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The Evening World Prints Associated Press News.

THE ARREST OF E. M. FIELD.

The course adopted in the case of EDWARD M. FIELD is pre-eminently a proper one. He has been taken by detectives from the private asylum to which he had retreated as an insane patient. He will be brought into court under charges of grand larceny. His sanity or insanity will be decided by proper and public methods, under the law, so that there may be no incompleteness or disturbing air of mystery about the case.

As matters stood, all was wrong. If Mr. FIELD is really insane, the suspicion with which many people, officials and others, regarded him did him an injustice which the court proceedings will set aside. If he has simply simulated insanity, he will now be exposed as he should be.

But, in any event, the circumstance of his being able, after he had run his course in the street, to get himself committed to a private insane asylum without appearance in court or under any form of arrest was one full of menace to the community. It set open a way by which any sharp criminal of such standing as Mr. FIELD could evade the law.

A committal to a private retreat, a period of temporary seclusion while things are "blowing over," an eventual "cure" when the time seems to be auspicious, a quiet slipping away from old scenes unless things have come to be so absolutely favorable that this last step is unnecessary—these would be the simple processes of such a method of evasion. The action taken in Mr. FIELD'S case will decisively close this lately promising avenue of escape.

ONE OFFICIAL'S EXHAUSTIVE REPORT.

The report of WILLIAM BATES, United States Commissioner of Navigation, has been referred back to him for rewriting and condensation. Mr. BATES evolved about 40,000 words for his document, whereas the President only found it necessary to use about 19,000 for his entire message.

The Commissioner went delving into past and future, commented upon Great Britain's policy, enlarged upon personal theories and successfully hid most of the legitimate matters of his report in a mass of irrelevant verbiage.

It is evident that the training to be acquired in the office of a real newspaper would be of eminent service to Mr. BATES. He might profitably consult the columns of THE EVENING WORLD for examples of condensation and the pertinent treatment of topics.

A patient has died at the Keeley Institute at Hot Springs after one injection of bichloride. Doctors and a Coroner's jury said lung congestion killed him. His friends, however, will go to the courts. They are not satisfied with the fact that, at least, the patient has escaped the possibility of death from alcoholism.

France and Bulgaria break away because the latter country won't take back a banished French correspondent. It would be a new and startling tribute to the power of the press if this "newspaper-man" incident should after all prove to be the match to set the European powder magazine ablazing.

THE WORLD presented more exclusive news from Washington this morning. Mr. HOLMAN, "watch dog of the Treasury" as he has been called, is to head the House Appropriations Committee. There are to be no Billion Dollar excesses about the Fifty-second Congress.

A discouraging story of the abuse of Italian laborers by bosses along the line of the new Adirondack Railway comes this morning from Malone. There should be prompt investigation of these horrors, which the North Woods have been big enough to hitherto conceal.

In Pittsburg yesterday Senator QUAY said he would not be a candidate for re-election. Also in Pittsburg yesterday the same Senator said he might reconsider before election. A heavy responsibility is here placed on circumstances.

The Government is to have photographs taken of all Chinamen arrested for unlawful entry into the United States from Canada. A surprise over the number of Celestial twins in existence is in store for the man who makes the pictures.

McGLORY must go. The outraged public will not swallow any excuse of the "witness-gone-to-Europe" type for any miscarriage of justice in his case.

Perhaps Gov. McKINLEY, as one of the victims, regrets that he neglected to place Russian influenza on the prohibitive duty list.

President Polk's Luck.

[From the Cincinnati Times-Star.]

The only Speaker of the House who ever became President was James K. Polk, and fortunately for himself he filled the position without making a National reputation.

PLEADING FOR TOYS.

Poor Children Look to the Christmas Fund for a Slice of Happiness.

Do What You Can to Lighten the Little Ones' Hearts.

Nell Nelson Tells of a Call from Two Tiny Waifs.

Letters containing contributions of money should be addressed to Cashier N. Y. World, Pulitzer Building.

All parcels or packages containing donations of toys, clothing, books or other articles should be addressed to the Manager "Evening World's" Christmas Tree, 74 FIFTH AVENUE.

The American, United States, National and Westcott Express Companies will convey all packages of 25 pounds weight and under addressed as above free of charge.

The Fifth Avenue Storage Warehouse will call for large packages in the city free of charge.

THE SUBSCRIPTIONS.

