# Beauty Hints

By Margaret Hubbard Ayer

## A Good Depilatory.

Dear Miss Ayer:
What can I do for removing the hair from around the mouth? M. McK.

ONE of the oldest depilatories manufactured and which has a very large sale is as follows: Sulphydrate of soda, 100 grains; chalk, 300 grains. Make into a thin paste with water and apply to the hairy part, and let it remain for a few moments and then scrape it off with a blunt blade—a paper knife, for example. The effect of this depilatory is to destroy the hair, which comes off when scraped.

## Pimples After Shaving.

Dear Miss Ayer:
Every time I get shaved a number of small pimples break out, about two days later, on my chin. These pimples do not break out when I shave myself. E. W.

IT may be due to either of two causes or both: first, the razor may not be sterilized before use, and, second, the soap for lathering the face may be impure. For the irritation try this lotion. Pulverized borax, 6 drams; pure glycerine, 3-4 ounce; orange flower water, 12 ounces. Mix and bottle. This is a delightful wash for any slight skin affection, and may be used with most soothing effect for children when sun or wind burned.

## Cream for Pimples.

Dear Miss Ayer:
Kindly let me know of a good blood tonic, as my face is nothing but a mass of pimples. J. R.

TAKE first one of the good sarsaparilla blood purifiers on the market as an internal corrective, and try the external cure that has been so eminently successful in the case of others: Fossati Cream for Pimples—Lanolina, 5 grams; sweet almond oil, 5 grams; sulphur precipitate, 5 grams; oxide of zinc, 2 1-2 grams; extract of violet, 10 drops. Apply a very little of the cream to each pimple; wait until the pimples are cured before using the face brush, which might irritate them.

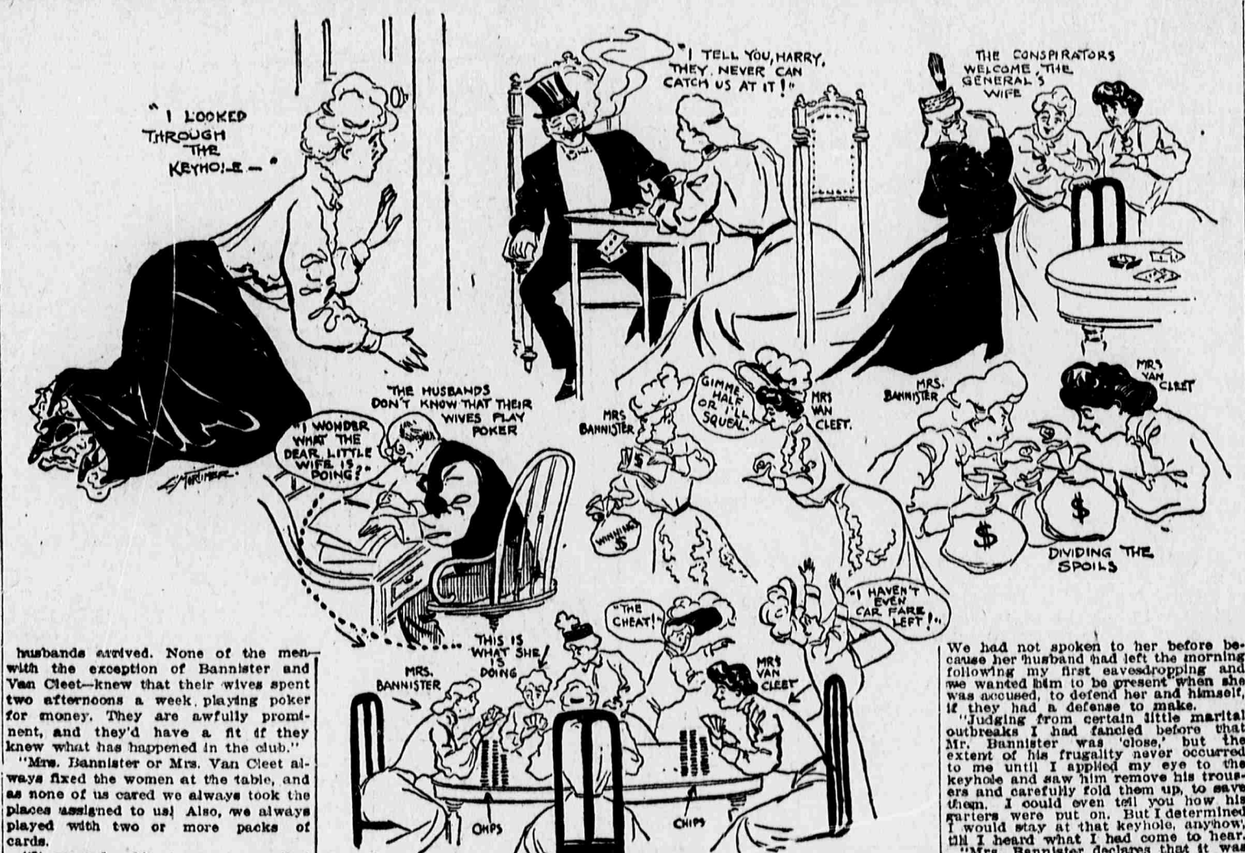
## How to Use Henna.

