ONE HAPPY "COPPER'S" LOT.

ROUTINE OF A POLICEMAN'S DAILY LIFE GRAPHICALLY DETAILED.

Diversions Which Break the Monotony of the Hours "On Post"—Dodging the Roundsman—Pleasant Calls in Saloons and Janitors' Rooms—Pleasant Perquisites—People Who Have "Pulls."

To the Editor of the Evening World:

I have read your interviews with policemen and the answers to your question as to whether a policeman's life is a happy one.

I have been four years on the "force." I began with an idea that I could set any one straight that I saw breaking the laws or city ordinances. I found the life then not at all a happy one. For instance, I saw some half-grown boys one day out from one of the private schools for their intermission. They were playing pranks that were harmless enough until the idea seized them to upset an ash-can on the walk.

I shouted at them to let the can alone, when the boy who held it marched boldly down and asked what I said. I repeated my order that he should not meddle with the ash-cans. He was impertinent, told me to mind my business and attend to the servant girls; he was a gentleman and could attend to his, and so forth.

He stood close up to me, facing me impudently, and I flicked him on the cheek with a white cotton glove I held and told him to shut up or I would arrest him as disorderly. He threatened me with "breaking," took my number and went off in a rage.

He proved to be the son of a rich brewer, who complained of me. I was brought before the Commissioners, reprimanded and changed to another post.

My next trouble was for ordering a liquor dealer to close at 1 o'clock at night. He did not do it. The next Sunday there was a crowd at his corner, and I again ordered him to close, as his place was keeping the crowd. He complained to the Captain, and the next night I was ordered to a post down by the river.

I did not meddle again for a long time, until one Sunday we were ordered to arrest all Italians selling flowers on the street. Seven were arrested, but I managed to keep those on my post moving and did not make an arrest. I was off post at 1 o'clock. There were not so many of them about during the morning.

The same night at 12 I was on my night post and one of the saloons was running full blast with the shades up. I had ordered the dealer before to put down his shades on Sunday. He had told me to mind my business or he would have my scalp. This being Sunday I ordered him closed. He told me to go to —— and the occupants of the saloon jeered, so I told him to get his hat and I took him to the station-house. He was released at the Captain's order and I ordered back to my post. The next night when I went on at 6 my post was again changed.

So you see my life for the first six months was not a happy one.

I had some trouble with my mates, too, as I followed out the rule that I was to be relieved when on post at the point furthest from the station-house. The man relieving me refused to come the whole length of the post, and got mad, and I was warned by some of them that I was rather fresh, and I gave it up.

My life now is an easy one, as I can explain. In the first place I get $100 a month salary. When I worked as a stone-mason I could not get so much even if I got work every day, and that I never did—what with strikes and delay after one job before I found another. Now, I have every other day off duty from 6 P. M. Then the days between are first, what we call a short day, then a long day. Friday last was my long day. I went on at 6 in the morning and remained until 8. At 1 in the afternoon I went on again until 6 P. M. At 12 at night I went on until 6 Saturday morning, then was off till 6 Saturday evening.

At 12 Saturday night I went home to sleep, and went back at 8 A. M. Sunday for my short day. I was off again at 1 Sunday afternoon and did not go on again until 12 at night, then off at 6 this (Monday) morning. To-day is again my day off.

So Friday I had two hours' duty in the morning and five in the afternoon, and from 12 to 6 Saturday A. M., making eleven hours duty in twenty-four hours. Then Saturday off, and only six hours duty from 6 to 12 at night. So that makes seventeen hours' duty in forty-eight.

Sunday, my short day, I had from 8 to 1 in the morning and 12 at night to 6 Monday morning, making eleven hours again in that twenty-four, and the next day again a day off.

So we average nine hours' work, rain or shine, cold or hot, strikes, fights, &c., with an occasional prisoner in court taking time on the off days.

Well, this seems, with the risks and calls to fires, concerts, weddings and receptions, hard work; but I am now able to get a pretty good thing out of it.

For instance, I go on at 6 this evening. There is a little house for a watchman at some new buildings on my post, and as instead of sleeping I have been on a racket this morning and writing this afternoon I shall go up there and sleep until 7.30, when I get out to the corner that the roundsman will pass. They always pass at the same corner and about the same time, except when it storms, and then they generally don't come. After the roundsman comes the sergeant, so by 8.30 I can go into some girl's house and get a little lunch and stay until 11 or 12, or go back to the watchman's house.

To-morrow I shall probably be on post. If so, I go out at 6 to stay to 8, and I generally go in a saloon to chat and for a "set-me-up"—I am always thirsty in the morning—or else get a bite of breakfast, or sometimes get shaved.

