"THE BARRIER" IS STAGED

THOSE ATHIRST FOR "RED BLOOD" WILL FIND IT FILLING.

Theodore Roberts Extracts Plenty of Thrills From the Squaw Man's Part in the Beach Story—Alphonz Ethier Good in the One Unconventional Role.

Rex Beach is the high priest of the "good red blood" cult of fiction. None of your Henry James subtleties for him. If he ever saw Septimus he'd be mightily puzzled—but he wouldn't see him. And as for that very absurd person, old Joe Vance, it is not credible that Mr. Beach could be persuaded that he ever existed.

"No, siree. Mr. Beach knows men "with good red blood in their veins." At all events, that's the kind that he puts in his novels—double-fisted, heavy jawed elemental men, modern cave men, the kind that will fight to get the women they want—rather prefer it, in fact. And the kind of women he writes about are the kind that like to be fought for. They are the "good red blood" kind of women, too.

As a novel "The Barrier" pleased everybody in the "good red blood" contingent of readers. Consequently it could not escape being made into a play. Its predecessor, "The Spoilers," was also put into play form, but with results unsatisfactory even to Mr. Beach. With "The Barrier," however, the novelist has fared somewhat better. It was seen for the first time last evening at the New Amsterdam Thetres, the dramatization being the work of the experienced Eugene W. Presbrey. Mr. Presbrey has made from the novel a fairly coherent story in whose development the atmosphere of the original is pretty faithfully preserved—meaning plenty of "good red blood."

It is late in the day to rehearse the plot of "The Barrier." It is sufficient for the present purposes to say that it tells a tale of a "squaw man" who, falsely accused of killing the woman he loved, was forced to flee for his life. For years he kept moving from one mining camp to another, always keeping just ahead of the forces of law and order, in order to avoid detection. The daughter of the woman he had loved he carried with him, she being supposed to be the daughter of the squaw he married, and hence a half breed. The girl fell in love with an army officer, who at first refused to marry her because she was, as he thought, a half breed. In the end, of course, he learned that she was as white as himself.

It will be remembered that the man who really did the murder that the "squaw man" was accused of followed and denounced the squaw man, by whom he was stabbed, but before he died confessed his own guilt and set everything right.

If anybody doesn't think there is material in this for a regular thriller, he is in error. There is and Mr. Presbrey has made one. From the rise of the curtain to its fall the smell of gunpowder is scarcely ever absent and the number of forty-fours "pulled" and "toted" is liberal, not to mention army rifles, bowie knives, sabres and suchlike trinkets. But Mr. Presbrey is a merciful dramatist, and a merciful dramatist is merciful to his characters. To do him justice, he kills only one man in the course of his play and there will be general agreement that that one man deserved to die. Considering all the "good red blood" there was in the story Mr. Presbrey was exceedingly economical, not to say parsimonious, with it.

Still the play is a lively melodrama of Alaskan life, and if there isn't much verity about it why doubtless these's enough for audiences composed entirely of tenderfeet.

The play was warmly received by a numerous audience, which saw several highly spiced scenes rousingly played by a cast pretty well chosen for its task of thrilling. The burly Theodore Roberts was the "squaw man" who had spent his life in moving on before the advancing law and order, and he had a number of scenes that he could dig his teeth into.

He dug them in good and deep, and in his confession of his past made to the army officer he did a piece of really moving acting. It was the best moment of the play. Miss Florence Rockwell as the white girl who thought she was a half-breed played in a conventionally capable manner.

Alphonz Ethier as the voyageur hopelessly in love with the heroine was highly successful in an engaging part which in the book is the one unconventional figure. W. S. Hart as the chief villian gave a clean cut picture of imposing rascality, while Guinnio Socola (that's really what the programme called him) was amusing as *Mr. No Creek Lee*, the hard luck miner who never had a creek maned after him. Others in the cast included James B Durkin, who wrestled with the part of the army officer (the best he gets is a draw), Miss Abigail Marshall, John T. Pierson and J. H. Greene.

Lively is the word for "The Barrier." Those who worship at the shrine of "good red blood" ought to like it a lot, for that's the sort of thing it is.

AT THE TWO OPERA HOUSES.

"Aida" at the Manhattan and "La Beheme" on Broadway.

