NEWSBOYS DINED.

Treated to a Big Banquet by "The Evening World."

Mme. Albani Sang While the Youngsters Feasted.

The Famous Soprano Moved to Tears by the Applause.

There Was a Parade First to Sharpen Appetites.

Then the Small Army Annihilated Hundreds of Turkeys and Mince Pies.

Oh, what a hustling, hungry, good-natured crowd of guests THE EVENING WORLD entertained at Christmas dinner at the Everett Hotel yesterday!

Six hundred newsboys, every boy with the appetite of 600, and the 600 all vying with each other in feats of gustation.

It was 11.35 when this uproariously joyous 600 charged into Barclay street and bore down upon the entrance to the Everett Hotel. They came with drums a-beating and horns a-tooting; with banners flying and prepared to do or die.

SIG. VIANESI, DIRECTOR OF THE ITALIAN COMPANY—MME. ALBANI'S ACCOMPANYIST.

Manager George W. Washburne, of the Everett, who has successfully ordered the house for seven years, was fully prepared to surrender. He did so with a good grace, and the newsboy guests filed in to the music of the EVENING WORLD March, composed for the occasion by Director H. A. Hall, and played by the Old Guard Band, twenty pieces, led by Albert Caldwell. The band was in full uniform, after the style of the Old Grenadier Band, of London.

They wore scarlet coats embroidered in gold, blue trousers and blue caps.

The boys filed into the great dining room with its tessellated marble floor and its admirable arrangement of fifty small tables.

Of course, the 600 could not all be accommodated at once, and while 167 of them dined, the rest worked up a little more appetite by blowing the tin horns provided for the celebration.

LARGESSE TO THE DINERS.

On the line of march of the parade preceding the dinner good-hearted people on the sidewalk had thrown dimes and quarters to the marching newsboys, and a package was handed to one of them in Grand street.

It bore the words:

"Compliments of Thomas J. Ryan."

SCENE OUTSIDE THE HOTEL.

It was a case of fire crackers, and now the boys in the street varied the monotony of horn blowing by letting off the crackers.

Those who entered left their horns at the door, and, snatching their hats off, then ran through the dining hall to their appointed seats.

THE FIRST COURSE AT TABLE.

"John Benjamin Buehler," an clever-year-old newsboy, who has sold papers more than half his life, was the first to enter, and he ran like a deer to a seat at one of the small tables in the extreme end of the hall.

Bennie was followed by Charley Claim, who is known as "Jimmie the Loon;" William Enright, otherwise "Dutchie;" Joe Hull, otherwise "Swipes;" Manko Guggenheim, a weak, little cripple; William Connor, Edward Middleton, known as "Shorty;" "Paddy the Whistler," who was christened Jeremiah McGuire, and lives in Blind Man's alley, Cherry street; James Cassidy, another little chap of ten years; James Walker, who rolls up the whites of his eyes and answers to "Coon;" Freddie Pelor, otherwise "Peanuts;" Charles Ebule, known as "Buckey;" Edward "Cats" Foley, aged nine; John "Cabbage" Savage, age twelve, and a host of others with equally euphonious and appropriate nicknames.

THE CHARGE OF THE SIX HUNDRED.

These boys swooped down upon the feast that had been prepared for them.

"Swooped" is the only word that describes it, and it was a caution the way they assaulted the turkey, rich and tender, white meat and brown meat and crisped outside; delicious dressing and mashed white potatoes with rich brown gravy; cranberry sauce and crisp celery, bread and butter, brown and white, and luxurious coffee and cream.

MME. ALBANI COMES ON THE SCENE.

Presently there was a stir at the Vesey street door, the policeman made a pathway through the crowd of spectators there.

Then came a gentleman, leading by the hand a lady. A beautiful woman, her face radiating gentle, winning smiles on the little rascals at either side as she was conducted over the marble floor.

The lady was Mme. Albani, the wondrous singer, who, after captivating all the world of critics and compelling homage from the monarchs of the Old World, comes to the New World and down to THE EVENING WORLD'S dinner to win the hearts of the newsboys.

Mme. Albani was accompanied to the dining hall by Mr. Ernest Gye, her husband.

