THE RELIGION OF ACTORS.

Autograph Letters from Some Leading Theatrical Stars

A POPULAR IDEA OVERTURNED

The General Impression is That Actors and Actresses Arc Very Much Like Other People and Some-

The Actor's fleligion.
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It is a popular impression that actors,
as a rule, are als variance with the
church and its doctrines. While many of the public profess a disbelief in the religious instincts of the actor, the pulpit has gone farther and declared him an atheist. That those who sucpessfully trend the boards of the theater can as devoutly bend the knee in re-ligious devotion is to the minds of many difficult to conceive. Except in notable instances the actor's voice has been but listances the actor's voice has been but little heard in the discussion. Of especial interest, therefore, will prove the testimonius of prominent actors subjoined. In almost every case publicity is now for the first time given to the orbitous expressers.

WHAT THE ACTOR'S RELIGION IS.

Actors and actrosses are neither better nor worse than other people. They are liable to the same emotions, have the same "touch of nature that makes the world axis." Their great knowledge of human nature, their rare intelligence—and they are as intelligent as any class—lit them for coble purposes. Among the members of the dramatic profession I have never met any who did not believe the existence of a Supreme Power. I have found among them loving sisters and brothers, devoted mothers and fathers, loyal husbinds and wives, and fond and fathful soons and daughters, a God-fearing and and law-abiling people, who would blush to stoop to many practices indused in some stage-condemning mawmaw-worms, who periodically attack the honorable ancient calling of the actor. To do good, to battle for the glorious light of truth and reason, to show vice in its shaded and debasing sense, to ware mankind of the peril incurred in outraging law and nature, to love God and he merry, is the player's religion and mine. William J. Florkner. WHAT THE ACTOR'S DELICION IS

FANNY DAVENPORT'S CONVICTION.

FANNY DAVENTORT'S CONVICTION.

There are but few who know how much religious feeling there is in the actress's heart. And gially would she show it more and domonstrate it to a larger extent, if it were not that she feared to be stared at and her actions construed into "an advertisement."

For myself: As children, we were always allowed to follow our individual feelings, and accompany our old nurse and friend on Sunday mornings to church, or remain at home, when we would read prayers. Our prayer-books were given us as rewards of morit, and today I possess mine, with the inscription:

"To our dear daughter FANN".
on her eighth birthday,"
with the quotation underneath,
"Honor thy father and thy mother.

with the quotation underneath,
"Honor thy father and thy mother."
My constant companion on all my
journeying is "The Imitation of Christ,"
and from its verses I glean my most
swiislying comfort.
My mother is a true, consistent Christian woman of the Episcopalian faith.
My father was a Swedenborgian, and
died in that faith.
As for my personal convictions: I do
not believe in the existence of a hell, or
in future punishment. My conviction
is strong that our sufferings for the sins
of our lives are on this earth, and that
every send sown bears it fruit.
I believe that charity is a religion in
itself, and that God is the best judge of
our immost mind and heart. I believe
that God does not always punish the
wicked nor reward the good, out that
we ourselves do this within our own
hearts and minds. we ourselves un bearts and minds. FANNY DAVENPORT.

MRS. LANGTRY'S BELIEF.

FANNY DAVENPOUT.

MRS. LANGTRY'S BELIEF.

When approached on the subject of her religious views, Mrs. Langtry dictated the following for publication:

"I accept in full the Christian faith as explained in the apostles' creed. I cannot imagine anything more dreadful than to be in a state of doubt or unbelief. To feel when some great joy or happiness comes that there is nothing more powerful or greater than a human being to turn to to give thanks or to ask help. For my own part my belief in prayer is thereagily a part of my life, What church? 'Of course I was born in the Church of England—my father, grandfather and great-grandfather all having been deans of Jersey. But I must confess to a decided leaning toward the Catholic church. It has always seemed to me to so theroughly understand poor humanity—to so perfectly graps the truth that special temptations surround each individual, and that where there is no special grace in one withstanding them, there is great victory for another in conquering. Then, too, I have always felt a great tenderness toward a belief that made the mother of God the chief among women, and I cannot but accept as a truth that she watches and prays for all living women. I like to give the best of the beautiful things in this world to the service of God—I want the flowers to send forth their perfume in his honor, the sweetest music to sing His praises, and the loveliest colors in pletures and in fine cloths to decorate His house. Religious authors? I only care for once, and that is dear old Thomas a Kompis. You know now what I believe, and I say, God help the woman who has no faith!"

FROM ITALY's GREAT TRAGEDIAN, My experience of forty—five years on

what I believe, and I say, God help the woman who has no faith!

FROM ITALY's GREAT TRAGEDIAN.

My experience of forty-five years on the stage convinces me that the stage is not calculated to make a man or woman forget his religious obligations. It is absurd to suppose that actors are not religious, because from my long observation I have found that they are apt to be very religious. By the word religious I mean poople who are really gentlemen or ladies by action and honest by heart, without which I do not attach importance to a person's christianity. At the same time I have found that actors, as a rule, are very religious. While I am a member of the Catholic church I respect all people, regardless of their religious denomination, whether they are attached to the Greek, Jewish or Christian church. Regarding the widespread belief that actors, as a rule, are without religious convictions, I think that public recipiatice in this direction arises from the fact that some actors do not please the public, and that some of the characters which they portray are tikely to create a wrong impression. On the stage the actions of all actors are, of course, given publicity, while of the stage the actor's wrong-doing sare given a greater degree of publicity than those of other people in private life; and this is the

case with all public personages. I can only add that in my opinion the artist that expresses and feels human possions cannot but be convinced that there is a supreme being that shapes and guides his religious sentiments.

TONNASO SALVINI.

COMEDIAN CRANE'S ESSAY.

TORMASO SALVINI.

COMEDIAN CRANE'S ESSAV.

Actors are more likely to hold in reverence religious and sacred things than the members of the learned professions, saving, of course, the dectors of divinity themselves. We are necustomed in our nightly work, many of us at least, to enuncinte sentiments of lofty morality and high and noble purport. The simultonal part of our nature and religion, I fancy, derives its being from the remotional rather than the intellectual side of a man's character) is constantly exercised, and becomes, therefore, more responsive and more easily stirred than in the case of other men. The very narrowness of intellectual vision, which is often and perhaps rightly charged against us, gives to our views of life a simplicity which is not affected by those diverse currents of thought which affect the opinions of those brought more directly into contact with the outside world.

Taus, at the start, the actor is in the nature of things much more likely to hold good men and divine things in reverence than in contempt, and my own observation has led me to conclude that this is practically as well as theoretically the case. Because an actor who leaves the cheater at midnight on Saturday, after a hard webs is work and travel, fails to attend service at a strange dourch in a strange city on Sunday morning there is in my opinion no evidence to support a charge against him of infidelity or contempt for religion.

which ce to support a charge against him of infidelity or contempt for religion.

Many reasons deter him from attending divine service. He is ever liable to be charged with ostentation, and accused of going to church merely to gain cheap advertisement and actoricty. It is possible he may hear the reverned gentleman deseant upon the actor's profession as the straight pathway to perdition. He is accustomed naturally to place correct elecution above virtues which other men hold in higher esteem, and the time he spends in listening to a service read in the sing-song, halting fashion, which, I fore, is the rule rather than the exception, is a period of natural mental torture. Finally, as I have hinted above, he is a wanderer for eight or nine months in the year, and stays in no one place long enough to enable him to attach himself to any particular church organization.

That the actor's profession is necessar.

enable him to attach himself to any particular church organization.

