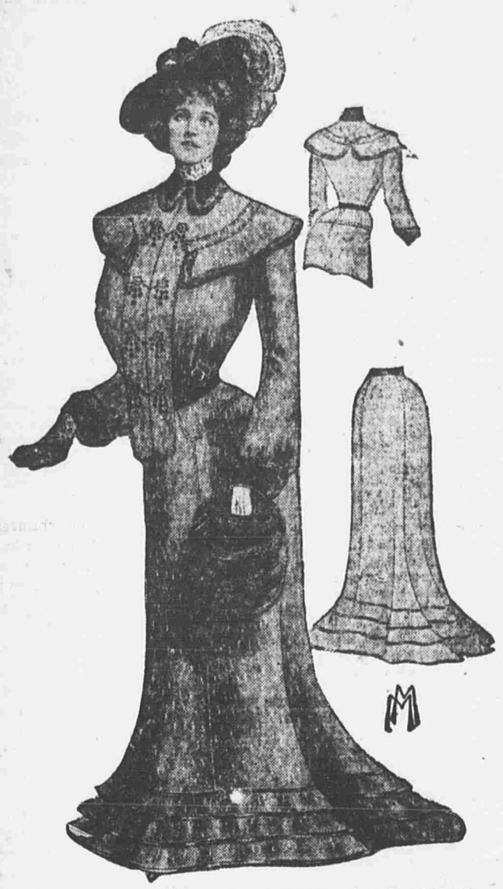
WORLD'S HOME MAGAZINE.

May Manton's Helps for Home Dressmakers.



A HANDSOME STREET COSTUME.

Bibeline in all its variations is in the height of style and makes exceedingly elegant costumes for street wear. This smart example is of dark red, with white hairs, and is trimmed with black velvet and Alaska sable fur. The jacket is novel and includes the fashionable cape and stole effect, with the big sleeves that are so desirable over the season's waists.

Quantity of material required for the medium size: For jacket, 5 yards 21 inches wide, 2 1-2 yards 44 inches wide or 2 yards 52 inches wide; for skirt, 12 3-4 yards 21 inches wide, 7 yards 44 inches wide or 6 3-4 yards 52 inches wide.

Jacket pattern 4230, in sizes for a 32, 34, 36, 38 and 40 inch bust, mailed for 10 cents.

Skirt pattern 4182, in sizes for a 22, 24, 26, 28 and 30 inch waist, mailed for 10 cents.

Send money to "Cashier, The World, Pulitzer Building, New York City."

THE VALUE OF CORRECT BREATHING

Nothing is more essential to the proper assimilation and diges-tion of food, and, consequently, to keeping the blood in good condition, than right breathing. The oxygen of the air is the great vitalizer and purifier of the blood, and the renewer and upbuilder of the human system. If pale, hollow-cheeked anaemics, narrow-chested, predisposed consumptives and fretful, irritable dyspeptics would only realize this, and, throwing away their drugs and patent medicines, fill their half-starved, undeveloped lungs with nature's own unfailing tonic, what a change would be wrought in their lives. Not only physical, but also mental vigor, as well as cheerfulness and will power, are dependent, to a great extent, on the amount of oxygen we absorb, so we can readily see of what prime importance in the economy of nature is the habit of correct breathing.—Success.

Letters, Queries, Answers

Cantwell and Moore Say 3 Trials.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

You state that Dr. Kennedy received three trials. Dr. Kennedy received but two trials. If you will call up his lawyers, Cantwell and Moore, on the telephone, you will find that you have made a mistake.

CHARLES M. JOHNSTON.

The "L" Train.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

Artist T. E. Powers's cartoon on the cold "L" trains touched my funny bone. The atmosphere in these trains has no limit. In the winter time they are refrigerators, while in the summer they are converted into incubators. Something really ought to be done to remedy these two extremes.

THEOS ALWYN, Stapleton, S. I.

Quick-Tempered Kate.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

Speaking of girls by the name of Kate, I would say that they are rather quick-tempered. But how about girls with red hair? Haven't they also hot tempers? I would like to hear what other readers have to say about this.

GEORGE H. VROOM.

Some Wedding Queries.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

If claret punch is served at a home wedding, should the punch-bowl be placed on the wedding table or a side table? If punch is served, should coffee and tea be served also? How should the guests be arranged at the table, in particular the bride and groom's family? When should the bride cut the wedding cake?

