

WILD RIDE IN AUTO

Washington Man's Trip Over Fatal Harriman Road.

STOPPED TO FIGHT A BLAZE

Descent Is Thrilling in Day Time, but Few Chauffeurs Take Cabs Over It at Night—Overhangs a Precipice of One Hundred Feet, and Looks Like the Letter S.

Since the tragic death of Chauffeur Louis Lieber on the Harriman road, near Tuxedo Park, New York, Sunday, the question has arisen whether or not a benefit was conferred upon the community in opening this famous thoroughfare to the public.

Only a few years ago it was strictly a private road, and it was strictly a serpentine path skirting the perpendicular Ramapo Mountain and overhanging a precipice of more than a hundred feet. In those days it was without rail or danger-guard, a place unfit for night travel to all save the initiated. It was Mr. Harriman's fad, upon which he expended thousands upon thousands of dollars.

When the owner and builder was induced to open it to the public, the roadbeds were in perfect park condition, conspicuous danger placards were posted every quarter mile, and warning the traveler against the zigzag nature of the road and advising the usual lower thoroughfare. The precipice side was safeguarded with rails and the road widened at several points.

Nothing more picturesque and thrilling than a descent over this famous road by day can be imagined. The route is seldom taken after nightfall.

Scenery Is Magnificent. The scenery is magnificent on the cliff side, and to the right the mountain shoots up to the skyline like a green wall. The road is extremely narrow in many places, and it is impossible to make the descent in safety with any degree of speed, owing to the constant necessity of turning. For miles the road follows an intricate letter S pattern. The placards warn the automobilist to sound his horn continuously. Horses are never seen upon the road. In an automobile the descent is a blindfolded ride, and is exciting, but it is a bad place for a runaway motor or a woman chauffeur.

Washingtonian Made Trip. A Washington automobile enthusiast has this to say about his recent experience on the road:

"I went over Harriman's famous ridge road at 9 o'clock at night in a thunder storm this fall. It was a most interesting, but it was the most tortuous proposition I want to encounter. For three miles I never let up a continuous pressure on the steering gear and the horn. The rain was big, and the big lamps did more to light up the mountain side and precipice than the road, owing to the perpetual turning. Either a too great or a too moderate rate of speed threatened to send my car sliding any moment. The lightning, the thunder, and I held the road in possession.

"As I came suddenly under a sharp bend, I caught the sound of an approaching engine coming from the rear. It was a motor-cycle, and just as it swung into view it burst into flame. The rider flung himself free, and I jammed my emergency brake on tight. We were only a few feet apart and there was that infernal machine blazing like a huge pinwheel.

"I was out of my car in a second, slapping mud and rubber rugs in company with the owner. What I wanted to avoid was an explosive holocaust of my own six-cylinder car, and the flames were dangerously near.

"I did not catch much from the hard-pressed motorist, but in a succession of outbursts he fought the flames with good ten minutes to extinguish them, and by that time all the gasoline the machine carried must have been exhausted.

Cyclist Disappeared. The thunder kept up a deafening racket, and when I turned from an inspection of a blasted hand, by the lights of my car, the man, with what remained of the motor-cycle, had disappeared completely. He may have hidden beneath a tree to weep, or he may have been able to pedal along in his damaged machine; but so far as I was concerned, he went out of existence simultaneously with the flames, and without so much as a "thank-you" to me.

"I resumed my dangerous route down the mountain side, slightly mystified as to my bearings. In another mile or so the last hill was left behind, and I deserted lights some distance from the road. I got out to make inquiries, breaking a way through the shrubbery to a pretentious house set in a dense grove of trees. Falling to find the entrance, I halted lustily.

Frightened Inmates. There was a swift scurrying of shadows by two windows on the ground floor, then a nasty twinkling of the lights, and all was darkness and silence.

"Evidently some one was terrified by the sound of my voice in the storm-by the cyclops glare of my searchlight. "Harriman's road at night is a mysterious as well as a dangerous place."

