THE WORLD. PAGES 17 TO 24.

"Circulation Books Open to All."

NEW YORK, SUNDAY, JULY 8, 1894.

NELLIE BLY AT THE RACES.

The Women Enthusiasts Who Are Regular Visitors at the Big Tracks Every Day of the Season.

HOW THEY MAKE BETS.

Backing Horses on a System and as Well Posted on Jockeys and Records as Any of the Men.

SCENES IN THE BETTING-RING.

A Little Army of Messenger Boys Employed to Place Money and Collect Winnings for the Women.

FOURTH OF JULY AT SHEEPSHEAD BAY.

Coming Home with the Crowd of Bookmakers, Gamblers, Sports and Horse Owners.

I spent the "Glorious" at the Sheepshead race-track.

The day was fine and I started off in the best of spirits. I didn't know much about horses, but I had a cheery premonition that in some mysterious way luck would be with me, and that I would be able to pick out winners with amazing ease.

I started early. I had some little knowledge of the crowds that travel on holidays and I wished to avoid the rush.

I crossed the Thirty-fourth street ferry and found a crowd with me. I tried to believe they were residenters of Long Island City, but they clung to my course, and as I rushed through the gates to the cars I found them still with me.

So making great haste I rushed into a car, and with selfish but necessary foresight made sure of a seat.

At least I thought I was sure of it, but a man with a moon-faced youngster evidently thought otherwise, for he proceeded to occupy two-thirds of it, and I scowled and endured.

But he was a nice sort of a man considering that he was a father. He was much interested in a comic paper. He would read the jokes earnestly and then he would laugh aloud. I enjoyed it immensely. If the moon-faced child made a noise he would hit it a rattling smack with the paper and tell it to keep still. I enjoyed that, too.

Then when he finished his paper—he had several on his knee—he condescended to permit his wife, who sat in the seat in front, to see it. And that was funny.

I wondered why he had married her, and if she was not sorry she married him, and what fate would be the child's, when the train stopped and a tall, thin man, with a short, fat wife and four children all of a size, came into the car, and there being no vacant seats, I became their victim.

The fat woman sat on the arm of my seat and held a child perched on the back, while the others took turns at resting against my knee.

It makes all the difference in the world whom one sits beside in a public conveyance. Some people feel as hard as iron, some as if a furnace raged within them, some as if they would spread over all creation. There are a few, too few, I deplore, that one can be crowded against and yet not experience that sense of contact that is the most disagreeable of all things in public.

The woman was of the furnace kind, and I actually got a headache from the feeling of disgust I experienced from her touch.

For this reason I welcomed with delight my arrival at Sheepshead. I even took a pleasure in mingling with the men and women hurrying through the long vine-covered passage to the race-track. Such a crowd there was, although it was yet over an hour until the racing began.

And why were they all there? Was it the love of horses, the hope of gain, the pleasure of gambling or the excitement of the races that brought them? I recalled crowds I had seen rushing to bull-fights. They were just as hurried and fully as eager. But their emotions were prompted by the skill of the fighters backed by the sense of danger. No financial consideration entered into the question.

It is not the hope of winning money that takes every person to the race-track. There are a few persons who love horses, but there aren't enough of them, if betting were unknown, to fill one row of seats at the club-house.

When the crowd scattered upon the grand stand it did not make much of a showing. The men wandered off and the women selected chairs. It is always funny to see people grabbing for chairs when there is any chance of a scarcity. Although the crowd of the day had not yet arrived, women sat on the edge of two chairs and piled wraps, bundles and papers upon others near them. They did this almost invariably, whether alone or accompanied.

An acquaintance had very kindly given me a box for the day, but I took a chair on the grand stand first to see the masses of the racing crowd. Of course there are women and women. Three species of the kind go to the races.

First, there are the women who wear [illegible]-colored silk gowns and much jewelry. They have [illegible] their cheeks [illegible]

almost always go alone, but they seem to have many acquaintances in the crowd. They possess great independence. If they are hungry or thirsty they do not wait for an escort to take them into the restaurant, but go in and order for themselves with splendid indifference.

Of course they bet. Sometimes they bet on "tips," more often their bets are regulated by superstitions or dreams. They usually bet heavily, that is for women, and they don't seem to worry when they lose, which they do more often than they win. When they win they win on a tip some one has given them.

While these women still form the majority, they are less plentiful at the races this year than ever before. Either Parkhurst or the Lexow committee is to blame for that fact.

The second kind of women are never young. They are plainly and even poorly clad. They almost all wear black clothes and have wraps along on the finest days. There is certainly no style to them, and one is forced to wonder what and who they were in youth. There is not the least trace of beauty in them, so far as I have ever seen.

