THE EVENING WORLD'S HOME MAGAZINE

MONDAY EVENING, OCTOBER 12, 1903.

Why Do Women Marry the Wrong Men?

Fair Readers of The Evening World Will Be Given Prizes for Answers to Three Questions.

By Harriet Hubbard Ayer.

Descriptions of ideal husbands, with sharp pen portraits of real husbands who are, it must be admitted in such cases, a long way removed from perfection, are pouring in to this department by each post. If the lords of creation who are laboring under the impression that weak woman does not, after marriage, speedily awaken from any delusion she may have entertained about one particular man before that event they are respectfully invited to read what she has to say, singly and collectively, on the subject.

On the other hand, lest mere man should take this occasion to expatiate his real or imagined grievances—for we admit he has both—lest he should declare that the ideal husband as he exists in the feminine imagination was never born, he is referred to many letters of many happy wives who have found in their husbands the full realization of their girlish ideals. Wives who have been married not a year and a day, but women who, after twenty years of wedded happiness, write with delighted enthusiasm letters that fairly radiate marital bliss.

The letters answering the questions, "Why women marry the wrong men?" and "Why do women condone the faults in men they condemn in their own sex?" are equally interesting and should set a good many men and women to thinking on ways and means for remedying some very obvous defects n socal ethes.

THE EVENING WORLD offers three prizes of $10 each for the best answers to the following questions:

BEST DESCRIPTION OF THE IDEAL HUSBAND.

WHY WOMEN MARRY THE WRONG MEN?

WHY DO WOMEN CONDONE THE FAULTS IN MEN THEY CONDEMN IN THEIR OWN SEX?

A $10 prize to the best answer to each question.

Letters must be written on one side of the paper only and must not be over 150 words long. Send letters to Mrs. Harriet Hubbard Ayer, Evening World, Pulitzer Building, New York City.

Real Women Do Not Condemn, but Extend a Helping Hand.

Dear Mrs. Ayer:

REAL women never condemn their sex, but hold out a helping hand to unfortunate sisters. The women who condemn in their sex what they condone in men can only be classed with the women who lavish attention and sympathy upon men in the sensational criminal cases, and it can only be attributed to a hysterical condition. As for the ideal qualities" in a man, if he possesses the two essential ones, thoughtfulness and consideration, he will be "ideal" enough to suit the average girl. For when a woman really loves a man she usually loves his head as well as his good qualities, and readily forgives him.

ANONYMOUS.

They Marry the Wrong Man "Just to Spite the Other Fellow."

Dear Mrs. Ayer:

SOMETIMES after a lovers' quarrel we marry the other fellow just for spite, only to say later "What a mistake." Again a desire to get married so as to be saved from the horrors of spinsterhood, makes us marry the wrong man. But nine times out of ten it is because we do not give the subject sufficient thought. We seem to forget that it is not for a day or a year, but for a lifetime. We see only the best side of the man's character. We do not take the time or trouble to look into his daily life, to study his habits and dispositions. I can safely add if we did there would be fewer unhappy marriages.

M. STEVENS.

Women Cannot Know a Man's Character Before Marriage.

Dear Mrs. Ayer:

WHY do women marry the wrong men? It is because of man's assumption of what he is not. He makes himself appear in the best possible light to the girl of his choice while courting her, carefully covering up all flaws and rough corners

"He spends money freely and cheerfully upon her."

of his character; spends money freely and cheerfully upon her; devotes himself to her and anticipates her slightest wish. These things naturally blind women in making their choice of husbands. If men appeared in their natural light to women and the women had an equal opportunity of seeing them in their family as men have, there would be fewer unhappy marriages.

M. C. R.

He Need Not Be Rich; He Need Not Even Be Handsome.

Dear Mrs. Ayer:

THE ideal man does not need to be rich or handsome. There is often more real happiness in a vine-covered cottage than in a grand mansion. A man that is handsome often loves self more than wife. He must be kind and affectionate and court his wife a little after marriage, as well as before. Nothing makes a woman's heart heavier or more sad than to think she is neglected or loved less than she once was. He must be strong and brave, yet tender. He must have a mind of his own, as well as has the woman, so that when he or she finds their ideal sweetheart or wife they will stand by one another, no matter if others do try to make trouble. It would be well if both were religious. He should let his wife know enough of his business, so that they shall not live beyond their means should she be so inclined. The wife must make herself and her home so neat and attractive that her husband would rather spend his evenings at home than at his club.