MEN'S CLUB ELECTS OFFICERS. Regular Meeting Held at Metropolitan Methodist Episcopal Church. The regular meeting of the Men's Club of the Metropolitan M. E. Church was held Monday evening in the lecture room of the church. After the reading of the treasurer's report and the election of officers for the ensuing year was held. The following were chosen:

President, Judge Thomas H. Anderson; vice president, Dr. Richard Kingsman; secretary, P. M. Hughes; treasurer, Dr. C. W. Culbertson.

The following committees were selected by the executive committee: Dr. S. L. Petra, W. C. Eldridge, Dr. H. T. Lemon, H. C. Oberholzer, H. V. Tullock. Committee on entertainment, Capt. Thomas H. McKee, Capt. C. M. Forrest, Dr. M. M. Moffitt, E. S. Graves, Dr. R. Kingsman, Dr. H. L. Silvers. Committee on religious work, J. P. Engle, A. B. Duval, L. H. Derrick, W. L. Dewhurst, E. L. Harvey, H. K. Griffith. Committee on press and printing, Capt. C. M. Forrest, Alvin Barbour, G. W. Gray, W. E. Wright, F. M. Burt.

Held Quarterly Meeting. The quarterly meeting of the Woman's Presbyterian Foreign Missionary Society was held in the Western Church yesterday morning at 10 o'clock. Mrs. O. B. Brown conducted the opening services, after which Rev. George Bailey, pastor of the church, delivered an address of welcome. Reports from the various churches showed the financial affairs of the society to be on a sound basis. Mrs. George Bailey sang "Our Mission." An entertaining talk was given by Mrs. Amos G. Draper. Arrangements were made for the reception of the synodical delegates who are scheduled to meet in Washington.

Leaves Property to Wife. Lewis E. Duval, whose will, dated July 2, 1906, was filed yesterday, leaves all the real, personal, and mixed property, to the use and benefit of his wife, Ellen C. Duval. She is also appointed sole executrix.

DAILY FASHION HINT.



The Attraction of Chinchilla.

Becoming almost as costly as Russian subles, chinchilla is even more modish than ever, despite the fact that it has been prominent for well nigh a decade. The delicate little skins will not bear harsh wear or handling, and the color soon fades under the stress of usage. In spite of these drawbacks, or maybe because of them, chinchilla is to be worn by maid and matron alike, and it will take a well-filled purse to meet the requirements of the mode in this costly fur.

A charming set is that illustrated, in which chapeau, scarf and muff are all en suite. The hat is moderate in size, with a drum-shaped crown, and a brim that rises becomingly at one side. A froth of white maline is posed on the inevitable bandeau under the brim, and the feathery ends in a touch of pale blue at the tip. The scarf has a shaped neckpiece that sets flatly on the shoulders, ending in seeming loops that are decorated with cord passementerie. To this two pendant straight pieces are attached that hang below the waist line. The muff is one of the latest shapes, with a smart down curve in the center top, and a clever manchon or cuff effect at the sides. This shape was especially invented to meet the requirements of the short sleeves and long gloves fad, and sets well up on the arms, making up for the lack of warmth that absence of a sleeve presents.

NEW "MADAM BUTTERFLY." Part Interpreted by Manager Savage's American Prima Donna. The second presentation of Puccini's beautiful Japanese music-drama, "Madam Butterfly," at the Columbia Theater last night was in a way quite as notable as the first, because of the debut in the principal roles of Miss Rena Vivienne as Madame Butterfly and Mr. McLennan as Pinkerton. The audience was large, and gave abundant evidence of its keen appreciation of the beauties of the opera and the artistic rendering the leading parts. Miss Vivienne has an attractive personality, and imparted to the role of Madame Butterfly a special charm. Her voice is clear and fresh, and met with case all the demands on it. It has the distinct dramatic quality of Mme. Szamozy's voice in the more impassioned scenes, but its sweetness and limpidity are delightful. Miss Vivienne speedily captured the warm regard of her audience by her graceful and spirited interpretation of her role, and was enthusiastically applauded after all the notable scenes. Mr. McLennan was an entirely adequate Pinkerton, and sang the part with fine effect.

Miss Vivienne is an American singer from Duluth. She was "discovered" at Milan by Puccini. She finished her education under Victor Maurel, and was preparing to make her Italian debut when her voice attracted the composer's attention. She sang "Madam Butterfly" at La Scala before an audience composed only of Puccini and his publisher, signor Ricordi, who staged the opera at Covent Garden and came to Washington for its American premiere in the English language. Signor Ricordi remained in Washington for the debut of Miss Vivienne.

