

A DIVORCE TANGLE.
Pearl Eytling's Queer Experience.

READ TOMORROW'S
"TRUE STORY OF THE NEWS"
IN
THE MORNING WORLD
(METROPOLIS EDITION).

PRICE ONE CENT.

LAST EDITION.
IN A TEN-CENT BED

Experiences of a Night in a Cheap
Bowery Lodging-House.

Where Homeless New Yorkers Find
Nightly Shelter.

Thin-Clad Cots and Noisy Neighbors
—Clean Sheets and Hot Baths.

It is 9 o'clock at night by the round, yellow-faced, dingy old clock, whose pendulum ticks solemnly on the wall in the general assembly room of a Bowery lodging-house. The room, capable of seating perhaps fifty people, is crowded, early as the hour is, for the cold wind that sweeps laden through the streets has driven every one who can afford it to seek shelter almost with the falling of the night.

An Evening World reporter, in quest of a quiet adventure, sits in one corner of the room wondering how such men as these about him spend their lives and especially the time devoted to sleep. Travelling up the Bowery his attention had been attracted by the almost innumerable signs of

"I WANT A BED."
An Evening World reporter, in quest of a quiet adventure, sits in one corner of the room wondering how such men as these about him spend their lives and especially the time devoted to sleep. Travelling up the Bowery his attention had been attracted by the almost innumerable signs of

These signs appeared on almost every house on the block between Bayard and Canal streets, and for the sake of experience he turned into one of them, determined to pass the night there.

"No, I guess I'll wait awhile," said the reporter, to which the clerk responded: "All right. Let me know when you want to bunk, and I'll show you where."

"Well, if you are tired I would advise you to turn in now, when you will have the pick of the lot. By and by the 'regulars' will be coming in, and then your chances might not be so good."

"No, I guess I'll wait awhile," said the reporter, to which the clerk responded: "All right. Let me know when you want to bunk, and I'll show you where."

"Well, if you are tired I would advise you to turn in now, when you will have the pick of the lot. By and by the 'regulars' will be coming in, and then your chances might not be so good."

"No, I guess I'll wait awhile," said the reporter, to which the clerk responded: "All right. Let me know when you want to bunk, and I'll show you where."

"Well, if you are tired I would advise you to turn in now, when you will have the pick of the lot. By and by the 'regulars' will be coming in, and then your chances might not be so good."

"No, I guess I'll wait awhile," said the reporter, to which the clerk responded: "All right. Let me know when you want to bunk, and I'll show you where."

"Well, if you are tired I would advise you to turn in now, when you will have the pick of the lot. By and by the 'regulars' will be coming in, and then your chances might not be so good."

undermotive but critical audience. The players took a long time between moves, and when they did move a piece those about expressed their feelings. "That's the play," they said, "Bad, Jimmy, bad."

"Yes," returns the old man slowly and thoughtfully, "these lodging houses are great institutions. Of course they house the riff-raff of a great city like this, but they represent homes for a large proportion of men who have been shipwrecked on the sea of life. Those you see here now are really respectable men who do something for a living. They generally hire their rooms by the week, paying \$1.25 or \$1.50 a week, and they save money. They have no ties nor family in the town, and probably never will have."

"Talk about your wealthy reduces in the uptown hotels. Why, young man, there are men in these lodging houses who never speak to a respectable woman. They do not know any and have no means of becoming acquainted with women whom they might marry. They come here from the country in their youth and search for work until they are well nigh disheartened. When they finally succeed they on make a mere pitance, and so they form the lodging-house habit."

"They are the 'regulars.' Besides them there is a large contingent known as the night birds. These latter represent the respectable element of the lodging-house good society," the old man concluded rather harshly.

"Tell me more about the lodging houses," said the reporter.

"There's not much more to tell," he answered a little hotly. "Men who have committed crime hide their names and names in such places and these latter represent the respectable element of the lodging-house good society," the old man concluded rather harshly.

"No, I guess I'll wait awhile," said the reporter, to which the clerk responded: "All right. Let me know when you want to bunk, and I'll show you where."

"Well, if you are tired I would advise you to turn in now, when you will have the pick of the lot. By and by the 'regulars' will be coming in, and then your chances might not be so good."

"No, I guess I'll wait awhile," said the reporter, to which the clerk responded: "All right. Let me know when you want to bunk, and I'll show you where."

"Well, if you are tired I would advise you to turn in now, when you will have the pick of the lot. By and by the 'regulars' will be coming in, and then your chances might not be so good."

