THE HIPPODROME'S BIRTHDAY

HIGH JINKS MARK FRED THOMPSON'S WINNING OUT.

Show People From Broadway Furnished Fun For a Houseful—Big Stage Tank Full of Water and Girls—Other Tanks Full of Other Things—Bashful Coler.

A soft voiced, pink cheeked, lazy moving young man who looks exactly as if he had stepped out of one of George Ade's college plays, pancake hat, baggy clothes and all, started a new playhouse at Sixth avenue and Forty-third street a year ago, getting John W. Gates to bet a million on the game.

Yesterday morning Fred Thompson celebrated the winning out. The free show he put on to mark the Hippodrome's first birthday will go down in Tenderloin history. Broadway theatrical managers sent him their stars to join in the frolic. The chorus girl, not less than a thousand of her, came in her best frills and fought her way through mountains of lobster salad and lakes of Pilsner. Marie Dressler cut capers and kidded the author of "The Reuben and the Maid." Pete Dailey cavorted with elephantine grace. Bird S. Coler also ran.

Soubrettes and stage hands went swimming in the big tank and paddled tubs for prizes of real money. All the people of the Hippodrome, who hadn't seen a show from the front for a year, sat in the best seats whooping it up and dodging out at intervals to soothe some of the finest thirsts in the Borough of Manhattan.

It was a few minutes past midnight, that being Friday morning, that the Hippodrome high jinks began. As soon as the show was over the actors and actorines, from Rose La Harte, the only leading lady who ever drove an elephant down Broadway or took an infant pig shopping, to big Mazie McGuffin, who holds a spear and is part of the scenery, scoured the makeup off their faces and rushed for the auditorium.

Presently the show people from Broadway arrived. Little Marie Dressler came in with Big Joe Weber, and after them the show girls of the music hall. Some brought along their human meal tickets. Peter F. Dailey and his diminutive dancers entered just ahead of the "best Borough President Brooklyn ever had." In half an hour the big auditorium was full.

John W. Gates, almost surrounded by chorus girls who had preempted his box, grinned pleasantly. Charles F. Murphy sat in another box. Playwrights and composers and actor folk were scattered here and there in the audience. Beaming Bill Thompson, press agent extraordinary, bustled up and down the aisles exuding smiles and fat cigars.

Charles Ross was master of ceremonies. He came to the front of the great stage which, stripped of scenery, looked as big as an acre field, and made a speech. He said the Hippodrome had entertained 3,000,000 persons during the year and then he handed a few oratorical flowers to Thompson & Dundy. Fred Thompson, sitting in a stage box, ducked to the cheering and fled to the café. Ross introduced Pete Dailey.

After a long walk Dailey got to the footlights and snag a song about pinching things, a song full of takeoffs on the Hippodrome and its people.

"Come here!" yelled a confederate in the wings.

"Where?" said Dailey, shading his eyes and looking across the vast expanse of the stage. "To the next town?"

He finished his song stunt with a verse about Washington, "first in war, first in peace and last in the American League," and then the dancing girls came on, swinging up and down the stage with the corpulent Peter to the noisy cheers of the houseful.

"And now," said Charley Ross, "I will present to you a lady who needs no introduction, a lady who——"

"My God!" said Marie Dressler, sitting in a rear box, "does the man mean me?"

She caught up her expansive skirts and ran down the aisle, a big blue plume on her nifty hat bobbing excitedly. Disdaining a hand, she hopped on to the stage and ran to Ross, planting a smacking kiss on the brow of the master of ceremonies.

"For," she confided to the laughing audience, "I am such an emotional girl. I do so give way to my feelin's."

For twenty minutes Miss Dressler held the stage, and the stage somehow fitted itself to her and didn't look so large and lonesome. Maurice Levi took charge of the orchestra and served as a target for Miss Dressler's larking and punning.

Ross called Joe Weber and the little man came running from back of the house. It almost required opera glasses to locate him on the spot Miss Dressler vacated. He sang a minute or two and then a whistle blew. From all parts of the auditorium the showgirls of the music hall started up, feeling their back hair and giving quick tugs at their skirts, and then scurrying for the stage. They lined up behind the minute Joseph and gave the newest wrinkle in the old, old Florodora sextet teaser, while Weber sang a song about the good old town of Cincinnati, O-hi-o.

Before these things happened Stage Manager Temple, beloved of the Hippodrome chorus from his easygoing ways, stepped to the footlights lugging a giant horseshoe of lilies and roses. He made a sensible speech praising Fred Thompson, and, calling Thompson to the stage, presented him with the flowers. Mr. Thompson's reply was only a little longer than the appendix to Bill Nye's history of the United States. He retired blushing. Temple was brought back and got a basket of flowers for himself.

There was a movement on foot, according to the press agent, to present the Hon. Bird S. Coler with a bouquet, but it came to nothing.