BACHELOR GIRL, Asbury Park.

After Seven Years, She Says, the Ideal Husband Is Her Own.

Dear Mrs. Ayer:

I HAVE been married seven years and can truthfully say I am happier every day of my married life. I always said I would marry for honor, not fame through money, politics or position, but one at all times honorable. Choose a man who can first of all master any situation; can take a glass of beer if he wants it, and can let it alone if he wants to. One who is not so dissipated in politics that he would

"Let your choice be a man who loves children."

forget where his home, wife and children are, and let your choice be a man who loves children, is kind to his fellowman and to animals, has the energy and ambition to bring forth all that is highest and best in life.

A. M. K.

The Ideal Husband Is Not Born; He Must Be Trained.

Dear Mrs. Ayer:

THE ideal husband is a man of honor, who does right by his wife because it is right; one who keeps his marriage vows unspotted; kind, loving, sympathetic; willing to make little sacrifices now and then rather than cause distress or unhappiness to the "weaker vessel." One who gives the wife an allowance in accordance with his income for her own personal expenses and needs, without compelling her to ask him for two cents every time she needs a

"One who gives his wife an allowance in accordance with his income."

stamp. Certainly a man who does by his wife as he would expect or want his wife to do by him. One who is companionable and makes his wife his confidant. The ideal husband is not born, but trained. The boy is taught the highest Christian principles, guided and encouraged in the same; then, on reaching manhood, he will be able to manifest the ideal through knowledge and understanding.

LOLA BELLE.

"Calf Love" Is Responsible for Wrong Marriage.

Dear Mrs. Ayer:

IN my opinion women marry the wrong man because they take the step too soon. How many will wait till they are twenty-five or tweny-six in the hope of meeting eventually the right man? Very few. Many elope at seventeen or eighteen, during the progress of a malady that in England we call calf-love. A few years later the man who could have made her happy comes along and soon there is another woman airing her woes to the world. It is often the woman's fault. She doesn't wait and look for her real husband, but gives herself to some cute man who flatters her beautifully till a week after the wedding day, when he gets a bit tired of it and hankers after his saloon pals. A man will often roam the world to find his wife, putting up with loneliness and disappointment if only eventually he can find her. Women will not do that. After marriage they begin to form ideals and start self-analysis, which proves to them they are very ill-treated and that their husbands are very thoughtless and cruel. Personally I think a man is a bit of a cad who marries a girl of seventeen.

A. C.

He Must Be Good of His Home and His Children.

Dear Mrs. Ayer:

THE ideal husband must be "every inch a man." He must be good morally, just as he expects the wife of his choice to be; fond of home and children, temperate, industrious and of pleasant, cheerful disposition. He must also love his wife better than himself. If he be fortunate enough to marry a woman congenial to him, who appreciates the love that such a man can give her, truly these two may dwell in a little corner of Eden.

B. H. T.

Don't Measure a Man's Love By the Money He Spends on You

Dear Mrs. Ayer:

A WOMAN usually measures a man's love by the amount of money he spends on her. He must be continually taking her on trips here and thers, to the theatre, dances, &c.; bonbons must ap-

"He is courteous to women and in little ways shows his genuine kindness of heart."

pear regularly, flowers, in and out of season, and so on ad infinitum. If, instead, she would look for the qualities of the heart and mind, there would be no need of the divorce court. She gives little thought to whether he has sound religious convictions, and, consequently, a high standard of right and wrong, nor if he is considerate with his mother and sisters, courteous to women, and in little ways showing his genuine kindness of heart—blinded by a fine appearance, good conversational ability and, as before stated, the open purse, she takes it for granted that after marriage his love for her will quench all evil tendencies he might possess.

Mrs. M. G.

He Should Shut His Eyes to His Wife's Failings.