At 1 I meet some one for a chat or drop in somewhere until 2, and then get to the street the roundsman goes through. That standing around may not be over until 4, and sometimes something prevents their rounds and we are given what we call a "stand up," which is very hard, for it keeps us out until 6 for fear of being caught; but usually the "Rounds" and the Sergeant have gone by 3, and we can go "under cover" until 6.

I have played cards from 3 to 6 with a friend in the back room of a saloon or in a friend's house; have spent the time with ladies, or gone to sleep in a saloon or friend's house.

When we go on at 12 at night all of the fellows going in one direction drop into a saloon and drink together for an hour and then get out until the "rounds" of the officers, and then we all have our places of going to bed. I go in the basement of a large "flat," where the janitor watches the fires all night. Four of us stay there every other night from three to four hours.

They are very nice at this flat. I have taken my citizen's clothes there when I knew the sergeants and roundsmen had a Grand Army or a club meeting and would not be around. I would go to and take off my uniform and put on my clothes about 8 o'clock, and go out to spend the evening.

Last Grand Army picnic night four of us from the posts around went to a saloon four blocks from my post and played cards from 7 till 12.

I often wonder that citizens who see these things don't complain, but they don't seem to notice or mind it. One man in our platoon was in a saloon asleep one afternoon when a man was run over by a horse car. His leg was crushed, and no one seemed to know how to stop the bleeding, nor how to ring for an ambulance. So, as they could not find the patrolman, some one ran to the hospital.

The ambulance got there just as the patrolman did, and so nothing was said, and he helped put on the tourniquet and get the man in the ambulance; but the man had lost blood for three-quarters of an hour and was too feeble for operation and died in an hour after arrival at the hospital.

I should not like such a thing to happen to me. I have been more lucky.

There were six robberies by sneak thieves on my day post this Summer, but I was not blamed, although I suppose the sneak thieves must have watched the houses for days before the robberies.

I was caught at a dog-fight and threatened with being "broke," but it was dropped afterwards in consideration of my record as a good officer.

I don't get in any more trouble interfering with liquor stores, so I am popular with the Captain; and I look the other way at small things on the street, so I don't get in trouble with rich men's sons nor have to go to court with prisoners on my days off—so my life altogether is a happy one.

Some fellows won't say so, and talk of their privations and hard duties. I don't; for I don't have any, nor they don't, either.

We all get what we can. Of course, the Captain and his two "detectives" get most. The sergeants get about what they ask for. When one goes on vacation he sends a man to each of the cigar factories to say that Sergt. —— is going off and would like a few cigars. Each factory sends a box. Then he drops in a liquor store or two and gets a little contribution here and there to last him through.

So, the roundsman on a smaller scale, and we get in our little tips here and there. At a church wedding or a reception we occasionally get a couple of dollars. If we get it before the roundsman gets around it is all right; but if he knows of it he takes half. Of course we get free whiskey, lunches, cigars, &c., and car rides as well as theatres, &c.

I often wonder at Dr. Crosby and others praising the police, but it suits us if they like it. I suppose it is no more crooked than everything else is. I have always been afraid some one would take up a plan the district police watchmen have of pulling a bell every hour that records at the office. When they do that I am off the police. Then the life would not be a happy one.

We are all down on Mayor Hewitt for saying plenty of men could be got for policemen just as good at half the money. That remark polled 3,000 votes against him. We are quite an influence in politics with our 3,300 votes.

New York, Nov. 8. A HAPPY COPPER.

A FEW SMILES AND GIGGLES.

FOOD FOR LAUGHTER-LOVERS GATHERED IN HUMOROUS CORNERS.

In the Far, Far West.

[From Life.]

Cowboy (appearing suddenly in doorway)—Look here, old man, my name is Hoppergrass Jake, an' I love yer darter. Kin I have her?

Faint Voice (from beneath cover)—Bless you, my son-in-law, bless you!

His Pa Was There.

[From Time.]

First Boy—I hear you ran off to the circus yesterday. Did you enjoy yourself?

Second Boy—Oh, I had a spanking time. I found pa there.

They Announced Themselves.

[From Judge.]

Gilroy—I saw young Gibbon this morning and he told me he had just returned from London.

Thomas—Yes; I understand his trousers have quite an English accent.

In the French Class.

[From Harper's Bazar.]

"Johnny, what's the meaning of *je ne sais pas?*"

"I don't know."

"Then go back to your desk and study till you do know."

Utilizing Ability.

[From Time.]

Wife—George, didn't you say you were the heaviest batter in the nine last Summer.

Husband—Yes, dear.

"Well, would you mind beating a carpet for me about half an hour?

One Good Turn, &c.