Dear Miss Ayer:
Kindly state the quantity of water to be used on henna leaves to dye the hair a pretty red brown? Mrs. K. S.

HERE is a rule for the application of henna which will explain to you fully its use: Take one ounce of henna leaves, steep in a pint of boiling water for twenty minutes. Let stand until it gets cold. Strain the liquid. Apply to the hair by the aid of a small sponge. The henna will sometimes stain the scalp, but the stain can easily be removed by soap and water. Before using henna or any coloring matter it is always necessary to thoroughly wash and dry the hair. Don't buy powdered henna. Insist on getting the leaves.

# A Keyhole Peep That Broke Up an Afternoon Poker Club.

THE true and somewhat thrilling story of a quiet little game that was played in a fashionable Murray Hill boarding-house, as related by a confidante of the astonished landlady.




THE heathen Chinee isn't in it with an up-to-date New York woman when it comes to scientifically manipulating the cards in a little game of poker. This is what some of the members of an afternoon poker club think. The club has been somewhat disrupted in the last few days, and when certain of the members meet they elevate their eyebrows and impressively ask one another, "Would you believe it?"

"Believe what?" said I to one of the members.

"That Mrs. Bannister and Mrs. Van Cleet could cheat?"

"Impossible!" I cried.

"But they did!" tragically declared the wristbanded club members.

"It was this way," explained Miss Ethel, the handsome niece of a lady who now has a luxurious room to let in a fashionable boarding-house near Fifth avenue.

"You know how we used to meet in the afternoons and play poker and how another crowd of us had a night game two or three times a week? Well, somehow, it always happened at the night game that either Mr. or Mrs. Bannister held a hand of treys. One of them always held the hand. It got so that we began to think it kind of funny that treys invariably landed either in one hand or the other. You know cards don't always run with such absolute regularity.

"If this was odd what was more so never failed to occur at the afternoon game. We never missed having hands of fours. Of course that made the pot a double-header. We always had at least six or eight sets of fours in the game, and I have known as many as twenty-six sets of fours in a single afternoon. Would you believe it, that since Mrs. Bannister and Mrs. Van Cleet stopped playing we haven't had a single hand of fours in the afternoon. Isn't that queer?

"Was the General's wife in the game?" I asked, referring to the wife of a prominent General in the army, who played in the club.

"No, she only played occasionally. She was always a loser. It was intended that she should lose. The regulars were Mrs. Travers, Mrs. Stockton, Mrs. Van Cleet, Mrs. Bannister, Mrs. Trenholm, Mrs. Durieve and myself. Mrs. Stockton was another steady loser. Why I overheard Mrs. Bannister tell Mrs. Van Cleet, 'Oh, she never must win. We will never let her win. We'll fix it so she can't win.' And I thought she was only talking in fun.

"We used to meet at 1 o'clock and disband about 5 or half-past, so that the women could be home before their husbands arrived. None of the men—with the exception of Bannister and Van Cleet—knew that their wives spent two afternoons a week playing poker for money. They are awfully prominent, and they'd have a fit if they knew what has happened in the club."

"Mrs. Bannister or Mrs. Van Cleet always fixed the women at the table, and as none of us cared we always took the places assigned to us. Also, we always played with two or more packs of cards.

"It seemed a bit strange to me that in the afternoon club one of the two always won, and at the night game it was the same thing. I have discovered that after the game they would meet somewhere and divide the winnings.

"I got a little suspicious, and what made me sure something was wrong, and set me to watching the women, was the fact that Mrs. Van Cleet said to me one day: 'Do you think that Mrs. Bannister looks like a woman who would cheat at cards?' When I denied this vehemently she assured me that she was sure of it. 'The Bannisters always hold three aces,' she said.

"The question was brought up later at the home of the Van Cleets, when Mrs. Van Cleet declared she hadn't meant what she said and was certain that it would be an impossibility for Mrs. Bannister to act dishonestly.

"'Why do you say that?' asked Mr. Van Cleet, 'when you know that she does?'

"I told Mrs. Bannister what Mrs. Van Cleet had said, and she was furious. You know how she opens her big baby blue eyes in that innocent way? Well, she was horrified and very indignant. Imagine, then, how astounded I was when, at their very next meeting Mrs. Bannister was just as sweet as honey and thick as bees with Mrs. Van Cleet.