That part of the Manhattan Opera House force not engaged in trying to interest Washington was drawn upon to furnish material for a performance of Verdi's "Aida" in New York last night. There was no one in the cast who had not been heard before, nor did the performance offer any special merit which had not previously been excelled. The serious business of the evening began when Mr. Zerola as *Rhadames* sang "Celeste Aida," and a very serious business it was. Mr. Zerola discovered the pitch of the orchestra once in the course of the air. But it was evident that he was hoarse, and that condition must be a plea in extenuation of his shortcoming.

Mme. Mazarin sang *Aida* with some dramatic effect but with much hard and unsympathetic tone. Mme. Doria, though not vocally finished as *Amneris*, sang the rôle with some dignity and understanding. Mr. Crabbe as *Amonasro*, Mr. Vallier as the *High Priest* and Mr. de Grazia as the *King* were the other principals. Oscar Anselmi conducted.

At the Metropolitan Opera House "La Bohème" was sung before a large audience. Doubtless a good and sufficient reason for the size of the assembly was the appearance of Mr. Caruso as *Rodolfo*, in which rôle he has always been deservedly popular. In other respects the cast was one that has been heard before. Mme. Alda was the *Mimi* and Miss Alten was the *Musetta*. Mr. Scotti as *Marcello*, Mr. Didur as *Schaunard* and Mr. de Segurola as *Colline* discharged their duties effectively and made the comedy of the first and second acts enjoyable.

NEWS OF PLAYS AND PLAYERS.

Miss Barrymore Attends a Rehearsal of the New Piece in Which She Will Play.

Miss Ethel Barrymore for the first time yesterday attended the rehearsal of her new play, "Mid-Channel," written by Sir A. W. Pinero, and in which Miss Barrymore will play the character *Zoe Blundell*. Among the other members of the cast are Charles Dalton and H. Reeves Smith. It was the first time Miss Barrymore had met her companion players in "Mid-Channel," and the first time in several months that she has entered a stage door.

Miss Fannie Ward heads the programme at the Colonial this week and made her début in vaudeville yesterday by special arrangement with Klaw & Erlanger in a condensed version of "Van Allen's Wife," by Lee Arthur and Forrest Halsey. Miss Ward is supported by the original members of her company including John Dean, Henry Duggan, Margaret Fuller, William H. Boyd, Jeannette Slater and Frank Jackson.

ACROBATIC FRED STONE.

His Antics Make Most of the Amusement in "The Old Town."

Most folks who go to the theatre more than occasionally regard Montgomery and Stone as friends. "The Wizard of Oz" and "The Red Mill," two of the big musical play successes in the last few years, filled the public mind with the most kindly feelings toward them and as many of their followers as the new Globe Theatre could hold were on hand at the opening of the playhouse last night to greet them in their new musical comedy, "The Old Town."

Memories of the other productions in which the pair have appeared may attract other large audiences for a while, but "The Old Town" can add little or nothing to the reputations of either its authors or its stars. It is not the fault of Montgomery and Stone. They did the best they could. Authors do a lot to make or break a musical play, and between "The Red Mill" and the new piece is a difference so vast that even the wonderful acrobatic agility of Stone cannot jump it.

"The Old Town" is the work of George Ade and Gustav Luders, each of whom has good things to his credit. This time they have missed it by a big margin. The brilliancy of Ade is lacking, of clever ideas there are few, and Mr. Luders's musical numbers, with two exceptions, are hopelessly inadequate to atone for the dreary stretches that occur too often when Fred Stone is off stage.

There are pretty girls—lots of 'em—attractive costumes and stage pictures, a pony ballet that has learned to play bagpipes and all the other necessary background that pleases the eye, but it is only Fred Stone's antics that really amount to much. And what antics! He has done stage falls and queer, disjointed dances and acrobatic stunts before, but never with such vaudevillainous versatility before.

He had been on the stage only a few minutes when he climbed up on a tightrope and did an amusing stunt. There was no fake about it. He walked the rope, tripped on his coattails and otherwise risked his neck to the delight of the audience. A moment later he was dancing in the jointless way for which he has a monopoly and was spinning around in an amazing fall. Later he climbed a rope hand over hand, twisted it around his leg, circus fashion, and picked roses from a trailing vine, while last of all, in an excellent Mexican cowboy makeup, he twirled a lariat and danced through it as though he did that and nothing else in a continuous show.