Dear Mrs. Ayer:

AN ideal husband is one who has trained himself to shut his eyes to all faults of his wife, or, seeing them, is tactful enough to help her overcome them without revealing his knowledge of them. He is the man who, trusting her, asks no questions in regard to her goings or comings; who asks no accounting for moneys spent, but who, after telling his income, gives unasked and ungrudgingly all that his income will admit giving. It is his place to see that the wife does not spend all her strength and energy on the home, and, if wise, he will see that she has change and amusement. Leaving this to others to attend to has broken up many a home.

NO NAME, Kensington, Conn.

The Ideal Husband Will Not Cease to Be the Lover.

Dear Mrs. Ayer:

THE ideal husband should be sincere, unselfish, faithful, kind, forbearing and home loving. His wife should be made acquainted with his business affairs. He should have no secrets from her. As he is no doubt away from home during the day, he should give her the pleasure of his company in the evening. He should remember the many little attentions he paid her while courting her—the flowers, the bonbons, the concerts, the outings, &c., and remember that she is as fond of them to-day as she was then. The ideal husband should never cease to be the ardent lover. H should be a gentleman.

Mrs. J. C. L., Stapleton, S. I.

Many Women Think They Can Cure Men of Their Faults.

Dear Mrs. Ayer:

WOMEN marry the wrong husband because they overlook too many faults before marriage and think they can cure him after they are married—which they may be able to do if they go about it with common sense. Let them select a husband that is good and true, one that respects his mother, if he has one, and other members of the family. One that loves children, a steady worker, sober and honest. Be as patient with him as you expect him to be toward you. Think everything that is high of him, and ten to one he will try and live up to it. I don't want a man to do housework unless I am sick. Let him be kind, loving and considerate in all things, sorrow or joy, is all I ask. I have been happily married twelve years.

R. L. M.

So Fair, So False.

BY CHARLES GARVICE.

TWO WOMEN'S HEARTS AND ONE MAN'S LOVE

(Permission of George Munro's Sons.)

CHAPTER I.

A Betrothal and a Threat.

"BUT your mother? What would Lady Letchford say to her only son marrying a common-place school-teacher whose father happens to have made a fortune? She"——

But Sir Heron Letchford interrupted eagerly:

"Well, grant all you say. A lady cannot be more than a lady. And you"——He stops with a curt, impatient laugh. "A mere idea," he says. "You will not, you cannot, wreck me on that. But"—then he stops with a sudden suspicious pause—"but you have not answered my question yet. May, you have not said you love me; that is what I want. I care for nothing else. What are all these objections? Nothing to me. Say that you love me, and I will show how I value the stupid prejudice of my people. By heaven! if all the world said nay, while you said yes, I would have you in spite of yourself. May, I love you—I love you."

Could his friends have heard this passionate plea from Sir Heron Letchford, the greatest "catch" in the country, they would have stood aghast. He was supposed to be proof against such a weakness as love. Especially love for such a girl as May Dalton. Not that May was not loveable and beautiful, but her father was a vulgaria, who, having suddenly made a fortune in London, had bought an estate in Berkshire and settled there with his daughters, May and Carrie, to the disgust of the aristocratic neighbors.

Sir Heron Letchford had met May at a county ball. It had been a case of love at first sight with him and he had, with difficulty, induced his haughty mother, old Lady Letchford, to invite the three Daltons to dinner. Lady Letchford had some time previously invited Rose Vavasour, the avowed beauty of the London season, to visit the Letchford country seat, "The Wold," in hopes that she might win Heron's heart. With Rose was her brother, Vane Vavasour, one of the handsomest men in England.

The dinner to which the Daltons were invited passed off stiffly, with little cordiality on either side. Lady Letchford eyed May's beauty with keen disfavor, fearing lest Heron might fall victim to it. Rose viewed the girl as a possible rival and hated her accordingly.

As Heron, Vane and old Dalton had sat over their cigars before rejoining the ladies after dinner, Dalton had taken occasion to say that May would (if she married a man of whom he approved) have a dowry of £40,000 ($200,000). Vane had heard this boast eagerly, but Heron had not been able to hide a start of disgust, and had taken occasion to say that such an offer would be a bait for every fortune hunter.

