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The Evening World Prints Associated Press News.

A RUSH AT WELLESLEY.

The dear girls at Wellesley have been emulating the example of the dear boys at other colleges. They have been having a real "rush." The Sophomores, in ghostly array of pillow-cases and sheets, sought to break up the annual election meeting of—well, of the students who would be Freshmen at Yale or Harvard. Perhaps they are Freshgirls at Wellesley.

The "Freshies," as the sweet creatures may be called for short, arose to the occasion. For a few moments there was great fun, sprinkled with loose hairpins. The sheets and pillow-cases were among the first things to give way. They came off from the Sophomores in strips. It was left for the Freshies to discover later that the articles in question had been snatched from their own cosy beds by the artful and designing girls of '94.

Altogether, the rush seems to have been a great success and to have given a pronounced boom to Wellesley Station's local trade in knickknacks for feminine wear. Besides, it affords material for fresh argument in favor of the higher education of young women. Why should not Wellesley hope to yet possess a college eight-oared crew and football team?

UNDIGNIFIED UTTERANCES.

The undignified utterances of Supreme Court Justice GEORGE N. KENNEDY, in criticism of the Chief Executive of the State, show that in this magistrate the partisan overshadows the Judge. His declarations that in his opinion the Governor is "not a man of honor, entitled to public respect," and that "DAVID is a great deal of a misfortune to the State," betray the soreness of the politician smarting under defeat, and will go far towards convincing the people that Judge KENNEDY is disposed to aid to the utmost in the scheme to return Republican legislative candidates in violation of the law impartially construed.

The public expects and demands that judicial rulings shall be, as well in political as in all other matters, non-partisan and impartial. When one of the highest judicial officers of the State lends his court to advance the projects of party heelers and indulges in scurrility towards a co-ordinate branch of the Government, the spectacle becomes a reproach to the Bench, humiliating to the Bar, disgusting to the people and subversive of good government.

The Board of Education's Committee on Buildings has suddenly become a very busy body. With the building material frauds already in hand, they have now gone also into the matter of the unhealthful moral surroundings of schools in districts where saloons and other evil establishments abound. There is always plenty to do for a public body which cares to live up to its duty.

Sixteen out of fifty-nine tramps who lodged in the Oak street police station Monday night said "I," when the Police Justice asked how many would go to work, the place being provided. This unexpected proportion of willing ones reveals a state of human progress along unsuspected lines.

Now that the Dictatorship is over and the revolution is stopped, Brazil's Congress will proceed to reassemble and calmly ignore all the proceedings of the last twenty days. They make history so easily down there that they feel no hesitation in blotting out a few pages now and then.

The theatrical managers have moved wisely to prevent the collegians from carrying too much Yale-Princeton football enthusiasm from the field to the play-houses to-morrow night. The rest of the audiences will have rights which the boys must be made to respect.

Prussia's War Minister has just ordered to be delivered by the 1st of January the largest supply of soldiers' rations called for since the Russo-Turkish war. Strange food for the Goddess of Peace, who is persistently declared to be reigning over Europe.

The Republican leaders who have just been hobnobbing in Washington made every day of their stay a sort of a Blaine day. Not pleasant, this, for Mr. HARRISON, even though it is a long look to the 7th day of next June.

The President and most of his Cabinet will spend Thanksgiving in Washington. It will be a fine opportunity to hide beneath the enjoyment of roast turkey all sometimes obtrusive thoughts of a cooked political goose.

Out of the fulness of your Thanksgiving to-morrow remember to do something for the Christmas of the poor children whose holiday pleasures are not so certain as yours.

The man in Washington who doesn't want the Speakership of the next House is one of those who may truly be thankful to-morrow. He hasn't got to fight for it.

The best thing about Chili's decision to exhibit at the Chicago Exposition is the assurance it conveys of that country's friendly feeling for the United States.

This is Evacuation Day. One hundred and eight years ago the British left the city for the good of the country.

Brooklyn's real water famine is over and New York's threatened one is averted. Congratulations all around.

THE CLEANER.

Credit is due to *Harper's Weekly* for the artistic grouping of the Harvard and Yale football teams which appeared in THE EVENING WORLD of Nov. 21. The portraits of Paine, Messler, Dyer and Winter, of Yale, and Dexter and Mackey, of Harvard, which were not in the *Harper* illustrations, were obtained from the managers of the clubs, as were several other likenesses.

* * *

So Carmencita is married to her Spanish student. Well, I hope he is happier. When he thumbed the light guitar while she danced in public the poor fellow suffered horribly from jealousy and never seemed to enjoy the performance a bit.

