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THOMAS C. LEARY AT THE TIVOLI

THE LILIPUTIANS IN MERRY TRAMPS BALDWIN

GLADYS WALLIS WITH THE FRAWLEY CO. AT THE COLUMBIA

THE RUSSELL BROS. IRISH SERVANT GIRLS AT THE ORPHEUM

IRMA FITCH SPECIALLY ENGAGED AS SOUBRETTE AT MOROSCO'S

What a boon it would be if the Actors' Society could be induced to place a heavy fine upon footlight speeches—a tariff, say, of $1 a word for those rash confidences that actors make to their audiences under the stress of gratification or pique. A fine on speeches would add immensely to the dignity of the profession and would relieve the public from much mental anguish. Speeches are generally called for by a clamorous minority, and the majority has to endure them with what fortitude it can. No reason exists why actors should also be orators. Other caterers to our wants, artistic or otherwise, are not called upon to throw in orations gratis. If our grocer supplies us with a particularly good brand of coffee or cheese we do not clap our hands and call, "Speech! speech!" We can go into ecstasies over a new building without demanding talk from the architect, and there was a time when the public could admire the work of a conductor or a virtuoso without hungering and thirsting for the sound of his voice. But, alas! in Europe concert audiences are beginning to call upon musicians for speeches, so the pernicious habit will soon spread to America, and every little wielder of the baton, every insignificant fiddler and piano-thumper may soon expect to take us into his confidence, for we always go to extremes in this glorious country.

If all actors were as brilliantly endowed oratorically as De Wolf Hopper, we should consider footlight speeches a feast of reason and a flow of soul, but alas, very few actors have any gift for oratory at all, and worse still, some of them regard footlight speeches as opportunities for airing their own little private grievances. We had two, I don't like to say "horrid" examples last week—but examples that would be best not followed—Francis Powers and Daniel Frawley, to wit.

Francis Powers has shown considerable originality as a dramatist in his "First Born," but nature never meant him for an orator. In the middle of his little play a few friends, more loving than judicious, call on him nightly for a speech. The result is something like this:

Powers (bowing, with his hand on his heart)—Ladies and Gentlemen: I thank you (a pause for applause). "The First Born" was quite a weakling a few weeks ago (longer pause; no applause). Now it is getting to be quite a healthy infant (pause; one man in the rear claps his hands.) I hope by your favor it will live and thrive for many months to come (pause; faint applause). Ladies and Gentlemen, I thank you. (Powers, still with his hand on his heart, retires. The audience, relieved that the agony is over, breaks into frantic applause.)

Daniel Frawley's speech on Monday night had the merit of introducing an amusing element into "The Fatal Card," which is by nature a lugubrious play. He aired his own particular little grievance. It seems that three weeks ago he was interviewed by a New York theatrical paper, which represented him as saying scathing things about the San Francisco critics.

Mr. Frawley dwelt upon this interview in his Monday speech. "I want to set myself right," he said, and proceeded to throw flowers at the critics, remarking how it was his habit to dwell admiringly upon the words of wisdom that dropped from their pencils.

I am sure Mr. Frawley's remarks were made in a spirit of good fellowship, but there were sarcastic people present who laughed and thought the speech should be interpreted something like this: "Mr. Critics, the Lord has to-night delivered me and my company into your hands. I implore you deal with me mercifully, for with all your faults I love you still." Fortunately the company was so good that no flowers were needed to make the critics deal mercifully with it.

T. Douglass Bates, an enterprising Oakland manager, believes that mute inglorious Shakespeares are lurking among his fellow townsmen, and to bring them forth from their lairs he has offered three prizes for the three best one-act plays—the winning curtain-raisers to be presented by his company. Bates hopes to land as big a mascot as Powers' Chinese drama has proved to be. I hope he will land three mascots, for managers need to be shown, and shown again, by the line upon line process, that the plays which they reject unread will sometimes catch on hugely with the public when accident gives them a chance. It was a prize offered for a one-act opera that dragged "Cavalleria Rusticana" from the dusty drawer where Mascagni had placed it, in despair of ever seeing it produced, and dozens of similar instances might be cited. But managers seem as if they would never learn. Now is your chance, fin-de-siecle Shakespeares and Molieres; weigh in your one-act plays and show how much talent can see the light of day in Oakland.

