# LOST LIGHTS OF THE TENDERLOIN.

## *Men Who Made Profit from Its Glitter Now Find No Profit There.*

### I.—"ED" COREY.

THE Tenderloin isn't what it used to be. Students of night life knew this, and one who reopens the book after it has gathered the dust of a dozen years is startled by the change in the text.

A dozen years ago the Haymarket was a centre of rude gayety. Then it was unique. Now it is dull. It isn't that the student has lost his zest, his interest, that for him the unconventional no longer has charms. The Haymarket is transformed.

Ed Corey stood for the transformation; he did not effect it save as he obeyed the mandates of the police. He is a shrewd man—Corey. He is so shrewd that, recognizing the continuance of transformation, he has announced his retirement.

"Corey has quit," the remnant of the Tenderloin says.

He chewed gum nervously and looked over the decorated hall, his eyes followed the waiters to the tables where too elaborately dressed women chatted with too young escorts, his eyes fixed for an instant upon the master of ceremonies marshalling the dancers, he glanced sharply, suspiciously, at the writer and artist, and answered a question. To the crowd he was a spectator, yet one had only to watch him to learn that every string in the place ran through his hands. A plain-clothes man entered, and the Corey eyes fixed upon and followed him. The Corey hands dropped none of the strings, but took up a new one—he met the plain-clothes man half way.

The orchestra played solemnly the gayest of waltzes. The master of ceremonies drew out the dancers to the polished floor. The too-young escorts left their hats and coats in the keeping of friends who preferred to sit at the little round tables at the sides and back of the hall to drink and gaze. From the horseshoe of boxes bored men and women gazed at the decorous dance, drinking solemnly. The dancing women, resting lightly on their partner's arms, swung smoothly about the hall, holding their skirts so modestly that only their fitting boots were visible. There was no abandon, not even the freedom of movement one sees at dances patronized by the unimpeachably respectable, not a touch of hilarity.

Transformed?—the Haymarket has vanished! It is a resort of the dully vicious, the man and woman who long for a bit of color in their lives, who have not the grace to know clean gayety nor the wit to find it. It is a resort of the young. Only the waiters and musicians are old.

Corey is not old—thirty-eight. He is a compactly built little man. His face is smooth and full of hard lines. His eyes are light, maybe blue; he does not look his questioner in the eyes save at rare intervals—when he needs to test a remark by a glance at the face.

"Things have changed," he admits regretfully. He views the change as one having a bank-account he fain would swell. "Why wouldn't they change with the newspapers always hounding me? I'm going to get out. I'm done here." An almost imperceptible sign directs a waiter to a table where two youths have joined two women. "Why are they always after me?" he inquires, or better, he demands. Corey is as aggressive as a trained pugilist, with the same brand of occasional conciliation in his manner.

"I run this place straight. Do you see anything that ain't all right? When I took this place it was a barn, nothing but a dance floor and a bar." Now there is much paint, many fittings, and the bar is hidden.

"Do you drink?" he was asked.

"Not a drop. Nothing in it."

"Would you employ a man who drinks?"

"No." He says it explosively, and the straight, suspicious glance fixes on the questioner's eyes.

"Do you think such places as the Haymarket are needed in New York?"

"Now, my young friend"—it is the conciliation, the patronage of the pugilist—"if it wasn't needed it wouldn't be here. I'm not talking though. I've got no views. I'm a business man."

Corey sells drinks; he runs a dance-hall; it is a business proposition. There is his point of view. A bar with a dance-hall annex is no longer profitable. So Corey will quit.

In the meantime his hands hold the strings that move the orchestra, the master of ceremonies, the waiters, the busy bar.

Strange, is it not, that the waiters bear "soft" drinks to the larger number of their patrons, and their harder burden is beer. The too-youthful youths guard their small store of wealth jealously. They cannot efford much riot.

At one table sits a young man; let us be liberal and say he is eighteen. He has told a humorous experience to the young woman who sits beside him. She strikes him repeatedly with playful energy. She is laughing boisterously. The Corey eyes fix on hers and she becomes gentle, her laugh is a conventional gurgle. The waiter deposits two beers on the little round table, and the young man digs laboriously for the nickels he made sure he had before the drink was ordered.

