Catch the Mysterious Mr. Raffles—Worth $150 to You

My Sixteenth Day's Adventures.

By the Mysterious Mr. Raffles.

Six Raffles Pointers.

The Mysterious Mr. Raffles's height is 5 ft. 7 inches.
The Mysterious Mr. Raffles's weight is 130 lbs.
His eyes are dark brown.
His hair is dark brown, slightly mixed with gray.
He wears No. 7 A shoes.
His gloves are No. 6¾.

Two More Pointers To-Morrow.

Wet weather must have had a dampening effect on the sleuths who were after me yesterday.

Tried my best all day to have something happen, but I failed to get even so much as an encouraging smile. Trouble is, the people are evidently looking for some one else, who looks something like me, and pay no attention to the real article.

Were you in that little gathering that stood under the arcade at Macy's Thirty-fourth street corner from noon until 12.30 o'clock yesterday?

You know, the rain was coming down in torrents, and the girl with the big red hat declared she didn't intend to spoil it, "Raffles or no Raffles."

I took advantage of that shelter for half an hour, watching the crowd scurrying up and down Broadway, and incidentally sizing up those who stood near me, yet no one took the trouble to reach around and gather in a hundred dollars.

Remember the messenger boy who appeared on the scene with a copy of The Evening World, reading the story of my Sunday adventures?

I mean you, Mr. "Tallman," with the panama hat. You know you asked the lad if "Raffles wasn't a fake, and the lad replied "No, siree! I know a feller wot seen him."

And the kid was right, as I happen to know the party he had reference to.

To stand in a crowd like that, hear one's self discussed and then note the blank looks on the faces of those who were talking about you is enough to drive one foolish. I can't understand it.

Mr. Suspicious Went Wrong.

Again, at 11.15, when I entered Dennett's Park Row Restaurant, where I ordered luncheon, after seating myself at the third table on the right beyond the cashier's desk. There was only one seat left, that at the end, and as I sat down I heard the chap in the next seat declare he had seen Raffles in Brooklyn on Sunday, and that he had not gone to Midland Beach at all.

You, who were at the table, remember the short, stout, smooth-shaven man who uttered that remark. He lives somewhere in the vicinity of Bedford avenue and Fulton street, Brooklyn, and, according to his subsequent remarks, he is one of the few in New York who know my childhood history.

And I sat in Dennett's twenty minutes, quietly eating lunch, without any one realizing the subject of general discussion was within earshot. Wouldn't it make you mad?

Even over at the Astor House, where everybody knows me fairly well, they failed to take advantage of the opportunity offered them yesterday afternoon. I loafed in the billiard parlor there for three-quarters of an hour without any one coming forward to claim the $100.

Heard indirectly the other day that there was one place in Manhattan where I was sure of being captured if I dared show myself. Seems the New York coachmen have all interested themselves greatly in the search for Raffles, and for several days past scouting parties have been laying deep plans for my capture in a saloon at Seventy-eighth street and Lexington avenue.

I went up there in the afternoon, talked with "Barney," the drink dispenser, drank a glass of birch beer, looked at the stock ticker, and came away again without anything happening.

"Barney" Overlooked a Bet.

When I entered the saloon, which is owned by L. Duerr, there was only one man in the place. He was apparently a "regular," as, noting my look of inquiry as to the possible whereabouts of the barman, he called out, "Hey! Barney," with the result that "Barney" suddenly emerged from a rear room.

Neither the man with the gray mustache who stood before the bar nor Barney paid the slightest attention to me other than serving the birch beer. Now, why was that? They tell me everybody in that neighborhood is hot on my trail.

Next time I call, Barney, I'll tell you who I am and then perhaps you'll recognize me.

I walked around the east side during the morning—even went into the Little Hungary Cafe, where I purchased some cigars. But what's the use? The right pair of eyes hasn't started to look, for me yet. That is certain.

At Fourteenth street and Broadway, where I lingered for fifteen minutes around 1 o'clock, I attracted no particular attention, although I am now becoming one of the regular loafers on that corner.

The fact that it was raining kept most of the sleuths standing in doorways, while I remained out in the open, without an umbrella, absorbing large quantities of moisture.

And all this in order to give somebody a decent chance to win the hundred.

