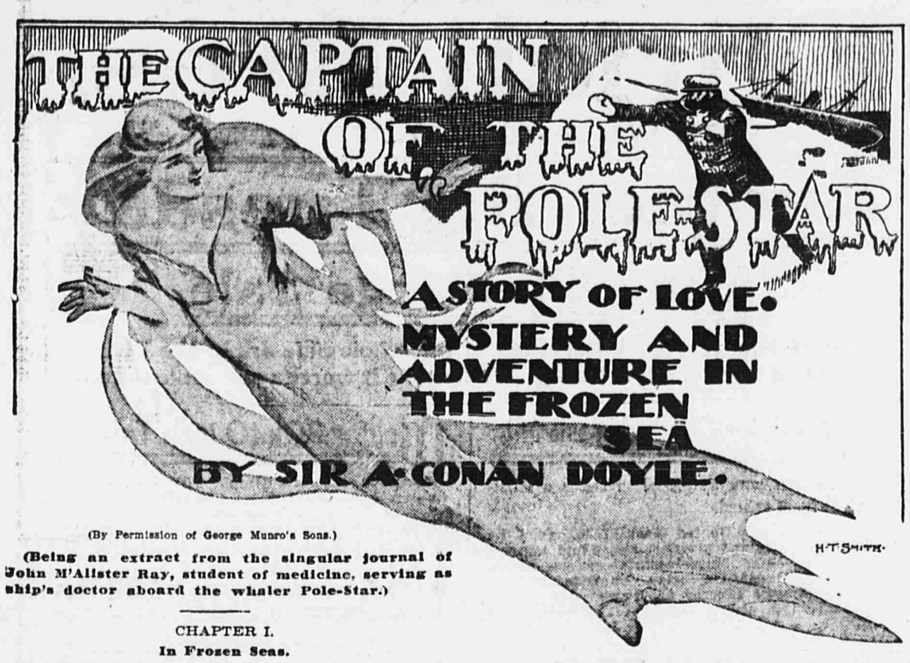
THE EVENING WORLD'S HOME MAGAZINE

MONDAY EVENING, MAY 25, 1903.

This Story Begins To-Day and Will End on Saturday.



(By Permission of George Munro's Sons.)

(Being an extract from the singular journal of John M'Alister Ray, student of medicine, serving as ship's doctor aboard the whaler Pole-Star.)

CHAPTER I.

In Frozen Seas.

SEPT. 11.—Latitude 81 degrees 40 minutes north, longitude 2 degrees east. Still lying to amid enormous ice fields. The one which stretches away to the north of us and to which our ice anchor is attached cannot be smaller than an English county.

To the right and left unbroken sheets extend to the horizon. This morning the mate reported that there were signs of pack ice to the southward.

Should this form of sufficient thickness to bar our return we shall be in a position of danger, as the food, I hear, is already running somewhat short.

It is late in the season and the nights are beginning to reappear. This morning I saw a star twinkling just over the foreyard, the first since the beginning of May.

There is considerable discontent among the crew, many of whom are anxious to get back home to be in time for the herring season, when labor always commands a high price upon the Scotch coast.

As yet their displeasure is only signified by sullen countenances and black looks, but I heard from the second mate this afternoon that they contemplated sending a deputation to the captain to explain their grievance.

I much doubt how he will receive it, as he is a man of fierce temper and very sensitive about anything approaching to an infringement of his rights.

I shall venture after dinner to say a few words to him upon the subject. I have always found that he will tolerate from me what he would resent from any other member of the crew.

Amsterdam Island, at the northwest corner of Spitzbergen, is visible upon our starboard quarter—a rugged line of volcanic rocks intersected by white seams which represent glaciers. It is curious to think that at the present moment there is probably no human being nearer to us than the Danish settlements in the south of Greenland—a good 900 miles as the crow flies.

A captain takes a great responsibility upon himself when he risks his vessel under such circumstances. No whaler has ever remained in these latitudes till so advanced a period of the year.

9 P. M.—I have spoken to Capt. Craigie, and though the result has been hardly satisfactory, I am bound to say that he listened to what I had to say very quietly and even deferentially.

When I had finished he put on that air of determination which I have frequently observed upon his face, and paced briskly backward and forward across the narrow cabin for some minutes. At first I feared that I had seriously offended him, but he dispelled the idea by sitting down again and putting his hand upon my arm with a gesture which almost amounted to a caress. There was a depth of tenderness, too, in his wild dark eyes which surprised me considerably.

