MEETING OF THE WESTERN

IT WILL OCCUR THIS WEEK AT MILWAUKEE.

A SCHEDULE TO BE MADE.

List of Contracts Made by the Various Clubs—The New Metropolitan Billiard Tourney—The Bowling Games Scheduled for Foley's—An Indoor Base Ballist Illustrated.

CINCINNATI, O., March 11.—President B. B. Johnson, of the Western Base Ball association, tonight announced that the following contracts had been approved by him: Kansas City, George W. Dougherty; Detroit, Monte Cross, Howard Earle; Grand Rapids, George B. Pinckney, William H. Rhey; Milwaukee, T. C. Williams, John P. Luby; Sioux City, J. A. Newell, Harry Howe, Joe Walsh, Elsworth Cunningham, Harry Menahan, Samuel McMackin; Indianapolis, William T. Gray. President Johnson said that the spring schedule meeting of the association would be held Wednesday morning at the Plankinton house in Milwaukee, followed by a banquet to the visiting magnates in the evening.

IN TWELVE ROUNDS.

McCoy Whips Ryan in Straight-Laced Iowa.

CRESTON, Io., March 11.—A fight between Harry McCoy, of Des Moines, and John Ryan, of Omaha, took place near here this morning, the former being knocked out in twelve rounds. At 2:45 o'clock this morning a special train bearing McCoy and Ryan and about 100 sporting men arrived at an open field, where stakes were set and a ring made. A little past 3 o'clock all arrangements were completed for the finish fight that had caused so much comment, and which resulted in the passage of a law by the Iowa legislature making prize-fighting a crime. In the early part of the fight Ryan was the aggressor, but after the seventh round McCoy had the better of it. The fight took place near Kent, and so near the line between Adams and Union county that it may be difficult to locate it in court. The success of the fight on Sunday morning, despite the new prize fight law and the efforts of Gov. Jackson and Sheriff Davenport to prevent it, have caused a sensation.

BILLY EDWARDS HURT.

The Well-known Sporting Man in a Runaway.

HOT SPRINGS, Ark., March 11.—This afternoon Billy Edwards, the well-known sporting man, was buggy riding and drove up to Happy Hollow. As he started to drive back to the city his horse took fright and ran off with him. He came down the street at a full run and, getting opposite the Hot Springs bath house, the buggy struck the sidewalk, turning over and catching Edwards under it, breaking his right arm and leg and inflicting many painful and dangerous bruises. He was carried into the bath house and physicians at once summoned. His injuries are dangerous, but not necessarily fatal. At a late hour tonight Edwards is resting as well as could be expected.

CORBETT-JACKSON MILL.

It May Come Off in London at an Early Day.

BALTIMORE, Md., March 11.—"Parson" Davies tonight commented freely upon Corbett's statement in regard to a probable delay in the meeting of Corbett and Jackson. He said the fight would without doubt be arranged in London within the next sixty days, as he had a cablegram from Lord Lonsdale to the effect that the National Sporting club, of that city, would furnish the necessary backing. When Corbett reaches London it will not be a difficult matter, if he is willing, to have the fight take place in England at an early day."

SIXTY DAYS OF RACING.

Another Track to Be Built at Saratoga.

SARATOGA, N. Y., March 11.—It is stated on good authority that another race track is to be built here, so that the season may be made sixty instead of thirty days. The present law allows associations but thirty days of racing, and as New Jersey tracks will probably all be closed it has been decided to open this one. Directly to the north of the present track is an unoccupied territory, embracing seventy-four acres of land, and it is here that it is proposed to build a superior track, grand stand, etc. It is said that the leading spirits of the present organization have a hand in the matter.

Bowling This Evening.

The tourney bowling games at Foley's alleys begin again after the week's close in honor of the departed members, Lindeke and Boures. The games for this evening will be between the St. Paul and Wabasha clubs, and the Summit and Franklin clubs.

SWEEPSTAKES TOURNEY.

Hotel Metropolitan Billiard Games Begin March 19.

