

SPOOK TALK.

Our 'Blue Stocking's' Experience With the Spiritualists

MISS MAGGIE GAULE'S FRIEND

Who Says Mediums Are too Nervous to Remember Anything but Spirit Matters—How She Was Mistaken and the "Globe" Missed an Interview—Rosalie Protests and Gives Her Definition of "Blue Stocking."

Washington is still under the glamour of a week of Spiritualism. And, by the way, I believe there is no city in the Union where it is so rampant as here. It is so rampant that it is other isms flourish so readily as they do in the nation's capital. While my good friends of the many different sects may take issue with me and declare they have comparatively few numbers in this city, I beg to remind them that I am not discussing numbers, but the facility with which the isms do flourish in this city, with but little encouragement, perhaps.

But to return to my "narrow-tale," as some wit has said. In company with some friends I went to the meetings of the convention of Spiritualists, which were being held at Masonic hall, on F and 9th streets, northwest, during the past week. I freely confess to much interest in all they say and do, and am inclined to accord to every free-born American citizen the right to free thinking and free believing, certainly within the freedom of thought and belief cannot and does not possibly interfere with or in any way injure another in the exercise of the same privileges. Have you ever thought how selfish, to say the least, we often are in our judgments of the wisdom and efficacy of the personal views of our fellowmen? I heard a discussion at this very convention which seemed to emphasize this fact. Two persons, apparently interested in all that took place, met in the corridor after the lecture and seemed to have exchanged views about the things heard, seen and done during the evening.

One said: "Well, I suppose they believe all they say they do, and I know that some of them are very sincere people, but how on earth anybody can hold such views and pretend to govern their lives by them is beyond me. I think it is the silliest thing in the world and I am almost tempted to think there must be some powerful temporal motive for people to espouse such beliefs."

To this outburst of confidence the other replied in somewhat the same strain.

"Have you ever studied anything about spiritualism? Do you know what it is the people believe and why? Have you ever asked anyone to give you a good reason for believing in spiritualism? Well, I have; and to say the least, the reasons they give are about as silly as their beliefs. Where they can get support from the Bible or any other recognized record for their tenets is more than I can understand. Still I always enjoy coming to their meetings and wish they would call out my name sometime when they are giving messages to the people in the audience which they say are entrusted to them by the spirits."

By this time I had grown tired listening to this conversation. The two were standing quite close to me and I was compelled to remain where I was, for an usher had taken my card to Miss Margaret Gaule with the information that I was waiting to speak to her at a given spot, that being where I was now standing.

Pretty soon I heard a swish of silk skirts and knew that I was about to renew my former and most pleasant acquaintance with one of the most noted spiritual seance mediums in America.

Miss Margaret Gaule—or as she is better known to her friends, and I believe to the public generally in Washington—Maggie Gaule—came forward with a face wreathed in smiles, hands extended in warmest welcome. I was about to say in "royal" welcome, but being a thorough-going American, I cannot believe in royal welcomes in our country.

Miss Gaule had at one time given me some remarkable tests of her very marvelous powers. I am not a believer in the tenets of spiritualism, mainly because I don't know what those tenets are, and also because I am not a believer in any dogma or set creed, reserving the right to weight and think on these momentous questions for myself, simply basing my personal views on the general truths of Christianity. Nevertheless I have great respect for Miss Gaule and others, who, while holding different views, accord me the privilege I so value in any line of thought, that of perfect freedom both of belief and expression of the same.

At the time mentioned, my sister Carrie—now grand opera soloist—and for whom I believe Miss Gaule holds the warmest friendship, asked me to go with her to a test seance to be held by this lady. We went, and as if spiritualism is as beautiful and as sincere as the expression of it is in the utterances of Margaret Gaule, I am almost tempted to study its gospel closer and say to others "go and do likewise."

I make this explanation to show why she should have given me such a warm welcome. We chatted about things in general, and nothing in particular, and expressing a desire to have a faithful account of the present meetings written up in the GLOBE, Miss Gaule returned to the hall and I retired. It was not convenient for me to attend another meeting, so I did not have the pleasure of hearing her speak in Washington. And thereby hangs a tale.

