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### LET THEM WORK.

Dr. TALMAGE must be credited with having advanced a good idea in his Friday night discourse at the Brooklyn Tabernacle. He advocated putting the Indians to work. Nothing is more steadying and conducive to peaceful, regular habits than occupation for the working hours of the day. This is especially true of the illiterate, at least, theoretically, for such, in hours of idleness, turn to diversions which feed sensual and not intellectual tastes.

To have big, hearty Indians sitting like sloths in their tepees day after day leaves them exposed to many temptations to evil which would be avoided if they engaged mind and body in healthful work.

The Government should help the Indians to engage in some such occupation, as far as possible. Ill-treating them through rascally agents, who misuse their trust and abuse the redskins, is the poorest policy the country could adopt in regard to them.

### INITIAL VELOCITY.

Rapid Transit should receive an impetus this week at Albany that will give it an auspicious start. The initial velocity must be given in legislative assembly, but the movement must reach the streets of New York.

The first step is much, and it should be a powerful one. But in this highly important need it is the last step which counts. Enough will not have been done till the citizens of New York find themselves being actually transported with due celerity from one point to another.

There must be no flagging in the endeavor to accomplish this result. There can be no resting on the oars, no leisurely apathetic interest permitted. Rapid Transit is an imperative need, and we have a right to it. A proper spirit, then, on the part of the business community here will not only be discontent at any remissness, but also a decided indignation over unnecessary delay in the matter.

Rapid Transit has been taken up, and it must not be laid down or interrupted till it is all that could be desired.

### NICE COURTESY.

Mr. BOWELL, Minister of Customs at Ottawa, granted the request of an American fishing schooner to put into a Nova Scotia port for repairs with great willingness. He says he believes every concession short of an infringement of vested rights in the Dominion should be courteously conceded.

This is a sound and laudable view on Mr. BOWELL's part, and the prevalence of such sentiments would go far to relieve the strained relations occasioned by reason of fishery disputes and contentions.

CHAUNCEY M. DEPEW gave another proof of his versatility by mounting the lecture platform last night and telling an interested audience what he knew about "Contrasts." It was an eminently fitting theme for the most American citizen in this Republic. Mr. DEPEW is as gracefully simple and courteous with the lowliest person with whom he has to deal as he is with the VANDERBILTS or the Prince of WALES.

MARK TWAIN heard a discourse delivered by the Rev. THOMAS K. BEECHER on Mrs. LANGDON, MARK'S deceased mother, at a distance of 450 miles away. This is very creditable to modern science and modern filial piety. There have been people right under the pulpit who have not heard the preacher's sermon.

Dr. TANNER, who was a famous faster until SUCCI's enduring stomach took the field against his weaker vessel, now seeks to refurbish his laurels by challenging the doughty Italian to a fast on water alone until one of them gives out. This might mean a war to the death. SUCCI is to be heard from.

Just think of a consumption of oleomargarine amounting to nearly four and a half million pounds during the past year in the States of Connecticut and Rhode Island! Can this be that they love not butter less, but oleomargarine more?

It is now denied that ANNIE OAKLEY is dead. The fair champion of the rifle is declared to be alive, well and enjoying her obituary notices immensely. If this is true, Death has missed his shining mark for once, and it is well so.

It is given out that Senator FASSETT is to abandon New York and take to California. Well, he has seen his golden hopes decay in the ungrateful East. Let him find what comfort he can in the Golden Gates of the West.

A cousin of the late distinguished RUBE BURROWS has been appointed on the Macon police force. This cousin, too, is a great man in his way. He stands 6 feet 8½ inches in his stockings.

The Senatorial canvass in Pennsylvania is stormy, but QUAY and CAMERON have apparently looked carefully to the ballasting of their ship.

### They Come High.

[From the Clothier and Furnisher.]

GARNAM—It is said that many a book is sold by its title.

Bunting—Many American girls are sold by titles, too.

# THE WAYS OF WOMAN FAIR.

## Fads, Fashions and Fancies That Delight the Gentler Sex.

### A Pretty Bodice—How to Avoid Colds—Old Lace on Modern Dresses—Jaguar Skin for Trimming—Advice to Young Mothers.

A pretty and fanciful bodice is made of dark velvet, tight under the arms, but full over the bust, gathered round the armholes and round the widely opened neck, where the heading is lined with a puffing of white or tinted lisse. A Swiss belt of silk is worn with it, and the sleeves consist of a single puff, opened at the back of the arm and caught together at the shoulder and elbow with jewelled buttons.