THE EVENING WORLD	$100.00
Previously acknowledged	1,007.83
Bernheimer & Schmid	50.00
Robert Bonner	10.00
E. A. C.	10.00
Poker party "Kitty"	8.40
Three	5.00
Edith	5.00
Joseph	5.00
K. W.	5.00
C. A. C. A.	5.00
Cash	1.00
Two friends	1.00
J. H. D.'s boy	3.00
Gertrude and Edna	1.00
James, Christina, Charles and Baby Morse	2.25
Willie Prince Ware	1.00
J. G. W.	1.00
Brooklyn	1.00
A. R. Feehan	1.00
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Regina	1.00
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E. K.	1.00
Johnnie Dempsey and Hughey	.10
No Name	1.00
Kittie Carlin	.50
Thomas Wanek	.75
Daisy Griffen	.10
Monroe and Harold Theobald	.20

BRIDGIE AND DANNY'S VISIT.

They Came After Tickets and Tell of Their Christmas Longings.

As sorry a pair of tiny tatter-coats came to the office yesterday as you ever laid eyes on. The little girl did the talking and blushing, and her small brother put his dirty little hand in the slit where his pantaloons pocket should have been, and tried to climb down after it.

"I'm, I'm Bridgie," tightening her grip on the upper hand of the wee rawbones at her side, "and he's Danny."

Then she gave her sagging skirts a hitch, threw a furtive glance about her new surroundings, and gently jerking Danny out of his retreat proceeded to explain her visit.

"We come for the Christmas Tree. Danny, he wants a ticket? I want to choose a doll—if I can."

"I want one just like I got last year. When I was playing with it its hair came off, and I sat it in the window to freeze on again, and I fell out, and when I went down to get it it was gone!"

To repress the rising tears, Danny was pulled a little nearer the centre of gravity, and a brief "that's what we come for" finished the explanation.

The children were studies in misery.

Poor brother Danny, stubby, bandy-legged, curtailed of his natural proportions by rickets, ill-favor, abuse and hardships, was as ugly as a little scarecrow and repulsively dirty.

Every feature of his misshapen, scraggy little body expressed the hunger, oppression and habitual neglect that so many children in the tenement districts of New York suffer.

There was a scowl of positive cruelty on his low forehead and what he intended for a smile was a grin that made the childish face almost hideous.

The constant wriggling of the poor boy as though preparing to dodge a blow from some unseen hand only increased his ungainliness.

He appeared to be about seven years of age, spoke a language peculiar to the street and stood in need of the very elements that go to make up health, decency and civilization.

Here never went to school; never had any good clothes to wear; didn't know how to work out could tell by the pictures what the reading meant, and intended to sell papers when he got a coat and in order to start with."

Bridgie had a degree of intelligence and easiness about her that made her grotesque.

Her little feet were thrust into coarse clumsy shoes, her intended coat hung loose and loud about the ankles with pieces frostbitten off. The light the gaping spelled holes in each the ragged stocking that made Bridgie's feet about the splendidest little things.

Having the distortions of her unfortunate brother, she was clean, plump, handsome, saucy, intelligent, observant and unlovely.

She had the wide cheek bones giving the face the appearance of a mask, the small eyes which seemed to say that the lady should stare gave her the look she had on "leave her be" digs, and the mouth which he was sure that she could eat anything. Would to the grocery and order "the usual" that she could scrub the floor and wash the clothes, but she didn't. She stayed because mother made her stay home.

Her poor little hands were as red as beets and hard and sore from exposure and unnatural toil.

Pitiful as the plight of these "ragged robins," some good angel had half an eye on them, for they were not in the room five minutes when a messenger came into the editorial sanctum with a load of sample dolls for the Christmas Tree.

The packages were open for their delight, and wee Bridgie was thrown into a spasm of ecstasy.

At the first glimpse of a worsted baby boy, with cymbals fastened to his hands, that went clash, bang! at the touch of a spring, she let go her hold on woe-begone, grimy-faced Danny, who was soon standing on his ankles.

When the wrappers were removed all dolldom was on review.

There were paper dolls, rag dolls, rubber dolls, kid dolls, wooden dolls, wax dolls and brisque dolls; there were Dutch dolls, French dolls, English dolls, Chinese dolls, German dolls and dolls with black faces and very bright eyes; there were dolls with curls, crimps, frizzes, braids and psyche knots, dolls with queues and dolls with no hair at all; there were dolls that could talk, walk, creep, cry and sing; there were girl dolls, boy dolls, baby dolls and lady dolls; there were dolls all ready to go to bed, to market, to church and to a party, and there were shamefacedly strapped to a board and every stitch of clothing hanging on a clothes line.

One doll, dressed in red and black with her hands in a muff sat in a baby carriage that a tin messenger boy pushed along, amused Bridgie, but as she could not find anything like the doll that first lost her wig and then fell out the window and lost her identity, she selected a black-eyed blonde Summer-girl doll and turning to the editor said:

"I choose this."

She held the made-up beauty in her arms, hugged it to her breast and began to kiss the crimp out of her yellow hair.

