

LOST LIGHTS OF THE TENDERLOIN.

One Who Made Profit from Its Glitter, but Is Not Now Welcome There.

2—"BILLY" M'GLORY.

BILLY M'GLORY was one of the first lights in the Tenderloin. From the front door of The Emerald, on Third avenue, in the Bronx, he watched the lights of the city last and talked of the past. He is an exile. He is a light that has gone out.

Before Capt. Williams was transferred from the chock-stalk of Mercer street to the tenderloin of West Thirtieth street, M'Glory was a figure in the district the captain named. His music halls were famous. He was exact and very inflexible. It was not the dive he owned in Irving place or the other dives in Elizabeth and Hester streets that made him notorious; it was his conduct of resorts dotted from Thirtieth street to Fifty-ninth, from 1876 to 1890, that made his name familiar to all who know the night life of New York.

His great mop of black hair, the heavy dark mustache as white as snow. His face is lined and old. Only his wonderfully brilliant and densely dark eyes and dark eyebrows have escaped the dimming force of years. His voice is old; the suavity that was once proof against attack and disaster vanishes now before slight irritation. The fronts of his hair which violate every moral law have washed. Has he money? Ask him, and see the black eyes burn, the facial muscles flicker and hear his fierce reply:

"If I had money would I be here?" "Here" is a dance hall with a beer-bar front. The hall is long, the floor smooth but not waxed. A loud piano is thumped rhythmically. M'Glory rules the place from behind the bar. A young man thrusts \$10 over the bar. "Save that for me; I don't know what'll happen," M'Glory puts away the money without comment and draws two beers for a waiter. It's a dull night.

"The only way to run a place is on the level," he says. "They got Al Adams, and if they can do that what chance have you and me?" "Why are you here?" "Why wouldn't I be? Is there anybody crying for me downtown?"

Corey, who learned from M'Glory when the Irving place resort was wide open—when Corey's father was a wardman—Corey, who is younger and better fitted by his youth to work out the problem of running a dance hall in the Tenderloin, is quitting the Haymarket. No one else has left the district since the last night. There is no profit in his reputation. Put a prize-fighter's name on a saloon door and a brewery may sell many barrels; put up M'Glory's name and the police would ruin the place. Even in the Bronx the name is objectionable. Memories of his dance hall, his Tivoli, his Winter Gardens are still fresh.

M'Glory was a handsome man. Lombroso would find in the strong contrasts of his young eyes and old face, dark eyebrows and white hair the physical signs of his untoward end. His standards were the same to-day as thirty years ago, the same standards that permitted him to draw profit from the vicious and that provided means whereby the army of vice was recruited. He might look back on the long troop of beauties who grew hard and faded, the youths who grew wretched and vile, with regret if he did not have a M'Glory standard, a M'Glory point of view. He has one regret—the money that passed through his fingers in the day of his strength.

He was a strong man, not burly of physique, but forceful. Reforms were mooted in his day; there were reformers, there were policemen who tried to do their duty and policemen who threatened to do their duty. M'Glory met them all, changing his base when one position became untenable, but always ready for fight. He has small fight left in him; the war has stripped him of sinews. If they were crying for him in the Tenderloin they would need promise to be very kind or he would not go back.

Time was—does it seem possible to consider it in this over-the-Harlem beer bar and dance hall—when M'Glory was able to entertain at the Brunswick the riff-raff of Hester street. And he entertained them royally. The gentleman from the sulphur regions could not bring a more terrible crew; the captain of industry would not be more lavish. It was a great night for Hester street; it was the M'Glory high-water mark.

The hotel people had been deceived. They did not know the giver of the feast nor his guests. When they awoke the Hester street gang was in possession, and it remained in possession long enough to make such an impression upon the regular patrons of the hotel as years of respectability could not atone.

That was twenty years ago. Eleven years followed before M'Glory showed signs of fading. In that time the West Fifty-ninth street place won its unique place in the annals of the city. There were prayer-meetings in that resort; M'Glory, who made reformers' efforts futile, prayed in these meetings. It was said the dive-keeper had reformed and purposed becoming an evangelist. He had found one position untenable and had shifted his base.

It was then he began to lose sinews, began to fall. The course was on him, and to-night he may look from the other side of the Harlem, from the front door of The Emerald, at the lights of the city. But who cries for M'Glory down there?