A physician says that there is no need for a woman to catch cold if she will only follow two bits of advice he gives. The first is for her not to run from a warm, sunny room into one of much lower temperature without having first guarded against the change by throwing a light shawl over her shoulders, and the other is not to follow a guest outside for a last few minutes of gossip. Many women lightly clad, with their slippers on their feet, will stand out on the steps or in an open doorway with a strong draught blowing upon them, subjecting themselves to violent changes of temperature, engendering the most serious consequences. It is strange how little a woman thinks of danger when she goes to the door to bid a friend good-by with no wrapping to protect her from the cold.

Velvet and rich corded silk are the favorite materials for gowns worn at weddings by the elder married ladies. These dresses are all in positive colors—ruby, Orleans blue and emerald.

A tea table draped with white and yellow gauze is one of the innovations, with lamp and candle shades to match.

There is in New York a very aged lady—her exact age need not be here told—who is as fond of going to parties, dinners, balls, and plays as she was in the first half of the nineteenth century. She arrays herself in fashionable style; she is very gay in society; she is quick in repartee at the table; she plays merrily on the piano; she refrains from dancing, but enjoys the sight of it; she is dainty in her ways; her white tresses add to her dignity, and she has never been in the bonds of wedlock. She is always a welcome guest, and she is a favorite with the younger folks, feminine and masculine. She enjoys her old age, though advancing toward fourscore.

Jaguar skin is a new material now meeting with approval for application on cloth and woollens. The color is brown, shaded to amber, and the surface is covered with irregularly shaped spots in shades of yellow, red and light brown. Borders of astrakhan are also cut out in fanciful shapes and applied with gold thread and narrow braid.

Old lace is rarely seen to advantage on modern materials. A dress must be specially built for this form of decoration, and any amount of trouble ought to be taken in the selection of the materials. Above all, a picturesque bodice is a necessity. The high bodice with ruffles, fichu and Medici collar, which some ladies are privileged to wear at court, would seem to be just the thing. Some excellent imitations of old silks are obtainable. They are dim and faded and softly flowered. The faded yellowness of old lace has little in common with the gayly flowered silks and imposing designs now in vogue.

Here is the advice on dietetics that an English specialist gives a young mother: "Your little girl of two years does not get nearly enough variety in her diet. Give her for her breakfast alternately bread-and-milk, oatmeal porridge made of fine oatmeal and a little cream, hominy, and bread-and-butter, with the yolk of an egg lightly boiled, or a little apple sauce and bread-and-butter. After the child is a year old, it is a great mistake to give the same thing for breakfast every day, and no wonder that with such sameness of diet she is getting weak, pale and thin. For dinner give alternately beef tea, veal broth, or chicken broth, thickened with sago or tapioca; boiled whitefish, such as haddock, cod or whiting, picked over with the fingers to free it from bones, shredded up fine and mixed with potato and a little butter, served on a hot plate; potato mixed with gravy, or a little piece of sweetbread or breast of chicken shredded fine; or the yolk of an egg with bread and butter. For young children potatoes should be boiled or baked in their skins till quite floury. As a second course for dinner a spoonful of milk pudding or a few grapes may be given. At 5 o'clock give milk pudding, Farola, hominy or bread and milk, and at 9 prepared food, or milk diluted with barley water if constipated. When thirsty give her a drink of fresh water, and let her have plenty of milk."

Plain net veils are now the rage, their only ornamentation consisting of a richly worked bordering. This will be welcome news to many whose eyesight has been sorely tried by the spotted arrangements we have so long worn. Nothing is more irritating than to have those small dots dancing before one's eyes and obscuring one's vision, and it is not at all surprising that the doctors have been loud in their condemnation of these veils. Becoming they certainly were, but not more so, perhaps, than the absolutely clear nets we are now adopting. The heavily figured veils were hideous. It is astonishing to think that we could ever have disfigured ourselves by their use, but fashion evidently deadens our susceptibilities sometimes, else we should never have gone about in public like tattooed ladies.

# WOMEN TRAVELLERS.

## Nell Nelson Tells of the "Casuals" and "Cosmopolitans."

### A Big Difference Between Those Who Know How to Travel and Those Who Do Not.

### Points on How to Take Most Comfort in a Railway Train.

Women travellers may be divided into two classes—the casuals and the cosmopolitans. There are no tyros any more, suburban traffic and rapid transit companies familiarizing the multitude with railroad customs.

Let a student of womankind board a train out for a run of at least five hours, and with half an eye he can classify the passengers.

How?

By looking at the heads of the dear creatures.

Most of them will be bare and, I was going to say, empty. They belong to the casuals. A few, the very few, the cosmopolitans, will have their bonnets on, and keep them on, whether they go to Philadelphia or San Francisco.

Ask any intelligent conductor or porter to select "the good travellers," as they distinguish them, from the fussy, fretful, impertinent tourists, and invariably the ladies with their bonnets on will be assigned to that collection.

It is ignorance and not economy that prompts a girl to pull her hat and cloak off and remove her gloves as soon as the train leaves the depot.