That the actor's profession is necessarily incompatible with religious faith of any variety, save, perhaps, with some forms of uncompromising Puritacism, I omphatically dony. I have known many actors and many actresses who were good christians, just as I have known many in all other professions who delighted to insist in season and out of it on their hostility to all forms of revealed religion.

W. H. Chane.

RHEA'S PERSONAL EXPERIENCE.

What is the sign of a good Christian? To follow the laws of Christ. What does He teach above all things? Charity. And where will you find more charitable people, who are less ostentations in their charity, than actors? They cannot, unfortunately, attend divice service with the same regularity as those in other professions—yet, how often, after a week of hard work and constant traveling, have I seen the young men and women of my company rise early on Sunday morning and attend church!

I have now been seven years in this country, and I have yet to hear the first word spoken against religion, or the dist oath uttered by any member of my company. On the contravy. I have seen several of them at their devotions—carnest and sincere believers and followers of the church and its teachings. The actors, I believe, are better religiously, than those who seek to criticise them. That is my opinion.

RIESA, RHEA'S PERSONAL EXPERIENCE.

cise them. That is my opinion.

RHEA,

HELEN DAUNHAY NEARY TOOK THE

VEIL.

Why is it that such a great portion of
the public seem to take it for granted
that all actors are irreligious, if not altogether atheists? Some ministers of
the gospel, who teach Christian charity,
jook upon us as foreverlost to salvation,
because we are unbelievers. If those
who deride us would only investigate
with one-half the energy they display
in condemning actors and the stage,
they would find such an opinion without foundation.

In my association with my fellowactors I have yet to meet one who ever
has anything but the greatest respect
and belief in the Almighty Being. We
are not church-goers, it is true, but that
is not because we are unbelievers, but
because Sunday is our only day of rest,
and it is most welcome. Sunday is the
minister's day of business; therefore
he is punctual in his devotions. But if
he had to act every night in the week
and wise on Saturday, retire on Saturday night physically exhausted, he
would perhaps also, when he heard the
early church bells on Sunday morning,
think twice before he would leave the
tempting bed of rest.

When an actor does visit a place of
worship he is most reverential and
deeply impressed with what he sees
and hears. If any one doubt this, let
him visit "inte Little Church Around
the Coraer." in New York some day
when there is a special gathering of
dramatic people. I have done so, and was
forcibly struck with the unusual scriousness of this usually happy band of
light-hearted Bohemans. Not being

dramatic people. I have done so, and was forcibly struck with the unusual serious near of this usually happy band of light-hearted Bohemans. Not being church-goers they are all the more impressed, and I firmly believe, while in the house of worship, think only of the gospel and its teachings, while regular church-goers, being accustomed to their surroundings, are apt to let their minds wander to more worldy affairs.

Perhaps periodical devotions that are deceily folt will weigh as heavily on high as indifferent regularity.

True religion toaches many noble things, but "the greatest of these is charity." Where in the world, and in what profession, can one find more of the "milk of human kindness" than in this self-same band of Bohemians? They are ever rendy to stretch forth a helping hand to those in need, regardless of creed, instronality or profession. I do not think there is a preminent actor or actress before the public today who is an unbeliever. There may be agnostics among us, but I have never met us atheist.

agnostics among us, but I have never met an atheist.

Personally, I cannot say I am a church-goer. I attend service as often as I can; when I do there is no one present who communes more fervently with God, or with greater belief, thau I. Three of my childhood years were passed in a convent, and at the age of thirteen I had serious intentions of becoming a religious; and though I did not follow out my intentions I have not lost one jot of my reverence for, or my faith in God.

HELEN DAUVHAY WARD.

Funkers Statesman.

If cats would only sleep at night, thow thankfut we should be! If money would not get so tight, How thankfut we should be! If women would not talk, forsooth, if indies' hats were less uncoult. If weather clerks would be! the truth, How thankfut we should be!

THE STANDARD OIL TRUST Its Birth, Growth and Grip on Ter restini Affaire.

