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Wm E. Hines



Earle Remington Hines



FOOTLIGHT RHYMES



By

EARLE REMINGTON HINES

11



Illustrated From Special Portraits and Rare Programs

And you'll hate the peace of the country lane—
The footlights call and the love you've slain
Will whisper: "*Dear, come home again.*"

BROADWAY PUBLISHING CO.
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1910

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By

EARLE REMINGTON HINES.



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Miss Irene Franklin

*In appreciation of her life-long belief in my
Real Self, this book is lovingly dedicated
to that inimitable comedienne and
the Child of my Heart*

Irene Franklin

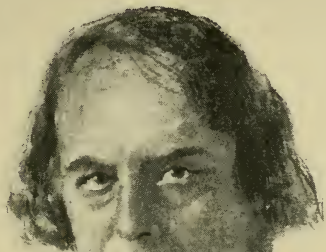
TO ELBERT HUBBARD

As long ago the Prophet spoke,
Whose weary back had felt the yoke
Of centuries oppression,
"Now let me die in peace,
For I have seen the Lord!"

So from the ranks
Of this too weird procession,
Called by the wise ones
"Vaudeville profession,"
I cry, "Hail to the Word,

As given by the *Fra!*"
The latest Star.
"Now let me die in peace,
For I have heard mine own,
Elbertus, take the Throne!"

(*March 14, 1910. Debut at Majestic Theatre,
Chicago, Ill.*)



To
Earle Remington Hires
with all kind wishes
Elbert Hubbard

Welcome Dr Vandeville!
Faithfully, G. R. H.



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ILLUSTRATIONS.

The portraits in this volume include Hines and Remington (dress and character poses), Miss Irene Franklin, Miss Maggie Cline, Mr. Elbert Hubbard; also reproductions in line and half-tone of about 15 rare Programs, including a famous White Rats group photograph.

NOTE—See back of book for complete Index to Names appearing on the Programs herein.

Footlight Rhymes

THE CALL OF THE FOOTLIGHTS.

You may leave the stage, and hide away
On a farm, to inhale the new mown hay,
And tread on violets every day.
But go some time to see a play,
If you tell the truth, you're bound to say,
As you sit "in front," your weary brain
Sees the dressing room, with walls so plain.
The rows of hanging costumes vain,
And you'll hate the peace of the country lane.
The footlights call, and the love you've slain,
Will whisper, "*Dear, come home again!*"



THE FAIR COMEDIENNE.

(*To Marie Stuart*)

It was the fair Comedienne
Who played in vaudeville,
She met some folks,

And told some jokes,
And chaffed as people will.
But when they spoke of love to her,
Her lips set very tight,
And answered coldly,
"What's the use?
I'll be leaving Saturday night!"

So week by week, as time went by
On her continuous tour,
Her "goo-goo eyes"
Would win a prize
And hold it down secure,
For suppers, yes, and drinks galore,
Till the man put out the lights,
But further, "Oh, no, what's the use?
I'll be leaving Saturday night!"

I do believe, when time shall cease,
For this Comedienne,
With Paradise
Before her eyes
In all its glory, then
She'll turn to dear Saint Peter,
And say, "This looks good for me all right,
But really, Peter, what's the use?
I'll be leaving Saturday night!"



Monday Evening, November 7, 1881.

Every evening and

Saturday Matinee for Ladies & Children

GRAND MUSICAL FESTIVAL

Bellad, Select Miss Jennie Lindsay
Happy Band of Canaan William Hines
Only to see her Face Miss Earle Remington
Zip Liza Coon Nat. Blossom
Virginia Rosebud Press Eldridge
Grand Finale—Barnum's Circus Entire Company

Miss JENNIE LINDSAY,

The charming Serio-Comic Vocalist, in a new Album of Songs.

The Talented Specialists,

ORNDORFF & McDONALD,

The famous Irish Market Woman, in Songs, Dances, etc., introducing JKO
E. Murphy's latest Song and Dance, "Mary Jane."

The Brilliant Descriptive Vocalist,

Miss EARL REMINGTON,

Introducing the very latest and most popular Songs of the day.

First appearance of the Queen of the Air,

Mlle. ZOE,

In her wonderful exercises on the Flying Rings.

The Par-Excellence of Dialect Sketch Artists,

Tony-CLOONEY & RYAN-Ed.

In their original absurdity, termed **SOMEWHAT DIFFERENT**, including
mingling Irish and Dutch Songs, Dances, Witty Retorts, etc.,

The above gentlemen, after constant practice and hard study, have completed an entertainment interesting and irresistibly funny, entirely different from all other specialties produced on the Vaudeville Stage.

The eminent Vocalists, Comedians and Mimics,

HINES & BLOSSOM,

In their New and Original Portraiture, entitled, **THE BON-TON FOOT-MEN**, with Kaleidoscopic Changes, "Talkative Waiters," and their excruciating burlesque, "The Lime Kiln Guards."

The Phenomenal Contralto and only Irish Vocalist,

Miss MAGGIE CLINE,

MARY ANN KEHOE! HA, HA!

In Conclusion

MR. TONY FARRELL,

The Inimitable Irish Dialect Artist, in his original Irish Comedy.

FARRELL'S BOARDING HOUSE

NATHALIAN F. FALLON ED. RYAN
MRS. SLATTERY TONY FARRELL
Burt Bazzin Harvey Collins
Erastus Pasti Mr. Hines
Clarence Belmonte Mr. Orndorff
Patie Mud Mr. McDonald
W. U. T. Messenger W. H. Johnston
Catherine Slattery Miss Bella Maudant
Miss Forget me not Miss Jennie Lindsay
Julia Wilson Miss Earle Remington

DON'T FORGET OUR

LADIES' & CHILDREN'S MATINEE

Every Saturday, at 2.30 P. M.

When the Full Bill will be performed, same as at ev'ng entertainment

AMERICAN THEATRE, NEW HAVEN.

(Press Eldridge, Mgr.)



ALL FOR THE SAKE OF A WOMAN.

(As recited by Mr. Nat. M. Wills.)

To look at me you wouldn't think I'd ever been
a gent
With scarcely rags to cover me, and nary a red
cent,
But I was what you'd call a swell; 'twas not so
long ago
But what I can remember it, when, boys, I had
the dough.
My father left it to me, and I blew it good and
strong.
I was a good thing, fellows, and I got pushed
along.
One night, it was in Paris, I never will forget,
At one of the cafés chantant, I think I see it
yet.
The lights, the perfume, flowers, the women and
the wine,
And tht music of the dreamy waltz, it seemed
almost divine.
I met a woman—no, she was a girl at that time,
there,
With a face that was like an angel's, with a
crown of golden hair.
I thought she was one and I loved her as one
only loves at first sight,
But the girl with the face of an angel had a
heart as black as night.
She accepted my love and my kisses and wore
my gifts of gold,

I made her my wife, and for her sake would
 have sold my very soul.
One night, coming home, unexpected, I found
 some one there—my best friend,
But why tell the miserable story—I'll hurry
 along to the end.
I shot him, of course, left him dying, there at
 her trembling feet,
While I fled from the house like a madman, into
 the crowded street.
I escaped with my life from the country and
 back to my native shore,
I landed, a wreck of the man I was, nor could
 be evermore,
For I found, O God! I still loved her, and where
 there should have been hate
Was nothing but pity and wonder as to what
 might be her fate.
I saw her to-night for the first time since.
Give me a drink—make it quick—I feel as if
 I were dying!
What matter? Better be dead than sick—sick
 with a heart nigh broken,
Sick with a palsied brain—sick with the thought
 of happier days
That never will come again.
She was coming out of her carriage, and I—I
 opened the door,
She gave no trace in her cold white face that
 we'd ever met before.
As she passed with her sables and diamonds
 into the opera there

The bystanders murmured, "That's Mrs. V., the
wife of the millionaire."
She knew me, though, I felt it, and she knew
I dare not tell.
My neck's safe, but she's sent my soul to hell!



OH, YOU INDIANA!

We just came from Indiana,
I was born there, don't you know?
And I had a sneaky feeling
That I'd like some day to go
Back there among the Hoosiers
For I really longed to see,
Just how they'd take me to their hearts
As one of 'em maybe.
But when we got out on the stage,
And started in to talk
About the "Tenderloin," well, say,
You should have seen 'em balk.
Why, every mother's son of 'em,
And daughter, too, just stared
And sat in solemn silence
Till honest, I got scared.
We handed out our choicest jokes,
The ones for which they "fell,"
In Boston and Manhattan
And even "Philadel."
But nary a laugh resounded,
Until it seemed to me

We were playing in a morgue,
 Not High Class variety.
 I don't know how we did it,
 But we managed to get through,
 Then watched the other "turns" go on,
 And they "paralyzed 'em," too.
 But there's this for consolation,
 Tho' my life has passed it's noon,
 I might have been as they are
 If I hadn't left so soon.



AN AERIFORM APPENDIX.

Ages ago, when the earth was done
 And stars were in their making,
 A frivolous cloud looked at the Sun,
 And thought him rather "taking."
 She little dreamed from his high estate
 That soon as he espied her,
 He read her look, like an open book,
 And the sweet desire inside her.
 So she glanced again and caught his eye,
 Ah, me! 'twas her undoing,
 For she hadn't sense enough to fly
 Until too late for rueing.
 Down, down she dropped from his mad embrace
 Her face as hot as blazes,
 And where she landed—I saw the place—
 Uprose a *field of Daisies*.

PARK THEATRE.

BOSTON



FOR THE WEEK OF SEPT. 21 TO SEPT. 26, 1885.

ABBEY & SCHOEFFEL, - - Lessees and Managers.

As'ns. Managers of the GRAND OPERA HOUSE, New York, and the ROYAL AMERICAN THEATRE
OF MARY ANNE STREET and MADAME KEETLEY.

Evening Performances at 8. Saturday Matinee at 2.

FOR THIS WEEK ONLY.

First appearance in Boston this season of the favorite comedian.

DAN MAGUINNIS,

In an entirely new and original comedy-drama, written expressly for him by
CHARLES GAYLER, Esq., entitled

LORD TATTERS.

CAST OF CHARACTERS:

LORD TATTERS.....	DAN MAGUINNIS
SIR LOFTUS O'NEIL.....	J. L. MORGAN
JERRY.....	WM. E. HINES
OLD SOLOMONS (specially engaged).....	J. W. LANEGAN
DADDY BLAKE.....	CHARLES DRAKE
NEWSMAN.....	FRANK E. LEWIS
OFFICER.....	GEORGE WYATT
NORAH.....	MISS EARLE REMINGTON
MRS. BLAKE.....	MRS. NELSON KNEASS
KATE FIELDING.....	MISS HELEN BOANNELL

New and appropriate scenery by J. S. SCHELL and J. D. LEWIS.

ACT I.—Hanover Square, London.

ACT II.—The Home of Lord Tatters.

ACT III.—Daddy Blake's Shop.

Incidental to the play, Mr. Maguinnis will sing several of his most popular songs, including "The Enniskillen Dragoon,"—"Pat Malloy,"—"Whiskey, you're the devil," etc. During the second act Miss Remington will sing an original song written expressly for her by Mr. E. C. Sweet, entitled "Irish, you know."

EDWARD C. BENTT..... Proprietor and Manager

During the Evening the Orchestra, under the Direction of E. N. CAHILL, will perform the following selections:

OVERTURE—"Golden Fleece"	<small>Lavallée</small>
FOURTEEN—"Popular Airs"	<small>Bosley</small>
IRISH QUARTET—"The Home of 'Erin."	<small>T. Moore</small>
MARCH—"Bacon-Bacon"	<small>Richardson</small>

Monday Next, Sept. 28, the Eminent Comedian.

JOHN HOWSON,

IN HIS NEW AND FUNNY MUSICAL COMEDY,

PUTTING ON STYLE.

HYDE & BEHMAN'S

Season of 1885-86.

MONDAY, MAY 3rd,
During the Week, And
Matinees, Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays.

Tony Pastor's Grand Co. PROGRAMME.

OVERTURE "Morning" Prof. Vester and Orchestra

The Leading Comedy and Musical Team,
LEOPOLD & BUNYELL.

The Historical Sketches of
HINES & REMINGTON,
In "GOLD RAILROAD BOARDERS."
John R. White, Delegate to Women's Convention... Earle Remington
William H. White, a Railroad Baggage Smasher... Wm. Hines
The Grand John, a Detective partner, who adapts to book conductor, (s)
Returns Engagement of the Fanny

HARRY MORRIS,

Pat. Jolly Dictionian, Comic Interpreter, Original Comedian & Economic Humourist
The Greatest of All Sketch Teams.

JOHN F. BYRNES,
Comedian, Contender, Fencer and Economic Dancer and
MISS HELLENE,

The most wonderful Interpretator of the Nervous. An entertainment that has
no equal in comedy or farce original, novel, enjoyable and gratifies the ac-
curate taste. Mr. Byrnes challenges the world to produce a comedian
equal that can equal him in rapid artistic delivery and timing.

Tony Pastor's Songs!

3 - ST. FELIX SISTERS - 3
In their Sketch, entitled
Our Birthday!

Patry Wick, May Wick, Mary Wick, Dorothy Wick
Charlotte St. Felix, Henrietta St. Felix, Charlotte St. Felix, William R. Hines

Introducing new song from "MIKADO."

The Tissots.
The Latest Hit.