She does not know that the atmosphere is filled with smoke, cinders and travel dust, that she is saving her clothing at the expense of health, comfort and cleanliness, and exposing herself to draughts every time the doors are opened.

Her idea is to keep her gloves and hat nice for the end of the trip and to make herself perfectly at home in the rolling house. She does spare her gloves the soil of travel-stain, but dust lodges in the trimmings of her hat, whether it is on the hook or the seat, her hair becomes gray with a mixture of iron and coal dust, her head is literally "filled with dirt," the smoke and flying particles of matter clogs the pores of her skin, making her complexion ashy or black, her lips crack, her hands get rough, her finger nails grimy, and by the time she has travelled 200 miles she has the appearance and taste of a female blacksmith.

Of course she goes to the toilet room and gives herself what she terms a good washing and combing, the very worst thing she could possibly do to her youth and beauty.

In the first place the water is hard, and generally cold; the soap is lathered on top of the dust and grime; there is neither time nor gravity to remove the one or the other, and so it is dried on and left there for the rest of the journey.

The prim, quiet, easy-going cosmopolitan knows all this. Perhaps she learned it from past experience; but there she sits in her section with her hat on, a veil protecting her face, neck and hair from the shower of pulverized cinders, an ulster saving her dress and gloves her hands.

Without making any effort to be at home she conveys by her easy and graceful demeanor the impression that she is perfectly comfortable and *en rapport* with the beauties of the changing landscape.

Follow the movements of this woman of the world and the critic of the rail will learn something of the methods she employs to look nice and save herself.

If the train is not a vestibule her good sense will tell her to beware of draughts, for a cold is an ugly thing to handle on a steam-car.

Locked up in every section of the sleeper are blankets, and if the train stops often she will most likely protect herself from exposure when the doors open by improvising a lap robe.

If the "chill breath" is felt from the window, a pillow will give the needed protection to her neck and shoulders. No effort is made to read on a train going thirty miles an hour by any sane person.

If any amendment is made to her toilet during the day she has recourse to a vial of diluted glycerine or a jar of cold cream. She is too kind to her face to add drowning to suffocation.

Her plan of operation is to wipe off all the dust she can, and instead of hardening the skin by a cold plunge, she soothes and smooths it with the oil.

She doesn't comb her hair any more than is absolutely necessary to neatness, for the reason that there is a ventilating spout in the average dressing-room that admits quite as much cinders as fresh air.

Another provision made by the citizeness of the world is a woollen gown, in which she sleeps. This is not only a comfort in cold weather, but in case of accident she will be moderately presentable.

Aside from her personal provision she utilizes the attendants, and by the judicious use of small fees secures an enviable amount of attention.

With a single dollar reduced to dimes she can go from Jersey City to California and literally own the porter. She may want to send telegrams, to get newspapers or time-tables; she will want a blanket if it gets cold, a pillow for a nap, and without doubt she will want to be brushed, to have her shoes polished or her rubbers cleaned.

Then there are the glasses of water to be brought, the bundles and bags to be handed down or hung up—and when all these services can be had, rendered with willingness and grace, who would not gladly pay for them?

Another characteristic of the cosmopolitan crossing the country is her exclusiveness.

She is never approached. Her reserve is a barrier to intruders. In a quiet, gentle way she is oblivious to the presence of her fellow-travellers. While she would grant a favor with alacrity, heed the rights of the person who may be in the same section, or politely reply to a question, she will never ask one. The conductors and porters are regarded in the light of guardians and appealed to when information or assistance is needed.

The casual tourist, the all-right, go-it-alone girl is unfortunately ubiquitous.

Her confidence and self assurance make one shiver, and wonder who the mother can be to let a child travel alone without warning.

She not only makes the acquaintance of train people, but gets sufficiently friendly to indulge in autobiography; she exchanges reminiscences with strange men and women, she takes possession of the toilet room and holds the interior, while she crimps her hair and makes other little amendments to her toilet.

The casual is harmless, if ignorant, and she may have a lot of fun, but she needs looking after, and her safety should be one of the duties of the officials with whom she travels.

One has only to be a fellow-passenger with the ingenue on her way to school, to visit friends or en route for home to ask in all seriousness if the American girl is not trusted too much, if independence is not forced upon her and if her liberties do not at times threaten her security?

NELL NELSON.

### THE CLEANER.

The lack of understanding in people is never more apparent to one than in reading over answers to advertisements. I put in an "ad." the other day for a flat, stating that the location must be south of Thirty-fourth street, north of Twenty-third and between Lexington and Sixth avenues. One humorist replied that he had a lovely flat that would just suit me on Fifteenth street near Eighth avenue. Another suggested that the lower half of a house in East Eighty-first street was what I wanted. Another announced that he would remove trunks with promptness and despatch at 25 cents a trunk, but in all the answers not one complied with the conditions in the advertisement.

