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NEW YORK, SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 25, 1894.

HOW A BOWERY TRAMP GOT INTO SOCIETY.

Nellie Bly Has a Talk with Mr. John Garvey, the Knight of the Road Who Slept in Mr. Astor's Bed.

A MYSTERY AS TO WHAT HE WAS DOING THERE.

John Jacob Astor Believes that There Was Some Scheme of Burglary on Hand and He Means to Find Out About It---Garvey's Pedigree.

NO MILLIONAIRE ever gained such a unique addition to his vast possessions as did John Jacob Astor a few days ago.

People have talked about the Astor millions, the Astor real estate, the Astor Mansions, the Astor diamonds, the Astor receptions, and now they are talking about the Astor tramp.

The Astor tramp, so far as the Astors are concerned, is not a desirable possession. He is not a curio for which they sought, but having once possessed him they are anxious to put him where they know he'll be safe.

So far as the public can understand, the case is a peculiar one, and one of unsolved mystery.

A man with the appearance of a tramp, and said to be unknown to the household domestics, was found asleep, or pretending to be, in a servant's room at 11 o'clock a week ago last Friday night. The door was locked, and had to be forced, but the tramp slept, or pretended to, through the whole affair.

He quietly submits to arrest, and goes without protest to the station-house; from there to the court early the next morning, where the officer charges him with disorderly conduct, to which he pleads guilty and is fined $5 by the Judge. The tramp being penniless cannot pay his fine, but it is promptly paid by some unknown person through a law firm, and—the Astor tramp goes free!

But the Astors are not satisfied with the proceedings any more than a poor family whose home had been invaded by a tramp would have been. They had sent a servant over to the station-house the next morning to appear against the tramp only to find the officer had already taken the invader to court.

Thither the servant hurried only to find the case had been heard and the fine imposed without a member of the Astor household being called to confirm or deny the charge.

HE COULDN'T KEEP AWAY.

As the night of his arrest was not the first time the tramp had been caught in the Astor house, gaining entrance by means known only to himself, nor the sixth, seventh or eighth time he had been seen loitering around and watching the house, the Astors were nervous, just as poor people would have been, and they felt anxious to know the tramp's motives, or to put him where he could do no harm. So they swear out a warrant, institute a search, and the tramp, found in a Bowery lodging-house, is taken back to Jefferson Market.

What did the tramp want? That is the question of the hour. All sorts of theories have been advanced, but they are all guesswork.

It has been suggested that the man was hired to gain some family secrets or important papers. Another theory is that the tramp is a thief working alone, with a servant or another thief, and managed to get into the house and hide himself in bed to wait until everybody was asleep, when he could undisturbed rob the house, either alone or by letting in confederates. Taking off his clothes and going to bed was merely a clever plan, so that he would look less like hiding and could give some trifling excuse for his presence. Another theory is that the man was hired by a dime museum to do the act.

Really, the whole thing is a very great mystery.

I had some curiosity to see the Astor tramp, so I went to Jefferson Market Court and confided my wish to Justice Hogan. The Justice expressed himself very plainly on the subject.

"The longer I am on the bench the more pity I have for the poor and unfortunate," he said, "but because I pity the poor is no reason why I should be unjust to the rich. Because John Jacob Astor has millions is no reason for freeing this man. He had entered the Astor house not once, but twice. He had been put out by the butler once before, and had made them all anxious for days by hanging about the entrances. Not only that, but the officer who made the arrest had no right to prefer the charge. Some member of the Astor household should have been called to do that, and others should have been called as witnesses. You will find that there is more in this case than appears on the face of it."

NELLIE BLY SEES THE TRAMP.

I waited in the Judge's private room until court was over and everybody gone. Then Justice Hogan's clerk brought the tramp in.

He seemed a little, undersized fellow, scarcely five feet five, and as he entered the room he looked at me furtively, as if wondering what was coming now. The clerk told him to sit down and he did so, taking the chair farthest from me.

I was sitting before a flat-top desk in the middle of the room. It was dark and two gas jets had been lighted, but "the tramp," sitting almost on one hip, with one leg crossed over the other, succeeded in keeping his face in the shadow.

"Would you mind sitting here by the desk, so I can see your face?" I asked.

"Certainly not," he answered promptly, and lifting his chair he placed it where I indicated.

I looked him over carefully. He did not resemble the tough-looking "bum," as they call them, that I had been led to believe, nor was he like the highly imaginative pictures of him in the newspapers.

