UP TO DATE SPORTING NEWS AND COMMENT

EDITED BY ROBERT EDGREN

EDGREN'S COLUMN

PLAY ball, now, boys!

IT would be a sad thing for automobile racing if the Automobile Club of France were to make good its threat to race no more in America. The meat of the game is the daring of the drivers. Mechanically considered, there isn't a world of difference between the first-class makes. It is the driver's daring or recklessness that makes new records and gives the crank food for excitement. The Frenchmen have established a reputation for being careless of life and limb. A French driver will cut corners more sharply and at a greater speed, take more desperate chances at railroad crossings and zipp through lines of spectators with greater foolhardiness than men of any other nation. The Frenchman is naturally spectacular in his methods, and as the game is run at present that seems to be what the public wants.

WHERE was Tom Sharkey last Friday night when a crowd of sailors climbed into a Philadelphia ring to whip a second who had punched a victorious sailor fighter? That was just the thing to warm the cockles of Sharkey's heart. It would have reminded him of old times. In 'Frisco, when the sailor champion began to fight on shore, he always had a crowd of shipmates bunched up at the ringside. When he fought Jeffries and lost the decision out there the Philadelphia's crew wanted to whip the referee and Jeff in the bargain. It takes a sailor to really enjoy the fighting game.

IF Young Corbett fights Young Erne it will be a faster affair than the recent mixup between the Philadelphian and Abe Attell. Erne is twice as fast and four times as clever as Corbett, but he hasn't the doughty Denverite's punch. He hasn't Corbett's heart either. Last time they fought Erne made Young Corbett look like a perspiring amateur for three or four rounds, and then, finding that Corbett was still rushing in, lost his nerve. Corbett "has something on Erne," just as he had on the other little fighters until he met Jimmy Britt and Battling Nelson.

TO-NIGHT New Yorkers will have a chance to see Britt and Nelson in action in the moving pictures. If you can't see the real thing, which is, unfortunately, impossible under the present laws, the next best stunt is this. You can't hear the thudding of blows or the cheering of the crowd. You are also spared the loud clamor of the seconds. Of course you know what round the fight will end in and who will win. But aside from all this there is something exciting about a real fight, even if it is shown with unsubstantial shadows on a screen.

WORLD'S RECORD EQUALLED AT BELMONT PARK

(Continued from First Page.)

Commune. Content, who was slow to begin as usual, closed strong, and, taking the lead in the last furlong, won by a length from Usury, who beat Delude a length for the place.

Kiamesha Equals Record.

Kiamesha in the second race equalled the world's record for a circular course. The previous holder was Dick Welles, who ran a mile at Chicago in 1.37 2-5 last year. Lord of the Vale was the pacemaker, followed by Kiamesha to the stretch. There Kiamesha went to the front and won easily by a length and a half from Eugenia Burch, who closed fast though swerving badly and beat Lord of the Vale four lengths.

Tom Cogan in a Drive.

Captain Hayes made the running until he fell. Tom Cogan then went to the front and showed the way to the last mile, where Pure Pepper and Otho Vaugh passed him, racing in close order to the last jump. There Tom Cogan closed again and won in a drive by a length and a half from Pure Pepper, who beat Otho Vaugh thirty lengths.

Lancastrian by a Head.

Etheled, Vanguard and Peeping Tom raced head and head to the stretch, where all three quit. Lancastrian then came through and took the lead. Holscher closed strong in the last furlong, but just failed to get up, Lancastrian winning by a head. Holscher was four lengths in front of That's What.

Aeronaut All the Way.

Aeronaut went to the front soon after the start, made all the running and won handily by three lengths from Race King, who took second place in the stretch and beat Incantation a neck for the place. King Pepper was second into the stretch and then died away.

Ostrich in a Drive.

Santa Catalina went to the front and made the running, followed by Maxnar and Monsieur Beaucaire. They ran this way to the stretch, where the pace told on the leaders. Ostrich then went to the front and passed by Benvolio, winning in a drive by half a length. Benvolio was a length in front of Maxnar.

WOMAN GOT BIG FISH.