STARTED IN A VERY SMALL WAY

Thousand Barrels Per Day-The Catch-as-Catch-Can Policy in Oils.

Origin of a Monster Trust. The profits of the Standard trust last year were \$20,000,000, and they will be greater this year. This statement is said to be absolutely true by those who hold stock and share the profits of the great octopus that used to wallow only in petroleum, but now has its tentacles in gas, white lead, cotton-seed oil and other articles of broad use. There is also no doubt that the Stand-

ard chief, John D. Rockefeller, is worth \$150,000,000 and is in the class above the Vanderbilts, Goold and Leland Stan ford. William Rockefelter, his brother is classed at \$40,000,000; H. M. Flagler, another Standard oil man, at the same figure. The estate of S. V. Harkuess, a Standard man to the day of his death, is worth \$30,000,000. Col. O. H. Payne, treasurer of the Standard trust, cuts a worth \$30,000,000. Col. O. H. Payne, treasurer of the Standard trust, cuts a \$22,000,000 figure. H. A. Hutchens is a \$22,000,000. All this vast wealth has come out of a mere shanty and a picayune commission business on River street, Cleveland, O., which was in opperation twenty-five years ago. Surely the men who built up these colossal fortunes are of public literest? And surely the means by which they were built are of no loss? The means has been the variously named concern, now known as the Standard Oil trust, of which John D. Rockefeller is the presiding genius and which has been the sword with which he has opened the worldly oyster and extracted the pearls therein. The possimistic and envious ery in ainem at the corporation, the fingers of whose manupulators are in politics and commodity produce and marketing, and say; "They will choke us." Even the good conservative citizon, rich himself, looks with alarm on the development of such a trust, a concern which elects legislators and senators, manipulates prices, and asks auxiously: "Whom will its appetite to satisfica?" None but John D. Rockefeller can tell. He has been a fiexible man on his financial side. His goal has been the goal of the genius—a receding but ever-preent one, never reached, always distinct and extinguished only by an heritess ond.

The present Standard trust has been the depository of John D. Rockefeller's energy. It has been and is an energy and represent surely and represents and

the depository of John D. Rockefeller's energy. It has been and is an enormous engine of warfare, at times cruei and remorseless, and never more than sleepily non-interfering. It sprung from a few thousand dollars and a mighty brain, and will go on acquiring ugtil its wings are clipped by legislative shears or its rank and file is devoured in side forays by more voracions individual wolves after the head has gone.

until its wings are clipped by legislative shears or its rank and file is devoured in side forays by more voracions individual wolves after the head has gone.

HOW THE GIANT WAS BORN.