It required considerable courage to take the plaything from her, but, being a sample, it had to be replaced in the case.

Two or three dolls were put in her hand, but the wistful look was in her face when she went away.

The warlike tendency of bemeaned, homeless Danny's mind was made manifest by a request for a "box of soldiers and a Gatling gun to bang 'em all down at wunst."

While it seems like a travesty on common sense to talk about imported dolls and soldiers for these unfortunate little ones when the bread and butter side of their lives is so sadly in need of consideration, it is nevertheless a fact that they care more for a toy than they do for food or clothing, and that a disappointment Christmas morning will be harder to bear than hunger and cold.

That is why the reader is asked to come forward and help THE EVENING WORLD in its effort to make the coming holiday the merriest and happiest of their whole lives. It is the sweet privilege of the children of the rich to provide cheer, comfort and pleasure for the children of the poor, and a greater joy than the glory of forty kings will fill their hearts if some personal convenience is sacrificed.

According to kindergarten statistics there are 144,000 little boys and girls under the age of seven in the tenement-houses of the Fend, the Cap, Mackerville, Goose Market and Hell's Kitchen who are practically uncared for. The authors of their being have no cause for the exercise of good will and no means of celebrating Christmas. Where there is not enough to eat, not sufficient clothing or fuel to fight the elements with, there can be no sentiment to give to life.

Concerted effort on the part of the well to do should be made to render one day in the year a little less cheerless, a little less prosaic than the others.

For the love you bear the dear ones in your home subscribe to the Fund that has promised half-naked Bridgie and half-starved Danny clothing, nourishment, toys and the merriest Christmas they have ever known.

NELL NELSON.

Edith's Gift.

To the Editor:

I send you $5 to help the Christmas Tree.

EDITH.

P. S.—My love to the children.

Thanks, Joseph.

To the Editor:

I send $5 towards the fund for the Christmas Tree, and hope the poor little children will have a good time.

JOSEPH.

Poker Party's "Kitty."

To the Editor:

Inclosed please find a small contribution of $8.40, being "kitty" of a jolly poker party.

Two Passaic Girls.

To the Editor:

Kindly put the inclosed $1 towards the Christmas-Tree Fund, from two little girls.

GERTRUDE and EDNA, Passaic, N. J.

Wants to Send More.

To the Editor:

Inclosed please find 15 cents for the Christmas Tree Fund, hoping others will do the same; I wish to send more if possible.

THOMAS WANEK, 8 Greene street.

From Baby Hal.

To the Editor:

Inclosed please find $1 from Baby Hal, who will celebrate his first Christmas this year, and wishes some other little one to have a bright time.

H.

Three Little Girls.

To the Editor:

Here is $1 from Hertie, Bertie and Gertie to buy something for your Christmas Tree.

GERTIE PRICE.

Two Bergen Point Boys.

To the Editor:

Inclosed please find for the Children's Christmas-Tree Fund 10 cents, five from my chum Hughie and five from

JOHNNIE DEMPSEY.

From a Drummer.

To the Editor:

Here is a dime from a travelling man for the little folks' Christmas. Hoping it may bring them a little more happiness than it will bring me in the way of business, I remain, yours to give the Kiddies.

C. M. L.

You Will Do So.

To the Editor:

We would like very much to be helped to make some poor little girls happy this Christmas by contributing a doll, and we shall be happy to receive any contribution with a respect that we can bestow upon it.

[illegible]

Magic-Lantern Show.

To the Editor:

Inclosed please find for the children's Christmas Tree the proceeds of a magic-lantern show given at our house last night. Hoping it may be of some assistance.

[illegible]

Profits of an Entertainment.

To the Editor:

Last evening I had a little entertainment gotten up by the [illegible] children, hoping that the poor children might have a merry Christmas.

[illegible]

Here's a Brave Little Helper.

To the Editor:

[illegible] little children [illegible] Christmas [illegible] I will do [illegible] to Fifth avenue. [illegible] be a good boy and love to hear my auntie read THE EVENING WORLD.

WILLIE PRINCE WARE.

Shared Christmas Money.

To the Editor:

Inclosed please find $1, being a portion of money I received from my father to make Christmas presents. Knowing I could do no better with it, I send it to the Christmas-Tree Fund for the purpose of making some little one happy.

A. H. FERRAN.

Check from the Lion Brewery.

The subscription list of the Christmas-Tree Fund is headed to-day with a $50 contribution from Bernheimer & Schmid, proprietors of the Lion Brewery. The generous donors will have the satisfaction of knowing that their offering will be expended to the best possible advantage, and that they alone will be the means of making many a poor child happy.

Packages Received.