"Friday afternoon we played as usual. Mrs. Bannister arranged the players and the game began. One of the women inadvertently reached over and riffled the pack of cards just as Mrs. Bannister was about to deal. This spoiled the pack. Of course it might have been done on purpose, but it looked accidental. Mrs. Bannister won $10 that afternoon, anyhow.

"It had been arranged that she and I were to play at the house of Mrs. Van Cleet that night, where Mr. Bannister would meet us and escort us home.

"During the evening Mrs. Van Cleet asked me whether I would let her bring 'Cousin Charlie' to play at the next night game, as her husband would probably be out of town. Now I had heard Mrs. Van say that if her husband knew she went out with Charlie he would kill her. Moreover, we were not as certain of the cousinship as she was.

"Anyhow I did not approve of this sort of thing and I said: 'Mrs. Van Cleet, I would rather you did not bring your cousin to the game unless your husband accompanies you.'

"She was awfully indignant and I thought she would never come to our house again after that, but she did. What do you think of that?

"You know Mr. Bannister was a great collector of rare curios and old coins—it seems he wasn't above collecting new ones, too, by dealing twice a week in a professional game, but we didn't know that. He had secured some rare things that day and I expected he would tell his wife all about it when we got home.

"I feel terribly to tell that I listened at a keyhole, but I felt desperate over these people and felt that if anything wrong was going on I must find it out and stop it.

"Expecting to hear about the curios and the Cousin Charley incident, I nearly fainted when, on putting my ear to the keyhole, I heard Mrs. Bannister plaintively begin:

"'What do you think, Harry? This afternoon we placed the women just as we had planned and had all the cards fixed, when Mrs. Durieve reached over and mixed up the cards. And I won $10 in spite of that. Wasn't it a shame that I had to give half of that to Mrs. Van Cleet when she wasn't able to give me a hand the whole afternoon?'

"I rushed to tell my aunt, and we decided to try and catch them in the game.

"When the club met on the following Tuesday afternoon I said we would play in the dining-room for a change instead of in Mrs. Bannister's sitting-room.

"She was awfully indignant and I thought she would never come to our house again after that, but she did. What do you think of that?

"Because I prefer one,' I replied.

"'For the life of me I don't know how it happened, but the two conspirators won in spite of my precautions.

"'This was the crucial moment with me. I knew that Mrs. Bannister would tell her husband about the change as soon as he came home and I determined to face her with my charges. We had not spoken to her before because her husband had left the morning following my first eavesdropping and we wanted him to be present when she was accused, to defend her and himself, if they had a defense to make.

"Judging from certain little marital outbreaks I had fancied before that Mr. Bannister was 'close,' but the extent of his frugality never occurred to me until I applied my eye to the keyhole and saw him remove his trousers and carefully fold them up, to save them. I could even tell you how his garters were put on. But I determined I would stay at that keyhole, anyhow, till I heard what I had come to hear.

"Mrs. Bannister declares that it was impossible to see through the portierre that hung over the door, or to hear anything. I had let her know she had been overheard. Now, you go outside and I will sit and talk as she did.

"The portiere was drawn over the door, but there was quite a space between the door and the curtain rod, and through this I saw plainly the great carved table by which stood the chair supposed to be occupied by Mr. Bannister, while Miss Ethel rocked back and forth in front of it, talking and gesticulating, in perfect imitation of Mrs. Bannister.

"'I hear and see perfectly,' I declared. 'What did she do?'

"She showed him how she had fixed the hands of cards, and she rocked at a great rate, she was so excited. 'They can't beat us with one pack, and they can't beat us with two packs,' she declared, delightedly. 'I tell you, Harry, they never can catch us at it! Why, Mrs. Van Cleet just danced when I went to divide with her this afternoon! Just think, we won in spite of them!' Mrs. Bannister jumped up from the rocker and daintily picking up her skirts she executed a dance in imitation of Mrs. Van Cleet's pas seul. 'Won in spite of them!' she sang, gleefully.

"'My heart was in my mouth and my knees trembled under me so that I had to go downstairs and brace myself. The time had come to face them, and my aunt backed out completely. 'I never could do it,' she declared, 'I haven't the courage.'

"I drank a bracer and, taking Mrs. Van Cleet's chips, I went to the Bannisters' door and knocked and stepped back. You see I knew he wasn't presentable.

"Mrs. Bannister came outside.

"I handed her Mrs. Van Cleet's brown checks. 'I want you to give these to Mrs. Van Cleet,' I said.

"She opened her big eyes in astonishment and laughed in my face.

"'Why, Ethel, what has she done?' she asked, innocently.

"'I want you to leave this house,' I said, 'I am on to your game.'

"She went to her room without a word and I went downstairs and waited for Mr. Bannister to appear, but he did not do so until the morning they left, when he came to settle his bill.

"Why did Mrs. Van Cleet tell about the Bannisters always holding three aces in the night game, if they were such friends?" I asked.