"Look here, doctor," he said, "I'm sorry I ever took you—I am indeed—and I would give fifty pounds this minute to see you standing safe upon the Dundee quay. It's hit or miss with me this time. There are fish to the north of us. How dare you shake your head sir, when I tell you I saw them blowing from the masthead?"—this in a sudden burst of fury, though I was not conscious of having shown any signs of doubt.

"Two-and-twenty fish in as many minutes, as I am a living man, and not one under ten feet. (A whale is measured among whalers not by the length of its body but by the length of its whalebone.) Now, doctor, do you think I can leave the country when there is only one infernal strip of ice between me and my fortune?

"If it came on to blow from the north to-morrow we could fill the ship and be away before the frost could catch us. If it came on to blow from the south—well, I suppose the men are paid for risking their lives, and as for myself it matters but little to me, for I have more to bind me to the other world than to this one. I confess that I am sorry for you, though. I wish I had old Angus Tait, who was with me last voyage, for he was a man that would never be missed, and you—you said once that you were engaged, did you not?"

"Yes," I answered, snapping the spring of the locket which hung from my watch-chain, and holding up the little vignette of Flora.

"Curse you!" he yelled, springing out of his seat, with his very beard bristling with passion. "What is your happiness to me? What have I to do with her that you must dangle her photograph before my eyes?" I almost thought that he was about to strike me in the frenzy of his rage, but with another imprecation he dashed open the door of the cabin and rushed out upon deck, leaving me considerably astonished at his extraordinary violence.

It is the first time that he has ever shown me anything but courtesy and kindness. I can hear him pacing excitedly up and down overhead as I write these lines.

I should like to give a sketch of the character of this man, but it seems presumptuous to attempt such a thing upon paper, when the idea in my own mind is at best a vague and uncertain one.

Several times I have thought that I grasped the clue which might explain it, but only to be disappointed by his presenting himself in some new light which would upset all my conclusions.

It may be that no human eye but my own shall ever rest upon these lines, yet as a psychological study I shall attempt to leave some record of Capt. Nicholas Craigie.

A man's outer case generally gives some indication of the soul within. The captain is tall and well formed, with dark, handsome face and a curious way of twitching his limbs, which may arise from nervousness or be simply an outcome of his excessive energy.

His jaw and whole cast of countenance are manly and resolute, but the eyes are the distinctive feature of his face. They are of the very darkest hazel, bright and eager, with a singular mixture of recklessness in their expression and of something else which I have sometimes thought was more allied with horror than any other emotion.

Generally the former predominated, but on occasions, and more particularly when he was thoughtfully inclined, the look of fear would spread and deepen until it imparted a new character to his whole countenance.

It is at these times that he is most subject to tempestuous fits of anger, and he seems to be aware of it, for I have known him lock himself up so that no one might approach him until his dark hour was passed.

He sleeps badly, and I have heard him shouting during the night, but his cabin is some little distance from mine, and I could never distinguish the words which he said.

This is one phase of his character, and the most disagreeable one. It is only through my close association with him, thrown together as we are day after day, that I have observed it.

Otherwise he is an agreeable companion, well read and entertaining and as gallant a seaman as ever trod a deck. I shall not easily forget the way in which he handled the ship when we were caught by a gale among the loose ice at the beginning of April.

I have never seen him so cheerful, and even hilarious, as he was that night as he paced backward and forward upon the bridge amid the flashing of the lightning and the howling of the wind.

He has told me several times that the thought of death was a pleasant one to him, which is a sad thing for a young man to say; he cannot be much more than thirty, though his hair and mustache are already slightly grizzled.

Some great sorrow must have overtaken him and blighted his whole life. Perhaps I should be the same if I lost my Flora—God knows! I think if it were not for her that I should care very little whether the wind blew from the north or the south to-morrow.

There, I hear him come down the companion, and he has locked himself up in his room, which shows that he is still in an unamiable mood. And so to bed, as old Pepys would say, for the candle is burning down (we have to use them now since the nights are closing in), and the steward has turned in, so there are no hopes of another one.

Sept. 12.—Calm, clear day, and still lying in the same position. What wind there is comes from the southeast, but it is very slight.