* * *

I see that Mr. Platt says that the Democrats are bluffing in their claim on the Legislature. I heard Mr. Platt assert a week before election that Mr. Fassett was sure to win—not the vaguest doubt about it. Mr. Platt isn't to be entirely depended on it would seem.

* * *

The Fellowcraft Club had another of its enjoyable dinners last night. Gov. Campbell, of Ohio, was the guest of the evening. There is a cheerful bonhomie about these entertainments that is thoroughly enjoyable.

* * *

I hear that Col. John R. Fellows, who has been seriously ill at his home on Washington Heights, is on the road to recovery. His doctor said last evening that he now had hopes of the Colonel being out in a few days.

* * *

The Twelfth Ward's growth puts the record of Jack's famous beanstalk among the back numbers. As a result of this tremendous increase in population much difficulty has been experienced in providing adequate school accommodations for the young New Yorkers of that section, and the Trustees have labored with a persistent zeal that has borne fruit in the erection of several "temples of learning." Trustee Leopold Wormser in especial has fought like a Trojan for the schools during the past three years, and now he points with pardonable pride to three splendid plots of ground just secured for sites for future school-houses, just where they are needed most.

Punished for Her Poets.

[From the Philadelphia Ledger.]

Chili is said to have more poets in proportion to her population than any nation under the sun. Her punishment, however, has been correspondingly severe.

No Excuse for the Sockless.

[From the Boston Record.]

The latest fad among the young society ladies of Washington is the organization of a society, the chief object of which is to darn the socks of their bachelor friends. Such a society would be very popular in Boston, and would tend to lessen the number of eligible young bachelors.

Missouri Assurance.

[From the Kansas City Star.]

The impression seems to grow that Gov. Russell is a young man and will keep. The Governor is, in fact, less than forty years of age, and by moving West he will still be in a fair way to grow up with the country. But Massachusetts is good for Presidential timber only in its early stages.

Doubtful Consolation.

[From the New Bedford Journal.]

"I can't hide anywhere, I can't hide anywhere," said President Harrison to Julian Hawthorne the other day. Have patience, Mr. President. You have the people's sympathy. In their goodness they will solve the difficulty for you by March 4, '93. It will take a Stanley to find you thereafter.

Bismarck Comes Again.

[From the Chicago Inter-Ocean.]

Hamlet comes back to the play when Bismarck returns to Parliamentary life, as it is certain he is about to do. He is not only a member of the Reichstag, the popular body, but he can obtain a seat in the Landtag. The War Lord will be kept down to his knittin'.

Defective Distributive Methods.

[From the Chicago Times.]

The fact that there are two and a half gallons of whiskey in bond in this country for each man, woman and child of the population confirms the agitators in their theory that it is not methods of production but of distribution that are responsible for most of the sorrow in this world.

Labor Opposed to Anarchy.

[From the Chicago Press.]

But labor, essentially, is uncompromisingly opposed to what is generally understood by anarchy, because labor believes in law and order, and insists that none, however powerful—even a policeman with his club—shall escape the operations of the law.

On This May Forever Despair.

[From the Springfield (Ill.) Democrat.]

Forsaker, with his razor and sandbag, can beat creation in conducting a ward caucus, but in a scientific mill, with an old fighter like Sherman, he is built for a single round. John's Wall street backers have already set up the referee and timekeepers on him. Money talks, and John knows it better than Sherman.

How Can She Enlighten the World?

[From the Washington Star.]

The newspapers that are accused of having violated the law because they printed pictures of the new coins are duly penitent to doubt. But care should be taken lest the public become prejudiced against a Goddess of Liberty who is so exclusive that she doesn't want her picture in the newspapers.

A Thanksgiving Medley.

[From the Franklin (Pa.) News.]

The Thanksgiving turkey waxeth fat, but there is no fun in it for him.

[From the Bridgeton (N. J.) News.]

Your plan for Thanksgiving Day will not be complete unless it includes attendance at divine service.

[From the Lancaster Examiner.]

It is the turkey with the long head that begins now to look for a top flat in a seven-story coop, and this is the last word we will have to say about the home day we celebrate till the time comes.

[From the Harrisburg Star-Independent.]

Arrange the menu of your Thanksgiving dinner in such proportions as will enable you to contribute something to the pleasure of the occasion to the humble home around the corner or down the avenue.

SKETCHES BY M. QUAD.

The Boy with a Cough.

It was on a Staten Island ferryboat. The cabin was crowded with people, and the boat was just leaving her slip, when a boy about twelve years of age, who had a shoulder of mutton in a basket between his feet, suddenly indulged in a fit of coughing. His face grew red, his eyes bulged out, and his legs worked like piston-rods as he went cough! cough! cough! Everybody's attention was attracted, and an old man sitting next to him seemed considerably put out as he said:

"That's it! I never git on this boat but what something happens to upset my nerves! Why in Sam Hill don't you take sunthin' fur that cough?"