They carry bundles of newspaper clippings. Some have large scrap-books composed of them. They also carry a bag of some description and pencils. They seldom have any company and no one seems to notice them in the crowd or on the stand. They bet on every race and they watch it run with the superb silence of a horse-owner. They know how every horse stands in the race from start to finish.

These women never go into the restaurant. Sometimes they produce a lunch from the recesses of their bags, but they never seem to grow thirsty. Regardless of the crowd, they eat sitting in the chair they took when they arrived and which they do not quit until the last race is run.

Going to the races is a business with these women. They make it their business, and whether they realize a profit from it or not, they alone know. They are not communicative. Other women may pick up acquaintances, but the real sporting woman will not. She is too busy or too indifferent.

The third kind of woman is well-dressed and well-behaved. She goes with father, brother or husband. She usually occupies a box way up near the roof of the stand, where it is always hot and uncomfortable, although exclusive.

She may bet, but she does it languidly. Some friend tells her what horse to bet on and she depends entirely upon his judgment, and she has always depended on some one, father, brother or husband, to provide her with a living.

If she wins she takes it as a matter of course, as she takes her living; if she loses she wonders why she was so very stupid as to bet on the wrong horse. But the loss does not move her. She did not earn the money that was put up, and she will not feel its loss.

Between the races she chats with her friends who come along. She is lively then, but she does look bored when the horses are running. She may look at them as they draw near the line, but she never by any chance watches them from start to finish.

When she is thirsty she has something served to her in her box, and if she is hungry she goes down to the tables at the end of the stand nearest the club-house.

Before the racing began I went with an acquaintance down to the betting-ring.

I was interested in the betting-ring mainly because it resembles the polls—women are excluded.

All the men go down into the ring to bet; the women bet by proxy.

I was the only woman in the ring, but the men did not seem to "shy" at the sight of my petticoats. Mostly they were too engrossed with their own affairs to notice me, but those who did were not rude or offensive. Not a single man made an audible remark which is worthy of note, considering that I was in the midst of all sorts and conditions of men.

The betting-ring proved to be an incomplete semi-circle. Upon high platforms stood the bookmakers, usually in their shirt-sleeves, with a tin box containing money and tickets beside them. On a small blackboard was posted the odds they offered on the different horses in the race. The odds offered by the different bookmakers did not tally. Sometimes there was considerable difference between them.

I wanted to make a bet myself, just to see if I could, but my escort seemed to fear the unusualness of it would attract comment, so I had to forego the experience.

Here is a brilliant opportunity for some woman desirous of being talked about to protest against the exclusion of women, and to insist upon their admission to the betting-ring.

Men in the betting-ring are much quieter and more orderly than the brokers on the floor of the Stock Exchange.

As it drew near the time for the first race I went to my box. Four squads of men, five to a gang, were sprinkling the track with long hose. A blackboard in front of the judges' stand, containing the scratches and changes in weights, was surrounded by men, and loud-voiced half-growns were moving in and around them shouting, "Programmes-of-the-races-programmes!"

Then a gang of messenger boys in uniform marched two by two from somewhere beneath the grand-stand to the betting-ring. The band upon the lawn played Sousa's "Washington Post March," and by the time it had finished the messenger boys had been turned loose and were swarming over the grand-stand.

One came in to me, and I didn't feel like saying I would not bet, so I glanced at the numbers of the horses and the names of the jockeys, which had just been swung up across the track.

I did not know one horse from the other, but I had noticed a picture of Taral in some publication at a news-stand on my way out, so I thought I would make a bet on him, not the horse. I didn't bet hundreds. Not a bit of it. I did not even bet tens. I bet just like a woman, although I felt that I could not lose—I bet $2!

The messenger took the money and gave me a yellow ticket, which gave his number. On it he wrote the amount of cash I gave him and the amount I wished to bet.

He returned shortly with a ticket and my change. I was just thinking that messengers were a great convenience for women bettors when I bethought me that, perhaps, there was some charge.

"What do I pay you?" I asked the boy.

"Ten cents for placing the bet," he answered, "and 25 cents when I cash a ticket."

"You must make a good deal during the day," I suggested.

"The charges don't go to us, lady; they all go to the company," he replied. "We only get what people give us in tips."

A man stepped out upon the judges' stand and blew upon a cornet. Then the horses, with their doubled-up jockeys, not sitting in their saddles, but standing on their stirrups, and worse bent over than a crack wheelman, came stringing out and down to the place from which they were to start.

"Since you believe in luck," observed my escort as he returned at this moment, "tell me before the race which horses will win."

"Taral will win and Simms will be second," I said. "I don't know anything about the horses, but I know that."