The Inimitable, The Incomparable, The Unrivalled
3 - CALLAN, HALEY AND CALLAN - 3
Exquisite Terse
3 Vaudeville, 2 Dances, 3 Burlesks & Comedies.

DARE BROTHERS,
Wonderful Gymnasts.

STUART DARE, the Greatest Horizontal Bar Artist the world has ever produced
THOMAS F. DARE, Original Clown and Farce Comedian, presenting
the act as they have presented it in Europe, Asia and Africa, inter-
larded with an unending round of success, including their famous
act of 11 consecutive months at the Royal Aquarium, London.

Cornet Solo.

Caavina "Barber of Seville" JACK BUNNEN
The performance concluding with Mr. Harry Morris's original after-piece.

The Dutch Actors!

HANS VAN BRON, Harry Morris
Cecil Miller, Manager
Peter Walker, James Gustaf
August Klotz, George Bannan
Mrs. Smith, William F. Hines
Mrs. Smith, Harry L. Jones
Mrs. Smith, John O'Sullivan
Mrs. Smith, Miss K. L. Jones
Mrs. Smith, Miss K. L. Jones

Synopsis:

SCENE - A Drawing Room. Mrs. Smith and her indulgent husband in private,
but having nothing. Mr. Smith suggests. He questions the situation, but
of Dutch, the travelling. The return of the Dutch actors, Mr.
Smith asks a reason in stage hands. The Dutch actors, Mr.
Smith, arranged as a punishment and more first. They are they working.
A musical and a fresh trial. **REVEAL THE SWIFT.** The husband again. Mr.
Smith returns home. Dutch under the table. Mr. Smith reveals the secret.
Dutch actors no more. **AWFULLY MISY DISCOMFORT.** With your stock
and see the funny lecture. **REVEAL THE SWIFT.**



AT "TELLER'S."

Where did you stay in "Philamaklink?"

At Teller's?

If so you didn't want food nor drink—

It makes you think of Auld Lang Syne,

When at his festal board you dine,

Old memories fly to one's head like wine

At Teller's.

Around the room in massive frames

Are pictures autographed with names,

The best, the brightest of them all

Look down upon you from the wall,

Some gone, alas! beyond recall

At Teller's.

It seems to me on Hallowe'en nights,

When Mike has put out all the lights,

These may step down, each in his place,

And once again the table grace,

A smile upon each radiant face.

At Teller's.

Such times I creep out on the stairs,

To try to catch them unawares,

Then softly wafted seems to come

A clink of glass, low voices hum,

A sound as of a banjo's thrum,

At Teller's.

ENVOI.

Prince, where are they now, that merry crowd,
 Whose every word caused laughter loud?
 Silent they wait, their glory shorn,
 Patient they watch, but not forlorn,
 In loving hearts again they're born
 At Teller's.



MRS. BROWN OF GEORGIA.

*Scene, A crowded Day Coach on a Southern
 Train—*

Enter Traveling Co.—the Soubrette finds a seat—
 "Excuse me for askin', but are you a show
 woman?"

'Cause the folks down our way think you all's
 only half human,

An' I never had a chance at one, only a peek,
 So I made up my mind, if you sot down thar
 I'd speak.

It must be awful excitin', travelin' roun',
 A seein' the country, an' 'most every town,
 With nothin' to worry you under the sun,
 'Tain't no work to act, looks to me like 'twas
 fun;

I often thought I'd made a good one myself,
 That is, before I got married, an' was laid on
 the shelf.

None of you ever marries, and has children, of
course,
Leastwise if you do, you apply for divorce.
I see in the papers most every day
Another marriage a failure 'mong the people
that play.
I reckon that man 'ats smilin's your feller?
Your husband! Do tell! How long you been
married?
Twelve years! Well, well! Any children?
Two? Well, I want to know!
I've had eight in that time, twins a couple of
'em tho'—
Yes, I get off here, Barnesville's my town,
Anybody can tell you where to find Missus
Brown,
An' if ever play here, come to my house an' stay,
We've got a melodeun you can pound on all day,
An' I want Si to see you, that's my man, and I
guess,
He'll find you *as common as anybody*
If you are an actress!



LOVE STILL LIVES.

Ah, God, the world is very cold,
And friends grow few as we grow old;
Yet love still lives,
And things have changed upon our way;
The clouds are gathering day by day;
Yet love still lives,

The roseate hues of early youth
 Are growing grayer now, in truth ;
 Yet love still lives,
 Our hopes dissolve like morning dreams,
 Our childish faith is gone, it seems ;
 Yet love still lives.

Take heart of comfort, lonely one,
 All is vanity 'neath the sun ;
 Yet love still lives.
 Under the snow the violets lie,
 Behind the clouds is Heaven's sky,
 And love still lives.



ILLUMINATION.

I prayed for a Light to come to me,
 From a source I knew not where,
 But a far off land it was sure to be,
 And I longed to meet it there.
 I dreamed of holding the Light up high,
 When it had become mine own,
 And calling to pilgrims passing by
 To worship it where it shone.
 So long I waited, my eyes grew dim,
 Till at last I could not see,
 In my despair, *I looked within,*
 Lo! The Light had come to me!
 I dare not call to the pilgrims tho',
 As I once desired to do,
 For I know the Light, that is shining so,
 Is shining in their hearts, too.

B. F. KEITH'S
NEW GAIETY MUSEUM,
 236 Westminster Street.

WEEK OF MONDAY,
 JUNE 6th, 1887

A Long List of Novelty Features

The Transatlantic Star,
Mr. EDWARD GIGUERE,
 French Warbler and Triple-Voiced Vocalist.

Return Engagement of
IDA LILIAN ABRAMS,
 The Superb Vocalist.

Fra Diavolo!
SIGNOR ROBERTO,
 The Oriental Wizard, in Marvellous Feats of
 Diablerie.

Re-engagement by request of
Mr. and Mrs. JERRY COHAN,
 The Famous Irish Sketch Artists.

First Appearance of
J. T. HEFRON,
 The Great One Legged Dancer.

The Eccentric Comedian,
DICK HUME,
 In his Original Specialty, the Too-Too Bum
 Swell.

The Great
HARRY CONSTANTINE,
 The Model of Female Impersonators.

JOHN F. FENTON,
 The Clog, Jig, and Reel Dancer.

The Expert Juggler,
BARNELL,
 In Wonderful Feats of Juggling and Balancing.

The Boy Vocalist,
MASTER ALFRED TIRRELL,
 In a new repertoire of Popular Songs.

X The Gaiety Stock Company
 In a burlesque on **ERMINIE**, written by Daley
 Remington expressly for the Gaiety
 Museum, entitled

HOW MANY?

Haddock, the Bluff } A couple of (...Wm. Hines
 Singers from {
 Raven, the Frost.. } Sing-Sing { Sam Bernard
 'How Many (Winters?)..... Daley Remington

Admission 10 Cents. Reserved seats 5 Cents.
 Front Reserved Orchestra Chairs 10 Cents.

1887

The original continuous performance program as made up by B. F. Keith.

Tivoli Music Hall

London

MONDAY, APRIL 30th, & Every Evening.

- 1 Overture "Madame Angot Selection". *Levey*
- 2 Mr. Austin Rudd. Comedian
- 3 Miss Kitty Beresford. Serio Comic
- 4 Mr. Joe Archer. Pattering Comedian
- 5 Miss Alice Leamar. Soubrette
- 6 Drew & Alders. Eccentrics.
- 7 Miss Constance Moxon. The Twinkling
Star
- 8 Mr. Bransby Williams. Actor Mimic
- 9 Miss Edith Courtney. Ballad Vocalist
- 10 The Glinserettis. Aerobatic Exponents
- 11 The Sisters Levey (Addie & May-Lilian)
Burlesque Artistes
- 12 Mr. Dan Leno. Comedian
- 13 Mr. Wm. E. Hines & Miss Earle
Remington. American Low Comedy Artistes ✕
- 14 Mr. Albert Christian. Baritone Vocalist
- 15 Miss Lil Hawthorne. Comedienne
- 16 Mr. George Robey. Comedian
- 17 Miss Ada Willoughby. Songstress
- 18 Mr. Harry Randall. Favorite Comedian
- 19 Miss Annette Fengler. American
Variety Artiste
- 20 Mr. Will Evans. Musical Eccentric
- 21 The Gotham Comedy Quartette.
(Messrs. DOUST, FAIRBANKS, HARRIS & PARKER).
- 22 The Eight Lancashire Lads. Clog
Dancers

The above Programme is subject to alteration.

NOTICE.—The Management will feel obliged to any persons who will bring to their notice any item in the Programme that they consider objectionable.

MATINEE EVERY SATURDAY AT 2.15.

Manager VERNON DOWSETT
Acting Manager & Treasurer ... JAS. HOWELL
Musical Director ANGELO A ASHER

JOHN BRINSMEAD & SONS Pianoforte is used in this Orchestra.

1900



"PALS."

There's been a lot of changes, Bill,
Since we set out to see,
If we could make a living
In the old variety.
It wasn't vaudeville those days,
Not elevated yet,
But they dropped the "N. G. Curtain,"
If you needed it, you bet!
Remember how Dan Shelby
Ran his place at Buffalo,

And had a peep hole in the flats
To watch how acts would go?
And how dear old man Trimble
Used to give the boys their cue,
By rattling up the big iron stove
To say you wouldn't do?

And how the gang in Cleveland
Would for an "Essence" call,
And if you couldn't do one
You had to quit, that's all?

* * * * *

D'ye mind when big John Stetson
Had that troupe of dogs b'gee,
Put out in the alley to do their act
And earn their salary?

Remember in Saint Louis,
How a girl got hissed one day,

And the manager, a German,
 Went looking for the "jay"
 That hissed, and couldn't find him,
 And said with such a shout,
 "I bet I'll catch de loafer!"
 And fired the whole dam gallery out?

Remember at the National,
 They'd send you in a part,
 And woe betide the poor soul
 If it wasn't learned by heart?
 Just one rehearsal, you "stood pat,"
 Or the gallery would say "Boo!"
 'Twas act or die, you had no choice
 In the days of '82—

Yes, things have changed a heap, Bill,
 And now in vaudeville,
 The Big Stars come and go, Bill,
 Like lights upon a hill;
 But we can say one thing, old Pal,
 No matter what the weather,
 We've waited for the Big Show,
 And always stuck together.



EN PASSANT.

I wonder if she knew
 When I passed by?
 Under the gas light, hurrying home,
 My roving eye

Caught sight of a familiar form—
A careless grace
I knew of old:
And then the well-known face
Burst on my view
Tho' eyes may be deceived
The heart cannot.
I think it stopped
As that one passed,
Who owned its every beat,
In days gone by.
I dared not let
Mine eyes her own to meet,
But, fearful, gazed on space,
While all the blood within my veins
Seemed as if froze
I wonder if she knew?
God knows.



SORROWS OF A SOUBRETTE.

Pity the sorrows of a lone soubrette,
Who's doing her first season on the road;
The one I bear in mind is deep in debt,
And deeper still the gloom in her abode.

A cheerless room, with four bare, whitewashed
walls,
A bedstead, corded in ye old-time style;
A cracked glass shows a visage that appals,

Four eyes, two noses, three mouths at you
smile.

A washstand, balanced nicely on three legs;
An old rag carpet, spread upon the floor,
Her other dress and hat hang on two pegs;
A broken chair secures the keyless door.

Beneath her lies the kitchen, from which source
A balmy breath of onions fills the air;
To these delights she comes each night, of course,
And questions, as she does up her back hair :

“Is this the goal I started out to win?
For this fate have I left my dear old home?
The friends with whom I had so happy been,
Until ambition tempted me to roam?”

“Is this the end of all my brilliant dreams?
Is glory’s height reached through this narrow
way?
When will the “ghost” walk?—slow, it seems,
Especially when one has six chills a day.”

No answer from the lamp with sputtering flame,
Unanswered still, she creeps into her bed;
Poor little girl, unknown to men and fame,
I wonder will time bring laurel crowns to your
young head?



Arch Street Theatre Programme

MONDAY, SEPT. 12, AND DURING THE WEEK

Matinees, Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday.

WEBER AND FIELDS' OWN SPECIALTY COMPANY. 1892

OVERTURE—"Reilly and the 400," D. Braham—By the Arch St. Theatre Orchestra, S. A. La FONT, Musical Director.

The performance will commence with

WHITING & SHEPARD

In their new and original act, introducing Horizontal Bar Trick Leaping and Gambling, Songs, Duets, and Funny Sayings of the Day.

MARION & POST

In their new and popular Refined Song and Dance, "THE COLLEGE BOYS."

The Popular Protean Artists,

HINES & REMINGTON

In their laughable skit, entitled "Our Pawn Shop."

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ:

MAJOR M. WADDIGAN, WM. E. HINES
JERRY SPIKES,
MRS. ADA GAASHINSKI, } MISS EARLE REMINGTON
BECKY, a chip of the old block, }

JOHNNIE CARROLL

The Comic Singer of America.

WEIER and FIELDS

The German Senators.

John—**DRUMMOND and STANLEY**—Richard

Originators of the most unique Specialty in America,

"The Musical Blacksmiths."

Only Act of its kind in the World.

MAUD HUTH

In Negro Retraius.

BRAATZ BROTHERS

The Marvelous Acrobats.

The performance will conclude with the laughable Farce, entitled

"MUSIC MAD."

CLARA ELLSWORTH, EARLE REMINGTON
SIG. GIOVANNIA, teacher of Music, SAM MARION
WILLIE STOP, RALPH POST

NIBLO'S WALTER SANFORD

Sole Lessee and Manager.