MRS. BAKER.

The punch bowl is in the center of the wedding table. Coffee and tea are not served. The seats of honor at the table are reserved for the bride and groom. Next to the bride sits her father with the groom's mother; next to the groom the bride's mother with his father. The bridesmaids and ushers divide in two groups and sit on each side of the table next to the parents of the newly wedded pair.

The bride cuts the first slice of the wedding cake after the more substantial courses have been served. A later fashion is to have the wedding cake sliced up beforehand and placed in dainty white boxes, which are distributed to the guests as they leave.

Ran for Mayor, but Wasn't Elected.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

Did President Roosevelt ever run for the office of Mayor of the city of New York?

A. LEWIS.

Burr-Hamilton Quarrel.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

Will you kindly inform me what was the cause of the "scrap" between Alexander Hamilton and Aaron Burr?

D. R.

The duel arose from political differences covering a period of many years.

Sweetheart or Tobacco?

To the Editor of The Evening World:

I am very fond of smoking, and when I asked a girl to marry me she said she would never marry a man that smokes. Were I to try hard enough I think I could stop it, but that being my favorite enjoyment I do not wish to. Now, kind readers, what am I to do? Give up the girl or give up smoking?

PERPLEXED LOVER.

Bronx Beauties.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

Much has been said about the pretty girls of other towns, but nothing has been said about the dear Bronx girls. Why not visit the Bronx, where there is to be found a set of as pretty and jolly girls as anywhere?

C. H.

OUT OF THE MOUTHS OF BABES.

Sunday-School Teacher—Now, Harry, can you tell me who Adam was?

Harry (aged five)—Yes, ma'am. He was the fellow that discovered the world.

Teacher—Can you explain the difference between a king and a president?

Small Pupil—A king is born and a president has to get himself elected.

Little Jack—Uncle Bob, does hair grow on your face because you shave?

Uncle Bob (who is quite bald)—Yes.

Little Jack—Then why don't you shave your head?

Little Frances—Mamma, is mother of pearl more valuable than pearls?

Mamma—No, dear. It isn't very valuable.

Little Frances—Well, it ought to be. I don't know of anything more valuable than mother.

Little Margie had been helped bountifully to all the good things that make up a Thanksgiving dinner and was looking sadly at an unfinished plate of ice-cream when her father said: "What seems to be the trouble, Margie? Why do you look so mournful?

"That's just the trouble, papa," replied Margie, "I am more'n full."

THE SUBWAY WHEN COMPLETED MAY RELIEVE NEW YORK'S PROBLEM OF TRANSPORTATION FOR TWO DAYS—WILLIAM BARCLAY PARSONS, Chief Engineer of Rapid Transit Commission.

NEW YORK'S WONDERFUL CROWDS BAFFLE ALL ENGINEERING SKILL.

"I have been studying the problem of transporting New York crowds for years and really, after all the time I have given to it, the only effective remedy I can suggest for present conditions is to pass a law preventing people from travelling."
WILLIAM BARCLAY PARSONS.

The Expert Who Cannot Solve Our Transportation Conundrum.

"Nothing approaching the condition in New York City at the present time has ever existed anywhere else. The whole thing is simply that the New York crowds are growing and will continue to grow faster than we can build new roads for their transportation." WILLIAM BARCLAY PARSONS.

"THE subway when completed may relieve New York's problem of transportation for perhaps two days."

William Barclay Parsons, chief engineer of the Rapid Transit Commission, shrugged his shoulders pessimistically, as he made this remarkable statement to an Evening World reporter, who had asked him exactly how much the underground railroad, now being constructed, would remedy the shortcomings of New York's system of local transportation. The pessimistic shrug of the shoulders was emphasized by Mr. Parsons's next remark, which he made in his slightly bored, highly cultivated English voice, as indifferently as if it had been a casual comment on the weather.

"I have been studying the problem of transporting New York crowds for years, and really after all the time I have given to it the only effective remedy for present conditions I can suggest is to pass a law preventing the people from travelling."