Packages for the Christmas Trees have been received from Little Natalie, Marjorie A. Osborn, John J. Leach, Mrs. Beggs, Frank R. Spencer, Larrabee & Co. and L. H. Mace & Co.

Dryden & Palmer, Harper Bros., Mrs. Lula D. Macklin, Cora A., Lillian, Morris, Marie Ida Pomeroy, Van Tine & Co., Mark M. Pomeroy, The Misses Helper and Judge, Church, Stamford, Conn.; Miss R. B. Spaulding, Louise Chandler Moulton, Mr. Cohn, of Novelty Corset Works, and the Young Ladies of the Box Department, The Stendel & Willen Co., H. Bilsborough, F. Crosby, Pulford & Co. and Mildred Arden.

SPORTING NOTES AND NEWS.

Police Interfere with the La Blanche-Greggains Fight.

The battle between George La Blanche, the "Marine," and Jack Greggains, of San Francisco, before the Occidental Club in San Francisco last night apparently did not have a more satisfactory ending than La Blanche's last fight with Young Mitchell before the California Athletic Club, when the "Marine" was credited with "throwing" the battle. The police stopped the fight in the eighteenth round, and Referee Danny Sullivan gave the battle to Greggains. The decision was not popular, and a disgusted crowd left the room crying "Fake!" According to all accounts Greggains deliberately and badly fouled La Blanche, as Bob Fitzsimmons, Jim Corbett and Billy Mecarthy at the Pacific Club. La Blanche's ankle was twisted. The action of the local authorities in sustaining Greggains is regarded as another black eye for pugilism in California.

The battle was for a $2,000 purse. Both men appeared to be in fine condition, although the "Marine" looked a trifle heavy. He weighed 158 and Greggains 157 pounds. Billy Smith, Al Butler and Jack Delaney, of this city, looked after the Marine, while Greggains was seconded by his brother, Martin Murphy and Patsy H. Eagan.

* * *

The final bouts in the Williamsburg Athletic Club's boxing tournament came off last night at Grand Army Hall, Brooklyn, and resulted in some great fighting. Over thirty men weighed in for the first and second prices and knockouts were of frequent occurrence. Harry Grifflin, of the Olympian Athletic Club, had his nose broken in his encounter with Joseph J. Shortell, of the Williamsburg Athletic club, which lasted only one round. Another bout which set the spectators wild was between James P. Holmes, of the Greenpoint Athletic club, and Gus Beckman, of Jackson Athletic club, in the special light-weight class at 118 pounds. Holmes knocked Beckman down and out in one minute and forty-five seconds.

* * *

The National League and American Association officials met in Philadelphia to-day to try to settle the war which has been so disastrous to baseball affairs. It is probably the most important baseball convention ever held. John B. Day and Jim Mutrie represent the New York club, and C. H. Byrne, of the Brooklyn Club, left yesterday, to be joined at Albany by President Soden and the rest of the Boston delegation. The local delegation was confident that the war would soon be a thing of the past. It is said "Alderman" Mutrie has gone to Washington to take charge of the club in the capital.

* * *

Alice Williams, who styles herself the "female champion female wrestler," has challenged Hattie Leslie to a match Graeco-Roman style.

* * *

The event of to-morrow night's show in Madison Square Garden will be the meeting of Peter Maher and Jack Smith, of England. There are some who think Smith will put up a good fight.

* * *

King Kelly is home again. He arrived from England yesterday on the Servia. Kelly was greeted by a crowd of baseball enthusiasts. The King is a poor sailor and suffered much from seasickness.

* * *

At the Sportsman-American Athletic club's boxing entertainment last night, a lively bout took place between Pat Cahill, the well-known amateur champion middle-weight, who is to meet Jim Corbett at the Eagle's tourney to-morrow night, and Alex Wilson, a skilled colored boxer. It resembled as a friendly set-to, but ended in a fierce fight. Cahill, with a swinging right hand blow knocked Wilson down. In falling the latter struck a ring post and broke his arm in two places.

THE CLEANER.

The following from Boston may be regarded as a joke, though it is safe to say, the point is not exactly where Bostonians see it: "A party of gentlemen were seated in a well-known resort last evening. They all were more or less heavy. Another gentleman entered and exclaimed: 'Hullo, what cyclone is this?' 'An over-exerter,' was the instant response. Who says that Boston wit is a thing of the past?"

* * *

There can scarcely be a New Yorker who has not thrown a glance of sympathy, not unalloyed with humanity, at the blind match vendor who with his faithful dog, takes up his nightly stand in the corner of Broadway and Thirteenth street. Watch him for a few moments some evening and you will notice that nine out of every ten coins dropped into his box are placed there by women. Of those I saw the other night I am sure, from the deep sympathy that he recognized two young women as frequent visitors.