• • •

Skates seem to be a drug on the market. When I took falls on the ice a dozen years ago and when club-skates were coming into fashion they used to sell them anywhere from $8 to $15 a pair. Now I notice that the same skates may be bought for 50 cents a pair. Of course they cost a good deal more than that to make, but we have had no little skating in past years that the supply has accumulated, and the one desire of the dealer seems to be to clear out his stock.

• • •

We are continually hearing rumors about boodle trials and stories of speedy prosecution and certain conviction. Our experience ought to show us that as time goes on the chances of any more of 1884's Board being convicted grow visibly less. I am willing to predict that none of these famous (?) gentlemen will ever get any further punishment than they have had.

• • •

The Fellowcraft is perhaps the only club in New York whose restaurant is conducted on a paying basis. The experiment of running its own cuisine which has been on trial for the past two months shows that the farming out of the restaurant in a club, while it seemingly takes a good deal of responsibility off the club really takes a good deal of money from its coffers.

• • •

While in Boston the other day I ran across Mayor Grant, who looked very wise, but would not tell why he was there. He admitted, however, that it was on city business, but what that city business might be is for the future to say.

• • •

Going up on an Elevated train last evening I met Tom Murrey, and in that twenty minutes' ride learned more about the art of cookery than I knew existed. Murrey is a cheerful man, and were he banished to the wilds of Africa would win over the natives by giving them points on pickaninny stew.

• • •

I hear that Tody Hamilton will soon cheer Mount Hope with his presence. He has purchased a pretty house and plot of ground up there, and will take his family thither to live. Mount Hope should rejoice, for there is not a more companionable man than Hamilton in all of New York's counties.

• • •

What is more beautiful than the fiction of rapid transit, and what is further than it from New York? It is the thing "our earliest dreams have dwelt upon," but year after year hurries by and still we have no improvement in this direction. Standing on the front platform of an Elevated train in freezing weather, compressed on all sides by other unfortunates, one is apt to liken the rapid transit commission to a mockery and become firmly impressed that the longest suffering people are the citizens of New York.

• • •

Steve Brodie writes me this morning that he is just leaving for New Orleans to carry to Jack Dempsey a bar of Irish turf that Brodie brought from Kildare. Dempsey was born in Ireland, and the bridge-jumper seems to think that the bar of turf will be a mascot to him in his coming fight with Fitzsimmons.

• • •

City Chamberlain Crain is becoming quite an orator and also speaks well on subjects that are not political. Yesterday he was before the Business Men's Evangelical Committee of Newark. His topic was individual responsibility, which he treated very cleverly.

• • •

I could not help noticing at Mr. Depew's lecture for the Press Club last night that the audience was a more intellectual-looking body than I have ever seen in a theatre. Mr. Depew talked well. His analysis of the Irish question was clear and comprehensive, and the picture he drew of his impression of the "Passion Play" was vivid enough to almost make his hearers think that they saw it before them.

### Why the Sermon Was Short.

[From Texas Siftings.]

"You must have had an awful long sermon. You are half an hour later than usual," said Col. Yerger to his wife who had just returned from church.

"Why, I thought the sermon was very short," replied Mrs. Yerger.

"Did you have your new hat on for the first time?"

"Yes, dear."

"Ah, that explains it. No sermon is long to a woman under those circumstances."

### No Chance for Complaint.

[From the Epoch.]

Tax Payer (shivering.)—I can't afford to buy sufficient underclothing at McKinley prices and I'm all in a chill.

Great Statesman—Got a chill, eh? Well, there's no duty on quinine.

War On Scrofula

Is declared by Hood's Sarsaparilla, the greatest blood purifier ever presented the public. It is a modern medicine, carefully prepared by a Combination, Proportion and Process
PECULIAR TO itself
and which makes Hood's Sarsaparilla as much superior to the old-time remedies as the modern railroad is ahead of the lumbering stage-coach. If you suffer from scrofula or any form of impure blood take

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Sold by all druggists, $1; six for $5. Prepared by C. I. HOOD & CO., Lowell, Mass.
100 DOSES ONE DOLLAR

# PRETTY ALICE BEHIND BARS.

## Dead Lover, Stolen Will and Lost Fortune All Mythical.

### But No Myth About the Charge on Which She Is Held.

Pretty, saucy, brown-eyed Alice Keating is not yet turned twenty, and in deep, sad mourning weeds with a dainty widow's bonnet and veil of crepe, she presented a picture of delicious innocence and wan faced suffering as she stood before Justice Kenna in the Gates Avenue Police Court, Brooklyn, this morning.