The race was upon the turf, and a very pretty race it was. As I had bet upon Taral, I watched him all the way, and felt very I-told-you-so proud but not surprised when he won and Simms came in just back of him.

"Well, you hit it right," my escort said, in tones of surprise, and then I did wish I had believed more in my own foresight and had "plunged."

It's one of the nasty feelings one has afterwards when one has not the courage to back an intuition. The boy came back for the ticket to cash it, and when this was done I fearlessly made a second bet. In blindness and ignorance I had picked out two winners in the first

(Continued in Last Column.)

WOOING THE MODERN MAID.

HOW THE SUPREMELY UP-TO-DATE GIRL MUST BE WON IN THESE TIMES.

SCENE.—A pretty lovers' nook overlooking the sea at Newport. Miss Gladys de Bullion is being approached upon a very tender matter by Mr. Reginald van Giesen. A glorious summer afternoon with all auspicious accessories to a successful conquest of Cupid.

Miss DE BULLION (*with chilling sang-froid*): But, my dear Mr. van Giesen, what—er—makes you think you really love me?

REGGY (*his heart on fire with passion*): What makes me think so, Gladys? The gods witness! You are the light of my life—aye, my all in all —

GLADYS: Tut! tut! That's too much like Mrs. Alexander and Rhoda Broughton. That sort of a hero is dead and gone. You can't win the *fin de siecle* girl with any such eloquent hyperbole as that. Now then, let's begin all over again. What makes you think you love me so much?

REGGY (*half angered, yet drawing closer with emotion*): You are cruel, my blessed little woman. Why do you ask that? A creature so fair and pure—

GLADYS (*tapping him gently with her lace fan*): Careful now. That's Fielding. Amelia liked to be talked to in that way, but not so the modern maiden, I assure you. Do be logical and considerate, my friend.

REGGY (*flushed and despairing*): But, how shall I express my heart? There are no words in the sweet vocabulary of love adequate to reveal—

GLADYS: There you go again! "The Duchess" this time, and very bad diction, at that. My dear Mr. van Giesen, do be consistent. This is the nineteenth century, not the sixteenth.

REGGY (*overwhelmed with conflicting emotions*): But—but I l-l-love you! (*Snatches up her glove and kisses it devotionally.*)

GLADYS: Bah! That's Amelie Rives—deader than Smollett or Hugo. People nowadays haven't kisses to throw away on photographs, gloves and cigar-stumps. This is the age of consistency—of realism and practical evolution. Do be reasonable; because you—er (*with tender encouragement*)—you really seem to possess admirable qualities of tact and diplomacy—in other matters. Now, tell me soberly and calmly—what makes you think you love me?

REGGY (*drawing a deep and terrible sigh*): Gladys! God has not gifted me—

GLADYS: Oh, yes; I remember that passage. That's Jane Austen, pure and unadulterated. Very good on paper, you know, and all very nice—for our late great-grandmothers. But Newport in 1894 is so very different, you see. The times have changed. These outbursts of stage passion are so wearying in real life—so headachy, you know. I certainly admire you—or have, because of your many practical qualities; but pray exercise your usual discretion. Tell me calmly now, why do you love me?

REGGY (*leaping back, white with rage*): I don't!!!

GLADYS (*not the least disturbed*): There! That's something like it. That's *fin de siecle*. There's a chance now to do something heroic. Oh, don't run away from me like that. Come back here and sit down. That's not polite; and courtesy is not a dead letter, even if the old-style, headlong, rampant lover is. Now then, what were you remarking about love?

REGGY (*gritting his teeth*): Nothing. It's a confounded bore!

GLADYS (*looking intensely relieved and hopeful*): Delightful! Ibsen to the marrow. Thank you so much. At last we begin to understand each other. Let's proceed. I believe you said something about—er—marriage.

REGGY (*savagely*): I did; but I take it all back. It's a mockery and a farce. The very thought gives me a sickening revulsion!

GLADYS (*critically*): Um! fair to middling; but bad diction. You are getting on, however, thanks to my careful coaching. You see, my dear Mr. van Giesen, we modern girls must be approached. To be approached we must be interested; to be interested we must be stirred. You have interested me for some time; now you begin to stir me. This last sensation is much more delicious than love, I am sure—that is, what I imagine love must feel like. Love is all right, you know—that is, for shop-people and playwrights; but it would be shockingly de trop in any of the real Newport set, you see. Your income is sufficient to support an ambitious society matron, I suppose?

REGGY (*mad all through*): Certainly. How else do you suppose I would dare propose to you?

GLADYS: A good point, and logically played. You're getting on rapidly. I didn't especially care, for I have enough income for two in any event, but I like understandings. Now, let's proceed. You have taken this step after long and mature deliberation, I hope.

