MONEY PLENTY, HIGH PRICES RULE FOR CHRISTMAS

Stock of Holiday Goods Already Depleted in Many of the Big Stores.

NOVELTIES OF SEASON.

They Are Both Educational and Amusing, with "No Limit" as to Cost.

"Twas the week before Christmas, and all through the town the noliday shoppers trooped up and down, frantically searching for presents cheap—but, stop right here, while it's broken to you gently, that the cheap but not gaudy gift which in years gone by has proven its worth as a Christmas purse protector, no longer figures prominently among the Yuletide novelties. At least, that's the way it seems after spending a day among the crowded shops, for while prosperity apparently has flown in at the window the bargain has disappeared by the fire-escape. Woe to the woman with a flat pocketbook, woe to the man without money, for the likes of them may admire, but seldom acquire, the pretentious present which has made its debut this Christmas of 1908.

Prosperity may come and panics may go, but Christmas goes on forever, and if you have any doubts that Santa Claus's pack will be extra heavy this year, just take a trip to the shopping district and see for yourself the empty appearance behind the Christmas counters. Ten days before Kris Kringle pays us his annual visit, and there is scarcely a toy or Yuletide gift left for the late comers!

Is Ready-Money Sign.

"Sure sign that there's bunches of coin this Christmas," said the girl behind the counter of a big department store at Broadway and Ninth street. "We don't usually have any rush until two days before the event, but this year everything sold like hot cakes from the very beginning," the girl continued, as she tended to the wants of a weary mother, who bought the very latest thing for infantile entertainment. It's called a roly-poly, and have you seen one? A jolly old fellow of plaster paris is this roly-poly, built with a "corporation" which makes Bill Taft look positively pigmy. Roly-poly is guaranteed not to notch memoranda of his mishaps upon his rotund form, for though he wobbles from side to side in a perilous fashion he never can fall headforemost, on his side, on his back, on account of the balancing powers of the aforesaid "corporation." Roly-poly, therefore, is a great companion for children of destructive tendencies, and if his motion doesn't make them seasick he will be well worth the $3.50 that is asked for him.

There is a chic doll lady who is destined to bring joy to the heart of some little daughter of the rich. Dressed in the very latest style of Directoire gown, the skirt alluringly slit to show a bisque limb, a Merry Widow covering for her Marcellines, with gloves, handbag and furs to complete the up-to-date outfit, the doll was indeed a thing of beauty and a joy forever, and realized her grandeur to the extent of gazing haughtily upon all the other members of the doll family. Now, for how much would the lady consent to lend her presence to an aristocratic nursery?

And Only $78, Too.

For the meagre sum of $78, and she readily brought that amount, too, for a fond mamma purchased her yesterday afternoon.

The characters of the comic supplements of the Sunday newspapers have all come to life on the toy counters, where they vie for favor with a pudgy poodle of velvet or felt which is destined to supplant the Teddy Bear in the hearts of the young. The bull pup is large and buxom or small, just as you desire, and his movable head, legs and tail afford unlimited possibilities of fun.

Perhaps the very newest toys for animal loving children are the Caran d'Ache line toys, cut from wood in sharp angular lines in the shape of dogs, giraffes, elephants and other four-footed beasts. Each animal, signed with the name of the well-known Frenchman, is not more than six inches long, but the grotesque art of the object brings the exorbitant price of $2 apiece.

Up on Twenty-third street the shoppers have taken to carrying their packages home, so that no delay may cause an empty stocking on Christmas morning. One woman pushed her way through the crowded street loaded down with a neatly wrapped mahogany rocking chair of large and comfortable proportions.

Carried Rocker Home.

She jauntily carried it on her shoulder, much to the discomfort of those near, who to-day can testify to the presence of the lady and the rocker by reason of black and blue marks inflicted by her purchase.

It's mighty expensive to have a son of a mechanical turn of mind, for though a toy shop on Twenty-third street can supply him with anything from printing presses to a fullfledged steam engine, you are liable to pay all the way from $50 to $200 for the privilege of presenting him with the desired toy. Then there are all kinds of miniature automobiles on which a fond parent can expend as much as $300, as well as model airships and completely equipped war vessels.