"Alice Keating, alias Alice Hines, you are charged with grand larceny in that you did take, steal and carry away from the house of Alfred Keyser, 98 Brooklyn avenue, certain articles, to wit: one lady's watch, one gold basket and pearls, one diamond pin, one ivory box containing a gold band wedding ring, three children's rings, three jewelled buttons, one opal pin, eight linen handkerchiefs, together with several articles of clothing, with intent to defraud the owner of them."

Thus spoke Justice Kenna, the model police magistrate of the metropolitan district.

The petite and bewitchingly pretty Alice listened with drooping eyes. Beauty spots of roseate hue grew upon her milk-white, dimpled cheeks. At the close she said:

"I will wait for the Grand Jury, sir."

She said it very faintly and her counsel, Fenton Rockwell, repeated the waiver of examination, whereupon the engaging little mock widow was held without bail and was returned to the prisoner's pen where she said to an EVENING WORLD reporter:

"I'll be out soon enough. They've locked me up before, but never for long. Two years ago they sent me to the House of the Good Shepherd. Old Mr. Neary, the agent for the Children's Society, took me, and—he, he, he! I nearly got away from him. I was there six months. I wish they'd send me again with Mr. Neary. I'd get away easy enough."

Alice Keating was arrested by Detective O'Neill, of the Twelfth Precinct, while she was engaging the officers of the Tenth in trying to find a mythical lawyer who, she said, had robbed her of a mythical tin box containing a mythical will of a mythical lover who had left her a mythical fortune of $1,200,000.

Her story was that she was Alice Hines, and that her lover, Dr. Charles Smith, had first met and loved her while she was a nurse at the Brooklyn Home for Consumptives; that she was there six months, and during that time Dr. Smith died, leaving her by will all his fortune in several banks.

She was carrying the will, together with certain jewelry, in a tin box to the Surrogate's office, on Jan. 1, when she met a man who took the box, saying he would get the will probated for her.

The detectives found that all her provable statements were false, and accidentally discovered that Alice Hines was really Alice Keating and that Alfred Keyser was anxiously looking for a servant girl whom he hired on the morning of New Year's Day, and who decamped that same evening while he and Mrs. Keyser were at the theatre, taking with her $250 worth of property.

He saw and identified Alice as the absent one, and found that her description of her lost jewels fitted the jewels which she had stolen from his wife's bureau.

Alice was arrested at the house of Mrs. Andrews, 457 Dean street, by Detective-Sergt. O'Neill and Bardell. She stoutly denied Mr. Keyser's story, but pawn tickets were found on her person for $8, which she had obtained on the watch and $3.50 on the Keyser nuptial ring. Then Mr. Keyser discovered that Miss Alice was breaking in a brand-new pair of kid boots belonging to Mrs. Keyser, and a search disrobing the girl found that all her underclothing belonged to Mrs. Keyser.

Alice still stoutly insists that the story of the Dr. Smith will robbery is true, and says that she appears in mourning for him.

Since her appearance in the Police Court, however, several police officials have recognized her, and it is certain that at least six times before she has been a prisoner at the bar.

She began when but a mere child as an unruly truant, but was returned to her parents. She is the eldest of eight children of Patrick Keating, a laborer, of East New York, and one little brother is now in the House of Refuge.

Alice next turned up as a prisoner on her mother's complaint. She had been sent to pay the rent, but spent the money in the purchase of a watch. Mother relented and Alice was liberated again.

Then she and another girl named Annie Hastings broke into the basement of a dwelling in the dead of night, but she escaped punishment again.

The records show that in May, 1887, Alice Keating was arrested for stealing from the residence of Mary Parker, in Belmont avenue, and that case is still undisposed of.

In April, 1888, Alice Keating, charged with grand larceny before Justice Kenna, pleaded guilty of petty larceny, and sentence was suspended because of her youth.

In March, 1889, Alice Keating was charged with larceny from the home of James Gallagher, 914 Lafayette avenue, and she seems to have escaped this time.

Agent Neary says that on the occasion that he took her to the House of the Good Shepherd it was on her conviction as a disorderly person—that is one without visible means of support.

This time the dark-haired, brown-eyed, demure little beauty, masquerading as a widow that was never wife, seems bound for the penitentiary.

### SPOTLETS.

After "Diana of Solange" it is hoped that Director Stanton will not "put up his Dukes" again at the Metropolitan Opera-House.

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Let us trust that a low temperature may not be common enough this Winter to be not only low, but vulgar.

∴

When a man has to rock the baby's cradle it is a sort of "rock and wry" business with him.

∴

A tarred and feathered victim found the tar so hot that he begged them to take a lower pitch.

∴

A Weather Bureau clerk proposed
To her to be his bride;
She pointed out he looked that way;
"It's no, by Jove," he cried.
And it was.
—*Washington Star.*

∴

The boy on the pier when he was pursued by a copper said he would not be taken; he'd dive first. And he did.