REGGY (*frigidly*): Very naturally.

GLADYS: Thanks. Don't get exasperated; it makes wrinkles and—er—gossip. Cultivate an even temper and live down—though even rage is preferable to sentiment, I assure you.

REGGY (*mournfully*): And cannot a person enjoy sentiment nowadays?

GLADYS: Oh, persons, yes; persons can enjoy anything—Coney Island, Cook's Tours and Ollie Teall's hot tamales—but nobody who aspires to be anything more than a mere "person." Now, let's go on. You have a town house as well as this Newport villa, I believe?

REGGY (*with a bored air*): Ye-es.

GLADYS: That's pleasant. I have one in West End, London, as well as a deer park in the Highlands, you know. We could get along very well socially with these, I am sure. Now as to encumbrances.

REGGY (*scornfully*): What do you mean—debts?

GLADYS: Dear, no! I could attend to all trifling things of that kind. I mean—er—sisters, cousins and aunts who would be forever compelling us to push them into English society and our own because of the relationship.

REGGY (*annoyed but resumed*): None.

GLADYS: Excellent. By the way, some malicious person rumored it about that you read poetry a good deal. Is that true?

REGGY (*viciously*): No! I write it.

GLADYS: That's better. It's so much easier to suppress a solitary habit. I—er—understand that you sing, too. Is that a libel, too?

REGGY (*doggedly*): No; I do sing—tenor.

GLADYS (*with a sigh*): Hopeless—no. Let me see. The English climate will correct all that. Any objection to a blond maid?

REGGY: I hate 'em!

GLADYS: So much the better. That will avoid gossip. Any small vices?

REGGY (*promptly*): No; they are all large.

GLADYS: That's right. I couldn't trust myself with a man who did anything half way. Well, taking it all in all, Mr. Van Giesen, I think you a very desirable *parti*. I'll accept you.

REGGY (*wickedly*): Thanks!

GLADYS: You may kiss me—once, on my forehead, if you'll promise not to disarrange my hair. (*Reggy responds coldly, kissing her as an hypnotized.*) Do you love me now, Reggy?

REGGY (*with emotion*): I did once.

GLADYS: That's infinitely better. I'll forgive you that once; but please don't let it happen again—that is, the expression of it. And the ring?

REGGY: Here it is. (*He slips it perfunctorily upon her finger.*)

GLADYS: Thank you, Reggy. . . . Bless me! Here come the De Peysters, the Jacklyns and the Van Rensselaers. Please don't sit so close. They will certainly accuse us of flirting; and that's so vulgar, you know.

REGGY (*injuredly*): Accuse us of flirting! What do you call it, pray?

GLADYS: Oh—er—merely coming to an understanding, that's all. Good afternoon, ladies! (*Brushes a fly with the hand from which the magnificent jewel shines and flashes out the tidings, whereupon the whole bevy of women pounce down upon the bride-to-be with congratulations, smothered in kisses. Ten minutes of effusive demonstrations, during which Reggy, quite ignored and crestfallen, separates himself from the group.*)

GLADYS (*joining her fiance again*): Beg pardon, Reggy. Those were woman's privileges you know.

REGGY (*scornfully*): Those kisses and hugs, eh? Too bad they aren't a *fiance's*.

GLADYS: Pooh! The *fiance* is forgotten these times. To notice him would be too back-number for anything. Good-by, Reggy. I must dress for the Casino ball now. You are looking delightfully gloomy—for all the world like some royal noble married off to please the diplomats, and, too, to the one woman of all the world he hates. That's right; that's modern and distinguished. Cultivate it still more if you can. Good-by.

REGGY (*taking the outstretched hand as a drowning man would grasp a straw, his heart beating fast with amorous worship*): Gladys! For God's sake, what's the meaning of all this damnation rot? It's driving me insane. I can't stand it; so help me heaven, I can't. Gladys, tell me that you love me—just once—please, please—

GLADYS: There! There! Don't be stupid. Let go my hand! I've promised to marry you, haven't I?

REGGY (*seized with a horrible misgiving*): Gladys, you love another!

GLADYS (*shrinking scornfully*): Shocking. I consider that an insult. I assure you that if I ever do commit such a folly with any one it will be only with my husband. (*Chillingly*) Good-day, Mr. Van Giesen!

(*Poor Van Giesen watches the beautiful wonder [illegible] as she disappears down the avenue of [illegible], then goes off to the club, sits down in one corner, back to a [illegible], and orders [illegible].*)

ADAMS & CO.

Although supremely successful during the past year in securing exceptional values for our patrons, we did not expect that we could offer Summer Goods at anything like the extremely low prices we are showing them at.