* * *

I note that Manager Locke, of Emma Juch's opera troupe, has been having a stormy time with creditors in Washington, considering the prosperous still which such affairs have had of late years. It is strange that he has developed a financial stickiness which is the envy of other managers in the profession.

* * *

I understand the speed priestess, Mrs. M. E. Williams and her same congenial spirits the other night. The departed elves seem more than willing to communicate. There were the shades of Greeley, Garfield and Tom Ewing, but each acted carefully not to call for anyone in the audience not personally known to Mrs. Williams. I was told that at these séances the spirits always call for the same individuals. The people who pay their dollars never get any communications.

On a Cold Day.

[From Puck.]

He—There's a good deal to be said in favor of cremation.

She—Indeed, yes. Yes, indeed. It's so clean, and like and warm.

A Healthy and Delicious Beverage.
MENIER CHOCOLATE. Learn to make a real cup of chocolate at a refreshing. "Menier, New York," and get free sample, with directions.

THE ITALIAN OPERA SEASON.

Let me begin my little picture of the opening of the Italian opera season at the Metropolitan Opera-House last night by a peep at Henry E. Abbey, the daring impresario, whose mind soars far above all the petty details that chain men down to non-speculation and the certain. There he stood in the red-carpeted lobby watching the procession of gorgeously clad dames and black and white men file through the corridors and tinkle into the boxes. "Come on, ladies and gentlemen," he seemed to say; "if you do like it tonight I shall like it. If you don't like it I shall like it. It doesn't matter much. Don't mind me." There was not a sign of agitation or expectation about Abbey. He was unruffled as a May morning. It is impossible to avoid admiring the courage of this unpretentious, unboastful man, who has been buffeted about by fortune, and who swims as buoyantly as a cork. I hope he wins. He can wear his success better than any other man I know.

It was a great house. It was what nice, original young men would call a "brilliant social event"—though I'm not quite certain that I know what the expression means. Good men and women cast away from themselves the sordid crust of everydayness and come forth to bask and purr in bright scenes, enlivening music and clean, sweet surroundings. As you glanced at the vast horseshoe, with its yellow circles and its scintillating boxes, the thought that in less than six hours this enormous audience would be stripped of its finery and unrecognizable in a night gown was a trifle ludicrous. How funny it some conjurer, some modern Wielder of the Wand could anticipate by a few hours and flash before us this befeathered, bejewelled, besatined concourse as it would look in a very short space of time!

In the lower part of the auditorium sat the genuine music lovers, people who could detect a wrong note when they heard one, judges who were aware when a chromatic scale was neatly executed, or quickly skipped, as so many skip it. The central layer were those who went to make the "brilliant social event." They cared precious little for the music, but they were there because it was the quite the thing, don't you know. New York, unlike London, has so very little of what is quite the thing, so few functions that are absolutely polite and poetic, that the opera has come to be quite an event. For London a gathering like that of last night is the most ordinary thing in the world.

The upper part of the house was assigned to people who came to look about them rather than to hear; to revel in the shimmering white atmosphere of wealth and beauty, rather than to listen to music.

The first work of the Italian opera season was sung in French. I know it is a silly, unwary thing to say, but really it never makes the least difference to me what the language is in which the opera is couched. I never understand it. English when wedded to the roulades of the opera composers sounds very much the same as Chinese would do. Put this over it you think I ought never to have made this admission. The proper caper is to prove Italian because it is so musical and rhythmic, don't cheerknow; if you can't get Italian banker for French because it is the best imitation of Italian that we have; scoff fervidly at German on account of its guttural "achs!" and its athletic exercise, and become indignant if English is suggested. English, forsooth! the language of the slums and the bargain counters!

"Romeo et Juliette" was the opera—Gounod's music added to Shakespeare's love story. It is strange to hear Shakespeare warbled; to listen to Juliet singing over her balcony; to hear Romeo fighting Tybalt with crochets and quavers; to be aware that crusty old Capulet is doling the stern pepper to an amiable accompaniment, and to feel that the immortal William for once is not enough. Last night the opera was given in a way that tore no traditions. The people all looked as Shakespeare's people are supposed to look. If Juliet had been some fat, old soprano, who had grandchildren and an air of sonny complacency, we should not have dared to rebel. If Romeo had happened to be a plethoric German tenor, who appeared in an invisible halo of sauerkraut and Frankfort sausages, we should have been forced to accept him for the sake of his voice. In opera we are often compelled to shut off every sense but that of hearing.