Also Sole Lessee and Manager of
STAR THEATRE, | EMPIRE THEATRE
 BROOKLYN, N. Y. | BROOKLYN, (E. D.) N. Y.

Week Commencing June 18, 1894.

WEDNESDAY—MATINEES—SATURDAY.

THE GREAT LIFE-LIKE DRAMA

The Hearts of New York!

CHARACTERS:

X	JERRY O'BRIEN , known as Freckles.....	WILLIAM E. HINES. X
	"Who takes his physic like a man."	
	Thomas Milbourne, "free and easy, still,".....	Mr. Dyke Brooks
	Leonard Knightly, dark and daring.....	Mr. H. G. Clark
	J. Skiffington Verkas, Esq.....	Mr. Bobby Emmet
	"A counsellor at law, my dear sir; a counsellor at law."	
	David Sampson, secret police agent.....	Mr. W. F. Cain
	Deitrich Plattucher, grocer.....	Mr. J. W. Irving
	Michael Garvin, driver of patrol wagon.....	Wm. Nelson
	Tim Looney, "a presarvoir o' th' peace,".....	Mr. Al Gleason
	Mrs. Kitty O'Reardon, after a heart.....	Miss Annie Devere
	Mrs. Jane Milbourne, wealthy but unhappy.....	Miss Laura Linden
	Mrs. Garvin, a friendly neighbor	} Mr. John Daly
	Always ready to "lend me a load of sugar	
	Mrs. O'Brien, Jerry's mother	
X	PINKEY , a waif.....	EARLE REMINGTON X
	CLARA MILBOURNE , the loving daughter }	

SYNOPSIS OF SCENES.

ACT I.—Granny Davis' little home in Battle Row. Pinkey. Story of her origin. Freckles' wonderful telephone call. Unwelcome visitors. "Force, is it you want? Then take it."

ACT II.—Exterior of the tenements in Cherry Hill. Tim preparing for duty. Jerry's return. "There's a light in the window for Jerry to-night." Pinkey's resolve. Dietrich's coal box. The conspiracy. "Nothing can shake me now." Follies. "Ring the alarm." Dash of the Police Patrol Wagon. ("Hearts of New York" is the first production in which a genuine police service wagon is used.)

ACT III.—Scene 1.—Neighborly exchange of courtesies between Mrs. Garvin and Mrs. Kitty O'Reardon. Scene 2.—House-tops of New York (showing a true panoramic view of the metropolis by moonlight). Pinkey pleading with her father. "An angel of love and duty." "I will be a man." The trap set. The tenement on fire. Verkas' doom. Heroic rescue; terrific conflagration.

ACT IV.—Mrs. Milbourne's home in Murray Hill. Pinkey pleading for her father. The power of love. Wavering resolves. "But I don't know how long it will last." The wild Irishman. "The union of the Shamrock and the Golden Rod." Let me name the bridegroom. Re-united. Happy are the Hearts of New York.

SPECIATIES.

ACT I.—Hines & Remington. ACT II.—Mr. Wm. E. Hines in his latest songs "Poor Mick" and "Dooley"; Miss Earle Remington in her German characterizations, "That Settles It" and "Smith & Cook"; "The Funny Tramps," in their originalities. ACT III.—Bobby Emmet, vocalisms and eccentric dancing; "The Timothy D. Sullivan Chowder Club" (written by Miss Earle Remington), by Hines & Remington and Company; Mrs. O'Reardon (John Daly); "The Songs My Mama Sang to Me," "Kate in Ireland"; Wm. E. Hines, "The Man that Broke the Bricks Down on Wall Street," Miss Earle Remington.

ACT.—Daly & Devere in their funny original sayings: "Har Golden Hair Was Hanging Down Her Back" (by special permission of publisher Frank P. Tousey), Miss Earle Remington

STAFF:

Manager.....	Mr. Pierce Jarvis
Stage Manager.....	Mr. W. F. Cain
Machinist.....	Frank Gardner



THE PRODIGY'S LAMENT.

(Written for Miss Irene Franklin when she was
but five.)

Now, isn't it dreadful to think that I,
Should not be billed quite as well as the
"Star"?

They say I'm a "Wonder"; if so, then why
Am I not "featured" as other folks are?

I do several "Specialties"—think of that,
One more than the "star" with his lithographs;
And all of my "lines" are chock full of "fat"—
Each time I come on the audience laughs.

But in spite of it all, in mean little type,
My name looks so stingy—that's why I scold;
But you just wait a little till I'm ripe,
As it is I'm not green for a five-year-old.

I can see myself, some day, you can bet,
Billed as the greatest the world has yet seen,
Mademoiselle Fakey, the famous soubrette,
And not one will know I was little Irene.



JUST IN THE SAME OLD WAY.

I wonder if I should meet you
Just in the same old way,
If I could smile and greet you
Just in the same old way?

The years have brought some changes
For me and to you, they say,
But I think, if we met to-morrow,
'Twould be just in the same old way.

Would the love light shine in your eye,
Just in the same old way?
Would your hand in warm greeting lie
In mine the same old way?
Would the friendship we swore in the past
Be true in this later day?
And would you be glad if I kissed you,
Just in the same old way?

Ah, time is a cruel king, dear
Just in the same old way;
But memories still will linger,
Just in the same old way.
When the spirit that God has given
Shall have left this earthly clay,
I want to be first to welcome you,
Just in the same old way.



A PRAYER.

“Keep me, my God, so small my boat,
And thy blue ocean is so wide!”
So prays the sailor outward bound;
So might we pray each morn and night.
All prone to wander and forget,
Tossed to and fro by every wave,

By sharp adversity beset,
His hand alone canst guide and save.
The journey is so long, so long,
Driven before the storms of grief;
The shoals of passion 'round us throng,
The siren self on every reef.
Keep us, our God! 'Tis all we ask;
On life's broad ocean we're afloat,
And it abounds with perils vast,
We are so weak, so small our boat.



THE NEW HOTEL.

"We've got a bran new tavern, boss,"
Said the man at Hopkinsville;
"An' if you'll bring your troupe down thar,
We'll suit you, sartin we will.
The old one was purty tough, you say?
Well, this 're un ain't so slow;
I'm the man that done the fixin' up,
An' I reckon I ought to know.

"See, thar 'tis, over yonder;
Sho, you needn't make a face,
It's the same old house, of course,
But, land! you'd never know the place.
Me, an' my wife and daughter,
An' a dozen niggers, I'll bet,
Have worked a month on the old shebang,
An' I'm durned if we've finished her yet.

“But come right in—you might as well,
Long as you’re here; and, say,
I told that man that travels ahead
I’d feed you for a dollar a day,
An’ I’ll do it. You Eph, fetch that book
Put the name thar on the fust page;
It’s a kind of a send-off to start with a troupe
That can act out real good on the stage.

“I’ll show you the rooms; you’ll find two beds
In each; in some there’s three;
‘Git a-plenty while you’re gittin’, John,’
My old woman she says to me.
There’s the sittin’ room or parlor,
Whichever you like to say,
An’ there’s the organ—just pitch in,
If any of you want to play.

“To make it a little more cheerful,
“I’ll give you all a fire,
'Cause the wall paper’s new, an’ so is the paint,
’Twouldn’t hurt ’em if they was dryer.”
Ah, new, also, were the towels,
When we went to dry our hands;
And new the sheets and comforters,
All marked with their maker’s brands.

But the landlord was so willing,
So cheerful and so bland,
We couldn’t find the heart to “kick,”
In this merry one-night stand.
Good luck, then, to the tavern,
May the troupes ne’er pass it by,

Opheum

Program

FRED GETZLER, Stage Manager

Children in arms will not be admitted at Evening Performances.

WEEK COMMENCING, MONDAY, Sept. 26, 1898.

THE ORPHEUM ORCHESTRA

A. F. FRANKENSTEIN, Director

- 1 March—"A Hot Member".....Barney Fagan
2 Waltz (From Victor Herbert's Comic Opera) "The Serenade", Clarke
By Request

3

CHAS. BARON

Introducing his Wonderful Troupe of Trained Canines

4

IRENE FRANKLIN

Petite Character Sourette and Mimic

5

LES FRERES CARPOS

Premier European Equilibrists

- 6 Fantasia—"My Old Kentucky Home".....Langley

7

The Comedey Stars,

Edw. M. - FAVOR & SINCLAIR - Edith

In their Laughable Skit, entitled

"THE MCGUIRES"

Tim McGuire, an Irish Plumber..... Edward M. Favor
Felix Gilhooly, "The Missing Link"..... Edith Sinclair
Cordelia McGuire, a Chap of the old Block..... Edith Sinclair
Concluding with the Beautiful Duett "The Little Farm."

8

Bright Gems of the Operatic Stage

SIGNOR and SIGNORA de PASQUALI SIGNOR ABRAMOFF

Presenting the Prison Scene from "Faust."

Faust..... Signor Maggioni de Pasquali
Marguerite..... Signora Bernice de Pasquali
Mephistopheles..... Signor Abramoff

9

- My Honolulu Lady.....Lee Johnson

10

BARNEY FAGAN

Author, Comedian, Vocalist and Dancer, and

MISS HENRIETTA BYRON

The Fascinating Sourette, Presenting a New and Up-to-Date
Line of Business

Mr Fagan will sing his latest song, "Hold Dem Philippines, Rickinley"

11

The Portrayers of New York Types

HINES & REMINGTON

In "The Road Queen" Introducing Earle Remington in her
original idea "The New Woman Tramp"

- 12 First Appearance in America of the World-Famous Gymnasts

TOW-ZOON-IN ARABS

SEVEN IN NUMBER

The Most Marvelous Acrobats in the World.

See the Finish of this Marvelous Performance

THE NEW YORK

SIRE BROS., - - - Managers

(Patrons in The New York are respectfully reminded that there is but one price of admission to the Finance Auditorium and the Promenade de Luxe. They are at liberty to enjoy the two distinct entertainments at their pleasure. Two elevator services in front sectors of the building, to and from all floors.

WEEK COMMENCING MONDAY, DECEMBER 10, 1900.

Matinees Wednesday and Saturday.

A CARD: The programme here below will be re-arranged in the alphabetical order here given, subject, however, to such variations in the program as the management may occasionally be obliged to make.

PROGRAMME.

A OVERTURE

B Grace-FIELD and McNEILL-Flora
Harpists.

C ROBINSON and SPECK
The Dwarf Comedians and Laugh Provokers.

D EMMA CARUS
The Female Baritone, in the First Presentation of a "Coon Song," with Musical and Spectacular Effects.
"WINE, WINK, NER, OWL," by HOLLAN, O'Dea and MORGAN,
Sung by LOUIS E. LAWRENCE. Scenario by LEON A. McCORMACK. Musical advice by JOHN WALKER.
Proprietor by Wm. De Vries.
Copyright, Joe. Brown & Co

E The Popular Comedian,
WM. F. GOULD
in New and Original Songs.

F A Few Laughs with
McAVOY and MAY
You all know them.

G First American Appearance of
VIOLET FRIEND
Direct from The Palace Theatre, London, Eng.

H CARL MARWIG'S GORGEOUS PAGEANT,
THE MEETING OF THE ALLIES
at the Gates of Peking.

—INTRODUCING—
MILITARY MOVEMENTS AND WALL SCALING
By detachment of Company B, 24 REGT., under command of Capt. M. H. KELLY,
Scaling 90 feet wall in 90 seconds.

J INTERMISSION

K First Appearance of
IDA FULLER
in her Latest Creation, in Two Scenes, presenting
a. The Golden Butterfly. b. Summer Days. c. La Ida Flambeau.
Scenario by Joe Phipps. All Effects presented by U. S. and Foreign Patents.