We direct the attention of our out-of-town patrons to the fact that we have made special arrangements for the prompt and careful filling of mail orders for Summer Goods. Anything selected from our advertisements, if the order amounts to Five Dollars or upward, will be forwarded Free of Charge to any part of the United States. No goods sent C. O. D. Remittances should be by registered letter or money order.

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A GREAT SPECIAL SALE OF SILKS.

200 pieces of India Silks in dots, figures and plain colors. These will be found very desirable and a superior cloth, and have been sold previous to this sale at 39c. This lot will be.......... **.19**

Another great lot of Printed India Silks in a large variety of choice designs in sprays, figures, dots and stripes, a splendid quality of double-warp silk fabrics in light or dark grounds; former price 75c.; the lot will be.......... **.29**

Taffeta Silks in beautiful combinations in neat woven designs, Check Taffeta and Peau de Soie in a great variety of stylish designs; all of these Silks were sold previous to this sale from 75c. to $1.00; the lot will be.......... **.48**

23-inch Colored Surah, a splendid double-warp quality, in a great variety of this season's newest shades, in colors that will be found very desirable for street or evening costumes; this quality of Surah has always been sold at 59c.; this lot will be.......... **.25**

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Black Broche Silk Mesh Grenadines, Black Brocaded India in a complete assortment of floral and figured designs. We have only a limited quantity of these fashionable silks, actual value 69c. This lot will be.......... **.39**

Another great offering is a rich, heavy, triple chain Black Surah Silk, also a splendid quality of Corded Silk Muscovite, in a rich shade of black, splendid grades of imported silk fabrics; their actual value 85c.; the lot will be.......... **.49**

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100 pieces Natural Shantong Pongee, a bright silky cloth, in full dress lengths, worth now $6.00; special price.......... **3.98**

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MEN'S HOT-WEATHER GOODS.

Men's Furnishing Department—1st Floor.

Surprising values in Men's hot weather Coats and Vests. Fit, finish and quality are equal to custom work. People wonder how we can sell at such prices, for we guarantee them all tailor made.

Men's White Duck Pants, that are sold by clothing stores at $1.50, no mail orders filled from this lot; our price.......... **.99**

Men's Black Alpaca Coats, tailor-made, that are sold at clothing stores at $1.50; our price.......... **1.13**

Men's Navy Blue or Black Flannel Coats, tailor-made; the fit and finish are the best sold by clothing stores at $4.50; our price.......... **2.49**

Men's superior quality of Serge Skeleton Coats, double stitched, tailor-made and finished in the best possible manner. We guarantee a perfect fit. Sold by clothing stores at $6.00; our price.......... **3.98**

Men's Flannel Coats and Vests, in blue or black, tailor-made, excellent appearance and perfect fitting. Sold by clothing stores at $6.50; our price.......... **3.95**

Men's Cheviot Coats and Vests, in light effects, very neat patterns, tailor-made. Sold by clothing stores at $8.00; our price.......... **3.48**

Men's superior quality of Wool Serge Coats and Vests, tailor-made, double stitched, perfect fitting, and finished equally as well as those sold by clothing stores at $7.98; our price.......... **5.98**

MEN'S UNDERWEAR.

Men's Balbriggan Shirts in Ecru, Tan, Blue and Golden Brown, both long and short sleeves, a great many are silk catstitched at neck and finished with pearl buttons; they are in medium sizes only, and are usually sold at 39c. and 50c.; we have drawers in Ecru Balbriggan to match; no mail orders filled from this lot, at.......... **.25**

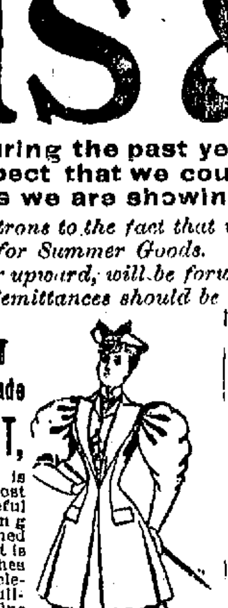
Men's super-weight Camel's Hair Shirts, golden tan and old rose two-thread goods, made and finished in the best possible manner. Drawers to match; this identical quality has been sold at $1.00, at.......... **.59**

Men's super-weight Camel's Hair Shirts, excellent quality. Drawers to match; this is a regular 89c. quality, at.......... **.69**

Men's Lisle Thread Shirts, in golden brown or Russian blue, beautiful colors and handsomely finished. Drawers to match, sold everywhere at $1.25; our price.......... **.79**

THE NEW

FROCK COAT Ladies' Tailor-Made OUTING SUIT,



With coat back, is one of the most stylish and graceful Ladies' Outing Dresses designed this season. Coat is cut 36 or 40 inches long and is skeleton, silk lined, full-gored skirt of fine imported storm serge; an extraordinary bargain.

