

DEATH OF GUS PHILLIPS.

"OOFTY GOOFT" JOKED EVEN WHEN DYING—HIS INTERESTING CAREER.

Gus Phillips, better known as "Oofty Gooft," the Dutch comedian, who died on Friday at the Americus Hotel, at the corner of Fourth Avenue and Thirteenth Street, after an illness of ten or twelve months, was probably the best known comedian in his line on the stage. His work on the stage brought him into notice, and his writings also made him even more widely known.

Phillips knew that he was dying, and yet he kept up a brave front, and even joked and laughed about it. Only the day before his death J. J. Armstrong called on him and asked, "Well, how are you to-day, Gus?"

Phillips smiled and tried to speak, but for a moment he could not get his breath. When he did he whispered, without a trace of emotion, "This is the finish, you know, Jim; I'll soon be called in."

Phillips was a New-Yorker by birth, having been born in the Seventeenth Ward in 1838. He attended Public School No. 14, and when he left school became an actor. At the outbreak of the war he joined the Fifth New-York Volunteers, and afterward the Duryea Zouaves, with whom he fought for three years. After the war he became a newspaper man, and was on the *Albany Star* for some time. He was also a member of the Americus Club, which was famous in Tweed's time.

The newspaper work that brought Phillips into notice was a column that appeared weekly in the *New-York Clipper* on the front page called, "Walking Down Broadway." This column was written in the Dutch dialect that made Phillips famous.

Some time afterward Phillips brought out a play of his own called after his nom de plume, "Oofty Gooft," at the Grand Opera House. Although the play was not a success Phillips's dialect made a hit and the name of "Oofty Gooft" stuck to him. After the failure of his play he opened a saloon in Twenty-eighth Street, near Broadway, but he gave it up, as it did not pay.

In January, 1879, Phillips quarreled with Mary D. Hooper, who was living with him, and the woman shot him. It was said that he could not live and his obituary was printed in the newspapers. After his recovery he married the woman who shot him and they appeared in the play, "Under the Gaslight."

His wife sued him for divorce, which was granted. She died after the divorce and Phillips married again. His second wife had not been living with him, but during his illness she nursed him and was with him when he died. During his last illness, while at the St. Vincent's Hospital, he was received into the Catholic Church by the Rev. Father Morris of St. Joseph's Church, and several days before his death he was anointed.

In his day Phillips was what the theatrical men call a "high roller." At one time he was worth about \$50,000 to \$75,000, but he spent it all either in fast living or in speculation in theatrical ventures. He was a member of the New-York Lodge of Elks, and the last time he was out, which was Jan. 1, he was at the opening of the new lodge of the Elks at the corner of Twenty-seventh Street and Broadway. He will be buried to-day by the Elks from the lodge rooms.