Visions of a long technical explanation of a plan involving more tunnels, new elevated structures and perhaps a vast system of tubular railroads like those of London rose in the reporter's mind when Mr. Parsons began his speech. But they were short-lived. Very evidently Mr. Parsons has gotten beyond planning. The great engineer realized some time ago that nothing that would adequately meet the situation can be done, and he says so frankly and humorously.

"On the subject of rapid transit I am a pessimist," he continued. "For years the population of New York City has been increasing more rapidly than the facilities for transporting it. It will continue to increase at the same disproportionate rate. The situation in the near future will be worse than it is now. The subway is not completed, and already we are considering the construction of two or three more underground roads. One, the plans of which have already been announced, will run under Broadway."

"And where will the others be constructed?"

"That is a problem which I am considering now," replied Mr. Parsons, "and upon which I have to report to the Rapid Transit Commission."

"How many and what kind of roads would be necessary to convey the greater New York crowds comfortably to and from their homes?" the reporter asked.

"I don't know," replied the great engineer wearily, and it was just as obvious that he did not know as if he had been an eight-year-old schoolboy to whom the same stupendous query had been put.

"Nothing approaching the condition in New York City at the present time has ever existed anywhere else," he continued. "The growth of the city, however rapid, is immutably confined to the narrow strip ten times as long as it is wide, which constitutes its area. When New York grows it grows vertically. The New Yorker can say of his city as the patriotic Scotchman did when boasting of the area of his native land, that most of the miles are on end.

"When lower New York is given over to the skyscraper, as it will be in the near future," suggested the reporter—and Mr. Parsons nodded assent—"what shall we do for transportation?"

"Why," replied Mr. Parsons, "the only thing we can do is to build more roads, and more roads. Even then I am afraid we shall never catch up with the population."

"Will these roads of the future be elevated, surface or underground?"

"I don't think they will be elevated. There are no more streets through which elevated roads could be built. We are considering the construction of more underground roads, as I said before. We will simply keep on building, but"—and here Mr. Parsons smiled—"really the best plan would be to pass the law I suggested prohibiting the people from travelling. You see, they will do it."

"What do you think of the possibilities of aerial navigation?" asked the reporter, visions of an interskyscraper system of navigable balloons for a moment brightening the seemingly hopeless outlook for rapid transit.

Again Mr. Parsons smiled amiably but condescendingly.

"Of course," the reporter added hurriedly, "it will have to be invented or rather perfected first."

"I think I would stick to the first word if I were you," replied the engineer. "It will have to be invented first. And even then I would not think much of it as a paying investment."

"And how about the bridge crush?"

Mr. Parsons and a young man who had brought in a formidable-looking plan to submit to him laughed outright.

When he had recovered his gravity Mr. Parsons said: "The bridge crush will be lessened for a time at least when the road we are constructing through Joralemon street to South Ferry is completed."

"Will the underground roads which you will construct when the subway is completed be like those of the London tubular system?"

"That is a mere detail of construction," was the reply. "Whether they will be tubular or shallow like the present road means merely whether we will build them ten or fifteen or two or three hundred feet underground. The whole thing is simply that the New York crowds are growing and will continue to grow faster than we can build new roads for their transportation."

And this ended an interview with the Chief Engineer of the Rapid Transit system, who, after years devoted to the study of New York's tremendous population and congested streets, frankly admits that he does not know what can be done about it, and says so with mild and courteous pessimism tempered with humor.

LIKE NO OTHER LOVE BY CHARLOTTE BRAEME.

A Case in Which a Young Man Must Choose Between His Mother and a Sweetheart.

CHAPTER I.

His First Love Affair.

SIR CHARLES CAREW had reached the age of two and twenty without falling in love. He was the last surviving member of the "head strong Carews," the family whose members for generations had been so noted for the fatal results of their self-will that this same wilfulness had become known as "the curse of the Carews."

Sir Antony Carew, Carlos's father, had died through a headstrong act, and in dying had made his gentle young wife swear to bring their only son up to avoid the curse, to learn self-control and to be obedient to her.

Lady Carew had honestly tried to accomplish all this, but hers was a gentle and yielding nature, and the boy grew up unrestrained.

He had now left home for the first time, and was a member of his friend Lord Stanleigh's house party at the latter's country seat.

And there Carlos met his fate in the person of pretty Maggie Waldron, daughter of Stanleigh's land steward.

It came about this wise:

Carlos had gone for a stroll in the Stanleigh woods one morning.

