

ALONG THE BOWERY

PLACES IN PLENTY WITH THE TRUE FLAVOR OF THE LOCALITY

NOT ALL OF THEM "FAKES"

Musées and Amusement Halls in Which There is Nothing Vicious and Much That is Amusing—Peculiar Style of Speech in Vogue With the Lecturer—Free in His Praise of Colleagues.

The Bowery, says the New York Press, has for the gullible stranger "fake shows," in which the simple public is allured with glittering promises from disappointment to disappointment, paying at each remove and arriving at nothing at the end. But it has also musées and amusement halls of the true Bowery flavor, in which there is nothing that is vicious and a deal that is amusing. The "lecturer" is the eloquent mouth for all the wonders that are gathered together in one of these "curio halls."

A black little man in a rusty suit of evening clothes, bagged and wrinkled, he presides with a monumental smile over a hall that is filled with pumping machines to test the blow of the Bowery's strong right arm, blowing machines to test the lungs, lifting machines for the back, grip machines for the hands, electric batteries for the nerves, automatic fortune tellers, weighing machines and mutascopes, as well as a score of exhibitors, entertainers, professors and living curiosities, whom he introduces and recommends. He affects the vertebrate word, and in speaking he divides it with a sharp accent just as it were—at the base of the skull, wrenching off the first joints with a sudden stress and interval, and lighting the tail of the vocable with an equal lift and cadence of the voice. He says "oh-casayun," for instance, when he means "occasion."

But his great faculty is his smile. It is a smile not of the mouth alone, but of the raised eyebrow, the puckered eye and the risible mustache. It is genial and winning without being brazen or suspiciously insinuating. It is a smile which says: "I have never betrayed the trusting public. I have never been suspected by the popular eye."

"Ladies and gentlemen," he says deliberately, "I wish to say—for the benefit of those who may be in the vicinity of this building—at 10 a. m. on Monday morning—that Prof. H— on that occasion—will make a daring ascension from the roof of this building to the extraordinary altitude of some thousands of feet above the surface of the earth—if the weather on that occasion is propitious. And when the daring navigator has descended—again—from the clouds—to terra firma, the machine—in which he performed this entirely new and novel ascension—will be put on exhibition—in this hall—for the benefit of the American public—during a short engagement—before the professor makes his sojourn to the Paris exposition."

The announcement is received without comment, for to the audience that hears it, the impossible is no longer a surprise. The professor goes on to introduce his colleagues. There is a "professor of electric tattooing," who "in a brief space of time" will decorate you "indelibly" for "a small and modest remuneration. There is an Italian 'madame' who can tell your past, present and future life, read your fortune in the palm of your hand for the small sum of one nickel, and sell you a photograph of your future husband or wife for a dime—10 cents. The professor bows to her gallantly from his platform. He adopts a fatherly manner to a scientific bag puncher, who has a standing challenge to meet any "bantamweight" with a side bet of \$100, and who "I may say without embarrassing the young man, enjoys the reputation of being the champion in his own class in his native city, Philadelphia."

A professor of legerdemain "proves conclusively and without a doubt that the hand is quicker than the eye." A Punch and Judy show "furnishes entertainment to young and old alike." These are supported by a clown who smokes five cheroots together, turns them lighted into his mouth, and blows the smoke from his nose; a dwarf pony "from Cuba" that is "a playful and agreeable companion;" a rifle range where you may try your skill on glass balls or on pigeons; a photograph gallery where you may have your picture printed on a button for 10 cents; a tug-of-war between "three American beauties and three Cuban belles;" a painter who sells a waterproof shoe-dressing which he himself discovered in a geyser in Yellowstone park, who can fold a single sheet of paper in some thousand different shapes, and who presides over an "Enchanted Palace" of tinsel and tissue paper, showing even wonderful scenes "from all parts of the universe," and closing with a grand transformation scene "in honor of our national hero, Admiral Dewey." That scene opens with a triumphal arch that resembles the ruins of Pompeii, "with the Philippine Islands in the background." And, "he says, as a bouquet of paper roses comes down to the center of the stage on two strings, "many beautiful flowers blossom in those islands, only to fade, wither and pass away, but the flower of the American navy, his glory 'I never fade in the hearts of his countrymen—Admiral Dewey." Whereupon the roses fall away from a chromo of the admiral, the piano breaks out into "The Star-Spangled Banner," and the "American beauties" applaud boisterously.

The "professor" makes no attempt to be vulgarly witty. He is a serious "enunciator," learned in the language of the circus bill and expert in the practice of that smile with which the family doctor recommends a bitter dose to doubling childhood.

"Redney," whose hair is fiery, finds his strength in his sense of humor. He sells prize packages in his music theater. Standing in the aisle he holds aloft a sample of his wares. "Alludin' to these prize packages," he says glibly, "which I'm goin' to interduce to yer notice this evnin', I want to say each an' ev'ry package consists of the best cough drops, lemonade drops an' carmel's made or manufactured; warranted to cure such ez coughs, colds, warts, 'n' toothaches. If any one in this gatherin' has such an' coughs, colds, warts an' toothaches, I'd advise 'em to purchase one of these packages at onst an' wif'out delay. In each an' ev'ry package the ladies who wraps up these packages has a habit of accidentally droppin' in gold watches an' 'd'omon' rings, an' if any of youse gets such as a gold watch or a 'd'omon' ring that yeh don't want, I am requestin' that yeh give it to the han'some tickle-teller at the door. He sez he's savin' up all the gol' watches an' 'd'omon' rings for Christmas." "With each an' ev'ry package," he "throws in" a pink picture paper, "givin' all the latest sportin' news, the week's casualties, illustrated an' explained, an' tips from the prize ring. Also, this here large song book, consistin' of all the latest songs an' music too numerous to mention."