Within ten minutes the big circular stage which covers the tank was let down and the water gushed in. The stage hands and property men and half a dozen fearless chorus girls of the Hippodrome put on bathing suits and plunged in. It didn't require much imagination to believe the tank a section of the Coney Island beach on a hot Sunday.

Howard Fielding, who handles little elephants and things that Thompson & Dundy bring from abroad, took charge of this part of the show. He stood on the rim of the tank and announced the tank events. First there was a greased pole stunt. A greased pole was set horizontally over the water with a luscious ham at the perilous end. Two dozen barefoot boys and girls tried to walk that pole and grab the ham. They would slip and go head first in the tank, spluttering and choking. At the end a lad with a level head, feeling himself going, threw himself forward and just managed to grab the ham.

Fred Thompson, unnoticed in the frolicking, slipped down an aisle to the orchestra pit and got just behind Fielding's heels. He rose up suddenly and gave Fielding a push. In went the announcer, going clear under. Fielding came up grinning and was helped back to the tank rim. He stuck to his job, with the water running in rivulets from his soaked clothes.

A little rag of a boy, red haired and wiry won the boys' tub race and the $5 that went with it. The girls raced in tubs next, and Mabel Mitchell steered hers to the finishing line without mishap. Miss Mitchell also won the straightaway swimming match for girls, beating Juanita Davis and Anna Courtney.

After that there was a free for all spree and gambol in the big tank, a ducking match that tickled the crowd. Miss La Harte, the leading woman, sent word that she would not go into the tank unless Brooklyn's leading statesman and Methodist, Bird S. Coler, who, she had heard, was a champion swimmer, or something like that, she wasn't sure—a leading woman has to keep track of so many things—accompanied her. Bashful Bill Thompson went in search of Coler, but Coler couldn't be found.

Rita Dean, who pleases in pink tights, wanted the celebration wound up with a grand ball. She had it framed up to lead off with Maurice Levi. The leading lady, hearing of the frameup, got very busy and led off the dance herself; for, said she, "There's no chorus girl yet born that's going to cop off the honors that belong to me."

The dance lasted until 3:30 o'clock in the morning, but an hour after that the celebration was still going on in the café, where Marceline, the only imported clown in captivity, was balancing himself on a table top, under the impression that he was a ferocious gorilla, and some threescore chorus girls were coyly exhibiting the newest fashions in spring hoisery.

ROBBERS ON TROLLEY CAR.

Four Made Vicious Attack on Philadelphian. Who Fought Back.

Four robbers assailed a passenger on a Delancey street trolley car at noon yesterday, but the passenger fought back and hung on to his watch and pocketbook. When the fight was over one of the thieves was in the hands of the police, while the passenger was minus nothing but his watch glass, which was broken in the row. He had several bumps, however, and three loosened teeth.

The passenger, who later became complainant in the Essex Market police court, was Herman Galerman of 504 North Third street, Philadelphia. The defendant gave his name as Joseph Finkelstein of 224 East Thirteenth street.

Galerman, who is a horse dealer came to New York on Wednesday. When he boarded a Delancey street car yesterday he asked the conductor how to get to an address on East Third street. Four young men who had been listening at once assaulted Galerman. They surrounded him and punched him in the nose and behind the ear and in the mouth. One of them tried to get Galerman's watch and pocketbook.

Galerman though small was game. With one hand he protected his valuables and fought back with the other, knocking one of his assailants to the floor. He was knocked on top of the fallen thief, but he still clung to his watch and money.

By this time the car was in an uproar. Some of the passengers went to Galerman's aid, and the pickpockets fought to escape. One of them knocked Galerman off the car, and all took to their heels. Finkelstein, the one who had been knocked down by Galerman, was the last to get free, and the crowd chased him into a billiard room at 313 Broome street.

Detective Sergeants McDonough and McCarthy were at Delancey street and the Bowery when the row occurred. They at once ran after the crowd and arrived at the Broome street billiard parlor just after Finkelstein ran into the place. Showing their shields, the cops quieted the crowd and then searched the billiard room. They found Finkelstein hiding in a box. He was dragged out and identified by Galerman.

Galerman went to court to make a complaint. His purse, which contained $150, was torn in the scrap, but the money was intact. Magistrate Baker held the defendant in $1,500 for examination to-day.

ED. RICE OUT OF THE TOMBS.

Former Theatre Manager Gets Bail—His "Crime" Was Assuming Others' Debts.

Edward E. Rice, remembered by theatregoers since the days of "Evangeline," was released from the Tombs yesterday on $1,000 bail. He was locked up two days ago on the complaint of Baltimore hotel keepers, who say that he violated the hotel act there.

After his release Mr. Rice said that he had not defrauded the hotels in the sense of the act. He said that when his "The Shopgirl" company got in straits a week before Christmas a year ago he was hard pressed for money. He did not want to see the members of his company stranded, so he went to the hotels, and after paying part of the bills the members of his company owed he promised to make good the rest. At no time had he contracted to pay the hotel bills of his company.

