

The World
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SPOTLETS.
The Sahara is humping itself and sneezing on a fair continent. There is such a thing as having too much "sand."

A copper digester burst and knocked smithereens out of the circumjacent men. What a bed jester it was.

John L. Sullivan wants those California clubs to combine and put up a half million and then he will "put up his dukes." John's dukes come higher than the European aristocracy.

The speaker rose and looked around, and he was startled when he found the house as full as it could be.

The Herts de Grace people are making good sales out of canvas-back ducks. Somehow it sounds only right.

A native of Africa chewed up a bulldog in a prize-fight. They cannot determine whether the African is an ape, a gorilla, a chimpanzee or an Alderman of a monkey. The dog thought he was a cyclone.

The prohibitionists are attacking the Union League Club men for their high license. They seem to think that the license of the Club is very high indeed.

A workman played with a dynamite cartridge before he got through with it, and found out that it was a super-hot cartridge. The china was perfectly recognizable.

Editor Stead has resigned from the Pall Mall Gazette. This upsets the steady management of that sheet.

The wood-ants in the daily press are not made by traps.

POLITICAL ECHOES.
Both of the United States Senators from New York were elected to President Harrison's desire for the appointment of John Wesley Jacobus as United States Marshal to succeed Gen. Martin T. McMahon, and his nomination is looked on as a matter of but a few days.

The Committee on Municipal Elections of the Republican Club, have prepared a resolution condemning fusion with Democratic factions as injurious to the Republican Party and endangering its National supremacy. This resolution will be acted on at the next meeting of the Club.

Ex-Coroner Ferdinand Edman promised one of his influential German constituents of the Tenth District, William E. Kurz, a good position in the Custom-House, and fulfilled his promise with the offer of a clerkship at \$9 per week. Kurz has organized the Progress Republican Club to wash the insult out of Edman's political blood.

The Tammany row in the Third District grows more interesting daily. It is now asserted that two primaries will be held, Register James J. Slevis will be re-elected leader in one and Police Justice Daniel O'Reilly in another, and that O'Reilly's party will be recognized as the regular party.

A large number of colored voters in the dark section of the Eleventh Assembly District, between Sixth and Seventh avenues, are complaining that they were not paid for their work in the interest of the Republican candidates at the last election. Long lines of the colored men were attractive and the confiding colored men in many instances accepted queer orders containing the name of the Republican candidate for Senator from the district.

Next Thursday evening the new Voorhis Democracy meets at the headquarters in Abington square. A great deal of interest attaches to this meeting, for it is thought possible that it may result in the selection of the Police Commissioner as the Moses to lead the Anti-Tammany Democracy to the promised land of political power and plenty.

Ex-Governor Ferdinand Walsh is talked of as a recent convert to Tammany principles. When he goes to the Wigwam it is said that ex-Mayor Cooper will be just ahead of him holding the rope.

Next Monday will have the appointment of Judge Mott's successor for the term of one year. At the next annual election a judge will be elected for the next two years.

Civil-Service laws do not hamper Internal Revenue Collector Gen. Michael Kerwin, and he is making a clean sweep of his thirty seven Democratic and Republican subordinates. He is replacing them as rapidly as possible from the list of 500 applicants which he has on file. The General has an opportunity to repay an old grudge which dates back to a quarrel which resulted in his losing a rat place in the Post-Office. One of the men whom he will discharge is Charles F. James, son of ex-Postmaster-General James, who holds a \$1,200 sinecure in his office.

LA MODE.
That most English of all English institutions, the Godeok tea-stand, has been improved by the addition of a trestle in rocco style, beautifully painted in flower clusters and symbols of the Greek.

BURY THEM.
The electric light companies tried to block off Commissioner Ginnopy yesterday on the plea that he was destroying "beautiful new wire" which the companies had just strung.

Reports from the cutters showed that the "beautiful new wire" was ugly and dangerous, and they were roundly told their taste with the unuttered but heartfelt blessing of the public on their labors.