A friend from Chicago, who was a delegate to this convention, was stopping at one of the uptown hotels and so advised me by letter, asking me to call. I did so. It appeared that she had some bran new business venture to propose to me. If there is anything I dote on it is bran new business ventures. There are stacks and stacks of letters, documents, and what-not stored in my office which attest this fact. But this is a digression. I listened to the account of this latest business scheme with much interest, and had forgotten all about the fact that my friend was a real, sure enough spiritualist, high up in the order, and sincere in her belief in the creeds thereof. A chance mention of Miss Gaule brought out this fact. In speaking about my meeting of the night before, mention was made of the invitation to return and report the

meeting for the GLOBE. My friend said: "Why, you'll never meet Maggie to-night, and if she made an appointment with you, she will certainly not keep it."

"But," I protested, "she was so anxious to have me come, and even asked me to bring another friend who is visiting me from the far South."

"It does not matter," she responded. "You cannot depend on these spiritualists. Tell you what, when you have had as much to do with them as I have, you will find out that they are so high strung and nervous, and live in such a constant strain of excitement, mentally and physically, that you cannot depend upon them to do what they agree to do, because they cannot always remember what they have said, and may not always be in the same frame of mind or under the same influences. Besides, I happen to know that Maggie Gaule is to be present at a wedding tonight at the very house where she is a guest. You know she cannot be in two places at once, now can she?"

"Well," said I, "it is not positively proven to me that she cannot be in two places at the same time. Is she not a spiritualist?"

"Now, don't jest, Rosalie," said my friend, and she again assured me that I would be unable to meet the other party to the appointment for the following night.

In the meantime a request for several copies of the GLOBE had come to me, as they were wanted by some members of the local delegation of this convention on account of certain articles in which they were interested at the time, and it was desired to distribute some of the papers as supporting this view. So, armed with about a dozen copies, I went up to the meeting to be assured by the obliging usher that Miss Gaule had not yet arrived. Such would seem to be the understanding of my friend of the night before that she would never arrive this evening; so, as time was precious, we scribbled her way elsewhere and forgot the incident. Next morning what was my surprise to read in the daily papers a very interesting account of the meeting at which Miss Margaret Gaule, of this city, gave some interesting tests. Well! Surely one cannot depend on these spiritualists I mentioned, and began to believe that in her earnestness to impress me with this fact my Chicago friend had all unconsciously described her own failing in this respect. Miss Gaule, I duly apologize for the non-appearance of the write-up suggested. And I cannot yet understand the animus of the earnest injunction to desist from all attempts to see her on the night of the wedding mentioned.

Now, I protest, in the headlines of my modest contribution to the GLOBE of last week, the able editor, thinking no doubt, to please me, announced the fact that all readers might find "bright, spicy and piquant essays by this interesting Blue Stocking." Meaning, of course, we scribble. In this same article mention is made of the fact that the writer was a "rabid rebel gal," and how could this agree with being a "Blue Stocking?" What is it to be a Blue Stocking, anyhow? I confess I never did know. But have always supposed it meant to be very, very learned, and ever so tall and handsome, and ever and ever so dignified, and again, to have all blue blood in your veins to the extinction of any life-giving, warm, red blood. For, is it not a generally accepted fact that very tall, and very beautiful and very learned people have very little red heart interest in those about them and think only of the impression they are making on the world? I do not mean to get philosophical, nor enter into any discussion of abstract thoughts or things, but I would like to know what a real Blue Stocking girl is like or expected to be like. Oh! Mr. Editor, please read copy, and please edit me especially, for it sadly needs it, oftentimes, I admit.

ROSALIE O. GOULDING.

TWO MEMORIALS.

The Washington and Canton Movements Confusing.

The William McKinley Memorial Arch Association have formally notified President Roosevelt of the organization and he has given his unqualified approval of the plans submitted.

A committee of four, representing the executive committee of the association, called upon the President at the White House recently and had a long conference with him relative to the matter. The visitors were President Henry B. F. Macfarland, of the national organization; Secretary Thomas Walsh and Chairman Charles J. Bell, of the executive committee, and Mr. John Joy Edson, the vice chairman.

The President received the party very cordially, and was deeply interested in the detailed account of what has been thus far accomplished by the association, as outlined for him by Mr. Macfarland. The latter, after stating the plans and objects of the organization, formally notified the President of his election as an honorary member of the association. President Roosevelt accepted, and thanked the committee for the honor.