"Well, you see, they did not divide winnings at night and I think Mrs. Van was mad about something. She made a point of accusing every one who played of being dishonest at the game, when all the time she was the one. She even accused two wealthy ladies—behind their backs—of taking fifty cents from her dresser. It was change they had given her for a raffle. I'd just like you to see the note I wrote her.

"Here it is:

> I have found the name for the Afternoon Club:
> (Mrs. Van Cleet) (Mrs. Bannister)
> (her art) Then
> CATCH-'EM. CHEAT-'EM.
> You may now pick up your skirts and dance to that, but it will be some time before you can divide your spoils again.
> By the last member of the club,
> I AM A FOOL.

"It was two days before she replied to this, and then she wrote that she did not understand my insulting note, and that as for my being the last member of the club I never had been invited.

"Oh, I was wrathy! I sent her this:

> Your bluff called. You have heard the old adage, "Walls have ears." I have heard and had proof enough to ask the Bannisters to leave the house. If you wish to hear anything further, call at No. — and see Miss Butt-In.

"When the club met after this the members were dumfounded. And we also noticed that not one of us held four of a kind the whole afternoon.

"Four of a kind is something startling in any game of poker, but in that afternoon club it had been simply nothing at all.

"Still, there are some people who must have double-header pots under any circumstances. I warned Mrs. Trenholme, who lost $200, of how she was being cheated, and in the face of that I hear she has gone to Mrs. Van Cleet's house to play poker! Now, I call that gambling, wouldn't you?"

"NONE of the men knew their wives spent two afternoons a week playing poker for money. They are awfully prominent and they'd have a fit if they knew what had happened in the club."

## Happenings at the Club and After.

# Home Hints

The Housewife's Cyclopaedia

## Rye Bread Soup.

TAKE six pounds of shin beef, six quarts cold water, or less in proportion, one large onion, one tablespoon salt. Simmer eight to ten hours and strain. When cold take off fat, reheat stock and add boiled vegetables, macaroni, rice, barley, &c. Soup thickened with German rye bread makes a delicious soup. The bread should be dried, mashed to a paste with a little stock, the nadded, one to two tablespoons dried crumbs being sufficient for a quart of soup.

## Wheat Muffins.

BEAT one egg very lightly, warm one quart of milk, cut up into it a spoonful of lard and one of butter; add half a pound of good sponge from the bread, and a little salt. Let it be of the consistency of rather a thick batter. Set it to rise and bake in rings. Serve hot.

## Delicious Rolls.

SIFT two pounds of flour into a pan with a little salt, add four spoons of good butter cut up; two eggs well beaten, one large pint of new milk; two spoonfuls of nice sifted sugar; mix these well together. Then take a good "sponge," which has risen over night (about half a pound), and mix into this. Form them into small rolls and bake a nice brown. Let them rise again after mixing and forming into rolls, or else bake in a slow oven.

## Flannel Cakes.

TWO and one-half pounds of sifted flour, two quarts of milk, three eggs, beaten light, salt and a teacup of yeast. Beat the ingredients together by degrees, being careful to get it free from lumps. If for tea set them between 10 and 11 o'clock. This is sufficient for ten or eleven people.

## Waffles.

GREASE the waffle iron, use suet flat pork, or butter wrapped in a thin, clean cloth. Heat the iron well on both sides, grease it and only fill about two-thirds full, so that they can rise; cook one side first, then turn and cook on the other. These take longer to bake than griddle cakes. Serve with maple syrup, molasses or honey.

# The Scarlet Bat By Fergus Hume

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SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTER.

Two young men, Starth and Lancaster, quarrel about a music hall singer, "Fairy Jan," niece of Banjo Berry, a millionaire. Lancaster knocks Starth down. Later he sees Starth's sister and falls in love with her. A seer warns Lancaster that if he and Starth meet again one of them will die.

Next day Lancaster receives a letter from Starth asking him to call. He does so, taking a pistol with him. Starth offers him drugged tea, which he drinks and loses consciousness. When he recovers Starth lies dead on the floor, shot with his pistol which had been taken from his pocket.

Lancaster visits his friend Jarman in Essex, and tells his story.

Lancaster agrees to disguise himself and remain in hiding as Jarman's secretary.

## CHAPTER IV.

(Continued.)

### Two Hundred Pounds Reward.

"Then I hope it isn't to a funeral, Mr. Jarman, for her face was as white as a winding sheet. Ah, well, it ain't none of our business."

"No!" said Eustace, emphatically; "it certainly is not."

"That's what I say," replied Mrs. Baker, not seeing the intended rebuke. "As I always says to Baker, if people managed their own affairs without being talked about, people wouldn't be so bothered. And how do you like the country, sir?" This last was to Frank.

"It is extremely pretty," replied Lancaster, cautiously.