"I don't think," said Thomas J. Sullivan, Mr. Rice's lawyer, "that Mr. Rice should ever have been arrested. He did not defraud the hotels in the manner specified by the law—that a man who enters a hotel must pay his bills. Mr Rice simply assumed the indebtedness of members of his company and he has been doing his best to pay up. If anything, it should have been a civil action."

LIFE OF CHRIST IN TABLEAUX.

Miss Mountford Appears in an Oriental Lecture at Daly's Theatre.

Miss Lydia M. von Finkelstein Mountford appeared at Daly's Theatre yesterday in her Oriental lectures and tableaux. The life of Christ, the Resurrection and the Twenty-third Psalm were her chief themes. Miss Mountford was dressed in the garb of her native Palestine and was assisted by a number of models similarly attired. The man representing the Lord was dressed in burial garments of spun silver trimmed with gold.

The Twenty-third Psalm, the speaker said, was to be seen every day exemplified in Palestine in the life of the shepherd. "Every sheep in Palestine knows the Twenty-third Psalm," she said. When she spoke of the shepherd anointing the head with oil, she remarked: "If you people here would put olive oil on your horses' heads in summer none of the animals would die of sunstroke."

The Seagoers.

The Koenigin Luise sails this morning for Genoa via Naples and Gibraltar with a big crowd of tourists. Among those who have booked passage on her are:

Mr. and Mrs. William J. Burdett, Douglas Baldwin, Mr. and Mrs. Henry M. Cannon, Mr. and Mrs. J. P. Chamberlain, Mr. and Mrs. Austin Cheney, Mr. and Mrs. B. G. Coles, Mr. and Mrs. R. E. Deane, Mr. and Mrs. H. M. Denniston, the Hon. L. A. Emery, Mr. and Mrs. George C. Frye, Mrs. J. A. Hoagland, Mr. and Mrs. Theodore Kilian, William C. Kinney, W. R. Lambert, Mr. and Mrs. José Marin, Henry Rose, L. A. R. Robinson, Mr. and Mrs. H. A. Unger, William E. Wier, Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Worcester, Mr. and Mrs. Karl Webber, William E. Wolcott and Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Ward.

On the Red Star liner Kroonland, sailing to-day for Dover and Antwerp, are:

Erwin L. Adolph, Miss Elizabeth Aymar, B. F. Blackburn, Charles H. Hull, Mr. and Mrs. Bradish Johnson, William J. McMullin, E. V. Meeks, J. W. T. Nichols, Albert G. Pabst, Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Parsons, William B. Scherrerhorn, Mrs. Leslie M. Shaw, A. Webster Smith, F. H. Tiedemann, E. W. Vanderhoof and F. E. Walker.

On the Philadelphia, of the American Line, for Southampton are booked:

Adrian Brandt, Irving T. Bush, Mr. and Mrs. Julius Cahn, Haddon Chambers, W. A. Cook, Jr., M. J. Cunningham, E. S. Cunningham, Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Dreyfoos, C. A. Henderson, Charles W. Johnson, George McKibbin, R. W. Millbank, L. A. Nares, G. H. Powell, Fiske Warren, William J. Wilson and A. C. Woodruff.

Sailing on the Atlantic Transport Minnetonka for London:

John Addison, Frank Arnold, Mr. and Mrs. A. R. Doble, John Douglas, C. D. Ellis, Harry B. Earle-Fox, J. D. Gausby, L. A. Harris, A. D. Hatfield, James M. Hill, T. Allen Hilles, Capt. and Mrs. Frank Harding, Mr. and Mrs. J. M. King, A. F. Livingston, Dr. N. K. McLeod, William A. Marshall, Jr., Miss Paget, Mr. and Mrs. F. T. Parsons, Miss Ada Rainey and Mr. and Mrs. William H. Stuart.

On the Cunarder Lucania, for Liverpool, are:

J. Sandleman Allen, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Altschul, Dr. and Mrs. W. E. Bullard, A. J. Brice, Mr. and Mrs. George S. Coxe, Cedric Chivers, the Hon. and Mrs. James Domville, J. V. Fothergill, Mr. and Mrs. C. D. Gunn, Browne, Mr. and Mrs. T. Nelson George, G. J. Galloway, Mr. and Mrs. H. J. Hill, T. W. Hammer, W. G. Holland, O. A. Hurd, Thomas N. Jones, Thomas J. Lewis, the Rev. J. J. McKeever, Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Milne, R. R. Sanborn, Schuyler Van Ness, F. W. Whitridge and J. D. Wells.

INSIST THE JEWS WERE BLACK

PROPHET CROWDY RECEIVED IT IN A VISION IN A DINING CAR.

This Was When He Received the Seven Keys of the Lord—Negro Delegates at Plainfield Observe Feast of the Wilderness in Regalia—Red Silk Coronets.