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At the Thursday matinee Madame Louise Janssen, the Danish prima donna, will make her American debut as Madame Butterfly. On the same afternoon Mr. Francis McManis will be seen as Lieut. Pinkerton and Winifred Goff as Sharpless. Thursday evening Miss Vivienne will again be seen as Madame Butterfly, with Mr. Sheehan as Pinkerton and Mr. Richards as the Consul. Madame Janssen was the favorite pupil

of Madame Materna, perhaps the greatest interpreter of Wagnerian roles. She was born in Denmark, and made her debut in 1881 at Lyons as Elze in "Lohengrin." Later she appeared as Elizabeth in "Tannhauser," Eva in "Die Meistersinger," Blanche in "Eliane Marce," by Saint-Saens, and Marguerite in "Faust." She was a member of the Paris Grand Opera during the season of 1884-5. In 1891, when the municipality of Lyons organized a series of performances of Wagner's Tetralogy, Madame Janssen was chosen to sing Siegmund in "Die Walkure" and Brunhilde in "Die Gotterdammerung."

ABOUT PLAYS AND PLAYERS. Municipal ownership of the theaters on the Barbours, N. C. plan has its drawbacks. When Helen Montgomery's "Zaza" company struck that town the other night her manager found that the local theater, owned by the municipality, and run by a political appointee of the city government, had been comfortably filled with deadheads by the latter. The "Zaza" manager insisted that fifteen deadheads was all he would stand for. The local man would have to pay for all above that number. A heated argument followed, and finally the "Zaza" manager stopped the play and gave back their money to the handful of pay guests.

Mme. Modjeska began what is announced to be her farewell tour of America at Plainfield, N. J., Monday night in "Macbeth." She was called before the curtain again and again. Naughty burlesque shows have so jarred the moral sense of the good burgeois of Washington, Pa., that he announces no more licenses will be granted in his town to that brand of entertainment so long as he is in office. His term has two years more to run.

The new Schubert theater, in Newark, N. J., the latest to be added to their string, opened under their management Monday night with Hilda Spong in "John Hudson's Wife."

Clyde Fitch's latest play, "The Truth," was produced in Cleveland Monday night with Clara Bloodgood in the principal role. Some of the critics say both Clyde and Clara won their greatest triumph on the occasion.

FROM WOMAN'S VIEWPOINT. A pupilist who accidentally killed his opponent has agreed to devote his earnings for a year for the support of the bereaved family, and I think his manliness deserves much more than the paragraph which announced the fact. This man has no money save what he earns at his profession, and the explanation of what, at its worst, can only be called a blunder, is remarkably generous. It is another proof of the warm heart possessed by men in the ordinary walks of life.

Accidents from autos owned by the rich are almost of daily occurrence, and they are generally the result of a willful disregard for the rights of others. I have yet to hear of a licensed family being taken in charge for a year by one of this class; it seems to me that the usual custom is to put on all speed and get away from the scene of horror, unknown, if possible. One of the male members of a rich and powerful American family fought strenuously, if I mistake not, over a decision in France that he pay a few thousand dollars to the family of a girl whose life he recklessly took in his pursuit of pleasure.

I wonder if this would not be a good punishment for those who ignore the speed laws, and the laws of decent treatment to pedestrians—compel them to contribute to the family income whatever weekly sum has been cut off by an untimely death. It might have a sobering effect which a paltry fine has not, and certainly rich men and women would be buying pleasure at bargain prices, at best. Life is held altogether too cheap, we are all agreed, and a halt should be called somewhere. The flimsiest excuses are offered for awful crimes, and many of them are accepted. Some day, a daring man, with sufficient influence to secure him a respectful hearing, will offer a weapon with which to oppose this tendency, a law, perhaps.

A man remarked the other day, that we had plenty of laws, but what we needed was the enforcement of them. He told me things of which I had never heard, and showed me where to secure the proof of his statements. There are laws against scandal, profanity in public places and trespass, the common trespass by which fruit and flowers disappear from our gardens. Why somebody does not set the scene of machinery in motion and protect the multitude from deprecation I can not understand, for there is a general wholesome respect for the law among citizens.