Juliet, however, was the sweet, comely girl, Emma Eames. Shakespeare could never have selected a fairer heroine. She had the girlish grace of Margaret Mather or Adelaide Neilson—a delightful, naive beauty. Miss Eames's voice was a trifle disappointing. It is pure and agreeable, but it is lacking in volume and in fire. The best thing she did was the work in the balcony scene. Miss Eames's chromatic scale was what impressed me most strongly. It was perfectly accurate, absolutely faultless. A chromatic scale is so frequently massacred. Lillian Russell always amuses me when she tries the chromatic. She swings down its length like a fireman descending the brass rod that brings him to the ground.

The tenor was Jean de Reszke, and his future, as far as New York is concerned, was secured last night. He made the hit of the company. De Reszke is a fine, handsome looking fellow—manly, aggressive, inspiring. He has a singularly pure voice, and his delivery is free from the slightest suspicion of an effort and admirably calculated. De Reszke is good enough to become the rage. His interpretation of Romeo was delightful throughout. His brother, Edward, as Frere Laurent, displayed a sonorous bass voice to great advantage. Mlle. Jane de Vigne, in the small part of Stephano, made a decided hit. The others were inoffensive—especially Capoul, whose slight voice never does any harm, because he knows how not to use it.

The balcony scene was everything it ought to be. The curtain came down once while Ae Reszke was singing and agitated everybody—except De Reszke, who calmly continued his vocal exercise as though nothing had happened. In the balcony scene the balcony was ridiculously low. It reached up to Juliet's knees, and Romeo could have kissed her a farewell with alarming facility.

"Trovatore" will be sung to-morrow night, "Les Huguenots" Friday and "Norma" Saturday afternoon.

ALAN DALE.

Painful Reminiscence.

[From Judge.]

Gillispoon—I trust I'll fare better this Christmas than I did the last.

De Palette—Why?

Gillispoon—I had an old boot presented to me.

De Palette—Why didn't you ask for the mate?

Gillispoon—Because the first one had a foot in it.

THE WAYS OF WOMAN FAIR.

Fads, Fancies and Fashions That Delight the Gentler Sex.

"Granny" Bonnets for Little Girls—Latest Novelty in Bracelets—Suede Gloves Embroidered in Silk—Adornments of Waists of the Modern Dress.

Large "granny" bonnets for little girls have a cape and skirred or corded crown of silk, bengaline, surah or ottoman, and brim of velvet, with tips, aigrettes strings of surah and loops of ribbon or velvet.

Dress galloons show arabesque leaves and are in designs in colored effects, gold, silver, steel, red, old red and other colors on silk cord, mixing with colored stones or wax beads.

The waist of the modern dress is more freely adorned than has been the case for the past few seasons. Silk, gold and silver galloons, passementeries, laces and jabots are used. This is also the case on the cloth costumes in oblique stripes, which are so much admired in all shades of gray, and also on cheviot and serge in marine or dark blue. Besides the trimmings named above, fur trimming, especially of Russian fur, are much favored this season. They are seen on the skirt in one or more stripes, on the sleeves in gallon-like disposition, and on the waist as trimming for collar and breast.

There are gay little ladies in this big town who pay 12 cents a piece for a cigarette of the Egyptian deity variety, and smoke a dozen a day. The agency being in a Broadway cigar store and not accessible to women, purchases are made by messenger service or post.

West-siders who drink milk from gentlemen's country places pay 12 cents a quart for it, but the impudent dealers decline orders for less than a gallon a day. It is a treat, however. Every quart is bottled, sealed and one-third pure cream.

Some of the new suede gloves are embroidered in colored silks.

The latest bracelet has a heart for a pendant in which the owner carries coins for car fare or the church offering.

Theatre and society cloaks are chiefly lined with colored imitation mink, which also acts as facing. The larger number of theatre cloaks are made long, even trailing; they are of deep red, emerald green or azure-blue plush. An exquisite model is a ball cloak of sky-blue silk gauze with feather roches of the same color and gold embroideries. The red velvet circulars trimmed with costly fur seem nothing in comparison with this fancy cloak, which is really a novelty. It is of light blue satin with train, covered all over with a soft, airy, sky-blue silk crepe, has a long boa of sky-blue feathers and is trimmed at the collar with gold and colored embroideries in relief. Gauze knots are on the shoulder seams and spread out downward in fan-like appendage, which contrasts effectively with the somewhat tight waist part.

CHANGES AT THE THEATRES.

"The Athlete" and Frank Mayo Well Received at Niblo's.

NIBLO'S.

Frank Mayo at Niblo's last night presented a play called "The Athlete," a dramatization of Wilkie Collin's stirring novel "Man and Wife." The piece was constructed to please the lovers of sensational stage episodes, and it met with a measure of success so far as Niblo's was concerned. Mayo is a very good actor of the romantic school, and he has lost none of the dramatic vigor for which he has been long known. Miss Emma Vaders was the leading lady. She belongs to the good old school which the Niblo patrons like.