The songstress was simply attired in a beaded gown of black satin sprayed with white flowers.

As she advanced to the centre of the banquet hall, Sig. Vianesi, the director of the Italian Opera Company, her accompanist, struck a chord on the baby grand piano that had been sent for the occasion by Steinway & Sons.

Every knife and fork was instantly silent. Every newsboy's big eyes were turned towards the woman of beauteous face. There was a silence like that before the benediction.

A BENEDICTION IN SONG.

Mme. Albani delivered a benediction in sweet music. She sang the "jewel song," from "Faust," and sang it with the same gentle sweetness that would have characterized her execution had her auditors been the most important nabobs of the world instead of a gathering of freckled newsboys.

The applause that followed the last rich note of the gifted songstress was tremendous, but it was all done with the chapped hands of the newsboys.

Not a foot tapped the floor. There wasn't a shriek, nor any other inharmonious thing. It was such a recognition of the genius of the fair singer as might have come from a Metropolitan Opera-House audience, only it was far more sincere and was not the expression of the influence of that wonderful dictator of public opinion, the critic.

MME. ALBANI MOVED TO TEARS.

Now happened a marvellous thing.

Mme. Albani sang to Queen Victoria and sang so sweetly, so sympathetically that she made the good British Queen cry.

To-day the newsboys made Mme Albani cry.

There was unmistakably a tiny drop of dew in each of the kindly eyes that beamed from the womanly face now turned towards the harum-scarum youngsters, her audience.

"It is beautiful!" she murmured, as the boys clapped their hands in an ecstasy of delight.

"I love the boys, for I have one at home. Here I have six hundred. I love them all. They are blessed little men. Merry gentlemen!"

Mme. Albani next sang "Home, Sweet Home." When she finished, the great burst of applause was thrilling. Such applause no singer ever had before.

The newsboys went wild with enthusiasm. They began soon enough to clap their hands, but their enthusiasm got the better of them, and they cheered and cheered again till the building trembled.

The cheering continued five minutes, and there was hardly a dry eye among the spectators, while the tears rolled down the weather-beaten cheeks of many of the newsboys. Then the songstress sang a Bacarole song that was equally applauded.

When Mme. Albani began to sing "Home Sweet Home," a little fellow sitting at the table directly in front of the piano laid down the fork and knife he had just taken up, and listened with rapt attention. When she finished his dinner was still untouched. He could not eat. The songstress, while the applause was still ringing, went over to him and put her hand upon his face. The lady with her was moved to tears. She stepped across the aisle and forced into the boy's hand the great bunch of hothouse violets she had at her belt. The boy seemed overwhelmed with happiness. His eyes glistened with joy. A gentleman seeing he had lost his Christmas dinner, tried to give him some silver.

ONE OF THE TABLES.

"No," said the little fellow, "It's too much. I have had enough."

The silver was thrust into his pocket, and the little fellow with his brown face with its glistening eyes, his violets pressed to his breast, disappeared in the crowd.

After the last song, Mme. Albani was escorted back to her waiting carriage by Mr. Gye and returned to her hotel, from which she had ventured out of pure, womanly love for the little gamins of the busy metropolis of the Western World.

The expressions of the newsboys were characteristic:

"Why, but that lady just made my eyes water when she sang that 'Home, Sweet Home,'" exclaimed Shinny Davis, rolling his eyes ecstatically.

"Huh, talk about singing—there ain't anybody in New York can hold a marker to her," sententiously remarked Snapper Swartz, as he passed out of the dining hall.

MARCHING IN BY SQUADS.

"I could just set and hear her sing forever," said the dreary, pale-faced and fragile John Benjamin Buehler. "She just makes me feel lonesome and happy all at once, and kind o' as if I wanted to put my face on mamma's lap and cry."

Who can express a true appreciation of the efforts of the sweet songstress in better words than these?

THE OLD GUARD BAND'S SELECTIONS.

Before the songs of Mme. Albani the Old Guard Band played operatic selections, popular airs and patriotic tunes.