PLAINFIELD, N. J., April 13.—Plainfield is full of a black cloud and the black cloud is streaked with a thousand rainbows, more or less thanks to the coming of the members of the Church of God and Saints of Christ, the negroes who think that they are the only real Jews and have gathered for the Passover, which they began to-day with a street parade in seven colors, in which everybody participated but the seven elders who had been assigned by Elijah the Prophet to cook the lamb that was eaten at midnight to-night in Reform Hall, on Second street.

After the parade there was a feast in the Wilderness, the same hall serving for the time being for the Wilderness. Everybody ate what he or she liked because it was the last meal before going to the diet of water and unleavened bread at midnight.

The lost tribes which have found themselves are strong on food and colors. Two of the hues are secret. Of the 4,000 negroes living in Plainfield only about a dozen belong to the "Jews." The rest of the colored population will have nothing to do with the visiting prophets and apostles, so the latter have arranged to sleep to-night in the Wilderness on settees.

It was William S. Crowdy, now Elijah, the chief prophet, who discovered that all other black men were Jews and the missing nine and a half tribes. Before he was a prophet Crowdy was a cook on the Lackawanna railroad and presided over the galley end of a dining car—and he had a vision right in the car as the train was rolling out of Hoboken one day. He can't tell of that vision just now himself, as explained in Ezekiel, iii., 26; but he put forward Joseph Crowdy, who, as the chief evangelist, is his spokesman.

"The Jews were black," said the chief evangelist to-day, "and so we are the real Jews. What does Jeremiah say? In the eighth chapter, twenty-first verse, Jeremiah says: 'For the hurt of the daughter of my people am I hurt; I am black, astonishment has taken hold on me.' If Jeremiah isn't good enough authority see what Solomon says in his very first song, verses five and six: 'I am black but comely, O ye daughters of Jerusalem, as the tents of Kedar, as the curtains of Solomon. Look not upon me because I am black, because the sun hath looked upon me.'"

If Joseph Crowdy isn't as comely as Solomon it isn't the fault of the costume maker for the lost tribes. He and all the other men wore brown coats and trousers and socks. The women wore brown skirts and stockings and blue waists. Brown stands for meekness, said the evangelist. But it is only used as a ground work.

The chief prophet and his apostles carry swords to offset any excess of meekness in their trousers and socks. This garb of course is in accord with the vision which Crowdy had in the dining car when he received the seven keys of the Lord. The blue of the women's waists stands for truth. All hands wear black sashes, black being the royal color, according to the vision. The women wear red silk coronets with white bands, red meaning blood and white purity. The chief prophet and the chief evangelist alone have yellow and pink in their regalia, but you have to join the tribe before learning the secret meaning of yellow and pink, and you can't join the tribe without having your feet washed publicly at the temple or in the Wilderness, as the case may be, by one of the elders. There are fifty elders at the present feast and each of them carries a shiny tin basin attached to his sash ready for immediate use on the feet of anybody who may be moved to join.

There have been no feet washings in Plainfield yet and it is not expected that there will be until the last day.

It was between mouthfuls at the feast in the Wilderness that Chief Evangelist Crowdy, who is Joseph, son of Jacob, told why he and all of his race were Jews. He was helped out in his narrative by his grandfather Abraham, known in the profane world as William Plummer and by grandmother Sarah whose folks always thought she was Martha Butler. Grandfather Abraham wore a triangular mortarboard cap. The three points of the crown he said meant Father, Son and Holy Ghost. Grandmother Sarah had on a scarlet crown.

"Didn't Moses put his hand in his bosom and take it out white," asked Sarah, 'and if it was white when he took it out wasn't it black when he put it in? It surely was, and so Moses was a black man."

When asked if their chief prophet couldn't give more details about the dining car vision one of his followers said: "Young man, let me read to you from Ezekiel, third chapter twenty-sixth verse: 'and I will make thy tongue cleave to the roof of thy mouth that thou shall be dumb and shall not be to them a reprover.' That's just what the Lord has done to Mr. Crowdy, but he will be able to talk again when the Lord has filled him with more visions to give in."

Something had happened to the prophet's tongue, sure enough, and he could only speak with effort and wave his seven colored flannels in reply to questions. But he could swallow well and there seemed to be no physical affliction of his tongue as he sat at meat upon the platform at the Wilderness feast. And according to the instructions received in the dream, Prophet Crowdy used no knife and fork.

JOE JEFFERSON'S PICTURES.

An Illustrated Edition of the Catalogue of His Collection Issued.

Paintings to the number of seventy-four collected by the late Joseph Jefferson for his personal satisfaction and the delectation of his friends are to be sold at auction late this month, and an illustrated catalogue of the collection has been issued by the American Art Association. The edition de luxe is limited to 150 copies, and more than 100 of them had been subscribed for, the publishers announce, prior to publication. The catalogue is printed on heavy laid paper, with rough edges, and more than one-third of the paintings are reproduced in photogravure.