∴

Dyspepsia is a bad lining for the coat of the stomach.

∴

Champagne at $4 a quart resulted in no quarter.

∴

"Men and Women" at one of our theatres may not race, but they stay just the same.

∴

A wife-beater should not be regarded as a beverage because he is a strong liker.

### A Quarrel at the Club.

[From Texas Siftings.]

First Club Man—You should respect my gray hair, and not use such language to me.

Second Club Man—But, my dear sir, you are excited. You forgot you are balt headed.

First Club Man—That makes no difference. You should respect the gray hair I would have had if I had remained single.

### A Risky Proceeding.

[From Life.]

"So you love Diana Phaste! Have you ever given her a hint of it?"

"Well, I tried to break the ice the other day, but I'm afraid I chose an inopportune moment."

"When was it?"

"When I was out skating with her."

### Explicit.

[From the Epoch.]

Exasperated Property-owner (to organ-grinder)—What'll you take to clear out?

Organ-Grinder (coolly)—Me takka me time.

### Protection.

[From Harper's Bazar.]

First Matron—What safeguard against burglars have you in your house?

Second Matron—All our things are imitation.

# NOTES ON SPORTING TOPICS.

## Important Baseball Meetings Booked for the Present Week.

### Gossip of Athletic Clubs—Why Is It "Spider" Miller?

This is going to be a pretty busy week in baseball circles, and probably an uncommonly important one. The Conference Committee will meet to-morrow and on Wednesday there will be three big meetings, as the National League and American Association will hold their respective meetings at the Fifth Avenue Hotel, while the remnant of the Players' League will hold a meeting at the same time at the St. James Hotel.

There is just a bare possibility that matters may not work as smoothly as is anticipated. The League will, of course, endeavor to show the American Association the folly of wanting to place a 25-cent club in Chicago and Boston.

A strong fight has been made this time for clubs in Boston and Chicago, and it is intimated that if this point is not yielded to the Association it is more than likely they will join forces with the remainder of the Players' League clubs and fight the old League to the bitter end.

The business is not all straightened out yet, and it may still be found that "there is many a slip betwixt the cup and the lip." There are a few things that the Association wants and they will come pretty near catching on in good shape.

• • •

The classes to be decided at the grand boxing tournament to be held under the auspices of the National Cross-Country Association of America, March 10 and 12, are as follows: Bantam, 105 pounds and under; feather, 115 pounds and under; special, 125 pounds and under; light, 135 pounds and under and middle, 158 pounds and under.

• • •

Lenox Lyceum was well filled with admirers of the fistic art on Saturday evening, on which occasion the Pastime Athletic Club held its boxing tournament.

• • •

The Bank Clerks' Athletic Association will give an entertainment about the middle of next month in their club rooms in East Tenth street.

• • •

The Manhattan Athletic Club contemplates putting a baseball team in the field this coming season which will be able to hold its end up with any amateur club in the country. Al Charrand has control of the ball teams and he has worked like a beaver ever since last Fall to secure the strongest amateur teams in the field, and it is his belief that he has succeeded.

• • •

A ladies' entertainment will be held a week from to-morrow evening at the club-house of the Staten Island Athletic Club.

• • •

Adelsdorfer, of the Pastime Athletic Club, and Collet, of the St. George Athletic Club, will run their race for the Kilpatrick Bronze of the Suburban Harriers on Saturday next.

• • •

Spider Miller and young Sales fought a kid glove fight to a finish Saturday afternoon, which was won by the former in three rounds. Where Miller gets the name Spider from is a problem which none of the spectators were able to solve, as he is a strapping big fellow and would make two like Sales.

• • •

At the annual election of the Brooklyn Athletic Club, the following officers were elected: Daniel McGonigle, President; David Kennedy, Vice-President; E. H. Crawford, Treasurer; George H. Hibbard, Financial Secretary; John J. Sheehan, Recording Secretary; William J. Flaherty, Captain. Board of Governors, Edward S. Scott, Daniel Melody, William B. Hobby, John J. Bradley and Morris Isaacs. It was shown that the membership of the Club was 488, all in good standing, and that there was a handsome surplus in the treasury. The boys were very enthusiastic over the state of affairs.

• • •

It is said that the Grayling A. C., of Bayonne, are awaiting the outdoor season for athletic sport. Nevertheless, they are losing no time while waiting, for they are bowling steadily; and their captain, Robert Ellsworth, thinks his team can bowl as well as they can play baseball. If they can they will capture the championship, for that's what they did in baseball last year.

• • •

The Riverside Wheelmen, who now claim the championship of New York, have received the beautiful banner which they won from the New York Bicycle Club. This young and enterprising Club is adding good riders to the list and talks of records on the wheel the coming Spring.