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LOBSTER A LA NEWBURG IS A NEW YORK CREATION.

Despite Its French Name, It is a Purely Local Dish, and Brought Great Fame to Its Inventor.

WE have all eaten lobster a la Newburg—that is, all of us who have had the price. But how many who have had their palates titillated by its delicate flavor after the theatre know of what it consists beyond the fact that its chief ingredient is the popular shellfish?

Fewer, still, scanning the bill of fare, know why it is called "a la Newburg." But lobster a la Newburg, though it flies a French tail to its kite, is distinctly an American dish. It is even a New Yorkish dish—of the State by birth and of the city by adoption.

It is the part of patriotism, municipal as well as national, therefore, to know why it is a Newburg. And it is worth while to know how to prepare it so well. Twenty years ago a cook in the Palatine Hotel, at Newburg, on the Hudson, had original ideas on the subject of lobsters. He did not express them to any one, for not being a chef he was not entitled to them. But he experimented. And the result of these experiments was a wonderful mixture of lobster and eggs and Madeira that he placed with trembling hands before a New York gourmet who had dropped in for supper one evening.

He did not tell the gourmet what it was that was set before him. He merely deposited the steaming mixture on the white cloth and waited.

He did not have long to wait, for the first suspicious analytic taste of the visiting New Yorker soon resolved itself into what a person of unpoetic temperament might have termed very unanalytic gobbles, and when the New York man, turning to him with admiration in his eyes and deference in his voice, inquired tremulously, "What is this?" he was inspired, and, though he had never given a thought before to the christening of the delectable dish, answered carelessly: "Lobster a la Newburg."

The New Yorker went back to New York and the fame of the new dish went with him. It soon became a custom for the epicures of the metropolis to run up to Newburg on Sunday afternoon for a supper of the new dish.

Then the New York hotels sent emissaries to Newburg to find out just how the new delicacy is prepared. The Palatine cook had become a chef. His invention, lobster a la Newburg, figured on every bill of fare and forged rapidly into the front rank of epicurean delights.

To the owner of a chafing-dish the original recipe for preparing the delicacy may be interesting:

To prepare lobster a la Newburg pick all the meat from the shells of two good-sized freshly boiled lobsters and cut it into one-inch pieces. Place in a saucepan over a hot range, with one ounce of fresh butter. Season with a pinch of salt and half a teaspoonful of red pepper and two medium-sized truffles cut into dice-shaped pieces.

After cooking five minutes add a wine-glass of Madeira. Reduce one-half, say three or four minutes; then have in readiness three egg yolks in a bowl with half a pint of cream, and beat well together, adding this to the lobster. Gently stir two minutes till it becomes thick; then pour into a hot tureen and serve.

DENMARK'S SUCCESSION IS WELL ESTABLISHED.



There is little present danger that the royal family of Denmark will die out. There is one of the rare instances in history where four generations, in direct, kingly succession, are living at the same time. Counting from left to right, the photograph from the Paris Illustration depicts the eighty-five-year old King Christian IX. of Denmark (father to the Queen of England); his grandson, Prince Christian, thirty-three years old; the King's son, Crown Prince Frederick, aged sixty; and in the centre the King's great-grandson, Prince Frederic, aged four.

TWO BEWILDERING SCENES AND HOW THEY ARE PLANNED.



The Strange Mechanism of a Stage Cyclone and Horse-Race.

ON the New York stage to-day two clever and realistic imitations of nature are presented which appeal more strongly to the audience than any mechanical effects that have been produced recently.

Everybody has heard about the cyclone scene at "The Wizard of Oz" at the Majestic Theatre, that production of bewildering stage pictures. The Kansas cyclone brings realism on the stage down to a most vivid counterpart. The curtain goes up on a typical Kansas farmyard scene. Farm hands, women and men, are on the stage, the hay-makers are tossing hay on the wagon, chickens wander through the yard. The old farmer is reading the weather forecast in the paper. Suddenly the sky is overcast. Darkness descends. The cyclone cloud is discovered in the distance. It strikes the farmhouse, and then the stage picture of the cyclone begins in earnest. Through the varying ominous shades of clouds which characterize the Kansas storm the house is carried right before the spectators' eyes. Rolling or flying masses of green, gray, dull brown clouds scurry across the stage. The cloud effects are most realistic, and to those who have seen the Western cyclones the portentous foreboding color effects of the clouds cause considerable wonderment as to their production.