"Ah, when you're here long enough, you'd say so, sir. But I suppose you've just come?"

"He came last night, Mrs. Baker, from Ireland."

"Dear me! I get butter from there. And will you be staying long, sir?"

"I hope so," answered Lancaster, seeing why Jarman had brought him into company of this inquiring lady. I am Mr. Jarman's secretary."

"Well, I'm glad you've a companion at last, Mr. Jarman, though a wife should be more to a single gentleman's mind. And I always thought—"

"Good morning!" interposed Eustace, hastily, and left the shop, tucking a bundle of newspapers and letters under his arm. When they got some distance along the road he laughed.

"What do you think of Mrs. Baker?" he asked.

"She seems to be a kind of gazette. I suppose you took me there that she could talk of my personal appearance and my engagement as a secretary and all the rest of it."

"Precisely. The wider you are known the safer you will be. Mrs. Baker will describe your appearance, and detail how you came from Ireland, where she gets her butter. We'll send a few letters through her hands addressed to Desmond O'Neil, and then she'll drop talking. So even if you are traced by any chance, Frank, there will be no danger of a detective coming to you with the man who is wanted."

Lancaster shuddered. "It's like a nightmare," he said. "Yesterday I was a free man, with a career before me; now I'm an outlaw, with a price set on my head."

"It's unpleasant. But wait—wait. Time works wonders. The real criminal may be discovered. Let us hear what news has come to Rose Cottage."

"Is that where Miss Starth lives?"

"Yes. She and Mrs. Perth share the place. Their united incomes are just enough to keep them in comfort."

"Is Miss Starth engaged?" asked Lancaster, with a side glance.

"No!" said the other with unnecessary fierceness. "Why do you ask?"

"Well, she's so pretty that I thought—"

"Oh, bother your thinking!" broke in Eustace, testily. "Mildred isn't the girl to get engaged in a hurry."

"You seem to know her well, calling her by her name."

"I've known her for some years, and as she is something of a poetess I help her to get her poems into print. She looks on me as a kind of—of father," added Jarman, coloring.

Frank nodded. He guessed the truth, but was too languid to argue it. But he couldn't help asking what Mrs. Baker had been about to observe when Eustace left the shop. "Was she speaking of Miss Starth?"

"I don't know. Mrs. Baker is by way of being a matchmaker, and always couples names. There was a rumor that I was engaged to Mildred."

"It wasn't true?"

"No. I've had enough of women. Seven years ago in 'Frisco'—Jarman checked himself impatiently. "What's the use of raking up old tales. You seem very interested in Miss Starth?"

"Naturally," said Lancaster, sadly, "seeing what I am supposed to have done. If she knew, she would denounce me."

"Not on the evidence you have placed before me," said Jarman. "She's a sensible girl. And the death of her brother will add to her income."

"What an unpleasant speech!" said Frank, in vexed tones.

"We live in a world of facts, my boy. Besides that, beauty is no loss."

By this time they had arrived at the common. Here Jarman turned down a shady lane and passed through an arcade of chestnut trees. At the end of this was an open space surrounded by trees, and amidst these a thatched cottage that might have come out of a fairy-tale from the quaint look of it. The walls were whitewashed, the windows of lattice work, and in front of it flourished a garden filled with old-fashioned flowers, evidently the delight of those who had planted them. A white paling fence separated it from the lane, and over the gate of this leaned an elderly lady. Frank recognized Mrs. Perth.

She was a delicate old dame with an ivory-tinted face, smooth white hair, and dressed severely in black from head to foot, even to a black straw hat. She beckoned to Eustace. He knew well enough why she was in mourning, but for obvious reasons asked questions.

"Why are you in black, Mrs. Perth? I didn't know it was out till I saw it."

"Good, she replied, with some asperity. "No bad news, I hope?"

"Walter has been murdered."

Frank, in the background, winced, and dug his cane into the turf. But Eustace took the intelligence with well-feigned surprise. "Murdered, Mrs. Perth! How terrible! Who murdered him?"

"Ah! that's what has to be discovered. Mildred received a letter this morning telling her that Walter had been found last night in his rooms in Sand lane shot through the head. Also he was stabbed in the breast—right through the heart."

"Stabbed also," began Frank, incautiously, when Jarman interposed.

"My new secretary, Mrs. Perth—Mr. Desmond O'Neil. He comes from Ireland."

"I am happy to meet you, Mr. O'Neil," said the old lady in a most stately manner. "What was it you said?"

"I was—was—only expressing—my—my surprise," stammered Frank.

"That the man should be stabbed as well as shot," put in Jarman, ever watchful. "I don't wonder at it. Wasn't one mode of death enough?"

"Apparently not. The shot must have killed him, too, as it was under the right eye."

"The right eye?" objected Frank, and it was on the tip of his tongue to correct the speech, but he swallowed his words. "How horrible!"