[From Time.]

"Little Timothy Tarrylong, put your father's slippers by the fire and make them nice and warm. Aren't you willing to do that much?"

"I suppose I ought to be, ma; they make things nice and warm for me sometimes."

The Money Went Through First.

[From the Burlington Free Press.]

Mrs. Parvenu—Did you take my advice, dear, and go through your husband's pockets for some pin money?

Mrs. Quilpen—Yes, but I found that the pin money had been ahead of me. There were holes in both pockets.

A Difficult Feat.

[From the Yonkers Statesman.]

Yeast—Look at the workmanship on that building. That must be very difficult carving.

Crimsonbeak—Well, old man, if you want to see some difficult carving, come down and take dinner with me at my boarding-house some day when we have steak.

Why She Was a Fool.

[From the Binghamton Republican.]

Flossie (discovering sister Belle and her Henry sitting side by side)—O Belle, you've called yourself a fool! Ain't you ashamed of yourself?

Belle—What do you mean, you little simpleton?

"Anyway you said Mr. Brown was next thing to a fool and he's next thing to you."

A Striking Resemblance.

[From Judge.]

A more than middle-aged bachelor married a young girl.

When a son and heir was added to the family the nurse was wont to show the new-comer to visitors with the traditional remark:

"Looks like his pa, doesn't he?"

One day a grouty old gentleman who couldn't see the resemblance replied with a grunt:

"Just so; he's quite bald and has no teeth."

The Law Must be Respected.

[From the Cincinnati Commercial Gazette.]

Husband—The census clerk was in to-day, dear. He demanded the age of each of the family, and I was obliged to give him yours. It was the law, he said.

Wife—You did, you brute! Law? What do I care for law? John Henry, did you presume to tell the man my age?

"Yes, I told him you were twenty-four."

"Oh, I suppose the law has to be respected."

To Regulate the Stomach, Liver and Bowels, take CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS. 25c. *.*

STAGE TALK AND GOSSIP.

WHAT IS BEING SAID AND DONE BY FOOTLIGHT FAVORITES.

Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Henley Engaged for "Kleptomania"—Charlie Dickson Has Left the "Possible Case" Company—Lew Dockstader to Produce One-Act Operas—Go-Won-Go Mohawk's Illness.

Young Mr. Emery, of Charles Wyndham's company, who played a small part in "David Garrick," is a brother of the charming Miss Winnifred Emery, who came to this country with Henry Irving on his last tour. Mr. Emery was also one of Mr. Irving's attaches, but he came over more as a companion to his sister and "for the fun of the thing." Miss Eleanor Leyshon, who is the Lady Oldacres, of "The Candidate," has never been to America before. In fact she has never travelled without her mother and sister. Before she came over her friends wrote to acquaintances in New York, asking them to look after her. Miss Leyshon enjoys the inestimable luxury of being a ward in Chancery.

* * *

E. J. Henley and Miss Mary Hampton, a story of whose sudden marriage was told exclusively in THE EVENING WORLD, with the statement that he had given up an engagement in "The Shanty Queen" and she the hope of appearing in "Shenandoah," all for Hymen's sake, seem to have awakened sufficiently from the joys of their San Francisco honeymoon to be able to look after business. They are both to appear next week in a production of a farce-comedy entitled "Kleptomania," by Mark Milford, which was sketched in this column when it was produced in London. Mr. Henley will be starred under the management of Mr. Keogh, who, being an Englishman, has great faith in "Kleptomania."

* * *

Charlie Dickson has left "A Possible Case" company and returned to the city. Mr. Dickson says that he hungered for New York and had to come back to appease that hunger. He was on Broadway yesterday looking dapper and crisp as ever. Indeed, if Mr. Dickson cannot look dapper, who in the world can? An actor who can claim the fraternal relation with a tailor has opportunities which are distinctly denied to the rest of the profession. What Kelcey would be with a sartorial brother is something which the most vivid imagination could never picture, for he is a host without one.

* * *

Lew Dockstader is going to produce one-act comic operas as a feature of his performance, and he is going to produce them elaborately and with a view to presenting their musical beauties conspicuously.

* * *

Very little is heard in this city of the company that is playing "The Old Homstead" on the road without Denman Thompson. It is said, however, that the New York run has not been without its effect on the travelling organization, which is doing an astonishingly large business. Archie Boyd, who is appearing as Uncle Josh Whitcomb, and who will be remembered by New Yorkers for his clever work with Nell Burgess in "The County Fair," is said to give a good performance, copying closely that of Deman Thompson. In this case imitation is certainly a virtue.

* * *

Charlie Reed has left "The City Directory" and was in town yesterday. Mr. Reed modestly terms himself "only a comedian."