Heron had walked homeward with May that night and had spoken first of a locket he had once found and restored to her. It had contained a man's face. He was eager to know who the man might be. In reality it was the face of May's scapegrace brother, Sydney; but as the lad had been cast off by his father and had been a disgrace to the family, May hesitated to speak of him. Heron had not pressed the point, but had asked her to be his wife, she demurred.

"No!" he says, almost fiercely, and his arm holds her as in a vise. "There shall be no more of this. We two stand together to-night alone with all the world outside. I have given you my love. Will you give me yours? When I plead for bread, will you throw me coldly a stony pride? May—May do not make my name a curse to me! Heaven! Cannot you see that I love you as I never, never can love again? After all, what can you give me that shall weigh a feather-weight in the balance against such love as mine? But give me what you can. Say here, now, with no thought of others, 'I love you,' or"—and his voice grows hoarse—"let me go, once for all."

"I—do"—then, with a sudden sob, she drops upon his breast, and her "I do," finishes with "I love you!"

He does not speak, but she feels his heart heave as his arms close around her.

And he draws off, slowly, and with a touch that is a caress in itself, the simple little ring which she wears on her second finger and slips his ring—a plain, heavy gold band, quite free from the slightest attempt at ornament—in place of hers.

But May hears Carrie's voice and then starts away.

"May! May! where are you!"

Heron parts from her at the door and May enters the library, where her father and sister await her. In a few bashful words she tells them of her betrothal. Old Dalton is wild with joy.

"It's a surprise, I know, but no such a surprise as you think," he says, patting her on the back. "I saw it coming! I knew which way the wind was blowing, and—ha! ha!—I think I gave it a helping hand to-night. Yes, you played your cards well, May, admirably, and it does you credit—but mind, your father gave you a helping hand. I always said I'd back you up and I did it. I let it right out plain and straightforward, and I am right. There's nothing like putting things straightforward.

"What do you mean?" says May in a low voice.

"Well, my dear, when me and Sir Heron and Mr. Vavasour was alone sittin' comfortable over our wine, I spoke straight out, and I told 'em that if my daughter married well I'd do the 'andsome thing. Oh, I had my eyes on Sir Heron—he's a deep 'un, he is. There he sat with his legs stretched out as if he wasn't listening, but when I out with it plain, and said, I'd give you £40,000 the day you married to my liking, I saw him jump as if he had been shot. Mind," he goes on with a chuckle, "I knew the Letchfords were rather short just now, I had it from their agents, or else I shouldn't have opened my mouth so wide. But that's my motter—bid high if you've set your mind on the lot—bid high, and they'll knock it down at once. You've done your part like—like a good girl, my dear; but it was the £40,000 that clinched it, depend upon it!"

And he sank into the chair, with a suppressed chuckle of triumphant cunning.

With white, set face, and anguished eyes, May looks down at him; then suddenly her hands go to her face, and she bursts into a storm of passionate sobs.

* * *

Meanwhile there is a stormy scene at "The Wold," where Heron is breaking the news of his betrothal. His mother is furious. Vane and Rose offer conventional congratulations, but the former goes to his sister's room for a few moment's private talk before retiring.

Vane sinks into a chair and looks at her.

"Pretty kettle of fish this!" he says.

With a smothered exclamation, she arises in all her glorious height, and stands before him.

Rose Vavasour smiles scornfully.

"You do not understand," she says; "but I vow that this girl shall never be the mistress of The Wold!"

"Who is to prevent her?" he says.

Rose Vavasour draws herself up to her full height.

"I," she says. "I! We will see who is stronger, I or that miserable girl. You smile. You think that it is Heron I care for! No matter—think what you will; but I say that she shall never ride roughshod over me. Mistress of The Wold! No! If any one is to be mistress of The Wold it shall be I!"

Vane Vavasour looks at her with brotherly admiration.

"All right," he says. "But what are you going to do? I never saw a man so in love as Heron."

"No matter," she says, with a sudden flush; "leave it to me. Go, now; I am tired out."