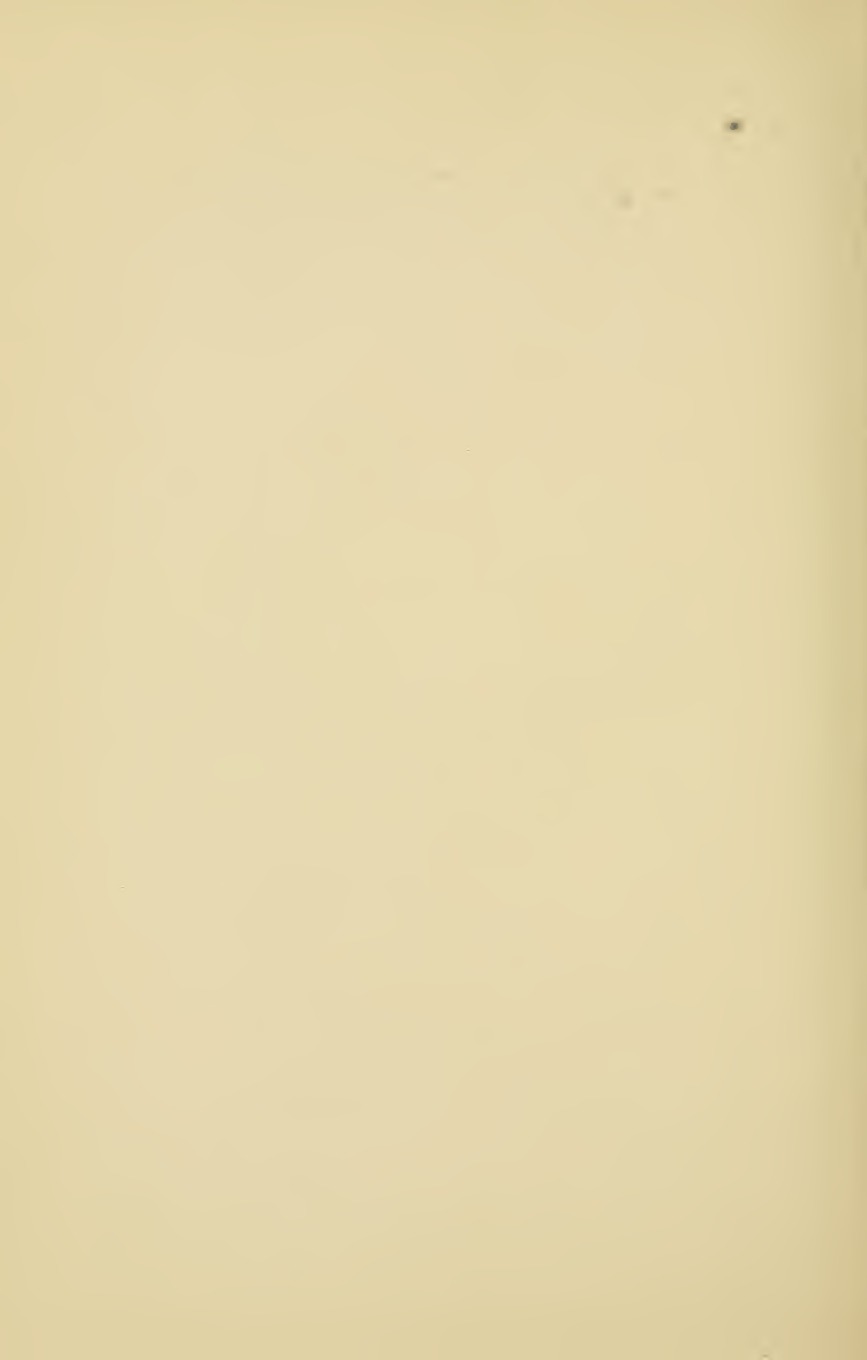
L The Eccentric Duo
HINES and REMINGTON
in "RED LIGHT PERSIFLAGE."

M The Marvels,
PAT ROONEY, MAYME GERRUE and Company

N Coronet Virtuoso.
WHITING SISTERS
The only act of the kind in the World.

O CARL MARWIG'S GORGEOUS FLORAL BALLET,
THE FORGET-ME-NOTS

PREMIERS.
The Will O' Wisp Little Brib
The Fairy Queen The Fanchette
The Sports and the Ladies The House Van, Layman, Oliver, L. House, J. House and Trush.



Success to its virgin purity
In Hopkinsville, Ky.



REMEMBRANCE!

Under the snowy daisies,
Quite heedless of their bloom,
Not once her head she raises
At sound of the old tune
We sang in that sweet June.

And I, alone regretting—
All others have forgot,
'Tis easy this forgetting,
To those who loved her not—
I love her still, I wot.

The daisies, though, stop growing,
To whisper in my ear:
"Thou, too, shall soon be going;
Nay, not a single tear!
She 'waits thee, but *not here!*"



RHYME OF THE ONE-NIGHT STANDS.

Creeping o'er the prairie,
An hour or two behind;
Stopping to take water—
And "injuns," too, we find—

Gazing at the mountains,
And the seas of sand:
Bless me, this is pleasant,
Doing one-night stands.

Grabbing hasty breakfasts,
Flying to the train,
Getting in at seven
In a pouring rain.
Rushing to the "Operry,"
Braving country bands;
Bless me, this is pleasant,
Doing one-night stands.

Leading lady frantic,
Forgot to bring her keys,
"Heavens, get a blacksmith,
To open this trunk, please."
Soubrette yells: "No water?
How'll I wash my hands?"
Bless me, this is pleasant,
Doing one-night stands.

Audience all impatient,
Hear them stamp their feet;
Dressing room divided
By a simple sheet;
"Properties" all missing,
Scenes "non compos ment,"
"Jay" won't let the curtain up
Till he gets his rent.

Star all full of trouble,
Thinks he's lost his voice;

“Props” comes in with tidings,
Makes us all rejoice;
“Leader so disgusted
Gone off on a drunk,
Says you’ll find the music
Right on top his trunk.”

Gallery gods keep howling,
Till the show begins,
Then comes expiation
For our former sins.
Finally it’s over,
Down the curtains lands,
Bless, me this is pleasant,
Doing one-night stands.



“SEMPER IDEM.”

I care not what the gods may send,
Ill luck or good, 'tis one to me,
So I but know where thy steps tend,
My dear one, all is well with thee.

You do not know, you may not care,
May never give a thought to me;
But constant still shall be my prayer
That all may yet be well with thee.

Tho' fairer lips than mine shall press
The cup that once was drained by me,
Remember in thy happiness
My toast, may all be well with thee.

And when at last the angel Death
 Calls me to sweet Eternity,
 Be sure that with my dying breath
 I pray, may all be well with thee.



SO DIFFERENT.

'Twas Hallowe'en, that mystic time,
 So all the legends go,
 When ghostly visitants are wont
 To wander to and fro.
 I waited—it was Saturday—
 To see the gruesome sight—
 But business was so very bad,
 Our "ghost" walked not to-night.



BILL'S FISH.

Never will forget the night
 Bill went a-fishing,
 Bill, Joe and t'other Bill,
 We wuz a-wishing,
 For a nice mess of fish,
 And Bill he said:
 "I'll bring a fish, or you'll
 Bring me back dead."
 Mind you, it wuz rainin' cats
 And dogs; but they
 Had a "dog" on, every one
 (Been to town that day).

Supper wuz a-waitin',
And we holloed.
They knew the signal, but
They never showed
A sign of comin' in.
(The rain still poured).
We kept on a-callin'.
Finally we heard
The grating of a boat,
A lantern's light
Showed up the crew, and Bill
He was a sight.
Drenched from head to foot,
But on his face
A large triumphant smile.
He held a "splaiice"
Fast in one hand, and patted
With the other
The fish, which he embraced
Like a brother.
"I fell overboard for this,
But darn my skin,
I said I'd get a fish
And bring him in.
So just give me credit
Here, there, you three,
Annie, Daisy, Jennie,
Eat this with me."



MY ROSARY.

Red, red garnets, strung together,
 Blood red is my rosary;
 Silver filagree like feather,
 Model of simplicity.
 Sent to me from o'er the water,
 Sweetest Christmas souvenir,
 To remind this erring daughter
 That the Son of God is here.
 As I touch them, through my fingers,
 One by one, the years go by,
 Seem to glide, and with me lingers
 All the past in memory.
 Blood-red beads of sin and passion,
 From my heart now wrung anew,
 Strung alike in rosary fashion,
 While my tears their cross bedew.



AFTER ALL.

Well, here we are again—
 After all!
 And we didn't get the ten—
 After all!
 With imagination vast,
 For a little raise we asked,
 But it's "just the same as last"—
 After all!
 Tottie Fewclothes will not star—
 After all;

She will have no special car—
 After all;
Her backer “made a sneak”
With a dime museum freak—
Tottie’s jobbing by the week,
 After all!
Johnnie Jumpup is at large,
 After all.
One night—a quick discharge,
 After all.
The ambitious embryos
Can pack away their clothes,
They won’t get a chance to pose,
 After all!
Moving pictures flourish still,
 After all.
With their ever changing bill—
 After all—
Spite of newspaper comments,
At ten and twenty cents,
They can pay their little rents,
 After all.



SINCE LIZZIE WENT AWAY.

“The old house seems so quiet
And solemn like, and gray,
There’s nothing bright about the place
Since Lizzie went away.
She always was my favorite;
Although she was the worst,

Most harum scarum of the lot,
She somehow seemed the first.

“She was the youngest;
Maybe that made her nearer than the rest,
And a sweeter, better baby
Never lay on mother’s breast.
I remember, when she’d grown a bit,
She got a sickish spell,
And mother and I were most afraid
She never would get well.

“And Mandy, bless her! prayed so hard
That God her life would spare,
Sometimes I think ’twas wicked—
We were punished for that prayer.
We never knew that she would grow
To be so hard and wild,
And break her mother’s tender heart,
Poor, foolish, headstrong child!

“She’s been sorry, since, for her folly,
And repentant for the past,
And her mother, I know, forgives her,
For she loved her to the last.
They say she’s quite an actress now,
And will make her mark some day,
But it’s awful lonesome here at home,
Since Lizzie went away.”



AMUSEMENTS.

AMUSEMENTS.

AVENUE DETROIT

HIGH CLASS VAUDEVILLE. 1901

SEPT. 2 POPULAR PRICES SEPT. 2

A BRIGHT, SPARKLING ARRAY OF TALENT!

THE UNIQUE CHARACTER ARTISTS.

Hines & Remington

Presenting Their Original Sketch.

"MISS PATTEN OF PATTERSON."

JENNIE YEAMANS

Always Original.

MR. AND MRS. **TONY FARRELL**

"An American Duke."

LOUISE GUNNING

Sweet Singer of Scotch Songs.

THE GREAT PROSPER TROUPE

4—European Gymnasts—4

Beach & Whitman The **COOLMANS**
Dashing and refined. Refined
COMEDIENNES. **MUSICAL ARTISTS.**

Lennox, Nash Co. The **Leisenrings**
Artistic Production. FAMOUS ACROBATS.
SCULPTORS STUDIO

2—Performances Daily—2

MATINEE 2:15

EVENING 8:15

Family Circle10	Family Circle10
Balcony15	Balcony20
Parquet25	Parquet25
	Orchestra (reserved) . . .50

ALWAYS THE BEST SHOW

B. P. KEITH'S NEW UNION SQUARE THEATRE.

Performance Continuous from 8 to 10, 15 P. M.
(Doors open at 12:30 o'clock P. M.)

557TH CONSECUTIVE WEEK

Refined and High-Class Vaudeville,

COMMENCING MONDAY, NOVEMBER 14 1904.

SPECIAL NOTICE.—Patrons who have not been permitted to the theatre, Patrons are respectfully requested not to pass my table, as we desire all our patrons treated alike, and this theatre an institution where love are given for courtesies extended by our employees. Everything is free all—no purchase necessary, and the encouragement of the free-entrance obligation and means of travelling courtesies and favors is dependent for all our patrons to receive the attention which we desire.

Ads are run only in the order given when feasible to do so and are subject to change without notice. It should also be noted that the order in which they are placed in the programme does not necessarily indicate the value of ads.

SEE STAGE SIGNS.

A	Stereopticon Views	Miscellaneous subjects.
B	The Mohrns	Sensational Trapdoor Act.
C	Lawrence Crane	Irish Magician.
D	The Chamberlins	Rope and Loose Manipulators.
E	Olive	The Dainty Juggler.
F	Epps and Loretta	Colored Comedy Couple.
G	The Great Fulgora	The Transgressor.
H	Kewell and Kiblo	Saxophone, Vibes and Sploshes Repr's.
I	First American Appearance Leo Dahlis	Debutant, from the Casino, Paris.
J	Low Hawkins	The Characterist of M. M. M. M.
K	First Appearance in Vaudeville Miss Chrystal Herne (Daughter of the late James A. Herne). In an Original Original Playlet, entitled "BETWEEN THE ACTS," by Jesse Hays.	Chrystal Herne Dora Crane, a young society girl. Gladys Hale, a well-known comedienne. Scene—Drawing Room, Columbia Theatre, San Francisco, Cal.
L	Hess and Remington	With a Few Wits and Original Sayings.
M	Don McAvoy and His Fifth Avenue Girls	In a Crazy Long-Long-Long.
N	Harding and Ah Sid	The Clown and the Clowness.
O	St. Onge Brothers	Comedy Cyclists.
P	Keith's Motion Pictures (Biograph) Showing an Excellent Line of Interesting and Humorous Motion Pictures. 1. AN IMPOSSIBLE VOYAGE. 2. WAITING FOR KILL.	

1904

~~1904~~



AFTER LONG YEARS.

I wondered how we two would meet,
So long apart were we, my dear;
And half reluctant were my feet,
'Twixt Hope and her companion, Fear.

'Tho' you were ever in the past
All that was kind, and good and true,
It seemed almost too sweet to last,
That you loved me as I loved you.

With arms wide open to receive,
Quick fled each doubt, and then and there
My trembling heart you did relieve,
And banished each and every care.

Oh, may we meet when life is past,
Such welcome from the friends of old;
All tears be dried, and peace at last
Reign with the love that ne'er grows cold.



END OF THE SEASON.

When the Summer time comes 'round
We're not "in it;"
Many actors can be found—
They're not "in it;"
Tho' the season they should play,
And receive each week their pay,

If there comes a rainy day,
They're not "in it."

On Broadway we see them stalk—
Think they're "in it."
Of their confreres freely talk;
They're not "in it."
Each one thinks himself just right,
But the others were a sight—
Couldn't act a little mite,
Were not "in it!"

Still, 'tis hard to realize
One's not "in it."
Could we see with other eyes,
We're not "in it."
Looking backward is the craze,
Numbered are the "swelled head" days,
Co-operation, to our amaze,
Will be "in it."



TWO LOVES.

"I love but you!" he cried.
"But you, naught else beside;
And all that men hold dear—
Friends, honor—cannot bind me here.
So you say: 'Fly!
If on your breast
The whole world pass me by,
Still am I blest!"