* * *

The two reindeer used in the production of "The Exiles," declined very persistently to make their appearance last night, but were induced to go on. The animals are rapidly acquiring the characteristics of the members of the profession, though "The Exiles" is doing a large business, and there was consequently no reason in this case for the objections of the reindeer.

* * *

The manager of Go-Won-Go Mohawk, the Indian actress, writes a very long letter to THE EVENING WORLD with reference to that lady's illness. A consideration for the readers of this column is the cause of its suppression. Suffice it to say that Mlle. Mohawk resumes her season next Monday.

* * *

Miss Rose Eytinge and Arthur Forrest will be seen in "Captain Swift," playing the roles created at the Madison Square Theatre by Mrs. Agnes Booth and Maurice Barrymore, at the Theatre Comique, Harlem, next week.

* * *

Miss Mildred Royston, a Harlem girl, known in amateur dramatic circles, left yesterday for Washington to join the Emma Juch Opera company.

Plays and Players in Brooklyn.

Manager Waterman, of Jacobs' Lyceum Theatre, is happy in the possession of a corner in laughter, for Pat Rooney is this week making his yearly visit.

The troublesome cold which Miss Minnie Schult has been fighting this week at Zipp's Casino has caused her temporary retirement, and she is reported to be quite sick.

The animal entertainment which Adam Forepaugh, jr., is offering at the Lee Avenue Academy is proving a source of enjoyment to large audiences at each performance.

There is plenty of red fire and thrilling war-whoops in the play entitled "On the Frontier," which Hardie and Von Leer are now giving at Jacobs' Brooklyn Theatre.

One of the prettiest hits in "The Fairies' Well," at the Grand Opera-House, is the song by Larry Dee and Mona, with the answering chorus by the fairies.

The Amphion stage is well suited for the production of the spectacular play "Bluebeard, Jr." The scenery, costumes and choruses are remarkably pretty.

Charles Erin Verner is making a hit at Proctor's Theatre in a play of his own adaptation, entitled "Shamus O'Brien." He is supported by a thoroughly capable company.

"Lord Chumley" will be followed at the Park Theatre by handsome Cora Tanner in "Fascination," supported by Col. Sinn's own company, an organization of which he is particularly proud. Miss Tanner has added greatly to her already fine reputation by her magnificent work in the dual role she is called upon to perform. Probably nothing in the way of handsomer scenery than that used in this play has ever been seen in Brooklyn.

Counsel Assigned.

[From Puck.]

Mr. Rising Briefly—How's that case of Bill Jenkins getting along? I see you've taken charge of it.

Mr. Snap Gammon—Oh, first rate. I just got fifty dollars out of him, and he's to give me another fifty in the morning.

Mr. Rising Briefly—That's good; but where's Bill?

Mr. Snap Gammon—Bill? Oh, he's all right. He's in jail.

Merely Paternal Pride.

[From the Lincoln Journal.]

When Col. Evergreen came downtown the other morning, several of his teeth were missing, his eyes were of a blue-black and his nose looked disconcerted and uncomfortable.

Still he wore a beaming smile.

"Colonel," remarked a friend, "what are you grinning about with your face pounded up like that?"

"The fact is," responded the Colonel, feelingly, "I have always believed that my son Henry would never amount to anything. He grew impudent this morning and I endeavored to correct him with an old fence rail. To my surprise and delight he sailed into me and licked me all around the barn and across a ten-acre field. I tell you he has in him the qualities of one of nature's noblemen!"

THE POET'S TRIUMPH.

BY THE EVENING WORLD'S POET.

"Gimme a pen!" the poet cried,
With tragic gesture, pale, wild-eyed;
"Gimme a pen and you shall see
Old Mount Parnassus scaled by me."
Gimme a pen!

Gimme a pen! this rolling sphere
Shall silent stand, and wait to hear,

The mighty thought that seeketh birth,
And swells abnormally my girth.
Gimme a pen!

Gimme a pen, and quick some ink!
With which to trace this wond'rous think;
This grand original idee
Which somehow has got into me.
Gimme a pen!

Gimme a pen, some ink and paper,
This inspiration soon may taper,
My name emblazoned high shall be,
Immortal fame awaiteth me.
Gimme a pen!

All things were brought, the poet's eye
Rolled like a dying duck's on high,
As through his hair his fingers slipped,
The waiting pen he tightly gripped.

Halted this mighty, rolling sphere,
And cinst'ring stars drew twinkling near,
While all the universe stood still
To catch the thought his soul did fill.

With hopeless eyes the pen he views,
While rummaging his brain for clues
To that elusive, wondrous thought
That somehow in his brain had caught.