He offered to do everything in his power to aid the movement, and added that he felt certain the American people would respond with unprecedented liberality to the appeal for funds with which to erect the arch here and the proposed monument in Canton.

After leaving the President, the committee called upon Secretary Cortelyou to confer with him with reference to co-operation with the Canton Memorial Association. Secretary Cortelyou was appointed by that association to be its national representative for the District of Columbia, and the officers of the national association were anxious to see him as soon as possible in order to assure him that they would lend their support to both movements.

Secretary Cortelyou received the visitors with every assurance of good will in the common cause to honor the memory of the martyred President. The visitors pledged their support, both financial and influential, and Mr. Cortelyou in turn assured them that the Canton association will gladly accept the proffered co-operation.

The Canton Association, however, at the home of the late President, speaking through his secretary, explicitly states that the monument or the tomb over his remains in the cemetery of that city must first be erected, after which the organization of which Myron T. Herrick is treasurer and Judge Day is president, will cooperate in the national movement for a suitable memorial to Mr. McKinley in the nation's capital. At present there appears to be some danger of confusion or a clashing of interests between the Washington and Canton ends or rather heads of the joint movement, but it is to be hoped that a definite understanding will be arrived at so that contributors will understand to which undertaking they subscribe their willing donations.

AN ABLE CRITICISM

By Our Dramatic Critic on "The Way of the World"

AND ELSIE DE WOLFE.

With, Incidentally as It Were, a General Round Up of Clyde Fitch and His Original Genius, All of Which, Though a Little Late, Contains More Originality than Mr. Fitch's Intellectual Efforts to Please All.

Fortunately George Croymden, in the fourth act of "The Way of the World," interrupted the christening of his infant son before the prelate conducting the sacramental rite had reached the climax of the ceremony.

Fortunate that the solemn scene was suspended. Yea, verily! since the good bishop would have been unable to baptize the nursing neophyte for lack of water not a drop having been provided by the property man of the company.

The oversight is not surprising, as probably none of those in charge of Miss De Wolfe's affairs had ever been brought in contact with water in that religious way and therefore could not be expected to appreciate its fundamental value upon such an occasion.

But let that pass. On Tuesday, 15th, the Columbia offered two distinct propositions for consideration, a new play by Clyde Fitch, and Miss Elsie De Wolfe in the lead. For society this was a double-barreled event of unusual interest. Accordingly all the New England Avenues and K street went on exhibition at the theatre to add lustre to the new show. The press of two hemispheres and a dozen tongues were also represented by correspondents who had received authoritative tips to wire long and lucid reports of the proceedings. Right here let it be noted that last year Charles Frohman lured Edna May from her allegiance to George W. Lederer, whereupon Lederer retaliated by depriving Frohman of the angelic presence in his company of Elsie De Wolfe.

"A fair exchange is no robbery," but was it a fair exchange?

Let the public settle it, for the critics cannot.

At present Miss May is "doing time" in London under George Edwards' management. Frohman having been unable to restore her to her rightful managerial owner. But that is neither here nor there.

Mr. Clyde Fitch is about the busiest playmaker that ever hung out a sign.

"Play making while you wait" may be lucrative, particularly when the customers are in the great hurry-up class, with money blazing in their pockets.

Mr. Fitch has been fortune's most-favored author. Finding stage doors barred and strongly guarded against the stealthy attempt of the native practitioner to effect an entrance, Fitch may have gained access to the cellar of the theatre in the guise of an electrician or a gas man. Once there he could easily arrive upon the center of the stage by means of the rarely used star trap.

Having effected an entrance for his nose, so to speak, it was easy peddling. Society dramas, with characters borrowed boldly from "The 400," appealed irresistibly to women clinging to the ladder of ambitious hope deferred. And the parts fitted so nicely. No one could suspect that they were not made to order or at least imported.

But Fitch had other wares, of an historical and patriotic class, besides a tray full of village sketches and an assortment of gutta-percha eccentric characters warranted to appear and act plausibly under all sorts of dramatic conditions.

Oh! the wily Fitch!

Oh! the foxy little Samuel of Poses! with his up-to-date novelties and his matchless bargains.

Why buy Parisian make-shifts and London hand-me-downs when you have a chance to procure "better-as-goot" right here, for spot cash?