In the Imperial Hotel, where I lounged about for an hour, during which I used the telephone, bought some cigars and newspapers and looked the crowd over generally, there was no reasonable cause for alarm.

As a matter of fact, I put in the entire day yesterday in Manhattan, going wherever I thought I would be apt to run into a crowd, beginning at Columbus Circle at 9 o'clock and ending there at 6 o'clock.

Did You See Mr. Raffles?

Just follow this trail and see if you cannot recall where you might have run across me yesterday.

I walked down Broadway, on the west side of the street, from Fifty-ninth to Fourteenth. There I took a southbound car to Battery Park, where I walked around for fifteen minutes, leaving there at 10.15 and starting back up Broadway, on the east side, as far as Canal street, where I turned east to the Bowery.

Up the Bowery to East Houston street, and east on that street as far as the Little Hungary Cafe. Returned over Grand street to the Bowery, south to Park Row, entering Dennett's at 11.15. Took a Broadway car at 11.35 to Thirty-fourth street, where I stood in the Macy arcade for half an hour.

Then walking south to Fourteenth street, I stood on that corner from 1 until 1.15 o'clock. Then taking a car to Thirty-second street, I went in the Hotel Imperial, where I remained until 2.30.

Walking over to Lexington avenue I took a car to Seventy-sixth street, where I went into Duerr's Cafe at 3 o'clock. Then riding downtown on a Third avenue elevated train to City Hall I went over to the Astor House and sat in the billiard room from 4 until 4.45 o'clock.

Riding uptown on a Broadway car to Fourteenth street, I walked up to Fifty-ninth street, where I arrived at exactly 6 o'clock. If anybody saw me, kindly step forward and hold up your hands.

And about every man, woman and child I passed on the street was on the lookout for "Raffles." I heard one woman say in a Broadway car that she believed "Raffles" was a woman, and that if she saw any woman that looked like "Raffles's" pictures she was going to step right up and claim the $100.

Sure Raffles Is a Woman.

"Anyway, if it isn't a woman, I'm sure that it is a man dressed in woman's clothes, else how would he go around the way he says he does and not be found out?" queried the feminine sleuth, "and from now on I'm going to keep my eye out for a woman."

That was a new one on me, but I'll gamble that several women were tackled by this enterprising woman yesterday afternoon.

During my walk over on the east side I mingled in with a mixed crowd, but as my picture is hung about in every store window I refrained from visiting any of the shops, as it is a cinch some one would have got me if I had.

At one place on Houston street they have cut all the printed pictures out of the Evening World and pasted them on a large cardboard, underneath of which is written about forty words in Hebrew.

That was good enough for me, for although I couldn't read it I felt reasonably certain there were things doing on taht cardboard which would prove my undoing if I lingered too long.

When President Roosevelt visited the Little Hungary last January, I spent several hours in the place, during which I made the acquaintance of all those connected with the establishment. Yet when I went in there yesterday no one seemed to recognize me. All of which is mighty queer, inasmuch as I was not disguised.

If those who are searching for me will only look more at the features of the men they are continually sizing up and pay less attention to the clothing worn by possible "Raffleses," they will stand a far better chance of winning that hundred dollar prize.

I am just as apt to be selling shoe laces along Broadway as not. In fact, I've done that very thing on two separate occasions, and no one troubled themselves looking me over at all.

Study the pictures printed in The Evening World, and then when you have my features planted in your mind start out, and there is no reason on earth why you should make any mistake in identifying me.

Where Raffles Went Yesterday.

Started from Columbus Circle at 9 o'clock.

Walked down Broadway to Fourteenth street, where I took car to Battery.

Left Battery at 10.15, walking up Broadway to Canal street.

East on Canal to the Bowery and north to East Houston street.

Turned east on Houston street to Little Hungary Cafe, where I remained ten minutes.

South on Norfolk street to Grand and west on that street to the Bowery.

South on the Bowery to Park row, entering Dennett's restaurant at 11.15.

Took Broadway car to Thirty-fourth street at 11.35, arriving Macy's at noon.

Stood in Macy's arcade from noon until 12.30.