A family lawyer is as convenient as the family doctor, there are so many annoying things which he can take from one's burden. On three separate occasions I have secured prompt relief from troubles over which I had spent weeks and months of vain effort. Being of a thrifty turn of mind I considered the expense of a lawyer's services and tried to avoid it. But, bless you, my letters and verbal complaints were words which were forgotten in an hour, the lawyer's one letter something to haunt the mind with forebodings of future trouble. So I regard the money as a good investment, after all. Every successful business man will tell you that one must spend money to make it, the active principle of advertising, you know. When you see huge advertisements, day after day, you may be sure they bring money returns—otherwise they would be discontinued. Smart men do not throw money away. BETTY BRADEN.

FOR THE BOY AND FOR THE FATHER.

In "The Gentleman Ragman," by Wilbur Nesbit, author of "The Trail of Boyhood," &c., Harper & Bros., publishers, the reader is introduced to a family familiar but originally named American personage in the character of the "Emigré."

In a late paragraph of the initial chapter the word is explained in a provincial boy's pronunciation of the French word emigre. This boy, Johnny Thompson by name, is the present narrator of the tale, and life and incident are presented with interest to all who delight in character delineation and ripe humor—is set forth from a boy's ingenious standpoint. The story opens with the advent of the "Emigré"—a popular Virginia type of hero—into a small world that contains a quizzical, dry, and altogether lovable country editor, a squire whose chief accomplishment is "tooting upon a locust leaf," an embryonic Sherlock Holmes named Oscar, a nasal actor and villain, a few sweet-hearted women to carry the romance, and the local characters to furnish atmosphere.

There is also a Southern feud, brought to a happy issue in a shooting scene at the church door on Sunday morning, a double wedding of the Emigré and the editor—rather elderly bridegrooms one is led to believe—earliest escape from drowning, when the Emigré fishes Johnny from the dangerous shoals, and Oscar runs into town without clothes to spread the news, and a plenty of delicious epigrams and stories, ending in one page: "One time there was a funeral and the preacher asked, 'Oh, death, where is thy sting?' The friends of the late deceased arose in a body and read one of Orphenia's poems."

Orphenia, the village poetess, starts the barefoot cure in Plainville, and her leadership of the suffering women over bobbing heads and pilfering of the editorial desk. And still again: "I believe we will offer a husband to the woman getting us the biggest list of subscribers." "Better offer a parlor lamp. That would suit me better. It would smoke and go out nights, too."

After the Emigré has given up his business of ragman to go into partnership with the editor, the two men have the following conversation: "I didn't come near forgetting that item. You see Mel Simpson is one of the leading anti-race suicide men in these parts. The census taker always gets in a day's work by the time he has outlined the Simpson family. And, besides, naturally being as poor as Job's turkey, Mel has about the largest and most varied assortment of dogs owned in this section of the country. Now, understand that the first of the week Mel went somewhere to put in a couple of three day's work. Naturally, when he came home, he was not feeling in good humor, work being a trying experience for him. And, to add to his annoyance he learned that during his absence a new member of the family had arrived."

"New baby?" "Yes, baby. Picture of his pa, I suppose. And Mel is boiling mad about it." "About the baby?" "Indirectly, Mrs. Simpson, for the first time in her life got the lead on him in raising the infant and the next day for preacher and had it baptized and christened 'Leo.' Mel is downright fierce about it."

"Doesn't he like the name?" "Yes, he likes the name. That's just the trouble. He says he was saving that name for a dog he was going to get this fall and now his wife has stolen it for a youngster."

The character of Johnny, Mr. Nesbit had created a trustworthy, manly boy, loved by every one in the story, and pressed into service as best man at the double wedding. He has one trying day going off to his military school, and we cannot feel sorry for the experience, as it treats us to a faithful description of country methods of trade. There is a vigor, freshness and wholesome grip on the life of the characters of the church, which is bound to please the average boy. It is a book that the boy's father will enjoy as well. In "The Gentleman Ragman," Mr. Nesbit has more than ever presented a realist without malice, a satirist without sting.