At 5 p. m. Friday, six billiard enthusiasts met at the Hotel Metropolitan and partially arranged the preliminaries for the grand sweepstakes tournament which is to come off at that hostelry. Those who have entered are Messrs. Clow, Thomas, Thayer, Bingham, McGaffey, Clark, Wilder, Glaskin, T. P. Foley and Charlie Capen, of Minneapolis. It was decided to play the opening game on the evening of March 19. On the day preceding, Sunday, March 18, the players will hold a meeting and draw lots to decide as to which two shall play the opening game. Monroe will act as referee throughout the tourney, and Al Mayer as scorekeeper. The games will be for 300 points, and the several players will be handicapped as follows: Clow and Thomas, 300; Thayer, 275; Capen, 250; Bingham, 225; Foley and Clark, 200; Wilder, Glaskin and McGaffey, 180. The entrance fees will all be posted the coming week. The first prize will be $50 in cash; second prize, 60 per cent of the entrance money; third prize, 40 per cent of the total entrance fees. Other prizes to the value of $50 will also be distributed. Jule Mayer and Mr. Clark have concluded to give also a special prize in the way of a scarf pin that will surely prove a novelty. The design is three tiny billiard balls of genuine elephant ivory—two whites and one red—all highly polished, together with two cues of gold, daintily tipped with diamonds. It is the intention to have the players settle among themselves the one to whom the dainty souvenir is finally to go. At the termination of the tournament Manager Barker, of the Metropolitan hotel, will tender the players an elegant banquet in his cafe.

The GLOBE presents today the likeness of T. C. Chamberlain, one of the

members of the indoor base ball team, from Companies C and E, of this city, which played a picked team at Winona Friday and Saturday for the championship of the state.

M'MANUS READY

To Accept a Challenge From Nook Richards.

"Nook" Richards, who acted as referee in the glove contest at Stillwater Friday night, announced at the outset an intention to challenge the winner. The dispatches printed yesterday laconically announced that "Paddy Harrington was knocked out by Charles McManus." McManus, commonly known as "Buff," called at the GLOBE office last night and issued the following challenge to "Nook" Richards, and the latter now has an opportunity, by accepting, to make good his offer "to fight the winner:"

Sporting Editor GLOBE: "Nook" Richards promised to challenge the winner of the recent Harrington-McManus fight, and, as I am that winner, I hereby announce to him that I am ready to accept a challenge from him to fight at a date to be hereafter settled. If he means business, I am ready for him. As a guaranty of good faith, let him post any sum up to $500 with the GLOBE, and I stand ready to cover it.

CHARLES MCMANUS.

A Valuable Foal.

LEXINGTON, Ky., March 10.—One of the most valuable foals dropped here in years was that today of Sallie McClelland and Longfellow. Byron McClelland, the owner of the noted dam, is very proud of the youngster, which is bay with black points and of fine size. Sallie McClelland will be bred to Bermuda.

New Way to Lose a Fight.

OMAHA, Neb., March 11.—Henry Oleson and George Ford fought seven fierce rounds here tonight for a $50 purse. Oleson won. He weighed 169 and Ford 155. Both fought gamely and the winner was the worse punished of the two. Ford was beaten by striking his head against a ring post.

Kidd Made Auctioneer.

LEXINGTON, Ky., March 11.—The offices of manager and auctioneer of the Tattersalls' are to be separated. Dr. Ross assumes supreme business control of all the companies and has employed Capt. Phil C. Kidd, of Lexington, as auctioneer.

Interest grows apace in the coming five-night contest at billiards between Walter Wilmot and Charlie Clow, the opening game of which will be played Tuesday night.

Weak Kidneys

Sharp, shooting pains, back ache, side ache, chest pains and palpitation relieved in ONE MINUTE by the CUTICURA ANTI-PAIN PLASTER, the first and only pain-killing plaster. It restores *vital electricity*, and hence cures nervous pains and muscular weakness.

Price: 25c.; five, $1.00. At all druggists or by mail. POTTER DRUG AND CHEM. CORP., Boston.

