



Published by the Press Publishing Company.

SATURDAY EVENING, DEC. 26.

SUBSCRIPTIONS TO THE EVENING WORLD

(Including Postage)

PER MONTH.....\$0.06

PER YEAR.....\$0.50

Vol. 82.....No. 11,086

Entered at the Post-Office at New York as second-class matter.

BRANCH OFFICES:

WORLD TOWNSHIP OFFICE—1267 BROADWAY

between 125th and 126th sts., New York.

BROOKLYN—349 Fulton St., HARLEM—New

Department, 150 East 125th St., Advertising

Department at 237 East 116th St.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.—LORDS BUILDING, 112

South 6th St., WASHINGTON—410 14th St.

LONDON OFFICE—32 COVENTRY ST., TRAFALGAR

SQUARE.

The Evening World Prints Associated

Press News.

THE CHRISTMAS JUST OVER.

Another Christmas is over, but it is neither out of sight nor out of mind. Memories of such a day, upon which the whole busy world pauses for a time, that its people may feel and profit by a wonderful spirit of fraternity and good will, are not quickly nor easily banished from the heart and brain.

THE CLEANER

I heard the Jewell song, from "Faust," twice yesterday, and under entirely different conditions. The artist was Albert and Emma Kamek, and both sang exquisitely. But the surroundings were so different. Mamma Kamek sang from the stage of the Metropolitan Opera-house. Her audience dazzled by its flashing jewels and gorgeous raiment.

THE CRASH UP THE RIVER.

Another "tail-end" collision is added to the New York Central's list of casualties. It was in this sort of an accident that State Senator Watson and others lost their lives a few years ago; it was the same sort which occurred at Croton Landing three weeks ago. And the number of similar happenings on this road is such that steps should have been taken long ago to remedy the fatal weakness of signal methods.

WORLDLINGS.

There are said to be 18,000 newspaper women in London who have tented two press clubs and women's societies among them.

VAGRANT VERSES.

"I wouldn't be a Brooklyn man," the smile was really witty. "It took to build the Flat Iron bridge. Now, don't you think that's funny?"

At the Dime Museum.

"My ace my fortune in 'I row,' the teacher said to the boy. 'I rown your peff. I will not be your bet.'"

Contrariety.

Time, who hath wings for flight, "NITTY" says from night, "GOT" said he says.

Out of Sorts

Describes a feeling peculiar to persons of drowsy tendency, or caused by change of climate, season or life. The steampack is out of order, the head ache or does not feel right.

The Nerves

seem strained to their utmost, the mind is contented and peaceful. This is due to the fact that the patient exercises in Wood's Sarsaparilla, which, by its regulating and toning powers, soon cures indigestion, restores harmony to the system, gives strength to mind, nerves and body. Be sure to get Wood's Sarsaparilla which is genuine power is Peculiar to itself.

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condemned murderer of his own brother, has died of apoplexy

CHRISTMAS JOY.

(Continued from First Page.)

knocking lady understood, and he went away patting her on the cheek.

Another child, a girl with a tiny, white, old face, got a doll that actually took her breath away.

She gave one great, deep, eloquent sob and then pressed it to her throbbing little bosom and kissed it not once but twenty times, with her very heart on her lips.

A wee boy, with an arm in a splint, got a dancing clown with cap and bells, and the only word that escaped his lips was "Gosh!"

There was a little orchestra on the platform, and it played delightful music, but no one heard a note.

The gladness vied by the children drowned every sound but its own sweetness. Many mistakes were made and corrected as soon as discovered.

For instance, Nanny got a big box that almost made her cry out of her nose. On examination, it was found to contain a child's cooking stove and a copy of "Jim Crow."

The discovery brought a storm of disappointment that chased away the sunshine from her face and heart.

"Don't you like it Nanny?" they asked her. "No," she said, sadly, "they are nice, but all I wanted was a pair of stockings and a pair of mittens. Mamma and me wash; she takes in the washing and I help, and I wanted Santa Claus to give her the mittens to wear when she hangs the clothes out—and—and—I wanted the stockings."

She carefully uncovered the box, laid them across the cooking stove and dropped the money in between the leaves of "Jim Crow."

When she went away the sun was shining in her hair, again and the whole world was gay and glad. She had what she prayed and longed for.

Little Leah was there too—a bit of peevish beauty in ebony, not as tall as a chair. She came with Mamma, who lived the whole history of the late war.

Leah was found in a corner—with a pink and yellow jacketed eye, but she never could love "cause, cause, I fear when it comes up"—to-day even to her. Her big, pathetic eyes were crossed in the vacancy of despair and her little hair was stone.