Captain is in a better humor, and apologized to me at breakfast for his rudeness. He still looks somewhat distrait, however, and retains that wild look in his eyes which in a Highlander would mean that he was "fey"—at least so our chief engineer remarked to me, and he has some reputation among the Celtic portion of our crew as a seer and expounder of omens.

It is strange that superstition should have obtained such mastery over this hard-headed and practical race. I could not have believed to what an extent it is carried had I not observed it for myself.

We have had a perfect epidemic of it this voyage, until I have felt inclined to serve out rations of sedatives and nerve tonics with the Saturday allowance of grog.

The first symptom of it was that shortly after leaving Shetland the men at the wheel used to complain that they heard plaintive cries and screams in the wake of the ship, as if something were following it and were unable to overtake it.

This fiction has been kept up during the whole voyage, and on dark nights at the beginning of the seal-fishing it was only with great difficulty that men could be induced to do their spell.

No doubt what they heard was either the creaking of the rudder chains or the cry of some passing sea bird.

I have been fetched out of bed several times to listen to it, but I need hardly say that I was never able to distinguish anything unnatural.

The men, however, are so absurdly positive upon the subject that it is hopeless to argue with them. I mentioned the matter to the captain once, but to my surprise he took it very gravely, and indeed appeared to be considerably disturbed by what I told him.

I should have thought that he at least would have been above such vulgar delusions.

All this disquisition upon superstition leads me up to the fact that Mr. Manson, our second mate, saw a ghost last night—or, at least, says that he did, which of course is the same thing. It is quite refreshing to have some new topic of conversation after the eternal routine of bears and whales which has served us for so many months.

Manson swears the ship is haunted, and that he would not stay in her a day if he had any other place to go to. Indeed, the fellow is honestly frightened, and I had to give him some chloral and bromide of potassium this morning to steady him down.

He seemed quite indignant when I suggested that he had been having an extra glass the night before, and I was obliged to pacify him by keeping as grave a countenance as possible during his story, which he certainly narrated in a very straightforward and matter-of-fact way.

"I was on the bridge," Mansion said, "about four bells, the middle watch, just when the night was at darkest. There was a bit of moon, but the clouds were blowing across it so that you couldn't see far from the ship. John McLeod, the harpooner, came aft from the foc'sle head and reported a strange noise on the starboard bow. I went forrard and we both heard it, sometimes like a bairn crying and sometimes like a wench in pain. I've been seventeen years to the country and I never heard seal, old or young, make a sound like that. As we were standing there on the foc'sle head the moon came out from behind a cloud, and we both saw a sort of white figure moving across the ice field in the same direction that we had heard the cries.

"We lost sight of it for a while, but it came back on the port bow, and we could just make it out like a shadow on the ice. I sent aft for the rifles, and McLeod and I went down onto the pack, thinking that maybe it might be a bear. When we got on the ice I lost sight of McLeod, but I pushed on in the direction of where I could still hear the cries. I followed them for a mile or maybe more, and then running round a hummock I came right on to the top of it standing and waiting for me seemingly. I don't know what it was. It wasn't a bear, anyway. It was tall and white and straight, and if it wasn't a man nor a woman I'll stake my davy it was something worse. I made for the ship as hard as I could run, and precious glad I was to find myself aboard. I signed article to do my duty by the ship, and on the ship I'll stay, but you don't catch me on the ice again after sundown."

(To Be Continued.)

BRIEF CHAPTERS IN THE HISTORY OF NEW YORK.

WRITTEN EXCLUSIVELY FOR THE EVENING WORLD HOME MAGAZINE.

BY ANDREW H. GREEN,

"The Father of Greater New York."

I.—THE RULE OF THE DUTCH.

"'TIS a good land to fall in with and a pleasant land to see," said Henry Hudson as, on Sept. 11, 1609, he sailed through the Narrows and for the first time saw the island of Manhattan. Other sailors from Europe, historians assert, had looked upon this island before Hudson's search for a westward passage to India led him hither; but Hudson advertised the land he found, and it was his report that, arousing the interest of the Dutch, induced the colonization of New Netherland and the founding of New Amsterdam. He came as the agent of the wealthy Dutch East India Company, which, under its charter, could not reap the profit of his discovery; the Dutch West India Company was formed to exploit the new lands and ruled it fifty years.

ANDREW H. GREEN.