"I am takin' sunthin'," replied the boy.

"That's jest the way with a boy! He goes sloshing around and gits cold. And then the public has got to suffer fur it! In my time boys had some sense about 'em. If they didn't hev it was licked into 'em!"

The boy made no reply to this, and the old man had just got his spectacles wiped off to put on his nose and look at a newspaper when there was a warning gurgle, three or four gasps, and the cough broke loose again. The boy tried as hard as he could to hold back on it, but it got away and raised him off the seat.

"Look-a-here, young man, you're a-doin' that jest to spite me!" exclaimed the touchy old man, as the cough finally ceased.

"I hain't, neither!" hotly replied the boy.

"Don't talk back that way to me! If you've got a cough why don't you take squills and cure it up? Nobody with sich a cough as that has any bizness travellin' around and disturbin' people. When I have a cough I stay in the house."

A middle-aged man near by now put aside his paper and said to the old man:

"I don't see how the boy can help coughing if he's got a cough."

"Then let him go outside where he won't upset everybody," replied the old man.

"You wouldn't do it if you had a cough."

"Yes, I would. The public has rights, and I'm one to respect 'em! I never go around puttin' people's nerves on aige."

"If I didn't have to cough I wouldn't, would I?" appealed the boy. "If a feller has a cough I don't see how"——

Here he flushed up, his eyes rolled and he barked away like a fog-horn.

"I say he's a-puttin' that all on to annoy me!" exclaimed the old man.

"Looks that way to me, too," added the man on his right, who had been aching to mix in.

"That's all nonsense!" replied the boy's defender.

"Of course, it is!" added a second.

"If I didn't like his cough I'd go outside."

"You would, eh? You wouldn't do nuthin' of the kind! If he was my boy I'd give him a tannin' he wouldn't furgit fur a month!"

Two other men now had something to say, the boy broke loose again, and before the boat was half way across the bay at least a score of people were taking sides and disputing and exhibiting a good deal of acrimony. The testy old man grew hotter every minute, and finally got up and said:

"I say a boy hain't no fizness to have a cough and disturb the public! I say he orter be licked! You folks who are stickin' up fur him are encouragin' him to go to the gallows! I'll see the captain and find out if I've got any rights on this boat."

He went off to hunt up the official, the boy got scared and took his cough down stairs, and pretty soon peace reigned supreme and Liberty seemed to smile as she looked down upon the dancing waters.

M. QUAD.

CHATTED UNDER THE ROSES.

Distinguished Guests Entertained by Members of the Fellowcraft Club.

The Fellowcraft Club afforded a charming entertainment to its members and friends last evening at its cosy quarters in East Twenty-ninth street. About one hundred persons among whom were a number of distinguished guests, sat down to an excellent dinner, after which there was the usual flow of wit and eloquence under the significant emblem of the Club's roses.

Speeches were made by Gov. Campbell, of Ohio, who was the chief guest of the evening; President Frank R. Lawrence, of the Lotos Club; Gen. George P. Johnston, of New Orleans; Mr. Adams, who has captured Niagara Falls; Richard Watson Gilder, J. J. C. Clarke and ex-Judge Leicester Holme.

To Organize a "Drummers'" Club.

Circulars have been sent to commercial travellers now in this city inviting them to attend a meeting in the Grand Union Hotel at 10 o'clock to-morrow morning to consider plans for the formation of a "Drummers' Club," for benevolent, protective or social purposes, as may be selected. Charles E. Matthews is the chairman pro tem., and Judson D. Russell secretary. Others interested in the scheme are J. T. Hill, Charles E. Smith, S. Lippencott, L. E. Waterman, Jr., J. T. Gibbons, M. D., Allen B. Still, I. S. Vanderbilt, Jr., and J. J. Watson.

For Simon Wild.

Additional contributions for the family of Simon Wild have been received from the following: Mrs. Edwards, 50 cents; Clara and Sammy, 25 cents; J. N., $1.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP reduces inflammation while Children are Teething. 25c. *

BE A HELPER.

The Poor Children Must Be Made Happy on Christmas.

Send in Your Contribution to Buy Them Gifts.

Nell Nelson Tells How to Spend Thanksgiving Day.

THE SUBSCRIPTIONS.

THE EVENING WORLD	$100.00
Previously acknowledged	344.14
Fair held by Carrie Whyte and others	25.00
Mrs. Jacob Schwab	5.00
John and Thomas Carey	1.00
E. E. P.	1.00
Mrs. v. H.	1.00
Mamie McMahon	.25
E. B. E., Albany	.10
Joe Murphy	.25
Emanuel Greenberg	.10
Jack, Archie, Harold and Alexander	.20
Frank Halliday	.20
Mabel	.25
P. Y. P.	.30
Julia	.10

TO SPEND THANKSGIVING.