They brought her back to the circle of happiness. They stood for a long while white of the orchestra rail, and they asked Mrs. Ayer to look at her.

She looked at the shy little face, the fringe of black curls and the luscious eyes and then:

Well, she walked back to the tree and Leah was looking over her hand, because she was too blind to see. But the something was a wonder—a little tennis net, all in a tangle with a doll, a white, woolly lamb, a small rooster and a Christmas bell tied up in the meshes.

The child was thrown into convulsions of delight, and Mamma, too, was lifted of her feet. She called the little honey dear, and called the "good Lord of Heben" to bless you all.

And so it was all morning and late into the afternoon. Every child received a box of goodies, a big apple, a spicuous cake, at least one good toy and a bag of popcorn, that took the ladies the whole blessed night before Christmas to turn out of the barrels into 20,000-odd paper sacks.

And then there were the mittens and stockings and socks.

Outside the scenes were equally interesting.

Beautiful boys came from the palatial flats in Fifty-eighth and Fifty-ninth streets and made bids ranging from a dime to a dollar for the tickets the invited guests held. No admissions were to be had. If Bishop Potter himself had bid, he would have lost.

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The children fairly panted Mamma Leah on the outside. They sat along the curbstone and on every step with their treasures, they surrounded the building and they streamed blowing their trumpets, their banners, their dolls and pet lambs and letting their clowns and jacks and dance and jump in the air.

Hundreds of men and women about town who passed them on their way to dinner stopped to look at their merry antics, marvel at the source of their joy, and wish that something like it could be projected into their troubled, selfish hearts.

It was a glad, sad Christmas Day—the gladdest, saddest I ever saw, and that's all there is about it.

THE GRAND OPERA-HOUSE TREE.

Six Thousand Youngsters Pass Beneath Its Loaded Branches.

The Grand Opera-house tree took root in the famous foyer of the temple of amusement reared by Col. James Flisk when he was in the height of his Wall street prosperity.

Miss Marguerite St. John, the good goddess who presided over it, and with but one assistant, was on hand at the close of the performance in the theatre Thursday night, and these two set up the splendid spruce from the forests of Maine, decked it and arranged the great boxes of gifts for 6,000 children which had sent for it.

It was nearly 4 o'clock in the morning when they had completed this preliminary work, but the fair priestess was on hand again at 9 o'clock, with a smile and a gentle word for each of the restless horde of children from the west-side tenement-houses who rushed in as soon as the iron gates were opened by the policeman who had been detailed to duty there.

It was a wonderful scene. No pen could do it justice. If the good people of New York would but visit one of these Christmas gatherings they would have their hearts wagger, and they would be better for it.

Never was such a hustling, jostling, eager throng before. The police had their hands full in keeping the youngsters from tramping on each other, but all went well.

Before the clock there was a scene of wild excitement at the right entrance of the great theatre that increased every moment until the gates were opened.

There were little children who came with their bigger brothers and sisters, little fellows who came alone, and others so little that their mothers had to bring them.

Clean little fellows and dirty little fellows who had made an effort to get clean were there. Some came comfortably clad, and others with shoes that a tramp would not wear, but all were happy and full of eager expectancy.

When the big gates finally swung open and the lots began to pour in there was a chorus of "oh!" and "ah!" that gradually swelled

THE WAYS OF WOMAN FAIR.

Delight the Gentler Sex.

Black Tulle for Parisian Bull Dresses—Ancient Greek Earrings Copied for Modern Wear—Brooch Pins of Every Style for Bonnet Strings.

Black tulle broached with Pompadour bouquets are among the favored materials for Parisian bull gowns. White more striped with satin will be ventured for bridal gowns. Satin brooch of Louis XV. baskets of flowers, feathers, etc., on a plain de sole ground makes a lovely wedding gown.

Fancy serving the preserves from a \$50 silver dish! But blackberry jam from a 15-cent bowl of Leeds ware tastes just the same.

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A pretty bangle spells the wearer's name on the top of the arm in precious stones.

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There is no brooch, lace pin or miniature painting too precious, too big or too valuable to be worn in the bonnet strings. Even marquis and large soft-fur rings are being re-mounted and used under the eaves in the vest ties that are often the biggest part of an evening bonnet.

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Pink and black is a very stylish combination.

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Firms and Companies Matteredly Helped in the Trees' Success.

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R. F. D.....5.00
A Constant Reader.....3.00
A Friend.....2.00
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THE HARLEM YOUNGSTERS.