"I love you, too," he sighed,
"Tho' not to love I tried.
Ah, God! It was my fate!
Since you have willed my state
I will remain.
Yet pray for me
That I may bear the pain
When far from thee!"

Reader! By all the memories my lines suggest,
Which of these men, think you, loved her best?



"STOICISM."

Let nothing phase thee.
The river of time silently floweth;
What does it bring?
Sunshine and shadow, sorrow and laughter
Alike to the peasant and the king.
Hast thou been wronged?
Thou art not the first—
Who has not tasted
Of treachery's cup?
Life is but a day, and thee and the wronger
May lie side by side
When thy day is up.
Art thou unhappy?
Cease to remember, forget all but what
Seemeth good to thy soul.
Neither crushed by the present or fearing the
future,

Prepare for the last gate—
 Make ready thy toll.



COMPENSATION.

We get nothing for nothing
 The wide world over.
 Pay then for your mistress,
 Woe begone lover.
 Art has its bright laurels,
 The ambitious may try for.
 The shop holds the bauble,
 The youngest may cry for.
 Each man has his price, if
 You know how to catch him.
 Just offer it once, see
 How quick it will fetch him.

Not luck, then, but law, rules
 The world and all mankind.
 Just effect from good cause,
 We will certainly find.
 Expect not to reap wheat
 When no sowing is done,
 Nor bewail a large head
 When much drinking is done,
 And beware how you trample
 On forbidden ground—
 Tho' no sign be put up,
 There's a bull dog around.

FIREMANS HALL

HARRISON, N. Y.

WEDNESDAY NIGHT, JUNE 28th, 1905

Polite Vaudeville

BENEFIT OF

St. Gregorys' Church.

PROGRAM.

AUGUST W. JOHNSON

Champion Heavy Weight Lifter of the World. In astounding feats of strength.

MR. PAUL DRESSER

The man who has written more beautiful songs than all other song writers combined. Introducing his latest successes "MY GAL SAL" and "AFTER THE BATTLE".

The Favorite Minstrel Comedian

MR. GEORGE THATCHER,

Supported by Miss Zenaide Williams & Co. in their latest Playlet, "A NIGGER IN THE WOODPILE,"
By M. C. Ashbridge.

X W. M. E.—HINES & REMINGTON,—EARLE X
in "Miss Patter of Patterson."

JAS. F.—DOLAN & LENHARR—IDA

In one of Mr. Dolan's comedy skits entitled "A High-toned Burglar"

Just a plain Comedian

CHAS. M. ERNEST

Will make a few remarks.

WM.—VIDOCQ & THOMPSON—BARRY

Songs and Witticisms.

Mr. ED. LEE WROTHE & CO.

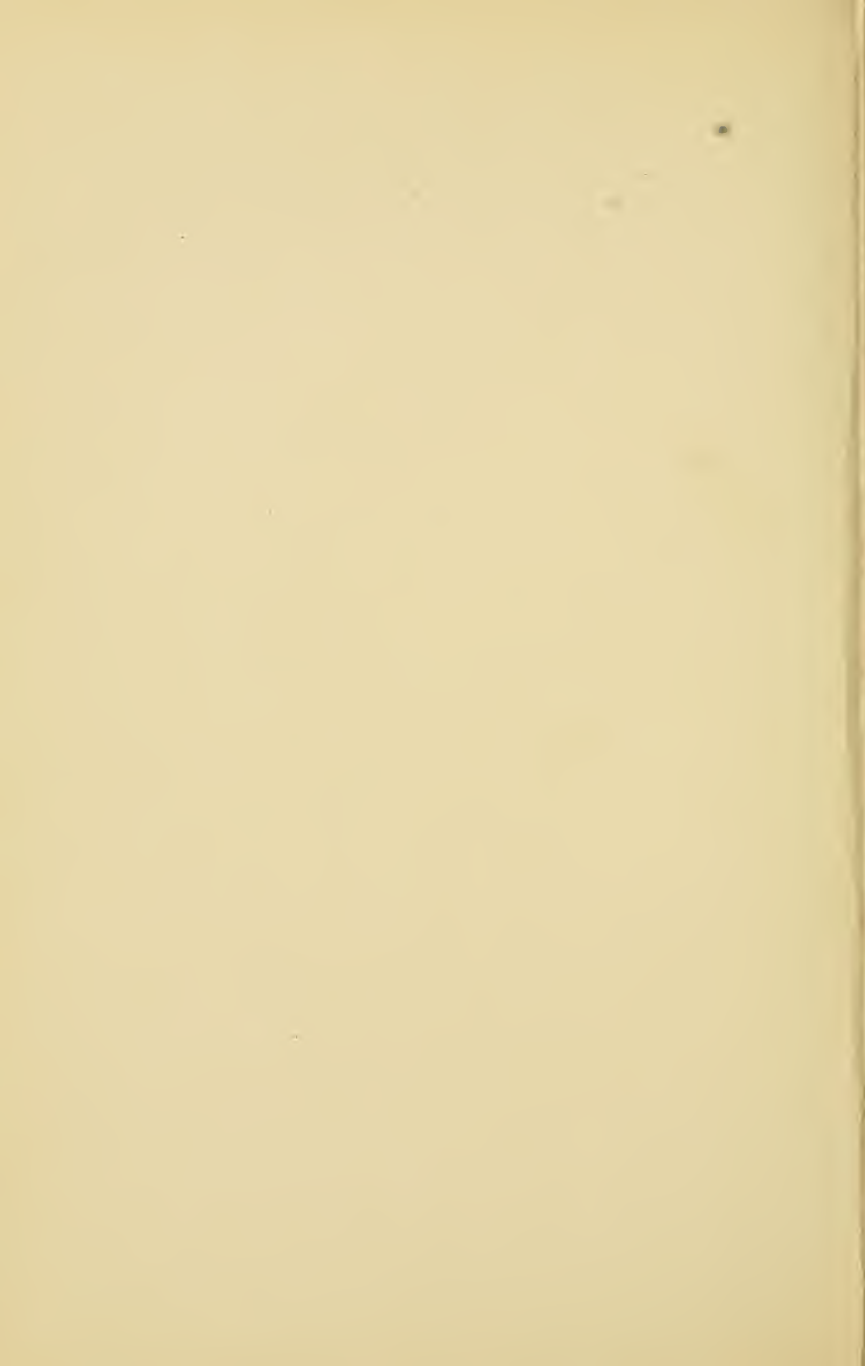
In the screaming Farce

"AN HOUR IN POLICE COURT."

During the action of the Comedy specialties will be introduced by MISS LEO RINEHEART and MISS EDNA LEE.

DANCING AFTER THE PERFORMANCE.

ABOVE PROGRAM SUBJECT TO CHANGE.



A MODERN MIRACLE.

For my sake, oh, my dearest Lord,
Thou gavest up thy life,
That I might indeed with Thee reign
After this world's strife.

For Thy sake, Thou did'st bid me leave
My idol hewn of stone,
My soul's delight, and in its place,
To follow Thee alone.

With breaking heart I turned to go,
When, lo, what wondrous sight!
My idol, quickened, followed, too,
Made living, by Thy might.



MY FIRST FROST.

Oh, well I remember that date in December,
Some umph-steen years back, if I recollect
right,
I made my appearance at Madame De Few
Clothes,
As a Serio I thought I was out of sight.
It chanced that I came in on Saturday morning,
From the mines in Superior, where I stood
great,
My wardrobe was rather the worst for the
wearing,

But what will not youth dare when urged on
by Fate?
I went to the matinée there to discover
All the songs which I thought would make me
"such a fine,"
All sung by another and sung so much better,
I could foresee my finish, but there was yet
time.
To the publishers quickly I hied me, and pur-
chased
"Go away, Get along," which I thought was
all right,
And another effusion, then started to learn them,
In order to sing them my opening night.
Then, to cap the climax, they put on a bur-
lesque,
And gave me a part which I had to learn, too,
Between the songs and the part, the next forty-
eight hours
I didn't dare sleep a wink. No more could
you.
And then on the serio who had eclipsed me
A pair of gold shoes I had quickly espied.
To get a pair like them I scoured all Chicago,
For on that part I swore I would not be "tied."
Alas, all I found was a pair of big sixes,
But I stuffed out the toes to fit my number
threes.
That night when I went on, they went on be-
fore me,
And rattled a duet with my shaking knees.
The best I could do was to clutch my hands
tightly

And sing out the words so laboriously got.
No gestures, no "business," all I did was stand
there,

And helplessly stammer the whole blooming
rot.

The burlesque was awful, I'll never forget it.

My dress was a sight; 'twas an old white
piqué.

The satins and spangles the others wore showed
me up

Just what I was; a poor stage frightened jay.
Rehearsal was called at eleven on Tuesday.

The manager met me, alack, at the door;
I read in his face what he meant to say to me,
"Your services, miss, are required no more."
"Oh, please, sir, don't say it," I said, "for I
know it.

I'm rotten'—I thought I was good—that's the
pain.

Just give me my music, and I'll take my trunk
out

And go on it to open next week in Fort
Wayne."



THE BROKEN HARP.

He took the harp I gave to him
All strung with my own heart strings,
And he held it up to appraise its worth
As a broker does golden things.

It must have been a goodly sight,
 For he smiled with the smile I knew,
 Then he struck a chord that lingered long
 With a hand so firm and true.

He played one tune on the golden harp
 And oh, it was sweet to hear,
 But at every touch my heart strings bled,
 For each note there fell a tear.

When the song was done the harp he threw
 Like a cast-off glove away,
 Now the harp lies dead, never tune was played
 On my heart strings since that day.



FIERCE FOR VIRGIE.

Went down town the other day,
 Into an agents chanced to stray,
 The best I got was "on your way."
 Ain't it turrible?

All them agents is a fake,
 Actors set round like a wake,
 Wondering which one they'd take,
 Ain't it turrible?

Me all dressed up to the nines,
 Me that's had some speakin' lines,
 Got to be classed with them shines,
 Ain't it turrible?

Honest I seen people there
Holdin' down an office chair,
Actually had real gray hair.
Ain't it turrible?

Think they'd know enough to quit,
And let the young folks try a bit,
Gee, they'd make you throw a fit.
Ain't it turrible?

There's the Actor's Fund Home, too,
Strikes me they're nearly due,
Wonder they don't take their cue.
Ain't it turrible?

Well, so-long, I've got to go,
Guess I'll join a Shubert show,
One night stands but get your dough,
Ain't it turrible?



MOTHER'S LAST LETTER TO *THE*
CLIPPER.

As the last peal of the Angelus
Proclaimed the close of day
In the Far, Far West, a mother thought
Of her son so far away.
She had written him a letter,
And directed it "in care
Of *New York Clipper*," for she knew
It would surely reach him there.

In her fancy she could see him
As he read her message dear,
See his face grow soft and tender,
On his cheeks a glistening tear.
"God bless my boy," she murmured,
As her eyelids closed in sleep,
"Sweet Mary, guard, protect him,
Thy mantle o'er him keep."
In an Eastern town that son received
And read her letter o'er
He kissed the lines penned by her hand
On the far Pacific shore.
He thought of all the tender words
She had written in the past,
But little did he dream, poor boy!
That letter was her last.
Why, even as he read it
A Western Union lad
Brings in a yellow envelope,
This message short and sad,
The date and address then it read,
"Your mother died to-day."
"My mother dead, and I, oh, God,
A continent away."
In a churchyard filled with crosses
There's a lowly little mound;
The autumn leaves drop silently
Upon the upturned ground.
All is peaceful, calm, and quiet
In that house beneath the sod,
Deserted by its tenant,
Who has gone to meet her God.

The letter written by her hand
Is stained with many a tear.
No possession of her son's
Can ever be to him so dear.
Her memory, while life shall last,
He will reverence and love.
And as he prays for her soul here,
She prays for him above.



THE OLD STORY.

Laundry window,
Girl inside
Ironing collars,
Crowd outside.
Many comments
On her eyes,
Bootblacks yell,
Ah there, my size.

Comes a hayseed,
All alone,
Sees the maiden
Heart is gone,
Darn my picture,
Ain't she sweet,
Walks all over
His neighbor's feet.

Takes in washing
Collars, two,

Gets his check,
 But sticks like glue,
Quick proposal,
 To the girl,
Accepted so quick
 Your hair would curl.
Married now,
 A year and day,
To the fairy
 From Broadway,
Nothing suits her,
 Town too slow,
Wishes herself
 In Battle Row.

Long comes circus,
 Jay takes wife,
She sees friends
 From former life.
After circus,
 Lady sneaks,
Jay in mourning
 Many weeks.

Laundry window,
 Girl inside,
Ironing collars,
 Crowd outside.
By comes Hayseed
 As of yore,
He keeps on going,
 Been there before.

Majestic Theatre

CHICAGO

WEEK OF SEPTEMBER 3, 1906

PROGRAM

A CHARLES W. HITCHCOCK and COMPANY
In Charles Ulrich's Dramatic Playet, "The Deserter,"

B LEONARD and LOUIE
The Expert Head and Hand Equilibrists

C O. M. MITCHELL
The Clever Ventriloquist

D MAY DURYEA and CHARLES DELAND
In Edmund Day's Sketch "The Imposter."

E JIMMIE LUCAS.
The Funny Minstrel Comedian.

F WILLIE ECKSTEIN
The Boy Paderewski.

G MURRAY K. HILL
The Singing Monologist.

H HENNINGS, LEWIS and HENNINGS
In a Condensed Musical Comedy entitled "Mixed Drinks."