Nell Nelson Tells How You Can Enjoy the Day.

What are you going to do Thanksgiving Day?

Don't know?

Haven't you any plans?

Well—then let's talk over a programme.

First of all arrange to sleep just as late as you can. Threaten to demolish any one who dares to call you. Holidays were intended to encourage laziness.

After tubbing, as Mr. Kipling says, eat a good breakfast. Don't be in a hurry about it; take lots of time and rejoice over each morsel, bearing in mind this fact—not another crumb till dinner-time.

By way of variety, which is the spice of good digestion, select the dishes that are most unlike the evening dinner.

In place of meat, poultry or the popular fried oyster, why not have a fresh mackerel and a baked potato, tomato omelet and potatoes hashed with cream or soft-boiled eggs, rice croquettes and shreds of crisp bacon, preceded by a baked apple and oaten meal, with cream, and finish with coffee rolls and an orange.

Read the morning WORLD, dress for a cross-country walk and start out for a lung bath and a lot of color. Take all the folks with you and all your friends who care for this sort of celebration.

Now walk!

Let fancy lead.

Go through the Park, visit the museum, the dairy, the carrousel, or the collection of natural history, for a rest.

Then start off again along Riverside Drive, or take a ferry and go over in the country.

By the time you get back, get rested and get dressed you will have an edge on your appetite and a keen relish for dinner.

With this mouth-watering, wistful-eyed, *lickerish-tooth* longing of the inner man you can revel over a bowl of bread and milk, find a tickling gratification in a service of chops and onions, and extract physical delights from a dessert of hot ginger bread that no festal banquet could provoke for languor, stealth and satiety. Whatever your fare may be the wholesome rapacity of your tramp will make it enjoyable.

What you dine on is a personal matter, but it is a sad fact that big dinners are not what they are cracked up to be. The consumption is all right, but there are after effects to be considered. If the diner cares to go through the whole bountiful bill of fare he will have to go slowly and take canary bird portions of the early courses.

H. W. Kinsley, of the Holland House, says: Five oysters, with not so much as a grain of salt or a drop of sauce, for fear of losing the delicate flavor; then a swallow of clear soup and not even a bread crumb. With this for a basis the stomach is prepared for the meal. If there is fish it must be served and eaten alone, so the doctors order, and the direction is worth heeding. Considering the size of a turkey and the fine character of the meat, that bird should cover the field with the regulation side dishes of cranberries and celery. Let a good salad follow, with cheeses and a biscuit, and then bring on the pudding, pie, ice cream and cake, fruit, a mouthful of candy and coffee and cigars.

No mention is made of the wines, for the reason that the little people and the old people and the sweet, prim aunts will be about the table and their principles must be respected.

This feast properly drawn out with jest and story and good fellowship may cover three hours. When the cloth is removed bring on a big new shallow tin pan filled with prunes and raisins, sprinkle them with rum or brandy, and apply the match to the spirits for a snapdragon. The children will be wild with delight and another hour will be gone before you know it.

Before you lay your head on your soft feather pillow render thanks for the blessing you have received all day and all year by sending a dollar to the Christmas Fund for the delight of some poor child.

In a city like New York where the extremes meet at every turn, there will be of necessity very many respectable and deserving families to whom Thanksgiving will be no different from any other dreary day. Some of these people are penniless; their children are out at the elbows, out at the toes, run down at the heels, labelled with patches and physically impoverished; others are so distressed from long living on tick, on tally or on credit as to dread eviction or persecution every time a footstep approaches the well-haunted door. Life to them is one long struggle with dearth, want, depletion and famine. They are pinched, stinted, grudged and starved; they are thin, pale, bare, cold and miserable, with everything at low tide. Abundance, wholesale, redundance, plenty, enough are words the meaning of which they are ignorant.

Their hardship will be the lot of their poor little toys and girls. Necessity matures them at fourteen.

Make the coming Christmas merry for them by letting your Thanksgiving offering go to the Fund.

NELL NELSON.

Thanks for Money and Wishes.

To the Editor:

Inclosed please find check for $5 for your Christmas Tree Fund. I wish your little charges much joy. MRS. JACOB SCHWAB.
75 East One Hundred and Sixteenth street.

From the Bank.

To the Editor:

I send you 10 cents out of my bank for the Toy Fund. I hope other little girls will do the same. JULIA.

Carey Boys' Entertainment.