In 1863, on River street, Cleveland, O., James and Morris S, Ciark, two Englishmen, hewn from ordinary unterial, but filled with the onergy of a rather barren past and the promise of a brighter future, were operating a commission business. John D. Rockfeller, a shrewd but not particularly bright young follow of twenty-three years, was the firm's clerk and bookkoeper at \$25 per month. He had \$3,000 left him for for a start in life by his father. Cleveland was nibbling at the oil business in those days, and among others the Clarks got into it in asmall way, refining a few barrels each day. What oil the firm bandled yielded good returns, and one day in young Rockfeller's hearing the brother; discussed a plan for going into refining a little more heavily. This was in 1857. "I've got a little money," said young Rockfeller, 'take me in as a partner, and we will do all the oil business we can. There are great possibilities in it." The Clarks agreed, and oil refining occupied the almost exclusive attention of the firm until 1868. Its first production was about forty-five barrels per day. Among the other men also in Cleveland oil refining and who have since become financially famous through Standard connections were: S. V. Harkness, who died last winter at St. Augustine, Fla., leaving an extate of \$10,00,000; H. M. Elagityr, of Ponce de Leon hotel fame; Sam Andrews of Cleveland, who out a poculiar figure in the Rockfeller-Vanderbilt deat; Colonel Oliver Payne of political notoriety, and John Huetington of the Standard, now at the Carls-land barker, of Ponce de Leon hotel fame; Sam Andrews of Cleveland, who out a poculiar figure in the Rockfeller-Vanderbilt deat; Colonel Oliver Payne of political notoriety, and John Huetington of the Standard, now at the Carls-land barker, of ponce of the polity stream. The small refiners stumbled along in had not enough ready money to more than pay his firm's due obligations. John Rockefeller, dull on some sides and far from companionable with the young men of his set, was far-sceing enough to discern the nearest edge of what the oil refining industry would be. The production of crude oil was increasing wonderfully. By 1865 the Clarks produced 150 barrels per day. Today in Cieveland alone the Standard produces 15,000 barrels per day. But the Clevaland refluers were frittering away time and chances because they lacked capital and organization. On Rockefeller's organizing side was his genius, and the field he was in was a fertile one. To the men of his choice he explained that capital and combination were all that was necessary 40 grasp the opportunity offered by the great production of oil. That combination was the real foundation of the Standard Oil company. The firm was organized in 1870, and called Clark, Payne & Company. Its mombers were: James B. Clark, Oliver Payne, John Huntington, John D. Rockefeller, and a few others. Before joining the firm of Rockefeller, Sam Andrews had made some money operating in oil outside the firm of Clark & Rockefeller, Sam Andrews and Henry M. Flagler were also in the firm. Andrews had made some money operating in oil outside the firm of Clark & Rockefeller, Sam Andrews and Henry M. Flagler were also in the firm. Andrews had made some money operating in oil outside the firm of Clark & Rockefeller's genius for combination showed brightly. The others looked towards him and were willing to follow him to the limit. In 1870 the Standard Oil company was organized with a capital of \$2,00,000. It, too, was the creature of John D. Rockefeller's brain. All the Clark, Payne & Company crowd were in it, with Harkness, some other producers and a few capitalists. The actual capital of the concern was far less than \$2,500,000, but the plants of the various producers were

all thrown in at fancy digures, and it represented most of the capital. Rock-ciclers eye was on the future still, and

nil thrown in at fanny figures, and it represented most of the capital. Rocketeller's eye was on the fature still, and his sight was not defertire.

The Standard went out into the world to do business on the catch-sa-catch-can plan. A wider raid was to be made. John D. Rockefeller wasted more netten. The new company's policy was an aggressive one. It was to buy, crush, steal, or do anything fo acquire and get control of the oil business of America. This policy was admirably successful, and lasted from the date of the Standard's neception untile 1883, when it chacged to one more steady without market manipulation and forced changes of prices. The jundor-laden robber is even prone to become a conservative and anarchy's cure is along the route of acquisition. In 1883 there were some changes in the Standard's personnel. Morris B. Clark thought he had had enough. The future was full of danger to his eye. His goal did not recode, and he was not able to see the winding way of the Rockefeller policy for a decade hence. His stock was bought and heretired with \$100,000. That sum has since been increased to half a million through the firm of M. B. Clark & Sons and that out of which it grew. Pretty good work that for the son of a Malmesbury. Wiltshire, agricultural laborer. But yet he looks upon his wealth and thinks how much greater it would have been had he stood the Rockefeller pace and let his \$100,000 breed in greasy avenues into half as many millions. To daring financial minds only are colossal fortones possible, and the regrets that come with his sealth and thinks how much greater it would have been had he stood the Rockefeller pace and let his \$100,000 breed in greasy avenues into half as many millions. To daring financial minds only are colossal fortones possible, and the regrets that come with his sealth and thinks how much greater it would have been had he stood the Rockefeller pace, Gardner was asked his seiling price, named and got it, and has since disliked himself for not asking more. A more pointed case tur Sam Andrews and John D. Rockefeller ran against each other. The Standard's genius tolerades no interference. Continued success has killed, the matural opposition of eleven men to one, for the Standard's governing board is made up of tweive men, and Andrews was coolly asked what he would sell for. "What is the market price of my stock?" he asked, John D. Rockefeller's answer was: Nine hundred thousand dollars! "Fil take it!" said Andrews, and the deal was closed. The following day Rockefeller's ed the stock to W. H. Vanderhilt for \$1,000,000. Since finding out the facts of the deal Sam Andrews has been sore and has not refrained from publicly declaring that John D. Rockefeller "confidenced" him out of \$600,000.