10.50

Ladies' tailor-made Outing Suit of English Duck at the marvelously low price of.......... **1.29** is made with full gored skirt and Tuxedo Jacket, large Empire sleeves and wide pointed revers, and is shown in an immense variety of pretty patterns in an excellent quality of duck

Ladies' Duck Suits, in Tuxedo and all the other styles of ripple back jackets, with full gored skirts, large Empire sleeves and wide pointed revers, in an immense variety of the prettiest styles of English duck, at 1.29, 1.69, 1.98, 2.48 and.......... **2.98**

Fine tailor-made Ladies' Outing Suit of fine storm serge, made with cutaway coat—coat back, faced with silk—full gored skirt, large Empire sleeves and with wide revers; a special bargain at.......... **6.98**

In fine covert cloth.......... 7.98

LADIES' BATHING SUITS

Ladies' Bathing Suit of fine all-wool navy blue flannel, handsomely trimmed with braid, in all sizes, from 34 to 46; a special bargain at.......... **2.39**

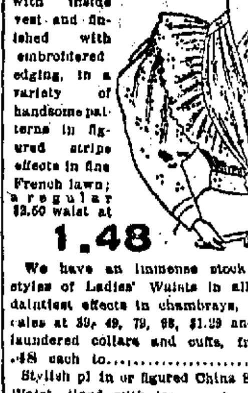
This Stylish

Ladies' Waist

of fine percale, yoke back, two rows of knife plaiting down front, laundered collars and cuffs, in handsome striped effects in blue, pink and lavender; a $1.60 waist at.......... **.98**

This Very Pretty LADIES' FRENCH

Fichu Waist,



with inside vest and finished with embroidered edging, in a variety of handsome patterns in figured stripe effects in fine French lawn; a regular $2.50 waist at **1.48**

We have an immense stock of the prettiest styles of Ladies' Waists in all the newest and daintiest effects in chambrays, cheviots and percales at 39, 49, 79, 98, $1.29 and $1.98, and with laundered collars and cuffs, from .48 each to.......... **1.98**

Stylish plain or figured China Silk Waist, lined with lawn, only.......... **1.98**

A magnificent selection of Ladies' Laundered Shirts at .98, 1.29, 1.48 and.......... **1.98**

LADIES' SUMMER VESTS.

We are showing a magnificent selection of Ladies' Vests for Summer wear, in English duck, pique fancy silk vestings and cloth, at .69, .98, 1.48, 1.98.. **2.98**

CORSET BARGAINS.

A long-waisted, perfect-fitting, ventilated Summer Corset of white netting, in all sizes, from 18 to 30, at the special price of, a pair.......... **.49**

The celebrated W. B. Ventilated Summer Corset, with Venus back, made of French linen netting, finished with silk flossing around the bottom, in all sizes, in white only, in medium and extra long waists, every pair guaranteed to equal any $2.50 imported Summer Corset for service and perfect fit; special price.......... **1.25**

MEN'S BATHING SUITS

Men's Two-Piece Jersey Bathing Suits, in navy blue and red stripes, regular price $1.50, our price.......... **.98**

Men's Worsted Two-piece Bathing Suits, in navy blue, excellent quality, usually sold at $3.50; our price.......... **1.98**

Men's Navy Blue One-piece Flannel Bathing Suits at $3.50 and.......... **2.25**

MEN'S NECKWEAR.

Men's Percale Shield Bows, just the thing for Negligee Shirts, in a large variety of patterns.......... **.12½**

100 dozen Men's Washable Four-in-Hands, in Madras, lawn and piques, very choice patterns, superior quality of goods.... **.19**

PARASOLS.

300 Ladies' Silk Coaching Parasols, in a large variety of colors and patterns and mounted with English imported natural wood handles, worth from $1.75 to $2.50, at.......... **.98**

LADIES' HOSIERY.