"You may well say that. We don't know the details yet," said Mrs. Perth, addressing Eustace, "and Mildred has gone up to town to hear what she can. The police are in possession of the house. Let us hope the assassin will be found."

"Let us hope so," muttered Frank, and then aimlessly strolled away some little distance to overcome a qualm ish feeling.

"He's rather a nervous chap," explained Jarman to Mrs. Perth; "bad health and weak eyes."

"He does indeed look pale, Mr. Jarman. I fear I'm not looking well myself this morning."

"No wonder," said Eustace. The shock—"

"Well, it's a shock to us both," interrupted Mrs. Perth, speaking low. "But to tell you the truth, Mr. Jarman, Mildred is more grieved than I am. I never liked Walter. Heaven forgive me for speaking ill of the dead, but—well, Mr. Jarman, you know what a bad man he was."

"We'll bury his reputation with him poor wretch."

But this Mrs. Perth did not seem inclined to do. "He led Mildred a truly awful life," she continued. "But for my influence she would have parted with her income to him. Moreover, he wished her to marry one of his disreputable friends."

"I never knew that!" cried Eustace and looked displeased now that he had acquired the knowledge. "Who was it?"

"Mr. Denham. You met him here when Walter brought him down."

"Ugh!" Jarman looked disgusted. "An effeminate little dandy. But I don't think there is any harm in him, Mrs. Perth. He is an ass, pure and simple."

"And disreputable," insisted Mrs. Perth. "He comes from the United States and neither his manners nor his principles are English. I believe he has money, and for that reason Walter desired to bring about the marriage."

Eustace fidgeted. "I oughtn't to ask, of course," said he, "but did this—did Denham respond?"

"Certainly not," said the old lady promptly. "I saw to that. No, Mr. Jarman, say what you will, Walter is better out of the world than in it. Had he lived he would certainly have ended in jail. Think what such a disgrace would have meant to Mildred!"

"Oh, I think Starth would always have kept on the safe side," said Jarman. "He had a great notion of looking after his own skin, had Starth. Have you—has Mr. Starth any sister?"

"No. Walter's life was distinctly apart from ours. I never allowed him to come to Rose Cottage more often than was necessary, as he worried Mildred, and, indeed, myself. He knew a bad lot of people, and most probably met his death at the hands of one of them. But I must say," added Mrs. Perth, frankly, "that it was kind of this Mr. Berry to inform us of the tragedy."

"Berry?" cried Lancaster, who had again strolled within earshot.

"Yes. Mr. Banjo Berry—a most peculiar name. Do you know him?"

Jarman answered for obvious reasons. "I was speaking about him this morning," said he, hastily. "I suppose the mention of the name in connection with this case recalled it to your mind, O'Neil?"

"Yes," said Frank, taking his cue. "Banjo Berry is not an ordinary name. Did you ever meet him, Mrs. Perth?"

"No. Mr. Starth's friends were not mine," replied the old dame, stiffly; "but this Mr. Berry must have been most intimate with Walter, as he says in his letter to Mildred" (she was again addressing Jarman) "that he intends to offer a reward of two hundred pounds for the detection of the assassin."

(To Be Continued.)

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# Woman's Crowning Glory

By Alice Rohe.

"IT is isn't one thing it's another," complained the Amateur Philosopher. "I certainly am getting tired women always being late. I've missed the first act of two good plays this week just because a frivolous woman couldn't decide whether to put her white polo turban on at a right angle or straight in the middle."

"It isn't the hat business that keeps women from being on time," said the Pessimist, "it's their crowning glory."

"Did you ever know a woman who wasn't fussing about her hair? Your troubles aren't original about being cheated out of $4 worth of theatre enjoyment on account of a woman's tardiness. It's an old, old story.

"I took my sister-in-law to the theatre night before last and we had a terrible time getting away. We finally did land in the middle of the second act. She had such a perfectly dreadful time doing up her hair. She hadn't an opportunity to have it shampooed that day, so consequently she simply couldn't do anything with it. She beefed all evening about not having been able to get her hair washed.

"Well, I took her out again the next night and we were still later in getting to the theatre."

"Why? Hadn't she had a shampoo yet?" asked the Philosopher.

"That's just the trouble. She had," returned the Pessimist. "You know the old song a woman sings every time she washes her hair. It's so old it's gotten into comic opera. If there is any time in her life when a woman is particularly obnoxious and nerve-racking it's just after she's had her hair shampooed."

"Women certainly spend a lot of time on their hair," commented the Philosopher.

"Yes, when you think of the aggregate sum of vitality and time expended on the 'crowning glories' of the feminine world the building of the Pyramids looks like a walk away.

"How they overdo the hairdressing business," said the Philosopher. "I don't care for these fancy marcelled coiffures myself. Why can't women dress their hair simply and naturally?"