All of these feats were received with enthusiasm, and he and Montgomery sang a song, "Good-By, Christina Swenson," that had enough catchy rhythm to start the feet of the audience tapping. There was much doing while Stone was on the stage. He and his partner appeared as circus managers, kilted Scots, a Swedish couple and a Jap and a cowboy, but their dialogue lacked the expected snap and humor, and low comedy antics provoked most of the laughs.

To get them in the various costumes George Ade manufactured a book that even imagination could not fathom. The less said about it the better. It gave Ethel Johnson, a clever actress and dancer, little opportunity to show what she could do and provided her with a dialect supposed to be Swedish which was really the worst mixture imaginable. The Hengler sisters, who are dancers, were also called upon to sing and dance with unfortunate results.

Allene Crater played a somewhat uninteresting part as well as could be expected, and Claude Gillingwater was a whole souled American who was so generous that it seemed a pity.

Beside Stone, Montgomery was in the shade, but a Japanese song that fell to his lot was successful as much through the pretty costumes and staging of the chorus as on account of his part in the number.

The new theatre is a worthy addition to the already long list of pretty playhouses. It is decorated handsomely and so arranged that every seat commands a good view of the stage.

PARIS LIFE INCURSIONS.

"Ma Gosse" for English Visitors and "Paris by Night" for All Kinds.

"Ma Gosse," which might have been called "My Kid" in the vernacular had not the desire to retain the Parisian atmosphere in every detail evidently been foremost in the minds of its promoters, added variety to the programme at the American Theatre yesterday afternoon. The audience saw a tableau representing a Parisian drinking house of the lowest character. When their turn on the programme was reached men and women described as thieves sat about a table. There was a quarrel between one of the women of the place and her old lover because she indicated her wish to take up with the new love.

The two men fought with knives until the proprietor of the dive interfered. The frightened English visitors who were seeing this phase of Paris life fled, leaving $100 behind them, and then the truth of the situation was made clear. The inmates of the so-called den of thieves were going through their evening programme for the benefit of the visitors. After the English had departed, leaving their money, it was divided up among as peaceful a crowd as ever tried to deceive the visitor to a Paris tourist's haunt.

Before this there had been an Apache dance of more exaggeratedly acrobatic character than New York ever saw before, accompanied by other episodes of what seemed to be a slice of Paris life, until the audience saw that it had been all arranged for the foreign visitors in search of Paris life at night. It must be admitted that this climax relieved the performance of much of its rawness which might otherwise have been difficult to enjoy.

"Paris by Night," at Hammerstein's Victoria, was also divulged yesterday. It proved a somewhat livelier picture of what may happen in Montmarte under the white globes and the red wings of the Moulin Rouge. It had its Apache dance, however, which seems to be permanent on the local stage for a while.

No Injunction for Mrs. Sidney Drew.

Supreme Court Justice McCall denied yesterday the application of Mrs. Sidney Drew for an injunction restraining the Shuberts from producing the play "Billy," which she wrote under the name of George Cameron. She said that the producers had cut the play down and were ruining it by giving it in condensed form. The Shuberts said that the playwright was irritable because her husband had a quarrel with the leading woman and had quit his job.

Annie Russell as Lady Teazle.

Miss Annie Russell was greeted with enthusiasm in her initial appearance last night at the New Theatre as *Lady Teazle* in Sheridan's "School for Scandal." Miss Russell succeeds Grace George in that rôle. *Lady Teazle* and Miss Russell became hopelessly entangled very soon and the audience seemed delighted.

The New Art Student's Inn.

Emery Roth, as architect, filed yesterday with Building Superintendent Miller the plans for the new twelve story fireproof hotel to be known as Art Students Inn, and to be erected at the northwest corner of Claremont avenue and 120th street, opposite the new Union Theological Seminary and Barnard College. It will front 113 feet on the avenue and be of the French modern Renaissance in design. The basement will be fitted with a gymnasium, adjoining the kitchen, and the main floor will have a dining room with a balcony, the building being crowned by a roof garden with an open loggia.

"For the Credit of American Railroading"

EDITORIAL IN THE NEW YORK SUN, JANUARY 9, 1910.

A summary of the activities of the Lackawanna railroad during the period of ten years just ended shows that while the road has transported in that time 193,787,224 passengers, with a total passenger train mileage of 65,340,908 miles, not one passenger has been killed as the result of a train accident. If this statement is accurate—and we haven't the slightest reason for doubting it—the record of careful management is remarkable and deserves public attention. We are as glad to exhibit it for the credit of American railroading as we shall be glad to recognize the successful operation, in this most important of all particulars, of any road able to produce statistics of safety as gratifying as those of the company which enjoys Miss Snow's entire confidence.