I MR. HENRY LEE
The American Actor. Presenting Speaking Likenesses of Great Men Past and Present.

J HINES and REMINGTON
In Their Latest Satire "The Manicure Girl."



K MISS MINNIE DUPREE
Supported by Mr. Robert L. Dempster in the Dramatic Playette "When the Earthquake Came."

L FRANK BUSH
Premier Humorist and Teller of Funny Stories.

M CARON and HERBERT
The Celebrated Clown and Comedy Acrobats.

N THE KINODROME



THE RAINBOW.

Who has not in childhood days
Heard the story old,
"At the end of the rainbow
Lies a 'bag' of gold?"
A treasure always waiting,
Nobody has found;
Whoe'er ventures to seek it
Finds himself aground.

So all thro' life a promise
Spans our little sky;
Rainbow of hope betokening
Good, for bye and bye.
Blindly we mortals wander—
Night comes on apace
Only in dreams we find it—
Longed for treasure place.

May we not learn a lesson
From the story sweet?
If earthly gold is wanted,
It lies at our feet.
But if we seek a treasure
Naught can take away,
Look up, not down,
We'll find it sure as fate, some day.



POOR THING!

In a hospital ward the other day
An aged woman lay,
Over whose head, the records said,
A century had passed away.
So wrinkled, and as helpless
As a baby at its birth,
The attendants wondered every morn
To find her still on earth.
The doctor, in a joking mood,
Spied a mole upon her lip,
And saying: "Granny, what is this?"
Touched it with finger tip.
"Oh, doctor, that mole troubles me,"
The simple soul made answer,
"It nearly worries me to death,
For fear 'twill be a cancer!"



DAD LIVES THERE.

Yes, I reckon 'tis a "jay town," and doesn't
amount to much,
To folks that's used to big hotels, and restau-
rants and such;
We've got a couple of taverns, though, a-stand-
in' on the "square,"
And it's all right for me, you know, 'cause Dad
lives there.

There's no elevated railroads, and nary cable line,
But there's a pavement all the way up town, and
walkin's very fine,
Exceptin' when it's rainin', then the mud'll make
you swear;
But it's all right for me, you know, 'cause Dad
lives there.

They've got no waterin' places, but the grave-
yard's nice and near,
And there's a brewery handy, if you're looking
for your beer,
And every Summer regular they have a "county
fair;"
Oh, it's all right for me, you know, 'cause Dad
lives there.

They have a heap of troupes, too, down at the
operry;
Tho' I've heard some of 'em sayin' that "the
gatherin's were N. G."
But when a circus comes around they make
things rip and tear;
And it's all right for me, you know, 'cause Dad
lives there.



IN LUCK AT LAST.

"Well, to tell you the truth, old fellow
I'm a little out of luck;

But perhaps it's because I'm broken up,
And haven't any pluck.
'Tis a wearying tale, my partner,
And there's many a reason why,
But the end of it is, I'm here 'dead broke,'"
He said, with a long-drawn sigh.
"Come, tell me all about it, Jim,
You know we are all your friends,
And if we can help you we will."
"You help me? Well, that depends.
I'm a long time in the business—
I've seen the good old days
When actors were in great demand,
And a 'hit,' sir, meant a 'raise.'
I used to do the 'heavies'
In the good 'Old Bowery,'
And the way the boys would yell for me,
Would do you good to see.
My little wife, God bless her,
Was a favorite soubrette,
The way she had of catchin' 'em,
I think I see her yet,
With such a winning little smile,
She'd mash the gallery dead.
Ah, Jack, I'd walk for many a mile
To see her toss her head—
So pert and cutelike,
And her laugh, 'twould make you almost cry
To see that little thing so gay,
When trouble was so nigh.
Our little child, just one year old,
Lay dying, boys, one night,
And no one could have ever told—

She acted 'out of sight.'

But when she came beside his cot
No one was there to see,
And the misery of the poor girl's lot
No one knew but me.

She didn't long survive him,
And I was left alone,
I knew she had joined the baby,
In the happier unknown;

But after that I took to drink—
I lost my place and name,
And people of me used to think:
'He's drunk. Yes, what a shame.'

And all my own companions
That 'round me used to cling,
Shook me, and passed without a word—
Oh, how their looks would sting.

But still I couldn't seem to stop,
The liquor had me so,
As long as I could get a drop,
I didn't care where I'd go.

So fill 'em up, and drink to drown the past."
"What ails him? Why, he is dead."

"Poor Jim! Well, he is in luck at last."



GOOD FRIDAY.

I prayed for death,
It came.
Not as it comes to some

When all their work is done,
 To sleep!
 Not thus it came to me.
 A narrow way, a cross I see,
 And weep.
 "Come unto me," one cried.
 He, who for mankind died,
 "And rest."
 Weary of earth and sin,
 My heart found peace within
 His breast.
 Dead now to self indeed,
 On Him my soul I feed,
 'Tis best.



MRS. SMITH OF MASSACHUSETTS.
 BEFORE THE PLAY.

'Well, Mary Ann, and is it you?
 How fine you look, indade!
 And are thim diamonds in your ears?
 Sure, what a match ye made.
 Is that your husband standin' there?
 Faith, he have lovely eyes,
 And he's a gentleman, that's plain.
 I hope he likes my pies.
 What talk have you? In all my life
 I never yet would go
 In Lenten time, me darlint,
 To see a theatre show.

But as you are my god child,
I'll say some extra prayers,
And go wid yez; but promise
You will hide me like somewheres."



AFTER THE PLAY.

"Oh, Mary Ann, me darlint!
Ye were a lovely sight?
Your cheeks were just like apples,
And your neck was, well, as white
As flour. Was that nat'ral, Mary, dear?
Ye were the best of all the lot;
Now stand forninst me here.
Why didn't ye do a little step?
Your husband he was grand!
But sure them shoes he wears
Gives him plenty room to stand.
I thought I'd die that time ye sang
About old Paddy Flynn.
Ye didn't mean old Flynn in town?
I swear I thought 'twas him,
And when yez hollered: 'Will yez all
Be with me at the fight?'
I yelled out: 'I'll be wid yez, sure!
Mike said I was a sight.
God bless you, Mary Ann, and luck
Be with you where you go;
But promise now you'll do a step
The next time I see your show."

THE ACTOR'S ORDER OF BRACING.

Have you ever heard of the order—
An order as old as time—
The Actor's Order of Bracing?
I celebrate it in rhyme.

Its members they are legion,
No mystic badge they wear,
But one who has been a victim
Can "spot" them anywhere.

A smiling visage some present,
Laugh in your face and say:
"Ah there, Chappie, lend me five,
I've been looking for you all day."

With coat and tile of ancient cut,
Cadaverous, lean and lank,
Another begs: "Till to-morrow, me boy—
It's rather too late for the bank."

A loud-checked suit, a rasping voice,
That matches a hatchet face,
Makes your nerves recoil, as it sounds in your
ear:
"Say, Cull, can't you loan us a 'case'?"

So here's to the Order of Bracing;
Most prolific on the Square,
Whose chiefest end is to find a friend,
And borrow everywhere.

Mason and Mason — Hines and Remington

in the Merry Musical Farce

RUDOLPH AND

ADOLPH *1909*

By Chas. A. Broadhurst, author of

"The Man of the Hour"

Who offers it, not to elevate the stage, but as an effort
to drive away the blues.

Cast of Characters as they appear

Rosalind McGovern, Rudolph's cook	Miss May Keogh
Jack Marden, Rudolph's friend	Gabe Nathen
Anna Gilbert, looking for experience	Miss Earle Remington
Stella Cumstock, Mrs. Adolph's friend	Miss Helen Hart
Miss Adolph Dinkelspiel, sweet and twenty	Miss Mason
Isadore Hinkelheimer, a gas man	Tony Farrell
Adolph Dinkelspiel, a ladies' tailor	W. E. Hines
Rudolph Dinkelspiel, a horse doctor	Chas. A. Mason
Mrs. Rudolph Dinkelspiel, bitter and forty	Miss Tiona Orlamond
The Janitor, as usual	W. C. Cameron
The Expressman, likewise	L. Bowman
Alice, maid	Mae Hoolbrock
May, maid	Ruth DeMar
Maude, maid	Louise Ryers

Where the trouble takes place

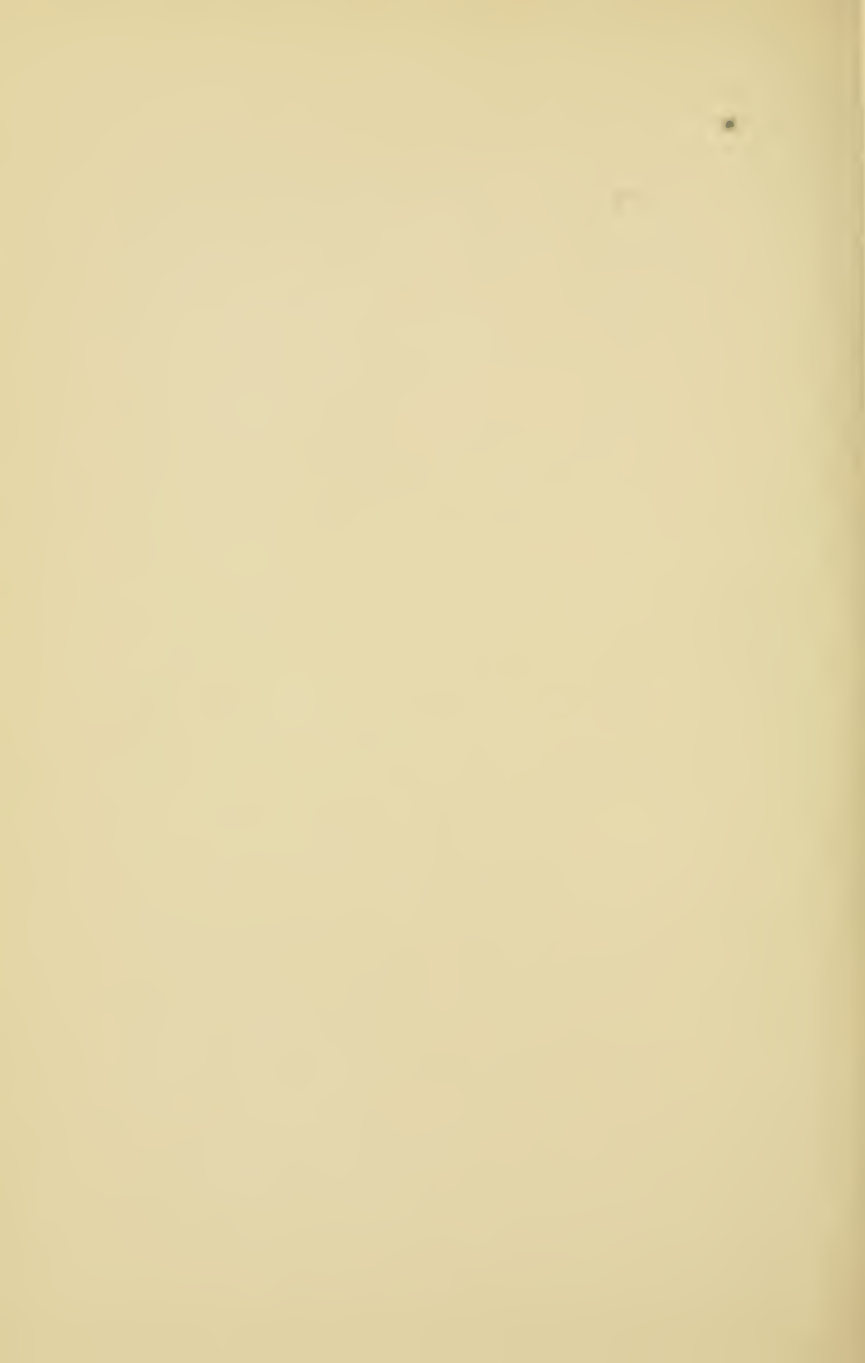
- ACT 1—A room in Rudolph's Flat. Mrs. Adolph makes a slight mistake.
- ACT 2—Same day, later. Rudolph and Adolph suffer the consequences.
- ACT 3—Adolph's ladies' tailoring establishment two weeks later. Models from H & H Corset Co. New York.

Musical and Dancing Interruptions

- ACT 1—'Somebody ought to Tell Her Husband' Miss Earle Remington. 'Football' Chas. A. Mason. 'Let's See That Right' Gabe Nathen and Helen Hart.
- ACT 2—'Harvest Moon' Nathen and Hart. 'Gee, ain't I Glad I'm Single' Earle Remington.
- ACT 3—Hines and Remington in 'The Manicure Girl'. 'Topics of the day' Charles A. Mason. Finale, entire company.



HINES AND REMINGTON.
(In "*The Manicure Girl.*")



THE LARK AND THE SOFT-SHELL
CRAB.

A soft-shell crab of a greenish hue,
While paddling in the briny,

Once saw a lark, as she upward flew,
While singing most divinely.
"Odds fish!" he swore, as he saw her soar,
"Those notes I'd like to borrow,"
And he fell in love with the lark above,
But found out to his sorrow:

Chorus:

A lark must live in the free, free air,
And a crab must live in the water;
For though they wed, this luckless pair
Had never really ought ter.
She longed to fly to the boundless sky,
For she had "got the habit,"
But she found too late her lord and mate
Most certainly would "crab" it.