"Then there would be more time lost than ever," snapped the Pessimist. "It's this simplicity effect that is the champion time consumer."

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EDEN MUSEE. WORLD IN WAX. New Groups. CINEMATOGRAPH. Continuous Matinee Daily.

AMUSEMENTS.

MADISON SQUARE GARDEN. LAST THREE DAYS. CLOSING SATURDAY NIGHT. EXHIBITING IN BROOKLYN MONDAY, April 24, at Saratoga Ave. and Halsey St.
BARNUM & BAILEY Greatest Show on Earth.
Only circus to be seen in New York and Brooklyn. Presenting two Marvellous French Sensations.
THE DIP OF DEATH. A LADY LOOPING THE GAP IN AN AUTOMOBILE.
LES FRERES ANCLOTTI'S STUPENDOUS EXPLOIT.
DOUBLE SIMULTANEOUS LOOPING THE GAP AND LEAPING THE QUADRUPLE CHASM.
THE GORGEOUS DELHI DURBAR, together with all the marvellous attractions of the Hippodrome, Triple Circus, Double Menagerie, with Human Curiosities and Freaks. Two Exhibitions Daily, at 2 and 8 P. M. Doors Open 1 and 7. ADMISSION TO ALL, 25 AND 50 CENTS. RESERVED SEATS, 75c., $1.00 and $1.50.

HIPPODROME. BLOCK OF 6TH AVE., 43D TO 44TH ST. MANAGEMENT THOMPSON & DUNDY. TWICE DAILY, AT 2 AND 8 O'CLOCK. "A Yankee Circus on Mars" (ALL NEW ARENIC PERFORMERS), AND "The Raiders." Seats on sale four weeks in advance. Prices 25c. to $1. Box and Loge Seats $1.50 and $2.00. 1,500 unreserved seats in the family circle, entrance on Forty-third street, 25c. BOX OFFICE OPENS 9 A. M.

HORSE FAIR Madison Sq. Garden. April 24 to 29. Aft. & Ev. Carnival, Lucille Mulhall, Cowboys' Carnival, 50c. Res. seats $1. On sale, Concert Hall Entrance.

HARLEM Op. House. MR. RICHARD MANSFIELD. T'nt $.15, 'A Parisian Romance' Next wk., Otis Skinner in 'The Harvester.'

HURTIG & SEAMON'S WEST 125TH ST. MAT. DAILY. ALL STAR LADY BILL. HENRY LEE, JOSEPHINE SABEL, ELSIE JANIS, BELLMAN & MOORE. Next Week—EDNA WALLACE HOPPER.

PASTOR'S 14th st., near 3d av. CONTINUOUS 20 AND 50 CENTS. Gardner & Maddern, Pantzer Trio, Martini & Maxmillian, Roberts Hayes & Roberts. NEXT SUNDAY NIGHT—BENEFIT.

COLONIAL B'way & 62d. Mat. daily, 25c. Cecilia Loftus, Frank Keenan & Co., 12 Navajo Girls, 8—Dollar Troupe—8 O'Brien & Havel, Holcomb, Curtis & Webb, &c.

American NO WEDDING BELLS FOR HERE 25c. & 50c. Sunday Ev., TED MARKS EASTER TREAT. Next Week, "A DESPERATE CHANCE."

BROADWAY Last Mat. Sat., 2.15. 41st st. & B'way, Evg. 8.15. LAST 3 NIGHTS, FLORODORA

14TH ST. THEATRE. Nights, 25, 50, 75c., $1. Wed. Mat. 25 & 50c. Sat. Mat. 25, 50, 75c. Big Colored Show—THE SMART SET. NEXT WEEK—Tracked Around the World.

Atlantic GARDEN, Bowery, nr. Canal St. Harper, Demond and Bailey, the Rolfes, the Holmds, the Noles, D'Nalloh Moving Pictures, Eichert's Orchestra.

MADISON Sq. Theatre. 24th & B'way. Evgs. 8.30. Mats. Wed., Sat. The Firm of Cunningham

Keith's B'way and 14th St. Richard Golden & Co., Melville & Stetson. Prices 25c., 50c., $1.

3D AV. 31st. Mat. To-day. "From Rags to $." & 3d Av. Bloods." Next Wk. "The Peddler."

WINDSOR Mat. To-day. "Nobody's Darling" Next Week—Russell Bros.

AMUSEMENTS.

Empire THEATRE, B'way and 40th st. Evgs., 8.30. Matinee Saturday. Marie Tempest. Direct from Criterion Th. London in "The Freedom of Susanne."

Criterion THEATRE, B'way & 44th st. Evgs. 8.20. Mats. Thurs. & Sat. 2.30. ANNIE RUSSELL. THE CARDINAL.