So had Maggie. She was simply and prettily dressed, and, owing to some years spent in town with her aunt, who owned a shop, had an air of pseudo refinement rather beyond that of most girls of her station.

After walking some distance she felt tired, and sat down to rest in the very heart of the woods. She took off her hat to let the cool wind play in the masses of her dark glossy hair. Near where she sat grew some poppies; the pink roses in her hat looked faded and insignificant beside the crimon flowers, so she wreathed the poppies in their place, laughing gayly as she did so.

Suddenly a shadow fell across the grass. The girl did not notice it at first, for the great boughs as they stirred in the breeze often made such shadows, but it grew larger. Then she raised her eyes and saw standing before her a handsome young man, hat in hand.

"I have lost my way," he said. "Could you tell me how to find the nearest path to the highroad?"

In one moment the whole course of the young heir's life was changed. A poet says "Love is no love unless it comes at once." As he stood there, with commonplace words on his lips, the swift arrow of first love pierced his heart.

He had seen beautiful women—some of the fairest girls in England had sought to please him—but this was the first time he had ever looked at a woman's face and had been unable to take his eyes away. He did not ask who she was, he did not wonder whence she came. He stood looking at her with the intent gaze of one who was charmed.

Only a minute had elapsed since he had entered this glade where the shade was so cool and the wind so sweet, and already his life lay far behind him. He had never been refused any wish or desire in his life; why should he begin to practice self-denial now? He ought to have listened to Maggie's answer and have passed on. As it was, he stood still, feeling that he could not move away.

He recovered himself with a start when the girl spoke, her dark, laughing eyes looking into his.

"The nearest path that leads to Armytage? It is certainly not this way, it is quite half a mile from here."

"In that case," he said, "I will rest for a few minutes before I try to reach it. I have been waiting for some hours, and I am tired."

He sat down opposite to her.

"I think," he said slowly, looking at her, "that this is the loveliest day of a lovely year. One ought to have nothing to do in the summer but lie under the trees and dream."

"Bees make honey in the summer time to last through the winter's cold," she replied.

"I am glad I am not a bee," said Sir Carlos, watching the dark lashes as they lay like silken fringe on the cheek that was like the fairest leaf of a rose.

To Sir Carlos Carew, whose life had known no greater charm of interest than sport, this wonderful passion of love came like a revelation. Maggie's easy, careless manner had a wonderful charm for him. As a rule, when he was in the society of girls they did their best to entertain him. Maggie leaned her dark, beautiful head against the trunk of a tree and listened to him, weaving the poppies into all kinds of fantastic forms and seeming much more interested in them than in him, but secretly delighted as she noted the looks of admiration he cast on her.

When he could stop no longer he told her that he could not endure the thought of leaving her unless she promised to see him again. She did promise, and went home with her heart and mind full of him. He had told her all about himself, and she had given him the outline of her simple life.

"You have never seen Lord Stanleigh, I suppose?" he said. And Maggie answered "No," but that she knew Hiram West, his lordship's valet. He resolved that he would not mention Maggie to Lord Stanleigh, lest he should try to win her himself.

So day after day Sir Carlos and Maggie met in the woods, and every day Sir Carlos grew more deeply in love. He was a changed man. The rector at Firholme, his own estate, had predicted that it would be a hopeless case when he did fall in love; and he was right.

Sir Carlos had no thought but for Maggie. To him everything was centred in that girlish, graceful figure. Where she was not, all was desolation and gloom. They teased him at Hatton—the ladies especially declared they knew the symptoms; but no one teased him a second time; there was something in his face that forbade it.

Lord Stanleigh thought that if the young fellow had made a romance for himself it was quite time, and that it was nobody's business but his own. As he did not even know of the existence of Maggie Waldron, no suspicion pointed that way.

Sir Carlos had known Maggie a fortnight, spending two or three hours with her every day, when he resolved to marry her. She and no other should be his wife. The girl was delighted with her conquest; and she laughed more than ever at Hiram West, Stanleigh's valet, who had been heretofore her sole admirer. What presumption it was of him to think of her! She laughed more scornfully when he came to her one day and asked her to be his wife. He had saved a few hundred pounds, he said, and had the opportunity of buying a small hotel at the seaside. Would she consent to be the mistress of it? If she had told him in a few kindly words that she was sorry for him but that she could not marry him, all might have been well; but she laughed at him.