The catalogue shows a variation from the customary form in the insertion of a plate reproducing photographic vignettes of six painters who were objects of Mr. Jefferson's special admiration, Mauve, Corot, Rembrandt, Israels, Von Marcke and Daubigny. It contains also a reproduction of an autographic note by Mr. Jefferson on one of his favorite canvases and an introductory paper contributed by a friend detailing some of the actor's experiences as a collector.

New French Liner Shows Speed.

The officials of the French Line in this city were informed by cable yesterday that the line's new ship, La Provence, had maintained an hourly speed of 23 knots on her official trial trip on Thursday. La Provence is the largest vessel ever constructed for the French mercantile marine, registering 18,400 tons. She sails from Havre on her maiden trip on April 21, and it is believed that she will arrive here less than six days later.

Heart Disease Kills Baseball "Fan."

ST. LOUIS, April 13.—Henry G. Paschall, a wealthy bachelor, died from heart disease last night as the result of excitement over the thirteen inning baseball game between the National League clubs of St. Louis and Pittsburg. He was an enthusiastic "fan."

ROYAL
Baking Powder
Absolutely Pure.

LIVE TOPICS ABOUT TOWN.

The Brooklyn woman had returned from a stroll in Prospect Park, where the grass is getting green and the air smells of spring; where the benches are all newly painted and occupied by nursemaids cheerfully disregarding their young charges; where the croquet players are beginning to gather again for their daily exercise and the carousal man is polishing up the brass ring.

"Do you know," she remarked to her friend from Manhattan, "the spirit of poesy seems to be in the air. I think I'll have to write an epic about Brooklyn."

"Aren't you too late, my dear? Didn't Dante do it?" was the chilling reply.

Thus was civic pride crushed by interborough jealousy.

Maxim Gorky, the Russian revolutionist was looking over a bookcase in the house of Gaylord Wilshire at a reception in his honor on Wednesday night. His adopted son, Nicolay Zavolsky Pieshkoff, who was at his side, drew from a shelf a copy of "Orloff's Wife" and handed it to his foster father. Gorky, knowing no English, scrutinized the title and the name of the author in a puzzled sort of way, and then handed it back.

"What is it?" he asked.

"An English translation of your 'Orloff's Wife,'" Nicolay replied.

Gorky eagerly took the book from the youth's hand and for fully fifteen minutes scanned the cover and the pages.

"How strange!" he said. "To think that this is my book and yet I cannot make out one word. But I see how my name is printed in English. I will always remember that, no matter if I never master the language."

Sometimes there's luck for a policeman, even in these days. One of the men on Broadway, who is almost as well known to women shoppers as the Flatiron Building, has just resigned from the force to take the place of head floorwalker in one of the department stores before which he has been stationed for some years. The proprietor had long observed from his office window the politeness with which his approaching customers were conducted across the street. He needed the same kind of attention among his employees, and when a vacancy came there was nobody that suited him so well as the man on the crossing.

The numerous complaints received by the subway management, both from employees and passengers, have led to a new experiment. The pillars in the subway are to be painted a dark red. It is said that this will lessen the strain on the eyes, and also make the lights of the signal lamps stand out more plainly.

The revenue cutters doing duty in the harbor are no longer armed, the Government having caused the removal of the rapid fire one pounders that were mounted forward and aft on the tiny vessels. The cutters were armed at the outbreak of the Spanish war.

"This making fun of the countryman is being carried too far," observed the man who never likes to cross Broadway without having his accident policy renewed. "It is even corrupting the manners of the bootblacks on the ferryboats. For example, when I cross the North River from Manhattan with my shoes covered with West street mire, which dries out a sort of gray green, the bootblack goes at the job in a most respectful manner, but when I cross the other way, carrying a foot load of clean, red Jersey mud, free from microbes, that same bootblack becomes flippant, plies his brushes to an accompaniment of jeers and turns his head to make uncomplimentary remarks in Italian, to a fellow workman."

"I cannot say that I seriously object," meditatively remarked Luther B. Little, chief Republican literary sharp of Republican State headquarters, at the Fifth Avenue Hotel, yesterday, "to the women's short gowns, and I do not know that I can enter a serious objection to the spatts they wear with them, but I do not see why most women wearing 'em—short gowns and spatts—should disfigure the landscape by toeing in."

The pretty girl had told the artist that she had posed before, and on the strength of that statement she got a job. She hadn't held the pose ten minutes before she turned deadly white and sank to the floor.

"Model sickness," said the experienced artist, after she had gone. "I knew she was lying, for the first timers always get it. It is as well defined a complaint as seasickness, and has to be treated the same way. It is a form of nausea, and is caused as much by the nervous strain the new model is always under as by the unusual experience of standing in one position. I have had big, strong men, even negroes, go the same way. It is something every artist has to make allowances for, and only practice can cure it, although I know old models who still suffer from it, especially if they are in an awkward pose."

A woman hurried up to a policeman at the corner of Twenty-third street.

"Does this crosstown car take you down to the bridge toward Brooklyn?" she demanded.

"Why, madam," returned the policeman, "do you want to go to Brooklyn?"