Suddenly the cyclone clears, and a scene—the country of the Munchings—is shown. The change is one of the quickest ever made on the stage, the entire setting of the Munchkin country being made during the passing of the cyclone. The cyclone scene is so full of motion and detail that every spectator wonders how it is done. Nine out of ten suppose that it is the work of mechanical devices behind the stage, but the apparently complicated production is simple in the extreme.

The real effects are produced from the first balcony. At the first entrance of the stage an opaque gauze drop is let down. When the cyclone is on all the lights on the stage and in the house are turned off. The musical director leads the orchestra with an electrical baton. Then begins the work from the second balcony. A revolving stereopticon with a panoramic slide produces the entire effect. As the stereopticon revolves the light is centered on the gauze drop. It is graded so as to take in the full space of the proscenium opening. The effect of the house being carried through the



wild storm by means of the stereopticon is the invention of Julian Mitchell, and the idea of reproducing the Kansas storm and transporting the hero into the fairy world is one of the cleverest conceptions in recent comic operas.

The light is shut off the same as a calcium when the lights in the house go up, and the complete change of scene is disclosed.

Another novel mechanical device which gives a vivid realistic picture is the great race scene in "The Suburban" at the Academy of Music. The picture of the racing event is detailed in every respect. The crowds on the lawn, around the railing and in the grand-stand gives complete reproduction of a natural event. The interesting part of the production is that the people in the grand-stand are only painted people, though through mechanical devices motion is given to them. Intermingling with the supers are dummies, and as the stage is elevated in the rear it joins the painted scene of the grand-stand. Here sit thousands of people—in paint. During the race and at the finish handspic-chiefs, flags and purses are seen to move in frantic excitement among these painted people.

The question is: How is it done? The secret is a very simple explanation. At the front drop twenty electric fans are placed. These are below the painted spectators at the races. All over the scene or painted picture of the grand-stand bits of paper are fastened, and when the electric fans are turned on the wind sets all of the paper in motion. This starts flags and pendants to flying and gives to the race scene a most realistic effect of actual people sitting in the crowded grand-stand waving handkerchiefs and parasols.

Stories from Famous Books.

THE ENGLISHMAN IN IRELAND.

"It was in a very merry company, Charles Lester and us in 'Jack Hinton, the Guardsman.' The story of the Englishman was told. 'I'm a little bit of a countryman take a 'Mark view' of us," said Father Tom. 'The English know as much of Pat as Pat does of Paddy,' said the Major, and he told this illustration."

"THE way of it was this. There was a little estate of mine in the County of Waterford that I used now and then to visit in the shooting season. In fact, except for that there was very little inducement to go there; it was a bleak, ugly part of the country, a bad market town, and it did not a neighbor within twelve miles.

"It rained every day I was there. It was so bad I wrote a glowing advertisement about it and sent it to the English papers. Before a week was over a letter reached me stating that a Mr. Green, of No. 126 High Holborn, would pay me a visit as soon as he could. He was a man of some means, and he came down to see the estate. He was fast asleep. 'The best thing he could do,' said I; and I began to think over what a mighty load it would be upon my conscience if the decent man had been drowned; for, maybe, after all, thought I, he is in earnest; maybe he wished to buy a beautiful place like that I have described in the paper—and so I began to relent and wonder with myself how I could make the country pleasant for him during his stay. It'll not be above a day or two at furthest, particularly after he sees the place. Ay, there's the rub; the poor devil will find out then that I have been hoaxing him. This kept fretting me all day, and I was continually sending up word to know if he was awake, and the answer all ways was—still sleeping. Well, about 4 o'clock, as it was growing dark, Oakley, of the Fifth, and two of his brother-officers came bowling up to the door, on their way to Carrick. Here was a piece of luck! So we got dinner ready for the party, brought a good store of claret at one side of the fire-place and a plentiful stock of bog air at the other, and resolved to make a night of it; and just as I was describing to my friends the arrival of my guest above-stairs, who should enter the room but himself. He was a round little fellow, about my size, with a short, quick, business-like way about him.

"Dinner was announced. Down we sat; and, faith, a jollier party rarely met together.

"'I like the cookery,' said Oakley; 'that fellow's good fun. I say, Bob, bring him over with you to-morrow to dinner. We'll eat at Carrick till the detachment comes up.'