Four other figures are prominent in the first period of the history of this city: Peter Minuit, the first Governor-General, who bought the island of Manhattan from the Indians for 60 guilders' (equivalent to $24) worth of beads and established on it the seat of his government; avaricious Walter Van Twiller, the little, rotund Governor who added Governor's, Blackwell's and other islands to his large estates and little to the company's credit; William Kieft, a passionate, arbitrary Governor, who, after a stormy term, set sail with his chief enemy, Dominie Bogardus, to answer charges before the Chamber of Amsterdam, was wrecked on the coast of Wales and died, with the rude, old man of God begging and giving pardon; Peter Stuyvesant, who lost a leg while Governor of Curacoa and came to rule New Netherland after Kieft—more arbitrarily, yet more successfully.

Stuyvesant was a soldier past middle age, accustomed to command and having no love of counsel. Unlike his predecessors he had no training in nor love of trade. His people occupied lands as far to the south as the Delaware River, as far to the north as Albany and were most numerous on Manhattan and adjacent islands. It was the people of Manhattan who caused him trouble, who took least kindly to the paternal rule he promised and sought to give. They were Dutch and loved self-government, and gave welcome to the persecuted of all sects who cared to come and live or trade with them. They were not warlike people, but bitterly resented restrictions on trade, taxes and arbitrary rule. They would not repair the fort, nor keep the cows and pigs off the earth walls the Governor threw up, until, during his absence in a futile expedition against the Swedes who were settling on the Delaware, the Indians came upon them and killed many.

Personally, Stuyvesant was not tolerant of others' religious ideas, but his bigotry in regard to the Jews and other sects was fortunately restrained to a large degree by the orders of the home government in the old Netherlands. His concessions in regard to local self-government were also made under compulsion.

Through many quarrels with the people Stuyvesant became much softened, and on Feb. 2, 1653, was compelled to grant the first municipal charter in the history of the city. He was ordered by the Chamber of Amsterdam, the governing body for the New Netherland of the West India Company, to establish a municipal body to be composed of a schout or sheriff, two burgomasters or mayors, and five schepens or aldermen, who were to sit as a board of magistrates having judicial and legislative powers. Stuyvesant would not grant the schout, but appointed the other officers, investing his own fiscal with the schout's duties as executive officer of the board. For ten years the burghers of the city of New Amsterdam contended with the Governor for the appointment of a schout and the right of the members of the board to nominate their successors.

The battle was won when Peter Tonneman, "late schout of Breuckien," went to Amsterdam with the indorsement of the Magistrates and secured appointment as schout of New Amsterdam from Stuyvesant's masters.

But under this martial Governor's rule the fort at the lower end of the island on the site of Battery Park was strengthened, a palisade was built across the island along Wall street, streets were surveyed among the haphazard locations of houses, Heeren straate (the Broadway of to-day) laid out and many minor improvements made.

He governed a real city of 1,200 inhabitants when, in 1664, fifty-five years after Hudson's visit, an English fleet sailed into the bay and demanded the surrender of New Amsterdam. Resistance was useless, the burghers believed, and although Stuyvesant raved he had to yield.

His rule ended. New Amsterdam became New York, and he retired to his farm, between Third avenue, East River, Sixth and Sixteenth streets, where he died eight years after the surrender. He had become the hero of the Dutch and the friend of the English.

'HANDS ACROSS THE SEA."

Here are Edward VII., of England, and President Loubet, of France, saying farewell at the close of the latter's visit to Paris. Had they met a few centuries ago they would have donned boiler-plate raglans and hacked at each other with falchions or halidomes or honiscits or some other mediaeval weapon, as became the rulers of two antagonistic nations. At present, however, it is the glad hand and the torrid ether small talk for theirs when they meet. Loubet is shown in the photo as raising his hat politely, showing he was taught nice manners as a boy. Royal Ed clinches his trusty sword with his free hand and his hat stays where his third assistant deputy valet put it. As the two great men parted, says the London Sphere, the King said: "I again thank you cordially," while the President replied Olleadorfially, "Bon voyage!"

WHAT IS THE STANDARD OF VALUE FOR A SINGLE KISS?

Juries Have Appraised It at Sums Varying from Six Cents to $25,000.