"No, I don't want to," the woman replied, "but I have to."

CIRCUS KING'S FUNERAL TO-DAY.

More Than One Hundred and Fifty Carriages Have Been Engaged.

MOUNT VERNON, N. Y., April 13.—The funeral of James A. Bailey, the circus king, who died at his country home, The Knolls, at Mount Vernon, will be held at 2 o'clock to-morrow afternoon, and it promises to be the biggest funeral ever held in this city. More than 150 carriages have been engaged to convey the mourners from Mount Vernon to Woodlawn Cemetery. Ever since Mr. Bailey's death hundreds of telegrams and cable messages from theatre and circus managers and performers here and abroad have been received. Among the telegrams was one from Col. William F. Cody, "Buffalo Bill," who was Mr. Bailey's partner in the Wild West show and with which he is now touring Italy. Col. Cody cabled as follows:

"We are all deeply grieved and mourn the death of our chief and partner. Please represent us at the funeral with funeral flowers and words of deepest sorrow."

The funeral services will be conducted privately at the house by the Rev. H. Beattie, pastor of the Chester Hill Methodist Church. The pallbearers will be chiefly members of the staff of the Barnum & Bailey circus. Nearly a carload of flowers has been received at the house. The business staff sent a huge anchor and the women performers gave a floral gift called "Gates Ajar." The midgets, the giant and other freaks who knew Mr. Bailey for years also sent beautiful floral pieces.

Although no definite announcement has been made it is said that Mrs. Bailey will make her brother, Joseph T. McCaddon of Mount Vernon, manager of the circus.

That California Trip
Now Within Reach

You have long been planning it and this is your opportunity.

Account of the Mystic Shrine meeting at Los Angeles special tickets from Chicago to Los Angeles and San Francisco will be sold April 25 to May 5, good for return until July 31, at the very low rate of

$62.50 for Round Trip

You can go one way and return another.

Favorable stop-over privileges are provided.

Correspondingly low rates from all points east of Chicago.

Three fast, splendidly equipped, through trains every day via the

Chicago, Union Pacific & North-Western Line

Every luxury known to modern transportation. All meals in dining cars.

All agents sell tickets via this line.

Ask or write for full details about this rate, and for illustrated California booklets, maps and information as to hotels and boarding houses.

Secure your sleeping car reservations as early as possible.

D. W. ALDRIDGE,
Gen'l Eastern Agt., C. & N. W. Ry.,
461 BROADWAY, NEW YORK, N. Y.

THE NORTH-WESTERN LINE

UNION PACIFIC OVERLAND ROUTE

B. Altman & Co.

BOYS' and CHILDREN'S HATS and BLOUSES.

SPRING STYLES, AND THE ADVANCE SUMMER SELECTIONS, OF BOYS' AND CHILDREN'S HATS, CAPS AND BLOUSE WAISTS.

YACHTING, COLLEGE AND GOLF CAPS. WASHABLE HATS AND CAPS, AND A LARGE VARIETY OF CHILDREN'S STRAW HATS IN THE LATEST MODELS.

BOYS' BLOUSE WAISTS OF WHITE AND FANCY MADRAS.

(BOYS' CLOTHING DEPARTMENT, SECOND FLOOR.)

The Mitchell Vance Company

TEMPORARY SALESROOMS
29-33 EAST 19TH STREET
(3 DOORS EAST OF BROADWAY)

Makers and Importers of Lighting Fixtures for Electricity and Gas. Attractive Assortment Displayed

N. B.—Will return to Salesrooms at Broadway and 13th Street in the Autumn after Fire Damage is Repaired

Psychologist Held for Trial.

Mrs. M. E. B. Frank, who has been running what she called the New York School of Psychology at 363 West Fifty-eighth street and was arrested a week ago on the complaint of the County Medical Society that she was practising medicine without a license, waived examination in the West Side court yesterday and was held for trial.

BABY COVERED WITH SORES

Would Scratch and Tear the Flesh Unless Hands Were Tied—Wasted to a Skeleton—Awful Suffering for Over a Year—Grew Worse Under Doctors—Skin Now Clear.

WOULD HAVE DIED BUT FOR CUTICURA.

"My little son, when about a year and a half old, began to have sores come out on his face. I had a physician treat him, but the sores grew worse. Then they began to come on his arms, then on other parts of his body, and then one came on his chest, worse than the others. Then I called another physician. Still he grew worse. At the end of about a year and a half of suffering he grew so bad I had to tie his hands in cloths at night to keep him from scratching the sores and tearing the flesh.

"He got to be a mere skeleton, and was hardly able to walk. My Aunt advised me to try Cuticura Soap and Ointment. So great was her faith in it that she gave me a small piece of Soap to try and a little of the Ointment. I took it home without any faith, but to please her I tried it, and it seemed to dry up the sores a little.

"I sent to the drug store and got a cake of the Soap and a box of the Ointment and followed the directions, and at the end of about two months the sores were all well. He has never had any sores of any kind since.