The selections included the following:

1. March—"EVENING WORLD" ..... Hall
2. Overture—"Martha" ..... Flotow
3. Selection—"American Airs" ..... Myzants
4. Ethiopian Caprice—"Plantation Chimes" ..... Hall
5. Waltz—"Maggie Murphy's Home" ..... Branam
6. Medley—"Popular Airs" ..... Recker
7. Galop—"Barnyard" (descriptive) ..... Fairbach

Every one of the 600 invited guests ate all his little stomach would hold, for there was no stint to the fare provided.

SERVED BY FIFTY WAITERS.

Seated at the fifty small tables the boys were served by fifty white-jacketed, white-aproned waiters, and with as much care and circumstance as though they were millionaires and a handsome tip was sure to follow.

The boys were quiet, decorous and gentlemanly. They sat on their hats for the most part, and they conducted themselves in a manner that did them great credit.

It was the most successful dinner ever given in New York. Some of the smaller boys, being unable to eat all that was set before them, carried their mince pies away to their homes.

THE FEAST COMMEMORATED IN VERSE.

The following was written in celebration of the newsboys' feast, by "N. C. P.," a Brooklyn poet:

THE CHARGE OF THE NEWS BRIGADE.

I.

Half a block, more or less,
Half a block onward,
Right down through Vesey street,
Marched the Six Hundred.
"Forward, the News Brigade!"
"Charge for the Turks," they said.
Into the Everett House
Marched the Six Hundred.

II.

"Forward, the News Brigade!"
Was there a boy dismayed?
Not if he knew himself.
THE WORLD has not blundered,
Theirs not to sulk or shirk,
Theirs not to shy or lurk,
Theirs but to "do" the Turk:
Then to the banquet hall
Marched the Six Hundred.

III.

Pie to the right of them,
Jam to the left of them,
Turkey in front of them,
Stuffed and unnumbered.
Bravely they met their fate,
Full was each ample plate:
Well did each newsboy know
EVENING WORLD pays the freight—
Jolly Six Hundred.

IV.

Flashed all their knife-blades bare,
Flashed all their forks in air,
Slashing the turkies there,
Charging that army, while
All the house wondered.
This was no Christmas joke;
Right through the pie-crust broke
Turkian "Extras,"
Reeled as from earthquake stroke,
Shattered and sundered.
Then they marched back again,
Feasted Six Hundred.

V.

New York must have their aid,
Light-hearted News Brigade.
All the town wondered.
Honor the News Brigade,
Cheers for THE WORLD that made
Happy Six Hundred.

N. C. P.

ALBANI AND THE NEWSBOYS.

To Jericho with your "brilliant social events" and your quaint, unjustified connection of cultivated music with evening dress, and a coterie of the Four Hundred! I say: to Jericho with you—though, of course, that is merely a figure of speech, for I want you to stay right here and listen to me. I really think that I had begun to believe it myself; to imagine that due appreciation of music belonged to the cultured few, and needed the surroundings of luxury and the pomp of opulence. I had also grown to look upon the songbirds, of whom we hear so much, as creatures of caprice who cannot stand the light of day, and whose voices, removed from the superb acoustic properties of a magnificent hall, sink into every-day mediocrity.

I am glad about yesterday. It gave me new impressions, and whisked my lethargic entity into new grooves. For Albani sang to the jolly, rollicking little newsboys at a dinner given in the Everett Hotel by the EVENING WORLD, and I can tell you, my friends, that I pity you because you didn't happen to be a newsboy yesterday. Yes, I do—honor bright. The newsboys had the best of it, for they had the full benefit of one of the purest and most beautiful voices in the world—all for themselves—and they had the sympathetic presence of a good and charming woman.

You can, of course, pay to hear Albani at the Metropolitan Opera-House, and whatever you pay isn't too much. But you can't see this singer, bathed in the light of a benign benevolence, her whole heart absolutely in the work of compelling admiration, smiling at her audience, thrilling her hearers into an ecstasy, and joyfully marking the effect of her effort.

It was a great yesterday at the Everett Hotel—a great festal God-given yesterday. The little chap-lets who tread on our toes in the street cars and penetrate the fog-laden air of the early morning with their cries in the interests of newspapers were all there, bent on enjoyment. If you went to pay, you came away to envy those boys their ability to enjoy. Happiness touches them more quickly and more effectively than it touches you or me. Perhaps they don't get very much of it in their dark little lives, and they may never know the meaning of that dread, uncomfortable word—*blase*.