He objurgated earth and air,
And vasty deep in his despair;
From the gray matter in his head
The thought sublime, alas, had fled!

The grim and cynical old world
A forceful observation hurled,
Then on its axis once more turned,
And poets ever after spurned.

Then twinkled merrily the stars,
While Jupiter nudged the ribs of Mars;

And laughter, soft as fountain's play,
Went rippling down the milky way.

The universe took up the strain,
Till round and round it pealed again,
And spheres unknown to man awoke
To join in laughter o'er the joke.

The jolly waves of glad uproar
Beat boist'rously 'gainst heaven's door;
Saint Peter stared, and then averred
It was the best joke he had heard.

He told it to the angel guard,
While smiles relaxed his visage hard,
They told the happy souls within,
And heaven was rife with laughing din.

Thus, from the jaws of sure defeat
The poet plucked a laurel neat,
For though that thought escaped his head,
He tickled heaven and earth instead.

WILLIAM EDWARD PENNEY.

He Could Talk.

[From the St. Louis Chronicle.]

Clara—It is very embarrassing, isn't it, Jennie, when you are alone with your beau for the first time? When William escorted me home last night we were so bashful that we could hardly find a word to say to each other.

Jennie—Indeed? I haven't found it so.

"You haven't?"

"Not at all. My beau talks all the time and doesn't give me the least chance to feel embarrassed."

"He is a good talker, then?"

"Well, I should smile."

"What does he do?"

"He's a barber."

When baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,
When she was a child she cried for Castoria,
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria,
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

COMING OUTDOOR SPORTS.

THE BERKELEY OVAL DEEMED INSUFFICIENT FOR THE YALE-PRINCETON GAME.

Probability that the Thanksgiving Day Crowds Would Leave No Room for the Players—$10,000 Offered to Sullivan and Jackson to Spar in California—Amateur Sparrers at the Cribb Club.

There is no question that the Berkeley Oval is utterly unfitted as a ground for the great Yale-Princeton football game. The people in charge of the grounds acknowledge that not more than ten thousand persons could squeeze into the grounds. What, then, would become of the other ten thousand who would want to get in?

There is no doubt that fully twenty thousand will turn out Thanksgiving Day to see this game. Washington Park Baseball Grounds, Brooklyn is the place to hold this game. Over twenty thousand people can be accommodated there.

The officials having this matter of the locality of the game in charge should act quickly; there is no time to be lost. If they are inactive, and allow things to run along as they are now doing, the result will be an enormous unruly crowd at the Berkeley Oval, which will take possession of the entire football field, leaving no room for the players, with a result, possibly that the game would have to be postponed.

The Berkeley Oval was a very foolish selection in the first place, and why it came to be chosen is a mystery. Change the location to Washington Park, and do it quickly, so that there will be no misunderstanding.

* * *

President Fulda, of the California Athletic Club, has written to friends in the East that the Club is willing to put up a purse of $10,000 for Jackson and Sullivan to box for.

* * *

Axtell, the famous trotting stallion, with a record of 2.12, is an object of great interest wherever he goes. The most rigid care is taken of him and two grooms are in constant attendance upon his majesty.

* * *

Columbia College and Stevens Institute play football this afternoon at Hoboken.

* * *

Prof. P. J. Pitzlin, who claims to be the champion middle-weight of the Southwest, is willing to meet any middle-weight in America before some responsible club for a suitable purse, winner to take all. He will put up a deposit at any time to show that he means business.

Prospect Park, Brooklyn, will be the scene next Saturday of a very lively game of football between the crack Hasbrouck Institute and the Prospect football teams.

* * *

The annual amateur boxing tournament of the Cribb Club, of this city, will take place Dec. 14, at Parepa Hall, corner Eighty-sixth street and Third avenue. The following are the scheduled events: Bantam-weight, 105 pounds and under, and a special 125-pound class. A handsome gold watch goes to first and a silver watch to second in each event, if over four entries are received in each class. Entries close Dec. 9, with the Secretary, 17 West One Hundred and Twenty-eighth street.

* * *

Hughey Boyle is a 105-pound boxer who is steadily gaining ground in the favor of sporting men. It is probable he will be matched against the best of his class before long.

* * *

The Scottish-American Athletic Club will show up very strongly at the boxing championship of the A. A. U. It has many skilful boxers in its ranks.

* * *

The American Athletic Club will hold a cross-country run over the Fort George course next Sunday.