The songs are native. There is one which hits the English-speaking race against the world: "Linked by the love of liberty are the Anglo-Saxons strong, Read where the sons of the earth are free; Cradled with the same sweet song, In humanity's cause we've ever stood, Breathing peace and good-will unto man, etc."

The rhymes are uncertain, but the sentiment is always strong. For Bowery love is not shy and Bowery patriotism is not modest.

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Russia's Czar Under the Surgeon's Knife

Delicate Operation Decided Upon to Remove the Effects of a Wound in the Head of the Autocratic Emperor.

Eight years ago the present czar of Russia, who was then only the heir apparent, while traveling in Japan with Prince George of Greece, was struck on the head and stabbed by an anarchist.

Today the czar is threatened with insanity as a consequence. A desperate operation is to be performed in the hope of averting such a catastrophe. The wound healed up eight years ago and apparently the young man was no worse for the little adventure in the streets of the Japanese village. But today the court physicians of St. Petersburg are worrying very seriously over that little adventure, and a certain dent in the royal patient's skull is the object of grave discussion among the learned scientists.

which has wrinkled the brows of most of the big doctors of Europe could hardly fall to become known to the rest of the world, and now it is an open secret that the czar's head is to be opened for the relief of what the doctors diagnose as epilepsy. This operation is supposed to

be one of the oldest in the history of surgery. That its results were usually unfavorable is demonstrated by the fact that it fell into disuse, and for several

hundred years was entirely abandoned. It is only within the past decade that it can be said to have become a rational operation, for it is only within that time that a definite guide to the surgeon has been offered by the facts of the localization of brain function.

An opening is made through the skull with an instrument called a trephine, which cuts out a small circular button of bone. Through this hole the surface of the brain can be examined and any foreign growth removed. Modern methods of asepsis have rendered the operation a safe one. The only difficulty is to accurately determine the point at which the trephine should be used without dan-

well understood that if symptoms are noticed prominently—in the right hand, for instance—they are able to determine to the fractional part of an inch just where the brain should be exposed. The physicians who have been watching the czar have made up their minds and can tell the surgeon just where he should cut with the most certainty of finding the cause of the czar's malady.

The surgeon that the czar's advisers have selected to perform this most delicate operation is Prof. Ernest von Bergmann, of Berlin, who was the surgeon of the late Emperor Frederick of Germany. Prof. Bergmann is probably the most decorated doctor in Europe and ranks as the first of surgeons. He has already started for St. Petersburg, where the czar now is, and will probably operate at once.



SURGEONS WILL CUT INTO CZAR'S SKULL TO REMOVE THE EFFECTS OF A WOUND.

GREAT BATTLES OF THE CENTURY.

Battle	Date	Men Engaged	Total Per Ct. Losses
Jena	14 Oct., 1806	110,000	31,000
Waterloo	18 June, 1815	138,000	29,908
Magenta	4 June, 1859	130,000	21,000
Bull Run	21 July, 1861	60,527	4,875
Antietam	17 Sept., 1862	184,000	31,000
Gettysburg	1-3 July, 1863	150,000	55,180
Sadowa	3 July, 1866	291,000	33,000
Gravelotte	18 Aug., 1870	386,000	62,000
Sedan	1 Sept., 1870	314,000	47,000

KENTUCKY CHIVALRY.
Exchange of Compliments Between Gov. Bradley and Judge Tarvin. FRANKFORT, Ky., Dec. 9.—Gov. Bradley tonight gave out his first public utterances on the burning of the negro, Dick Coleman, at Maysville. This came in reply to an interview by Judge James P. Tarvin, of Covington, criticizing the state authorities and holding them responsible for the Maysville mobs. The governor this afternoon wired Mr. Tarvin, asking him if he had been correctly reported, and received the following reply: "The penalty given Coleman may be considered just, but the failure of the state authorities to protect him after he was in custody is wrong, and any citizen has a right to criticize it. The fact that he was a negro, hardly above a brute, is the more reason for protecting him. If your telegram means fight I have the choice of weapons, and choose cannon, you to stay at Frankfort, and I at Covington. Please don't send the militia." The governor, commenting on it, said: "This dispatch is characteristic of the

man. If the penalty given Coleman by the people was just, why should Tarvin object? As to his proposition to remain in Covington and fight a gentleman at Frankfort, persons who know him will be astonished to learn he is willing to fight, even at that distance." "As governor I have power to protect human life and enforce the law. Had I known, as Judge Tarvin knew, that this man was about to be taken to his death at the hands of a mob, I would not have kept a cowardly silence as he did, but would have protected him. Ever since Judge Tarvin was seized with the insane thought that he was vice presidential timber, his friends have kept constant watch on him. This last confusion is additional evidence that he is irresponsible." **Enjoy Elegance and Comfort In Traveling to California.** The Minneapolis & St. Louis R. R. has secured a line of brand new tourist cars that surpass anything ever seen, being Pullman's latest and best. Berth rate in these magnificent cars only \$5.00 to Los Angeles. Call at Minneapolis & St. Louis office, 335 Robert street.