Ladies' Silk-Plated Hosiery, superior quality, in fact the same as sold everywhere at 70c.; our price.......... **.29**

COLORED DRESS GOODS DEP'T

ALL-WOOL regular double width BLUE STORM SERGES, in several shades of NAVY and DARK BLUE, the very thing for seaside, mountain and hack wear; also all-wool FRENCH PRINTED CHALLIES, in a beautiful assortment of designs and colorings, together with ALL-WOOL BEDFORD CORDS (cream color only), much superior to duck, and will admit of better tailor finish for coat garments—and all wool Bengaline and Tricots, in a full line of colors. We will sell every yard of these materials for just 1-3 THE ACTUAL COST PRICE. Greater value has never been offered for.......... **.19**

42-INCH SMALL ENGLISH CHECKS, smooth finish and light weight; double width NAVY BLUE SERGES, with small seed dots; two-toned Novelty Mixtures, Scotch Tweeds and a very fine quality of NAVY BLUE ENGLISH STORM SERGE, 40 INCHES WIDE; every yard of these goods for exactly half their cost price; no reserve or distinction made with any of these qualities, all to go at.......... **.29**

45-INCH fine Twill Navy-Blue Storm Serges, with white hair line stripes, in several widths apart; 54-inch Mixed Cheviots, strictly ALL WOOL, their only fault is they wear too long; splendid goods for summer outing wear; both of these lines we mention our competitors have been retailing formerly for 98c. a yard; as we invariably lead on the question of competitive prices we shall offer them at.......... **.39**

SERPENTINE CREPES for these WARM SUMMER DAYS are both seasonable, beautiful and cool; every shade that you can denominate represented, such as Heliotrope, Nile, Pink, Light Blue, Pistache, Orange, Cream and Rose, and varied designs, such as printed figures on Cream or Black grounds, usually sold everywhere FOR 17C., at.......... **.12½**

We have secured at a great reduction from former cost price these lines of Navy-Blue Worsted Hop-Sackings and Storm Serges, goods of one of the first-class manufacturers of this kind

40-inch Blue Worsted Hopsackings that will not pull, spot or wrinkle, regular price 69c., at.......... **.29**

46-inch Fine Twill Blue Storm Serges in Navy and Dark Blues, good value for 69c., at.......... **.49**

54-inch Imported English Storm Serge, in Navy and Dark Blues, never sold less than $1.00 a yard, at.......... **.59**

EXCEPTIONAL VALUES IN TRUNKS, TRAVELLING BAGS, HAMMOCKS, TENNIS RACQUETS, NETS, &c.

Flat Top Canvas-Covered Travelling Trunks, sheet-iron bottom, heavy hardwood slats, malleable iron corners, best brass lock,

sizes	28	30	32	34	36
	3.25	3.50	3.75	3.98	4.49

Mexican Grass Hammocks, braided edge full size, at, each.......... **.59**

Mexican Grass Hammocks, full size, braided edge complete, with spreaders. **.75**

Best Woven Hammocks, full size, each.......... **.98**

Cotton Woven Hammocks, full size, with pillow attachment, complete with spreaders, each.......... **1.98**

Lawn Tennis Racquets, gut strung, each.......... **.98**

Lawn Tennis Nets, full size, each.......... **.98**

Solid Sheepskin Club Travelling Bags, all sizes, from 13 to 16 inches **.98**

English Grain Leather Travelling Bags, strong japanned frames, best bag in the market for the price, sizes 10 to 16 inches, from 98c. to.......... **1.98**

GLOVES.

Ladies' 4-button Mousquetaire Chamois Gloves, in white, the same quality that is sold everywhere at 70c.; our price.......... **.61**

Men's Negligee Shirts.

We are offering the most astonishing values in Men's Negligee Shirts, having bought the entire stock of one of the largest manufacturers for spot cash. We are now selling the regular $1.25 and $1.50 Negligee Shirts in all the leading patterns and colors in polka dots, stripes and checks, finished in the most excellent manner, and for fit there is no better. Over 100 patterns to select from. All sizes, 14 to 17½. Your choice.. **.67**

Men's Scotch Madras and Percale Laundered Outing Shirts, some have two separate laundered collars and have cuffs attached, and the other style have the laundered collars and cuffs attached. Among this lot are some of the finest quality of goods made, shirts that have sold at $2.50, and the majority are $1.50 and $2.00 qualities, the styles are this season's latest, and the colorings are the best, and the choice of patterns is immense and very chic.

Our Price, 98c.

One lot of Men's Negligee Shirts, made from Scotch Madras or Sateen Cloth, pointed yoke, double-stitched. The patterns are choice; the colors are the best; fit, quality and finish are identically the same that is sold elsewhere at $1.00 and $1.25; our price.......... **.68**

Men's and Boys' Madras Negligee Shirts, Russian blue or white grounds, with neat stripes and checks, made with a yoke, cut full and finished equal to any 75c. shirts, at.......... **.49**

Men's extra size Negligee Shirts, made from a superior quality of French Botany Flannel, very neat patterns, double stitched throughout, sizes 18, 19, 20; sold everywhere at $2, at.......... **1.50**

MEN'S NIGHTSHIRTS.

Men's Wamsutta Muslin Nightshirts, 53 inches long, double stitched and finished in the best manner, sizes 14 to 18, sold everywhere at 75c., our price.......... **.59**

SHOES.