If you have a
COLD or COUGH,
acute or leading to
CONSUMPTION,
SCOTT'S EMULSION
OF PURE COD LIVER OIL
AND HYPOPHOSPHITES
OF LIME AND SODA
IS SURE CURE FOR IT.
This preparation contains the stimulating properties of the *Hypophosphites* and fine *Norwegian Cod Liver Oil.* Used by physicians all the world over. It is *as palatable as milk.* Three times as efficacious as plain Cod Liver Oil. A perfect Emulsion, better than all others made. For all forms of *Wasting Disease, Bronchitis,*
CONSUMPTION,
Scrofula, and as a Flesh Producer there is nothing like **SCOTT'S EMULSION.** It is sold by all Druggists. Let no one by profuse explanation or impudent entreaty induce you to accept a substitute.

W. L. DOUGLAS $3 SHOE FOR GENTLEMEN.

My claims for this Shoe over all other $3 Shoes advertised, are:

It contains better material. It is more stylish, better fitting and durable. It gives better general satisfaction. It saves more money for the consumer. Its great success is due to merit. It cannot be duplicated by any other manufacturer. It is the best in the world, and has a larger demand than any other $3 Shoe advertised.

$5,000 will be paid to any person who will prove the above statements to be untrue.

Examine my $5, $4, $3.50, $2.50, $2.25, $2 Shoes for Men. My $2 and $1.75 Shoes for Boys are the best. Ladies all wear my $3 and $2 Shoes, which are of the best material, best style and best fitting in the world. W. L. Douglas, Brockton, Mass.

SPECIAL.—W. L. Douglas $3 Lace Grain Shoe for Gentlemen, with heavy tap sole and strictly water-proof, is just out. Examine it. W. L. Douglas's name and price are stamped on the bottom of all his advertised shoes.

NEW YORK CITY—1st ave., 117, 263, 1480, 367, 24 ave., 443, 1596, 1334, 34 ave., 408, 540, 753, 1138, 1505, 2691, 3337; 8th ave., 402, 774, 807, 958 ave., 400, 805; 10th ave., 720, 2724; 14 Ave. A; 19 Bible House, 349 Grand st.; Bowery, 82, 262, 20 Fulton st., 314 Canal st., corner Canal st. and Bowery, 458 Broadway, corner Grand, 187 Ave. B; corner 8th ave. and 14th st., 161, 224 Greenwich st., 223 W. 125th st., corner Whitehall and Stone sts.; 31 New Chambers st., 199 Nassau st., cor. Ann.

BROOKLYN—Broadway, 399, 583, 915, 1031, 1207; Fulton st., 247, 814; Court st., 118; Grand st., 93, 211; Myrtle ave., 6, 169; Columbia st., 273; Flatbush ave., 97.

JERSEY CITY—Newark ave., 40, 48, 200; North ave., 634; Grove st., 477; Communipaw ave., 483.

NEWARK—Market st., 91, 263; Broad st., 347 Springfield ave., 199.

CLOAKS.

Ladies', Misses' and Children's fine Cloaks and Furs closing out at about HALF FORMER PRICES.

Ladies' Newmarkets, $7.50; formerly $15.
Ladies' Newmarkets, $12.50; formerly $25.
Ladies' Newmarkets, $25; formerly $50.
Ladies' Jackets, $5; formerly $10.
Ladies' Jackets, $7.50; formerly $15.
Ladies' Jackets, $9.75; formerly $20.
Ladies' Plush Jackets, $8; formerly $15.
Ladies' Plush Jackets, $15; formerly $25.
Ladies' Plush Sacques, $13.50; were $25.
Ladies' Plush Sacques, $24; were $45.
Ladies' Plush Newmarkets, $29.75; were $50.
Ladies' Plush Newmarkets, $39; were $60.
Hair Capes, $5; formerly $9.
Plush Capes, $4.50; formerly $8.75.
Astrachan Capes, $5.90; formerly $10.
Persian Lamb Capes, $13.75; formerly $25.
Persian Lamb Capes, $25; formerly $40.
Real Seal Capes, $40; formerly $60.

Great variety of FURS and Misses' and Children's CLOAKS at lower prices than any other house in America.

BOYNTON & CO.,
Removed to their New Building,
16th St. and 6th Ave.,
Where they devote Five Floors to Cloaks, Suits and Furs Exclusively.
Paris, 27 Rue Poissonniere. London, 25 Oxford St.

H. J. Mahrenholz's FINE **SHOES** A Special Bargain THIS WEEK Of Extra Quality Patent-Leather Piccadilly Lace Shoe for **$5.00.**

My best French Calf, Strictly Hand-Sewed Congress or Button Gaiters, Made Under My Own Supervision and in the New and Fashionable French Style, are offered at **$7.50,** formerly $13.00.

H. J. MAHRENHOLZ
1153 Broadway
(between 26th and 27th sts.).

Our Jewelry is exclusively of Gold and Silver.
THEODORE A. KOHN & SON,
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BUSINESS NOTICES.