John D. Rockefeller "confidenced" him out of \$600,000.

As has been said, the Standard polley from 1870 to 1883 was to force the market up and down and play ooth ends for the personal profit of Its men. Out of such tactics came that vast personal fortune. Since 1883 either because of satiation or a fear of public opinion, a conservative policy has been followed. Prices have been held, sometimes at a sacrifice. Only the old game of buying and ravenously wiping out all opposition has been followed. With it came ond results in the line of pensioned and removed experts, who have created a tax on the Standard which is ultimately likely to more than balance its advantages in cheaper producing and carrying lines.

lages in cheaper producing and carrying lines.

But the Standard has never halted. In 1880 its embital was increased to \$10,000,000; in 1885 to \$72,000,000. Now it is \$90,000,000,000, and last year its carnings were \$20,000,000, or nearly 30 per cent. Such a percentage ou a moderate investment is not rare. Many merchants do as well on \$100,000 or so, but on \$90,000,000, we have post its dangerously prodigious. In 1887 it had a surplus of 20 per cent of its stock of \$72,000,000, or nearly \$15,000,000 on hand. The Standard pays 3 per cent quarterly or 12 per cent end its stock of \$72,000,000, which is stock and piles up the balance for use. The \$80,000,000 worth of stock is issued in Standard trust certificates. The last sale of them was at 170, making them worth \$153,000,000. The certificates seldom come into the market, their sales being private. The trust operates hundreds of refineries under the Standard and individual names—the latter for the purpose of retaining public patronage in spite of the general anti-Standard feeling and the Transit company. The side trusts, such as those in white lead, cotton-seed oil, etc., are said to be Standard because individual Standard men are into them and using Standard incolosis to their manipulation. The business of the S andard trust is transacted through an executive board of twelve with John D. Rockefeler as the controlling spirit. Only tried and true Standard men are on that board. Among its members are some men who begun their life of work as boys in Standard offices. A stern civil service policy is pursued in all branches, and merit and zeal are sure keys to success. Such a policy is John D. Rockefeller's own, and its in with his own beguning and work. ing lines.
But the Standard has never halted

COST OF FEEDING A BOY. The Process Not Much More Exp n-sive than Raising a Pig.

The Process Not Mach More Ksp nsive than Haising a Fig.

It is worth something to know what it
costs to feed a boy fairly well. During
the investigations made by the Philadeiphia Record of the operations of the
Squeers syndicate orphan schools it was
shown that, taking their own somewhat
doubtful figures, the cost was about 4
cents a meal. But the syndicate orphans were not well fed.

Dr. McKianon, the superintendent of
the Mimico industrial school in Canada,
has furnished the Toronto Mail with an
interesting statement on the subject.
There are 108 boys its the school, who
are kept in good biddly health, and
whose subsistence is buight in a wholesale way that would somewhat changen
the cost, as compared with ordinary
household expendidre. The boys have
all they wish to cat, and the superintendent's accounts, not being complicated by expenses for sustenance for
other persons, furnish valuable data not
otherwise readily obtainable. The foilowing statement shows the average
weakly expenditure pur boy:
Conts.
Flour. 18

How the Oriminal Classes of the Town Are Handled.

THE PATROL WAGON'S WORK

The Variety of Sinners Correlled by the Police—The Several Roll Calls
Reports and the Operator's Room-Etc., Etc.

The Criminal's Rest.