"No," she told him, "I am not going to be mistress of the Travellers' Rest, or the Ship Ashore, or any seaside hotel; my lot in life will be quite different."

"Maggie," he said, gently, "do not throw away the substance for the shadow. No man living can ever love you as much as I do."

"I know one who loves me better," she replied.

He bent his dark face over her.

"You are like a beautiful fluttering bird," he said, "and you will be caught, unless you are careful, just like a bird in a net. I—I have seen you once with Sir Carlos—you are not so foolish as to think that he will marry you? Oh, Maggie, Maggie, much as I love you, I would sooner see you dead than that he should win your heart."

She replied, with a scornful toss of her head.

Hiram West trembled with emotion.

"I know them, my dear, those idle young aristocrats, far better than you do. Watch one of them as he walks through the fields; wantonly, idly, and without reason, he will with a stroke of his cane cut down the fairest, sweetest flowers as he passes by; and, my dear, the life and soul of a young girl like you are no more to such as he than the wild flowers."

She laughed again.

"I do not believe it," she replied; and his face darkened with anger.

"So the young and foolish have spoken from time immemorial," he said; "so they will speak until they die!" he cried wrathfully. "You laugh at me, at my love, at my warning. We shall see. But remember this, if ever he injures one hair of your head, if ever he gives you one hour's heartache, I will have his life!" She shuddered as she listened.

"I shall never lose sight of you or of him," he continued; "and, if he injures you, his life shall pay the forfeit. Have you," he added in a gentler tone, "no kinder word to say to me before I go?"

"No, not one," was the hasty reply.

Her pride and vanity alike were wounded. Did he think so little of her beauty as to fancy she could not win what she liked with it? She little knew that for the man she loved she had made that day a dangerous enemy.

She did not tell Sir Carlos about the proposal she had received; events might have been different had she done so. She thought that it would lower her in his eyes if the young baronet knew that his friend's valet had made her an offer of marriage.

The glamour of love was so strong upon Sir Carlos that he did not see Maggie's faults, her lack of good breeding, her want of refinement—he only saw the beauty that in his eyes had no peer. What mattered fortune or high title? "All the gifts of the gods could not go together," he reasoned. She had wondrous beauty—that was enough for him; he would marry her and make her Lady Maggie Carew. He resolved one day to go home and tell his mother of his plans.

He saw Maggie that same morning. She was waiting for him at the old trysting place, and it was a jest between them that he had never yet found out the road to Armytage.

"I am going away, Maggie, for a little while," he said, and when I return, my darling, I shall have something important to say to you."

"You will not stay away long?" she cried. "Oh, Carlos, what should I do without you? How should I bear my lonely life? I should die if you did not come back!"

She clung to him passionately, her beautiful face white with emotion, her dark eyes full of tears. He thought no love had ever been so tender, so great as hers.

"I am going, Maggie, so that we may never part again," he said. "I shall be back in three days' time. I shall take your portrait with me, and you will see what happens when I return."

He thought himself a model son, and felt sure that his mother would rejoice when she knew of the nature of his errand.

(To be continued.)

A ROMANCE OF THE FOREST.

EVERY DAY SIR CARLOS GREW MORE DEEPLY IN LOVE.

Sterling Silver

TRADE W MARK STERLING

WHITING M'F'G CO
Silversmiths,
Broadway & 18th St
New York.
OPEN EVENINGS
UNTIL CHRISTMAS

FURS The only place to buy reliable goods at less than wholesale. 701 Broadway, near 10th st.; 6 W. 14th st., bet. 5th and 6th aves., New York.
Gutlohn Fur Co.

Amusements.

METROPOLITAN OPERA-HOUSE.
GRAND OPERA SEASON 1902-1903.
Under the Direction of MR. MAURICE GRAU.
To-Morrow Ev'g, at 8..... LA BOHEME
Fri. Ev'g, Dec. 26, at 7.45. TRISTAN UND ISOLDE
Sat. Aft., Dec. 27, at 2..... AIDA
Sat. Ev'g, Dec. 27, at 8 (at Pop. Prices)... OTELLO
Sun. Ev'g, Dec. 28, at 8.30.. Grand Pop. Concert.
WEBER PIANOS USED.