Mrs. C. F. Mauder, of New York, was the proudest woman at Asbury Park yesterday. She had caught a forty-two-pound channel bass at Barnegat the biggest fish a woman ever landed there, with rod and reel and with her own pluck and muscle. Miss Neveger, of whom New York also boasts, was a good second. Her bass weighed forty and a half pounds.

A large fishing party has just returned to Asbury from Barnegat. Only two men in it were impolite enough to catch bigger fish than Mrs. Mauder's. Frank Kinbacker, of Brooklyn, landed one weighing forty-nine pounds and another forty-eight pounds. Capt. George W. Fenimore got a forty-six pounder. C. F. Mauder's best catch—except Mrs. Mauder—weighed twenty-four pounds.

Complete Sporting News in the Pink Edition of the Evening World.

WOMEN AT PLAY FOR NATIONAL GOLF HONORS

(Special to The Evening World.)

CONVENT STATION, N. J., Oct. 9.—The women's annual national golf championship began this morning on the links of the Morris County Club. By early afternoon sixty-nine entrants were due to tee up in the qualifying round of eighteen holes, about the same number as last year at Philadelphia. The weather was clear, but extremely warm and the gallery unusually large, in spite of exasperating railroad delay.

Barring half a dozen well-known players, who are either in Europe or in mourning, the field contained almost all the performers of present note in this country. Among the earlier players of this morning were Mrs. James T. Stout, of New York, metropolitan champion, and Miss Georgianna Bishop, of Bridgeport, national titleholder.

Soon after 11 o'clock Mrs. Anna Carpenter Hall, of Chicago; Mrs. Caleb Fox, of Philadelphia, and Miss Mary Adams and Miss Pauline Mackay, both of Boston, got away. Miss Frances Griscom, of Philadelphia, ex-national champion, and Miss Margaret and Harrietta Curtiss, of Boston, were among the last away.

Up to 12 o'clock there had been three withdrawals, but as there was an odd player on the list no confusion followed. Those out are Miss Helen Bishop, of Brooklyn, sister of the national champion; Miss Elsa Hurlbut and Miss Marie Brice, both of Morris County. All three played last week in the tri-city team matches, and Miss Brice equalled the local record.

Mrs. Stout took three puts on the first green, evidently being bothered by the crowd, and so took five for the hole, as did Mrs. Deing, her partner. On the other hand, Miss Mix, who had never played before in a championship, got an excellent send-off. All the principal officials of the U. S. G. A. are here, and are living souvenirs to all starters in the shape of a small book of rules, so every mother's daughter will be disqualified if she offends.

Miss Bishop, national champion, one of the second pair in, made 87, breaking the record two strokes. Her card:

Out ..... 6 3 4 6 6 4 4 5 5—42
In ..... 5 5 5 5 7 7 4 3 4—45 87

SAILORS ON THE GRIDIRON.

The football team of the United States battle-ship Alabama, champions of the navy, played a tie game against the Manhattan eleven at Equitable Park, Sixty-seventh street and West End avenue, yesterday before the largest crowd that was ever jammed into the grounds. The score was 5 to 5.

MERTZ WINS TWO RACES.

Martin Mertz yesterday won both the 70 and the 220 yard dashes at the monthly athletic meet of the New West Side Athletic Club, held on the club grounds in West Fifty-fourth street. Harry Bresnahan won the high jump. J. Foley the 12-pound shot-put and William Gars the two-mile run.

TO-MORROW'S BELMONT PARK ENTRIES.

(Special to The Evening World.)

BELMONT PARK RACE TRACK, Oct. 9.—The entries for to-morrow's races are as follows:

FIRST RACE—Three-year-olds and upward; one mile.
—— Ivanhoe 107
215² Arietta 112
104 Lindale 107
194 Conquest 110
215⁷ Maid of Timbuctoo 107
215 On the Eve 107
215 Tweedie 112
159 Bella Signora 107
127 Bass 105
—— Brilliant 107
215 Salt and Pepper 107
—— Roycroft 110
208 Dapper 113

SECOND RACE—Selling; steeplechase; about three miles.
22⁴ Wool Gatherer 145
185⁴ Kate's Hatter 138
2-2 Knight of Kilway 132
158³ Buck O'Dowd 141
(154) Bonfire 140
154⁷ Gansevoort 135
—— Big Morgan 130