"'Could you call it breakfast?' said I. 'There's a thought just strikes me; we'll be over in Carrick with you about 9 o'clock; we'll have our breakfast, whatever you like to give us, and dine with you about 11 or 12 afterward.'

"Oakley liked the project well; and before we parted the whole thing was arranged for the next day.

"Toward 4 o'clock in the afternoon of the following day Mr. Green was informed by Daniel that, as we made an engagement to take an early breakfast some miles off, he ought to be up and stirring.

"'These are very early people,' thought he. 'However, the habits of the country must be complied with.' So saying, he proceeded with his toilet and at last reached the drawing-room, just as my drag dashed up to the door, the lamps fixed and shining and everything in readiness for departure.

"'Well, have a little shooting, Mr. Green,' said I. 'After breakfast, we'll see what my friend's preserves offer. I suppose you're a good shot?'

"'I can't say much for my performance, but I'm passionately fond of it.' 'Well,' added I, 'I believe I can stir you for it, you'll have a good day here.' 'So chatting, we rolled along, the darkness gradually thickening round us and the way becoming more gloomy and deserted.

"'It's strange,' says Mr. Green, after a while, 'it's strange how very dark it grows before sunrise, for I perceive it's much blacker now than when we set out.'

"'There were about half a dozen of the Fifth at that time in the barracks, who all entered heart and hand in the scheme, and with them we sat down to a capital meal, which, if it were not for a big teapot and an urn that figured in the middle of the table, might very well have been called dinner.

"'It took some time to compare our courses for the field.

"'Glorious weather,' said Oakley. 'A delicious morning,' cried another. 'When those clouds blow over we shall have no rain.'

"'That's a fine line of country, Mr. Green,' said I.

"'Oh? what's a fine what? I can see nothing—it's pitch dark.'

you tell me one thing?—do you never see the sun here?"

"'Oh, bless you! yes,' said I; 'repeatedly. He was out for two hours on last Patrick's Day, and we have him now and then, occasionally.'

"'How very strange! how very remarkable!' said he, with a sigh, 'that we in England should know so little of all this! But, to tell you the truth, I don't think I ever could get used to Lapland—it's Ireland I mean—I beg your pardon for the mistake; and now, may I ask you another question—is this the way you always live?'

"'Why, pretty much in this fashion; during the hazy season we go about to one another's houses, as you see; and one gets so accustomed to the darkness—'

"'Ah, now, don't tell me that. I know I never could; it's no use my trying it; I'm used to the daylight; I have seen it, man and boy, for above fifty years and I never could grope about this way. Not but that I am very grateful to you for all your hospitality; but I had rather go home.'

"'And so he grew obstinate, and, notwithstanding all I could say, insisted on his departure; and the same evening he called from the quay at Waterford, wishing me every health and happiness, while he added, with a voice of trembling earnestness:

"'Yes, Mr. Mahon, pardon me if I am wrong, but I wish to Heaven you had a little more light in Ireland!'

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"'Ah, forgive me, I don't remember that Mr. Green was not used to our climate! We can see everything, you know; but come along, you'll get better by and by.'

"'With this we hurried him down a lane, through a hedge, and into a ploughed field; while on every side of him pop, pop, went the guns, accompanied by exclamations of enthusiastic pleasure and delight.

"Tom—well done—cock pheasant, by Jove! Here, Mr. Green; this way, Mr. Green—that dog is pointing—there, there; don't you see there?' said I, almost lifting the gun to his shoulder, while poor Mr. Green, almost in a panic of excitement and trepidation, pulled both triggers and nearly fell back with the recoil.

"'Splendid shot, begad! killed both,' said Oakley. 'Ah, Mr. Green, we have no chance with you. Give him another gun at once.'

"'At Oakley's proposal, we now agreed to go back to luncheon, which, I need not tell you, was a hot supper, followed by mulled claret and more punch.

"'Meanwhile, I had arranged another breakfast-party at Ross, where we arrived about 7 o'clock in the evening; and so on the rest of the week, occasionally varying the amusement by hunting, fishing, or coursing.

"'At last poor Mr. Green, when called on one morning to dress, sent down Dan with his compliments that he wished to speak to me. I went to him at once, and found him sitting up in his bed.