SINCE Miss Frances Pettit, of Ballston Spa, N. Y., was awarded $3,000 for 1,236 kisses, a new market rate for the single osculation has been put on record. Miss Pettit thought her kisses, which were bestowed on James P. Tittemore, should bring her in $5,000 for 1,236, but a jury in the Supreme Court allowed her only $2.42 a kiss. In the history of the human kiss no set price has been fixed for the rapturous labial pastime, though court records show an interesting diversity of opinions in regard to its real value.

Among the higest-priced kisses on record, according to the kissee's valuation, is that which Mrs. Antonia Filzkow, of New York, demanded for kisses she said she received from Dr. Anthony Hoffman. Both parties were of New York, where the kiss seems to come high.

Mrs. Filzkow's bill was:

To one kiss on cheek, $25,000.

To one kiss on mouth, $25,000.

Total cost of two kisses, $50,000.

Out in the Windy City kisses among the "Coeds" at the University of Chicago are valued at a high rate. Miss Dorothy Mills, who brought suit against Z. B. Brousseau recently, asked for $25,000 for one hug and ten kisses. The hug, it is presumed, was worth $5,000 and the kisses $20,000 per.

The cheapest kiss on record bears the Newark, N. J., brand. A jury in the First District Court of Newark decided in 1902 that Policeman Thomas J. Dockery, of Montclair, must pay Miss Theresa Heervey six cents for kissing her. Miss Hervey valued the kiss at $300, but owing to the fact that she had forgiven the policeman, she received six cents, which places a distinctive price on the special brand known as the "forgiven" kiss.

Over in Newark they have a primitive system of osculatory fines, for in the same year Judge Schalk fined a young woman and young man $10 for kissing in the park, which places a difference of $9.94 between a kiss stolen in a doorway, as in the policeman's case, and one taken in the park.

Jersey City places the $10 limit on a kiss stolen on the street, for in 1900 Thomas Angelo was fined that amount for filching an osculation from Miss Minnie Baxter.

It cost George McCarthy, a crayon portrait canvasser, $50 to kiss Mrs. Andrew J. Stinemeyer in Vineland, N. J. The sylvan Justice placed a higher price on the osculation stolen from the red lips of the village beauties than the Newark authorities.

A Grand Jury at New Brunswick fined Robert McKibbin $5.15 for kissing Mrs. Dela Mauser, which was a pretty high price for that neighborhood.

A Blue Grass kiss is recorded as costing the kisser $100. Robert Crawford bestowed an unsolicited salutation upon the rosy lips of Miss Annie Stewart, and was promptly fined that amount by a Frankfort Justice.

Up in Wisconsin kisses have been valued at anything but a uniform price. In Richland Centre Mrs. Robert Stayton brought suit against D. G. James for $15,000, the same being the price for five kisses filched from her, and which she valued at $5,600 apiece.

In Oshkosh osculations come a little cheaper, but in the case cited they are put down as the servant girl variety. Miner H. Ballou paid the penalty for kissing his wife's maid three times. The jury fixed the price of servant girl kisses at $166.66.

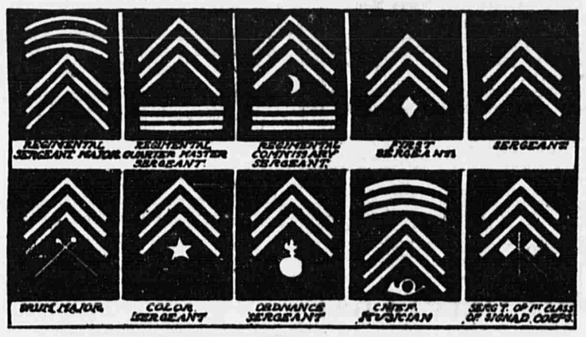
At Sheboygan, Wis., a Circuit Court Judge values kisses very cheaply. In a suit brought by Mrs. Bouska for $3,000 for kisses given Peter Hugent, she was awarded $500. Mrs. Bouska said Hugent had promised her $1 for every kiss, and that she had given him $3,000 worth.

Middletown, N. Y., has established a record. Justice Martin J. Keogh fixed the price of kisses at $200 per. Isaac Harris had to pay that price to Mrs. Estella Hook, a middle-aged woman, in 1902, but the osculation she valued as highly as would a blushing young girl.

In 1900 Recorder Walcott, of Little Falls, N. Y., fixed the value of a stolen kiss at $10, which seems to be the most popular price yet settled upon. Charles Persons stole a kiss from Mrs. Maud Hurst, and her indignation could only be appeased by the judicial decree of a $200 fine.