A bottle of champagne is brought to an adjoining table. The young woman and the ever-so-young man gaze at the bottle and the foaming, gleaming glasses and the drinkers, too fascinated to remember their own deadening beer. Other eyes are on the champagne and its drinkers, the eyes of restless, unescorted women, the calculating eyes of women no longer young, and men whose professions bring them under police inspection frequently; envious eyes, wherein thirst is pictured. In this world, in this Haymarket, champagne is the water of life, it holds and gives joy, it is more to be desired than the consciousness of respectability—than riches, save for the fact that riches must be in the hand ere champagne may reach the mouth.

The Corey eyes do not fix upon the "wine party," but a string has been pulled, and a waiter is detached to serve the little round table where the champagne buzzes continuously in the succession of glasses.

And ever the orchestra is playing solemnly the gayest of dance tunes. Nimble-footed youths seek partners among the women who seem to be alone. They prosper in their quest or find that the apparently lonely one is not the partner of chance-comers.

"I don't dance with strangers," responds a tall, too splendidly gowned young woman. The over-hang of her great plumed hat is agitated like the wing of a huge bird in flight. She is indignant. The youth's bland smile of invitation vanishes. The waiters smile cynically. Corey's mouth muscles twitch into the frame of a smile. The young woman greets some friends and they beg her to sit with them. Their beer vanishes, and a long bottle with a white label comes from the bar to draw the eyes of the company about that table. Corey's mouth muscles twitch again. He does not smile nor comment.

Corey says he has quit. Wine parties are too infrequent, and "they're always hounding me."

# THE ODD EMPLOYMENTS OF SOME GOTHAM GIRLS.

THE luxury-loving rich of New York, whose whims and fancies keep about them a coterie of servants of various grades of importance, are subject to frequent censure for their inaptitude and disinclination to look after the apparently trivial details of their home life. This very indisposition on the part of the wealthy, however, has given employment to scores of women who cater to their caprices, and within the last few years many odd employments of women have developed into recognized business.

The women whose livelihood depends upon their rich patrons are of a necessity refined and of pleasing appearance, for in many instances it is necessary for them to pass themselves off as members of the social set in which they are employed. One brilliant girl who has been graced with an attractive personality, ready wit and good education is paid to attend dinners (ostensibly as a guest) in order to keep table-talk going. If conversation lags she is ready with a clever story. The oppressing and ponderous silences which fall upon dinner parties are obviated through her brilliant conversation. The money which this young women earns is sufficient to keep her in very comfortable circumstances, for her prices are in keeping with the pocketbooks of her patrons. Of course her list of patrons is limited, as a secret held by too many is no secret at all.

Another who finds an ample income through attending on the whims of the rich is the exerciser and caretaker of pet dogs, cats and birds. She is well informed on domestic animal life, and she calls daily at the homes of her charges to look after their welfare. Each day the pets are exercised, bathed or cared for, fed systematically and examined as to their general health. The entire responsibility of the welfare is in this way placed upon the caretaker and she is regarded as an important personage on account of the value which the mistress places on her pets.

A third young woman, with an artistic eye, plans decorations and menus for dinners or color schemes for luncheons. It is her duty to see to the execution of every detail which makes a dinner or luncheon successful from the artistic standpoint, and her last look at the table before the guests arrive is the signal that all is well. The girl who can paint and draw fancy cards or menus when she once has access to a wealthy circle of patrons has a yearly income which makes her independent.

The addressing of invitations is another means of livelihood which has become a recognized profession among society women. One woman in particular is in great demand by her wealthy patrons, and it is considered strictly in good form to have her handwriting on all invitations. This makes her prices high, but she always has more work than she can attend to. She also looks after the correspondence of wealthy patrons and devotes an hour or two every day to a favored few.

Children on Fifth avenue make their demands upon the ingenious young woman, and the girl who is an entertainer at children's parties is in great demand. Before the festive occasion the entertainer has a plan of games and amusements arranged, and in spite of the cry of race suicide among the smart set she never complains of lack of employment.

The chaperon for young girls at theatre parties or the opera is a woman whose occupation gives her pleasure as well as remuneration. She looks after all of the arrangements and sees that each girl is conducted to her home. She is supposed to be informed as to the play, and in turn imparts her information to her charges.