"'Ah! Mr. Mahon,' said he, 'this never do; it's a pleasant life, no doubt; but I never could go on with it. Wu

anyhow, because it is "the root of all evil." And the public accuses him of laziness! The hobo's ideas as to the rights of personal property are not, as some reformers would have you believe—quaint. They are original, inasmuch as they were Adam's ideas. Everything in the world was made for man, and any other man has first title to it.

But the "much discerning" public brands him a thief! Of course, this isn't a bit sad, because the hobo doesn't care, anyhow—on general principles.

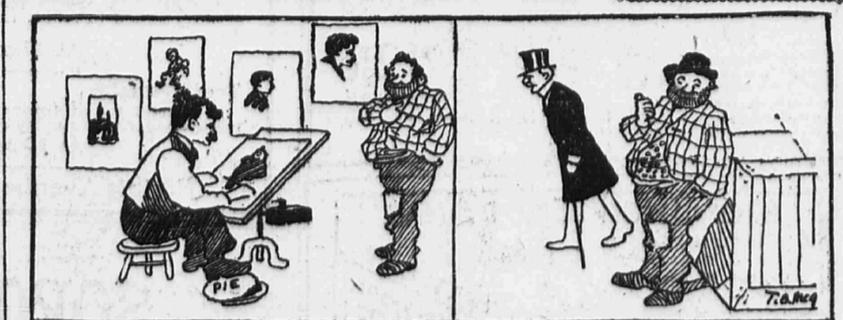
Read the following lines written on Broadway a short time ago by a hobo and ponder on the marvellous philosophy of your much misunderstood friend of the barnyard.

I don't believe in havin' clothes, 'Cos Adam didn't wear 'em. I don't believe in drink, 'cos 'Cos dogs is apt ter tear 'em.

I don't believe in situate, 'Cos sure an egg won't breed. I don't believe in havin' kids, (A JAWB) I'm—dread!

Hush, the spring leaves are rustling over his grassy couch. His immortal soul is straying with that of the great philosopher, Omar Khayyam. His respiration comes and goes musically, suggesting that sweet, giddy melody: "How could you like to be me?"

THE GREAT MISUNDERSTOOD. V. THE HOBO.



THERE is one member of the Order of the Great Misunderstood who doesn't care whether the public understands him or not.

He occurs on an average of twice in every issue of every comic picture periodical ever published.

He holds the honorary title of "Inspector of Country Barns," but everyday people, who haven't time to consider the respect due to his rank and dignity, call him the hobo.

In the midst of life's sad misunderstandings one can write of the hobo with a light heart and a flowing pen, for no one—not even the hobo himself—suffers by the misconception of his character. The majority of people look upon him merely in the light of a country idiot.

Editors and comic artists regard him lovingly as an infallible standby.

But no one has ever realized the depth of philosophy which prompts the hobo to live as he does.

He has a soul. He is Nature's poet. He is the darling of the gods. The angry clamor of commerce jars upon his sensitive nerves, so he resides in the country.

The hobo is like Adam. He believes that the country, with its sweet odors and fruits, was made for man to enjoy.

He doesn't see the fun of slaving for three score years and aine to accumulate a fortune, leaving only one year in which to enjoy the spending. He doesn't believe in making money,

JUVENILE SMOKERS.

Twenty years ago the prohibition of tobacco to children under sixteen years of age was proposed in France, but not brought into force. In several other countries, however, juvenile smoking is restricted by law. The nearest instance is Norway, where the sale of tobacco to any boy under sixteen is forbidden, except on an order signed by an adult relative or employer. The penalizing fine varies from 2s. to 2s. In nearly all the American States there are similar laws, with penalties also for the youthful consumer, same the London Chronicle. It is the same in Canada, and the Government of Victoria is leading the way in Australia. A clause in the license of tobacco dealers forbids them to trade with children under the age of sixteen. More than two years ago the House of Keys discussed a similar law for the Isle of Man.

NATIONAL LONGEVITY.

Of European nations the Norwegians and Swedish are the longest lived, the Spaniards the shortest. According to a foreign statistical return recently issued, the average duration of life is as follows: Sweden and Norway, fifty years; England, forty-five years and three months; Belgium, forty-four years and eleven months; Switzerland, forty-four years and four months; France, forty-three years and six months; Austria, thirty-nine years and eight months; Bavaria, thirty-six years; and Spain, thirty-two years and four months.

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children. The Kind You Have Always Bought. Bears the Signature of J. C. Watson.