The wires should be buried. This is an obvious necessity. Everybody feels that this is so, and yet they remain buried, and no other indication of the patience and long-suffering of the American public.

THE ONSLAUGHT OF THE SNEEZE.
There are fears that the influenza which had skipped around from court to court and country to country in Europe is coming here to wreak our poor noses. We can hardly escape the blow. All we can do is to raise our heads and sneeze, and sneeze will tell the cold intruder he worked his way upon us, and is gone. If we must sneeze, then let us sneeze like freemen.

FRANCE RUSSELL, in defiance of law, walked on to the floor of the House today in direct violation of its rules. No far from being removed he held a reception there. The heir apparent should consider respect for law an inalienable duty. Such exceptions are not Republican. Do not admit them.

A wrong, huge, placid and stolidly persistent is the Museum of Art with closed doors on Sundays. How long will a dull,

A POET'S BIRTHDAY.

John Greenleaf Whittier Eighty-two Years Old To-Day.

He is Still a Worker, Though His Sight is Failing.

A Poem for 1892 in Preparation Under His Hand.

SPECIAL TO THE EVENING WORLD.
AMHERST, MASS., Dec. 17.—John Greenleaf Whittier, the poet, is eighty-two years old to-day.

The venerable writer, though he still accomplishes quite an amount of daily work, attending personally to all his correspond-

ence, yet did not feel equal to going through the form of an elaborate birthday celebration, and last week he sent out a request that his friends should let the day pass as quietly as possible.

To escape as possible of the excitement as he might be left Okonkoi, his Danvers home, and came to his Amherst home for the day.

The soul of humanity and fond of entertaining friends, the poet yet dislikes the attentions and visits of ordinary tourist-sight-seers, who come to him in large numbers and have taken up much of his time.

Mr. Whittier is deeply interested in the affairs of the country, the State and the city.

He is writing a poem which may form a feature of the quarto-centennial exercises of 1892, the theme being Columbus's discovery of America.

The poet admits that his life has been different from that which he dreamed of in his youth, but says that it has been longer and happier than he had reason to expect.

He has never had a taste of the ordinary life of manhood. Woman is sensitive to gross bodily imperfection. The lines I have just quoted seem to me to be an unanswerable argument in favor of Mr. Mansfield's Richard of the earlier part of the play.

Mr. Richard develops. The evolution of the play is in the hands of the poet. Thirteen years later in the hall in Crown Palace, the man has lost much of his nice veneer. The cunning of desperation is upon him, though it has still a dash of Machiavellian veneer. Richard betrays himself. If the audience for a moment doubted the kind of man he was, they doubt no longer.

His scheming villainy was conspicuously displayed. The scene with the citizens was not to be mistaken. The business with the prayer-book; the ill-considered hunger for the throne that he professed to refuse, were most strikingly shown.

He did not act like a jobber in American watches, importer of diamonds and manufacturer of jewelry and badges, whose name alone is a guarantee of the excellence of the goods.

This letter is in response to one from the editor.

Mr. Richard is one of the finest of his generation. It is full-jeweled, with rubies, emeralds and pearls. The cases are made of gold, silver, and very heavy. The jewels are rubies and emeralds, diamonds, sapphires and pearls. The price will be \$400. Yours truly, A. TERRELL.

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STOLEN RHYMES.
Just Do Your Best.
The sign he had when folks commence to build, fail with few exceptions. And he looks like the fourth dent shake. Any prairie step they take. How less than his he would be. It is not to be said, and he has bars. He hangs his sign out anywhere.

My doctor is a lay aside collection and he is not to be said. Just do your best, and praise or blame. I've seen that sign that the same. I've seen that sign that the same. I've seen that sign that the same. I've seen that sign that the same.

Disappointed.
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MANSFIELD IN "RICHARD III."

When a young actor with a vast, legitimate ambition undertakes to interpret a role with a suzerain disregard for the existing influences of tradition; when he feels that the strength of his conception renders slavish adherence to the prompt-books of long ago unnecessary, I submit that he is instantly entitled to the most respectful consideration.