On Thursday afternoon Mayor Phelan signed the anti-hat ordinance, and on Thursday night he went to the Alcazar Theater to see the Chinese play. The house was packed; standing room was at a premium, and his worship congratulated himself on having secured his seat beforehand. His joy was short-lived, however, for when he sank down into his red plush seat not an inch of the stage was visible. The Mayor was eclipsed behind a row of theater hats that combined the spoils of the nursery garden with those of the ostrich farm. The City's chief official craned his neck to right and to left, but all to no effect—not a glimpse of the stage could he obtain. I have not heard what his thoughts were, but probably he shook hands with himself for having signed the ordinance. Some spectators went out before the end of the performance, and Mayor Phelan, without any beating about the bush, fled from those theater hats, stealthily glided into one of the vacant seats, and for the rest of the evening enjoyed an uninterrupted view of the stage.

MARIE EVELYN.

Baldwin Theater.

The Liliputians will open a two weeks' engagement to-night in their latest success, "Merry Tramps," a spectacular performance which is said to be full of fun. The parts of the three merry tramps, Joe, Jim and Bob, are taken by Miss Selma Goerner, Adolph Zink and Franz Ebert. Miss Jaeger plays the part of a professor's daughter, while Miss Lau and Mr. Walter make love in a most realistic way. Mr. Ring is an irate miller, and little Ludwig Merkel has the part of a man ape, a sort of Darwin missing link. The music of "Merry Tramps" is said to be pretty, and the composer, Carl Pleininger, conducts the performances. The spectacular part of the play includes three ballets; in the harvest festival the dancers are costumed to represent corn, wheat, hops, wine, different cereals, etc., the dance of the lights and lamps indicating the various forms of illumination of all nations and all ages, from the primitive stone and oil lamp up to the incandescent electric light of the present.

Daniel Frohman's Lyceum Theater Company begins its tenth annual tour to the Pacific Coast at the Baldwin Theater on Monday, June 21.

Columbia Theater.

The Frawley Company's first offering, "The Fatal Card," has met with so much success that it will be continued for another week. The next production will be a new play by Lorimer Stoddard, author of "Napoleon," who also dramatized "Tess of the d'Urbervilles" for Minnie Maddern Fiske. The new play, which has not yet been named, is a comedy of the present day, dealing with rich old Knickerbocker families in New York. It contains a good deal about women's clubs, and is modern and up to date in a number of other respects.

The play will serve to introduce Miss Georgia Busby, one of the new members of the company. She has the reputation of being a pretty girl and in Stoddard's play will be afforded an opportunity of making considerable dress display. Blanche Bates and Gladys Wallace will have congenial roles, and a popular member of the old company, Phosa McAllister, will make her reappearance. Rehearsals, under the personal direction of the author, have been going on for a week already.

Alcazar Theater.

The Chinese play "The First Born" will be continued at the Alcazar this week. This is the fifth week of its run, and in accordance with the custom which has prevailed since its production, the piece preceding it will be changed to-morrow. Gilbert's farcical comedy "Engaged" will precede "The First Born" this week. Another farcical comedy billed for production in the near future at the Alcazar is "Gloriana." Since it was first put on, the Chinese play has been witnessed by nearly forty thousand people, and the management is in hopes that it may continue to be the mascot that causes the "standing room only" sign to appear nightly.

Grand Opera-House.

Maud Edna Hall returns to emotional roles at Morosco's Grand Opera-house to-morrow, when she plays Violet Christie in "The House on the Marsh." This play is a dramatization of Mervyn Dallas' novel of the same name. It contains many sensational features and is to be staged with elaborate settings. One of the pleasing features of the play will be the return of Miss Irma Fitch, the pretty soubrette, who will fill the role of a pert housemaid.

Tivoli Opera-House.