And Vane discreetly takes his candle and departs.

And so ends the night of May's betrothal. But the complications it is to bring are more terrible than any of the principals dream.

(To Be Continued.)

The Home Dressmaker.

By Mme. Judice.

If you wish advice concerning new gowns or the making-over of old ones, if you wish advice concerning home dressmaking, write to "Mme. Judice, Evening World, Pulitzer Building, New York City," and she will give it to you in this column.

Lace for Green Waist.

Dear Mme. Judice:

I HAVE a green silk louisine waist, with a yoke of fancy stitching, and would like to put some kind of lace around the yoke to give it a collar effect. What kind of lace could I use on it? It is stitched with green and black silk.

B. J.

You could have white Oriental lace dyed to the shade of your silk yoke, and if you wished it very artistic you could work in black French knots on some parts of the lace. This is the prettiest idea and carries out the collar scheme beautifully, but a flounce of black guipure lace will also be pretty.

To Make Waist Smaller.

Dear Mme. Judice:

I HAVE ten yards of black albatross, one yard of pretty cream all-over lace, three and a half yards of lace applique to match, about three and a half inches wide, the pattern running a little wavy, and a quantity of black taffeta. As I am in mourning eleven months for my father and have all black dresses I thought I would like to put a touch of white on this dress, as I am almost over my period of mourning. Am eighteen years old, quite tall and well built. Bust measure is 38 inches, hip measure 39 inches, waist measure 25 inches. Skirt measure 43. I would like you to tell me how to make the dress so as to make the waist appear smaller.

Miss L. B.

The broad shoulder effects in trimming will have a tendency toward making your waist look smaller. A yoke of your cream all-over lace, with a bertha effect of the black albatross—trimmed with the appliques set in with spaces between, is a very good way to obtain the broad shoulder effect. A hip yoke or a deep circular flounce in the skirt will make it look shorter. Do not put any white trimming on the skirt, as it will be too startling for a second mourning dress. Full sleeves trimmed with white lace will be in good taste.

Would Enlarge Cloth Coat.

Dear Mme. Judice:

I HAVE a tight-fitting, three-quarter-length coat of a blue-black cloth. The sleeves fit snug at the wrist and have a large puff at the top. It also has a shoulder cape. It is tight across the bust, back and shoulders. How could I make it larger? I have a thirty-two inch bust, am fifteen years of age, tall and slender

D. O.

Stamford, Conn.

Remove the old sleeves and recut, allowing the fulness to be at lowest part of the sleeves, and make all necessary piecing (if any) on the under side of upper arm part. Use the cape to make strips as box plaits, set on from the shoulder to the waist line, sewing on one side only; then cut the material next to stitched side under the plait and set the coat over to required width. This will widen the coat across the back, bust and shoulders. Wear a fancy girdle belt. This will cover where the box-plaits end and make a dressy effect. The box plaits also make you appear stouter.

For Six-Year-Old Girl.

Dear Mme. Judice:

I INCLOSE sample of goods and trimming for a dress for my little six-year-old daughter. I also send the pattern. I have 2 1-3 yards of the trimming, and have bought a skein each of the different silks, which I thought of using up in small dots for the yoke. I think you could suggest using the trimming in a more novel way, and also using the silks in some sort of embroidery.

A. A.

Why not make a yoke of narrow bias bands of the red crepe cloth and fagot the bands together with either self-toned silk or alternating colors of the skeins you have selected? Wear either over white silk or fagot the strips together with the red silk and make French knots of alternating shades of the trimming on the bands. Another dainty idea is all-over ecru lace over white silk and each pattern of the lace worked in sunburst design of your many colored silks. This is decidedly new.

To Clean Soiled Velvet.

Dear Mme. Judice:

I HAVE about three yards of red silk back velvet which was on a hat. I would like to make another hat from this same velvet, but it is dirty. How can I clean it?

A. F.

Scour your velvet with naphtha and a fine-haired brush. Place the velvet on a table and rub only one way—the direction the nap runs. You can discern this easily by rubbing your hand over the velvet and the way it slides the smoothest. If you press afterward, use a heavy woollen blanket folded several times and run a hot iron over the wrong side of the velvet. This is the only way to press velvet and not leave a mark of the iron. It is also good for velvet seams.