More Than 5,000 Little Folk Got Yule-Tide Gifts.

Between 5,000 and 6,000 children responded to the invitations sent to them to attend the tree at Madison Hotel in Harlem Theatre, one hundred and twenty-fifth street near Third Avenue.

The tree was set in the middle of the stage, and the children were admitted as they arrived, the big-hearted Harlemites believing in surpluses and whole houses to the youngsters.

The children who came first were given seats in the auditorium, and then, when the distribution began, they marched in rows, under the guidance of Housmands Todd and Officers Waugh, Schaffer and Dixon, up and across the stage, received their gifts and passed out at the stage entrance and away to their homes.

For two hours this never-ending procession, constantly fed by new-comers and late-comers, wound its way around the table heaped up in pyramids of toys, gimcracks and small articles of Mr. Semple's gift, and each child with a toy, a box of candy, a big red apple and cake.

Mrs. J. G. Miller was the fair Superintendent, with a score of pretty girls, stately matrons and gallant young and old men at her command. Among Mrs. Miller's helpers were Misses Minnie White, Emma Wise, Fredricks, Wise, Belle, Emma and Fannie Hild.

JERSEY CITY CHILDREN.

Throngs Made Happy in the Handsome New Opera Hall.

Grey street, Jersey City, in the neighborhood of Police Headquarters, was never before the scene of such a gathering of small boys, small girls and their mothers and fathers, beside babies, as was presented by the 1,500 of all sizes and complexions who crowded both sidewalks and roadway of that thronging throng yesterday.

This army of poor children had left their homes early to go to the opera hall, 48 Grey street, to receive presents from the generous Evening World Christmas Tree.

They came from all parts of the city, and though it was announced that the presents would not be distributed until 10.30 o'clock, the entire street in front of the hall was blocked before 9.

Within the new and handsome hall, the use of which was donated by the proprietor, Michael Muldoon, a dozen ladies and gentlemen were busily dressing a monster Christmas tree.

Boxes of toys and candies of all descriptions were piled up on tables, and Mrs. George McAneny, wife of Deputy Treasurer McAneny, who was in charge of the tree, superintended the arrangement of the presents.

The wife of Senator McAneny was Mrs. Huldolph Benson, mother of Senator Huldolph, Mrs. M. A. Davies, Miss Davies, Mrs. Searle, Miss Phillips, Miss Cary, Miss Belloway and Deputy Treasurer McAneny, George McAneny, Jr., Postmaster Hewitt and Charles McAneny.

The doors were thrown open precisely at 10.30, and about 1,800 children were admitted.

A box of candy and a toy of some description were given to each.

The distribution was a huge success, every girl and boy receiving a substantial token. It is estimated that nearly two thousand children received gifts.

IN BROOKLYN.

Everett Hall Crowded with Happy Receivers of Gifts.

Long before the hour set for the opening of Everett Hall, corner of Bridge and Wyckoff streets, Brooklyn, where THE EVENING WORLD was to distribute gifts, a crowd of eager, expectant children gathered.

Through the gates a host of young ladies, comprising the Pastor Helms' Circle, forced their way under the pilotage of three giant bluecoats.

Arriving in the hall, breathless and excited, hats and wraps were tossed aside, skirts were tucked up and the work of unloading the huge packing cases and barrels was begun.

Tables were laid high with toys, candy, dolls, pop-porn, pop-guns and every thing dear to childish hearts.

Mrs. C. Stockton Halsted, President of the Circle, directed her fair helpers in the work; order was quickly restored, and the work of the aid of benches and ropes a lane was formed, and at the signal the stout policeman threw open the doors and the rush began.

"My, what a time!"

The youngsters broke into shouts of joy at sight of the gifts. Little girls begged dolls to their bosoms, and pale mothers wept for joy at the delight of their darlings.

In less than two hours the vast piles of toys had melted like snow in the sun, and the street resounded with trumpet blasts, concertina strains and glad shouts. Truly a merry Christmas to those who came, whether as spectators or recipients.

Besides Mrs. President Halsted there were Miss Lila Walsh, Secretary; Mrs. Clara Fisher, Treasurer, and the Misses Parrington, Mackey, Bennett, Perkins, Carrie Walsh, Catharine Halsted and Florence Parcell.

SANTA CLAUS AT NISLON HALL.

Children with Tickets and Children Without Remembered.

When Manager Billing of Nislon Hall East Fifth street, received the word at 9 o'clock yesterday morning from N. Napier Anderson, the jolliest and most veritable old man in the class of jolly old men, that he had a list of names of children who had no tickets, and that he would have them remembered.

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