The woman who gives lectures to private classes on the chafing dish is an important factor in the life of smart patrons whose knowledge of culinary art has been sadly neglected. Occasionally several women will meet at a friend's house, but as a general rule instruction is given to the mistress or daughter at home in private.

Then there is the woman who trims hats in a Parisian style. Many wealthy women fancy they like to economize, and the services of the private milliner are called in. The great stock of laces and trimmings which every wealthy woman has packed away is overhauled, and as a result Parisian concoctions which defy the inspection of the most scrutinizing are turned out.

Altogether, New York's "smart set" offers a wide and remunerative field of employment for the young woman with more ideas than wealth.

# *She Combines the Elements of a Poet's Dream of Beauty.*

Perhaps it is not well for one woman to combine all the beauties which the poets since the days of Solomon have sung. The accompanying picture shows that such elements can be combined; but some women might not care to look just like that. Some might even go so far as to say that the possessor of that lovely face would make more of a hit in a side show than on Fifth avenue.

Yet, pick the face to pieces, and you will find every beauty that the poets rave over. There, for instance, is the raven hair (made of real ravens), the alabaster brow, the arched eyebrows, with a correct keystone to each arch.

Then, too, "her lovely eyes are (literally) twin stars; her lips are cherries; her cheeks are roses (stems, leaves and all)."

She has real "sea-shell ears" and "her throat is like the swan"—like the late A. Laurie's. It is even more swanlike than Miss Laurie's, for it has feathers and is shaped like that graceful bird's.

Although only the head and neck are seen, it is safe to say she also has a "willowy" figure—leaves, bark and all.

Altogether, "poetical license" grants far more freedom than does a dog license.

# *For Housework or Art.*

Apron, No. 4,324, is shown in white lawn and is simply stitched, but it can also be made from any suitable washable fabric. If desired it can be made more elaborate by the use of embroidered bands in place of the stitched ones. The apron consists of the front and backs, which are attached to the bands that give a yoke effect and form straps over the shoulders. It can be slipped on with great readiness and ease and is amply protective. It is of great use in housework or for artists.

The quantity of material required for the medium size is 3 1-4 yards 36 inches wide.

The pattern 4,324 is cut in three sizes, small, medium and large. It will be mailed for 10 cents.

If in a hurry for your patterns send an extra two-cent stamp for each pattern and they will be promptly mailed by letter post in sealed envelope.

Send money to "Cashier, The World, Pulitzer Building, New York City."

# NEW YORK PLAYS IN A NUTSHELL.

## *V.—"RUNNING FOR OFFICE."*

MANY people have not the time to attend all the plays that come to New York, but at the same time like to know what such plays are about. For the benefit of such readers The Evening World publishes the salient features of a few of these plays "in a nutshell." To-day's play is:

**Name—"Running for Office."**
**Author—George Cohan.**
**Theatre—Fourteenth Street.**
**Style of Play—Musical comedy.**
**Place of Action—Tigerville, Vt.**
**Time—Present.**

Plot—John Tiger, candidate for Mayor on the Prohibition ticket, has just married a New York widow. The wife has a son and the husband a daughter, but maintain secrecy concerning the children. The young couple attend college in the same town and become engaged. The return home of the son and daughter, where one is mistaken for the new cook, the other for the new coachman, by their respective step-parents, the humorous complications and situations form the framework for a fund of comedy. Numerous specialties are introduced.

Principal Characters—John Tiger (J. J. Cohan), Mrs. Tiger (Helen Cohan), Madeline (Josephine Cohan), Gussie (George Cohan).

Most Humorous Situations—Finale of last act, when the complicated family relations are being divulged in a rapid-fire of entangling accusations.

Best Specialty—"I Want to Go to Paree, Papa," Josephine Cohan.

Funniest Song—"If I Were Only Mr. Morgan," George Cohan.

Bright Lines—"Zat man does not know much." "No, he is a policeman."

"Gussie, why don't you talk to me? You're the stillest man I ever saw. When I'm with you I'm lonesome. Anybody to hear you keeping still would think you were saving up your talk to bank it. It has no value; chuck it away. If speech was worth what you thing it is, all the women in the country would be bankrupt to-day."

"Oh, that devilish coachman! He steals the Mayor's wife and he steals the Mayor's daughter. He is a horse-thief. I will have his life."