"No, I guess I'll wait awhile," said the reporter, to which the clerk responded: "All right. Let me know when you want to bunk, and I'll show you where."

"Well, if you are tired I would advise you to turn in now, when you will have the pick of the lot. By and by the 'regulars' will be coming in, and then your chances might not be so good."

"No, I guess I'll wait awhile," said the reporter, to which the clerk responded: "All right. Let me know when you want to bunk, and I'll show you where."

"Well, if you are tired I would advise you to turn in now, when you will have the pick of the lot. By and by the 'regulars' will be coming in, and then your chances might not be so good."

It was very evident that the climax lecturarius was not unknown in this house. Incessantly the reporter began to grow sleepy. The chant of "noisy" in unison so monotonously affected his nerves. How long he slept he does not know. It was only a doze, and he was roused by the shouting of his cot and falling with a crash on the floor.

As he got up he was assailed by a volley of oaths from those around him. He was roused by the shouting of his cot and falling with a crash on the floor.

Meekly he crawled on his cot again, and there was no further interruption for nearly an hour. Then three young fellows, talking and laughing boisterously, came clattering in. They were drunk. They aroused their attention and a torrent of abuse as hailed their advent the reporter never heard before and never wants to hear again.

The newcomers bore it all with equanimity until one man threatened to get up and "punch their noses, if they did not shut up, when the younger of the trio cursed him back and then he tried to remark, "If you do I'll cut your heart out," and by the dim light in the room a knife-blade was seen to flash for a moment in his hand.

"The other fellow thought he would not interfere. The reporter decided that they would go out to the office and apply for a room and bed.

"Hello," I thought it would be too high for you in there," said the clerk.

"Yes," I couldn't stand the racket. Give me a bed with a room around it, now."

"That'll be a quarter more," said the clerk.

"All right, only let me have the room."

"And you'll have to register now."

"All right, only let me have the room."

"And you'll have to register now."

"All right, only let me have the room."

"And you'll have to register now."

PANIC IN OKLAHOMA.

Kingfisher Declared in Danger of an Indian Attack.

Militia and Minute Men Organizing for the Defense.

A Constant Picket Guard Line is to Be Maintained.

(SPECIAL TO THE EVENING WORLD.)
GUTHRIE, Jan. 9.—Much excitement prevails throughout the Oklahoma country over the Indian situation regarding the seriousness of the situation have been with, but it is no longer a secret that trouble is imminent. The settlers along the reservation borders are really alarmed. Their position is most critical.

Kingfisher, at present, is in a furor. A militia company was hurriedly organized yesterday, which numbered sixty-five men. A company of minute-men has also been formed of 115 members, who may be called out upon a moment's notice.

Sixty-five guns were reported at the organization meeting of the minute-men, and the remainder are to be supplied.

Should trouble be foreseen a call in the center of the city will be rung one minute, at which signal the United States Land Office is to be the point of meeting for militia and minute-men.

With a week's time, at the most, Kingfisher and other border towns will be under constant picket guard.

Cherokee and Arapahoe Indians went into Kingfisher yesterday and purchased every cartridge that could be had, one Indian buying fifteen boxes.

Judge Henry, of the Supreme Bench, advises the inland towns at once to organize companies to lend aid, if necessary, to the settlers along the borders.

Capt. Cavanaugh, commanding troops at this point, is holding himself in readiness.

SALT LAKE CITY, Jan. 8.—Two hundred men and one hundred rounds of ammunition have been sent up the railroad for the protection of employees and settlers along the line from the Indians who have left Fort Hall reservation, in Idaho.

CHICAGO, Jan. 9.—A Sioux City dispatch gives the report of W. H. Anderson, of Chamberlain, S. Dak., who has been to the Indian lands and talked with many of the hostile Indians.

He was until a year ago Indian Agent at the Crow Creek and Lower Brule stations, and has the confidence of the red men.

He says that the violation of the Sioux treaty of 1855 is the real cause of the trouble. He is personally that in many cases Indians did lack food and did not receive the rations to which they were entitled.

READY TO FIGHT SULLIVAN.

Fugilist Joe McAniff Arrives in New York on the Britannic.

Prepared for a Match With Any Man, the Big Fellow Preferred.

One of the first men to walk down the gangplank of the White Star liner Britannic when she arrived from Queenstown at her pier, foot of Christopher street, this morning, was Fugilist Joe McAniff. He was accompanied by his manager, Billy Madden, and carried in one hand three back-thorn sticks and in the other a put of sawnrook, which he guarded with the greatest care.