STANDARD THEATRE.

Variety is said to be the spice of life. It would therefore not do to lament the fact that the superb Bernhardt was followed at the Standard Theatre last night by Miss Amy Lee—who isn't superb. The play was called "Euchred," and Harry Voight does not mind being known as the author of the trifle, which does not call for analytic criticism. Miss Lee is a very pleasant young woman, who has done good work. Her efforts to please were not unrewarded. She had the support of Frank Deane, W. H. Stuart and Adelaide Cummings.

B. H. JACOBS' THEATRE.

De Mille, who adapted "The Lost Paradise" from Fulda's play, also adapted "The Danger Signal," which was produced at H. B. Jacobs' Theatre last night, from "The Main Line," which happened to be a play of his own. He can, therefore, fairly claim "The Danger Signal" without fear of being snubbed. The piece was very well put on and the "realistic sound effects" were duly appreciated. Miss Rosabel Morrison, a pretty and agreeable young woman, played the heroine.

NEW PARK THEATRE.

Joseph Murphy appeared in "Shaun Rhue," at the New Park Theatre last night. It is a typical Irish piece that is by no means new. It has done good service to Mr. Murphy, and he does not seem to be at all willing to cast it off. The comedian is still very popular, a fact which he appreciates, for although he frequently announces his retirement, he is still with us. "Shaun Rhue" was nicely put upon the stage, and well acted throughout.

GRAND OPERA-HOUSE.

There was a very large audience at the Grand Opera-House last night when the curtain went up on the entertaining farce known as "Mr. Wilkinson's Widows." This is quite the best play of the kind that New York has seen for several seasons. "Dr. Bill" is somewhere in comparison, and "The Junior Partner" simply isn't in it. The cast included Georgie Drew Barrymore, Joseph Holland, Thomas W. Ryley, Emily Rancker, Thomas H. Burns and Mattie Ferguson.

HARLEM OPERA-HOUSE.

"Amy Robsart" is a very gorgeous production and one that merits praise in that it is a legitimate and conscientious effort to please. The play itself is somewhat antique in fashion, but those who are not critical will forget this in the beauty of the scenery, and the calm, pleasing presence of Marie Wainwright, the star. Miss Wainwright is not a great actress, but she is a good one. Henry Miller played the Earl of Leicester unpleasantly. The other members of the cast were satisfactory.

PEOPLE'S THEATRE.

The melodrama known as "The Power of the Press" was the attraction at the People's Theatre last night. It is conventional, but interesting, and it had a good cast. A portion greatly in its favor. This cast included James E. Wilson, Charles Mason, C. H. Rugel, Herbert Patten, Charles Kidder, C. E. Edwin, Lulu Martin, Miss Ida Waterman, Miss Sallie Williams, Miss Lavinia Shannon, Miss Minie Sackett, Miss Etta Baker and little May Sanford.

WINDSOR THEATRE.

The audiences of the Windsor Theatre enjoy a farce-comedy from time to time. They had one last night that seemed to please them. It bore the pleasing title of "Zig-Zag," and was unhesitatingly fathered by Frank Tannehill, jr. It was not a very bad thing of its kind and it gave countless opportunities to Mr. Stark, the arch and gentle—to say nothing of winsome—Flora Moore. Miss Moore is an artist in her particular line, and the audience applauded her vigorously.

COLUMBUS THEATRE.

"Little Puck" was the play at Hammerstein's Columbus Theatre last night, and a very good entertainment it was. Frank Daniels is a very clever comedian, who has the approval of his audience before he has been on the stage five minutes. "Little Puck" is a dramatization of Anstey's novel, "Vice-Versa." Its literary merits are not conspicuous—probably if they had been "Vice-Versa" would have lost much in this. The company on the whole did good work.

TONY PASTOR'S.

The programme at Tony Pastor's Theatre last night had three great attractions in the shape of Tony himself, Maggie Cline and Jimmy Valentine. The minor lights were O'Brien and Redmond, Price Eldridge, Munro and Mack, the Johnsons, Basso and Roberts, black face comedians; Adolph Seeman, an hypnotist; D. R. Emery and Laura Russell, described as "America's musical artists," and Dravoer, a juggler. At the matinee next Friday every lady and child present will get a doll.

KOSTER AND BIAL'S.

Paulus has certainly added New York to his list of conquests, for the applause he awakens at every appearance is genuine beyond a doubt. Last night he introduced his audience to other novelties, which were received with good enthusiasm. Of course there is always a certain percentage of French people in the house, but New Yorkers are there by the hundred. The Margelice sisters appeared and did good work, but for the present Paulus monopolizes all the attention.

HUBER'S MUSEUM.