Walked down Broadway to Fourteenth street. Stood Broadway and Fourteenth street from 1 until 1.15. Took car to Thirty-second street, entering Imperial at 1.30, and remaining until 2.30. Took Lexington avenue car at 2.40, riding to Seventy-eighth street. In Duerr's cafe on corner five minutes.

Took Third avenue elevated train at Seventy-sixth street for City Hall, arriving there at 4.30.

Went to Astor House, where I sat in billiard room until 5.15.

Rode to Fourteenth street on Broadway car.

Walked from Fourteenth to Fifty-ninth street, arriving at 6 o'clock.

How You May Win $150.

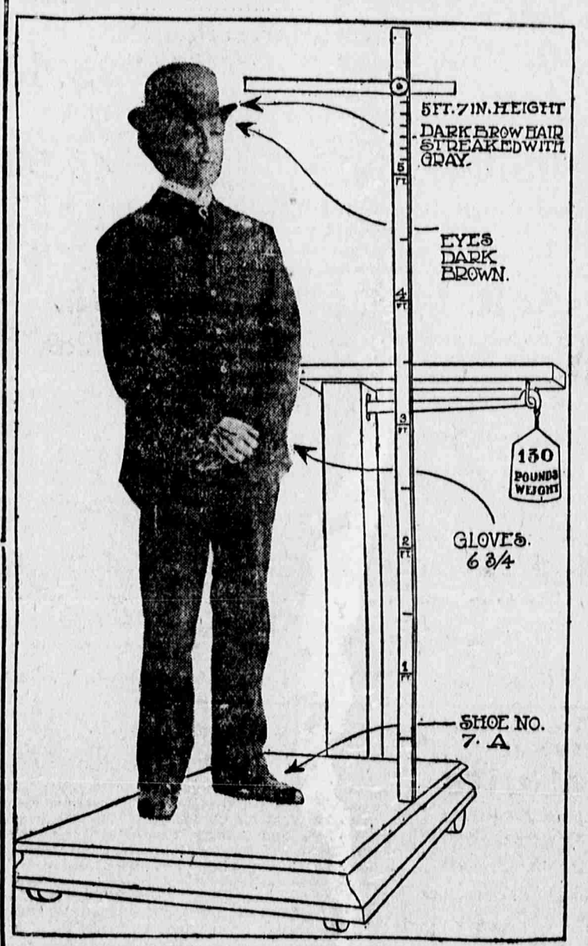
To augment the reward of the lucky New Yorker who shall capture the Mysterious Mr. Raffles, The Evening World offers AN ADDITIONAL $50 to the man, woman or child who, when making the capture, has in his or her possession a copy of the latest edition of The Evening World that is on sale on newsstands in the district where the capture is effected.

Persons identifying the Mysterious Mr. Raffles under these conditions will thus win a reward of $150.

By questioning local newsdealers the hour at which the various editions of The Evening World are placed on sale in any section of New York or the suburbs may be readily ascertained.

The original reward of $100 is still in force. But by having in your possession a copy of the latest edition of The Evening World, when you capture him, you will receive $50 extra.

The Mysterious Mr. Raffles.



His Photograph and Some Clues to His Identity.

THE Mysterious Mr. Raffles is walking, undisguised, about Greater New York every day. If you see him say: "YOU ARE THE MYSTERIOUS MR. RAFFLES OF THE EVENING WORLD." He will admit his identity and accompany you to the business office of The World, where you will receive $100 reward for capturing him.

The mysterious Mr. Raffles will NOT DENY his identity. HE WILL ADMIT IT INSTANTLY. Argument or fussing is unnecessary. It can occur only when the person is not Mr. Raffles.

He will forfeit $100 if it can be shown that any other than genuine photographs of him have appeared in The Evening World.

Cashel Byron's Profession. By G. Bernard Shaw.

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SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTER.

Lydia Carew, heiress and philosopher, meets Cashel Byron, who at once fascinates and puzzles her. She hears he is a famous professor, and attributes his roughness of manner to eccentricity of genius. He rescues her in a street row.

CHAPTER II.

A Revelation and a Fight.

ONE morning a few weeks later Bashville called on Lucian Webber and respectfully begged the honor of a ten-minute interview on a matter of importance. Though surprised by the footman's visit Webber consented to see him and asked his business.