The Duke of Gloster, according to this plucky young American, is by no means the repulsive figure we have been accustomed to behold. He is a handsome, well-proportioned young man, with a face by no means unbecomingly handsome. He is alert, straight, nicely limbed, vigorous.

"Cheated of feature by dissembling nature," he certainly was not. "So lame and infirm that he could scarcely walk," he is not; but he is a young man who has been born with a "lame" leg, and he has been born with a "lame" leg, and he has been born with a "lame" leg.

In the first two acts Richard's finishing touches were rather surprising. The most striking feature of his performance was rather an affair of gallantry. Mr. Mansfield, by his clever conception of his part, rendered the conduct of Anne less inexplicable. A wretch such as the conventional Richard could hardly exclaim after the brief interview without wounding the sense of propriety with which an audience is armed.

I, that killed her husband and his father, To take her in her heart's extremest love, Thy curser in her heart, tears in her eyes, Thy blessing wither'd lips, thy hand laid on her forehead, her conscience, and these bars against me.

And I tried to back my suit withal, But the plain deal, and dissembling looks, And yet to see her—all the world to nothing!

The man who could achieve this much could never have been a man of ordinary manhood. Woman is sensitive to gross bodily imperfection. The lines I have just quoted seem to me to be an unanswerable argument in favor of Mr. Mansfield's Richard of the earlier part of the play.

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FOR SCHOOL-TEACHERS.

"The Evening World" Will Present a \$400 Gold Watch to the Most Popular One.

Of Course It is for the Most Thought-of Lady Teacher.

A Novel Contest that Will Interest New York, New Jersey and Connecticut.

"The school-house is the bulwark of American institutions."

There is no truer maxim than this old one. It is the school-house that young America obtains that knowledge which makes him self-reliant and enables him to reason for himself.

At the school he mingles with hundreds of other young Americans—the children of the rich and the poor; of the native born and of parents who came from foreign and unaccustomed climes to seek liberty of thought, conscience and action here.

At the school the first lessons in democracy are learned. The child learns that his birth is no help, no hindrance to his progress. That he alone must make his own future. That he is as good as, no better than his classmate, except in proportion to his efforts.

And the success of this foundation-institution is dependent in great measure upon the teachers. There is no class of workers to whom the country owes more than to the school-teachers who patiently lead our youngsters in the public schools from A to Z to the finer knowledge of the highest branches.

With a patience stimulated only by the zeal of duty the teacher, slowly and by shortest steps, leads the child from the bottom of the ladder upward towards the light of education.

For a dozen years the teacher takes the place of the mother five or six hours each day.

The influence of the teacher upon the morale of the child is second only to that of the mother, and it is her task to stimulate the childish mentality and nourish it to maturity.

The importance of the work of the teacher is paramount to that of all others in the rearing of good American citizens and the production of the noblest types of American womanhood.

In recognition of the important place in the affairs of our country occupied by the woman who teaches in the public schools THE EVENING WORLD will give to that teacher of the States of New York and New Jersey whose wisdom, goodness and womanliness has made her the most popular, a beautiful memento of her popularity.

This memento will be a gold watch, costing \$400, but purchased by THE EVENING WORLD at a great advantage—a watch which could not be duplicated for much more than that sum.

The importer from whom THE EVENING WORLD purchases this watch is Edwin A. Thrall, of Maiden Lane, a jobber in American watches, importer of diamonds and manufacturer of jewelry and badges, whose name alone is a guarantee of the excellence of the goods.

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FEAST FOR THE NEWSBOYS.

"The Evening World" Will Give Them a Christmas Dinner

A Sumptuous Banquet to Be Held at the Everett Hotel.

Hundreds of newsboys will be made happy on Christmas Day by a good, big dinner, which will be given them by THE EVENING WORLD.