"Laugh, and the world laughs with you. Weep, and the laugh's on you."

"I thought she was, but discovered she wasn't what I thought she was."

"Jones is a very good neighbor."

"Yes, a splendid neighbor. A good citizen, too. I bought his vote this morning for a dollar and a quarter."

"Well, you know your business best."

"Yes, and everybody else's."

"I paid $10,000 to be Mayor of this town, and I know in ten weeks I will have it all back again and ten times as much."

# *Stories from Famous Books.*

(In "Nicholas Nickleby" Charles Dickens included a number of short stories which have not the fame they might attain separated from that narrative. The following is one of a series told by the passengers in a stage coach to relieve the tedium of a long journey.)

## *THE BARON OF GROGZWIG.*

"THE Baron Von Koeldwethout, of Grogzwig, in Germany, was as likely a young baron as you would wish to see.

"Life was merry for the Baron of Grogzwig, and merrier still for the baron's retainers, who drank Rhine wine every night till they fell under the table, and then had the bottles on the floor. Never were such jolly, roystering, rollicking, merry-making blades as the jovial crew of Grogzwig.

"One night, after a day's sport in which he had outdone Nimrod, the Baron Von Koeldwethout sat moodily at the head of his table, eying the smoky roof of the hall with a discontented aspect.

"'I will!' cried the baron, suddenly smiting the table with his right hand, and twirling his mustache with his left. 'Fill to the Lady of Grogzwig!'

"'To the Lady of Grogzwig!' shouted the Lincoln greens (his followers).

"'The fair daughter of the Baron Von Swillenhausen,' said Koeldwethout, condescending to explain. 'We will demand her in marriage of her father ere the sun goes down to-morrow. If he refuse our suit we will cut off his nose.'

"A week later the marriage took place.

"For six mortal weeks the bears and boars had a holiday. The houses of Koeldwethout and Swillenhausen were united; the spears rusted, and the baron's bugle grew hoarse for lack of blowing.

"The Baroness Von Koeldwethout somehow or other acquired great control over the Baron Von Koeldwethout, and, little by little, and bit by bit, and day by day, and year by year, the baron got the worst of some disputed question, or was slyly unhorsed from some old hobby; and so by the time he was a fat hearty fellow of forty-eight or thereabouts, he had no feasting, no revelry, no hunting train, and no hunting—nothing in short that he liked, or used to have; and, although he was as fierce as a lion and as bold as brass, he was decidedly snubbed and put down by his own lady in his own castle of Grogzwig.

"Nor was this the whole extent of the baron's misfortunes. About a year after his nuptials there came into the world a lusty young baron, in whose honor a great many fireworks were let off and a great many dozen of wine drunk; but next year there came a young baroness, and next year another young baron, and so on, every year, either a baron or baroness (and one year both together), until the baron found himself the father of a small family of twelve.

"The poor baron bore it all as long as he could, and when he could bear it no longer lost his appetite and his spirits, and sat himself gloomily and dejectedly down. But there were worse troubles yet in store for him, and as they came on his melancholy and sadness increased. Times changed. He got into debt. The Grogzwig coffers ran low, though the Swillenhausen family had looked upon them as inexhaustible; and just when the baroness was on the point of making a thirteenth addition to the family pedigree Von Koeldwethout discovered that he had no means of replenishing them.

"'I don't see what is to be done,' said the baron. 'I think I'll kill myself.'

"This was a bright idea. The baron took an old hunting-knife from a cupboard hard by, and, having sharpened it on his boot, made what boys call 'an offer' at his throat.

"'I'll smoke a last pipe,' said the baron, 'and then I'll be off.' So, putting the knife upon the table till he wanted it, and tossing off a goodly measure of wine, the Lord of Grogzwig threw himself back in his chair, stretched his legs out before the fire and puffed away.

"He thought about a great many things—about his present troubles and past days of bachelorship, and about the Lincoln greens, long since dispersed up and down the country, no one knew whither, with the exception of two who had been unfortunately beheaded and four who had killed themselves with drinking. His mind was running upon bears and boas, when, in the process of draining his glass to the bottom, he raised his eyes and saw for the first time, and with unbounded astonishment, that he was not alone.