"Portrait" Coupon

GLOBE OFFICE, MARCH 12, 1894.

—FOR THE—

American Celebrities

Bring or send one of these Coupons together with 10 cents in coin to the Coupon Department of this paper and the part called for will be delivered to you.

(In Ordering by Mail Fill in the Following Form:)

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Please send Part One of American Celebrities, for which find enclosed ***ONE COUPON and 10 CENTS IN COIN.***

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Town..... *State*.....

Write about nothing else when ordering parts, and address your envelope:

PORTRAIT COUPON DEPARTMENT, Care Globe.

(CUT THIS WHOLE COUPON OUT.)

ISRAEL BURBANK'S BRAIN.

A MAN WHO BELIEVES IT BEATS SHAKESPEARE'S.

STORY OF THE PERFECT MAN.

How the Vermiform Appendix Worried John and He in Turn Worried His Whole Family—A Poem on Robins Which Is Nearly All Foot Notes and Postscripts.

[Copyright.]

There was a fool come down las' year to
speak in our town hall.
No kinder ordinery fool—the bigges' fool of
all—
He said thet William Shakespeare was (this
fool was tarnal green)
The greates' an' the wises' man this worl'
had ever seen.

I'd never hearn er him afore; but Ted Drew
said he'd writ
A kinder mixed-up mess er stuff—no head
nor tail to it—
"I'll run upstairs," said he to me, "if you'll
hol' on a minute,
An' then I'll bring ye down the book thet's
got his pieces in it."

He brung it down: the craziest book a mortal
ever read,
For Shakespeare he'd a dreffle lack of intel-
lect an' head;
'Tis strange to me a man like him, with nat-
ural gifts so small,
A man with no more brains than him should
try to write at all.

Don't tell ye how to shear a sheep nor how
to break a hoss,
Nor how to run a farm on shares without an
actual loss;
Don't tell ye how to dreen a swamp, nor how
to make hops grow—
W'y, Shakespeare didn't know nothin' 'tall a
feller ought to know.

Now there's Burbank's Farmer's Weekly,
thet ar tells ye how to farm,
An' how to raise good carrots thet is longer
than yer arm;
An' how to grow good marrowfats, and how
to raise fine hops,
An' how to kill yer tater bugs, an' how to
save yer crops.

W'y Burbank hez got intellec' an' good hoss
sense an' brains,
I don't bleeve Shakespeare knows enough to
come in w'en it rains.

If Shakespeare ever comes my way I'll tell
him my idee.
Thet Is'rel Burbank's got more brains than
forty men like he.

THE PERFECT MAN.

The right kind of man from Beersheba to Dan I sought with an infinite zest, from the end of the East my search never ceased till I came to the end of the West.

He's gentle and quiet and plain in his diet, and never gets mad in a crowd; he's a tireless searcher for all kinds of "vircher," and never is boastful and loud.

He's modest and sweet, and he gives up his seat if a washerwoman enters the car. If he smokes out of doors then the smoke he outpours always comes from a 10-cent cigar.

On the great Wilson bill he will never talk till you wish he would languish and die. He's in love with his wife, and stays so all his life, and praises her pudding and pie.

And I sought for this man from Bershcba to Dan, I sought from the West to the East, but I'm sorry to say that he didn't come to stay, and he's long since defunct and deceased.

JOHN AND THE DOCTORS.

John had a passion for talking with doctors.

Why a man should want to talk with somebody else when there is a doctor around is a mystery, he said, that he could not solve.

Everything in the universe, he said, conspires against a man's health. We are compassed about by many dangers. "Now, a doctor," John said, "can tell you what these dangers are, and tell you how to ward them off; and so any man who makes any pretensions to being a rational creature ought to talk with a doctor every time he gets an opportunity."

But yet John, every time he talked with a doctor, always came home with his face so long that he could hardly go through a doorway without dragging his chin on the floor. The doctor had told him about some new highway to death, and John was afraid he was walking therein.

AME HOME FROM A TALK WITH DR CHASE.