Many of the hard-working little fellows, who would not otherwise enjoy a good hearty meal on the great festival day, will be the invited guests of the feast, if they are so active in selling THE EVENING WORLD.

The great feast will be given in the immense dining-hall of the Everett Hotel, and there will be enough good things to fill the stomachs of all who come.

The boys will sit down to a spread of turkey, cranberry sauce, celery, mashed potatoes, turnips, pie, coffee and in fact everything that goes toward completing a good Yule-tide dinner.

The Everett Hotel is located at 98 Barclay street between West and Washington streets. The immense hall extends all the way through the block to Vesey street, over two hundred feet in length.

That the meal will be a success goes without saying, and the poor, active youngsters will remember for a long time the substantial feast that they will get their turn and nobody will go away hungry if Manager World's plans can be carried out.

The boys will be marched down to the dining-room in two sections.

Five hundred will go first, and as soon as they have been fed another block of five hundred will be seated. If there are any more boys that they will get their turn and nobody will go away hungry if Manager World's plans can be carried out.

The boys will be served by the regular staff of fifty waiters, and the dining-room will present a tempting sight when the boys sit down.

In addition to turkey and vegetables, the boys will each receive two pieces of pie—mince and pumpkin—and all the coffee they can drink.

To supply the wants of these boys it will require a ton and a half of turkey, three barrels of cranberries, a dozen barrels each of potatoes and turnips, 400 bunches of celery and 200 cups of coffee.

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A BUILDER'S TROUBLE.

An Interesting Interview with a Madras Avenue Builder and Contractor.

"My trouble began about six years ago, as it seemed to me, from catching cold one after another until my head and nose seemed stopped up all the time."

"I had a severe pain in my head. At first it was a dull, heavy feeling over my eyes, but gradually it extended entirely around my head. There was a constant discharge from my ears, which was very bad smelling. After a time a hard cough came on me that kept me from sleep and I could not get rid of it."

"My eyes became very weak and watery. My throat began to give me a great deal of trouble. I was continually sneezing and raising. The dropping back of mucus from my head was unbearable. It seemed to irritate my throat and ears and affect my stomach and get that all out of order."

"There would be a feeling as if I had a heavy load on my stomach after eating. I could get no benefit from my rest nights. I would seem to sleep enough, but on arising would actually feel more tired and languid than the night before."

"I had pains all over me. Sharp pains in my chest, shooting through to the shoulder-blades, and at last came on. I was feeling the great pains back of the ears that would nearly drive me crazy."

"I was light-headed and dizzy. In my work on an elevation of any kind, if I would look down for a moment, on raising up I would be dizzy that I could hardly stand. On account of that I had to give up work as I was afraid to go on a scaffolding."

"The cough grew steadily worse and night sweats at last came on. I was feeling the great reduced me in weight rapidly. My feet and limbs would become swollen and puffed."

"The continued discharge from my ears was of great annoyance not only to myself but to all around me. The odor was so offensive I was compelled to remain away from every place of amusement I cared to attend, on account of it."

"I had tried a great many remedies and a physician had given me a permanent relief. Through seeing the many statements in the papers of people who had been cured by Dr. Copeland and Blair of their various ailments, I was induced to try their medicine for advice. After seeing them and reading their terms so I placed myself under their care."

"I began to improve from the start."

"The first week under their treatment I gained six pounds in weight."

"I considered that wonderful, so did all my family. They would not believe me when I told them of it. I had to go with them and find a pair of scales and weigh myself to convince them."

"The cough passed away, the pains in my head and chest left me. I can eat well and sleep well now. I feel like a new man. I can be in the presence of my wife and children without any embarrassment whatsoever. In fact, I feel very grateful for what Dr. Copeland and Blair have done for me, and am glad to make this statement."

THE SMALL BOY'S WAY.
Mr. Medford—Your son seems very industrious.

Mr. Medford—To a certain extent. He is always doing something when it is time to go to bed.

No Use Trying.
First Robber—Goin' to rob Bronson's house to-night?

Second Robber—Now.