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SQUARE.

ONE WEEK MORE.

The time draws near. Only six days

more in which to be up and doing for

the success of the Christmas celebration.

The shops are crowded with fathers and

mothers and grown-up children, all studiously

selecting fit and beautiful offerings for

their dearest.

And THE EVENING WORLD Christmas

Tree stands there awaiting your contribu-

tion to its beauty and its usefulness. Have

you done anything yet for those poor walls

of the side streets and the slums? For the

unfriendly and lonely children whose

parents cannot buy them what that merry

brings the joyous day?

If you have not, do it now. Let the

humanity within you have proper play.

"Peace on earth, good will to men," is

the watch-word of the season. Secure your

peace by enlisting the good-will of hundreds

of children in your regard.

They are poor; give to them. They are

joyless; make them happy. They are un-

dered; ill-clothed, weak; fill them with

warm, nourishing food, clothe them with

good stout garments, strengthen them by

your sympathy and encouragement.

Oh, kind readers, it is so little for you to

do, so much for them to receive. The time

is short, and so suitable an occasion for a

loosening of your heartstrings, as well as

those of your purse, will not come for

months. Give what you can.

PARISHAN CURIOSITY.

There is one Gallic trait, or at least a

Parisian characteristic, which remains as

constant as the needle to the pin. This

is the Gallic, frivolous, pleasure-loving city

has an intense and ghastly relish in a mur-

derer, his deeds, and especially his execu-

tion.

Paris crowds into the streets to see the

wretched BRIVILLIERS borne along to her

public death. Its eyes sparkle with de-

light over that slight, frail figure, clothed in

a chemise, her bare little feet thrust into

the straw which covered the bottom of the

tumbrel, her frame quivering under her

attempt at brazenness.

The good Parisian salivates and

huckster-women came early to get good

places at the guillotine during the merry

Revolution, bringing their knitting, as staid

Boston ladies do to a lecture of Cook's, and

between the click of their flying needles

they watched lickerishly the heads, neatly

clipped from the bottles, drop with a mellow

thud into the basket of sawdust. Oh, how

they revelled in these matinees.

And to-day, Paris crowds to the Assize

Court to see that brace of stranglers, the

brutal EYBAUD and the frail GABRIELLE

BONPERT, and to hear them naively tell how

they choked TOUBAINT GOUFFE to death.

Paris will do the same a century hence, and

ten centuries hence, if there be a Paris

then.

This savage gloating over dramatic blood

shedding is a sickening trait in a city whose

modes and bonbonniers cannot be sur-

passed. And Paris sends missionaries to

the heathen!

ENJOIN IT BY LAW.

The Police Commissioners have again

rejected the proposed matrons for the

station-houses. It is to the discredit of these

men that a measure suggested by decency

and imperatively demanded by every re-

spectful feeling for womanhood should be

set aside by them. Now it remains for the

law to impose such safeguards to feminine

modesty and self-respect.

Even if woman falls so far as to wilfully

debar herself from the respect of decent

men and women—even then, through

abstract regard for pure womanhood, she

should be accorded the respect she may

have personally forfeited. It is noble in a

man to recognize in a fallen woman the sex

which his mother, his sisters, his wife

constrain him to respect.

But many an honest, clean-hearted

woman whose only refinement is that of

sanguine pluck is very admirable. The

roads get as much from the city as the

trucks do from the roads, and they are a

hard toman to down.

Old Christ Church completed the series

of its physical degradations by being burned

last night. A year ago it was abandoned,

then it was hawked about for sale, then

leased as a show-place for paintings. The

decline of a church supplies food for

thought.

Yesterday's session of Mr. FASSETT'S In-

vestigating Committee was one of the

really pleasant things in life. Mr. IVINS

smiled, everybody was good-natured and

Mr. PUNYON testified that our Fire Depart-

ment is far superior to Philadelphia's.

Success will probably reach his term of

fasting at the time prescribed by himself.

The thin little fellow is holding out won-

derfully, and it would be a pity to see him

fall at the finish.

Yesterday a boy of sixteen cut his aged

father's throat, and to-day a father is re-

ported as having stabbed his son. It is

hard to tell which is worse and more

unnatural.

"We are going to have every type of the

"blizzard." Yesterday was an aqueous

one, and they who are embarking on the

sea should look out for squalls.

The Reapportionment bill goes. So does

New York's hope, apparently, of getting a

just official census.

Will the hoodlums eat their turkey here

or in Canada?

SPOTLETS.

"I suppose those dolls are all here for dollars,"

said Woodward, at the old show

place.

Objections are sharper these days after they are

made.

They say New Jersey women cannot even bear the

name of that old war song: "Trump, tramp,

tramp." No wonder. "Trump!"

The horses on Astoria's beach couldn't hold a

candle to the New York "horses."