"Miss Frisco," which will be produced at the Tivoli to-morrow night, is described as an operatic review in three acts, and also as a "melange of song, dance and humor." It is founded upon the supposed return to earth of "Emperor" Norton, once a well-known local character, and the general anticipation is that the production will contain a number of skits upon living citizens, particularly upon one or two society leaders. The scenes include a view of Lotta's fountain, the exterior of the Chutes, a veranda at the Cliff House and other places familiar to San Franciscans. The libretto has been written by Joseph B. Cassell, a local journalist, and the music is a melange of catchy tunes.

The cast will include Ferris Hartman and Maurice Darcy as the two idlers, Nothing and Less; W. H. West as Emperor Norton, around whom the whole plot revolves; John J. Raffael as Ned Weanaway, a society leader; Rhys Thomas as Lord Albert Kilituu, a patron of the racetrack; Thomas C. Leary as a retired millionaire; Fred Kavanagh as Officer Porter, the pride of the force; Myra Morella as Francesca Fogg, a society belle; Elvia Crox Seabrooke as the dashing grass widow, Mrs. Alameda Mole, and Josie Intropidi as Mrs. Oceana Fogg, Frisco's mother. The Misses Schnabel, Stockmeyer, Werden and Gray will represent four society buds. In the last act a novel light dance will be executed by Miss Ida Wyatt, "The Whirl of Spheres."

At the Orpheum.

Adgie and her lions will continue to be the sensation at the Orpheum this week. There will also be a number of new specialties. The Russell Bros., known as the "Irish Servant Girls," will make their first appearance, and Charles Johnson and Dora Dean, known as the "King and Queen of the Colored Aristocracy," will also be new. Dailey and Hilton, originators of a great deal of eccentric comedy, will also make their initial bow to a San Francisco audience. The Vaidis twin sisters, intrepid aerial artists, who have just returned from Australia, will give their exciting performance and will introduce a number of new mechanical and electrical surprises. The rest of the bill will include Billy Carter, the Garrisons, the "World's Trio" and Morton and Elliott, the musical entertainers.

Auditorium Theater.

Next Thursday evening the Auditorium will open its doors, not to star a society freak or to benefit an unfortunate infant, but to inaugurate a permanent series of legitimate performances by a stock company of artists. The house has been leased for five years by F. C. Muller and the veteran playwright Richard C. White, and these gentlemen intend to make it a factor in the amusement houses of San Francisco. The Auditorium is to be devoted to the light side of dramatic art, such as fairy extravaganza, spectacular burlesque and high-class comedy. The opening performance will be a new version of "The Wonderful Lamp."

New and elaborate scenery has been painted and bright music prepared by an excellent orchestra under the baton of Herr Louis Homeier. The costumes will be new and a dazzling transformation scene is promised. Not the least important feature will be a large ballet trained by the maestro, Signor Conradi. Among the specialties will be several new songs by Minnie Haugh, Mlle. Barrett and others, and a musical sketch by Delmare and De Ramiere. The production will be directed by R. C. White. George A. Adam, late of the Grand Opera-house staff, is the business manager of the new venture.

At the Chutes.

The concerts given by the Venetian Ladies' orchestra in the Casino at the Chutes every afternoon and evening, and the open-air music given by Charles Cassasa and his band of soloists every night and on Sunday afternoons, are proving very popular. Both organizations have a large repertoire and request programmes are constantly given.

This afternoon and evening, in addition to the regular attractions, George Green and Charles McKeever, the phenomenal boxers, will spar four friendly rounds on the big stage at the foot of the lake. The game fight that McKeever put up with Green before the Olympic Club two weeks ago won him many admirers.

The animatoscope shows a number of new and interesting pictures every night.

Musical Mention.

A long list of well-known citizens figure on the list of patrons of Denis O'Sullivan's testimonial concert, which takes place at Native Sons' Hall to-morrow [illegible] "Sweet to Think" (Moore); "Savourneen Deelish" (arranged by Molloy), by request; "Kitty of Coleraine" (arranged by Molloy), by request; "The Low-backed Car" (Lover), by request; "Farewell, but Whenever You Welcome the Hour" (Moore).