To the Editor:

Inclosed find $1 from an entertainment given by John and Thomas Carey for the babies' Christmas tree. We only wish we could collect more. We would be happy to send it. J. F. CAREY,
17 Summit street, Yonkers, N. Y.

Little Joe's Quarter.

To the Editor:

This is my birthday, and I send 25 cents to buy a poor little boy some toy.
JOE MURPHY, six years old.

Mamie's Wish.

To the Editor:

I am a girl nine years old. Knowing what a pleasure it gave the little ones last year, I take 25 cents from my bank to help the little ones this year again. I hope it will be as successful as last year.
MAMIE MCMAHON, 457 Grand street.

A Baby's Mite.

To the Editor:

I am a little boy five months old. As I hear my papa reading about the Christmas Fund, I thought I would send 10 cents to make some child happy. EMANUEL GREENBERG,
East One Hundred and Fourth street.

Four Princeton Boys.

To the Editor:

We are four little brothers who want to do something to help the poor little children. We each send you five cents, and wish it was ever so much more.
JACK, ARCHIE, HAROLD and ALEXANDER,
Princeton, N. J.

A Harlem Girl.

To the Editor:

Inclosed is 25 cents for the Christmas Tree Fund. Hoping to be a helping hand and make the little ones happy. MABEL,
From Harlem.

Three Dimes.

To the Editor:

Herewith please find three dimes for THE EVENING WORLD'S Christmas Tree, contributed by P. Y. P.

Proceeds of a Fair.

A contribution of $25 for the Christmas Tree Fund was received to-day, accompanied by the announcement that it was the proceeds of a fair held by Carrie Whyte, Maud Isaacs, Edgar N. Brown, Alfred Amerman and Edward Isaacs. It is regretted that no further information regarding the fair was sent, so that proper credit could be given for such a munificent contribution.

"CINDERELLA."

There was a sort of mortuary jollity about the production of "Cinderella" at the Academy of Music, a suggestion of the dear, dead ago. As an English pantomime it is a very, very long way off, and as an American entertainment it is lacking in many essential qualities. The costumes, ballets and ballet music all brought back memories of "The Babes in the Wood" at Niblo's—to which, by the bye, "Cinderella" cannot hold a candle—then there was dear old Bertha Ricci, of comic opera memory, and other souvenirs.

"Cinderella" needs good songs, good people and new dances. Without these no such entertainment can be a success. It is in the English pantomines that all the best comic songs are heard; the cream of the variety profession take part in them; all that is bright and novel is introduced, and the result is a highly enjoyable performance, in which not only children, but also adults, revel. The pantomimes run for months, and many a manager has recuperated his fortunes by this annual entertainment.

Mr. Leslie's production is a very irksome affair. Miss Fannie Ward, the Cinderella, has the ghost of a voice. Miss Lillie Alliston sang her song in bland forgetfulness of the orchestra, Edwin H. Carroll and Fred Mendoza were ghastly, and their "Wild Waves" song was unworthy of a dime museum show, while Bertha Ricci, who has a voice, seemed unable to use it satisfactorily. The pretty features of the extravaganza, as, for instance the Housemaids' Dance, had been seen before and duly appreciated.

The appointments were very handsome and they were seen to great advantage on the splendid Academy stage. The ballet-girls were pretty and young, which is quite unusual. The "humorists" waiting to perpetrate the grandmother joke at the expense of the "Cinderella" girls will get "left." These are the good points of the production—the only ones.

If Mr. Leslie will take my advice—and I know he won't—he will get half a dozen good, rollicking concert hall ditties, with swinging melodies and extravagant words, a few special dances and one or two people who possess a little magnetism. These he will introduce into "Cinderella," and he will find that his pockets will fill. The best member of the company is Rose Newham, the skirt dancer, who did a conventional *pas seul* with her best Drury Lane smile. ALAN DALE.

The Rivals' Smoking Concert.

"The Rivals" entertained some two hundred of their friends at a "smoking concert" last evening at Hotel Hungaria. The "smoke," as on all previous occasions, was voted a success. The talent was all that could be desired, among them being Prof. A. J. Martine, humorist; Columbia College Students' Mandolin Club, A. M. Taylor, humorist and reader; Russell Throckmorton, reader; Chas. Griffin, baritone of the Lillian Russell Opera Company and others.

Remarkable Feet.

[From Texas Siftings.]

Little Girl (at the opera for the first time)—Mamma, what are those women doing with their feet?

Mother—Don't ask so many questions.

"Mamma, are they trying to catch flies with their feet?

"No; dudes."

WORLDLINGS.

An infant at birth usually weighs one-twentieth of the maximum weight it ought to attain in middle life.