He came home from a talk with Dr Chase not long ago very much worried about his vermiform appendix. He never knew he had a vermiform appendix before, but now he knows he has got one, he is worried to death over it. It's a terrible thing, he says. If a man gets any seeds in his vermiform appendix he's a goner. A man should exercise constant care, day and night, over his vermiform appendix, and must never, under any circumstances, eat any grapes, figs, tomatoes, strawberries, raspberries, blackberries or anything of the kind. When his wife passed him some blueberry sauce he said: "Martha, do you want me to commit suicide? If I should get any of those blueberry seeds in my vermiform appendix our children would be fatherless. Take 'em away; would you murder your husband in cold blood?"

John didn't know where his vermiform appendix was, and so, whenever he had any pain in his head, or his heel, or his shoulder-blade he took to his bed in a terrible panic for fear that his vermiform appendix was affected. Whenever he suffers from the earache, or a chilblain, or an attack of hiccoughs he is mortally frightened by the dread that his vermiform appendix is out of order. No man was ever tormented with his sins as John is with his vermiform appendix.

Fruits with seeds in them are not the only things that John refused to eat. He had a talk with old Dr. Barstow last summer, and the doctor told him that milk was a great absorbent of impurities. He told him that milk and money are great collectors of microbes. Since that day John trembled every time he saw a cow and every time he was paid off. If he saw a man coming to pay a bill he turned pale and ran away. At the sight of a milk pitcher his hair stood up. He would eat arsenic sooner than ice cream, for Dr. Barstow told him the milk in the cream produced a ptomaine called tyrotoxicon, which was closely related to diazobenzol.

John immediately saw that this was a terrible thing, and declared that he wanted none of the close relatives of diazobenzol in his system.

So every time John saw a man put milk in his coffee he felt it his duty to remonstrate with him. "Do you know, man," he would say, "what risk you are running? You are drinking a ptomaine, sir, called tyrotoxicon, that is closely related to diazobenzol." Of course the man thought he was drinking something a thousand times more deadly than strychnine. More than once in this way did John throw a whole hotel dining room into an uproar.

John didn't dare to eat any pork, because in a talk he had with Dr. Batchelder he was told that pork was very often infected with trichina spiralis.

He didn't dare to drink any unboiled water, because Dr. Rattbone told him that nearly all our drinking water was infected by animalculae. He told him it was reeking with microzoa and polygastrica. It was foul with every kind of infusoria.

So John lived in mortal fear of swallowing a polygastrica. Every tickling in his throat he attributed to a microzoa.

So he had all his water boiled until Dr. Yeamans, last summer, told him that it devitalized water to boil it, and after that poor John didn't know what to do. So whenever he was thirsty he used to eat ice.

About a week ago John had a long talk with Dr. Spencer, and the doctor told him that the air was full of bacilli. He informed him that it was a very difficult matter for a man to breathe without inhaling all kinds of bacterii, micrococci prodigiosi and various kinds of polymorphous organisms.

John came home with a seven-cent sponge over his mouth and took to his bed. He said he felt sure he had breathed a million of polymorphous organisms into his lungs. He said he could feel microbes and bacterii swarming through his whole system. He kept growing steadily worse, and yesterday he died.

It was really the only thing for him to do. He couldn't eat, he couldn't drink and he couldn't breathe, and the only logical thing for him to do was to die.

But his death was undoubtedly hastened because it came so sudden that no opportunity was given him to talk with a doctor.

Sam Walter Foss.

A PREACHER MURDERER.

Alabama Pastor Arrested Immediately After His Sermon.

BIRMINGHAM, Ala., March 11.—Buck Hunt, alias Rev. W. H. Thompson, who has been pastor of a church at East Birmingham, three miles from the city, for three years, was arrested today just as he concluded his sermon, and tonight lies in jail here. Information reached the officers today that Hunt, five years ago, was convicted in Mississippi for the murder of another preacher and sent to the penitentiary for life. Shortly after Hunt began the service of his sentence at Jackson he escaped. A year afterward he turned up here and led several revival meetings in suburban towns, calling himself Rev. W. H. Thompson, afterwards accepting the pastorate of the East Birmingham church, in which he had the implicit confidence of his congregation. He will be taken back to the penitentiary at Jackson.