That this record of the LACKAWANNA RAILROAD is of international importance is shown by the fact that during the last ten years there were killed in train accidents on the Railroads of Great Britain (long and properly pointed to as models of safety in travel) 182 passengers. The total number of passenger train miles operated in Great Britain in this period being only thirty-seven times as great as that of the LACKAWANNA RAILROAD, the comparison speaks for itself.

"KING OF CADONIA" UNHAPPY

MEDIUM FOR MISS CLARK'S STAR APPEARANCE MOURNFUL.

Constant Effort to Arouse Laughs Brings On Situations With a Solemn Side—Good Work Done Whenever It Was Possible to Do It—One Girl a Success.

If the stage manager who put on "The King of Cadonia," the English musical comedy produced last night at Daly's Theatre, wants to bring to his piece the success that it missed at its first performance he will bring forward as a comedian a certain tall red haired young woman of the chorus who was the comedy hit of the evening. The professional comedians who labored with the hopeless lines should yield the stage to this young wo man of angles and coiffure who up to the last curtain was still unaware of the fact that she was the funniest thing in the show.

It is a pity that as winsome and charming a little person as Miss Marguerite Clark could not have had for her first appearance as a star a better play than this hopelessly old fashioned and lifeless importation. If you still enjoy the mother-in-law joke and the talkative wife joke you will think the "King of Cadonia" a scream, for that is the sum and substance of its humor.

The music is not bad; some of the numbers are unusually tuneful and pretty, the scenery and costuming are adequate and the caste is equal to the demands of their rôles; indeed if the book did not make such frantic efforts to be funny it might not be such a bad thing after all. But the constant effort to get a laugh became very painful even before the first act was over.

The devices that were lugged in to accomplish this end were so obvious and so antique that they almost succeeded in being funny after all. The most elaborate of them went so wide of its mark that it was almost sad. This was a comedy band of chorus girls in more or less abbreviated uniforms playing on battered musical instruments. It doesn't sound funny and it wasn't, but it was evidently intended to be.

The audience frankly wanted more of Miss Clark, and showed it quite plainly. They liked her singing, they liked her dancing, and most of all they liked the little woman herself. She felt the friendly sympathy and gave herself up to the part of the Princess betrothed to the king and in love with him without knowing it with a sparkle and coquettry that almost redeemed it from the commonplaceness with which its lines loaded it.

After Miss Clark in favor was Miss Clara Palmer as *Militza*, the princess's maid. Of Miss Palmer too the audience would have liked more. She had one of the most pleasing songs of the evening, "Come Along, Pretty Girl," which she sang with much spirit and considerable voice, and accompanied it with a charming dance.

William Norris was as funny as the book permitted. As the *Duke of Alasia* he had the rôle of a kindly disposed citizen of the musical comedy kingdom who was ruled by a sturdy Duchess and did not wish to place himself in peril of anarchists even to be a king. His topical song in the first act was so full of trite and familiar material that the fact that it was well sung by Mr. Norris and the chorus was almost overlooked.

Melville Stewart as *Laski* made a dashing friend of the king. He wore his various uniforms well and sang "When a Fellow Has a Girl" with so much spirit that he received several hearty encores.

William Danforth tried hard to galvanize *Brau*, a typical accompaniment of the old time musical piece, into something like modern life, but it was a difficult task. His song and dance with Miss Clark in the second act was, however, one of the pleasant bits of the piece. Another who labored with a well worn character was D. L. Don as the court majordomo.

Robert Dempstin made a decidedly dismal attempt at being the *King*. It would seem quite an easy thing to make love to so dainty a person as the Princess, but he evidently didn't think so, for a more labored, stilted performance it would be difficult to imagine.

LIVE TOPICS ABOUT TOWN.