He was, as I have said, an undersized man, of medium build, being neither fat nor thin, rather like a man who always had enough to eat and who worked a certain number of hours a day.

There is not the slightest trace of dissipation upon his face. A close observer would say the man does not drink, unless perhaps a glass of beer occasionally on a warm day.

His hair is brown, and had been cut not later than two weeks ago. It was, of course, uncombed, but then it was not like a tramp's hair, trimmed at the edges or, at best, cut in uneven steps.

He wore a beard and mustache. The beard looked as if it had been worn closely trimmed, but had been neglected for—say a week. The beard was reddish in color. The man's eyes are hazel in color. They are large, clear, bright and intelligent. I mean by that the eyes show the man is no fool, as has been said, some asserting that he is a simpleton. His face was dirty, but I could see that naturally it was a healthy and clear white. The mouth is hidden by his mustache, but a man who examined it says the tramp's teeth are filled with gold.

I asked him to let me see his hand, and he laid it upon the desk. It was plump and did not look as if it had ever done any hard labor, being rather soft-palmed.

He wore a blue shirt, such as men wore in the summer. It was filthy dirty about the collar, was unstarched, but perfectly whole, which is rather a remarkable shirt for a tramp. Their shirts are always frayed about the collar. The man also wore a blue satin four-in-hand, soiled, but it had been a good one not so very long ago.

His suit was poor and thin. The coat was whole, but the trousers were torn.

I noticed his shoes particularly. They were small, fitted perfectly and, though unshined, were thoroughly good. They were laced carefully and the laces were unbroken. Another strange thing for a tramp.

He held his hat, a soft alpine, in his hand. It was brown, quite greasy inside and bore no firm's name.

If brevity is wit, then the Astor tramp is the soul of wit. He never refused to reply, but his answers were as short as he could make them and as cautious.

"What is your name?" I asked, and he replied promptly:

"John Garvey."

"The newspapers call you Garvin," I said.

"That's a mistake," he said.

I asked him to spell it; he did so.

"Can you read and write?" I asked.

"I can," he answered quietly.

"Will you kindly write your name for me?"

"Certainly," and, taking my pen, he promptly and easily wrote his name upon my paper.

It was not a labored effort, or the writing of a man who only handled a pen once a year, but more of a man who writes almost daily.

"Where were you born?"

"Ireland."

"And yet you speak more like an Englishman," I observed.

"Do you think so?" he asked, and smiled as if amused.

His brogue for a little while after was decided, but before the interview was over it was forgotten and unnoticed.

"Where were you born in Ireland?"

"North."

"Will you spell the name of the place for me?"

"Dungelnon."

"How long have you been in America?"

"Six years."

"Any relatives?"

"None here."

"Parents in Ireland?"

"Father."

"Where's your mother?"

"Dead."

"Any brothers and sisters?"

"I don't know."

"Why?"

"They may be all dead."

"How many had you?"

"One brother and three or four sisters."

"Don't you know which; three or four?"

"No; some or all may be dead."

"What was your father and mother's names?"

"Patrick and Mary Garvey."

"Your brother's?"

"Patrick."

"Your sisters'?"

"Mary, Susan and Katherine."

"You said you had four," I reminded him.

"Did I? I was mistaken. I have only three."

A VOTER, BUT DOESN'T VOTE.

"Are you naturalized?"

"Yes."

"How long since?"

"I've forgot."

"Where did you get your papers?"

"At City Hall."

"What Judge?"

"I've forgot."

"Where are your papers?"

"I don't know."

I asked him where he bought his shoes, hat and suit. He said he had forgotten.

"Are you a Republican or a Democrat?"

"I don't see what that has to do with this," he answered evasively.

"Ever voted?" I persisted.

"No," he said shortly, but without ill humor.

"Have you ever worked?"

"Yes."

"What did you do in Ireland?"

"Tended bar."

"Ever drink?"

"No."

"Smoke?"

"Yes; some."

"What did you work at in America?"

"Grocery."

"Where?"

"No. 381 Grove street."

"In Jersey City?"

"Yes."

WORKED IN A SHOOTING GALLERY.

"How long since?"

"I've forgotten."

"Where else did you work?"

"No. 103 Bowery."

"At what?"

"Shooting gallery."

"How much were you paid?"

"I worked on shares."

"How long is it since you worked anywhere?"