"He is now strong and healthy, and I can sincerely say that only for your most wonderful remedies my precious child would have died from those terrible sores. I used only one cake of Soap and about three boxes of Ointment. (signed) Mrs. Egbert Sheldon, R. F. D., No. 1, Woodville, Conn, April 22, 1905."

Complete External and Internal Treatment for Every Humor, from Pimples to Scrofula, from Infancy to Age, consisting of Cuticura Soap, 25c., Ointment, 50c., Resolvent, 50c. (in form of Chocolate Coated Pills, 25c. per vial of 60), may be had of all druggists. A single set often cures. Potter Drug & Chem. Corp., Sole Props., Boston.

Mailed Free, "How to Cure Baby Humors."

THE HANDSOMEST SILVER
Not counting the wear, the handsomest designs—and more of them—are found in
"1847 ROGERS BROS."
"Silver Plate that Wears"
than in any other brand. Look for this mark on knives, forks, spoons, etc.
Tea and dessert sets are worthy of any table, if made by
MERIDEN BRITA. CO.

AMUSEMENTS.

EMPIRE THEATRE, Broadway & 40th St. Ev. 8:20. Matinee To-day, 2:15. In J. M. BARRIE'S MAUDE ADAMS PETER PAN

Criterion THEATRE, B'way & 44th St. Evs. 8:30. Mat. To-day, 2:15. FRANCIS WILSON in The Mountain Climber.

DALY'S THEATRE, B'way & 30th St. Eve. 8:20. Matinee To-day, 2:15. LAWRANCE D'ORSAY THE EMBASSY BALL.

HUDSON THEATRE, 44th St., E. of B'way. Last Eve. 8:20. Mat. To-day, 2:15. OTIS SKINNER IN THE DUEL. APRIL 19—LAST RADHA MATINEE.

HERALD SQ. THEA. B'way & 35th St. Ev. 8:15. Matinee To-day, 2:15. LAST 2 WEEKS. Geo. M. Cohan in his new musical play, GEO. WASHINGTON, JR. Souvenirs Mat. Wed. Best Seats $1.50.

LYCEUM B'way & 45th St. Ev. 8:15. Matinee To-day, 2:15. Seats to June 1st THE LION AND THE MOUSE

SAVOY B'way & 34th St. Eves. 8:30. Matinee To-day, 2:15. It's All Your Fault

Knickerbocker B'way & 38th St. Ev. 8:15. Matinee To-day, 2:15. FRITZI SCHEFF in MLLE. MODISTE. Note—Miss Scheff will not appear this afternoon or to-night. Edna Fassett will sing her role. Miss Scheff reappears Monday.

BARNUM & BAILEY
Greatest Show on Earth.

As a slight tribute to the loving memory of Mr. James A. Bailey, late proprietor, there will be no performances in Madison Square Garden this Saturday Afternoon or Evening.
All persons holding tickets for the Exhibitions to-day may have them exchanged for another day or receive back their money.
Box Office open from 9 to 6 o'clock to-day for that purpose.

CASINO B'way & 39th St. Evs. at 8:15. Matinee To-day at 2:15. THE SOCIAL WHIRL

PRINCESS B'way & 29. Evs. 8:15. $1 Mats. Tues. & Thurs. Reg. Mat. Today BROWN OF HARVARD with HENRY WOODRUFF.

LYRIC 42d St., W. of B'way. Evs. at 8:15. Last $1 Matinee To-day. This Week Only LOUIS MANN and CLARA LIPMAN in JULIE BONBON. NEXT MONDAY Seats Ready Now. ARNOLD DALY in "ARMS AND THE MAN."

Majestic B'way & Grand Circle. Phone 3500 Col. Reopens Next Monday. SEATS READY NOW. MARGARET ANGLIN in ZIRA.

NEW YORK MAT. DAILY Hippodrome THOMPSON & DUNDY MANAGERS A SOCIETY CIRCUS With Court of the Golden Fountains. Sensation of the American Stage. PLUNGING HORSES Avoid speculators. Order Seats by Telephone. SOUSA AND HIS BAND TO-MORROW EVENING.

ACADEMY OF MUSIC. 14th St. & Irving Pl. MRS. FISKE LAST WEEK LEAH KLESCHNA. Prices 25, 50, 75, $1.00, $1.50. Mat. To-day, 2. Eve. 8. Next Week—BECKY SHARP.

Manhattan Theatre. B'way & 33d St. Evs. 8:30. Mat. To-day, 2:15. The Greatest of Comedy Successes, CHARLEY'S AUNT, With ETIENNE GIRARDOT.

GARDEN Thea. 27th St. & Mad. Av. Evgs. at 8:15. Mat. To-day, 2:15. Last 2 Weeks. 363d-364th Times in N. Y. Geo. Ade's COLLEGE WIDOW

Wallack's Broadway & 30th St. Evgs. 8:20. Mats. To-day & Wed. WILLIAM FAVERSHAM—SQUAW MAN LAST 3 WEEKS.