THIRD RACE—Two-year-olds; six furlongs.
152 Mcnoken 112
59 Twice Alarm 112
—— Tambau 112
172 Knight On 112
—— Sahara 109
205³ Good Luck 112
—— Little Pine 112
23 Medilina Daisy 112
211 Barberfleet 112
—— Rose Croix 109
—— Homebander 112
211 Elevation 109
213 Water Dog 109
199² Simson 112

FOURTH RACE—Rancho Del Paso; six furlongs:
223 Hermitage 112
148 Snow 109
64 Athlete 103
(204) Brookdale Nymph 106
(216) Kinleydale 109
223 Sly Ben 106
223 Oak Duke 106
195³ Arklirta 109
223 Waterwing 109

FIFTH RACE—All ages; seven furlongs.
(217) Roseben 120
40 Dolly Spanker 111
77 Chimney Sweep 107
(205) Klamesha 104
140 Graceful 106
(221) Disobedient 84
45 Ben Hedger 86
203 Pat Bulger 114
176² Israelite 109
206 Manifred 107
161 Cedarstone 107
206³ Pretension 106
203 Monet 109
217 Kilmeter 86
203 Aranies 109
—— First Mason 109

SIXTH RACE—Handicap; one mile and a quarter.
221² Knight Errant 126
(214) Sailor Boy 108
214³ Louis H. 102
209 The Huguenot 110
218² Oro 104

WHERE TO-DAY'S GAME WAS PLAYED AND MATTHEWSON GIANTS' PITCHER.

MATTHEWSON.

HOW THE GIANTS OUTCLASSED RIVAL ATHLETICS

Sangree Says McGraw's Spirit Was Too Much for His Quaker Opponents.

(Continued from First Page.)

no reason why he should not pitch. He is jeopardizing our chances of getting the bulk of the money, and it is not fair to the team."

Waddell's uncertainty seemed to cast a wet blanket over the local rooters, but only for a moment. What changed their attitude and encouraged them was the arrival of 100 Boston rooters, who came provided with songs and a trained chorus. No doubt in their minds who would win. They rooted for the American League and among the songs rendered, one intended to rattle the Giant Chief, was this:

Boston rooters' souvenir. Philadelphia-New York, October, 1905.
Nuf—Ced McGreevy.

To Johnny McGraw:
In 1897 we won at Baltimore.
Remember that, John?

In 1903 Let us, see,
Pittsburg fixed you nice and handy.
To themselves they looked like
Yankee Doodle Dandy.
We called on them for a little trying,
Sent them home to their mamma crying.
Remember that, John?

In 1904—We, looking for more,
Stumbling at your very door,
For something to down.
We searched your town;
Walked your street;
Also done some riding;
But you—you must have been a-hiding.
Nevertheless,
We made a mess
Of the best over here.
Remember that, John?

In 1905—Here and all alive,
For the American League we're going to root.
Now, Johnnie, get your gun and
Hoot, mon, hoot;
We are here to make a noise for the Quakers.
Yes, it's all off with you—you pennant-makers.
Remember that, John.

As in a prize fight, where the champion takes his time about entering the ring, so did Brush and McGraw arrange for the Giants. At least 5,000 men, women and children surrounded the Continental Hotel, the historic inn where nearly every President of the United States has put up. Jim Corbett told the story fifteen times to-day of how He and President McKinley were coming down the elevator some years ago when a stranger shook hands with Jim and then asked to be introduced to his "sparring partner, Con. McVey."

Plenty of Betting.

About this hotel centred all attention for several hours. The Protectory Band played "Give My Regards to Broadway," and every Quaker had tears in his eyes and voice. Inside the excitement was terrific. C. H. Wilson, father of "Buster," bet $1,000 to $900 on the Giants. Paddy Leedon, a local sporting man and former fighter, wagered $2,000 even on the Athletics. His brother Billy put up $1,500 at the same rate. The biggest bet was made by a Philadelphia syndicate of brokers of $5,000 even money. Of this $3,500 was taken by George Considine and $1,500 by Lee Harrison, the actor. Dan McGann held all the stakes for the Giants, most of whom put up $50 to $100 even money on themselves.

