hundreds of people to leave off cigars for cigarettes. A person can enjoy a pipe or a cigar and still be a perfect victim to the dude's solace. One way to stop that a good many people try is to leave off buying cigarettes, and only smoke those that are given you. That works very nicely until you get to be a perfect bore among your friends and feel ashamed of yourself. There is quite an opposite course, too. That is to only smoke one cigarette out of each package and give the rest away. That's a very hard resolution to follow up and does not last more than two days at the best. It is funny that cigarette-smoking never affects women as it does men. If a girl smokes, and a pile of them do, it is not the least trouble for her to leave off any time. She seems to thrive on them, too. She never becomes possessed of that yearning to be always smoking them that men have. In consequence she never smokes to excess and gets no bad effects."

"After all," he continued, "cigarettes are useful things; they help to kill off worthless boys."

The reporter dejectedly walked away and waited until he got around the corner before he lit his.—[New York Herald.

The regular annual meeting of the stockholders of the Fort Worth & Denver City Railway company will be held at the office of the company, at Fort Worth, Tex., on Tuesday, December 8, 1885, at 10 o'clock a.m. The transfer books will close on the 20th day of November, at 2:15 p. m., and will re-open on the 9th day of December, at 10 a.m.

WM. A. ROSS, Secretary.

SHERMAN.

Julius Scherck in a Critical Condition From the Effect of His Wound —Cause of the Affray.

The Would-Be Assassin Safe in the Clutches of the Law—A New Minister Installed—Personals.

Special to the Gazette.

SHERMAN, TEX., Dec. 6.—The bloody difficulty which occurred between Julius Scherck and John Webb, here, last night, has been the theme of comment on all sides since the sad event. In looking for the motive it appears that the firm of W. H. Webb & Son of McKinney had contracted with Scherck to deliver 500 bales of cotton on a given date, and each party was to put up a guarantee of $500 for the performance of his part of the contract. Scherck deposited the money, but Webb did not. Webb, it is said, produced a telegram from a bank in McKinney, saying that the deposit was made good, but on inquiry the bank denied its genuineness. E. C. McLean, an attorney of this city, went down to McKinney to see what proof could be had against Webb, and returned yesterday morning to Sherman. John Webb followed on the next train, and going to the office of Scherck found him in consultation with McLean and others. Webb soon lost his temper, and drawing his knife attempted to cut McLean but was prevented by a bystander, who took him off to a hotel. About 10:30 o'clock Webb and his companion walked down to the Q.T. saloon, where they met Scherck and McLean on the sidewalk, when Webb remarked: "You go inside while I have a business talk with Scherck."

In less than ten minutes, without a word of dispute or any warning of hostilities, Webb drew his knife and struck Scherck across the lower ribs on the left side, penetrating the cavity of the body below the point of the ribs, making an incision about one inch and a half long. He then turned and walked off in the darkness, and in a moment Scherck turned into the saloon holding his side and announced that he had been wounded. His friends gathered around him and took him to his room in the Binkly house, where doctors Stinson and Thompson and Wilson were hurriedly called. They found him bleeding internally and soon determined slightly to enlarge the incision so that the arteries could be taken up. Chloroform was administered and the operation was successfully performed, after which the patient was turned over and the accumulated blood flowed from the body. He rested badly during the night, but seemed brighter than was expected this morning. His friends to-night are almost without hopes of his recovery. When Webb left the saloon he went to the residence of his brother-in-law in West Sherman, but was soon followed by the officers. They started to arouse the family, but before they could be admitted to the house one of the posse saw an object lying down by the side of the yard fence, and on approaching it proved to be the man wanted. He made no resistance, and was started off to jail in charge of Policemen Kelly and Burgess. On being questioned he at first denied having any difficulty or cutting anybody, but directly he admitted the cutting and said he would do it again. After reaching the jail Deputy Callahan searched him and found a thirty-two caliber pistol in the side pocket of his vest. The knife with which the cutting was done had been taken by the policeman. The blade was about three and a half inches long and was covered with blood. Mr. Scherck has made many friends here in his brief sojourn among us, and no one would expect him to engage in a difficulty of any kind. John Webb formerly lived here.

The Travis Street Methodist congregation have engaged the opera-house as a place of worship until a new building can be erected to take the place of the one burned last summer.

Rev. J. M. Binckley, who was assigned to the Sherman station at the conference, preached his first sermon to-day to a good attendance.

The colored Methodist conference now in session here had an immense crowd out to hear Bishop Beebe this morning. An appointment was made to have him preach at the opera-house to-night, where the white folks can hear him.

H. M. Patty, Esq., who left for Mississippi a month ago, returned with his family to-day.

Col. Sugg of the B. J. T. and Wyatt Williams of Gainesville are visiting the city.

William Warren, Esq., of Clay county came over to-day in company with B. H. Yarborough.

M. H. Lavoo of Cole Switch, Iowa, was in the city last night and reports that he is sinking a coal shaft there and the signs are first-class but no vein has been struck up to date.

A. Fulton, Jr., who has been traveling for M. Schachler & Bro. of Sherman for several years, has resigned his place and leaves to-morrow for Chicago to take the road for a firm in that city.

Ed Staples went to Pilot Point this evening in company with Henry Griffith, who says he goes out to play first man at a wedding.

C. S. Gardner left to-day for the Fort to take a position in the drug house of H. W. Williams & Co.

New Time Card.

Taking effect Nov. 15, 1885.

TEXAS & PACIFIC.

WEST.	Arrive.	Leave.
No. 501 daily	8:10 p. m.	8:40 p. m.
No. 505 daily	7:05 p. m.	
No. 507 daily	6:00 a. m.	
No. 507 daily except Sun		8:00 a. m.
EAST.		
No. 504 daily	6:45 a. m.	7:00 a. m.
No. 506 daily		1:30 p. m.
No. 508 daily		5:10 p. m.
No. 508 daily except Sun	7:40 p. m.	

MISSOURI PACIFIC.

NORTH.	Arrive.	Leave.
No. 152 daily	6:20 a. m.	6:50 a. m.
No. 154 daily via Dallas	8:20 p. m.	8:45 p. m.
SOUTH.		
No. 151 daily	8:10 p. m.	8:35 p. m.
No. 153 daily via Dallas	7:00 a. m.	7:30 a. m.

FORT WORTH & DENVER CITY.

	Leave.	Arrive
North-bound	8:55 a. m.	
South-bound		3:15 p.

GULF, COLORADO & SANTA FE.

SOUTH.	Leave.	Arrive.
No. 2 daily	8:00 a. m.	
No. 24 daily accommodation	3:00 p. m.	
NORTH.		
No. 1 daily		12:00 night.
No. 13 accommodation		7:35 a. m.

RUNNING OF TRAINS:

No. 503 daily runs between El Paso and St. Louis.

No. 506 daily runs between Fort Worth and New Orleans.

No. 508 daily runs between Fort Worth and Dallas.

No. 508 daily, except Sunday, runs between Colorado and Fort Worth.

No. 501 daily runs between St. Louis and El Paso.

No. 505 daily runs between New Orleans and Fort Worth.

No. 507 daily runs between Dallas and Fort Worth.

No. 507 daily, except Sunday, runs between Fort Worth and Colorado.

Nos. 151, 152, 153 and 154 run solid trains through from San Antonio to St. Louis.

Nos. 153 and 154 run via Dallas.

Nos. 2 and 1 between Fort Worth, Houston and Galveston.

G. O. LISK,
Union Ticket Agent.