"Women are enterprising creatures," remarked a downtown lawyer thoughtfully as he passed the desk of his stenographer. "Here this young woman occupies her luncheon time in writing domestic stuff for women's magazines, and, she tells me, gives two evening cooking lessons a week in her own little apartment. Her sister is a trained nurse, but also makes an income in the way of commissions from various dealers, corset makers, tailors and the like that she recommends to her wealthy patients. The seamstress my wife employs can never be had on a Wednesday, a Saturday or a holiday and can never stay after 7 o'clock no matter how much extra money she's offered. Why? Well, we discovered that she's maid in the ladies' dressing room in a high class theatre and naturally has to be at her post on matinée afternoons and evenings. Incidentally we discovered that she was thrifty enough to put in the mornings of matinée days as visiting maid to a woman who can't afford a regular maid and wants odds and ends done, buttons sewed on, gloves mended, &c. Even our little maid of all work at home is engaged each week for her 'afternoon out' and earns $1.50 by getting dinner and serving it to two business women who live alone and enjoy inviting friends to dinner every Thursday evening. Aren't these good examples of feminine enterprise?"

"We furniture men," said a Twenty-third street dealer, "see sides of human nature that escape the ordinary run of people.

"For instance, when it comes to furnishing a house a Jew spends nine-tenths of his money on his dining room, while an Italian lavishes the same attention on his bedroom. Americans and Germans put most of their money into parlor furniture.

"Why, when a young couple come in we note their racial earmarks, as it were, before they are well inside. If the Jewish type betrays itself we hustle the young things back to the dining room furniture without delay. Massive claw legged tables they demand and leather chairs. These once selected, the furnishing of the rest of the house is a small matter.

"If our customers have the soft Italian accent we take the elevator to the bedroom furniture on the second floor. A great four poster is usually chosen, with elaborate furnishings to match; and the troubles of furniture hunting are pretty well over.

"In the same way the Germans and Americans concentrate on their parlors, giving the rest of the house more attention, perhaps, than is given in the other two cases."

"'Black as a crow' is an old simile that we often hear used, but did you ever see a white crow?" one man said to another.

"Stop your kidding," responded the other.

"I'm not joking. There are several snow white crows up in the Bronx zoo. They come from Australia and are sweet singers. You have often seen bluejays, but did you ever see a green jay? There are plenty down in Mexico, but they are not as pretty as ours. I suppose you do not believe that there are birds tha cannot fly and squirrels and fishes that do fly, eh? I suppose you think the 'laughing jackass' is an animal. You're wrong; it's a bird. Did you ever see a captive bittern eat fish? He picks a small fish from the tin dish, throws it in the sand, then picks it up and carries it to the pool of water, where he washes the sand off and swallows it. Now why didn't he swallow it at once?"

"Dinged if I know."

"Same here."

"'Miss Effingham Tallman, Miss Davis Crane,'" read the man who was looking through a catalogue of schools and teachers. "What heathenish Christian names to bestow upon female human beings. Fancy christening girls Effingham and Davis."

"They were not christened those names at all," said the woman. "Those women were babies at a time when diminutives were in vogue. They were called Effie and Daisy. Those sentimental names sounded very well for children, but as the girls grew up stately names came into fashion and Effie and Daisy looked for names suitable to their calling. Some of the Effies of other days adopted Euphemia, others Effingham. Daisy was a difficult name to clothe with dignity, but a few girls solved the problem by changing it to Davis. The Nellies, the Dollies, the Bessies and the Mamies were not quite so hard pushed. Eleanor, Dorothea, Elizabeth and Mary offered satisfactory substitutes without straining too many points of probability. The girls that really deserve pity are the Ivys and the Birdies. To impart a touch of dignity to Ivy and Birdie seems a hopeless task."

The curtain had fallen on the first act of the opera at the Metropolitan the other evening and they started to talk. He was a tall, scholarly person, very musical, decidedly serious. She was a fluffy young thing, whose knowledge of the latest brand of sundaes and headdress quite eclipsed her appreciation of art. She had never been to the opera before.

"Aren't the acoustic properties wonderful?" he remarked.

The sweet young person was puzzled frankly, but she decided to take a chance.

"My dear," she said after looking about the house—"my dear, they are simply delicious. I have never seen anything so wonderful. And is it true that they have new ones for every performance?"

Whereupon the scholarly person asked the sweet young thing if she preferred chocolate to raspberry soda.