"You are Miss Carew's cousin, sir, and you manage her business," replied Bashville. "It seems to me that you were the proper person for me to notify. You may have noticed that Mr. Cashel Byron is one of Miss Carew's guests every Friday."

"Well, what business is that of yours?" asked Lucian.

"None at all, if you and Miss Carew know what he is."

"What he is!" repeated Lucian, bewildered. "I don't understand."

"He is a prize fighter, sir. Champion of England."

"What?" You're surely mistaken."

"Pick up any of the sporting papers, sir, and look for yourself. Neither you nor Miss Carew are interested in sports or you'd have heard his name long ago. He's a prizefighter. The best known in this country. He was a cabin boy and fell in with Ned Skene, who kept a boxing academy in Melbourne. Skene taught him to box and got him his first fight. He beat everything he fought, sir, and at last killed a man in the ring. Then he left Australia and went to America, where he injured a heavyweight for life in a fight. He came to England to fight a celebrity known as the Dutchman. He took the cottage on Miss Carew's Wiltstoken estate in order to have a quiet place to train. The man with him there was his trainer, Mellish. He licked the Dutchman and he is now signed to fight a back country celebrity named Billy Paradise. All these facts you can verify, sir, by a glance at the sporting sheets. It's his pet hobby to be regarded as a gentleman. He's got some sort of education. Some gay he came of good family and as a lad ran away from school or college and became a cabin boy. I don't know how that is. He's sober, too, and doesn't dissipate in any way. I'm an admirer of his,—but when it comes to his palming himself off on Miss Carew as a gentleman and"——

"Quite so. You did well to come to me, Bashville. I shall speak to Miss Carew at once."

Webber was as good as his word. He called on Lydia and was closeted with her in the library for an hour.

Briefly he told her of Byron's identity and repeated the details of his history he had gleaned from Bashville.

Lydia listened with white face and set lips. When Webber was gone she went to her desk and wrote:

Dear Mr. Cashel Byron:

I have just discovered your secret. I am sorry; but you must not come again. Farewell. Yours, faithfully,

LYDIA CAREW.

Having given this missive to Bashville to post she resolved to put Cashel Byron forever out of her mind and to dismiss the whole incident from her memory. This, however, proved to be a task beyond her powers. On receipt of this note Cashel went at once to see Lydia. When he reached the house he caught a glimpse of her as she passed by an upper window. He rang and Bashville came to the door.

"Miss Carew is not at home."

"You lie," said Cashel, his eyes suddenly dilating. "I saw her."

Bashville reddened, but replied coolly: "Miss Carew cannot see you to-day."

"Go and ask her," returned Cashel sternly, advancing.

Bashville, with compressed lips, seized the door to shut him out, but Cashel forced it back against him, sent him reeling some paces by its impact, went in and shut the door behind him. He had to turn from Bashville for a moment to do this, and before he could face him again he was clutched, tripped and flung down upon the tesselated pavement of the hall. When Cashel gave him the lie, and pushed the door against him the excitement he had been suppressing since his visit to Lucian exploded. He had thrown Cashel in Cornish fashion, and now desperately awaited the upshot.

Cashel got up so rapidly that he seemed to rebound from the flags. Bashville, involuntarily cowering before his onslaught, just escaped his right fist, and felt as though his heart had been drawn with it as it whizzed past his ear. He turned and fled frantically upstairs, mistaking for the clatter of pursuit the noise with which Cashel overbalanced by his ineffectual blow, stumbled against the balusters.

Lydia was in her boudior with Alice when Bashville darted in and locked the door. Alice rose and screamed. Lydia, though startled, sat still. Bashville blurted out the news of Byron's presence below.

"Ask him to go to the library," commanded Lydia. "I'll see him there."

Silencing all remonstrance, she left the room.

When Cashel entered the library Lydia was already there. Cashel sat down, and to Lydia's consternation, bent his head on his hand and yielded to an hysterical convulsion. Before she could resolve how to act he looked up at her with his face distorted and discolored, and tried to speak.

"Pray be calm," said Lydia. "I am told you wish to speak to me."

"I don't wish to speak to you ever again," said Cashel, hoarsely. "You told your servant to throw me down the steps. That's enough for me."

Lydia caught from him the tendency to sob which he was struggling with; but she repressed it, and answered, firmly, "If my servant has been guilty of the least incivility to you, Mr. Cashel Byron, he has exceeded his orders."