EASTER SOUSA CONCERT AT THE HIPPODROME TO-MORROW NIGHT AT 8:30. Seats Now on Sale.

NEW STAR Lex. Av. & 107th St. Mat. To-day. THE CONVICT'S DAUGHTER. Next wk. H. Hall, Millionaire Detective

American 42d St. & 8th Av. Mat. To-day. THE CURSE OF DRINK. Next Week—Across the Pacific. Ted Marks' Concerts. Sun. Mat. Night. 25, 35, 50

MURRAY HILL 42d St. & Lex. Av. Mat. To-day. WHAT HAPPENED TO JONES. Next Week—Thomas E. Shea.

BELASCO W. 42d St. Eve. 8. Mat. To-day at 2. DAVID BELASCO presents BLANCHE BATES in The GIRL OF THE GOLDEN WEST By David Belasco

BIJOU B'way & 30th. 544th Time in N. Y. To-Night, 8. Mat. To-day 2. Evs. 8:15. DAVID BELASCO presents 3d year in N. Y. WARFIELD in The MUSIC MASTER.

HARLEM OPERA HOUSE Evgs. 8:15. Mat. To-day, 2:15. May Irwin "Mrs. Black is Back." NEXT WEEK—SEATS NOW ON SALE—RAYMOND HITCHCOCK in "THE GALLOPER." SPECIAL—TO-MORROW NIGHT AT 8:30. VICTOR HERBERT and HIS ORCHESTRA.

PASTOR'S 14th St. and Av. CONTINUOUS 20 & 30 CTS. HARRY & KATE JACKSON, COOK & SYLVIA, GORDON, VIDOCQ & FLYNN and others. SPLENDID SHOW TO-DAY.

CARNEGIE LYCEUM 7th Ave. & 57th St. Reopens Next Monday. Only April 2 and 21, 8 P. M. April 5, 2 P. M. PYGMALION and GALATEA Gilbert's Amusing Comedy with curtain raiser BY THE LOTUS POOL.

MADISON SQUARE GARDEN CONCERT HALL. 18.2 WORLD CHAMPIONSHIP. To-day, 2:30 P. M.—Schaefer vs. Sutton. To-night at 8—Hoppe vs. Slosson.

BERKELEY LYCEUM, 44th St. Tickets On Sale. THE RUSSIAN PLAYERS Orleneff and Nasimoff. To-night at 8:30 ... Ibsen's "Ghosts". Thursday, Apr. 19, 8:30 P. M. ... "The Abyss". Friday, Apr. 20, 8:30 P. M. ... "Love and Intrigue".

Proctor's 5th Av. "Merchant of Venice." FRED WALTON & CO. 25. 23d St. Star Vaudeville. 50. 58th St. Star Vaudeville. 50. 125th St. MPS. JACK. 50. Daily Mat., 25c.

THE DEWEY EAST 14th St. Mat. To-day—Irwin's Big Show.

THE GOTHAM EAST 125th St. Mat. To-day—Dainty Duchess Co.

Joe Weber's MUSIC HALL Twiddle-Twaddle and THE Squaw Man's Girl OF THE Golden West

OPEN 10 A.M. to 10 P.M. 42 WEST 42 CONCEPTIONS OF CHRIST By Eminent American Painters.

IRVING PL. THEATRE. To-day Matinee & Eve. REISENHOFER in Falda's Comedy "DIE ZWILLINGSSCHWESTER."

EDEN MUSEE WORLD IN WAX. New Groups. CINEMATOGRAPH Every Hour. Harry Braham. Xtra Attractions.

AMUSEMENTS.

NEW AMSTERDAM Theatre, 42d St., West of B'way. Evs. 8:15. Farewell Week Last 2 appearances this season of MR. RICHARD MANSFIELD. To-day, 2:15, THE MERCHANT OF VENICE. To-night (FAREWELL) in 5 acts of 5 plays. MONDAY, APR. 16, Seats on Sale. SOUSA'S New Military Comic Opera THE FREE LANCE Book by Harry B. Smith, with JOSEPH CAWTHORN

BROADWAY THEA. B'way & 41 St. Evs. 8:15. Mats. TO-DAY & Wed. 2:15. ELSIE JANIS IN THE VANDERBILT CUP With Barney Oldfield's Automobile Race Effect.

LIBERTY THEATRE, 42d St., West of B'way. Evs. 8:15. Last Mat. To-day, 2:15. Last Time Tonight. Tues., Apr. 17 Seats on Sale. BENJAMIN CHAPIN in LINCOLN. FLORENCE ROBERTS in The STRENGTH OF THE WEAK.

New York B'way & 45th St. Prices 25c. to $1. Ev. 8:15. Last Mat. To-day, 2:15. Last Time To-night. Big Cast. JESS DANDY as HANS WAGNER. Apr. 16, SAM BERNARD,