Gen. John Palmer, the Commander-in-Chief of the Grand Army of the Republic, is a man of medium height and compact physique, business-like and energetic in manner. His hair and mustache are almost white, and his eyes are steel-gray in color.

The only works of fiction that Miss Rachel Sherman, the General's daughter, is said to enjoy, are the novels of Thackeray. She is a great student of history and biography. She has dark gray eyes, luxuriant auburn hair and a clear, pale complexion.

One of the possessions of Hall Caine, the British novelist, is the lantern borne by Eugene Aram on the fateful night of his historic murder.

Charlotte the new Queen of Wurtemberg, is a handsome young woman of spirituelle expression, still under thirty and fond of gayety. She is likely to brighten and enliven the dull life of the Wurtemberg court.

VAGRANT VERSES.

Before the Fire.

The wintry air seems full of snow,
The leaden clouds are hanging low,
The frozen ground
Reverberates beneath your tread,
The bare boughs creak above your head—
A dismal sound.

November now is almost here—
November, chill and dark and drear—
And soon the snow
Will heap itself in drift on drift
And into every crannied rift
While fierce winds blow.

Well, never mind; the glowing coal
Within the grate will cheer your soul,
And send a thrill
Of joy all through you till dismay
Enters at thought of how you'll pay
The coal man's bill.

—*Somerville Journal.*

Has No Rivals.

Of all the great composers known,
There's one will always keep
A prominence that's all his own—
The great composer—Sleep.

—*Exchange.*

THE WAYS OF WOMAN FAIR.

Fads, Fancies and Fashions That Delight the Gentler Sex.

Bengaline the Popular Fabric for Black Dresses—Shirts for Small Boys—Designs for Misses' and Children's Hats—Woollens for the Winter.

Popular fabrics for the black silk dress, which most women consider indispensable, are bengalines and Sicilliennes; these are sold as low as $1.69 a yard, and only fourteen or fifteen yards are required. Figured bengalines are also used, and there are handsome black demi-satins in waved designs, with colored figures, at $1.29; these are used for entire dresses, or are stylishly combined with ladies' cloth. Changeable silks for foundation skirts and for the silk petticoats now so fashionable are sold for 89 cents a yard in nineteen-inch widths.

Boys of twelve years wear shirts like those worn by men. For younger boys who like to wear standing linen collars, a compromise is found in a shirt waist without a collar, but supplied with a neck band, to which the collar can be buttoned.

The misses' and children's hats are many and of novel and pretty designs. They are embroidered French felt hats with tint crowns and poke brims, also flat sailor crowns with fluted brims, with loops of ribbon projecting up from insterstices in the brim. Ruches of ribbon surround the crowns with montures of loops and aigrettes.

Mrs. Grimwood is only the second woman who has ever received the Royal Red Cross, the other having been Florence Nightingale. It is a crimson cross, bordered with gold, and is fastened to a dark blue ribbon, with a red edge. Upon the cross are the words, "Faith, Hope, Charity."

A novelty in coats is one made of covert-coating, reaching to the feet, and having lap seams; they are quite new and smart.

The Empress of Austria has ordered that 50,000 rose trees should be planted round the statue of Heine, to be erected on her property at Corfu, on a rock over 2,000 feet above the level of the sea.

The popular woollens for Winter gowns are camel's hair, with fleecy stripes of black set wide apart on brown, gray, or blue grounds; these stuffs are forty inches wide or more, in order that the skirt may be cut all in one piece if the purchaser chooses. Very wide cords and chevron stripes are seen in the new Bedford cord fabrics; those of light weight, suitable for house gowns, or for street dresses in warmer climes, cost only 75 cents a yard, while the heavy large cords are $2.75. Storm serges, with broad diagonals like those of vigogne, are excellent for general wear; they are fifty inches wide and $1 a yard. Six yards will make a dress.

Perfume for Gloves.—Mix two ounces of spirits of wine with four minims of extract of ambergris. If the insides of the gloves are rubbed with a small piece of cotton wool which has been previously dipped in the mixture, it will give them a pleasant and lasting perfume.

Most of the skirts are made without foundations. There is a new blue-gray Tattersalls cloth, having a white line check, which is fashionably worn with black. Occasionally this is cut diagonally, and corn-flower blue and gend'arme blue, braided in black, make pretty gowns. Many of the long-waisted coats now worn are fastened invisibly, and some neat double-breasted gowns have a V-shaped piece of braiding introduced on the front.

The modes of Marie Antoinette are being resuscitated this Winter season. Square handkerchiefs of chiffon, in all colors, either simply hemmed to the depth of one and a half inches, or having a wide, inter-woven satin border, are loosely tied about the low bodices. Another make of fichu worn by the ill-fated Queen is the mode. It is cut on the cross and very long, made of chiffon and bordered with a full frill of silk lace. This turns over, and is tied round the bodice, the long ends falling lightly in front. It was in a fichu of this description that Paul de la Roche depicted the Queen during her prison days.