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THOSE WHO WISH TO PRACTISE ECONOMY should buy CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS. Forty pills in a vial; only one pill a dose.

AMUSEMENTS.

HARLEM OPERA-HOUSE. WEEK MONDAY, NOV. 11. SAT. MATINEE. THE CALIFORNIA OPERA COMPANY. SAID PASHA. Week Monday, Nov. 18, HEERMANN'S TRANSATLANTIQUE VAUDEVILLES.

CASINO. BROADWAY AND 39TH ST. EVENINGS AT 8. MATINEE SATURDAY AT 2. THE DRUM-MAJOR. Admission, 50c. Seats reserved two weeks in advance.

TONY PASTOR'S THEATRE. 14TH ST. BESSIE BONEHILL. GRANDEST OF SUCCESSES. TONY PASTOR AND NEW CO. MATINEE TUESDAY & FRIDAY.

DOCKSTADER'S MINSTRELS. Brand new songs this week. Every act new. SATIRE ON NEW CROSS-TOWN ROAD. EVENINGS, 8.30. MATINEE SATURDAY AT 2.15.

WINDSOR THEATRE, BOWERY, near CANAL. A Hit Success. TAM RICKLITS in the eccentric musical drama, DIVER. Matinee Saturday at 2. Next week CLARA MORRIS in RENEE DE MORAY.

AMBERG THEATRE, Irving Place. At 8.15. To-night, Possart in Friend Fritz. Friday, Steinmann, Vice-Admiral. Saturday Matinee, Fledermaus. Evening, Possart, Der Geizige and Gelehrte Frauen. First Opera Night, Mignon, Monday, Nov. 25.

H. C. MINER'S PEOPLE'S THEATRE. MISS MAUDE GRANGER in Mrs. Ettie Healy's society sensational Drama, in 6 Acts, ALICE ADAIR. Next Week—FERNCLIFF.

AMUSEMENTS.

METROPOLITAN OPERA-HOUSE.
SARASATE-D'ALBERT CONCERTS.
Messrs. Henry E. Abbey and Maurice Grau beg respectfully to announce the first joint appearance in the United States of the Eminent Violin Virtuoso, PABLO SARASATE, and the distinguished pianist and composer, EUGEN D'ALBERT, on Monday Evening, November 18, ASSISTED BY A GRAND SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA under the direction of Mr. Walter Damrosch. SCALE OF PRICES: $2.50, $2, $1.50, $1 and 75c. Boxes, $12 and $15. GENERAL ADMISSION, $1.00. FAMILY CIRCLE, 50 CENTS. Box-Office for the Sale of Tickets now Open at the Metropolitan Opera-House. Steinway's Pianos used at these Concerts.

WORTH'S PALACE (14th St.) MUSEUM.
THE TRANSPARENT MAN.
WHAT THE PRESS SAYS.
A curious living puzzle.—World.
A marvel without parallel.—Mail and Express.
A physical wonder.—News.
The blood can be plainly seen running through veins.—Herald.

MR. A. M. PALMER'S THEATRES.
PALMER'S THEATRE. Evenings at 8. Sat. Mat. at 2. CHARLES WYNDHAM. This Week—THE CANDIDATE.
MADISON SQUARE THEATRE. Evenings, 8.30. Sat. Mat. at 2. Enormous Success of AUNT JACK. To-morrow (Friday), Special Mat. LITTLE LORD FAUNTLEROY.

H. R. JACOBS' 3D AVE. THEATRE. Matinees Monday, Thursday and Saturday. WALTER S. SANFORD'S UNDER THE LASH. SUNDAY NIGHT, NOV. 17. **KELLAR.** GRAND EXPOSE OF SPIRITUALISM. Week Nov. 18, Pat Rooney and Company.

BIJOU THEATRE. Broadway, near 30th st. Matinees WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY. HALLEN AND HART in the rollicking musical farce-comedy, **LATER ON.**

14TH ST. THEATRE. COR. 6TH AVE. MATINEES WEDNESDAY AND SATURDAY. THE GREAT BOSTON **HOWARD ATHENÆUM** STAR SPECIALTY COMPANY. "The cream of European and American novelties." Gallery, 25c. Reserved, 35c., 50c., 75c., $1, $1.50.

AMERICAN INSTITUTE FAIR. 3d ave., between 63d and 64th sts. 58TH GRAND INDUSTRIAL EXHIBITION. OPEN 10 A. M. UNTIL 10 P. M. ADMISSION 25 CENTS.