Ladies' fine Kid hand-made Oxford Ties, on commonsense and pointed toe lasts, with patent leather tips, sizes 2½ to 8½, regular $1.75 goods, at.......... **.79**

6TH AVENUE, 21ST TO 22D STREET.

B. ALTMAN & CO

18th St., 19th St. and Sixth Ave.

Monday, July 9.

Ladies' House Wrappers

Gingham and Lawn, **$1.75**

Percale, **$1.25**

Colored Cambric, **75c.**

(Continued from Second Column.)

race, and I could see no reason why I couldn't do so again.

I thought I would back Taral again, and I did, to my grief. My confidence in luck vanished when Agitator—the horse he rode—came trailing up to the post.

I had heard about getting up and walking around a table to change one's ill-luck at cards, so I decided to get up and walk around to change my luck. I went down below where seats are free, and became interested again in the crowd.

I saw two women in deep mourning betting, and near them were two priests who apparently could enjoy a horse-race. Beyond them was a woman nursing a baby in long clothes, and before her sat a big, coarse creature with a costly gown, enormous diamonds and a purple nose. She hailed, and was hailed by a fat star-gazer, a familiar and homely figure.

"Hello!" she cried loudly and friendly and smilingly.

"Hello!" he returned cordially. "Have you come out to lose your money?"

An unoasy person was a newspaper man, a man who is known as a newspaper man from less work and poorer work than anybody connected with the profession.

He is always trying to make himself seen, known and talked about, and cultivates a strange, wild growth of facial ornament that Indians pluck out by the roots. This man had a dozen or more copies of a journal containing a contribution signed by him. He slyly moved from place to place, leaving behind him each time a copy of the journal.

Changing around I found did not alter the fate that pursued me. I lost regularly on every other race, with one exception, and that was Sir Walter.

His owner, Dr. Knapp, sat in a box adjoining mine. I was told that he had bet $10,000 on his horse, so I thought I would go in on the same one. I did so, and then watched Dr. Knapp instead of the horse during the race.

His bronzed and bearded face never moved a muscle from start to finish, although he watched carefully through field-glasses every move of the horse.

When the horses came near the line there was a drawn look for an instant around Dr. Knapp's brown eyes, but it faded away and was replaced by smiles as everybody around began to yell with delight, stopping when it was over to grasp the doctor by the hand in hearty congratulation.

The last race—the steeplechase—was the prettiest race of all. The crowd seemed to warm up to it as crowds warm up to a bull-fight, and no more attention was paid to the two riders who took tumbles than is paid to injured bull-fighters.

The moment it was over there was a great rush for the trains, very few persons seeming to have any tickets to cash. Everybody gathered upon the platform and tracks to wait for the trains. They seemed slow in coming, and everybody looked tired and the women looked cross.

I had a headache, and I looked at the crumpled finery of some of the women and wondered how I could have thought it looked gay earlier in the day. It seemed all at once to have grown gaudy and shoddy.

Once the railroad authorities did not deign to call out the different trains, and the racing people took any one and left the result to chance. Now, tickets for one way are not good to return by the other, and the brakemen call out the name of the trains.

But people do not wait for this information. They run away up the track and board the moving train and grab seats, and then when the destination is called out, they jump off again if it is not the right one.

Women are either unnaturally loud on the way home or sullenly silent. Almost all of them have headaches and wonder why they came. Men smoke and chew tobacco and swear and talk horse. To hear them, not one of them lost, and they all knew it all.

The worst managed important railroad in the world gets the passengers in at their convenience, but on no scheduled time.

And then I landed in town and was too sick to eat my dinner, and wondered why on earth I thought I knew more than bookmakers and horse-owners, and why I went out there and lost my money and sunburnt my nose and got a headache.

I don't want to go again, and, I believe, there are only the two kinds of women who do.

NELLIE BLY.

An Englishman's Breakfast.

(Correspondence of Harper's Bazar.)

The usual English breakfast consists of tea or coffee, bread, boiled eggs, cold meats, and jams of several kinds. Jams and preserves are a distinctive feature of breakfast over here, and are eaten with bread as a second course. The English are inclined to laugh at us for what they call our breakfast dinner, our beefsteak and fried potatoes, and other hearty things; but I think we can return the laugh when we often find them mastering five meals a day of a very light character, for some of them still sit down to table at "tea-time" to quite a solid meal of preserves, cake, toast, cold meat or sausages, even though dinner is no very distant future, and supper is often in order before one goes to bed with more tea [illegible] and preserves.

There is never a time when tea is not on tap. One [illegible] in England, and it is [illegible] in this climate [illegible].