The price of kisses runs all the way from six cents to $25,000, and as there are continually recurring cases of grieved females bringing suits for stolen or bestowed kisses, it seems that the statistics of the kisses' financial value should be formulated into a system whereby rash offenders might know exactly the penalty they must pay for violating the laws of formal etiquette. A national price for osculating would be the best solution for the difficulty, so that Wisconsin damsels and Blue Grass belles may not be constantly aggrieved at a lesser or greater value being placed on osculations from their respective States.

HOW TO TELL A SOLDIER'S RANK.



The new uniform markings to represent rank or grade or branch of the United States Army service, recently promulgated by Adjutant-General Corbin in general orders, are confusing to persons accustomed to the old insignia. The order has bothered army uniform makers, officers and men considerably, as the changes from the old devices are very marked.

Officers who were anxious to appear before President Roosevelt, Gen. Miles, Adjutant-General Corbin and the great array of department chiefs at the recent dedication exercises at St. Louis in uniforms every detail of which complied with the new regulations were put to their wits' end to secure proper outfits.

The military uniform manufacturers of the United States whom army officers favor are few in number. These favored makers have been hard at work for months. Some of the new devices have puzzled military men themselves a little and the uninitiated have been entirely at sea in determining the rank and branch of service of the men they met.

The accompanying engraving will help you hereafter to properly designate some of the non commissioned officers.

CASTORIA
For Infants and Children.
The Kind You Have Always Bought
Bears the Signature of Chas. H. Fletcher

House Cleaning Made Easy.
For All Cleaning Purposes
USE
PYRANZINE
A Perfect Substitute for Benzine and Naphtha.
Non-Inflammable. Non-Explosive.
Sold by Grocers, Drug and Department Stores.
Mfd. by Am. Pyranzine Co., 62 William St., N. Y.

Special Notices.

Father John's Medicine Cured Me of a long standing bronchial and catarrh trouble. Many of my employees use it with wonderful results.—T. F. Kelly, 19 Parkhurst St., Newark, N.J.

BLEMISHES
MOLES, WARTS, FRECKLES, MOTH, TAN, LIVER SPOTS.
Removed Now Stay Removed.
The skin being moist and pliable, greatly aids the treatment, and insures perfect and lasting results, with a clear, healthy, roseate complexion free from spot or blemish.
My scientific treatments never fail. Thirty years' practical experience. Hours 9 to 6. Call or write personally to me.
John H. Woodbury D. I., 22 West 23d St., New York.

Amusements.

HERALD SQ. Theatre, B'way & 35th. Evgs. at 8.15. Sat. Mat., 2.15. Charles Frohman.....Manager. FIRST TIME IN NEW YORK TO-NIGHT. KLAW & ERLANGER will present in the new American Farce, DAN DALY "JOHN HENRY" By Geo. V. Hobart & Edw. E. Rose. Founded on the Famous "John Henry" Books.

GARRICK THEATRE, 35th St., near Broadway. EVGS., 8.20. MATS. WED. & SAT., 2.15. HENRY E. DIXEY in FACING THE MUSIC

KNICKERBOCKER THEATRE, Bway & 38th. TO-NIGHT, 8 P.M. One week only. Sat. Matinee. ROMEO AND JULIET. Presented by Liebler & Co.'s All Star Cast: Kyrle Bellew, Eleanor Robson, Eben Plympton, W. H. Thompson, John E. Kellerd, Edwin Arden, Forrest Robinson, W. J. Ferguson, George Clarke, F. C. Bangs, Edmund Breese, Ada Dwyer, Mrs. W. G. Jones. Seats selling.

GRAND FRANCIS WILSON. "The Toreador."

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

HURTIG & SEAMON'S 125TH ST. AND 7TH AVE. MATINEE TO-DAY. Lillian Burkhart & Co., Julian Rose, the De Forrests, 10 Others.

AMERICAN, 42d St. and 8th Ave. Evgs., 8.15. Mats. Wed. & Sat. JACOB ADLER IN THE MERCHANT OF VENICE.

BIJOU MABELLE GILMAN TO-NIGHT in "THE MOCKING BIRD."

MURRAY HILL THEA. Lex. Ave. & 42d St. MATINEE EVERY DAY, 25c. THE PRIVATE SECRETARY.