When I saw them conveying turkey into their systems with a sort of stomachic telegraphy that was astounding I said to myself: "Albani hopes to rival those plump, meaty birds in the affections of the boys. Albani will get left." The songbird arrived. She took a glance around, her eyes beaming, her face aglow. She said to me: "They love their turkey, and I don't imagine that they are going to think much of me."

I frankly admit this morning that I am a fool, and know nothing at all outside of my own narrow groove. And I can't help thinking that Albani herself will confess that she made a little mistake and that music, although not quite as nourishing as turkey, itself to be infinitely more fascinating, proved When "The Jewel Song" from "Faust" had ceased to pour its liquid ecstasy into every nook and cranny of that greasy hotel, there was a moment's silence and then a volley of applause, compared with which the uninspired bravos of the Metropolitan Opera-House were hollow mockeries. The boys forgot drumsticks, succulent wings, lovely geese gizzards, and golden gravy. Their little mouths opened—not for the admission of turkey, but for the emission of exuberance.

Never have I heard Albani sing so gloriously. The opening *Ce diamant* was delivered as faultlessly as though her audience had been long-haired Teutonic critics, and the first turn of Gounod's stirring melody seemed to quiver with feeling. Albani turned and faced her audience. She sang into their very souls. Her roulades were executed with a precision that took away my breath. None of the latter-day singers, fresh from the Paris conservatories, from the Marchesis and from the schools of Milan can hold a candle to Albani. I have listened to "The Jewel Song" a hundred times, but I never understood it until yesterday.

Seventeen cooks—I counted them—crowded into the hall, bent on sharing Albani with the newsboys. They were all named Bridget—those who were not called Della—and they left their pans on the stove, for I heard a furious sound of ferociously frying fat and a dreadful odor of burning was at one time threatened. If "The Jewel Song" had been any longer I am quite sure that there would have been a literal interpretation of the old saying—all the fat's in the fire.

Albani sang "Home, Sweet Home" in such a delightfully sentimental way that I began to feel sorry for the poor little fellows. I am sure that they understood every word and knew the full significance of the song. The last time I heard it was when Patti sang it at the Metropolitan, but it was tame compared with Albani's effort yesterday. Surroundings go for something, don't they? And how can one get up a pathetic appreciation of "Home, Sweet Home" when it is warbled into the throats of a crowd of decollete fashion-worshippers at the big Opera-House?

Is music an education? The question admits of but one answer, and that a thundering affirmative. I wish all the School Commissioners in the city could have marked the effect upon the little slangy newsboys of Albani's exquisite art. I would like them to have taken away for discussion at a future date the case of the poor little fellow who couldn't eat a thing because he was so affected. The boy had a musical head, and the flap of the turkey's cooked wings meant nothing to him. How many of the boys who have musical heads will be compelled to lose them in the distressing ditties of the street?

And don't talk to me of your antique chestnut, yclept "Orpheus and Eurydice." I have a modern instance that will serve me for a long time to come. It is Albani and the newsboys.

ALAN DALE.