There were attractions galore at Huber's Palace Museum yesterday. They included Wallace Ross, the weight-lift conjurer; J. P. King, the "all around athlete;" Morrissey and Lennar, tinhat artists; the Burrs, decapitated-lady; Bernardo, a fire performer; George, the turtle-man; Pepita and Lolo, Mexican glass-blowers; Melano Bim, the fat and lean double; a Kafir warrior; the prairie dog village; Nyo, the spotted boy; Florino, the Circassian, and Ellsworth, the blind checker-player.

Brooklyn Theatres.

COL. SINN'S NEW PARK THEATRE.

Miss Maude Gale was welcomed by a good sized audience last night at the Park Theatre. She appeared as Juliet in "Romeo and Juliet," and showed that she possesses ability of no mean order. She was supported by a good company, among whom were several members of the Booth-Barrett organization. "Romeo and Juliet" will be repeated at the Saturday matinee. Miss Gale will be seen this evening in "The Hunchback."

LEE AVENUE ACADEMY OF MUSIC.

German character comedy held the boards at the Lee Avenue Academy last night, when Gus Williams presented for the first time in Brooklyn "Keppler's Fortune." He displayed a considerable amount of cleverness in his performance, and received great applause. Some of his business and selections and songs that were new were introduced, and all proved quite entertaining.

HOLMES'S STAR THEATRE.

"Ole Olson," a Scandinavian character comedy, was presented to fair a good audience at Holmes's Star Theatre. Musical specialties relieved the performance. Ben Hendricks impersonated the principal character, and he was well supported by St. George Hussey, Alice Evans and others.

BEDFORD AVENUE THEATRE.

Mark Murphy and his company of funmakers arrived in the Eastern district and opened at the Bedford Avenue Theatre in "the operatic comedy" "O'Flowda's Neighbors." Mr. Murphy has fully recovered from his recent illness and his Brooklyn friends were out in full force to welcome him.

Rivals.

[From the Epoch.]

Bunting (printing to passer-by)—Doctor, that man has filled more graves than you.

Dr. Parcels—Who is he?

Bunting—No; sexton of the cemetery.

Happy
Results so often follow the use of Hood's Sarsaparilla for Dyspepsia and similar troubles, that we are warranted in urging a trial of this medicine upon every sufferer. In many cases where the suffering has been intense,
Hood's Sarsaparilla
has seemed to possess a magical touch that brought astonishingly quick relief. Try it.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Food Report
Royal Baking Powder
ABSOLUTELY PURE

ELECTRICIAN EARLE WAS A WRECK.
FOR FIFTEEN YEARS HE SUFFERED WITH CATARRH.
Patent Medicines Didn't Do Him Any Good, but He Tells a Reporter How Doctors McCoy and Wildman Relieved Him.

CHARLES E. EARLE.

The invariable story that persons who have suffered from catarrh tell a reporter is that they spent a lot of money in taking a legal catarrh cure in the shape of patent medicines that did no good. Last week the invariable finale to the story is: "Great last I went to Doctors McCoy and Wildman, and now I am all right." The more of this story is heard the more I feel sure a lot of money on patent medicines, but go directly to Doctors McCoy and Wildman. Chas. E. Earle is an example of one of the many who at last had gone to Doctors McCoy and Wildman to the first time. Mr. Earle is a electrician. He now has charge of the large office building, 21 Beekman street, in this city, also of the office of the Mother. To a reporter he said: "I had catarrh for fifteen years. I tried Ely's cream Balm and hundreds of other so-called catarrh cures, patent medicines, but they didn't do me any good. I was troubled with a ringing in my ears like the buzzing of telegraph wires on a windy day in winter. I was always hawking and spitting to clear my throat of the mucus that was continually dropping down in it. My throat felt raw. I could hardly breathe through my left nostril. I had pains in the back of my neck and headaches. Was a wreck when I went to Doctors McCoy and Wildman. I feel better after my first visit to them. I feel a hundred per cent. better since I have been under their treatment. I sleep better and eat better, and my nose, head and throat are clear. I would recommend people suffering from catarrh to go to Doctors McCoy and Wildman, because I know how they have helped me."

Doctors McCoy and Wildman make a specialty of the treatment of catarrh. They to-day all medicine free, and their charges for treatment are so moderate that they are within the reach of all.

DOCTORS McCOY AND WILDMAN,
5 East 42d street, near Grand Central Depot, and Broadway, corner 14th street, New York, and 187 Montague street, Brooklyn, where all catarrhal cases are treated with success. If you are at a distance write for a symptom blank. Address all mail to 5 East 42d st., New York City. Office hours—9 to 11 A. M., 2 to 4 P. M., 7 to 9 P. M