"Back from a seven-months' sentence, you might almost say," said he to an Evening World reporter who was the only one on the wharf to greet the defeated fighter. Not one of the short-haired fraternity was there to welcome him.

"I have been gone seven months, and never was so glad to return to a place in my life as I am to the United States, although they treated me exceedingly well over there. I dare say that no pugilist ever received more kindly than I was in England and Ireland."

McAniff went to Europe to fight Frank P. Slavin, the Australian heavy-weight champion, at the Pelican Club in London, for \$5,000 a side. He was in prime condition and confident of victory when he entered the ring, but threw up the sponge in the second round, in which the Australian gave him a knockout blow.

The betting was heavy. The "Frisco Knout" had many backers, especially among Pacific coast men, who had great confidence in their idol despite his prior defeat by Peter Jackson, the colored fighter from Australia.

The friends on this side claimed that the Californian had not received fair treatment, and many plainly intimated that he had been "jobbed." When the reporter related this to him, McAniff replied:

"It is not true. It was a fair and square fight, and I was fairly and squarely knocked out."

"To what do you attribute your defeat, then?"

"I know that every vanquished fighter has an excuse to make, but I have none," was the reply.

"Then you admit that Slavin is a better man than you are?"

"No, he does not." It was Billy Madden who spoke this time. "I know, and Joe knows why he was knocked out, but we do not care to enter into details about it. We would like to see you fight him, but we do not want to see anything about it."

McAniff admitted that Slavin is a better man, and for that matter, anybody else, I deny that. I am ready to fight any man, barring that I do not receive fair treatment, and I want to see a match."

After consulting the referee, McAniff made the following statement: "I do not care to see anything about it."

A NEW YEAR'S RESOLUTION.

No. 11.



BASEBALL MAGNATE—I resolve not to start more than two leagues this year.

EVERYBODY BUYING STOCKS.

Wall Street Does Big Business To-Day at Advancing Prices.

The greatest advance this morning was in Sugar Trust certificates, which sold as high as 6 1/2% against 6 1/4% last night. Rock Island moved up 1/4 to 7 1/4; Northern Pacific common 1/4 to 35 1/4; St. Paul 1/4 to 35 1/4; Lackawanna 1/4 to 18 1/4, and Wheeling & Lake Erie 1/4 to 7 1/4.

The dealings were unusually large, aggregating 140,000 shares up to noon.

Money continues at 5 1/4 to 5 1/2 per cent, and the indices the commission houses to advocate purchases of stocks by customers who trade on margin.

Another half a million Clearing House certificates were cancelled to-day, leaving only \$8,458,000 outstanding.

THE QUOTATIONS.

Table with columns: American Cotton Oil, Chicago & North-West, etc. Includes various stock prices and market indicators.

\$35,000,000 TRUST COLLAPSES.

The Big Harvester Syndicate Formed in November Last.

(SPECIAL TO THE EVENING WORLD.)
BOSTON, Jan. 9.—The American Harvester Company, a syndicate organized in November last, with a paid-up capital of \$35,000,000, has been declared bankrupt.

BRACCO HELD WITHOUT BAIL.

The Condition of Matragelo, His Victim, is Dangerous.

Louis Matragelo, who was so terribly burned by vitriol thrown in his face yesterday morning, is in a very bad way. His condition is dangerous.

HIS SHOT WAS FATAL.

Daniel V. Argamban, the State Street Fruit Importer, a Suicide.

Daniel V. Argamban, of the firm of Argamban & Wallis, the well-known fruit importers, of 21 State street, met death by his own hand this morning, at his home, 85 Second place, Brooklyn.

He shot himself in the left temple with a brand-new .35-caliber revolver. The shooting occurred at 8:30 o'clock and Mr. Argamban died at 10.

Business troubles and family illness were supposed to have been the cause.

Mr. Argamban had two brothers, all of whom are in the same business. For a long time he has been under the care of Dr. John G. Johnson, who has been treating him for nervous troubles.

Dr. Johnson said this morning that during the annual visit in the month of November Mr. Argamban began to show signs of insanity. He imagined that he had lost \$10,000 and was greatly worried.

He continued to talk of his troubles, and recently Dr. Johnson had his brother go over his books to ascertain his financial condition. The result was most satisfactory.

Mr. Argamban awoke at 8:15 this morning and requested his wife to get him a cup of coffee.

Mr. Argamban went downstairs to prepare the coffee, assisted by her daughter.

About a minute later that were started by the report of a pistol shot which sounded from the second floor.

One of Mr. Argamban's sons ran upstairs to find out what was the matter. Upon opening the door, he found his father lying upon the floor in a pool of blood.