"No, he was not; for, on the opposite side of the fire, there sat with folded arms a wrinkled, hideous figure, with deeply sunk and bloodshot eyes, and an immensely long cadaverous face, shadowed by jagged and matted locks of coarse black hair.

"'What are you?' says the baron.

"'A genius,' replied the figure.

"'You don't look much like one,' returned the baron scornfully.

"'I am the Genius of Despair and Suicide,' said the apparition. 'Now you know me.'

"'Now,' said the figure, glancing at the hunting-knife, 'are you ready for me?'

"'Not quite,' rejoined the baron. 'I must finish this pipe first.'

"'Look sharp, then,' said the figure.

"'You seem in a hurry,' said the baron.

"'Why, yes, I am,' answered the figure; 'they're doing a pretty brisk business in my way over in England and France just now, and my time is a good deal taken up.'

"'Do you drink?' said the baron, touching the bottle with the bowl of his pipe.

"'Nine times out of ten, and then very hard,' rejoined the figure, dryly.

"'Never in moderation?' asked the baron.

"'Never,' replied the figure, with a shudder; 'that breeds cheerfulness.'

"Whether the genius unintentionally committed himself in saying this, or whether he thought the baron's mind was so thoroughly made up that it didn't matter what he said, I have no means of knowing. I only know that the baron stopped his hand all of a sudden, opened his eyes wide, and looked as if quite a new light had come upon him for the first time.

"'Why, certainly,' said Von Koeldwethout, 'nothing is too bad to be retrieved.'

"'Except empty coffers,' cried the genius.

"'Well; but they may be one day filled again,' said the baron.

"'Scolding wives,' snarled the genius.

"'Oh! They may be made quiet,' said the baron.

"'Thirteen children,' shouted the genius.

"'Can't all go wrong, surely,' said the baron.

"'Despatch!' cried the figure, gnashing its teeth.

"'Keep off!' said the baron, 'I'll brood over miseries no longer, but put a good face on the matter, and try the fresh air and the bears again; and if that don't do, I'll talk to the baroness soundly, and cut the Von Swillenhausens dead!' With this the baron fell into his chair and laughed so loud and boisterously that the room rang with it.

"The figure fell back a pace or two, regarding the baron meanwhile with a look of intense terror, and when he had ceased caught up the stake which served it as a walking-stick, plunged it violently into its body, uttered a frightful howl, and disappeared.

"Von Koeldwethout never saw it again. Having once made up his mind to action, he soon brought the baroness and the Von Swillenhausens to reason, and died many years afterward, not a rich man that I'm aware of, but certainly a happy one; leaving behind him a numerous family, who had been carefully educated in bear and boar hunting under his own personal eye. And my advice to men is, that if ever they become hipped and melancholy from similar causes (as very many men do), they look at both sides of the question, applying a magnifying glass to the best one; and, if they still feel tempted to retire without leave, that they smoke a large pipe and drink a full bottle first, and profit by the laudable example of the Baron of Grogzwig."

BLEMISHES

*Moles, Warts, Freckles, Blotches, Liver Spots, Red Nose, Red Veins, Superfluous Hair and all Disfiguring, Unsightly, Humiliating Blemishes that cloud the complexion safely and permanently removed.*

My scientific treatments never fail. Thirty years' practical experience. Call or write personally to JOHN H. WOODBURY D. I., 22 West 23d Street, N. Y.

THE OLD RELIABLE
ROYAL BAKING POWDER
Absolutely Pure
THERE IS NO SUBSTITUTE

Removal Sale.
Closing Out Entire Stock of
FURNITURE, CARPETS, RUGS, MATTINGS and OILCLOTHS
AT BIG REDUCTIONS
Before Moving to New Store,
861 and 863 8th Ave., Bet. 51st and 52d Sts.
JOHN EARLY,
461 and 463 8th Ave., Cor. 33d St.
SPLENDID OPPORTUNITY, DON'T MISS IT.

Amusements.

Wallack's. Evgs., 8.15. Mats. Wed. & Sat., 2.15. 5th Month. Henry W. Savage Presents Geo. Ade's Hit, SULTAN OF SULU. MATINEES TO-DAY & Friday, May 1. | EDMUND RUSSELL in HAMLET.