A few weeks ago a clergyman of this city preached a very able and eloquent sermon entitled "\$10 and costs." The ma'erial for his discourse was obtained by actual observation in the police court during one of its sessions.

But there is a feature in connection with the theme handled by the reverend gentleman which was not touched by him. It is the manner in which the parties who are assessed the fine imposed are arrested and by whom they are in-carcerated. To fully understand this matter one must spend an entire night

at the station.
It is useless to remark that, in nearly all cases, policemen make the arrests.

As a matter of fact, there have been exceptions to this rule as in other cases. but they are few.

The police force is divided in two

The police force is divided in two parts, the night watch and day watch, each under command of a captain and two sergeants. The hours of duty are twelve and of two two sergeants. The hours of duty are twelve and of twenty-four, the night watch coming on duty at 7p. m. Shortly after 6 they appear at police station and a few moments before 7 the captain commands "col call."

In the old police court chamber, the officers arrange themselves in the order of their beats, those nearest the station holding the right of the line and the "Here." "Here." "Pls down the column. "Forward, column left," commands the sergeant who is to place them them on their beats and the tramp, tramp, tramp of the officers is heard on the pavement growing more and more indistinct as the men recede. It is perhaps an hour now since the

and more indistinct as the men recede.

It is perhaps an hour now since the men have been out, when "whew whew" comes from the speaking tabe connecting the edileers' quarters with the operator's room up stairs.

"Tenth and Mason," says the jailor, who has answered the call, and in a moment the patrol wagon, conductor and driver have rolled out of their cots and are on their way to the box indicated.

and are on their way to the box indicated.

They return in a very short time and
bring in a "box car vag." one of those
poor unfortunates who, being out of
money and with no place to sleep, is
forced to seek shelter as best he can.

"What's your name?" demands Mr.
Bobout, the jailor.

"John Huren," is the response.

"Well, John, come here until I search
you," and John "comes."

A piece of tobacco of about two chews
in dimensions, a pipe and a rod handkerchief constitute John's worldy possessions. These he is allowed to keep,
and in less than a moment he is behind
the bars.

and in less than a moment he is belind the bars.

"Whow, Whew" goes the whistle again. This time it is Twontieth and Lake streets. It's a long drive, but it has to be made and after an absence of throe-quarters of an hour officers and mon return. What have they now? A fellow who has so far forgotten his manhood as to beat his wife, the being who above all others ne should protect. They nave brought the poor woman along to receive medical attendance, because she is, indeed, in a pitiable condition, her face resembling a piece of raw beef rather than a human countenance.

tenance.

The brute who is responsible for her misery is chucked into the cage in a no very gentle manner, because in matters of this kind policemen resemble ordinary human beings, and wife beaters are not handled like chinaware by any meetic.

are not handled like chinaware by any means.

The culprit is sulky and stubborn, but he makes very little resistance and after being relieved of what little money and property he has is locked up. The wife, in the meantine, is carefully cared for until the city physician arrives, after which she has her wounds dressed and is sent home. The bushaud next morning will receive more than "\$10 and costs." You can depend upon that.

"Touth and Farnam," sings out the jailor. And, is ten minutes, the wagon is back. This time it is a drunk. He has a system full of tanglefoot and a bottle of it in his pecket. He is very jovial and says "sh'all right ole fel, have anozzer one on me." When his cash is taken away from him he smiles and remarks!

cash is taken away from him he smiles and remarks?