PLEASURES OF CAMP. Outing of Washingtonians at Rangleley Pleasantly Recalled. The first meeting for the fall, of the Men's Society of the Church of Our Father, Universalist, was held at the residence of John Van Schaek, Jr., 134 Vermont avenue northwest, last night. It was "Ladies' night," and "Fisherman's night," and about one hundred were in attendance.

The speakers of the evening were the members of a camping party that spent three weeks during August in the Rangleley Lake region of Maine.

Dr. A. K. P. Harvey spoke on "The Plein of the Expedition." It was he who got the party together and took Mr. P. A. Austin, president of the club, from Rangleley. His remarks were in numerous vein, and he told why the party was formed.

Mr. John Joy Edson discussed "The Benefit of a Camping Trip." "Fresh air," said he, "rowing and tramping, plain, pure, nourishing, a daily old plunge, absolute rest, and rest with congenial company, made a new man of me. I believe in the doctor who takes his patients to the backwoods and turns them loose."

Mr. H. E. Williams, assistant chief of the Weather Bureau, was introduced as meteorologist of the party, and the statement was made that while Washington was flooded in August, not a drop of rain fell in Rangleley while the party was in camp. Mr. Williams took as his topic "Our Neighbors," and described the guides, lumbermen and farmers of the region visited.

Mr. De Edwards, president of the Columbia Correspondence College, spoke on "The Sports of Camp"—fishing, swimming, mountain climbing, hunting, paddling, rowing, and telling stories about the camp life at night.

Mr. Pitman Puffer, clerk of the Senate Committee on Naval Affairs, made a humorous address on "The Personnel of the Party," and Mr. Thomas Edwards told the story of "A Night on Swift River Pond," describing the long tramp the building of a lean-to, and a night study of the deer.

The speakers were all introduced by Mr. P. A. Austin, president of the club. A reception by the men of the club, followed the programme, with music and refreshments. Monthly meetings will be held, it was decided, throughout the year.

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REMARKABLE WOMAN DEAD.

Mrs. Wise Begun with Sewing Machine and Built Great Factory. Baltimore, Md., Oct. 16.—Mrs. Amelia Wise, widow of Mr. Henry Wise, died at her home, 411 Ingleade avenue, Catonsville, this morning, in her eightieth year. She had been critically ill for several days.

Mrs. Wise was one of the most remarkable women that ever lived in this city. Forty years ago, almost to a day, Henry Wise and Amelia Wise, with practically no capital aside from the industry, thrift, and genius for business organization which was possessed as much by Mrs. Wise as by the titular founder of Wise Bros., began with two sewing machines to produce shirts, overalls, and drawers in the front and back room of a small dwelling on Baltimore street, near Pine. The couple lived over their place of business.

Inside of five years the output had increased by leaps and bounds, until the factory was one of the largest in the country, and for the last thirty-five years Mrs. Wise had led the life which her temperament made most congenial to her. She greatly encouraged numbers of poor students of art and music.

She was a first cousin of the late Otto Sutor, who built up a music house in Baltimore, and of Adolph Ettro, who was mayor of San Francisco. Her grandson, Mr. Ernest Wise Keyser, a nephew of Mr. Ephraim Keyser, sculptor, is rapidly becoming one of the best known sculptors of New York, and is the creator of the Harper statue, in Ottawa, Canada, which was unveiled last fall by Premier Sir Wilfrid Laurier and Governor General Earl Gray, of Canada.

CHARITY CLASS MEETS.

Discuss Best Methods of Aiding Needy Families. The first meeting of a class recently formed of agents of the Board of Charities and volunteers who are engaged in the work of upbuilding and assisting needy families, was held last night at the office of the Associated Charities. Charles F. Weller, general secretary of the Associated Charities, presided. A general discussion was held as to the best means of reaching and giving aid to families in need of assistance, numerous suggestions being made by those who have already engaged in the work. About thirty-five persons were present, among them Professor William Vedritz, of George Washington University, and Father Joseph I. Maguire, of the Church of the Holy Comforter.

The next meeting will be held Tuesday, October 23, at the rooms of the Associated Charities, from 8 to 9:30 o'clock.

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