AMERICAN 42d St. and 8th Ave. BARBARA FRIETCHIE. | NEXT WEEK RESURRECTION.

VICTORIA B'way, 42d St. Evgs., 8.15. Mats. Wed. & Sat. LAST 5 NIGHTS. BLANCHE WALSH in RESURRECTION. Nxt. W'k, Warfield, "The Auctioneer." Seats selling.

CIRCLE 60th & Broadway. 2.15—Daily—8.15. McINTYRE & HEATH—NAT M. WILLS & OTHER ALL-STAR VAUDEVILLE ACTS.

Amusements.

14TH ST. THEATRE, Near 6th Ave. Nights, 8.15. Matinees, Wednesday & Saturday. FRED NIBLO POLITELY PROFFERS THE 4 COHANS and their company in their newest play by Geo. M. Cohan, RUNNING FOR OFFICE "THE 4 COHANS' BIGGEST HIT."

MAJESTIC GRAND CIRCLE. B'way & 59th st. Evgs., 8. Mats. Wed. & Sat., 2. WIZARD OF OZ with Montgomery & Stone. Evgs. & Sat. Mats. Best Seats 1.50

BELASCO THEATRE Mat. Sat. To-night, 152d Time. DAVID BELASCO presents BLANCHE BATES in "THE DARLING OF THE GODS."

PRINCESS. B'way & 29th. Mats. Thurs. & Sat. Evgs. There & Back. "Keeps audience laughing at 9. Evans & Hopper. all evening."—Herald. 8.20—"The Man Who Stole the Castle."

HERALD SQ. Ev. 8.10. Mts. to-m'w & Sat. 2.10. GRACE GEORGE in PRETTY PEGGY

NEW STAR Lex. Ave. & 107th St. Mat. Wed., 25c. TRACY THE OUTLAW

BIJOU. MARIE CAHILL, B'way, 30th st. "NANCY BROWN."

HARLEM OPERA-HOUSE. Eves., 8.15. Mat. Saturday, 2.15. AMELIA BINGHAM. "THE FRISKY MRS. JOHNSON."

WEST END—SHORE ACRES.

3RD AVE. Mat. Thurs. | IN THE SHADOW OF NIGHT

Amusements

THIS WEEK ONLY.
THE GREAT
MILITARY TOURNAMENT.
MADISON SQUARE GARDEN.
MANAGEMENT MILITARY ATHLETIC LEAGUE.
TO-NIGHT—Review by Gen. FRANCIS V. GREENE of U. S. Troops, Sailors and Marine Corps, 3d Regiment, Duke of Cornwall's Own Rifles, Canadian Militia; National Guard of N. Y. and N. J. Signal Corps, 1st and 2d Batteries, and Naval Battalions.
Drill by 43d Reg., Duke of Cornwall's Own Rifles, Canadian Militia; Musical Ride and Rough Riding by 2d U. S. Cavalry, Drill by U. S. Marine Corps, Drill by 9th U. S. Infantry, Artillery Drill by 27th Light Battery, U. S. A.; Bridge Building by 3d Engineers, U. S. A.; Exhibition Drill by 1st Signal Corps, N. G. N. Y.; Drill by Torpedo Detachment 13th Regt. H. A., N. G. N. Y.
NEW PROGRAMME EVERY NIGHT.
Athletic Events Begin 7.30 o'clock, followed by Review and Military Programme.
ADM., 50 CENTS. Reserved Seats, $1.00, $1.50. Matinees To-Morrow and Saturday at 2. P. M.

EMPIRE THEATRE, Broadway and 40th st. Last 5 Evgs., 8.20. Matinees Wed. & Sat., 2.15. JOHN DREW | THE MUMMY AND THE HUMMING BIRD.

GARRICK THEATRE, 35th st., near B'way. Last 5 Evgs., 8.15. Matinees Wed. & Sat., 2.15. ANNIE RUSSELL in MICE AND MEN. MAY 4—SKIPPER & CO.—WALL STREET.

CRITERION THEATRE, B'way & 44th st. Evgs., 8.30. Mats. Wednesday and Saturday, 2.15. CHARLES HAWTREY. A MESSAGE FROM MARS.