Dramatic Brevities.

Richard Mansfield expects to spend the summer in the Maine woods.

Victory Bateman has returned to New York after an extended season in a stock company in Salt Lake City.

Fay Templeton, who is now in Paris, is desirous to return to America and resume active professional work.

Frank R. Mills, quite a popular local favorite, returns here with the Lyceum Theater Company to the Baldwin.

Felix Morris is another legitimate who has joined the swelling and resounding ranks of the vaudevillians. He is a finished actor.

Howard Kyle, after twenty-eight weeks of active and successful work in the Salt Lake City stock company, is resting there and enjoying pleasant social duties before going East again.

A bronze statue of Ole Bull was unveiled recently at Loring Park, Minneapolis. Alexander Bull, son of the great musician, played a favorite number of Ole Bull's on one of his father's violins.

The Columbia Theater orchestra made a special feature of the music for the opening of the Frawley season. Among the selections, which were well rendered, F. K. Tobin's trombone solo attracted attention.

"Herrmann the Third," the nephew and successor to the late Alexander Herrmann, and Mme. Adelaide Herrmann, are coming to the Columbia this season to present their entertainment of Magic, Mirth and Mystery.

Nat M. Wills, who was featured as the tramp in the Prodigal Father Company, and Mlle. Loretto of the same company have signed for the season with Manager Frank T. Merritt to support Ferguson and Emerick in "McSorley's Twins."

Charles Frohman has concluded arrangements by which Anthony Hope's latest novel, "Phroso," will be dramatized by Edward Rose, who arranged for the stage Mr. Hope's "The Prisoner of Zenda" and Stanley Weyman's "Under the Red Robe."

The Theatrical Employes' Protective Union of San Francisco and Oakland will give their second annual picnic at Shell Mound Park, near Berkeley, on Thursday, the 10th inst. The programme will consist of bicycle races, tug of war, dancing, etc.

During the season, the Frawleys will present "Shenandoah," "Aristocracy," "Sue," "Held by the Enemy," "Two Little Vagrants," "The Case of Rebellious Susan," "The Idler," "A Social Highwayman," and others that Manager Frawley secured while in Europe.

ALONE WITH A LION.

A "Call" Writer Left in a Room With Adgie's Terrible Pet.

A swish of candy silk draperies, a clang of iron bars, and Adgie, the graceful dancing-girl, bounds out of her cage of lions on the Orpheum stage. The gate bangs behind her, and the shuddering spectators clap their acknowledgments of the woman's nerve.

Gasping and panting for breath, the dancing-girl runs into the wings. "You are frightened?" I ask, as she wraps a cloak round her heaving neck, brown and swarthy beneath its poudre de riz.

"A lion-tamer must never be frightened—never," she gasps. "If you are frightened, it is all up with you."

She wraps her cloak closer round her, and plunges down a narrow flight of stairs. "Don't stumble," she says; "it's dark down here, and my *loge* is away under the stage."

Adgie unlocks the door of her dressing-room, drags forward a chair for me and leans against the doorway, still panting. On the rough dressing table a large picture of Calve as Carmen stares out of a frame with inviting, impudent eyes. Dio mio! what a likeness there is between the two women! Adgie has Calve's aquiline features, her fathomless, burning eyes, and she has fallen unconsciously into Calve's pose of careless, insolent abandon. Ah! but it's dollars to doughnuts that she has consciously copied the picturesque dress of the world's greatest Carmen. Every detail of Calve's Carmen costume is on the lion-tamer's back, even to the flounced silk petticoat of flaunting red, that la diva wears for luck, because she picked it up for a song in a pawnshop, "Outside the Gates of Seville," where some cigarette girl, down in her luck, sold it for the price of a cheap meal.

"Signora, but your likeness to la Calve is great," I say, taking a step toward the picture. Suddenly I start back in fear, for I catch sight of two great feline eyes that glow like smoldering fires from out of the half darkness under the dressing-table and I see the tawny outlines of a crouching lion.