"It doesn't matter," said Cashel. "He may thank his luck that he has his head on. If I had handed on him that time—but he doesn't matter. Hold on a bit—I can't talk—I shall get my second wind presently, and then"—— Cashel stopped a moment to pant, and then asked, "Why are you going to give me up?"

"You are a professional pugilist," she began, but he interrupted, fiercely:

"I think it hard that I should be put out of decent society when fellows that do far worse than I are let in. Who did I see there last Friday, the most honored of your guests? Why, that Frenchman with the gold spectacles. What do you think I was told when I asked what his little game was? Baking dogs in ovens to see how long a dog could live red hot! I'd like to catch him doing it to a dog of mine. Ay; and sticking a rat full of nails to see how much pain a rat could stand. Why, it's just sickening. Do you think I'd have shaken hands with that chap? If he hadn't been a guest of yours I'd have given him a notion of how much pain a Frenchman can stand without any nails in him. And he's to be received and made much of, while I am kicked out! Look at your relative, the general. What is he but a fighting-man, I should like to know? Isn't it his pride and boast that as long as he is paid so much a day he'll ask no questions whether a war is fair or unfair, but just walk out and put thousands of men in the best way to kill and be killed?—keeping well behind them himself all the time, mind you. Last year he was up to his chin in the blood of a lot of poor blacks that were no more a match for his armed men than a featherweight would be for me.

"And if all these —— dog-bakers and soldiers, and the rest of them are made welcome here, why am I shut out like a brute beast?"

"The distinction seems arbitrary, I confess. But perhaps the true remedy would be to exclude the vivisectors and soldiers, instead of admitting the prizefighters. Mr. Cashel Byron," added Lydia, changing her manner. "I cannot discuss this with you. Society has a prejudice against you. I share it; and I cannot overcome it. Can you find no nobler occupation than these fierce and horrible encounters by which you condescend to gain a living?"

"No," said Cashel, flatly. "I can't. That's just where it is."

Lydia looked grave, and said nothing.

"You don't see it?" said Cashel. "Well, I'll just tell you all about myself, and then leave you to judge: I believe I was the most unfortunate devil of a boy that ever walked," he began, when he was seated. "My mother was—and is—an actress; and a tiptop crack in her profession. Her stage name is Adelaide Gisborne."

Lydia could scarcely repress a start. Adelaide Gisborne was an acquaintance of hers and was one of the most beautiful women in England. But Cashel went on unheeding:

"One of the first things I remember is sitting on the floor in the corner of a room where there was a big glass and she flaring away before it, attitudinizing and spouting Shakespeare like mad. I was afraid of her, because she was very particular about my manners and appearance. I should have been fond of her, I think, if she had let me. But she didn't, somehow; and I had to keep my affection for the servants. We were a precious pair: I sulky and obstinate, she changeable and hot-tempered. She used to begin breakfast sometimes by knocking me to the other side of the room with a slap and finish it by calling me her darling boy and promising me all manner of toys and things. I soon gave up trying to please her, or like her, and became as disagreeable a young imp as you'd ask to see. When I grew older she sent me to school at Paisley.

"I stayed there until I was seventeen; and then she came one day, and we had a row, as usual. She said she wouldn't let me leave school until I was nineteen; and so I settled that question by running away the same night. I got to Liverpool, where I hid in a ship bound for Australia. When I was starved out they treated me better than I expected; and I worked hard enough to earn my passage and my victuals. But when I was left ashore in Melbourne I was in a pretty pickle. I knew nobody and I had no money. At last I saw an advertisement stuck up on a gymnasium, and, while I was reading it, I got talking to old Ned Skene, the owner, who was smoking at the door. He took a fancy to me, and offered to have me there as a sort of lad-of-all-work. I was only too glad to get the chance, and I closed with him at once. As time went on I became so clever with the gloves that Ned matched me against light-weights. I have been at the same work ever since. I was training for a fight when I was down at Wiltstoken; and Mellish was my trainer. With all my nerve and science, I'm no better than a baby at heart; and ever since I found out that my mother wasn't an angel I have always had a notion that a real angel would turn up some day.