The Giants drove to the grounds in a four-in-hand, and sixty New York rooters followed in another huge van. At the moment of leaving the hotel some excitement arose in the Protectory Band, which had "amongst its midst" four Philadelphia boys. These lads were crazy to shake their uniforms and dress, it was reported, but a couple of Pinkerton men nailed them just in time.

Athletics Aren't Rattled.

One of the mysterious things to observe in all the tremendous excitement was the equanimity of the Athletics. This may have been caused by the return of Harry Davis's glove. Said glove was torn from the grasp of George Edward Waddell last Saturday night along with "Rube's" uniform when 5,000 citizens mobbed him in joyous greeting. The man who got the glove brought it back at 1 o'clock and the Crusaders when they gazed at Jerusalem were not more glad than the Athletics. Connie Mack gave the man $25 and a pass to all the post season games here. At the same moment a grasshopper lit upon the shoulder of Bender, the Indian Chief. Being very superstitious, he took this as a harbinger of good luck, and convinced his team mates of certain victory.

Just the same, one could observe no sign of fear or stage fright in the American League champions. As a matter of fact, ball players who have appeared often before crowds quite as big and wild have that steady fastness of heart that nothing can shake.

Great Roar Greets Giants.

The Giants came on the field at six minutes past 2. Their entrance was greeted with a roar, partly of anger, partly admiration. They were dead black shirts and trousers, white caps, belts and stockings and the initials "N. Y." also in virgin white. Nothing could have been more spectacular.

For one moment it looked as though the suppressed and mortal enthusiasm would break its bonds. But no, Philadelphia had good control. "Got a band with 'em," commented one. The Catholic boys were located alongside the visiting bench. They stood up in line, with their trombones in front, and cut loose with a military march, led by Mike Ryan, formerly with the Sixty-ninth Regiment, and put a kink in everything.

While they played the Giants and Athletics met in friendly conversation, everybody shaking hands and strangers being introduced. It was a real love feast, except for Connie Mack and John McGraw, who remained apart. Each was evidently trying to read the other's mind. McGillicuddy has a face like Cæsar and an indelible smile. He appeared to be cool as a cucumber, while McGraw had his usual nervous style, taking in every detail.

Half an hour before the call of time about as many people as the place would accommodate had arrived, and a huge assembly of representative Americans bided their time to witness the greatest event in the history of their national game.

The last five minutes ere Hank O'Day and Jack Sheridan dusted off the home plate were full of humor and intensity. McGraw stepped on the plate and put on his head a plaster of paris white elephant. The fans took it with great good nature, whereupon Mac doffed his cap and scampered to the bench. Meanwhile the great heroes, Chrystie Mathewson and Eddie Plank, both boys of Pennsylvania, born and raised on farms not many miles apart, were the center of attraction. Field glasses were used, and the wise people declared that Matty was overtrained, that he had lines of trouble on his boylike phiz, while Plank was care free and nerveless.

Bill Clarke took the third-base coaching line and Gilbert first, and the veteran coacher opened his face to such end that he drowned the announcer's phonograph.

Plank Hits First Man Up.

When it came to actual work it seemed as though Plank were the routed one, for he cracked Roger Bresnahan in the ribs right off the reel. Quickly, however, he steadied up, and after those few minutes when muscles relaxed and hearts beat wildly, the hardened Athletics all settled to work. The first inning marked a sad moment for the great Sandow Mertes. Browne had first, with his fielders' choice, which forced out Bresnahan, and after Donlin's exit Dan McGann whaled for two bags. This put George on third, but, alas, Sandow could not even make a foul.

Now it was see whether the Giant wonder had been attacked with heart failure. Could he stand the pace, was he equal to the chance of a life time. Betting on the right side of the grandstand became furious.

"The Athletics will score," cried thousands, "Matty will go to pieces."

And still McGraw was as gay as a lark. In fact I never saw him happier. He looked as though he had just beat a 50 to 1 shot. Good reason, too, for not a Quaker reached second. Evidently the scrappy leader had something up his sleeve. What was it?

Nothing only a change of style. He gave the signal to bunt. His quick eye noted that. The Athletic infield was playing deep and Plank was worked up to a nervous pitch. Devlin and Gilbert both got away with bunts, made a double steal and again New York had a man on second and third. Matty having fanned, it was up to Bresnahan. Ha, ha! Would the wily Plank take chances with this slugger? Not on your life. He walked him and waited for George Browne, a left-handed hitter.