An Affectionate Remembrance.

[From Texas Siftings.]

"What shall I get you to remind you of me while I am away?" asked a New York dude of the young lady to whom he is going to be married, on the occasion of his taking the steamer for Europe.

"Do you want to get me something that will always make me think of you when I look at it?"

"Yes, darling."

"Then buy me a monkey to play with."

WHO LEADS?

"Help wanted" ads in the thirty days ending Nov. 19:

In the WORLD	16,023
In the *Sun*, *Times* and *Tribune* combined	4,174

Who Leads?

"Help wanted" ads in October:

In the WORLD	16,531
In the *Herald*	6,515

WHISPERED IN THE WINGS.

The Drews to Follow Bernhardt at the Standard.

Why Mrs. Langtry Will Not Be Seen in Harlem This Season.

Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Drew are to take Bernhardt's mantle—ahem!—when she drops it. In other words, the young couple will succeed the great tragedienne at the Standard Theatre Dec. 21, and stay at that house until Modjeska appears there. Alexander Comstock visited Manager J. M. Hill at the Imperial Hotel, where Mr. Hill's refractory leg keeps him a prisoner, and the "deal" apparently went through. "That Girl from Mexico" will be the play. Mr. and Mrs. Drew will, of course, have the star parts. Lorimir Stoddart, of "Henrietta" renown, and Harry Brown have already been engaged. "We want to get a New York verdict at once," said Mr. Comstock yesterday, "and know exactly how we stand. We can get the piece in shape out of town for a week or so before the New York opening."

* * *

Mrs. Langtry will not appear in Harlem, and all because her manager, Joseph Reynolds, of the Gilsey House, has a humorous way of giving jocose digs in the ribs to those with whom he is talking. This is merely a fascinating little way that Mr. Reynolds has, but Mr. Hammerstein did not like it. "We were talking on business," said the Harlem manager yesterday "when Reynolds gave me a couple of digs, by way of emphasizing his remarks, that I felt for two days afterwards. That settled Mrs. Langtry as far as I am concerned."

* * *

Mrs. Potter starts from London for South Africa Christmas Eve with her company and her repertoire and her plans for elevating the South African stage.

* * *

Mme. Simonson, who plays small parts in Sarah's plays, is the wife of the droll little man who acts as Sarah's private secretary. He is always rushing about here and there as though he had the responsibility of the universe on his shoulders. Mme. Simonson played Nanine in "La Dame aux Camelias." It is what is popularly known as a "thinking part."

* * *

The violin music played behind the scenes during the performance of "Lady Bountiful" at the Lyceum Theatre, is the work of Fritz Williams, the Lyceum's young comedian. Mr. Williams is a very clever amateur violinist.

* * *

The Bostonians were so encouraged by their season of "Robin Hood" in New York, that they are negotiating with Augustin Daly with a view to occupying his theatre during the Summer.

* * *

"Margaret Byng," a novel by F. C. Phillips, author of "As in a Looking Glass" and "The Dean and his Daughter," has been dramatized by Mr. Phillips himself, and Percy Fendall. It is to be presented in London.

* * *

The collapse of Emerson's Minstrels was not such a very great surprise to those "who knew"—and there are so many who know, on the Rialto. A Michigan paper speaking of a recent entertainment given by this company, says: "The performance was a bitter pill for Emerson's friends and Haverly's friends, who had looked forward to their coming that they might say 'that's the sort of a show we had in in the good old times'—but no one said it. The audience was warm and friendly. Every one tried to laugh, tried to applaud, and Mr. Emerson was given a reception. He didn't deserve it."

* * *

E. J. Henley, who is now playing in Anson Pond's play, "A Desperate Man," in Newark, is so nervous on a first night that he is completely unstrung. Henley trembles and breaks into cold perspiration, and has a generally unhappy time of it.

* * *

Wilson Barrett has been playing "Othello" in the English provinces and causing comment by the fact that he does not make up his Moor very thoroughly. Barrett's Othello is said to be just nicely bronzed, like an ordinary white person who has returned from a trip to the seaside.

* * *

"Jimmy" Lewis has been studying Sarah as "Camille," though it is not said that he has discovered any new comedy effects in the work of the great actress.

* * *

Henry J. Leslie, who put on "Cinderella," is not fond of the type known as the "extra lady." He says that these damsels occasionally cut the jewels from the dresses they are asked to wear, and have them made into brooches for their own special delectation. And the jewels cost money.