ST. NICHOLAS.
SKATING RINK
69 West 66th Street.
HOCKEY MATCH TO-NIGHT.
CUTLER VS. POMFRET SCHOOL.
SKATES FREE. MUSIC.

NEW SAVOY THEATRE. 34 st., near B'way. OPENS XMAS NIGHT. THE GIRL WITH THE GREEN EYES, with CLARA BLOODGOOD.

EMPIRE THEATRE. Broadway and 40th St. Evgs., 8.20. Matinees Xmas and Saturday. WM. FAVERSHAM in IMPRUDENCE. Mats. Next Week—Wednesday, New Year's & Sat.

CRITERION THEATRE. Broadway & 44th st. Evenings at 8.15. Mats. Xmas and Sat. JULIA MARLOWE THE CAVALIER.

GARRICK THEATRE 35th st., near B'way. Last 5 Ev'gs. Mats. Wed., Xmas & Sat. MARY MANNERING THE STUBBORNNESS OF GERALDINE. By Clyde Fitch. Dec. 29—Mrs. Langtry in The Cross-Ways.

KNICKERBOCKER THEA. B'way & 38th St. Ev'gs, 8.15. Matinees Xmas. & Sat., 2.15. MR. N. C. GOODWIN MISS MAXINE ELLIOTT in "THE ALTAR OF FRIENDSHIP."

MADISON SQ. THEATRE, 24th st., nr. B'way. Xtra Mat. Xmas. AUDREY. Ev'gs, 8.15. Mat. Sat. at 2.

GARDEN THEATRE. 27th st., Madison av. Last 5 Nights. Mats. Xmas. & Sat. E. S. WILLARD. To-night at 8.15—The Professor's Love Story. Wed. Ev'g & Xmas Mat.—Tom Pinch. Thurs. & Sat. Nights—David Garrick. Friday Ev'g & Sat. Mat.—All for Her. Dec. 30th—E. H. Sothern as Hamlet.

H&S Hurtig & Seamon's, W. 125th st. Mat. Al. Leech & 8 Rosebuds, To-Louis Simon and Grace M'w Gardner, Delmore and Lee, Lew Hawkins, others.

BELASCO THEATRE B'y, 424 St. Ev. 8. Mats. Xmas, Sat. David Belasco presents BLANCHE BATES in "THE DARLING OF THE GODS."

AMERICAN 42D ST. AND 8TH AVE. Evgs. 8.15. 25c., 35c., 50c. MAT. DAILY (Exc't Mon.), 25c. ALONE IN LONDON. Next Week, The SILVER KING

VICTORIA, 42d st., B'way. T'ay. Ev. 8.15. Mat. Sat. Mat. Xmas. VIOLA ALLEN THE ETERNAL CITY

BIJOU. Sat. Mat. Telephone 3224 Mad. Sq. MABELLE GILMAN in THE MOCKING BIRD. SEATS READY FOR THE HOLIDAY MATINEES

WALLACK'S, B'way & 30th st. LAST 5 NIGHTS. Evgs., 8.30. Mats. Wed., Xmas Day and Sat., 2.15. JAS. K. HACKETT in "THE CRISIS." N'xt w'k, Geo. Ade's "Sultan of Sulu." Seats ready.

New York, B'way, 45 st. Eve. 8.15. Mats. Wed., Xmas & Sat., 2.15. WHEN COMES JOHNNY MARCHING HOME.

3D AVE. THEA. Al W. Martin's Next Mat. Thurs. Ten Nights in a Barroom.

Amusements.

VISIT PROCTOR'S TO-DAY. 25, 50c. TO-NIGHT. Res. 75c.
RESERVED EVERY AFT. & EVE.—Full Orch.
23d St. Contin's Vaudeville. Dolan & Lenhart "Taking Chances;" Press Eldridge, Cook & Clinton, Ranza & Arno. 25 Acts. Open 10.30 A. M. Xmas Day at 23d st.
5th Ave. THE BELLS OF HASLEMERE. William Bramwell, Minnie Seligman. All Favorite Stock. Vaude.
58th St. WOMAN AGAINST WOMAN. Miss Crawford and all the Favorite Stock. Vaude. A. O. Duncan, others.
125th St. ALONE IN NEW YORK, introducing Adelaide Keim & the Fay. Permanent Stock. Vaude. Jas. J. Morton. BEST STOCK COMPANIES IN NEW YORK.