Honors thus far in favor of the Giants. They showed better judgment, ran bases better and hit the ball, even though Monte Cross did head off George Browne. More honors for them when they retired the enemy in the second without a man getting to first. The iron nerve and relentless energy of McGraw was beginning to show. Both teams had steadied down. It was nearing the time for a break of luck.

Matty Starts Things.

The third and fourth innings passed without anything startling. Sharp fielding, superb pitching and incidentally the big fellows on each side were afraid of the opposing pitcher. Then the great Matty himself smashed the frame work of hope, anxiety and speculation by rapping out a clean hit. He was immediately forced, but it put Roger on first base, and the one time famous utility man easily stole second. George Browne swayed under the responsibility, but Mike Donlin, with generations of Irish grit behind him, cracked a crooked nasty jolting single in left, whereon Roger came home with the first run.

Stranger, do you imagine that the mighty McGann faltered in this supreme instant, and him from TIPPERARY! Oh, guess again! Daniel smote with his shapely war club so valiantly that the ball sailed and sailed. She dropped among the fans in right centre. And Mike Donlin cantered to the roost. The game had been broken up; luck was with the Giants. And now could Connie Mack's men stem the tide of victory.

Game in Detail as Described by Bulger Shows How the Giants Outclassed Athletics.

(Continued from First Page.)

beautiful throw beat him by a fraction. Lord drew a large fly out into deep centre, but Donlin got under it by a great sprint and two men were down. Mathewson got Davis's short bounder and took his time about throwing. Matty was as steady as a clock. NO RUNS.

Second Inning.

Dahlen found Plank a hard problem and fell a victim on strikes to three drop curves. Devlin changed tactics and laid down a bunt which crawled off Lave Cross' wrist and Devlin was safe. Gilbert took the cue from McGraw, who was watching like a hawk, and laid down another bunt, which he beat with ease. It began to look like chess was showing as Devlin and Gilbert executed a beautiful double steal. Plank, however, took a brace, and with terrific speed sat Mathewson down on strikes. Plank showed further coolness by purposely giving Bresnahan a base on balls and filling the bases. Browne was then retired on a sharp drive to M. Cross, who whipped it to first just in time. NO RUNS.

Dahlen showed his old-time coolness in taking a difficult grounder back of second from Lave Cross and throwing him out at first. Seybold's fly was also taken by Dahlen, and Gilbert by a beautiful play retired Murphy on a grounder. NO RUNS.

Third Inning.

Donlin made a desperate effort to slide into first ahead of the ball, but was beaten and McGann was retired on a sharp grounder to L. Cross. Both clubs were settling down now and excitement grew intense as Murphy fumbled Mertes's grouder, but recovered in time to throw him out. NO RUNS.

Monte Cross cracked a sizzler at Devlin, but Arthur never flinched and grabbed the ball, which was coming like a bullet, making a beautiful throw. The sun field told heavily on Donlin, and, after getting Schreck's fly in his hands he dropped it. The misplay was quickly wiped out, however, as Dahlen took Plank's grounder and, after touching second, threw to first, completing a double play. NO RUNS.

Fourth Inning.

Dahlen died on a sharp drive to Murphy, which the latter got in the grass back of second. Devlin was badly fooled by Plank's curve and struck out. M. Cross cut Gilbert down at first by a throw in as from a catapult. NO RUNS.

Hartsel waited until Mathewson got in a hole and put one straight over, and landed for a clean single over second. This was the Athletics' first hit and a roar came from the stands. Lord tried to sacrifice, but Gilbert got the ball and threw out Hartsel, who had hesitated between the bases. Davis's grounder to Dahlen forced Lord at second and L. Cross rolled an easy grounder to Dahlen. NO RUNS.

Fifth Inning.

Matthewson drove a clean single bounding to center, but was too slow of foot to beat Monte Cross's throw to second after he stopped Bresnahan's grounder. Bres got a good start to second, Schheck's throw being miserable. Browne sent a weak fly to M. Cross and the crowd heaved a sigh of relief. The game was telling heavily on nerves, and there was a noticeable gasp at every pluay. New York rooters went wild at this moment as Donlin whipped a hard single into left, sending Bresnahan across the rubber with the first run of the game. On a throw to the plate Donlin made second. McGann was allowed to walk to first. Mertes landed for a terrier drive into the right field crowd for two bases, scoring Donlin. Dahlen then finished the inning with a large fly to Hartsell. TWO RUNS.