"How about this man Pinchoe?" asked a man in a southbound Ninth Avenue elevated train of the passenger sitting next him, a man he knew "Do you think——" But that was as far as he got then, for at that his friend broke in somewhat severely with:

"Pinchoe? Pinchoe? Do you mean Mr. Pinch-ot?" And then forgetting entirely the subject matter that the first speaker had set out to make conversation about they fell into a vigorous discussion over the correct way of pronouncing the Forester's name, a discussion which they kept up until one of the discussers left the train, which he did at Franklin street, the other stepping off at Warren. And then a man who had been sitting opposite the two turned to a man sitting next him, whom he knew, and sprung this on him:

"Say! How do you pronounce his name?" But that man answered idly as he rose to get off at Barclay street:

"You can search me," thus leaving his questioner to ponder, all by himself, whether it should be Pinchot or Pinchoe.

One florist on Fifth avenue may always be counted on to decorate his window in striking style, and he has not failed to supply the usual holiday picture. This time the scene represents a Christmas in the land of the elves and quaint bearded dwarfs standing about in the shadows of the ferns. An enormous mushroom, much larger than any of them, is illuminated with a red light that shines through its surface. Smaller mushrooms illuminated by small electric lights that fade and reappear at intervals add to the spectral look of the tableau. A waterfall inhabited by minute water fowl trickles through a rocky glen, and over all the scene is shining snow and hanging ice. None of the show window exhibits of the holiday time equalled this in its elaborateness, and the crowd that stands always in front of it must be sufficient reward for the enterprise of the florist who spent so much money.

"A scientific principle or a kind of graft, which is it?" said a woman. "Anyhow, it is something new. I bought shoestrings from the basement cobbler.

"'Five cents a pair or three strings for 7 cents,' he said.

"'But why on earth do I need three strings when I wear only two shoes?' I asked.

"'Yes,' said my cobbler, 'but the string in one shoe always lasts twice as long as the string in the other. Haven't you noticed that? Usually it is the right that wears out soonest because there is more strain on the right foot. Sometimes the left goes first, for a like reason. Anyhow, by taking three strings at a time you can get double wear out of the good string.'

"So I bought three strings. Only experience will tell whether I shall save a cent or two by that unique economy."

The resourcefulness of the New York janitor was well illustrated a few days before Christmas, when several tenants of an apartment house who had been storing trunks in a couple of empty suites were told that the agent had complained of the practice and ordered the janitor to see that every trunk was taken to the regular trunk storeroom in the basement.

"I'll see that your trunks are tagged and locked in your own trunk room," the sympathetic janitor assured each trunk owner. For his kindly interest in addition to the usual charge of 25 cents for carrying a trunk down stairs he got anywhere from 50 cents to $1 extra for his personal attention. The transaction netted him something more than $7. This proved him a financier, but later he showed himself a diplomat as well. A few days after Christmas, going to those who had been the most liberal with their tips in the trunk transaction, he said:

"Too bad your having to go way down stairs every time you want to get to your trunks. Now if you'll be careful that no one sees you go to your trunks you can put a couple in this hall closet on the same floor with you." As there was such a closet on every other floor the little trick worked well and netted him something like $4 or more.

Incidentally it was discovered that the agent knew nothing of the affair and it was entirely a money making scheme of an enterprising janitor.

"If I was dead broke and wanted to send a kid out begging, do you know how I would fit him out and where I would send him?" said the city salesman. "I'd hire another kid the same size for a side partner, provide them with a little soap box wagon piled high with scraps of wood and make them cross Fifth avenue or Riverside Drive at a busy hour of the afternoon. If the kids could manage to make the wagon break down in the middle of the street they'd take in enough money on one trip to last a week.

"I have seen that scheme tried and know how it works. Maybe the little wood haulers I saw were genuine, maybe they really were poor as poverty, and maybe they did have a real breakdown, but a fake game would create the same sympathy and call forth the same big collection. There is something about those struggling little tykes that goes right to the heart. Policemen hold up all Fifth avenue for them, and when their wagon goes to pieces and the wood spills out the occupants of nearby automobiles are touched to the quick and they pass all kinds of change along to the kids."

Doll—Ruff.

Frederick Doll of this city and Miss Otilia Ruff, daughter of August Ruff of 52 West 120th street, were married at 7 o'clock last night at the Hotel Savoy by the Rev. Dr. J. B. Remensnyder, pastor of St. James's English Lutheran Church. The bride was attended by the Misses Della Wolff, Herminie Engelhard, Anna Engelhard and Elizabeth Doll and Caroline Doll. George Doll was the best man, and the ushers included Julius Ruff, Charles Doll, Baldwin Hraas and Charles T. Hraas.