And so they lived, as all couples do,
Who find themselves mismated;
The lark opined, between me and you,
That the crab was over-rated.
For she soon found out, as she flew about,
Her notes were legal tender,
And she longed to go on the stage to show
Her "stunts" to the other gender.

Chorus:

It chanced one day, as she flew away,
Her heart filled with ambition,
She met a bird who had bought a play,
And he offered her a position.
But she cried, "Ah, me, I must go and see
My husband!" "What, you're married?
That'll do for you!" and away he flew,
So her lovely plot miscarried.

Same old chorus.



TO THE ROSES IN THE PARK.

On the eve of my departure
To other scenes and climes,
And while reviewing lightly,
The many pleasant times,
There lingers most persistent,
One day with a "white stone mark,"
When first I saw your roses,
Lovely roses in the Park.

Tho' loath to leave your city,
With its fine, health-bearing air,
Your Golden Gate and mountains
And your wealth of vintage rare,
Your seals, and such attractions
As one looks for after dark,

Regret still clings most fondly
'Round your roses in the Park.

Surely, never e'en in Eden
Did this fragrant queen of Flowers,
Grow to a higher beauty,
Than here in 'Frisco's bowers,
Hail and farewell Enchantress
'Til I in death lie stark
I'll ne'er forget your sweetness,
Lovely roses in the Park.



IN BOHEMIA.

What do we care, Lillo and I,
What the world says who passes by?
Have we not love, are not we three,
Invincible 'gainst calumny?

How we do laugh, Lillo and I.
The world would like to see us cry—
Envious, cruel, wicked dame,
Looks at our joy, and calls it shame.

We pity her, Lillo and I.
We love the truth, she loves a lie.
So, self-deceived, she hurries on,
"Kiss me, Lillo, I'm glad she's gone."

NOWADAYS.

Acting is the latest rage, nowadays;
 Folks all go upon the stage, nowadays;
 In every rank and station
 Of our great progressive nation,
 It's their highest aspiration, nowadays.

Ladies who have had divorces, nowadays;
 Join the Puff and Blowem forces, nowadays;
 Ladies who have had reverses,
 And are told they look like Circes,
 Want to tamper with our purses, nowadays.

If you go to buy some pins, nowadays;
 Saleslady's full of grins, nowadays;
 And it's pretty safe to bet
 She's an embryo soubrette—
 No one tackles Juliet, nowadays.

Where will all the *real* ones go? nowadays;
 Merit hasn't any show, nowadays;
 Sensation has the call,
 What you want's a dance, that's all,
 Printer's ink and lots of "gall"—nowadays.

Stars are all in vaudeville, nowadays,
 With their names big on the bill, nowadays.
 Even Bernhardt—the Divine,
 Says she cannot draw the line,
 "Oui, ma chère, the salary's fine!"

—Nowadays.

A PROVISIO.

“You say you love me, don't you now?
You give me on my lips and brow
Your kisses, while you speak;
You fold me in your arms so tight,
Your voice is clear, your eyes are bright;
The tint of passion's on your cheek
And yet ——”

“Were you the first to tell me so,
Were I the first to you, you know,
How different it would be.
When the butterfly soars, it leaves its cell,
A fragile case, worth nothing.” “Well?”
“Our hearts are empty cells. Dost see?
And yet ——”



TO CORDELIA.

Then art thou gone, my solace and my pride?
Too late we met, and far too soon we part!
How night have I hastened to thy side,
And pressed thee to my fond and loving heart!
What tender chord of sweetest sympathy
Made you the mistress of my saddened soul?
What potion brewed by love's own alchemy
Makes now my life on leaden wheels to roll?

Since thou art gone, Cordelia, I am not,
 Nor ever will be, quite the same again;
 Glad shall I be to leave this cursed spot,
 Where our hearts met in such delusive pain.
 Alone, bereft, never again to sup
 With thee—*my borrowed little white bull pup!*



TO MY SOUL—AT DISSOLUTION.

'Tis time to go; this act, my friend,
 Doth finish thee.
 Nay, no complaint to see the end.
 It may not be.
 Does not thy part read: "Adios," then
 "Exit I E?"

Make then thy exit quite content,
 Tho' others stay.
 Be sure the Master Mind is bent
 To have his way.
 An' thou didst't linger 'twould prevent
 The plot of play.



"RING OUT THE OLD."

'Bout now the good young man denies
 Himself his noonday lunch,

And, 'stead of Reinas, smokes cheroots
At fifteen cents a bunch.

He never rides upon the cars,
But walks the livelong day,
And when it comes to ferryboats
He tries to beat his way.

And whence his new economy?
And whither does it drift?
Why! can't you see? He wants to buy
His girl a New Year's gift.

On New Year's Day she'll wear the ring,
That cost him many a dollar.
While he, poor silly, gets a plated
Button for his collar.



PESSIMISM.

Have patience, say you? What's the use,
When life and love are all in vain?
Why linger on a silly goose,
When one might quickly break the chain,
That binds us here, and so be loose?

Is life as we live, then so sweet,
To one who knows the bitter truth,
That when our hearts shall cease to beat,
That is the end of us, forsooth—
The future we must rise to meet?

For all our suffering, this our dower,
 Pain our birthright, and love a dream,
 Desire for years, joy for an hour?
 How tempting does all seem,
 When reasoning a la Schopenhaur.



OPTIMISM.

God gives all gifts;
 Should tears be thine,
 Be sure that after rain
 The glorious sun will shine.

Should Friendship's bark
 Prove worthless in a gale,
 Remember, there's a Friend
 Whose love can never fail.

Be hopeful, trust;
 Renounce your will and say:
 "Not mine, but thine,"
 And lo! how clear your way.



CONSOLATION.

"Would you miss me much, my darling?"
 He said, with a heavy sigh,

"If I should be called from our little nest
To a home beyond the sky?"

"Could you bear to come to the table,
And sit in your same old place,
While you gazed through tears on an empty chair,
Where you now see my form and face?"

"And what consolation could earth afford
To you in your widowed plight?"
"Oh, well," she replied, "there's one good thing
I'd know where you were at night."



HUMAN NATURE.

Wronged as I am by you, I would not pray
Ill luck to fall on thee,
Nor would I place a straw across your way.
Long, long ago, the voice was heard to say:
"Vengeance is mine, I will repay!"
And so, I wait content to know, some day,
Somewhere, you will be brought to bay;
And then, if you should ask me to forgive—
I may.



IN THE CAFE.

Roses and smoke! what a pity,
Their fragrance and beauty is brought

Into the glare of the city,
 Type of some souls that are bought.
 Loveliness too soon for fading,
 Sweetness that lasts but a night,
 Trampled, forgotten, they're lying,
 Dead in the morning light.



AN INVOCATION.

Lend me thy touch, I pray thee, master, dear,
 That I may make the melody more clear ;
 Without thee, tho' I play with passing skill,
 The simplest tune seems full of discord still.

I wish the power to waken hearts of men,
 And, having once aroused them, then
 Strike minor chords so sweet, so soft and low,
 That tears, too long unshed, may start and flow.

May dead old memories awaken as I play,
 And conscience, long asleep, resume its sway ;
 May faces long forgotten seem to smile,
 And say: "Where hast thou tarried all this
 while?"

Then lend thy touch, my master, for an hour,
 That I may teach the world thy magic power ;
 And, tho' the hand that strikes the chords be
 mine,
 The glory, now and ever, shall be thine.

THE GREAT SECRET.

If you but knew how often I'm beside you,
How often do I take your hand in mine,
And how my spirit lingers near to guide you,
Into the ways of harmony divine;
I think perhaps you'd waken from your dreaming,
To live, dear heart, as I am living now,
To see the light immortal 'round thee gleaming,
And feel the kiss I leave upon your brow—
If you but knew, if you could see,
There would be then, no mystery,
There is but One, no I or you,
If you but knew, if you but knew.

I fain would whisper all the golden story,
But Time still holds you fast-bound to the
wheel,
And you could never realize the glory
And bliss supreme unfettered spirits feel,
But know, dear heart, there is no separation,
Who once has loved, fore'er their love renew,
For Heaven, darling, is our own creation,
And Love is King of all, if you but knew.
If you but knew, if you could see,
There would be then no mystery,
There is but One, no I or you,
If you but knew, if you but knew.

SETTIN' ON THE COURT-HOUSE STEPS.

I was thinkin' of that summer, that I spent down
at the springs,
Boilin' out the old rheumatics an' a lot of other
things;
An' I kind of got to wishin' like a man will do
sometime,
I could live them days all over, if it wasn't any
crime.

Nothing doin' in particklar, just a case of loafin'
round.
After tubbin' in the mornin' strollin' to the court-
house ground;
Then the Judge (you know Judge Buskirk?) best
man ever lived I guess.
He'd come out, and we'd set gassin'; down there
on the court-house steps.

Just give Judge a good Havana, and then start
him on the way,
Bet there'd be some conversation worth a lis-
tenin' to, why say,
I've been round the world a little, heard men
talk with talkin' "reps,"
But the Judge beat 'em all hollow, settin' on the
court-house steps.

Sometimes I think of Heaven, and of what the
preachers say,
And I wonder if they haven't got it twisted like
some way.

Empire Theatre

H. C. JACOBS, Manager. *ROCHESTER*

WEEK OF MARCH 4. 1901.

"THE WHITE RATS OF AMERICA"

All Specialties appearing at this Theatre are represented in the Order.

In presenting to the people of Rochester the entertainment, a program of which follows, the

White Rats of America

respectfully call attention to the fact that this theatre has been leased by the order, and will be devoted to clean, bright, wholesome amusement of diversified character, well calculated to claim the attention and hold the interest of ladies and gentlemen who appreciate vaudeville excellence as exemplified by its most prominent professional exponents. Wit and humor in song and story with just enough pathos to leaven the whole together with the best of novelty, and acrobatic acts, and form what it is now termed.

- A. **BARRY and HALVERS,**
(Mr. Barry is a son of the late Billy Barry.)
Comedy Sketch, "Answering an Ad."
-
- B. **SISTERS LAWRENCE,**
Dancing and Acrobatic Specialty.
-
- C. **FRANK and DON,**
Two White Rats
'On the Spur of the Moment.'
-
- D. **HINES and REMINGTON,**
In "Miss Patter of Paterson,"
Introducing Miss Remington's original creation "The Woman with the Axe."
-
- E. **RAYMOND MUSICAL TRIO,**
Refined Musical Artists.
-
- F. **THE DONOVANS,**
The King and Queen of Irish Comedy, in a little Nonsense, of their own. Mr. Donovan is originator of the "Hotel Rules."
-
- G. **AL, LEECH and the Three ROSEBUDS,**
In a Musical, Vaudeville Sketch, by Joseph Hart, entitled
"EXAMINATION DAY AT SCHOOL."
CAST:
Professor Gramercy, Teacher..... Al. Leech
Grass Hopper..... Heater Armstrong
Cindy Hopper..... Pupils..... Norma Mendia
Tilly Hopper..... Cora Kiliana
Scene, Country Schoolroom. Time, Morning.
-
- H. **JAMES THORNTON,**
The Man who Set the World Singing.
-
- J. **HASSAN BEN ALI'S—Toozoonin Arabs,**
9 in Number.
-
- K. **SPECIAL!**
By the Entire Company of
WHITE RATS.
Chas. Leonard Fletcher..... } For the }..... General Representative
Wm. E. Hines..... } White Rats }..... Stage Manager



WHITE RATS OF AMERICA CO.



But I hope that when I "cash in," and I know
 it's "up to me,"
 That the Judge will be there waitin', an' say,
 "Boy, I'll make your plea."



TO THE WHITE RATS.

Greetings to thee, White Rats, and hail
 Bright stars whose light can never fail
 Whilst high thy purpose and thy aim;
 For not for glory or for fame

Must be this bloodless strife.

Nor for the shekels thou mayst gain,
 Or else thy work were all in vain,
 Worth more than all of these combined
 Is love and principle, entwined

In brotherhood and God-like life.

See that the thought by each possessed
 Is sent out only for the best.

Omnipotent the power of man,
 And what you *will* to do you can

Nothing can bar the way.

But like the clouds before the sun,
 So will all barriers, one by one,

Dissolve before thy day.

Its dawn is near, I see the star
 That heralds it now shining far

Above the gold crushed earth.

The White Rats' emblem, soft, serene,
 Proclaims a victor on the scene;

Rejoice ye at his birth.



ENCOURAGEMENT.

That which we love, we have ;
 Fear not, oh, doubting heart ;
 If it be thine by right,
 It is of thee a part.

No power on earth or heaven
 Can rend two souls that meet ;
 Blending, and perfect through all space,
 They make communion sweet.

Be of good cheer, my friend ;
 Look upward, there you see
 Thy twin star, full enshrined,
 In silence waits for thee.



TO "OUR OWN MAGGIE" CLINE.

They have no Queen in Ireland,
 And shall I tell you why?
 Because we hold her over here,
 And may she reign for aye.
 Two decades has she graced the Throne
 And on Saint Patrick's day,
 In gown of purest Emerald green
 Made ready for the fray ;
 Her hair once black is silver now,
 And is a fitting crown
 For one whose life long job has been
 To "Throw McCloskey down."



Miss Maggie Cline



Long may she flourish and remain
To deck the mimic scene,
While loyal subjects still exclaim,
"God Bless Our Irish Queen!"



11 P. M.

Drop the curtain; put out the light;
The play is ended, and, wrong or right,
The players weary, with minds unstrung,
Enter the café one by one.