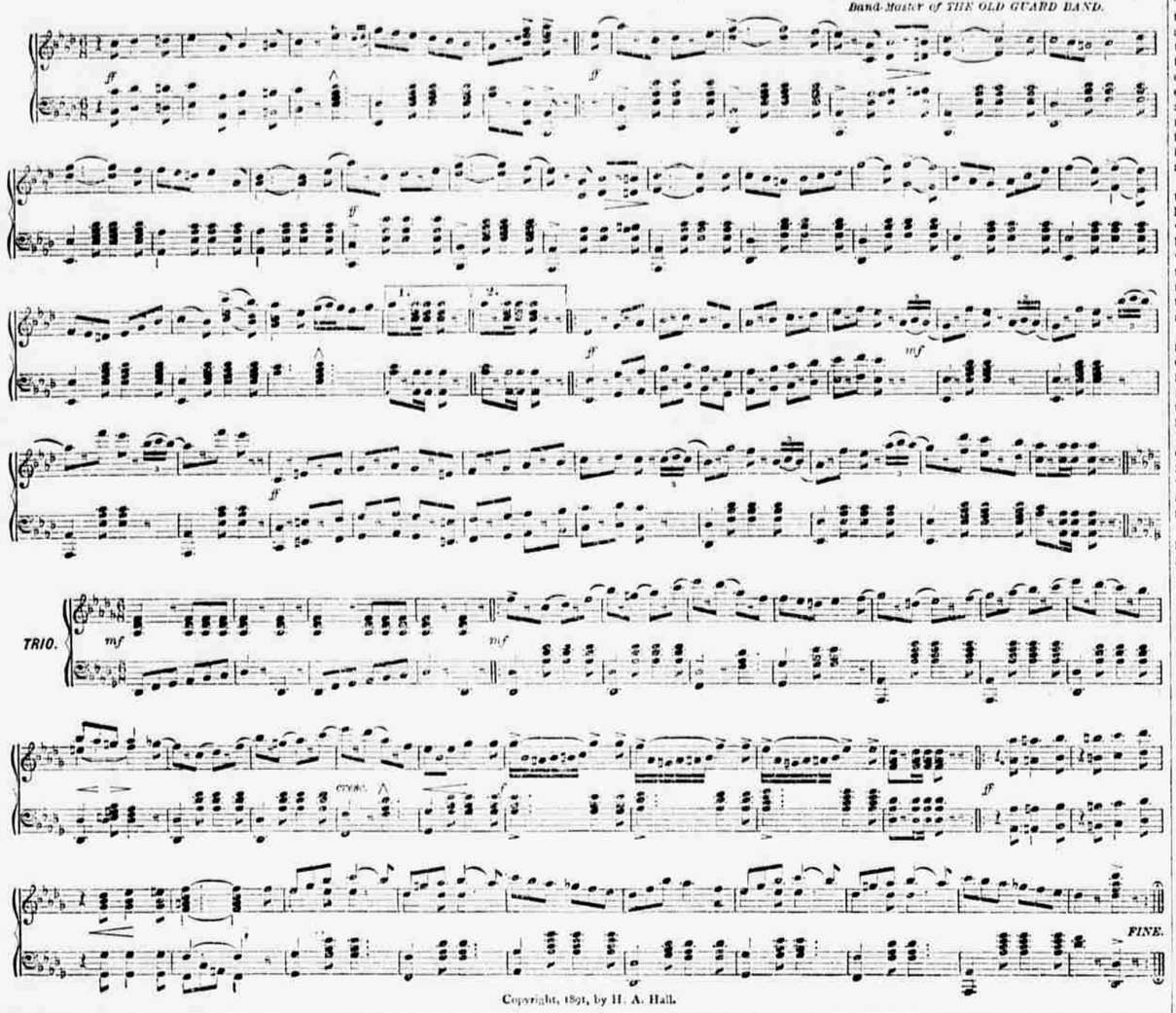
PLAYED YESTERDAY AT THE NEWSBOYS' DINNER

Dedicated to THE NEW YORK NEWSBOYS.

THE "EVENING WORLD" MARCH.

Composed by H. A. HALL,

Band-Master of THE OLD GUARD BAND.



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SAVED BY PRESENTMENT.

The Train-Despatcher Made an Error, but the Engineer Was Uneasy.

A telegraph operator on one of the single-track roads leading out of Pittsburg has had an experience that will last him a lifetime, says the Pittsburg *Dispatch*.

The young man became careless, as despatchers sometimes will, and he gave orders for a freight and a passenger train, moving in opposite directions, to go to a certain station.

When the trains had started the operator suddenly remembered that they couldn't reach the place without a collision. It was too late to countermand the order, and in his agony cold drops of perspiration ran down over his face.

In describing his feeling afterwards he said he lived years in the few short minutes which would decide the fate of the trains.

He was startled and relieved by seeing the engineer of the freight walk into the tower. The engineer had received his orders, but when he reached a switch he had a premonition there was something wrong, and he turned in on the side track. His train was scarcely out of the way when the express thundered by.

The next day the operator went to the superintendent of the road and told him what had happened, at the same time handing in his resignation.

The manager looked at him for a moment and then said: "Go back to your work, my boy. This experience has been a lesson for you. I don't think it will occur in the future."