How Much Must I Spend?

Last spring a man spent a total of $16,000 advertising a new fabric. In ninety days he had secured 700 new accounts, sold 1,250,000 yards more than he had expected, at an average net advance of 3c. per yard.

And, during the same year, another advertiser in a kindred line, who has been in our columns continually for nineteen years, spent $80,000 in our publications.

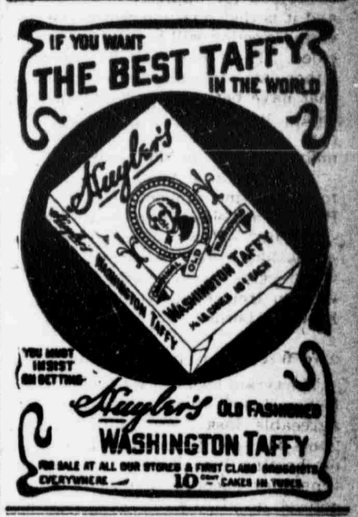
Success in merchandizing of fabrics depends not so much on the *size* of the appropriation as upon the *intelligence* and thoroughness of method.

As the foremost women's publication, THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL would naturally be the first medium in a fabric-merchandizing campaign. And yet—

***"Method,"* rather than *space selling*, is what we would first like to discuss with you.**

The Curtis Publishing Company
Philadelphia
New York Chicago Boston

The circulation of THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL is more than 1,300,000 copies, each month. The same forces which have created THE JOURNAL'S unique circulation have, at the same time, made it an advertising medium of unique power.



OSSIAN. Baudelaire, Verlaine, Joubert, Beranger, Ataa, Sainte-Beuve, Amiel, Maintenon. PRATT, 161 6th av.

LOCAL ANTIQUITIES.

Two Collections Made Hereabout Presented to the Natural History Museum.

Two large local collections have recently been added to the Department of Anthropology at the American Museum of Natural History. The first was made on Manhattan Island by Messrs. Calver and Bolton. It includes several skeletons, which are said to be the only authentic remains of Manhattan aborigines known, and a large pottery vessel of the Iroquoian type from the upper end of Manhattan Island.

The second collection was gathered on Staten Island in the last two years by Alanson Skinner of the Department of Anthropology, and is the largest and most complete in existence from this region, consisting of more than 1,000 specimens. It contains many interesting types of Indian relics found along the shores of Staten Island, and a large variety of arrow points used in warfare and hunting by the savages.

Other objects include types of Algonquian pottery, conch shells, bone arrow points and antler implements.

For You if You Are Going to Egypt This Winter Or For a Friend Who Is Going

PRESENT-DAY EGYPT

By FREDERIC COURTLAND PENFIELD

"The entire topic of Egypt as it exists to-day is thoroughly treated."—New York Times.

"Cairo life stands out in these pages as in few others."—The Nation.

Here is a book which no one interested in modern Egypt can do without. It is full of information—social, political, economic. Its chapters contain just what the visitor, health-seeker and general reader want to know.

With complete index, rich binding, many illustrations, 400 pages, $2.50.

Other Books for Travellers

Cuba and Porto Rico and the Other Islands of the West Indies
By Robert T. Hill. Fully illustrated. 8vo, 450 pages, $3.00.
A reliable work on the West Indian Islands, their products, governments and people.

East of Suez
By Frederic Courtland Penfield, author of "Present Day Egypt." 50 illustrations. 8vo, 350 pages, $2.00 *net*; postage, 10 cents.
The reader is carried through "the world's turnstile" to Bombay, Benares, etc.

Winter India
By Eliza R. Scidmore. 8vo, 400 pages, $2.00 *net*; postage 18 cents.
The latest of Miss Scidmore's popular works of travel—describing Kipling's India. Richly illustrated from photographs.

The Mountains of California
By John Muir. Fully illustrated. 12mo, 381 pages, $1.50.
In this volume the well-known naturalist describes the mountains, glaciers, glacial meadows, forests, etc., of the Sierra Nevadas.

China: The Long-Lived Empire
By Eliza R. Scidmore. Illustrated. 8vo, 460 pages, $2.50.
The author has made many visits to the Middle Kingdom.

Java: The Garden of the East
By Eliza R. Scidmore. Illustrated 12mo, 340 pages, $1.50.
Graphic and extremely attractive.

THE CENTURY CO., Union Square, New York.