What's the difference, do you care
Who saw them under the footlight's glare?
Do you question if they are ill or well,
So long as no "chestnuts" to you they tell?

"What are their troubles to you?" you say;
"At the end of the week they'll get their pay."
Yes, they'll get it; they are only hired,
To keep the world from getting tired.

They, poor devils, with aching hearts,
Must hide their sorrows and play their parts;
In one short night, from eight to eleven,
Many an actor has earned a Heaven.

So don't begrudge them a glass of beer,
(The Bohemian is sure to crop out here);
Their troubles are over, "Waiter," I cry,
"Einz, Hello, Monty, Hans, make that zwei."

AN AFTERTHOUGHT.

(*To Mabel Fenton.*)

Long do we wander in the wilderness
In search of that vain thing called happiness;
Bruised are our feet, and blistered by the sand,
But still we fare on to the Promised Land.
A moment's rest in some green oasis,
A draught of love to quaff, a taste of bliss,
Then up and on our way with faces set—
Love may be sweet, but oh, the end's not yet.
At last the truth dawns on the soul.
We are but part of one tremendous whole.
The I in me must see the I in you;
The One in all—the least, the greatest too.
The end is near, life is once more worth while,
When we see Heaven in a baby's smile.



WM. E. HINES.
(In "*Doing Uncle Sam.*")



MISS EARLE REMINGTON.
(In *"Doing Uncle Sam."*)



 NAME-INDEX OF ALL ARTISTS ON PROGRAMS.

A.

- Hassan Ben Ali's. [W. R. Co.]
 Signor Abramoff, Opera Singer. [Orpheum.]
 Joe Archer, Pattering Comedian. [Tivoli.]
 Ida Lilian Abrams, Vocalist. [Keith's Gaiety.]

B.

- Frank Bush.
 Sam Bernard, German Comedian. [Keith's Gaiety.]
 Braatz Bros., Acrobats. [W. & F. Co.]
 Barnell, Jugglers. [Keith's Gaiety Theatre.]
 Beresford, Kitty, Serio-Comic. [Tivoli.]
 Byrnes and Helene, Sketch. [Tony Pastor's Co.]
 Beach and Whitman, Comedians. [Ave. Det.]
 Baron, Chas., Canine Troupe. [Orpheum.]
 Barry and Halvers.
 Brooks, Dyke, Character Actor. [H. & R. Co.]

C.

- Callan, Haley and Callan, Electric Three. [Pastor's.]
 Carpos, Les Freres, Equilibrists. [Orpheum.]
 Carus, Emma, Singer. [N. Y. Theatre.]
 Chamberlin's, The, Rope and Lasso Experts. [U. Sq.]
 Clark, H. G., Actor. [H. & B. Co.]
 Cain, W. F., alias "Bluffy de Cop." [H. & B. Co.]
 Carroll, Johnnie, Comic Singer. [W. & F. Co.]
 Christian, Albert, Baritone Vocalist. [Tivoli.]
 Courtney, Edith, Balladist. [Tivoli.]
 Clooney and Ryan, Dialect Sketch. [Nov. 7, 1881.]
 Collins, Harvey, Actor. [Det. Nov. 7, 1881.]
 Cohan, Mr. and Mrs. Jerry, Irish Sketch Artists.
 [Keith's Gaiety.]
 Constantine, Harry, Female Impersonator. [Keith's
 Gaiety.]
 Cline, Maggie, The Irish Queen. [Nov. 7, 1881.]
 Crane, Lawrence (2), Irish Magician. [U. S. T.]

D.

- The Donovans. [White Rats Co.]
 Dolan and Lenharr. [Harrison Fire Hall.]
 Miss Minnie Dupree. [Majestic, Chi.]
 May Duryea and Charles Deland.
 Dare Bros., Gymnasts. [Tony Pastor's.]
 Drake, Chas., Character Actor. [H. & R. Co.]
 Dahilas, Les, Musical Act. [U. S. T.]
 Drummond and Staley, Musical Blacksmiths. [W. & F. Co.]
 Daly and Devere, Irish Sketch. [H. & R. Co.]
 Drew and Alders, Eccentrics. [Tivoli.]

E.

- Chas. M. Ernest. [H. F. H.]
 Willie Eckstein.
 Eldridge, Press, Comedian. [Nov. 7, 1881, American, New Haven.]
 Evans, Will, Musical Eccentric. [Nov. 7, 1881.]
 Epps and Loretto, Colored Comedy Duo. [U. S. T.]
 Emmett, Bobby, Vocalist. [H. & R. Co.]

F.

- Frank and Don. [W. R. Co.]
 Mr. Paul Dresser. [H. F. H.]
 Fagan and Byron, Singers and Dancers. [Orpheum.]
 Fulgora, The Great, Change Artist. [U. S. T.]
 Fenton, John F., Clog Dancer. [Keith's Gaiety.]
 Favor and Sinclair, Comedy Stars. [Orpheum.]
 Franklin, Irene, Character Soubrette. [Orpheum.]
 Farrell, Mr. and Mrs. Tony, Sketch. [Ave. Detroit.]
 Friend, Violet, Singer. [New York Theatre.]
 Field and McNeill, Harmonists. [New York Theatre.]
 Fuller, Ida, Dancer. [New York Theatre.]
 Fengler, Annette, Singer. [Tivoli.]

G.

- Gleason, Al, Actor. [H. & R. Co.]
 Giguere, Edward, Warbler. [K. Gaiety.]
 Glinserettis, The, Acrobats. [Tivoli.]
 Gotham City Quartette. [Tivoli.]
 Gould, Wm. F., Comedian. [New York Theatre.]
 Gehrue, Mayme, Dancer. [New York Theatre.]
 Gunning, Louise, Singer. [Ave. Det.]

Goolmans, The, Musical Artists. [Ave. Det.]

H.

Murray K. Hill. [M. Chi.]

Hennings, Lewis and Hennings.

Caron and Herbert.

Hines and Blossom, Comedians. [Nov. 7, 1881.]

Hines and Remington.

Hefron, P. J., One-Legged Dancer. [K. Gaiety.]

Hawkins, Lew, Monologist. [K. U. S.]

Herne, Chrystal, Actress. [K. U. S.]

Harding and Ah Sid, Clown Act. [K. U. S.]

Huth, Maude, Coon Shouter. [W. & F.]

Hawthorne, Lil, Comedienne. [Tivoli.]

Hume, Dick, Comedian. [K. Gaiety.]

J.

August W. Johnson. [H. F. H.]

L.

Jimmie Lucas. [M. Chi.]

Leonard and Louise.

Mr. Henry Lee.

Sisters Lawrence. [W. R. Co.]

Al. Leech and Three Rosebuds.

Leopold and Bunnell, Musical Act. [Pastor's Co.]

Leno, Dan, Comedian. [Tivoli.]

Leamar, Alice, Soubrette. [Tivoli.]

Levey, Sisters, Burlesque Artists. [Tivoli.]

Lancashire Lads (8), Dancers. [Tivoli.]

Lindsay, Jennie, Serio Comic. [Nov. 7, 1881.]

Lennox, Nash and Co., Pictures. [Ave. Det.]

Leisenings, The, Acrobats. [Ave. Det.]

M.

Mitchell, O. M. [M. Chi.]

Marion and Post, Song and Dance Artists. [W. & F.]

Moxon, Constance, The Twinkling Star. [Tivoli.]

Marwig's, Carl, Pageant. [New York.]

Maguinnis, Dan, Irish Star. [Park Theatre.]

McAvoy, Dan, Comedian. [K. U. S.]

Morris, Harry, Dutch Actor. [Pastor's Co.]

McAvoy and May, Sketch. [N. Y. Theatre.]

N.

Nohrens, The, Trapeze Act. [K. U. S.]

Newell and Niblo, Musical Artists. [K. U. S.]

O.

Orndorff and McDonald, Dancers. [Nov. 7, 1881.]

Olive, Dainty Juggler. [K. U. S.]

P.

Pastor, Tony, Manager. [Pastor's.]

Pasquali, Signor and Signora, Operatic Stars. [Orpheum.]

Prosper Troupe, Gymnasts. [Ave. Det.]

R.

Raymond Musical Trio. [W. R. Co.]

Robinson and Speck, Dwarf Comedians. [N. Y. Th.]

Robey, George, Comedian. [Tivoli.]

Randall, Harry, Comedian. [Tivoli.]

Remington, Earle, Serio Comic. [Nov. 7, 1881.]

Rooney, Pat, Dancer. [New York Theatre.]

Roberto, Signor, Wizard. [K. Gaiety.]

Rudd, Austin, Comedian. [Tivoli.]

S.

St. Felix Sisters, Singers and Dancers. [Pastor's Co.]

St. Onge Bros., Comedy Cyclists. [K. U. S.]

T.

James Thornton. [W. R. Co.]

Mr. George Thatcher. [H. F. H.]

Vidocq and Thompson.

Tissots, The, Cat Duett. [Pastor's Co.]

Tirrell, Master Alfred, Boy Singer. [K. Gaiety.]

Tow-Zoon-In Arabs, Acrobats. [Orpheum.]

W.

Mr. Ed. Lee Wrothe and Co. [H. F. H.]

Charles W. Hitchcock and Company. [M. Chi.]

Weber and Fields, German Senators. [W. & F.]

Whiting and Shepard, Sketch. [W. & F.]

Williams, Bramby, Actor Mimic. [Tivoli.]

Whiting Sisters, Cornetists. [N. Y. Theatre.]

Willoughby, Ada, Singer. [N. Y. Theatre.]

Y.

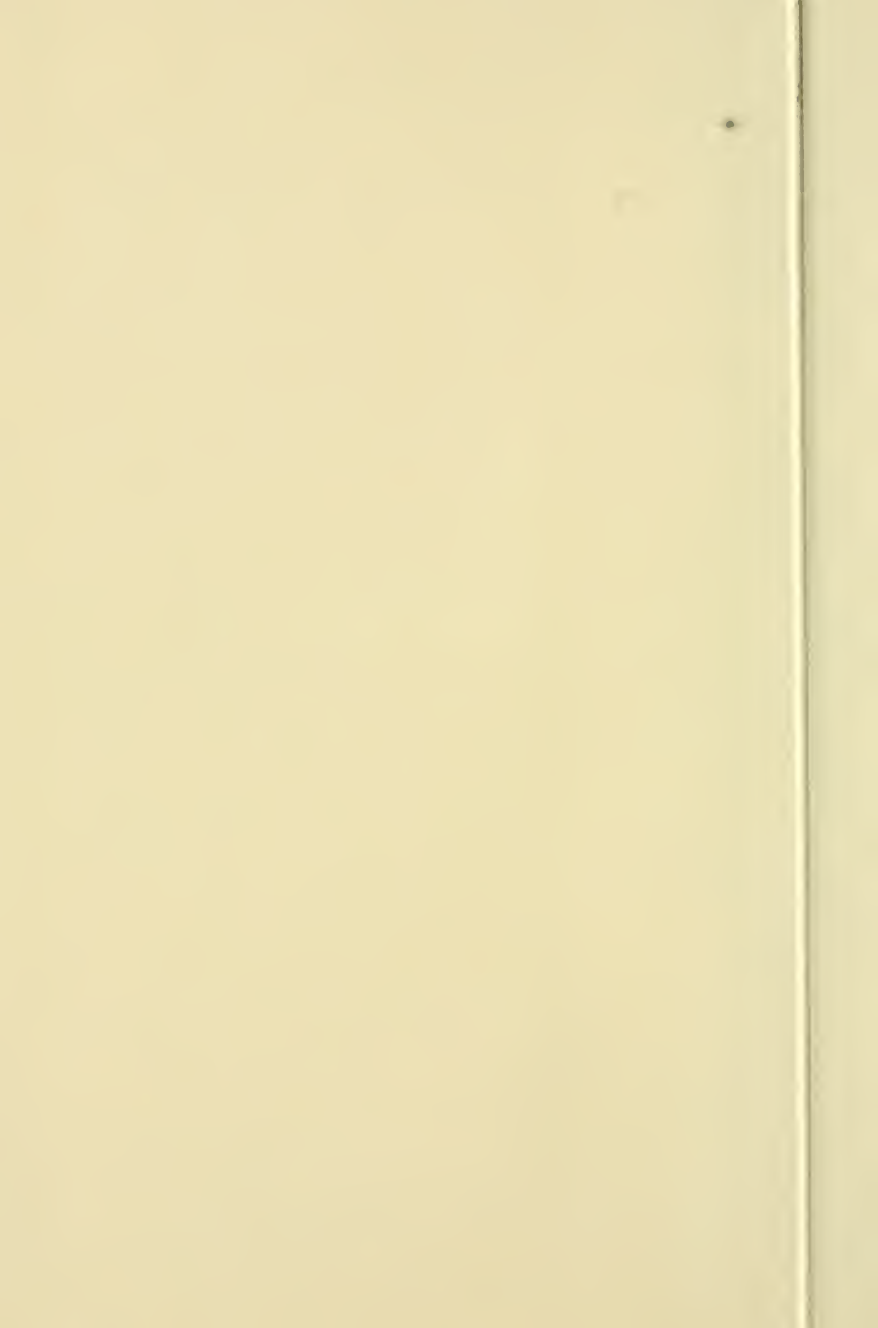
Yeamans, Jennie, Comedienne. [Ave. Det.]

Z.

Zoe, Mlle., Trapeze. [Nov. 7, 1881.]











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