"He's my pet. Duke is not a year old yet. He's such a baby that he does not know his own strength," says Adgie.

Baby indeed! Duke is bigger than many full-grown panthers, but his mistress makes a pet of him and tells lovingly how he tears shoes and carpets to ribbons in playful sport.

"Duke," she cries, noticing his fixed glare at me. "Why, Signora, he is trying to hypnotize you. Go to him—hit him across the nose with your pencil, then he will respect you and know better than to stare so rudely."

I hesitate. If a cat may look at a king why may a lion not look at a reporter?

Adgie throws off her wrap and walks over to the dressing-table, talking caressingly to Duke and pulling long strings of paste pearls through her long, supple fingers. She gazes into the mirror, and as her eyes catch the reflection of her swarthy figure she puts her hands to her throat with a cry: "My beads! My Indian beads! Dios! I left them on the stage and they will be lost!"

With a hasty word of apology Adgie flies to the door, bangs it after her, and scuds along the passage crying: "My beads, my Indian beads." She is in despair at the thought of losing the baubles—no doubt a superstition, a fetich. Destiny may be against her if she loses her beads; these Calve-like women are the slaves of superstition.

As the door bangs on Adgie the crouching lion rises from his lair under the dressing-table and walks stealthily over in my direction, lashing his tail. In her anxiety for her beads Adgie has forgotten all about Duke. I shrink back in my chair, trembling, but glued to the spot. What did Adgie say? "If you're frightened it's all up with you." Everything is up with me. I am dead, if to be horribly, abominably, sickeningly frightened is to be dead. I can feel my hands growing clammy and trembling and my knees knocking together. Worse—a thousand times worse—the lion can feel it too. He charges straight at me, banging his great head against my knees. A cannon-ball dangled against me would seem like a cushion or a little red balloon compared to that skull. Mon Dieu! why did not the ancient Romans use lions' heads for battering-rams? Duke's cranium is hard enough to beat down the fortifications at the Presidio.

The lion has nearly pounded me to a jelly, and I do not dare to move or cry out. It is only in play, I tell myself, but oh! kind Saint Una, you who had no fear of lions, I pray you give Adgie back her beads quickly. Send her to me, Saint Una; I do not crave for a martyr's crown.

Una heeds not my appeal, and Duke, who doesn't know his own strength, begins to find it. With a deep guttural growl that ought to bring assistance, but does not, he puts a great paw in my lap and stretches up his tawny head, with its gleaming eyes toward my face. I gaze at him fascinated. His paw is wider than my hand, and I take six and a quarter in gloves. The paw is as thick as it is wide; it weighs pounds. He could break my limbs with a blow, if the wicked caprice seized him to strike. How cruel and sneering his velvety nose is. His small, wicked ears lie back on his head with an air of catlike, devilish cunning, but Duke's eyes, his great gleaming tawny-green eyes are beautiful. They fascinate me. I gaze bewitched into their lurid depths as he raises himself nearer and nearer, with slow, catlike stealth, till my lips almost touch his velvety nose. Adgie, you will be too late! While you are finding your beads your cub has found his strength.

How did I shake off the hypnotic lethargy of the lion's stare? All I remember is a sudden desperate desire to hit out and die hard, as I felt Duke's breath in my face. In a flash Adgie's words, "Strike him across the nose with your pencil," surge through my brain. Stealthily I raise my right hand, remembering that any sudden movement may make the creature spring. I tap him quickly and lightly near the nostrils and he crouches back, with the habit of long submission. I have conquered him with a rap that would scarcely kill a fly. The rest is easy; I can almost imagine myself a lion-tamer as I awe the brute into submission.

A little pencil and a little courage! Merciful St. Una, but I was frightened! Was it seconds, minutes or hours I sat there, waiting for Adgie? I don't ask her when she returns, full of apologies, joyfully jangling her Indian beads. There are moments in our lives when time cannot be reckoned by a clock.

DOTTIE DIMPLE.

NEW TO-DAY—AMUSEMENTS.