UNION SQUARE THEATRE. J. M. Hill, Manager. NEIL BURGESS in the COUNTY FAIR. Evenings, 8.15. Saturday Matinee at 2.

GRAND OPERA-HOUSE. Reserved Seats—Orchestra Circle and Balcony—50c Only Mat. Saturday. J. K. EMMET in "UNCLE JOE." Next Week—"A DARK SECRET."

KOSTER & BIAL'S CONCERT HALL. OUR ARMY AND NAVY. MONTE CRISTO, JR. Frank Bush, Harding and Ah Sid, Prof. Rudolph. MATINEES MONDAY—WEDNESDAY—SATURDAY.

ACADEMY. DENMAN THOMPSON. 2D YEAR. THE OLD HOMESTEAD. Mat. Sat. Seats Ready for Thanksgiving Day.

STANDARD THEATRE. DIXEY. SECOND MONTH and CONTINUED SUCCESS. Mr. HENRY C. DIXEY in THE SEVEN AGES. Supported by Mr. E. E. RICE'S COMPANY. Every Evening at 8.15. Matinees Saturday at 2.

NIBLO'S GARDEN. GREAT ATTRACTION. GRAND TO-NIGHT. SECOND MONTH. THE EXILES. MATINEES WEDNESDAY AND SATURDAY.

STAR THEATRE. B'WAY AND 13TH ST. Matinees—Wednesday and Saturday. W. J. SCANLAN IN HIS IRISH COMEDY MYLES AROON.

BROADWAY THEATRE. COR. 41ST ST. EDWIN BOOTH... MME. MODJESKA. This week, ending Matinee Saturday, HAMLET. Saturday evening, last time, DON CÆSAR DE BAZAN and MARY STUART.

PROCTOR'S 23D ST. THEATRE. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday. **SHENANDOAH.** BRONSON HOWARD'S GREATEST SUCCESS.

NEW PARK THEATRE. Broadway and 35th st. Matinees Wed. and Sat. 85TH PERFORMANCE OF OUR GREAT SUCCESS. BARRY AND FAY. McKENNA'S FLIRTATION.

5TH AVE. THEATRE. Broadway and 28th st. WILSON BARRETT. "BEN-MY-CHREE." Next week, "Clandian." Seats now on sale.

THEATRE COMIQUE, 125TH st., near 3D AVE. Every night and W. dy and Saturday matinee. AMERICA'S ELITE MINSTRELS. THE GORMANS. EVERYTHING NEW and POSITIVELY ORIGINAL. Next week, the Madison Square success, Capt. Swift.

CLUB SWINGING. EDEN MUSEE. FENCING AND DANCING.

LAST SEASON 10TH ST. 4TH AVE. COME NOW, IF EVER. BATTLE OF GETTYSBURG. OPEN DAY AND EVENING.

BROOKLYN AMUSEMENTS.

LEE AVENUE ACADEMY OF MUSIC WILLIAMSBURG. Patronized by the Elite. This week, Matinees Wednesday and Saturday. ADAM FOREPAUGH, JR., SQUIRE CANINE AND ELEPHANTINE SENSATIONS. Next week—Mme. JANAUSCHEK.

H. R. JACOBS' BROOKLYN THEATRE. Matinees Monday, Wednesday and Saturday. HARDIE AND VON LEER. In their new Military Melodrama, ON THE FRONTIER. This week. Next week, Hoyt's "BUNCH OF KEYS."

COL. SINN'S PARK THEATRE. This week. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday. MR. E. H. SOTHERN IN LORD CHUMLEY.

GRAND OPERA-HOUSE. Knowles & Morris, Lessees & Managers. Every Evening and usual Matinees. CARROLL JOHNSON in THE FAIRIES' WELL.

AMPHION. Every Evening. Usual Matinees. The Gorgeous Spectacle, BLUEBEARD, JR., or, FATIMA AND THE FAIRY. Knowles & Morris, Lessees & Managers.

Proctor's Theatre, THIS WEEK. LATE NOVELTY. So. 4th & Driggs. CHAS. E. VERNER. SHAMUS O'BRIEN. Mat. Wed. and Sat. Next Week, WHITE SLAVE.

ZIPP'S CASINO. MINNIE SCHULT in new songs and new wardrobe. DAN D. POLK, DORA RAYMOND, DAVENPORT BROS., JAMES BRACKETT.

H. R. JACOBS' LYCEUM THEATRE. Mats. Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday—This week PAT ROONEY. "PAT'S WARDROBE." 10c. Popular Prices. Houses Crowded. 20c. Next week, Nov 18—Hardie and Von Leer.

MRS. RUSSELL'S OUTING

"Oh, what a beautiful day! We shall have our row on the river, after all. I was so afraid it would rain."