May Manton's Hints.

Coat with Cape.

CAPES that droop over the shoulders make parts of many of the latest coats and are both graceful and generally becoming. The original of the model shown is made of sideline, in the new purple known as Lombardy plum, and finished with stitching in corticelli silk, and makes part of a costume, but all cloaking and suit materials can be utilized. The coat is made with a blouse portion, that is fitted by means of shoulder and under-arm seams, and the skirt, or tunic, which is seamed to it beneath the belt. The cape is seamless, but is slashed at the centre back and the shoulders to provide the freedom essential to comfort. Finishing the neck and front edge is a stitched band that forms a flat collar. The tunic is fitted over the hips by means of darts and is laid in plaits at the centre back. The material required for medium size is 6 1-4 yards 27 inches wide, 4 yards 41 inches wide or 3 1-2 yards 52 inches wide. The pattern (4,522), cut in sizes for a 32, 34, 36, 38 and 40 inch bust measure, will be sent for 10 cents. Send money to Cashier of The World, Pulitzer Building, New York.

LETTERS, QUESTIONS, ANSWERS.

Three Great-Grandmothers

To the Editor of The Evening World:

I have a son that has three great-grandmothers living and a great-great-grandmother, and the five generations are all living. He thus has six grandmothers living. His great-grea.-grandmother is eighty-two years old. Can readers find any other boy that has three living great-grandmothers?

Mrs. MILLFORD REED,
New Brunswick, N. J.

Night School

To the Editor of The Evening World:

Where is the nearest night school to One Hundred and Thirdieth street and Eighth avenue?

E. D.

For boys, No. 735 East One Hundred and Thirty-eighth street. For girls, One Hundred and Fourth street and Amsterdam avenue.

No Established Church in United States

To the Editor of The Evening World:

Has the United States an established church or not?

J. G. WOOD.

"Pound" Is Correct

To the Editor of The Evening World:

A claims that a place where stray animals are legally penned is called a "pound." B claims that it is called a "pond." Which is correct?

PERPLEXED.

"To the Manner Born"—Hamlet

To the Editor of The Evening World:

I notice in an editorial you use the phrase "to the manner born." I have always understood the correct rendition was "manor." Which is correct and where did the phrase originate?

C. W. G.

151 Feet, Pedestal 155 Feet

To the Editor of The Evening World:

What is the height of the Statue of Liberty?

MONROE F.

Wants Cure for Stammering

To the Editor of The Evening World:

What is the best cure for a person that stammers?

INQUIRER.

Stammering is a nervous affection, and is often cured by building up the whole system and strengthening the nerves. Compel yourself to speak with great slowness and avoid excitement.

Some of the Best Jokes of the Day.

THEN AND NOW.

I used to wish (a beardless lad)
For hairs enough for shaving, but,
Grown older now I wish I had
A few more hairs to cut.

—Philadelphia Press.

CAREFUL MAN.

Leading Lady—Why didn't you put my flowers on the stage?

Stage Manager—I was afraid they might be frost-bitten.—Detroit Free Press.

A PRECAUTION.

"If I give you a dime you will run straight to some saloon."

"Not me."

"Will you promise?"

"Yes'm; I never run."—Indianapolis Sun.

THE BRUTE!

"Of course," said Mrs. Extragood, "you are fond of bright, precocious babies?"

"Oh, yes, certainly," replied Old Batch, "but I draw the line on the supposed smart sayings made up by the parents and loaded off on the poor infants."—Baltimore American.

INSIPID.

He—Yes, he certainly is a queer looking chap. Is he nice?

She—Did you ever drink water after eating ice cream?

He—Yes; why do you ask?

She—Because that's what he's like.—Brooklyn Life.

DO YOU KNOW—

That if you stroke a black cat in the dark sparks will fly out of its fur?

That the sea is blue in the deepest part because of the reflection of the light, which is blue, but it is a greenish yellow in the shallow parts because of the sand and seaweed which show through the water?