• • •

Company E, Thirteenth Regiment Baseball Club, of Brooklyn, wishes to hear from the Seventh Regiment Baseball Association, in regard to arranging a match game. Communicate with Corp. Crane, Co. E, Thirteenth Regiment Armory, Flatbush avenue and Hanson place, Brooklyn.

### The Rest Went Without.

[From Brooklyn Life.]

"Oh, Lou!" exclaimed a fair young girl, to an acquaintance, "I got such lovely things at Christmas. What did you get in your stocking?"

"Nothing," replied the other girl, dolefully.

"Oh, dear! How was that?"

"Why, a girl from Chicago was stopping at our house, and Santa Claus struck her stocking first."

### Base Ingratitude.

[From Texas Siftings.]

Widower—Doctor, your bill is something fearful. After you have doctored my wife to death you expect me to pay you an enormous bill.

Doctor—That's just what I expected you to say. Such a thing as gratitude no longer exists in this world.

### A Little Misunderstanding.

[From the Clothier and Furnisher.]

"This American practice of tipping is something frightful. Servants no longer seem to be content with small sums!"

"How is that, your lordship?"

"A waiter at breakfast this morning actually asked me for my check!"

### So It Is.

[From the Clothier and Furnisher.]

Gus—Don't you find it troublesome, Charley, to dress three times a day?

Charles—No! at all, dear boy. I'm used to it.

Gus—Yes, just so; but it must be at-tiring occupation.

### Love's Young Dream.

[From Harper's Bazar.]

"Wouldn't it be nice, Henry dear" she whispered, as the sleigh started off, and she drew the robe up, "if we could always go through life together this way?"

"Yes," he answered; "The coal bills would be little enough; but, great Cæsar! Alice," he continued, after a little thought, "think of the livery bill!"

### Consolation.

[From the Epoch.]

"By Jove! I've spent that $5 gold piece for a cent!"

"How idiotic of you."

"Oh, well, it's not so bad. I got the cent's worth out of it—which is more than I would have got if I hadn't spent it. My wife takes all my gold."

### Health Note.

[From Texas Siftings.]

A kind-hearted gentleman, seeing a number of boys with their pants rolled up wading about in the cold water with their bare legs, said:

"Come out of that water, boys, or you will get a fearful cough."

Little Tommy—I guess not. We don't cough with our legs, do we?

### A Fact.

[From Life.]

First Theatrical Manager—Stock companies make this mistake: They spend too much money on costumes and too little on the actors.

Second Theatrical Manager—When, as a matter of fact, if they didn't spend a cent for costumes, they'd always have packed houses.

DIARRHŒA and dysentery are averted during teething by MONELL'S TEETHING CORDIAL. 25c *.

# HEARD AMONG THE PLAYERS.

## The Kendals Going to Palmer's, Owing to the Fifth Avenue Fire.

### Le Moyne to Have a Fine Part in the Lyceum's New Play.

Miss Daisy Kendal, the daughter of Mrs. Madge and Mr. William, has been very ill in Chicago, and her illness is attributed to the excessive hospitality of the Windy City. Miss Kendal is not accustomed to social dissipation, and in London her life is very sedate and monotonous. Her illness, however, has not been such as to cause her parents any alarm. Mr. and Mrs. Kendal play during the coming week in Chicago, where their business has been as phenomenal as it was in New York. Then they go to St. Louis, Pittsburg and Brooklyn for a week in each city, and to Boston for four weeks.

When they reappear in New York in April Mr. Frohman announces that they will play at Palmer's Theatre, the Fifth Avenue Theatre catastrophe having cancelled their obligations at that house. It was thought at first that they would appear at the Broadway, but the vacant time at that house did not suit the time at the Kendals' disposal. They are to present several plays in this city that are new to the public.

• • •

The Swedish dialect play, "Yon Yonson," that is to be produced at the Amphion, in Williamsburg, next week, is to be scenically extraordinary. Here are some of the sensations promised: A marvellous log jam, a great railway scene, St. Anthony's Falls and Minneapolis at night.

• • •

Ha! Ha! Ha! (This laugh is a few lines too soon, but no matter.) An English journal makes the following extraordinary announcement: "'Monte Cristo' will be produced on a big scale of scenic splendor by Henry Lee, the American actor, at the Avenue in February. Mr. Lee is said to have netted £200,000 in five years by this piece in America." Mr. Lee was last seen here, by the bye, in a glacial and melancholy affair entitled "The Blue Officer."

• • •

In the new play to be done at the Lyceum Theatre next week, by name "Nerves," W. J. Le Moyne will have a chance at another of those humorous parts that have made him famous. He will appear as the proprietor of a large sweet shop (Americanized candy store) "by special appointment to Her Majesty and the Prince of Wales."