Dr. Johnson, who was in his forenoon, with the blood coming from it.

A brand-new revolver was obtained in his hand.

He was placed upon the bed, and ex-Judge James Tracy, a lifelong friend and adviser, was called to attend to the case.

THOSE EXCITING YARNS

IN THE WAR STORY COMPETITION

ARE FASCINATING EVERYBODY.

SEE THE MORNING WORLD (METROPOLIS EDITION).

HIS SHOT WAS FATAL.

Daniel V. Argamban, the State Street Fruit Importer, a Suicide.

Daniel V. Argamban, of the firm of Argamban & Wallis, the well-known fruit importers, of 21 State street, met death by his own hand this morning, at his home, 85 Second place, Brooklyn.

He shot himself in the left temple with a brand-new .35-caliber revolver. The shooting occurred at 8:30 o'clock and Mr. Argamban died at 10.

Business troubles and family illness were supposed to have been the cause.

Mr. Argamban had two brothers, all of whom are in the same business. For a long time he has been under the care of Dr. John G. Johnson, who has been treating him for nervous troubles.

Dr. Johnson said this morning that during the annual visit in the month of November Mr. Argamban began to show signs of insanity. He imagined that he had lost \$10,000 and was greatly worried.

He continued to talk of his troubles, and recently Dr. Johnson had his brother go over his books to ascertain his financial condition. The result was most satisfactory.

Mr. Argamban awoke at 8:15 this morning and requested his wife to get him a cup of coffee.

Mr. Argamban went downstairs to prepare the coffee, assisted by her daughter.

About a minute later that were started by the report of a pistol shot which sounded from the second floor.

One of Mr. Argamban's sons ran upstairs to find out what was the matter. Upon opening the door, he found his father lying upon the floor in a pool of blood.

Dr. Johnson, who was in his forenoon, with the blood coming from it.



"I WANT A BED."

These signs appeared on almost every house on the block between Bayard and Canal streets, and for the sake of experience he turned into one of them, determined to pass the night there.

"No, I guess I'll wait awhile," said the reporter, to which the clerk responded: "All right. Let me know when you want to bunk, and I'll show you where."

"Well, if you are tired I would advise you to turn in now, when you will have the pick of the lot. By and by the 'regulars' will be coming in, and then your chances might not be so good."

"No, I guess I'll wait awhile," said the reporter, to which the clerk responded: "All right. Let me know when you want to bunk, and I'll show you where."

"Well, if you are tired I would advise you to turn in now, when you will have the pick of the lot. By and by the 'regulars' will be coming in, and then your chances might not be so good."

"No, I guess I'll wait awhile," said the reporter, to which the clerk responded: "All right. Let me know when you want to bunk, and I'll show you where."

"Well, if you are tired I would advise you to turn in now, when you will have the pick of the lot. By and by the 'regulars' will be coming in, and then your chances might not be so good."

"No, I guess I'll wait awhile," said the reporter, to which the clerk responded: "All right. Let me know when you want to bunk, and I'll show you where."

"Well, if you are tired I would advise you to turn in now, when you will have the pick of the lot. By and by the 'regulars' will be coming in, and then your chances might not be so good."

These signs appeared on almost every house on the block between Bayard and Canal streets, and for the sake of experience he turned into one of them, determined to pass the night there.

"No, I guess I'll wait awhile," said the reporter, to which the clerk responded: "All right. Let me know when you want to bunk, and I'll show you where."

"Well, if you are tired I would advise you to turn in now, when you will have the pick of the lot. By and by the 'regulars' will be coming in, and then your chances might not be so good."

"No, I guess I'll wait awhile," said the reporter, to which the clerk responded: "All right. Let me know when you want to bunk, and I'll show you where."

"Well, if you are tired I would advise you to turn in now, when you will have the pick of the lot. By and by the 'regulars' will be coming in, and then your chances might not be so good."

"No, I guess I'll wait awhile," said the reporter, to which the clerk responded: "All right. Let me know when you want to bunk, and I'll show you where."

"Well, if you are tired I would advise you to turn in now, when you will have the pick of the lot. By and by the 'regulars' will be coming in, and then your chances might not be so good."

"No, I guess I'll wait awhile," said the reporter, to which the clerk responded: "All right. Let me know when you want to bunk, and I'll show you where."

"Well, if you are tired I would advise you to turn in now, when you will have the pick of the lot. By and by the 'regulars' will be coming in, and then your chances might not be so good."