SENSIBLE DR. STEBBINS.

He Advises His People Against the A. P. A.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., March 11.—In his sermon this morning Rev. Dr. H. H. Stebbins, pastor of the Central Presbyterian church, said: "I do not believe in denouncing the church of Christ, and hope that no one within hearing of my voice is in sympathy with the A. P. A. It must be remembered that the Romish church is a Christian church and that she has contributed very much to the literature and life of the church. There is room for the improvement of that church as for every other church. God bless every bishop and priest of the Roman Catholic church and make the church pure, true and a power for righteousness on earth. I pray that God may hasten the time when there shall be one church of God, one Bible, one creed, holiness to God and the gospel to every creature as its errand."

SEVEN TIMES MARRIED.

Capture of the Bigamist and Perjurer.

CHICAGO, March 11.—John F. Hiler, the man who is said to follow matrimony with pertinacity, and who created recently a sensation at Bloomington by marrying Miss Washburn, of that city, half an hour after their first meeting, has been run to cover. Deputy Sheriff Slocum, of Bloomington, arrested him in this city today, after hard and clever work, and Mrs. Washburn Hiler fainted when the warrants were read. The complainant is Mrs. Washburn, Mrs. Hiler's mother, who accuses him of bigamy and perjury. It is said that Hiler has been seven times married, but he claims that the Bloomington girl is his only wife.

Ezeta May Be Overthrown.

NEW YORK, March 12.—The World's San Salvador special says: There is danger that the ministry may resign unless President Ezeta removes foreigners from office. Correspondence from Salvadorean refugees abroad to friends here, which has been intercepted, shows that they are preparing to start a revolution to overthrow Ezeta, who, they claim, favors Spaniards and Chilians, instead of natives.

NEW YORK, March 12.—The World's Managua special says: Lieut. Col. Moran, with a small force, was defeated by the rebels near Granada.

John S. Davidson Dead.

AUGUSTA, Ga., March 11.—John Shelton Davidson, for twelve years master Mason of Georgia, ex-president of the Georgia senate, city attorney of Augusta and president of the county board of education, and one of the most prominent men in the state, died suddenly this morning of heart failure.

Houk Knocked Out.

KNOXVILLE, Tenn., March 11.—At Republican primaries held in this district yesterday, Henry R. Gibson was nominated for congress, defeating John G. Houk, present incumbent, by 1,000 majority.

Steamship Movements.

NEW YORK—Arrived: La Champagne, from Havre.

QUEENSTOWN—Arrived: Aurania, from New York.

Ice Out at Mackinaw.

ST. IGNACE, March 11.—Yesterday teams crossed on the ice to Mackinaw island. A northwest gale came up this morning, and by 10 o'clock the ice was all gone, carrying away fish shanties and nets. Nothing but open water is in sight tonight.

COMMON-SENSE TRUTHS.

An Able Physician Explains the After-Effects of Grip, the Condition in Which It Leaves People, and the Only Thing to Do.

"It is a very slow process!"

The speaker was a prominent physician. Continuing, he said:

"I mean getting over the after-effects of the grip. Any one who has seen as much of it as I have can easily understand it. The grip lasts for a long time, and seems to take a special hold upon the system. It frequently runs into pneumonia, sometimes leaves the hearing partially impaired, the throat with an irritating soreness, and the stomach with impaired digestion. It seems to take a long time to recover the strength, the energy, or the ambition after one has had a run of the grip, and we frequently find neuralgia, rheumatism, and even worse things following it.