• • •

Henry Arthur Jones, the author of "The Middleman," "Judah," and a number of other dramatic efforts known in this city, has another play ready for the public. It is called "The Dancing Girl."

• • •

Washington is a great place for stars, for occasionally it happens that they can hook the President and tackle a few of the dignitaries of the Cabinet. E. H. Sothern has been the lucky man this week. The President and Vice-President and a sprinkling of Cabinet gentlemen all saw "The Master of Woodbarrow."

• • •

Harrigan's old song, "The Bogey Man," that cropped up as the successful feature of "Ruy Blas" at the Gaiety theatre, London, has now arrived at the honor of being quartered about in England. The Gaiety people, it is said, coolly pirated it (as Americans pirate the English songs), and now a number of pantomime producers have pirated it from the Gaiety people. George Edwardes is highly indignant, and "eminent counsel" is to protect his rights. What a rich field for piracy "Reilly and the 400" would be!

• • •

The Madison Square Garden Amphitheatre is to have a great big attraction—of which more in a day or two.

• • •

The pretty little stories that have from time immemorial pictured authors and playwrights as men whom the world stops to gaze at and to fete and to honor are pretty; but that is all, in many cases they are wofully, if picturesquely, incorrect. Authors in this prosaic $-squint eye are of scarcely more consequence than bootblacks, and decidedly less useful, while playwrights are of smaller note in a theatre than the ushers.

These reflections are aroused by a scene at the Garden Theatre Saturday night—"Beau Brummel" the attraction; house packed in every part; Mansfield, the star, applauded at the fall of every curtain, while Clyde Fitch, from whose brain the exquisite little play that did it all, stood at the back of the house, alone, unnoticed, disastrously modest, hopelessly untouched.

Yet if authors and playwrights, incensed at the cruelty of their treatment, adopted the policy of laborers and manual workers (they are treated with less consideration than is accorded to the worthy hand-toilers) and went out "on strike," what would become of the world as a place worth living in?

• • •

William Gillette and Steele Mackaye are both rusticating in Southern villages. They are both evolving plays. Gillette's "All the Comforts of Home" is to be played for the first time in London to-night.

### A Western Social Pastel.

[From the Epoch.]

Amy—Mr. Barrows is such a gentlemanly person.

Henrietta—Awfully gentlemanly. Did you ever notice when he dances with you he holds a handkerchief in his right hand so that the dirt on his hand won't get on your dress?

### The Professor Was Single.

[From Texas Siftings.]

Visitor—You seem to have a bright lot of students.

Professor—Yes, all except Jones. He is so confoundedly stupid that I would not be surprised if he were to come to school some day and tell me that he had gone and got married.

### Many Men Many Minds.

[From Texas Siftings.]

First Flat—I would murder Second Flat for smoking that villainous pipe were it not that he sings so exquisitely.

Third Flat—I could assassinate Second Flat for singing all the time; but I'd like to own that pipe he smokes!

*Men's Night Shirts*

on Sale to-morrow

*Tuesday January 13,*

at *90c.*

These Shirts are made of the finest material, are very neat, GENTEEL PATTERNS, put up 3 in a box, pressed ready for use, and are well worth,

$1.50, $1.75, & $2.00.

*Lord & Taylor.*

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Monday morning at 8 o'clock we will place on the bargain counter $1,500 worth of bed blankets all reduced from 20 to 30 per ct. They are mostly all fine Pure Wool California Blankets.

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| $2.25 | $1.75 |
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| $4.50 | $3.75 |
| $5.50 | $4.00 |
| $6.89 | $5.00 |
| $9.89 | $7.00 |

These are the best Blankets made in this country.

ORIENTAL RUGS.

About 400 Daghistan Rugs, many of them 50 and 100 years old, the finest collection ever seen in this city.

Whether you wish to buy or not call and see them. They are rare old curiosities. The prices range from $10 to $25 each.

SMYRNA RUGS.

We are large manufacturers of these goods, and carry the largest assortment of any house in the city.

| | |
|---|---|
| 60c. Mat | 49c. |
| 75c. Mat | 59c. |
| 90c. Mat | 69c. |
| $1.00 Mat | 79c. |
| $1.25 Mat | 99c. |

$2.25 Parlor Rug, nearly five feet long, $1.69.

$2.50 Parlor Rug, nearly five feet long by twenty-six inches wide, $1.89.

$2.89 30x60-inch Rug, $1.99.

HORSE BLANKETS.

| | |
|---|---|
| $7 10-pound "Fawn" Blanket only | $4.00 |
| $6 Plaid Blanket | $3.50 |
| $4 Heavy Wool Blanket | $2.50 |

Some for $2, $1.50 and 59c. each. Carriage and Sleigh Robes from $6 down to 59c.

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Over 200 pictures will be sold at a great sacrifice. All sizes and styles.

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