Well, Fitch emptied his tray and filled his pockets, for, marvellous to relate, his "bargains" proved to be such in verity. At last accounts sixteen of his pieces were in evidence simultaneously or nearly so, in as many theatres. Now, any kindergarten knows that nobody, from W. Shakespeare to Sidney Rosenfeld, ever before had more than four pot-boilers simmering on the same night.

Youth laughs at impossibilities.

All this Mr. Clyde Fitch has accomplished in the green tree. What may he not achieve with ripened intellect and keener and broader observation?

He has at thirty attained a distinction rarely accorded to a slave of the lamp at fifty.

"The Way of the World" is of a class that invites or provokes cutting comment. The reviewer finds himself aroused by the apparition of novelty and originality. He feels that he is confronting an author who thinks and acts—one who spurns tradition and strikes out upon a new lead.

To chaff him is natural. We are ever prone to resist the temptation to take a newly recruited philistine seriously. His vigor awakens resentment.

But on second thoughts we are apt to pay him our respects.

It should be borne well in mind that "The Way of the World" is "a rush order" work rather than the product of a happy inspiration. To merit public approval for an effort necessarily controlled by the limitations and caprices of a cash customer is a worthy achievement. Confronted by such conditions, the author of a parlor play may easily exude irony in lieu of satire and even indulge in a splash of farce where wit would fall flat.

"The Way of the World" is a chapter from the Book of Life in the Swell Quarter. The idle rich are pictured in their chronic state of respectable iniquity. Victims of their own unhindered tastes, desires and passions, they serve slavishly at the altars of Pride and Ambition.

Mr. Fitch certainly "holds the mirror up to nature" with a firm clutch so that those deep in the swim really can detect themselves without difficulty. But the lesson he teaches is lost upon an unreciprocal congregation, gogged to repletion, envious and morally doped. The superb gowning of the women in the scene makes appeals more forcefully to their occasions of intelligence than does the unmasking of character and the pursuit of fruit forbidden.

The plot is as simple as A B C.

An educated pig might fathom it.

In this smart set all are rich, all are idle, except Croymden, who is running for governor of the state, between drinks.

Mrs. Croymden has all the leisure and all

the wealth she needs, but the home is flowerless when the action opens. So she flirts with a man who has ceased to love his wife and would welcome a divorce on any grounds.

Result, gossip, scandal, a tale in "Town Topics" insinuating everything dastardly, and finally an angel unexpectedly introduced into this gilded sepulchre.

The husband, justly maddened, declines parental responsibility at the christening and charges adultery upon his wife.

This scene takes place in the fourth act. It is dramatic and realistic. Luckily it is finely acted and saves the play.

But the mother, cruelly wronged, emerges from the shadow in the last act. Evidence crops out to convince the husband that the compromising kid is, after all, his rightful heir, the villain having merely feigned a conquest to nag his neglected wife into seeking a divorce on statutory grounds. So Croymden sobers up, takes a Turkish bath, apologizes to his wife and baby and goes to Albany to be sworn in. [We think he was elected, although some dilatory counties had to be heard from as the curtain fell.]

Meantime Mrs. Croymden, by no means a bad sort considering her surroundings, had been the means of reuniting a divorced couple who chanced to meet at the christening party. Bishop Young arrives to administer the baptism, and the Croymden babe just after the reconciliation is made aware of Mr. and Mrs. Lake. Being made aware of their determination to go again into matrimonial harness, the amiable prelate agrees to renarrate them forthwith, prior to baptizing the Croymden infant, and as he starts with the second-hand bride and groom to go into an adjoining room, turns suddenly and exclaims: "Yes, it is quite proper that a wedding should precede a christening!"

This astounding deliverance, of course, upset the gravity of the audience, which fairly shrieked with laughter—showing that the point was well taken and also that the Washington public is not a bit squeamish.

Miss Elsie De Wolfe is no novice. For a role like that of Mrs. Croymden she is well equipped, being an adept in all the niceties and elegances that mark a woman of top-notch circumstances. Knowing her own capabilities, she avoids venturing beyond her histrionic depth, even though her caution in this respect leaves her in very shoal water at times when the leading man is buffeting the billows and calling for his life lines. It is surely better to act discreetly than to risk a plunge in the dramatic undertow.