OPERA GLASS SPECTACLES.

An Optician Makes a Suggestion for Theatre-Goers.

A correspondent whose enthusiasm about optical possibilities is often only equalled by the delightful flights of his imagination sends *The Optician* a suggestion. He says: "With the perfection to which the making of aluminum is now brought, and the popularity of small opera glasses, why not construct small opera glasses mounted on a spectacle frame?

Provided the size is small (say, object glasses half an inch in diameter, with six lenses only), the glasses might be worn without any discomfort upon the nose during the whole of a theatrical performance.

The sight of an audience equipped with spectacle opera glasses might at first seem ludicrous. But use is everything."

Distinctions and Differences.

[*From Puck.*]

Katy Didd—It isn't proper for girls to climb trees, is it mamma?

Mrs. Didd—Not this season, dear; but you can ride your safety bicycle.

VOORHIS READY TO COMBINE.

His Faction to Ally with the Counties and the Stecklers.

Tammany Wins the Two Voorhis Aldermen—The Board of 1892.

News of a little gathering of great political significance which was held early in the present week, has been kept secret until this morning. It was a dinner given by Police Commissioner John R. Voorhis to the district leaders of his faction in the Sinclair House, with a succeeding conference as to the policy which the New York Democracy shall adopt in coming campaigns.

The result of this conference was the passage of a resolution authorizing the appointment of a committee to wait on and confer with representatives of the County Democracy, the Steckler Association and other anti-Tammany Democrats, with a view to forming an offensive alliance against Richard Croker and the Wigwam faction.

The reason for this change of front on the part of Commissioner Voorhis, who has for two years run the New York Democracy as practically a sort of Tammany adjunct, is said to be the realization, on his part, that such an alliance resembles very much the lying down together of the lion and the lamb, the former typified by Tammany—on the outside.

The only results of the alliance thus far obtained was the election of one Voorhisite Assemblyman in 1890, John Kerrigan, who has since joined Tammany Hall, and the election this year of two Aldermen—Mead, of the Ninth, and Martin, of the Tenth District—both of whom will be taken into the Wigwam at next Tuesday's primaries.

The Voorhisites have elected three men to minor positions, only to be deserted by them. This has been the result of their friendly attitude towards Tammany Hall. Now they will try what virtue there is in throwing stones.

The Counties have already appointed a Conference Committee, looking to an alliance with the Voorhisites and the Stecklers.

Such a combination was sought last year, but fell through because the New York Democracy would not give up its name, and the Counties were equally obdurate. This difficulty, it is said, will not be encountered in the present negotiation.

The desertion of Aldermen Mead and Martin from the Voorhis fold will give Tammany Hall twenty-one of the twenty-six members of the Board when it organizes Jan. 5 next.

These are President Arnold and Aldermen Flynn, Brown, O'Brien, Noonan, Ryder, Clancy, Charles Smith, Mead, Martin, Tait, Charles J. Smith, Rogers, Murphy, Dooling, Wund, Harris, Roche, Morgan, Hart and Bailey.

The Republicans have three members, Alderman Morris, Van Cott and Cowie, and Alderman Schoch and Schott represent the independent citizens of the Annexed District.

Of the twenty-six members, ten are engaged in the liquor or beer business, three less of this class than were elected to the Board of 1891. There are, besides, one plumber, two meat marketmen, one grocer, a cigar manufacturer, a fish dealer, one blacksmith, a coal dealer, one builder, a clerk and two agents.

The Tammany members, who will control the patronage of the Board, consisting of nine clerkships, the positions of librarian, sergeant-at-arms and four messengers, will caucus the latter part of next week and draw lots for the disposition of the places, the salaries of which vary from $1,200 to $900.

CLAIMED HIS SISTER'S BODY.

Suicide Isabella Ward's Remains to Be Taken to St. Louis.

After the inquest to-day into the death of Isabella E. Ward, who committed suicide by jumping into the East River from the ferryboat Sag Harbor Wednesday night, her body will be taken to St. Louis by her brother, W. D. Madigan.