That horses have no eyebrows and fish have no eyelids?

That snakes can go for months and months without food, and that a huge snake which recently died in the Zoo in Paris had not eaten anything for nearly two years and a half?

That camels are said to be the only animals that cannot swim?

Amusements.

A Sensational Hit!! CHECKERS "A laugh every 30 seconds." —WORLD. "A pleasing success." —HERALD. "In for a long and merry run." —SUN. With THOS. W. ROSS in the TITLE ROLE. Presented under the direction of KIRKE LA SHELLE with 178 PEOPLE. AMERICAN THEATRE, 42d St. and 8th Av. Evgs. 8.30. Mats. Wed & Sat. Prices: 25-50-75-1.00; Wed. Mat. prices, 25 & 50c.

NEW EMPIRE THEATRE. B'way & 40th st. Evgs. 8.15. Mat. Saturday. OPENS TO-MORROW NIGHT. JOHN DREW in CAPTAIN DIEPPE.

HERALD SQ. THEATRE. B'way & 35th st. Evgs. 8. Matinee Saturday. E. H. SOTHERN in THE PROUD PRINCE.

SAVOY THEATRE. 35th st. & Broadway. Evgs. 8.20. Matinees Wed. & Sat. W. H. CRANE in THE SPENDERS.

CRITERION THEATRE. B'way & 44th st. Evgs. 8.30. Matinee Saturday. CHARLES HAWTREY in "THE MAN FROM BLANKLEY'S."

GARRICK THEATRE. 35th st. & Broadway. Evgs. 8.15. Matinees Wed. & Sat. MAXINE ELLIOTT in HER OWN WAY.

GARDEN THEATRE. 27th st. & Madison av. Evenings 8.10. Matinee Saturday. Stephen Phillips' Play ULYSSES.

DALY'S THEATRE. Broadway & 30th st. Evgs. 8. Matinees Wed. & Sat. 3 LITTLE MAIDS.

LYRIC 42d & 43d sts., B'way & 7th Av. To-night. Mr. Richard Mansfield in "OLD HEIDELBERG."

Madison Sq. Ev. at 8.10. Mats. Thurs. & Sat. 2.10. GRACE GEORGE in "PRETTY PEGGY."

CASINO. THE RUNAWAYS. LAST 7 TIMES. Wed. Evg., 200th Perf. Templeton Souvenirs.

BROADWAY THEATRE, B'way & 41st St. Evgs. at 8.15. Mats. Wed. & Sat., 2.15. ORRIN JOHNSON IN Hearts Courageous.

VICTORIA. 42d St., B'way & 7th Av. Ev. 8.15. Mats. Wed. & Sat. THE FISHER MAIDEN.

PRINCESS B'way & 29th. Evgs. at 8.30. Mats. Thurs. & Sat. 2.30. THE EARL OF PAWTUCKET.

GRAND. THE WAYWARD SON. A STORY OF HOME LIFE.

WEST END THEATRE, 125TH ST. 8TH AV. MRS. FISKE—MARY OF MAGDALA. Thursday Matinee—HEDDA GABLER.

METRO. OLIS, Evgs. 8.15. Mats. Wed. & Sat. 142d St. & 3d Av. THE CHILD WIFE.

MINER'S 8TH AVE. T EATRE. 8th av. and 2.h st. RICE & BARTON'S BIG GAIETY CO.

HARLEM OPERA HOUSE Evgs. 8.15. Mat Saturday 2.15. THE SILVER SLIPPER.

BIJOU WM. COLLIER ARE YOU MY FATHER?

3RD AVE. Mat. To-day. THE HEART OF A HERO

Amusements.

PROCTOR'S 23d St. To-day, 25c., 50c. To-night, 25c., 75c. Continuous Vaudeville. Marshall P. Wilder, Louis Simon & Co., Seymour & Dupre, Mark Sullivan, 25 Big Star Acts.

5th Ave. 58th St. 125th St. "Pudd'nhead Wilson," Florence Reed, Malcolm Williams and Stock Favorites. Big Con't Vaude. "For Her Children's Sake," Wholesome, Humorous, Sympathetic. Mats. Mon., Wed., Thurs. and Sat. "THE TWO ORPHANS." Paul McAllister, Pearl Landers and Big Cast of Favorites. Big Vde.