"I know that you're kind of kidding," he said.

"The blizzard is for the winter," he said.

"I have it from your own lips!"

—Boston Traveller.

The more full rows there are in the House the

more likelihood is there of a row.

A cockney beetle when he eats. But this is his

aspiration.

Santa Claus admits credit to the extent of letting

his patrons "base up" their stockings.

A paper states that the Wellesley girl, in height,

is a trifle over five feet two. The Wellesley girl is

no trifle in anything, be it known.

WORLDLINGS.

There are five American ladies attached to the

Italian Court, all of whom have married Italian

noblemen. One of these ladies, the Marchese

Thosodoli, was Miss Conrad, of Philadelphia, and

is now the Chief Lady in Waiting at the Court, as

well as the most beautiful woman in Italy.

The sewing machine is only forty-four years old.

Matches have been in commerce since 1828, and

American's first street car line dates from 1828.

A British professor has estimated that the cloud

of smoke which hangs over London, weighs 300 tons.

There are some 500 regularly ordained women

preachers in the United States, where forty years

ago there was only one.

Mrs. Miles, the wife of the General, who is looked

on as the nation's best Indian fighter, is a niece

of General and Senator Sherman and a sister of Sena-

tor Cameron's wife.

The Punishment of Duplicity.

(From Park.)

Mr. Wampus—Dere come Patsion Chuck-

weed; of he coiches me wit de Jug of spernis

dey's gwine to be a scandal in de church! I'll

hev ter dor it over de fence, Patsion, an

let 'em git it fer me after he gits it!

China painting still remains the rage, and all

industrious amateurs are busily engaged in the

decoration of Christmas gifts. The new

methods which have been taught for the past

year give good results, and some of the work

is an excellent imitation of some imported

china. The harp trapez, comb and brush

trays and the jars for powders and sares make

a pretty gift and add to the appearance of the

toilet table. Smoking sets for decoration are

also sought, so the man may have a chance to

enjoy the artistic efforts of his far it ends.

Mr. T. E. Garrett, the St. Louis critic and

THE WAYS OF WOMAN FAIR.

Fads, Fashions and Fancies That

Delight the Gentler Sex.

The Woman in Furs—Arched Insteps

as a Type of Beauty—Winter

Reefers with Vest—

Cheap Sponge

Diags.

The woman who is most content with life is

she who settles in furs, but erst just peeping

over the edge of her huge collar. Some-

times she looks out of place in a horse-car or elevated

train. The children in shabby clothes and the

women with market baskets look at her, and

she leans back coyly and looks across at them.

Her mantle of black moles is velvet flaunting

its gold embroidery in very wantonness of

luxury.



Fifth avenue children are no longer seen in

long dresses. There seems to be a tendency

to return to the French styles, and shorter

dresses are the result.

Insteps, arched or not arched, occupy the

attention of those who look for beauty in the

female foot. That arch belongs to race.

Though a Spanish gypsy girl has trodden

the ground shoeless, her heel and toe

seem to spurn the soil, and there is space

under her foot. "My girl has such a fine foot

that she will walk over my gun barrel," says

a Spanish smuggler, "and never touch it." But

anthropometric measurements do not give

the poetic foot, only girls, and so we have an

average of 8.4 for the right instep and 8.4 for

the left. Width will vary in girls from 5.6 to

6.4 for the right hand one, with about a tenth

more for the left, the two averages being 5.9 and

6.7 inches.

Think of getting a linen handkerchief for 19

cents! Not very fine to be sure, but pure

linen. Then too there are convent goods, the

perfection of needlework, fresh from the

hands of pale-faced nuns, that never have been

laundered and sell for from \$2 to \$50 each.

It is now some years since woman gave up

the convenient dirty as pockets. In all this time

there has been no way of carrying the hand-

kerchief unless stuck in a button-hole or in the

belt. It is not altogether safe, and many

have lamented the loss of a handsome hand-

kerchief because of the fashion. This season

an enterprising Fifth avenue firm has in-

troduced a handkerchief fastener or holder,

which is both unique and desirable. It is a

small fancy silver pin to be worn on the dress.

Attached to the pin is a clever way is a catch

for holding the handkerchief. This contrivance

is not at all clumsy and insures safety to the

handkerchief.

Sponge bars made of cotton printed rubber

sell at 15 cents each. The sink ones at seventy-

five cents are no better for the purpose in-

Among the simpler forms of outer garments

adapted to morning wear and shopping excu-

sions is the Winter reefer, made, you know, to

wear with a vest. It comes in cloth in all the

dark browns and greens and blues that are

being used, and it may be safely retained for

spring days, when it can be worn without the

vest.

It is very difficult to dress a little girl in a

short, and the little girl, without having her look

like an overgrown doll baby. The picture of

the little sister shows how one looks, but as

there are as many ideas as mothers,

I present