"I dunno."

"Are you a Catholic?" I asked, and he looked at me keenly for a few moments before he replied that he was. I asked where he had attended church, and he said in Sixteenth street—the name of the church he had forgotten.

"Have you confessed lately?" I inquired.

"No," he answered, and a smile shot across his face as he looked at me wonderingly.

"Would you tell a lie?" I asked.

"Yes," he said, promptly and frankly.

"Then you'd better go to confession at once," I added.

"It's no harm to lie," he asserted, calmly, still smiling, and that is the only voluntary remark he made during the interview.

FIRST VISIT TO THE HOUSE.

"When did you first go to the Astor house?" I asked.

"I think I went in first on the 4th."

"Of November?"

"Yes; oh, now I forget. I don't know. I was in once."

"What did you go for?"

"To ask for something to eat."

"What door did you enter?"

"Thirty-fourth street."

"Then you knew there were two entrances?"

"Yes."

"How?"

"I was walking about there."

"For what purpose?"

"Just to take a walk."

"Do you think tramps who live on the Bowery usually go in that locality to walk?"

"I dunno."

"How did you get in the first time?"

"The door was ajar and I pushed it open."

"Whom did you see?"

"The butler and two women."

"What did you say to them?"

"I asked for something to eat."

"Did you get it?"

"No; they said they had nothing."

"What did you do then?"

"Walked out."

"Didn't the butler put you out?"

"No."

"Didn't he once find you sneaking through the hall?"

"No."

THE SECOND VISIT.

"Then, if you got nothing to eat, why did you go back a second time?"

"Why, that's nothing!" he exclaimed quickly.

"It looks like a great deal. You lived on the Bowery, you say, and you go up to Fifth avenue and Thirty-fourth street to take a walk. You ask at Astor's for something to eat and are refused. Then, some days later, although it is several miles from the Bowery, and there are several hundred thousand houses in New York, you go back to the same house where you were once refused, for what?"

He looked up and a nervous smile twitched his cheeks.

"To take a sleep," he answered.

"Where did you sleep the night previous?"

"No. 96 Bowery."

"You'd been sleeping there for some time, I believe. Why, then, did you go to Astor's for a bed?"

"I dunno."

"What time in the evening was it?"

"Six o'clock."

"What were you doing up there; looking for work?"

"No; taking a walk."

"Then, why did you go into Astor's?"

"I heard some men who were working in the streets say to go in there and take a sleep."

IS HE CRAZY?

I looked at him a moment after he made this ridiculous assertion. I wondered if, finding himself in the clutches of the law, he meant to play crazy.

He agreed very quickly to my examining his eyes. The iris contracted and dilated readily to the light and dark.

"Any of your family ever been insane?" I demanded.

"No," he replied, questioningly.

"Have you ever heard voices before?"

"No."

"Did you know the men who were working in the street?"

"No."

"Did they speak your name and say 'John Garvey, go in there and sleep?'"

"No; just said go in and sleep."

"You're not crazy and you're not a simpleton, as some have suggested?" I asked him.

"Why, who says so?" he demanded, with a show of interest.

"Your lawyers said you were a simpleton, half idiot," I told him.

"I have no lawyers," he asserted promptly and decidedly.

"Well, the lawyers some unknown person has retained in your behalf," I corrected myself. "But to go back to the story. You were walking along Thirty-fourth street about 6 o'clock in the evening and you saw a door ajar, and, pushing it open, you walked into the house. Was there any one inside?"

JUST WALKED UPSTAIRS.

"Yes, a servant girl stood in the kitchen."

"Did she see you?"

"Yes, she looked straight at me."

"What did she say to you?"

"Nothing."

"How was she dressed?"

"In dark clothes."

"Wore an apron?"

"No."

"What was the color of her hair?"

"I did not notice."

"Then what did you do next?"

"I walked past her and opened a glass door on the other side of the kitchen and walked up the servants' stairs to the top floor."

"Why did you go to the top floor?"

"I dunno."

"What did you do when you got up to the top?"

"I saw a door open and I went in to bed."

"Weren't you hungry at 6 in the evening?"

"No; I had just eaten in a restaurant."

"Where?"

"I've forgotten."

"Were you sleepy, that you went to bed at 6 in the evening?"

"No."

"Then your object in going up to the room was not because you wanted to sleep or felt sleepy?"

"I dunno," and he would give no other answer.

"Why did you lock the door?" I asked.