Seybold's line drive almost knocked Mathewson down, but he recovered in time to retire the Pennsylvanian. The ball struck Mathewson in the groin, and the pain was so intense he had to be helped to the bench. This caused a delay, and in the interim McGraw sent McGinnity out to warm up. Mathewson was game and insisted on pitching what now seemed a victory. Murphy struck out swinging at Mathewson's speed. Devlin took M. Cross's hot grounder and easily got his man. NO RUNS.

Sixth Inning.

Devlin drove a long fly, which Hoffman pulled down after a long sprint. Gilbert laced a line drive over third for a single, but died trying to steal second. M. Cross electrified the spectators by a marvellous one-hand stop of Mathewson's grounder. NO RUNS.

Schreck caught one of Matty's curves on the nose and sent it into the left field crowd for two bases. Plank struck out on a wild pitch and on which Bresnahan threw him out. Schreck took third. Hartsell busted, but Devlin's quick throw caught Schreck at the plate. New Yorkers going wild with joy. Lord hit to Dahlen, forcing Hartsell at second. NO RUNS.

Seventh Inning.

Bresnahan lifted a long fly to Lord, and Browne was retired on a bounder to M. Cross. Donlin surprised Plank with a bunt and beat it while the ball rolled between Plank's legs. Donlin then stole second. L. Cross threw out McGann. NO RUNS.

Davis went out on strikes, swinging at least two feet from the plate. Dave Cross drove a stiff one to Gilbert but was nipped just in time. Seybolt quit an easy bounder to Devlin. NO RUNS.

Eighth Inning.

Murphy had no difficulty in disposing of Mertes on a grounder, and Dahlen was out on an easy pop-fly to M. Cross. Devlin swung at drop curves three times and was out. NO RUNS.

Murphy gave the Athletics new hope by a smash into the right field crowd for two bags but when enthusiasm had waxed strong Monte Cross struck out, after lining out three long fouls. Shreck lifted a high fly to Browne and Plank struck out. NO RUNS.

Ninth Inning.

Gilbert again showed that he was not in the least disconcerted by whipping a lazy single into centre. Mathewson advanced him with a sacrifice to Plank. Bresnahan smashed a one-sacker into centre, scoring Gilbert. On the throw Roger took second. Browne rolled out to Davis, Bresnahan taking third. Murphy threw out Donlin.

Urged by cries from the crowd the Athletics made a last stand, but it was useless. Hartsell died on a bounder to McGann and Lord went out on strikes. Davis drove a two-bagger into the right field crowd. Devlin threw out, Lave to Cross. NO RUNS.

NELSON AND BRITT MEET IN DENVER AS FRIENDS

Conqueror and Conquered Greet Each Other in the Western City with a Cordial Shake of the Hand.

(Special to The Evening World.)

DENVER, Oct. 9.—Battling Nelson and Jimmy Britt met in Denver yesterday and shook hands for the first time since their famous fight at Colma on Sept. 9. Nelson had just closed a week's engagement at the Empire Theatre here and Britt had come to play a week's engagement at the same house.

The light-weights shook hands as friends. Britt had just jumped off the train. Nelson was at the depot to meet him. They clasped the right of each, which they used in their recent mill to punish each other as much as possible.

"How are you, old man?" shouted out Nelson as he approached the Californian.

"Fine, Battling; how's yourself?" came back Britt with the same cordiality.

The first solid food of the infant is the soda cracker. The last solid food of old age is the soda cracker. First in the order of digestibility from youth to age is Uneeda Biscuit—the perfected soda cracker. Therefore Uneeda Biscuit

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Music by D'Aquin's Military Band. After To-night, open all the week from 11 A. M. to 11 P. M. Main performances at 2 and 8 P. M. Admission, 50c.