KNICKERBOCKER—Bway & 38th st. Ev. 8.15. Last Week this theatre. Last Mat. Sat., 2.15. Next Week at the Herald Sq. Theatre. LONDON ASSURANCE. Miss Ada Rehan and Star Cast. Beginning Easter Monday Night, FRANK DANIELS in the New Musical Farce, SERGEANT BRUE. Seats Selling.

HUDSON THEATRE, 44th st., near B'way. Evs. 8.30. Mats. Wed. & Sat., 2.15. NEW AMERICAN COMEDY. THE HEIR TO THE HOORAH.

Herald Sq. THEATRE, B'way & 35th st. Reopens Mon., April 24. (Direct from Knickerbocker Theatre). LONDON ASSURANCE. Miss ELLIS JEFFREYS & Star Cast.

DALY'S THEATRE, Broadway & 30th st. Evs. 8.15. Mats. Wed. & Sat., 2.15. SAN TOY with JAMES T. POWERS and Company of 75.

Lyceum B'way & 45th st. Evs. at 8.15. Mats. Thurs. and Sat., 2.15. Mrs. Leffingwell's Boots. Preceded at 8.15 by one-act drama.

BELASCO Theatre, To-night 8. Mat. Sat. 2. David Belasco presents Blanche BATES in THE DARLING OF THE GODS. Popular Prices. Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2. Sec. 8.

BIJOU Ev. 8.15. Mat. Sat. & Thurs., Ap. 27, 2. DAVID BELASCO presents THE WARFIELD in THE MUSIC MASTER.

NEW STAR Lex. Av. & 107th St. Mat. Sat. LILLIPUTIANS—SINBAD. NEXT WEEK—SIBERIA.

MURRAY HILL 121 st. & Lex. Av. Mat. Sat. AT OLD POINT COMFORT. INs. wk. A Friend of the Family

NEW AMSTERDAM. Evs. 8.15. Mat. Sat. ALL STAR CAST REVIVAL. SHE STOOPS TO CONQUER.

LIBERTY Theatre, 42d St. Evgs. 8.15. The Gibson TRIS SPEAKMAN in EDUCATION OF MAX. Matinee Play, OF MR. PIPP. Last Week.

NEW YORK. Prices 25, 50, 75 & 1.00. MATS. WED. & SAT. PRINCE OF PILSEN.

MAJESTIC Ev. 8.15. Mat. Wed. & Sat. KELLAR. Sunday Night—Victor Herbert's Orchestra.

West End Rose Melville, "Sis Hopkins." Next Wk., "THE STROLLERS."

THE DEWEY East 14th St. LADIES' MAT. TO-DAY. Gay Morning Glories. Sun. Aft. & Eve. Concerts.

THE GOTHAM 125th & 3d av. LADIES' MAT. TO-DAY. Crackerjack Burlesquers. Sun. Aft. & Eve. Concerts.

GARDEN, 27th & Mad. Av. Ev. 8.20. Mat. Sat. The College Widow

Wallack's, B'way & 30. Ev. 8.25. Mat. Sat. 2.15. ALICE FISCHER "The School for Husbands."

LYRIC Ev. 8.15. Mats. Sat. & Mon. Jeff De ANGELIS in FANTANA. PRINCESS Matinees Tdy., Sat. FRENZIED FINANCE

Grand CHARLES HAWTREY A MESSAGE FROM MARS. Next Week—NANCE O'NEIL.

LEW FIELDS' Ev. 8.15. Mat. Sat. Last 2 Wks. Theatre, 42d st. bet. B'way & 8th av. It Happened in Nordland

METROPOLIS Evgs. 8.15. Mats. Wed. & Sat. 142 st. & 3d av. JAMES J. JEFFRIES in "DAVY CROCKETT." Next Wk. Ward & Vokes, "A Pair of Pinks."

Garrick THEATRE, 35th St., near B'way. Evgs. 8.10. Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2.10. Arnold Daly LAST 2 WEEKS SHAW'S YOU NEVER CAN TELL

GRAND THEATRE Grand, cor. Christie. Beginning Thurs., April 20. Jacob Adler in Zangwill's 'King of Schnorrers'

YORKVILLE 86 St., nr. Lex. Av. CAMILLE Matinee TO-DAY.

BROOKLYN AMUSEMENTS.

COL. SINN'S MONTAUK MATINEES WED. & SAT. JOE WEBER'S ALL-STAR STOCK CO. in Higgledy-Piggledy and College Widower.

AMPHION Evs. 10, 20, 30, 50c. Daily Mats. 10 & 25c. 6—Musical Cuttys—6. Chas. Boudinot & Co. 4—Huntings—4. 5—Valdmers—5. Lonzo Haskell, Kelly & Reno, oths. 2 Cone's Bus.

SUNDAY WORLD WANTS WORK MONDAY MORNING WONDERS.