"I dunno."

THEN THE POLICEMAN CAME.

"Do you usually lock your room in the Bowery lodging-house?"

"No!"

"What happened next?"

"The policeman took me out about a quarter to 11."

"Why didn't you open the door when they pounded upon it, if you merely wanted to sleep, and went there with no evil purpose?"

"I dunno."

"What was your intention in going there? Did you know one of the servant girls or did you go there to steal?"

"I didn't know any servants there and nothing was found on me," was the cautious reply.

"I suppose you know things look pretty dark for you now?"

"I didn't do nothing," he asserted.

"But you were found in a man's house and can give no explanation of your conduct."

"I haven't been there since I was found," he reminded me.

"What has that to do with it?" I asked.

"My fine has been paid for that and I can't be tried again for the same thing," he said sharply.

"Who told you that?" I asked.

"No one," he replied.

John Garvey says he reads the newspapers, but he refused to accept two evening papers from me. He said there was nothing he wanted, and that he had no fear of the outcome of his case. He was perfectly easy and composed, answered all questions briefly and cautiously, but without the faintest show of impatience or displeasure. He says he was never in trouble before and so far as can be seen he has no uneasiness about this.

I pressed him for a name of some friend and he evaded, saying he hadn't seen any of his friends during the last two or three years. At last he mentioned one, a James McGrath, a cab driver for Denton's stables, Thirty-sixth street and Sixth avenue. Is it surprising that John Jacob Astor wants to know something about the Astor tramp?

NELLIE BLY.

SCENES AND CHARACTERS OF THE COMEDY OF "HOW I GOT INTO SOCIETY," BY JOHN GARVEY, THE BOWERY TRAMP.

BERNHARDT'S LATEST ROLE.

In Victorien Sardou's New Play "Gismonda," at the Renaissance.

(Special Correspondence of The World.)

PARIS, Nov. 12.—According to Parisian critics, "Gismonda" is the grandest work of Victorien Sardou, already made illustrious by "Theodora," "Fedora," "La Tosca," "Patrie," "La Haine" and "Mme. Sans Gene."

Although, in my opinion, "Gismonda" is as picturesque as "Theodora" and as dramatic as "La Haine," its wonderful success is due more to the talent of Sarah Bernhardt than to the interest of the drama. The scene is laid in the Duchy of Athens, founded by Baudouin of Flanders in the thirteenth century, but as "Gismonda" is not a historical drama. The duchy is but the picturesque framework chosen by the author.

Gismonda is widow of Nerio II., last Duke of Athens. At thirty years of age she is made Regent during the minority of her son, Francisco. She is entirely occupied with the care of Francisco, and seems not to realize that the barons, her neighbors, are all anxious to satisfy their ambition, and all aspire to her hand. Gismonda says she will only marry a man capable of defending her menaced throne. One day Gismonda allows her dear son to approach a cistern where is confined a furious tiger. Gregoras, whose duty it is to watch over the royal child, does not prevent him from falling into this cistern, and that before the eyes of his mother. In her anguish Gismonda promises to marry the one who saves her child, and a man, unknown, jumps into the tiger's den and brings the child out safe and sound. This man is Almerio, a simple falconer, who in strangling the tiger is cruelly wounded. Gismonda asks to see the savior of her child, and horified that a simple valet wishes to hold her to the promise, begs the Bishop Sophron to release her from the vow. The inflexible Bishop does not believe in perjury: "You have sworn on the cross; your wish has been granted. Only the Pope can relieve you from the vow."

Gismonda sends to Rome, and, waiting the answer, retires to the Convent of Daphne. At last the Bishop brings the answer. The Pope refuses to grant her request, and now only Almerio himself can release her from the vow.

Almerio is a servant, and the illegitimate child of [illegible]. How can she, a woman of illustrious birth, become the wife of this man? She offers him gold and honors. He refuses. The Pope, through Bishop Sophron, threatens her with excommunication if she does not fulfil her oath, and the people of Athens loudly clamor for the marriage. The convent is surrounded, and the Regent's life is in danger, when Almerio calms the populace, knocks at the convent door, enters and makes himself prisoner of Gismonda. In a cell Almerio refuses to release Gismonda; she offers him for wife Cypriella, her attendant. He refuses, but at last says: "If you only love me I give you your liberty."

His submission decides the victory. Conquered by so much love and abnegation Gismonda promises to visit Almerio, and gives him a rendezvous for the following evening. This is the culminating point of the entire piece.