* * *

"Since the middle of last June," said Manager E. D. Price, yesterday, "I have been endeavoring to hold aloft the beacon-light of information concerning Miss Helyett at the Star. I thought my modest efforts had been in some slight degree successful, but the conceit was all taken out of me early Saturday evening, as I sat in the box-office and heard the intelligent playgoers propound conundrums to the treasurer. 'Do these people play this in English?' inquired a prosperous-looking business man. 'Is this the box-office?' remarked a gentleman from the interior. 'Does that French actress, Miss Helyett, play to-night?' questioned a third, and the climax came when a nice, motherly looking old lady, who wanted seats for Thanksgiving, asked: 'Do you take orders, or do you sell on the spur of the moment?'"

* * *

Richard Golden seems to be very proud of his bi-chloride of gold cure. He advertises the fact that Richard is now himself again. There is nothing more beautiful than absolute, unblushing candor.

Dear prices for clothing are just the reverse of our rule of figuring. We warrant customers for Men's or Boys' clothes or hats, a reliability of make that is beyond question; and we are safe to assume that our prices are the lowest.

As it is sure to be a cold day to-morrow for either Yale or Princeton football teams, we remind outsiders to be on the right side and wear our Overcoats or Ulsters.

Our store will be open Thanksgiving day until 12 o'clock noon.

HACKETT, CARHART & CO.
Clothing and Hats.
B'way, cor. Canal St.
Open late this evening.

THE LIFE-SAVER.

Credit to Both Great Life-Savers.

A fireman belonging to one of our engine companies has been called "The Life-Saver," because he has snatched from burning buildings and sure death a dozen lives.

How much more should the title, "The Life-Saver," be bestowed upon that wonderful medicine, Dr. Greene's Nervura, which has saved the lives of thousands upon thousands from the flames of devouring diseases—from sure death by Paralysis, Insanity, Heart Failure, Brain Fatigue, Shattered Nerves, Nervous Prostration, Poor Blood, Stomach, Liver and Kidney diseases!

It is the true Saver of Life and Health, and should be used by all who are sick, weak, tired, nervous and prostrated. *Take it now; do not wait until it is too late.* Purely vegetable and harmless. Druggists, $1.

"I had awful sensations of fear, with pains in head and back. Could not sleep well and *felt tired all the time.* I went to the hospital here, but got no relief. My face broke out with pimples and I was almost giving up in despair, when I got Dr. Greene's Nervura. Now I am well and strong, thanks to Dr. Greene's Nervura.
"MRS. ELIZABETH BROWN,
"236 Hartwell ave., Providence, R. I."

☞ Dr. Greene, the specialist in curing all forms of nervous and chronic diseases, 35 West 14th st., New York, can be consulted *free*, personally or by letter. Call or write him about your case or send for symptom blank to fill out, and a letter fully explaining your disease, giving advice, &c., will be returned free.

FLINT'S FINE FURNITURE

is now being pushed, might almost say forced, into the homes of those who never expected to be able to buy such FINE FURNITURE. Of course it is done at a loss to us of a large part of cost of making, but we find it pays in the end to close out the styles and samples of a season with the season, even if the goods are given away, that the limited space can be used for new styles when ready. A quick loss is the smallest with us.

Geo. C. Flint Co.
FURNITURE MAKERS,
104, 106 and 108 West 14th st.

LADIES, I sell Furniture without cash deposit; longest credit, enormous stock. Manufacturer's Agent, 105 West 29th st.

An Unidentified Nobody.

[From Judge.]

Louise—See that little insignificant fellow yonder? That's Mrs. Splurger's husband.

Clara—Indeed? What was his name before marriage?

Explicit and Cordial.

[From Puck.]

Romer—Do you live where you used to live, now?

Rover—No; I've moved away from where I live, now. Come in when you pass by, sometimes.

Had Read His Critiques.

[From Puck.]

Shade of Lowell—Howells is one of our literary autocrats.

Shade of Dickens—Yes. With the accent on the "rats."

A Silver Question.

[From the Jewellers' Circular.]

Ponsonby—Heigho! every silver lining has its cloud.

Popinjay—Yes. You can't earn a quarter dollar without working for it.

During the Plague.

[From the Somerville Journal.]

Hobbs—I tell you a young man has to scratch nowadays to get along with any degree of comfort.

Dobbs—Yes, and everybody else, too, when sand fleas are as thick as they are in Somerville just at present.

A Self-Sacrificing Husband.

[From Kate Field's Washington.]

"Lushington has a wife and six young children, and he is drinking himself to death. Shocking, isn't it?"

"On the contrary, he has a $10,000 life insurance, and it's the most profitable thing he can do."

An Economical Delay.

*[From