"Take er' long ole man, don't need myshelf; s'hay, won't go home till mornin, won't go ome till mornin, won't go 'me till mornin, and the se call, where he contents himself by saying: Don't care anyhow, old womansh off in Wish consin, 'after which he goes to sleep, 'Ninth and Dodge' is the next cail. What, a lady and gentleman? No, a man and a cyprinn. He is a married man too, and looks very much ashamed as he glances beseechingly at the reporters, who know him quite well. He gives his name as "John Doe." He has been apprehended in flagrante delict and doesn't want his wife to get on to

reporters, who know him quite well. Ho gives his name as "John Doe." He has been apprehended in flagrante delictuand decest want his wife to get on to the fact. He asks for a messenger boy and gets one. In a short time a friend appears in a ceb. He is going to drive out to the residence of the police judge and go on his friend's bond. Before he starts, however, he gets the reporters in a corner and implores them in the name of all that is merciful not to say anything about the matter in the papers as it would ruin the young man's prospects, his family, in fact everything. He italicizes his remarks with cigars. Sometimes he gets what he asks for and sometimes he doesn't. It depends upon the young man's character. If it is his first offense, he is likely to be let down easy. If he is an old-timer he is likely to read something next day that will make his ears born. Another call comes in and another trip is made. This time the passenger is a woman. She has been arrested because she cannot show her fine receipt. She is drunk and the foul imprecations that fall from the lips a fond mother once kissed when the object was an infant, are enough to make a man shudder and forget that the prisoner is a woman. She has been arrested because she will have company before morning and, with her associate, will debase the seem of the prisoner is an infant. I'm sick?" pines a fifteen-year-old lad who floats around town doing odd jobs suring the day.

"All right," is the response, and the applicant's name and age are taken after which he is given a bunk.

But the arrests are nearly all in. Let us go up stairs to the operator's room. He sits at his telephone reading perhaps. One, two, three strikes the clock. Whizz goes the machine. "All right, Benson!" he shouts in the tele-

phone. It is the hour for reporting, "Whizz, whizz, whizz," they are coming thick and fast. "Alt right, Collen, all right, Collen, all right, Colon," and thus it goes until one-half the night force which reports on the even hours, while the others report and thus it goes until one-half the night force which reports on the even hours, while the others report on the half hours, have made their reports. A record of each is kept and trouble befalls him who fails to explain why he was not on time.

trouble befalls him who fails to explain why he was not on time.

Hut it is 5 n. m. and the officers again assemble for roll call. Again we hear the "Here," "Here," 'Here,' 'Roll call is finished and the captain exclaims "Benson, Fields, Vizzard, Brady, Shields, Gorfola, Ellis," This means that these officers are to do the "dog watch" this morning, to watch the principal beats until the day force comes on, while the others go home.

Thus ends a night in the police station.

MRS. CLEVELAND.

Grover's Wife Not Desirous of His Re-Elections as President.
Auropos of Mrs. Cleveland's visit to Washington to attend the wedding of ex-Secretary Bayard, a young society indy of this city, says the Washington Capital, tells a story which shows that Mr. Cleveland's maiety for a second term was not heartly seconded by the late mistress of the white house. Shortly after the St. Louis Convention had given him a renomination this young lady paid a visit to Oak View and was shown around the grounds by Mrs. Cleveland, who called her attention to the fact that the lawns of the president's house were more laxuriant than any in the neighborhood, and that Mr. Cleveland was the mest successful amateur farmer in the vicinity. The young lady wittly reptied that it was typical of what Mr. Cleveland's administration had been to the country's prosperity, "for," said she, "he has made two blades of grass grow where only

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one grew before, and during his next term he will do even more." "Ah, no," replied Mrs. Cleveland, "he will not be elected, and I sincerely hope he won't. Of course, I am to some extent pleased that he has been renominated, for it is a proof of the confidence and satisfaction of my husband's party, and it is a great honer to us; but, after all, it is but a life of glitter and conventionality, with no real domestic happiness. It is inniper out here than it is in the white house and when the time comes that I shail have a quiet hanry home of my own I shall be glad of it." The writer can not doubt his informant. Mrs. Cleveland male the foregoing statement in a moment of confidence and when election day came round, as doubt his caught the fever of the excitement and wished the result were otherwise. However, it shows the domestic side of Mrs. Cleveland's character.

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