"No, I guess I'll wait awhile," said the reporter, to which the clerk responded: "All right. Let me know when you want to bunk, and I'll show you where."



These signs appeared on almost every house on the block between Bayard and Canal streets, and for the sake of experience he turned into one of them, determined to pass the night there.

"No, I guess I'll wait awhile," said the reporter, to which the clerk responded: "All right. Let me know when you want to bunk, and I'll show you where."

"Well, if you are tired I would advise you to turn in now, when you will have the pick of the lot. By and by the 'regulars' will be coming in, and then your chances might not be so good."

"No, I guess I'll wait awhile," said the reporter, to which the clerk responded: "All right. Let me know when you want to bunk, and I'll show you where."

"Well, if you are tired I would advise you to turn in now, when you will have the pick of the lot. By and by the 'regulars' will be coming in, and then your chances might not be so good."

"No, I guess I'll wait awhile," said the reporter, to which the clerk responded: "All right. Let me know when you want to bunk, and I'll show you where."

"Well, if you are tired I would advise you to turn in now, when you will have the pick of the lot. By and by the 'regulars' will be coming in, and then your chances might not be so good."

"No, I guess I'll wait awhile," said the reporter, to which the clerk responded: "All right. Let me know when you want to bunk, and I'll show you where."

"Well, if you are tired I would advise you to turn in now, when you will have the pick of the lot. By and by the 'regulars' will be coming in, and then your chances might not be so good."

These signs appeared on almost every house on the block between Bayard and Canal streets, and for the sake of experience he turned into one of them, determined to pass the night there.

"No, I guess I'll wait awhile," said the reporter, to which the clerk responded: "All right. Let me know when you want to bunk, and I'll show you where."

"Well, if you are tired I would advise you to turn in now, when you will have the pick of the lot. By and by the 'regulars' will be coming in, and then your chances might not be so good."

"No, I guess I'll wait awhile," said the reporter, to which the clerk responded: "All right. Let me know when you want to bunk, and I'll show you where."

"Well, if you are tired I would advise you to turn in now, when you will have the pick of the lot. By and by the 'regulars' will be coming in, and then your chances might not be so good."

"No, I guess I'll wait awhile," said the reporter, to which the clerk responded: "All right. Let me know when you want to bunk, and I'll show you where."

"Well, if you are tired I would advise you to turn in now, when you will have the pick of the lot. By and by the 'regulars' will be coming in, and then your chances might not be so good."

"No, I guess I'll wait awhile," said the reporter, to which the clerk responded: "All right. Let me know when you want to bunk, and I'll show you where."

"Well, if you are tired I would advise you to turn in now, when you will have the pick of the lot. By and by the 'regulars' will be coming in, and then your chances might not be so good."

"No, I guess I'll wait awhile," said the reporter, to which the clerk responded: "All right. Let me know when you want to bunk, and I'll show you where."

These signs appeared on almost every house on the block between Bayard and Canal streets, and for the sake of experience he turned into one of them, determined to pass the night there.

"No, I guess I'll wait awhile," said the reporter, to which the clerk responded: "All right. Let me know when you want to bunk, and I'll show you where."

"Well, if you are tired I would advise you to turn in now, when you will have the pick of the lot. By and by the 'regulars' will be coming in, and then your chances might not be so good."

"No, I guess I'll wait awhile," said the reporter, to which the clerk responded: "All right. Let me know when you want to bunk, and I'll show you where."

"Well, if you are tired I would advise you to turn in now, when you will have the pick of the lot. By and by the 'regulars' will be coming in, and then your chances might not be so good."

"No, I guess I'll wait awhile," said the reporter, to which the clerk responded: "All right. Let me know when you want to bunk, and I'll show you where."

"Well, if you are tired I would advise you to turn in now, when you will have the pick of the lot. By and by the 'regulars' will be coming in, and then your chances might not be so good."

"No, I guess I'll wait awhile," said the reporter, to which the clerk responded: "All right. Let me know when you want to bunk, and I'll show you where."

"Well, if you are tired I would advise you to turn in now, when you will have the pick of the lot. By and by the 'regulars' will be coming in, and then your chances might not be so good."

"No, I guess I'll wait awhile," said the reporter, to which the clerk responded: "All right. Let me know when you want to bunk, and I'll show you where."

These signs appeared on almost every house on the block between Bayard and Canal streets, and for the sake of experience he turned into one of them, determined to pass the night there.

"No, I guess I'll wait awhile," said the reporter, to which the clerk responded: "All right. Let me know when you want to bunk, and I'll show you where."

"Well, if you are tired I would advise you