BALDWIN THEATRE. AL. HAYMAN AND Co., INCORP'D PROPS.
TWO WEEKS ONLY—Beginning TO-NIGHT-Sunday
Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays.
—THE FAMOUS AND ONLY—
LILIPUTIANS
In the Grandest Spectacular Production Ever Presented in This Country,
MERRY TRAMPS!
THREE GRAND BALLETS! The Harvest Festival. The Electrical Dance. The Silver Lance Ballet.
NOVEL EFFECTS! BRILLIANT SCENERY! GORGEOUS COSTUMES!
WEDNESDAY MATINEES AT POPULAR PRICES.
Monday, June 21st—Lyceum Theater Company in "THE PRISONER OF ZENDA!"

COLUMBIA. TO-NIGHT AND ALL NEXT WEEK.
SECOND AND LAST WEEK OF THE GREAT EASTERN SUCCESS,
Haddon Chambers' and B. C. Stephenson's Powerful Drama,
THE FATAL CARD!
ARTISTIC ACTING. THRILLING SITUATIONS. THE FUNNY BATHING SCENE. A SPLENDID SCENIC PRODUCTION.
Presented by the Popular Favorites,
THE FRAWLEY COMPANY.
MONDAY, JUNE 14—THE NEW COMEDY BY MR. LORIMER STODDARD.
NOTE.—During the season the following plays will be presented by the Frawley Company: "Shenandoah," "Aristocracy," "Sue," "Held by the Enemy," "The Idler," "Two Little Vagrants," "The Case of Rebellious Susan," "A Social Highwayman," Etc.

MOROSCO'S GRAND OPERA-HOUSE
WALTER MOROSCO....Sole Lessee and Manager.
THIS AFTERNOON AND TO-NIGHT, LAST PERFORMANCES OF "LOST IN NEW YORK," With Its Wonderful River Scene.
COMMENCING MONDAY EVENING, JUNE 7,
Initial Production on This Coast of the Successful Romantic Drama,
"HOUSE ON THE MARSH,"
Dramatized From the Well-known Novel of the Same Name by Mervyn Dallas.
Week of June 7, Fourth Week of Our Favorite,
MAUD EDNA HALL.
New Scenery and Mechanical Effects. Soul-Stirring Situations!
Intensely Interesting and Sensational Scenes!
Evening Prices—10c, 25c and 50c. Matinees Saturday and Sunday.

ALCAZAR Belasco & LaFaille, Mgrs. TO-NIGHT! TO-NIGHT!
The Favorite Play,
"THE AMERICAN GIRL"
And Francis Powers' Chinese Drama,
"THE FIRST BORN."
—MONDAY, JUNE 7—
The Famous Farcical Comedy,
"ENGAGED!"
By W. S. Gilbert, author of "Pinafore," "Mikado," etc.
—FIFTH WEEK—
Of the Sensational Success of the Year, Francis Powers' Remarkable Chinese Drama,
"THE FIRST BORN!"
Witnessed Already by Over Forty Thousand People! And Seats Are Still Selling Two Weeks Ahead!
Prices 15c to 50c. Telephone No. Black 991.

TIVOLI OPERA-HOUSE
MRS. ERNESTINE KRELING, Proprietor & Manager.
TO-NIGHT—LAST TIME!
Genee's Tuneful Comedy Opera,
NANON!
To-Morrow Evening,
OUR FIRST ANNUAL REVIEW.
"MISS FRISCO!"
A Merry-Go-Round of Pleasure.
Reappearance of the Favorite Comedian,
THOS. C. LEARY.
Popular Prices—25c and 50c.

Orpheum
MATINEE TO-DAY (SUNDAY).
Parquet, any seat, 25c; Balcony, any seat, 10c; Children, 10c, any part of the house.
Beginning Monday Evening, June 7,
Russell Brothers, the "Irish Servant Girls"; Vaidis Twin Sisters, aerial wonders; Dailey and Hilton, comedy originators; Johnson and Dean, colored comedians; a Big Bill of Novelties and ADGIE AND HER LIONS.
The Venetian Ladies' Orchestra in the annex every evening after the performance.