When Gismonda, accompanied by her nurse, Thisbee, leaves Almerio, after the rendezvous, she perceives two men stealthily approaching. These are Zaccharia Franco, a hypocritical cousin, anxious for her hand, and Gregoras, the valet of her son.

Listening, she learns that Gregoras, in allowing the little Francisco to fall into the tiger's den, only followed the instructions of Zaccharia, who, by suppressing the child, thought himself more sure to marry the mother. Now, the accomplices propose to kill Almerio, but on the threshold of his cabin they find Gismonda, an axe in her hand. She strikes and cleaves in twain Zaccharia's head. Almerio appears, and the agony of the dying man is intensified by the sight of Gismonda in his rival's arms.

Almerio declares before the Athenians that he releases Gismonda from her vow. At this moment Zaccharia's friends announce the murder, and Almerio accuses himself of the crime. He knows that he will die by torture, but cannot allow suspicion to fall on his sovereign. Gismonda, admiring this great magnanimity, touched by this infinite love, avows all and expresses her intention of taking Almerio for husband. She leads him to the altar in the midst of the people's acclamation, and there receives the Bishop's benediction.

The decorations and costumes are magnificent. The first act represents Athens, with the Acropolis, Parthenon and principal monuments. Gismonda wears a green velvet gown and gray felt hat with white feather.

The second act takes place in the convent of Daphne, on the road to Eleusis. The third act is in a room of Gismonda's palace. M. Guitry, who plays Almerio, in this act has the triumph of his life.

Sarah Bernhardt in the third act wears a rose-colored gown, covered with embroidery. With wonderful art she and Guitry render the successive modulations of anger, pity, love. She shows her joy at the sight of a man who would, for her love, sacrifice all, and he, alternately agitated by hope and despair, decides to release Gismonda from the oath that binds her to him. The fourth act shows a ruined temple and Almerio's hut, while in the fifth act there is a most wonderful mise-en-scene.

The Basilica, on Palm Sunday, is filled with nobles admirably costumed. The colonnades support marvellous mosaics. The organ is heard and Bishop Sophron is seen in his robes of state. Gismonda in her trained gown, with a crown of flowers and palm in her hand, resembles a saint in one of the stained glass windows.

Almerio is the finest role ever played by M. Guitry. His height and his voice serve him marvellously, and his success is no less than that of Sarah Bernhardt.

Without doubt Sarah Bernhardt's creation of Gismonda is one of the grandest in her repertoire.

The minor roles are all worthy of mention. Deval plays his role of Zaccharia Franco in perfect taste, and Mme. Marthold, as Thisbee, realizes one's idea of a faithful old nurse.

Mlle. Ceylor is a charming young page and Mlle. Darley a graceful Cypriella.

To me the fault in the piece lies in its extreme improbability, for Gismonda in those days would have found it much easier to "suppress" Almerio than to marry him. However, there is no doubt that the superb scenery and perfect interpretation at the Renaissance Theatre will make "Gismonda" the greatest success of the year.

BARONESS ALTHEA SALVADOR.

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Golf Capes, all shades, this week.....$6.50

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GLOVES.

Ladies' opera-length Silk Gloves, 16-button, all new shades, value 98c., our price.....67
Ladies' English Pique Gloves, value 98c., at.....69
Ladies' fancy black Silk Mittens, value 79c., reduced for this sale.....49
Men's fine Scotch Wool Gloves, dark blue, brown and black, value 45c., our price.....25
Men's Castor wool-lined Gloves, value $1.49, reduced to.....$1.24
Children's Kid Mittens, wool-lined, value 79c., for one week.....45

SILKS.

32-inch Japanese Habutai hand-woven Silks, in a beautiful line of evening shades, actual value 75c.; special at.....39
95 pieces fancy-figured, two-toned Taffetas, rich quality; these silks are specially adapted for waists and dresses; actual value, $1.50; at.....50
48 pieces of Crystal Bengaline Silks, including all colors for street and evening wear, regular 85c. quality; special.....29
75 pieces Black Gros-Grain ground, with small figures and black figured Taffetas, 40 new designs for entire Costumes; actual value, $1.00; until Thanksgiving.....69
55 pieces All-Silk Crepons, in light evening shades, imported to sell at 50c.; special at.....27

ASTRAKHAN AND PLUSH.