"Now, what should any sensible man or woman do under these circumstances? The answer seems hard, but is really easy. Simply help Nature to get over the trouble—stimulate the body and faculties just a little. This is what every good physician in the land advocates in order to drive grip out of the system. It should be remembered, however, that the stimulant must be pure, and that nothing for this purpose is equal to good whiskey. It is unfortunate, however, that there is so little pure medicinal whiskey to be found, and in fact it can be truly said that there is but one strictly medicinal whiskey upon the market, and that is Duffy's Pure Malt. It is not like ordinary whiskey, however much druggists and grocers may say so. It has, in fact, properties possessed by no other, and is beyond question a stimulant which can safely and effectually be taken to prevent the grip or drive away its most disastrous after-effects."

SAM WALTER FOSS, New England's dialect writer, poet and humorist, whose writings are now appearing in the New York World, St. Paul Globe and other papers, has published a book of his earlier poems, and calls it "BACK COUNTRY POEMS." Handsomely bound and illustrated. Sent postpaid on receipt of price, $1.50. Address J. MATHEWS, Publisher, Boston, Mass.

SPORTING MELANGE.

Frank S. Lewis, of Fargo, manager of the Fargo Athletic club, is in the city. He says that sporting matters at Fargo have been quite lively through the winter, and that a number of interesting contests have been held there through the winter. He will attend the meeting of the Twin City Athletic club event tomorrow night. Mr. Lewis organized the Fargo Athletic club in September, 1893, and was at one time instructor of the Twin City Athletic club, as well as of the Minneapolis Athletic club, and is well known in St. Paul.

J. L. Malone returned Saturday night from Winona and registered at the Merchants'. In speaking of his coming contest with Joe Gruber, Malone paid his opponent a high compliment, saying that he is one of the best amateurs he ever saw.

Mr. Malone stated that the game he was scheduled to play at Mason City, Io., Saturday night, had been postponed until Tuesday night.

SCARLET WOMEN WEPT

During a Visit of Christian Women to Their Resort.

ANDERSON, Ind., March 11.—Anderson's respectability is greatly shocked today by the announcement that a slumming committee, composed of Mrs. S. E. Farmer, president; Mrs. S. M. Cook, vice president, and Mrs. Bethany Noland, secretary of the W. C. T. U., had visited the local houses of prostitution to see Miss Flora Riley, a dying inmate of the Jackson resort, and ascertain the extent of the vices indulged in. Of their visit they have little to say, further than that they received a cordial reception, and that nothing was done to shock their modesty. Their call on Miss Riley they describe as very touching, all those in the room breaking down and crying. Fresh flowers were placed in the vases by the visitors' hands and little conveniences arranged that would please the girl during her few remaining days of life. The ladies announce that they did a great deal of good, and will return one day this week. As this is the first slumming committee Anderson has experienced it is creating a great deal of criticism.

BAD UTAH SOLONS.

They Desecrate the Sabbath By Remaining in Session.

SALT LAKE, Utah, March 11.—The Utah legislative assembly desecrated the Sabbath by remaining in regular session throughout the entire day. The regular legislative session expired by statutory legislation last Thursday, but the members stopped the clock in each house at 11:30, and pasted a placard over the face of the time-piece on which were the words: "Thursday, March 8." A recess has been taken each night instead of an adjournment and the present legislative day has now lasted nearly ninety-six hours. Almost the entire sixty days of the session was wasted in partisan wrangling, leaving really important legislation to be crowded through after the legal expiration of the session.

DEATH AT A STATION.

An Illinois Man Kills His Wife and Then Himself.

ALTON, Ill., March 11.—The Southwestern limited train of the Big Four railroad brought to Alton tonight Mr. and Mrs. Marion T. Skaats, with Mrs. Skaats' daughter, Miss Cora Phillips. The daughter arrived here at 9 o'clock, accompanied by the dead bodies of her mother and stepfather. The story of the tragedy, as told by Miss Phillips between her sobs, was brief, but terrible. She and her mother had gone to St. Louis at noon, for what has not been stated, and had been followed by Skaats on a later train. As they returned on the limited and arrived at East Alton they changed to the "plug" train for Alton, and as they walked across the platform Skaats, saying to his wife, "We will settle this matter now," quickly shot her dead, and then fired two shots into his own head and died almost instantly. The affair was soon over, taking but a moment, and both were dead before the daughter or the bewildered spectators of the scene could realize what had happened. The coroner will hold an inquest tomorrow. Nobody knows exactly the cause of the tragedy, but it is known that both Skaats and his wife had ungovernable tempers, and indulged in frequent rows.