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BROADWAY Theatre, 41st St. & Bway. Evs. 8.15. Mat. Sat. 2.15. THE PEARL AND THE PUMPKIN
LIBERTY Theatre, 42d St., W. of B'way Evs. 8.15. Mat. Sat. 2.15. THE ROGERS BROS. IN IRELAND
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125TH ST. Gould & Suratt, Wm. Stuart Robson, Thompson's Elephants, Clarice Vance, etc.
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TO-NIGHT (for one week only) ZAZA
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MADISON SQ. THEA. 24th-B'way. Mats. Wed. & Sat. HENRY W. DIXEY in THE MAN ON THE BOX
HOPPER in APPLYARD. LYRIC. Evenings, 8.15. Mats. Wed. & Sat.
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PASTOR'S 14th St., 3d Av. CONTINUOUS. 20 & 30 CTS.
Bailey & West, Murphy & Willard, Couture & Gillette, Herr Baone and others.
METROPOLIS 142d st. & 3d av. Evs. at 8.15. Mats. Mon., Wed. and Sat. THE SHADOW BEHIND THE THRONE.
KEITH'S B'way 81st Daily, Inez McCaffery and Co., Jas. Thornton, Merian's. 14th St. Dogs. Big Show. 25c., 50c.
CIRCLE Thos. B'way 60th st. Mats. Daily, 25c. GOLDEN CROOK and High-Class Vaudeville.

EMPIRE THEATRE. Broadway & 40th St. Evs. 8.20. Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2.15. John Drew in Augustus Thomas's DR. LANCEY.
KNICKERBOCKER THEATRE, B'way & 38th St. Evs. 8.15. Mat. Sat. 2.15. Lulu Glaser MISS DOLLY DOLLARS.
MONDAY, OCT. 16, SEATS THURS. E. H. SOTHERN—JULIA MARLOWE. 1st Week—TAMING OF THE SHREW.
LYCEUM Broadway & 45th. Begins at 8.30. Matinees Thursday & Sat., 2.15. Jos. Wheelock, Jr., in Geo. Ade's Comedy, "JUST OUT OF COLLEGE."
DALY'S B'way & 30th. Evs. at 8.15. Matinee Saturday, 2.15. EDNA MAY THE CATCH OF THE SEASON.
SAVOY THEATRE, 34 St., nr. B'way. Mats. Thurs. & Sat. Evs. 8.15. James K. Hackett in Alfred Sutro's Mary Mannering Walls of Jericho.
Criterion THEATRE, B'way & 44th St. Evs. 8.20. Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2.15. Miss Maxine Elliott HER GREAT MATCH in Clyde Fitch's
Hudson THEATRE, 44th St., e. of B'way. Evs. 8.20. Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2.15. Robert Loraine in Bernard Shaw's Man and Superman.
HERALD SQ. THEATRE, B'way & 35th St. Evs. 8.15. Mat. Sat. 2.15. SAM BERNARD THE ROLLICKING GIRL.
MON., OCT. 16, JOS. CAWTHORN Fritz in Tammany Hall.

COLONIAL B'way & 62d St. Emmett Corrigan & Co., Harry Houdini, Hyams & McIntyre, Macart's Dogs and Monkeys, Daily Mats. 25c. Burke-Larue & Co. & others.
ALHAMBRA 7th av. 126 st. BARGAIN MATINEES DAILY. All Seats 25c. Herbet Keicey & Effie Shannon, Emma Carus, Empire City Quartet and others.
ACADEMY OF MUSIC, 14th St. & Irving Pl. TO-NIGHT—THREE WEEKS ONLY. DUSTIN FARNUM in Owen Wister's story of the West, THE VIRGINIAN. Prices 25, 50, 75, 1.00. Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2. Ev. 8.15.
GRAND Elfie Fay. Prices 25c. to $1.00. The Belle of Avenue A.
GARRICK THEATRE. (Closed To-Night). WM. H. REYNOLDS, President. To-morrow Night at 8 ARNOLD DALY ANNOUNCES Bernard Shaw's JOHN BULL'S OTHER ISLAND
HARLEM OPERA HOUSE Evgs. 8.15. Mat. Sat., 2.15. ROBERT EDESON in STRONGHEART. Tuesday Eve'g—Champion Giants' Night.
HURTIG & SEAMON'S WEST 125TH ST. ALL STAR VAUDEVILLE. Olive May and J. W. Albaugh, jr., Edward Clark & Co., Coleman's Cats and Dogs, etc.
LEW FIELDS Theatre, 42 st., w of B'way. Ev. at 8. Mat. Sat. at 2. (New) Burlesque of The Music Master, and It Happened in Nordland.
14th ST. THEATRE, at 6th av. Pop. Prices. Wed. Mat. 25c., 50c. Sat. Mat. NAT. M. WILLS in THE DUKE OF DULUTH
MAJESTIC Evgs. 8.15. Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2.15. Chauncey OLCOTT EDMUND BURKE.
WEST END. SPECIAL MAT. TO-DAY 25 & 50c. THE NINETY AND NINE.
Manhattan B'way and 33d St. Ev. 8.15. Mat. Sat. 2.15. MRS. FISKE LEAH KLESCHNA.