"When I saw you that day at Wiltstoken walk out of the trees and stand looking so quietly at me and Mellish, and then go back out of sight without a word, I'm blessed if I didn't think you were the angel come at last."

Cashel ceased. As he sat eyeing her wistfully, Lydia, who had been perfectly still, said, musingly:

"Strange! that I should be so much more prejudiced than I knew. What will you think of me when I tell you that your profession does not seem half so shocking now that I know you to be the son of an artist."

"But you give me the sack. Is that it?"

"What do you propose, Mr. Cashel Byron? Is it to visit my house in the intervals of battering and maiming other fighters?"

"No, it's not," retorted Cashel. "You're very aggravating. I won't stay much longer in the ring now, because my luck is too good to last. I shall have to retire soon, luck or no luck, because no one can match me. Even now there's nobody except Bill Paradise that presents to be able for me; and I'll settle him in September if he really means business. After that I'll retire. I expect to be worth ten thousand pounds then. Ten thousand pounds I'm told is the same as five hundred a year. Well, I suppose, judging from the style you keep here, that you're worth as much more, besides your place in the country; so, if you will marry me we shall have a thousand a year between us. I don't know much of money matters; but at any rate we can live like fighting cocks on that much. That's a straight and business-like proposal, isn't it?"

"I am richer than you suppose," said Lydia, unmoved. "I cannot tell you exactly how much I possess; but my income is about forty thousand pounds."

"Forty thousand pounds!" ejaculated Cashel. "Holy Moses! I didn't think the queen had so much as that."

He paused a moment and became very red. Then, in a voice broken by mortification, he said, "I see I have been making a fool of myself," and took his hat and turned to go.

"It does not follow that you should go at once without a word," said Lydia, betraying nervousness for the first time during the interview.

"Oh, that's all rot," said Cashel. "I may be a fool while my eyes are shut, but I'm sensible enough when they're open. I have no business here. I wish to the Lord I had stayed in Australia."

Lydia was troubled. Cashel noted this and brightened as he said:

"And may I never see you again? Never at all?—world without end, amen!"

"Never as the famous prize-fighter. But if a day should come when Mr. Cashel Byron will be something better worthy of his birth and nature, I will not forget an old friend. Are you satisfied now?"

Cashel's face began to glow and the roots of his hair to tingle.

"I never was happier in my life, though I'm crying maybe all the time," he shouted. "I'll have a try for you yet. Good-by. No," he added, turning from her proffered hand, "I daren't touch it; I should eat you afterward." And he rushed out of the room.

(To Be Continued.)

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5TH AV. "NIOBE." Katherine Grey, Wallace Erskine, H. Dudley Hawley, Grace Scott and Splendid Cast. Souv. Mat. Fri., June 16. Photos of Wallace Erskine.
58TH ST. "TENNESSEE'S PARDNER."
125TH ST. Elita Proctor Otis, Wm. J. Kelley, Beatrice Morgan and Strong Cast. Daily Mats. 25c. Souv. Mat. To-day. Photos of Robert L. Hill. Souv. Mat. Thurs., Silver Spoons. Wed. Aft., Miss Morgan's Kaffee Klatch Reception.

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ATLANTIC GARDEN, Bowery nr. Canal St. — Anderson & Wallace, Kalinovesky Brothers, Curtis & May, Margaret Scott, Bischer's Lady Orchestra.

METROPOLIS Eve. 8.15. Mats. Mond., Wed. & Sat. at 2. 1424 st. & 3d av. DOWN OUR WAY.

AMUSEMENTS.

HAMMERSTEIN'S 42 St., B'way, 7 Av. PARADISE ROOF GARDEN Change Bill Weekly 8.15 to Midnight. Daily Matinees in Victoria Theatre. Dion, Maggie Cline, McMahon's 10 Waterman Girls, Geyer & O'Neill, Gillett's Musical Dogs, Reno & Richards, Mayme Remington & Co., Sherman & De Forest, Pat Rooney & Marion Bent, Toto, Others.

ACADEMY OF MUSIC, 14th st. & Irving pl. Last Week. F. C. Whitney presents MME. SCHUMANN-HEINK, In Stange & Edwards's opera "Love's Lottery." Popular prices. Mat. Sat. only. Ev. 8.15.

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