THE OBERON,
O'Farrell Street, near Stockton.
FAREWELL CONCERTS —BY— FERDINAND STARK
And His Great Orchestra in programmes containing all the Favorite Compositions.
—NEXT WEEK—
First Appearance of the
INTERNATIONAL LADIES' ORCHESTRA.
Considered by musical adepts the finest organization of its kind. ADMISSION FREE.

THE AUDITORIUM.
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Will reopen as a permanent Family Theater, devoted to Burlesque, Fairy Extravaganza and Comedy,
THURSDAY - JUNE 10, At 8 P. M.,
With a Superb Production of the Popular Spectacular Burlesque,
"THE WONDERFUL LAMP!"
Matinee Saturday. Prices 10c, 25c, 50c.
SOMETHING NEW EVERY WEEK.

THE CHUTES.
THIS AFTERNOON AND EVENING!
GEO. GREEN and CHAS. McKEEVER
Will Spar Four Rounds on the Open Air Stage.
Concerts by the Venetian Ladies' Orchestra and Cassasa's Band.
Admission 10c. Children 5c

SUTRO BATHS.
The Greatest Natatorium in the World.
To-Day (Sunday) Afternoon and Evening,
A Peerless Aggregation of Novelties!
WALKING ON WATER
3—CONTEST! VALUABLE MONEY PRIZES.—3
DIVING FOR MONEY!
30 Silver Coins Will Be Thrown Into the Large and Small Tanks. 30
CONLON & RYDER,
Acrobatic Comedians and Pantomimists.
THE GREEN BROTHERS,
The Entertaining Trick, Burlesque and Fancy Diving Trio.
ED. B. STOLLE,
The Famous Lofty Perch Diver.
Special Evening Performance, 8 to 10.
Bathing, with Admission: Adults, 25c; Children, 20c; General Admission, 10c; Children, 5c.

FAREWELL APPEARANCE ....OF.... MR. DENIS O'SULLIVAN,
ASSISTED BY
Mrs. Walter MacGavin, mezzo-soprano, and Mrs. Carmichael Carr, pianist, in a
GRAND TESTIMONIAL CONCERT,
Given in Native Sons' Hall, 414 Mason st., on MONDAY EVENING, June 7, at 8 o'clock.
Tickets 50c; reserved seats 75c, at Sherman & Clay's.

NATIVE SONS' HALL.
Mason st., bet. Geary and Post.
Wednesday Evening, June 9, 8 o'clock.
SONG RECITAL BY
MRS. EUNICE WESTWATER, Contralto, assisted by MR. ALFRED A. BORLINI, Barytone, MR. GIULIO MINETTI, Violinist, MR. S. MARTINEZ, Pianist.
Tickets (including reserved seats), 50 cents. On sale at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s Tuesday and Wednesday, June 8 and 9, and at hall, Wednesday evening.

PICNICS AND EXCURSIONS.

THE 31ST ANNIVERSARY, PICNIC AND OUTING OF THE
TEUTONIA SOCIETY,
In Conjunction With Their
SINGING SECTION
Will Be Held at
NEW GLENWOOD PARK,
Santa Cruz Mountains,
SUNDAY - - - JUNE 13, 1897.
Trains leave Market-street Ferry, Narrow Gauge, 8:15 A. M.
All Friends Are Invited. A Good Time Assured.
Round Trip $1. Children Under 12 50c.
Tickets can be had at Ferry. Also from members of the Society.

HURRAH! HURRAH! FOR THE GARDEN CITY
19TH GRAND ANNUAL PICNIC AND EXCURSION
—OF THE—
AUSTRIAN MILITARY AND BENEVOLENT ASSOCIATION,
In their Elegant New Agricultural Park, San Jose
SUNDAY, JUNE 13, 1897.
Tickets: Adults, $1, including admission to the Park; children, 50c. Train leaves Third and Townsend sts. at 9:30; stops at Twenty-fifth and Valencia sts. at 9:40.

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, 2:00 and 4:00 P. M. Returning, leave El Campo at 11:15 A. M., 1:00, 3:00 and 5:00 P. M.

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