AMUSEMENTS.

Go To PROCTOR'S TO-NIGHT, 80c. Recovered Every Art & Eye—Full Orchestra (Continues Vaudeville, Felix & Bar-Gardner's Vaudeville, Sparrow, Thelma, Lida & Clara, others).

23rd St. 5th Ave. 58th St. 125th St. ONLY A SHOP GIRL. Mat. Mon., Wed., Thurs., Sat. (Clara, Morris, Vernon).

VICTORIA 8 Way, 42d St., Eves., 8:15. LAST 4 NIGHTS. WALSH IN RESURRECTION. Next Week—WARFIELD. "THE AUCTIONER."

14th Street Theatre. Near 6th Ave. "HERE'S A REAL HIT."—Eve. Journal. "THE 4 COHANS" in Their new play, "THEIR GREATEST TRIUMPH."

Murray Hill Theatre. 42d St. Miss Multon. (Clara, Morris, Vernon).

BROADWAY THEATRE. 41st St. & B'way. H. W. Savage presents the New Musical Comedy. PRINCE OF PILSEN. Special Price 50c. to 11.50.

CIRCLE 60th & Broadway. 2:15—Daily—8:15. MCINTYRE & HEATH—NAT M. WILLS & OTHER ALL-STAR VAUDEVILLE ACTS.

THE DEWEY MATINEE TO-DAY. 11th St. Rice & Barton's Gayety Co. Tel. 623-1818. BURLESQUE & VAUDEVILLE.

H & S. 125th St. & B'way. Matinee & Eve. 8:15. Mat. 2:15. (Clara, Morris, Vernon).

GRAND De Hopper. Next Week. MAJESTIC GRAND CIRCLE. B'way & 50th St. Eves., 8:15. Mat. Wed. & Sat., 2:15. WIZARD OF OZ. Mat. Wed. & Sat., 2:15. Mat. 11.50.

BEACON THEATRE. Mat. Sat. 2:15. DAVID BELLAGIO. "THE BAKING BLANCHE BATES" OF THE GODS.

PRINCESS. B'way & 29th St. Mat. To-m. & Sat. Eves. 8:15. (Clara, Morris, Vernon).

HERALD SQUARE. 3:10. Mat. To-day & Sat., 2:15. GEORGE GEORGE IN PRETTY PEGGY.

NOTICE. 10th St. & 107th St. Mat. T. F. Y. 25c. STAR TRACY THE OUTLAW.

BIJOU, MARIE CAHILL. B'way, 39th St. "NANCY BROWN."

METROPOLIS. Eves. 8:15. Mat. Wed. & Sat. 12:25 and 2:45. HARBELT. Eves., 8:15. Mat. Saturday, 2:15. OPERA-ROUSE. AMELIA BROWN. HERB JOHNSON.

AMUSEMENTS.

THIS WEEK ONLY. THE GREAT MILITARY TOURNAMENT. MADISON SQUARE GARDEN. MANAGEMENT MILITARY ATHLETIC LEAGUE.

TO-NIGHT—Review by Major-Gen. GEORGE U. S. Troops, sailors and Marine Corps, 600 Regulars, Duke of Cornwall's Own Rifles, Canadian Militia, National Guard, Signal Corps, 1st and 2d Batteries, and Naval Battalion, Naval Militia, N. Y.

Drill by 488 Reg. Duke of Cornwall's Own Rifles, Canadian Militia; Musical Band and Marching Band by 24th U. S. Cavalry, Drill by U. S. Marine Corps, Drill by 6th U. S. Infantry, Artillery Drill by 34th Battery, U. S. A.; Signal Drill by 1st Battery, U. S. A.; Drill by 1st Naval Battalion, Naval Militia, 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. MORALITY PLAY.

EMPIRE THEATRE, Broadway and 40th St. Last 4 Eves., 8:20. Matinee To-day & Sat., 2:15. JOHN DREW | THE MURPHY AND THE HUMMING BIRD.

GARRICK THEATRE, 25th St., near B'way. Last 4 Eves., 8:15. Matinee To-day & Sat., 2:15. ANNIE RUSSELL IN MICE AND MEN. MAY 4—SKIPPER & CO.—WALL STREET.

CRITERION THEATRE, B'way & 44th St. Eves., 8:20. Mat. To-day & Saturday, 2:15. CHARLES HAWTREY, A MESSAGE.