Dissatisfied with Sovereign.

CINCINNATI, O., March 11.—A rumor prevails here in the Knights of Labor circles and has been semi-officially corroborated, that in Quebec, Montreal and parts of Ontario, Canada, ten thousand Knights of Labor will secede from the order because of dissatisfaction with Grand Master Sovereign, and start an independent branch of the K. of L.

Awarded Highest Honors—World's Fair.

DR. PRICE'S Cream Baking Powder.

The only Pure Cream of Tartar Powder.—No Ammonia; No Alum.

Used in Millions of Homes—40 Years the Standard.

TWO PARTS EVERY WEEK!

ONLY ONE COUPON REQUIRED.

A Solar Eclipse.

Visible at Every Point in the Country Between New York and San Francisco.

The intervening body is exceedingly small, but it completely hides everything if held close to one eye when the other is shut.

A Silver Dime

Never figured so largely in the affairs of men as it does now, when the little piece is being sought for by everybody, irrespective of age or condition, because it

Possesses the Power to Purchase

The Magic City.

A Whole City for a Dime.

Not a city of airy castles and intangible structures, but a photographic reproduction of that Magic City which dazzled the world for a six months, and then dissolved to the infinite regret of all peoples and all nations. What a pity it is that Aladdin's palace was reared by the Genie's enchantment before the invention of photography, but we are consoled by the blessing of that incomparable preservative art which is so effectually used to perpetuate the magnificent splendors of the Columbian exposition.

What Is "The Magic City?"

IT IS A WORK OF INEFFABLE BEAUTY, *exhibiting in a series of sixteen portfolios all the marvelous, matchless and incomparable buildings, displays, pictures, statuary, fountains, strange peoples and Midway Plaisance attractions of the World's Fair.* ***GREATNESS IS DWARFED, GRANDEUR IS SURPASSED, SPLENDOR IS EXCEEDED*** *by the royal and superlatively sublime pictographs contained in the serial work so appropriately entitled* ***"THE MAGIC CITY."***

No other Expositional publication can be compared with it, except in the positive degree; none other is worthy to be mentioned, so exceedingly great is its superiority. Effort has been eclipsed, ambition has been overtopped, conception has been more than attained, by this zenith-reaching work of classic art. The extravagance of rhetoric and adjective fails to convey an idea of the lovely, charming and bewildering beauties which **"THE MAGIC CITY"** contains. **To see it is to buy it; to buy it is to luxuriate in its manifold fascinations.**

Are You Getting the Portfolios of "THE MAGIC CITY?"

If not, you are losing the greatest treat of your life. Don't delay any longer. Cut out the Coupon on page four and send or bring it to us, with one dime in silver, and get a sample number of this magnificent work. We are ready now to supply you with all the parts from No. 1 to No. 7. One Coupon and one little dime for each part is all we ask—sent by mail or delivered at the office of the Globe.

"THE MAGIC CITY" is beautiful as a poet's dream. There is nothing on earth like it. Other so-called World's Fair Portfolios give no idea of what the Fair really was in all its splendor and glory.

Get "The Magic City" and Be Happy.

Only One Coupon Required.

Portfolios Nos. 6 and 7 are now ready. Clip the Coupon on page four and bring or send to the Globe office, with ten cents in silver, or five two-cent stamps, and get this splendid Portfolio.

Parts one to five inclusive are back numbers, but one coupon and fifty cents will still secure the first five parts.

Get a sample of **"THE MAGIC CITY,"** and see **The Most Beautiful Thing You Ever Laid Your Eyes On!**

YOU CAN GET PARTS SIX AND SEVEN THIS WEEK.

It Will Only Require Five Weeks More to Complete the Series