ACADEMY OF MUSIC. Evgs. 8.15. Mats. Wed. & Sat. A WORKING GIRL'S WRONGS.

3D AVE. Mat. To-day. "ACROSS THE ROCKIES; OR, HOME, SWEET HOME."

Amusements

MADISON SQUARE GARDEN. DUSS' METROPOLITAN OPERA-HOUSE ORCHESTRA. "VENICE IN NEW YORK" OPENS SUNDAY, MAY 31. Nordica Soloists Opening Night. De Reszke. SEATS now on sale at Box Office, Madison Square Garden, Tyson's (Principal Hotels), Rullman's, 113 B'way, and McBride's, 71 B'way. Prices (Opening Night), $1, $2 & $3. Gen. Adm. $1. UNDER THE DIRECTION OF R. E. JOHNSTON

14th Street Theatre. Near 6th Ave. NEARING THE END OF THEIR RUN. THE 4 COHANS 2D MONTH. RUNNING FOR OFFICE.

"DARE DEVIL" SCHREYER, In His Sensation Chute and High Dive Act, OLYMPIA FIELD, TO-NIGHT. 135TH STREET AND LENOX AVENUE.

CASINO To-Night THE RUNAWAYS

Manhattan Broadway & 35th st. Evgs 8.20. Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2.15. THE EARL OF PAWTUCKET.

BELASCO THEATRE LAST 7 TIMES. LAST MAT. SAT. DAVID BELASCO presents in "THE DARLING OF THE GODS." BLANCHE BATES

N. Y. STAR Lex. Ave. & 107th st. Mat. To-day, 25c. A WIFE'S SECRET.

WEST END THE ROYAL LILLIPUTIANS—Next Week, Kate Claxton, The Two Orphans.

Amusements

TRY PROCTOR'S 23d St. TO-DAY: 25, 50c. TO-NIGHT: Res. 75c. Reserved Every Aft. and Eve. Full Orchestras. Continuous Vaudeville. Edward Lang & Co., Murphy & Willard, Swan & Bambard, 4 Amer. Trumpeters, &c.

5th Av. THE RAJAH. FLORENCE REED, WALLACE ERSKINE & All Stock Favorite. Big Vaude. Continuous.

58th St. THE SMART SET. Mats. Mon., Wed., Thurs., Sat.

125th St. ON THE WABASH. ADELAIDE KEIM, WILLARD BLACKMORE. All Stock Favorites. Big Vaude.

HUBER'S MUSEUM. JAMES HANDY, Iron Skull Wonder. MASCOT, the Talking Horse. Armless Wonder; Hengolds Demingus, Spanish Web aerial act, Punch & Judy. Theatre—The Leonards, Whitley & Bell, Robbins & Trenaman, Bertha Berrie, Harry Newman, Edison Pictures, presenting Life and Death of a Gamester.

WALLACK'S THEATRE, 30th st. & B'way. Evs., 8.15. Mat. Sat. only, 2.15. Henry W. Savage presents GEO. ADE'S Hit, SULTAN OF SULU

PASTOR'S 14th st., near 3d ave. CONTINUOUS 20 AND 30 CENTS. Gardner & Vincent, Mr. and Mrs. Barry, Ascott and Eddie, Jos. Richmond Glenroy, Bijou Circus as Extra Attraction.

CIRCLE 2.15 8.15 B'way & 60th. THE GREAT FULGORA. O'BRIEN & HAVEL, YORK & ADAMS, 3 LIVINGSTONS, and a Host of Others.

THE DEWEY E. 14TH ST. MATINEE TO-DAY Bowery Burlesquers. "SLUMMING"—VAUDEVILLE

MAJESTIC GRAND CIRCLE, B'way & 50th st. Evgs. 8. Mats. Wed. and Sat. WIZARD OF OZ with Montgomery & Stone. Wed. Mat., $1.00. Evgs. and Saturday Matinee, $1.50

VICTORIA, 42 st. B'wy & 7 av. Sat. Mat. DAVID BELASCO Presents (last week) Warfield in "THE AUCTIONEER." Next Mon. Opens PARADISE ROOF GARDENS.

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

METROPOLIS. 142d St. and 3d Ave. Evgs. 8.15. Mats. Wed. Sat. Resurrection.

Brooklyn Amusements.

PARK. MATINEE EVERY DAY. Black Patti Troubadours. 40 Co'd Artists, including the Great Black Patti.