MAJESTIC THEATRE. GRAND CIRCLE. Evs. 8 sharp. Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2 sharp. TO-MORROW EVE. AT 8 SHARP. HAMLIN AND MITCHELL'S New Musical Extravaganza, BABES IN TOYLAND. With WILLIAM NORRIS and Co. of 150. Music by VICTOR HERBERT. Book by GLEN MACDONOUGH. Staged by JULIAN MITCHELL. Gr. Opera Evs. and Sat. Mat. $1.50. BEST SEATS Wednesday Mats. $1.00.

14TH ST. THEATRE, Near 6th av. Mats. Wed. & Sat. JUST 2 WEEKS MORE. Only Engagement in New York or Vicinity. ANDREW MACK. In DION BOUCICAULT'S Greatest Play, ARRAH-NA-POGUE. MACK'S SONGS the Talk of the Town.

WALLACK'S, B'way & 30th St. Evgs. 8.20. Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2.15. "Bright Lines—Catchy Songs."—Herald. Geo. Ade's Latest Musical Success. PEGGY FROM PARIS.

Academy of Music. 14th St. & Irving Pl. —LAST WEEK— CHAS. WARNER IN "DRINK." Prices 25, 50, 75, $1. Mats. Wed. & Sat., 2. Eve., 8.15. NEXT WEEK, "THE BEST OF FRIENDS."

HURTIG & SEAMON'S 125th St. & 7th Av. MAT. TO-DAY. Grand Opera Trio, Lydia Yeamans Titus, Ryan & Richfield, Hilda Thomas & Lou Hall, Hayes & Healy, Loney Haskell, Adele Purvis Chrl. &c.

PASTOR'S 14TH ST. CONTINUOUS. 20 & 30 Cts. Cushman, Holcombe & Curtis, in new act, Laura Comstock & Co., Farnum & Nelson. Extra Attraction—Fitzsibbon-McCoy Trio.

NEW YORK Evenings at 8. Mats. Wed. & Sat. —PRICES— 50c., 1.00, 1.50. Klaw & Erlanger's BEN-HUR

WEBER & FIELDS' MUSIC HALL. B'way & 30th. Evgs., 8. Mats. Tues. & Sat. "WHOOP-DEE-DOO"

BELASCO THEATRE To-night 8 sharp. Mat. Sat., 2. David Belasco announces for a limited season BLANCHE BATES IN THE DARLING OF THE GODS.

Manhattan Broadway and 33d St. Ev. 8.15. Mats. Wed., Sat. 2. Beginning To-Morrow Night, MARTA OF THE LOWLANDS.

MURRAY HILL THEA. Lex. Av. & 42d St. Evgs., 8.15. Mats. Wed. & Sat., 2. HARRIGAN in "Under Cover." Evs. & Sat. Mat. 25c. to $1.50. Wd. Mat. best seats $1.

THE DEWEY E. 14th St. Matinee To-Day. CLARK'S RUNAWAY GIRLS. 2 Gt. Burlesques, Grand Vaudeville.

CIRCLE B'way & 60th St. Ladies' Mat. Daily. HENRY LEE, CHAS. R. SWEET, ELFIE RAY, Keno, Welch & Montrose & many oth's.

KNICKERBOCKER Broadway & 38th st. Evenings, 8 sharp. THE ROGERS BROS. IN LONDON. Last 4 Weeks. Matinee Saturday at 2.

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

N. Y. STAR Lex. av. & 107th. Mats. Mon., Wed., Sat. WEDDED AND PARTED

Brooklyn Amusements.

COL. SINN'S MONTAUK MATINEES WED. & SAT. RICE & WISE IN VIVIAN'S PAPAS.

COLUMBIA ALL THIS WEEK. Matinees Tues., Thurs., Sat. WELLS, DUNNE, HARLAN CO. in A MILK WHITE FLAG. Largest Production Ever Seen in New York.

Sunday World Wants Work Monday Morning Wonders