Miss De Wolfe is clever in many ways. She is certainly conscientiously painstaking and her impersonation is insistent with natural grace and artistic intelligence.

Bouquets were also earned by Mrs. Clara Bloodgood, who as Mrs. Lake was refreshingly breezy and stylishly inspired.

Mr. Frank Mills enacts Croymden with fine ability. Upon him is the burden of the dramatic work, and in each of his three stormy scenes he displayed skill and power.

Mr. Vincent Serrano, as the up-to-date fago, Mr. Nevill, worked earnestly. It is a despicable opportunity, of course, and his admirers cannot help but detest him for improving it.

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The Bishop Young of Mr. Franklin Hurlleigh was a most agreeable embodiment of a high-salaried churchman, sumptuously arrayed in the livery of heaven. Mr. Harrison Hunter made Mr. Lake an energetic friend of the disordered family, and a thorough gentleman. Miss Alison Skipworth (Mrs. Nevill) could get more out of the part if she were ambitious to do so, unless, indeed, her efforts are curbed by the stage-manager.

For the rest, the ensemble was good. All the minor parts were neatly done. It remains only to add that neither London nor New York ever witnessed more perfect stage settings than Mr. Lederer's excellent taste has bestowed upon this production. The panoramic view of Central Park, with the actors at ease in their apparently whirling automobiles was admirably managed. The effect is wonderful.

The interiors are indescribably elaborate and beautiful.

"The Way of the World" will be put on at Wallack's, New York, for a run and feathers will be added to the headgear of all concerned in the making of the new sensation.

What the Girl Saw.

The duties of a certain sea-captain kept him a long time away from home. During his enforced absence, his wife had become quite a society lady. So, when her husband returned, a recherche reception was given complimentary to him. He had not been drilled in manners and other things esthetic, and did not have clothes suitable for the occasion. His wife finally prevailed upon him to have a full-dress suit made. The style of the trousers and coat was excusable, but he could not see the sense of having the vest cut so low. On the evening of the function, he donned his dress suit and wore a button in the lapel of his coat, the only evidence of his rank and profession.

At the reception, a young lady who had been introduced to him, stood conversing with him, and noticed the button in the lapel of his coat. "I see you're naval," she said. With suffused and perspiring face, nervously fingering in the region of his umbilicus, the captain stammered: "I told the tailor he was cutting that d— a vest too low."

Funny Speeches.

Grose relates that Caulfield, meeting Mr. Thomas Sandby, said: "My dear Sandby, I'm glad to see you. Pray, is it you or your brother?" It was a Spaniard who remarked ingeniously that an author should always write in his own index, let who will write the book. Edgeworth relates the story of an English shopkeeper who did pretty well in the direction of the bull proper when, to recommend the durability of some fabric for a lady's dress, he said: "Madam, it will wear forever and make you a petticoat afterward." This is quite equal to the Irishman's rope which had only one end because the other had been cut away.

Out of every 100 fathers and mothers of male children some 84 limit their choice to 15 familiar names. The favorite name is undoubtedly William. Stop the first 1000 men you meet in the street—no fewer than 170 are Williams. A long way behind come the Johns, closely followed by the Georges. Of every 1000 men 94 are called John and 92 George. The next commonest is Thomas, which has 71 owners, while James claims 72. Henry and Harry, between them, are 70 in number. Of these about one in four has received the name of Harry at the baptismal font. Following them come Frederick, with 57; Charles, with 48; Alfred, with 45; and Albert some ways behind with 31.

A GALLANT FIGHT

Won by the Heroic General Molineux Against the State.

HIS SON ROLAND SAVED.

The Old General Broken in Fortune Rejoices Over the Vindication of His Honored Name and Will Neither Die Nor Get Sick Until his Son is a Freeman as He Believes Him to be an Innocent One.