Wallack's, B'y & 30. Mats. Wed., Sat. 2.15. THOMAS JEFFERSON CS RIP VAN WINKLE
SPECIAL! THOMAS JEFFERSON AS RIP VAN WINKLE
Will Appear in the Principal Theatres of the United States After His Two Weeks' Engagement at WALLACK'S THEATRE.
YORKVILLE Mat. To-morrow, 25c. Thea., 86th st., nr. Lex. av. LA TOSCA.
3rd Av. 31st & 3d av. Matinee to-day. Julian Rose, in "Fast Life in New York."
THALIA, Bowery, nr. Canal. Mat. To-day. Joseph Santley, in "A Runaway Boy."

BROOKLYN AMUSEMENTS.
KEENEY'S Mat. daily, 10c., 15c., 25c. Nights, 25c., 50c., 75c. Thomas Q. Seabrooke & Jeanette Lowrie, The Girl from Coney Island, Charles Wayne and his Incubator Girls, Coine's Pantomime Dogs, Tascott and his show. Next week, VALERIE BERGERE.
GRAND OPERA-HOUSE. NOW TO BE CITED Regular Mats. Wed. & Sat. THAN SCORNED Bargain Mat. Wed. 25 & 50c. No higher. NEXT WEEK—NINETY and NINE.
AMPHION Evgs. 15, 25, 35, 50c. Daily Mats. 15 & 25c. KATIE BARRY, Col. FRANK E. FILLIS, Waterbury Bros. & Tenny, 10 Big Acts. Nat Wk—Herbert Keicey & Effie Shannon.

SPORTING.
RACING AT BELMONT PARK
(Westchester Racing Association, Queens, L. I.)
OCTOBER 2D TO 14TH INCLUSIVE.
Races on dark Flat and Steeplechase.
Trains via Long Island RR. leave foot East 34th Street, 11.40 A. M., 12.00 noon, 12.20, 12.30, 12.40, 1.00, 1.10 and 2.00. Leave Flatbush Avenue, Brooklyn, 12.10, 12.50, 12.45, 1.00, 1.15, 1.30. Trolley from Jamaica and a parlor car on the 11.40 from East 34th Street and four on the 12.40 will be reserved for members of the Turf & Field Club and Annual Subscribers.
Boxes on sale at the Waldorf-Astoria and Fifth Avenue Hotels. First Race at 2 P. M.
I WILL RECOVER ALL money lost gambling at race-tracks free of cost to clients. E. MALMQUIST, room 814, 618 Park Row.
OLD DR. GRINDLE.
35 YEARS A SPECIALIST IN DISEASES OF MEN.
Under Dr. Grindle's scientific treatment all diseases peculiar to men are permanently cured more quickly, more easily and on MODERATE TERMS than by any other surviving physician. Do you suffer from blood poisoning, hereditary or contracted; nervous debility, kidney, bladder complaints, skin diseases, red spots, ulcers, sore throat and mouth, painful swelling, STRICTURE, VARICOCELE, or any disease resulting from excess, indiscretion or overwork? If unable to call, write. Dr. Grindle will cure you as surely if you go to him for treatment. He cures private and ordinary contracted diseases and drains in 3 to 10 days.
Dr. Grindle's at the same office, 171 West 12th St., between 6th and 7th Ave., where he has occupied OVER 25 YEARS—a record which no other advertising physician can remarkably claim. Advice free. Medicine, $1. Hours: 9 to 8. Sundays, 9 to 2.