52-inch Black Astrakhan, high lustre. Those are positively the greatest value ever shown; always sold at $3.98; special price.....$2.45
52-inch Seal Plush, London dye; regular $6.50 quality, at.....$2.98
32-inch Velour Du Nord; regular $3.50 quality, for this week.....$1.65

DRESS GOODS.

115 pieces 54-inch High-Class Novelties, in silk and wool mixtures and Seeded effects, regular $1.50 quality, special at.....79
85 pieces 40-inch French Novelties, in small figures and Crepon effects, in all the latest blending of Fall colors. This line is a splendid bargain, always sold at 69c., special at.....23
43 pieces 42-inch Silk and Wool Plaids, new designs and colorings, very much used at present for Ladies' waists and Children's wear, worth 85c., special at.....49
45 pieces 40-inch All-Wool Henriettas and Surah Serge, including all the new and latest colorings. All this season's goods, manufactured to sell at 65c., special at.....29

HOSIERY.

200 doz. Ladies' Fine Cotton and Lisle Thread Hose, manufacturers' samples, in colors and black. These samples are from the leading European manufacturers and are worth from 35c. to $1 per pair; at.....25
100 doz. Children's Black Cotton Hose, English Derby, ribbed and French ribbed, double soles, heel and toe; value 50c. to 75c.; at.....35
50 doz. Men's fine Cotton and Lisle Thread Half Hose, manufacturers' samples, in black only, worth from 33c. to 75c., at.....25

UMBRELLAS.

Ladies' and Gentlemen's Umbrellas, Twill Silk, fancy handles, with gold or silver mountings, value $2.50, our price.....1.39
Ladies' pure Silk Umbrellas, 26-inch, steel or cane rods, with natural wood or colored crystal handles, value $4.00, our price.....2.49
Gentlemen's Umbrellas, 28-inch, crook or club handles, with solid silver trimmings, value $4.00, our price.....2.49
Latest novelties in Umbrellas and Canes for holiday presents at special prices.

H. C. F. KOCH & CO.

Sole Agents (ABOVE 2ND ST.) of Jouvin & Cie. Kid and Suede Gloves.

NOW ON

EXHIBITION

CHRISTMAS NOVELTIES.

Exceptional and Unprecedented Values IN ALL THEIR 46 DEPARTMENTS.

SPECIAL FOR THANKSGIVING.

IN Curtain DEPT., Second Floor.

SPECIAL:

190 Pairs Irish Point Lace Curtains, were 6.50, per pair..... **4.49**
140 Pairs Point d'Esprit Curtains, were 5.00, per pair..... **3.19**
180 Pairs Swiss Tamboured Curtains, were 8.50, per pair..... **5.49**
180 Pairs Point d'Esprit Sash Curtains, were 1.75, per pair..... **1.29**

IN Linen DEPT., First Floor.

SPECIAL:

130 Extra Fine Double Satin Damask Table Cloths, border all around, at 1-3 off regular prices.

SIZES

2x2½ yards.	2x3 yards.	2x3½ yards.
$5.48	6.75	8.98

2½x3 yards.	2½x3½ yards.
$8.48	11.98

160 dozen Full Dinner Size Double Damask Napkins, regular price 5.50, per doz. **3.98**

Carpet and Rug DEPT., Third Floor.

TURKISH, ORIENTAL, PERSIAN, JAPANESE **RUGS**

AT GREATLY REDUCED PRICES.

SPECIAL:

Algerian Rugs, 30x60, were 9.98, now..... **6.75**
Dranneck Rugs, 36x63, were 12.75, now..... **8.25**
Mohair Rugs, 18x36, were 3.00, now..... **1.98**
Japanese, 3x6..... **1.48**
Japanese, 6x9..... **4.98**
Japanese, 9x12..... **8.25**

IN Glass and China DEPT., Basement.

Charles Field Haviland's Dinner, Breakfast and Tea Sets.
Leeds & Bretley's Jardinieres and Pedestals.
Crystal Cut Glass, Banquet, Piano, Table Lamps and Shades.

SPECIAL:

Rich Cut Glass Olive and Bon Bon Dishes, were 1.50..... **.74**
Rich Cut Strawberry, Diamond Cut Oil Cruets, were 1.75..... **.98**
Central Draft Banquet Lamps with 14-inch Silk Shades..... **2.98**

125TH ST., WEST, BET. LENOX & 7TH AVES.