NEW SAVOY THEATRE, 34th st. & B'way. Last 5 Evgs., 8.30. Matinees Wed. & Sat., 2.15. HENRY MILLER. THE TAMING OF HELEN. May 4—EZRA KENDALL—The Vinegar Buyer.

GARDEN THEATRE, 27th st. & Madison av. Evgs., 8.30. Mats. Wednesday & Saturday, 2.30. THE 15TH CENTURY MORALITY PLAY. EVERYMAN

MADISON SQ. THEA., 24th st., near B'way. Evgs., 8.30. Mats. Thursday and Saturday. Geo. H. Bradhurst's Greatest Comedy. "A FOOL AND HIS MONEY"

KNICKERBOCKER Thea., B'way & 38th. 4th Month. Evgs. 8. Mats. Wed. & Sat., 2. Klaw & Erlanger's Colossal Production MR. BLUE BEARD

ATLANTIC GARDEN, Bowery, nr. Canal. The Frazer Troupe, Robinson & Grant, Melville & Conway, Frazer & Peterson, Harry Bleis, Eucherts, Others.

EDEN MUSEE. World in Wax. NEW GROUPS. CINEMATOGRAPH. Wonderful Electric Theo. Aft. & Ev.

Amusements.

Go To PROCTOR'S TO-DAY, 25c., 50c. TO-NIGHT, Res. 75c. Reserved Every Aft. & Eve.—Full Orchestra.
23d St. { Continuous Vaudeville, Felix & Barry, Gardner & Maddern, Sparrow, Talkative Miss Norton, Hal Merritt, others.
5th Ave. { "The Cherry Pickers," Minnie Seligman, Wm. Bramwell. All Stock Favorites. Big Vaudeville.
58th St. { ONLY A SHOP GIRL. Mats. Mon., Wed., Thurs., Sat.
125th St. { Week of Big Vaudeville, James J. Corbett, Mr. and Mrs. Gene Hughes, Litz's Dogs, others.

PASTOR'S 14th st., near 3d ave. CONTINUOUS. 20 and 30 cents. ELINORE SISTERS, CARLETON & TERRE, JOHN & BERTHA GLEESON, SMIRL & KESSNER, FRED S. STUBER, MORRISEY & RICH.

ACADEMY of MUSIC, 14th St. & Irving Pl. LAST TWO WEEKS. The SUBURBAN. Prices, 25,50,75,$1. Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2. Ev. 8.15.

Murray Hill Th. Lex. av. 42d. Ev'g prices, 25,35,50c. Miss Multon (Clara Morris Version). MATINEE 25c EVERY DAY. N't Wk, Othello, with Creston Clarke.

Matinee To-Morrow, 25c.—50c.
Grand De Wolf Hopper "Mr. Pickwick."

BROADWAY THEATRE, 41st st. & B'way. Ev., 8. Mats. Wed. & Sat., 2. H. W. Savage presents the New Musical Comedy, PRINCE OF PILSEN Special Prices Wed Mat. 50c. to $1.50.

THE DEWEY E. 14TH ST. Tel. 6234—18th MATINEE TO-DAY Rice & Barton's Gayety Co. BURLESQUE & VAUDEVILLE.

Manhattan Broadway & 33d St. Evgs. 8.30. Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2.15. THE EARL OF PAWTUCKET.

DALY'S at 8.15. LAST WEEK. THE STARBUCKS. Matinees Wed. & Sat., 2.15.

H&S Hurtig & Seamon's, W. 125th st. Haines & Pulter, Midgeley & Carlisle and the Great Alexius Mat. To-M'w. (Europe's Sensational Cycle Wonder).

KEITH'S B'way and 14th St. BEST SHOW IN TOWN. 30—GREAT ACTS—30 PRICES 25c. and 50c.

METROPOLIS, Evgs. 8.15. Mats. Wed. & Sat. 142d st. and 3d av. The Fatal Wedding.

Brooklyn Amusements.

PARK. MATINEE EVERY DAY. THE FIRE DRAMA. ONE OF THE BRAVEST. NEXT WEEK—BOLIVAR'S BUSY DAY.

COL. SINN'S MONTAUK. Matinees Wed. & Sat. EMPIRE THEATRE CO. in The Unforeseen.

COLUMBIA ROSELLE KNOTT in ... Next Week—Girls Will Be Girls.