Madigan was the dead woman's maiden name. Her mother arrived in Long Island City from St. Louis last night and identified the body. He says that Mrs. Ward committed suicide in a fit of despondency while brooding over her desertion by her husband.

ACTIVE MAN AT A FIRE.

He Got Slightly Rattled and Cut Down the Pump.

At Lisbon Falls lives a most estimable and level-headed business man of wide experience and sagacity. He has one failing, and that is a lively one he gets "rattled" whenever there is a fire, says the Lewiston *Journal*.

This has so often been proven by experience that some mistaken folks have hitherto wished that he wouldn't turn out when the fire bell rings, but they don't do so any more.

Some time ago they had a fire, and this business man was there. He had hustled into his clothes, prepared to rush forth and save things, when he found that some one had locked him in. He made a grand sally for outdoors, and he got there, whether by stratagem or force we don't know. And now comes the yarn the boys tell about him. We don't vouch for it.

They say that as soon as he appeared on the scene of the fire he began to boss it, and the way he made things hum was lively. It was "do this" and "do that." "Here, you, give us some water here." "Here you; what you wasting water for? Limber up! Hooray! Tiger!"

Water was scarce, the boys say, and about all they had came from the well by a pump. The Lisbon Falls man got an axe and became so excited with the fire and the crowd, and particularly at the possession of the axe, that he cut the pump down and kept the crowd at bay while he did it.

The boys have had a good laugh about it ever since, and nobody is hurt. They had such a lively time at the fire that they say they can't get along without him after this, and they will feel it a personal loss if he doesn't turn out at every alarm.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria.
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria.
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

FURNITURE

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INSTRUCTION.

STENOGRAPHY and typewriting lessons at 816 Broadway, N. Y. Terms $1 per week; call or write

SPORTING

HUDSON COUNTY JOCKEY CLUB—NORTH Bergen, N. J.—Racing every day, rain or shine. First race at 2 P. M. Boats from Barclay, Jay, Christopher, 14th and 42d sts., connecting with cars direct to track. S. WHITEHEAD, Secretary.

PILES cured in two weeks; $1.00 per box. N. Y. Med. Bureau 146 William st., New York.

MEETINGS.

NOTICE—All Progressive Painters No. 1 are requested to attend the regular quarterly meeting on Monday evening Dec. 28 for election of officers. Don't fail to attend. By order of the President.

DIED.

PYNE.—This morning, at his late residence, 144 East 48th st., WILLIAM H. PYNE, eldest son of John Pyne.
Notice of funeral hereafter.

Important announcement to chewers of tobacco. Rebate coupons, one in each package, one hundred good for two dollars, in John Anderson & Co.'s new five-cent brand fine cut.

"EXTRA."

GOLD MEDAL, PARIS, 1878.

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Breakfast Cocoa

from which the excess of oil has been removed, *is absolutely pure and it is soluble.*

No Chemicals are used in its preparation. It has *more than three times the strength* of Cocoa mixed with Starch, Arrowroot or Sugar, and is therefore far more economical, *costing less than one cent a cup.* It is delicious, nourishing, strengthening, EASILY DIGESTED, and admirably adapted for invalids as well as for persons in health.

Sold by Grocers everywhere.

W. BAKER & CO., Dorchester, Mass.

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RUBBER PLATE GAS FREE

Repairs free one year.

Can you afford to throw good money away by paying more? Gold all $1.50 up; soft fill, 50c. up. Gold Plates, Gold Crowns, Teeth without Plates, &c., &c. Extracting 25c.

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MISCELLANEOUS.

FRAMES FOR CHEAP PICTURES, Cards, diplomas, &c., 4 cents up; 1 for 10,000. Frames in gold, silver, bronze, ivory, oxidized metal, natural woods, &c. WILLIAM LEVIN, Manufacturer, 27 Dey st.

HELP WANTED—MALE.

PLUMBERS—All members of the Journeymen's Union are earnestly requested to attend next Monday night's meeting, election of officers will take place at this meeting. By order

JOHN A. LEE, President.
JOHN H. LEONARD, Secretary.

FLATS AND APARTMENTS TO LET.

Furnished—Miscellaneous.

FLATS, furnished and unfurnished, in all parts city; also furnished rooms rented. FLAGG, 165 West 23d st.