GRAND A DESPERATE CHANCE
Xtra Mat. Christmas. Mat. To-Morrow, 25c., 50c.

DALY'S Ev., 8.10. Mats. Wed., Xmas & Sat. LAST 6 NIGHTS. A COUNTRY GIRL.
NEXT MONDAY—"THE BILLIONAIRE," with JEROME SYKES. Seats Selling.

Weber & Fields' MUSIC HALL. Broadway & 30th. Mats. Tues. & Sat.
*** EXTRA MATINEE CHRISTMAS DAY. ***
THE MUSICAL ABSURDITY. TWIRLY-WHIRLY
And new burlesque, The Stickiness of Gelatine.

Murray Hill The. Lex. av. & 42d. Ev. prices, 25c., 35c., 50c. 5th Yr. H. V. Donnelly St'k Co. RALPH STUART as MONTE CRISTO. MATINEE 25c. EVERYDAY

ACADEMY OF MUSIC, 14th St. & Irving Pl. —MATINEE CHRISTMAS— THE NINETY AND NINE.
Prices—25, 50, 75, 1.00. Mats. Wed. & Sat., 2. Ev. 8.20.

PASTOR'S 14TH ST., NEAR 3D AVE. CONTINUOUS. 20 AND 30 CENTS.
RUSSELL BROS. & CO., SNYDER & BUCKLEY, BARRY & HALVERS, LLOYD & WALTONS.

BROADWAY THEATRE, 41st st. and B'way. Evs., 8. Wed. Mat., 50c. to $1.50. Extra Matinees XMAS and NEW YEAR'S. THE SILVER SLIPPER.

ATLANTIC GARDEN, Bowery, near Canal St. Japanese Troupe, Besush and Stiller, A. H. Burton, Major Sisters, The Turners, Eichert's Elite Lady Orchestra.

THE DEWEY E. 14th St. MATINEE TO-DAY. Topsy-Turvy Burlesquers, "Foxy Grandpa's Visit to N. Y."

14th St. Theatre, nr. 6th ave. Mats. Wed. & Sat. EXTRA MATINEE CHRISTMAS & NEW YEAR'S. DAVID HIGGINS & GEORGIA WALDRON in last season's greatest success UP YORK STATE' 2 weeks only.

HARLEM OPERA HOUSE. Evgs. 8.15. Mats. Xmas Day & Sat. FRANCIS WILSON in The Toreador. Next Week—E. S. WILLARD in Repertoire. SEATS ON SALE TO-MORROW.

MRS. OSBORN'S PLAY HOUSE 44th St., near 5th Ave. Evenings at 8.45. Mats. "FAD AND FOLLY" Last Week Thurs. & Sat., 2.30.

KEITH'S B'way and 14th st. BEST SHOW IN TOWN. 20—GREAT ACTS—20 PRICES, 25c. and 50c. **DOORS OPEN 10.30 A. M. CHRISTMAS DAY.

NEW STAR Lex. Ave., 107th st. Mat. Wed., 25c. HANLON'S NEW SUPERBA. EXTRA MAT. XMAS.

Metropolis Evgs., 8.15. Mats. Wed. & Sat. 142d st. & 3d ave. Are You a Mason?

CIRCLE THEATRE, B'way & 60th St. THE CHARITY BALL

WEST END DENMAN THOMPSON, in "THE OLD HOMESTEAD."

Brooklyn Amusements.

CLERMONT AVENUE SKATING RINK.
HOCKEY TO-NIGHT
CRESCENT VS. SHORT HILLS.
ADMISSION, 25c. SKATES FREE.

COL. SINN'S MONTAUK MATINEES XMAS and SAT. WILLIAM GILLETTE IN SHERLOCK HOLMES.

COLUMBIA MAT. DAILY. TEL. 1603 MAIN. CLEO-PATRA. Nxt Wk—Melb. McDowell & Miss Stone AS YOU LIKE IT.

QUICK ANSWERS TO HELP CALLS come to advertisers who put their "Help Wanted" advts. in the Sunday World. Competent workers seeking employment look to Sunday World Wants for guidance.