The reversal of Recorder Goff and his henchmen who tried to place Roland B. Molineux in the electric chair at Sing Sing, has met with the hearty approval of the entire country. It was a police-mannufactured case, in which alleged handwriting experts at so much per diem ably swore to anything and everything from script type written circulars to real penmanship as the product of Molineux's pen. Molineux will never again be tried. District Attorney Osborne used all of the resources of the great state of New York against this single citizen, whose heroic father, General Molineux, alone, stood between him and an ignominious death, and it is not likely that the bloodthirsty agents of the electric chair will again endeavor to send an innocent man to its fatal embrace. Our New York adjectives state that neither Recorder Goff nor Assistant District Attorney Osborne would discuss the Molineux decision. Messrs. Weeks and Battle, Molineux's counsel, were elated. Mr. Weeks said that while they had been convinced that the appeal would result favorably to his client, the decision ended the strain which he and Mr. Battle had been under. In an interview Mr. Weeks said:

"There is no doubt in my mind of Molineux never having to undergo a second trial. The expense of such a proceeding would be enormous, and it is in the discretion of the District Attorney to decide whether the outlay would be justified in the event of a conviction being doubtful.

"With the Barnet testimony ruled out I don't see what the prosecution has left to stand on. It would not surprise me if, in the light of the Court of Appeals' ruling, the district attorney should decide not to try the case again."

Mr. Weeks did not say whether they would try to get him out on bail. The district attorney, they thought, would probably oppose any such motion.

His lawyers declined to say what steps they contemplated taking. They announced that they had retained ex-Governor Black and Judge Olcott to act with them in case of a new trial.

At the district attorney's office it was considered improbable that Molineux would be brought to trial during Mr. Philbin's administration, because of the fact that Assistant District Attorney Osborne, who was Molineux's prosecutor, will have all he can do to dispose of the Patrick murder case and the police cases. Mr. Osborne will, of course, be the prosecutor of Molineux should he be tried again during Mr. Philbin's incumbency. Justice Jerome has stated that he would do all in his power to induce Mr. Osborne to remain with him, in case of his own election, while if Unger goes in it is expected that he also will be friendly disposed to Mr. Osborne.

The members of the district attorney's staff were anxious concerning the effect of the reversal upon Mr. Osborne. He was much affected by the disagreement of the jury in the case of Dr. Kennedy. Following that came the tragic death of his little son at Great Barrington, Conn., over which he has brooded, and his grief was further accentuated by the violent death, a few weeks ago, of the little son of Assistant District Attorney Walsh.

Mr. Osborne has been unable to believe that the Court of Appeals would not uphold the Molineux conviction. His assistants in the district attorney's office said the reversal was a surprise to them.

Molineux's trial occurred in Colonel Gardner's term of office, but the argument of the appeal took place last June, Mr. Philbin having retained David H. Hill to represent his office. The trial cost the county \$350,000.

General Molineux, when seen at his home, 117 South Elliot Place, Brooklyn, to-night, said:

"I know that my son is innocent and also who the guilty man is. I hope soon to be able to point him out publicly. I will devote my life to proving the innocence of Roland. In fact, I can neither get sick nor die until this has been established beyond all doubt. Roland and I will clear the name of Molineux from the stain that rests upon it."

"The name is an honorable one, and we will spend the rest of our lives to prove that he is innocent. You cannot doubt that I am a brave man, and do you think I am afraid to die? No; nor is my boy. He has been both brave and patient."

"That was confident from the first," he said, "that a new trial would be granted. Now that the court has so decided, to say that I am overjoyed does not half express my feelings."

"To my friends of the Grand Army and others in Brooklyn, I may say that I am extremely grateful. They have stood by me through all my trouble and helped to make bearable the most trying period of my life."

"Right here I wish to say in regard to the warden and his assistants at Sing Sing that they have been most kind. They have shown both to me and my son every consideration that they consistently could."

General Molineux has expended a fortune fighting for the life of his son and to prevent the stain of a felon's death attaching to his honored name. The general was a brave soldier in the Civil War and rendered distinguished service to his country, and the GLOBE rejoices that the gallant fight he has made for what we believe to be the innocence and vindication of his son has been crowned with success, despite the disappointment of any hiring attorney paid a salary to send innocent men to the scaffold and disgrace an honored name.

Supposed Error.

A local paper published a long obituary of a man who had died in the community, closing with the statement that "a long procession of people followed the remains to their last resting place." The family read the notice and discovered the supposed error and asked the editor to make a correction in the word "roasting" but he said he could not do it until the seven years' back subscription that the deceased owed had been paid.

A RECORD-BREAKER

In Suits to Order.

HORN, THE TAILOR, 637 F.

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