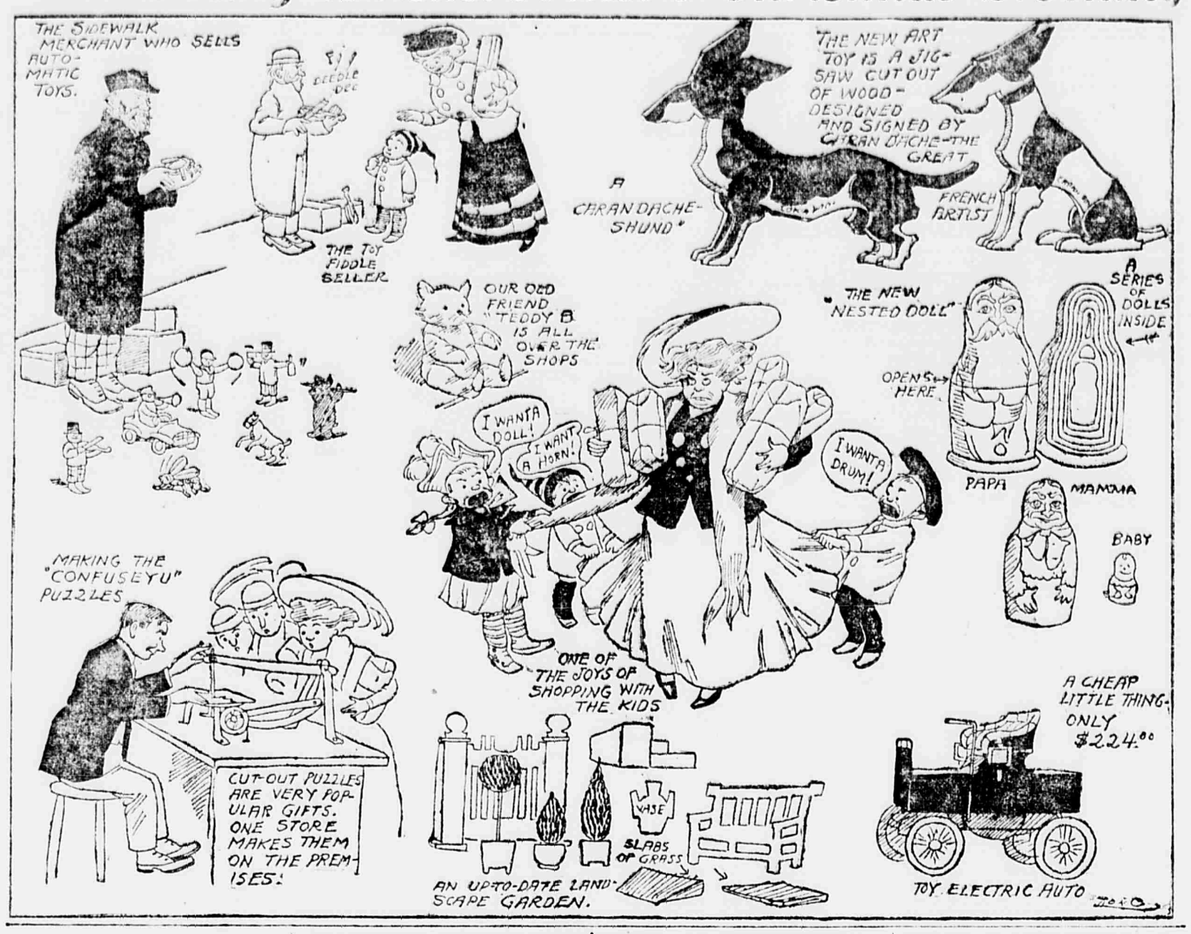
Up Fifth avenue, where the grown-ups are purchasing presents, the puzzle game has become the latest craze. Tiny pieces of painted wood cut in odd shapes, which when fitted together make a complete picture, have caught the fickle fancy of the fashionables, and at Christmas it is expected the bridge table will be cleared for the puzzle craze.

When one visits the jewellers' and silversmiths' and sees the jostling, eager crowd, it seems safe to predict that Santa Claus is preparing for a gala occasion and will present Father Knickerbocker with the biggest and best Christmas stocking he has had in many a year.

TWO SONGS WITH NEXT SUNDAY'S WORLD.

As a special musical treat for Christmas the Sunday World has arranged to publish the words and music of two songs next Sunday, Dec. 20. One is grand opera, the celebrated barcarolle, "O Lovely Night," from Offenbach's charming opera, "Tales of Hoffmann." The other is the latest comic opera song hit which De Wolf Hopper is now singing in "The Pied Piper" at the Majestic Theatre.

Novelties Which Empty Papa's Pocket to Fill Young Knickerbocker's Christmas Stocking



"STRAIGHT EDGE" MAN ASKS $20,000 IN SUIT

Copeland, Head of Co-operative Philanthropy, Declares Doll Slandered.

William F. Doll, of Liberty, N. Y., once a manufacturing jeweller at No. 175 Broadway, a former athlete of prominence, was defendant in a suit for $20,000 damages for slander on trial today before Justice Ford and a jury in the Supreme Court. The complainant is Wilbur F. Copeland, manager of the Straight Edge Industrial Association at No. 1 Abingdon Square.

Mr. Copeland had twenty-five men workers in his plant, where there is a restaurant, a pure food bakery and a printery.

Mr. Copeland charges that Mr. Doll spoke scandalously of him in a speech, not on the programme, at a meeting of the Straight Edge Association, making charges of bad management of this co-operative philanthropy, and distributed circulars denouncing him and his management, to his great distress—$20,000 worth.

Rev. George F. Stevens testified, describing Mr. Doll's speech at the meeting, which was held to discuss scientific subjects. He said Mr. Doll denounced Copeland as a fraud and handed out circulars of the same character until he was put out by force.

David C. Barton testified to the good purposes of the Straight Edge Industrial scheme and to its eminent success.

John Hampden Dewey testified that he was one of the speakers at the meeting, that Doll in the course of his harangue "threatened to 'knock-out' or to 'do up' Mr. Copeland. I am not clear which at this time."

UNHURT AFTER BEING HURLED 30 FEET IN AIR

"You Ought to Be Arrested," Said O'Hara to Engineer of Train.

Engineer Norrie and Conductor Kropp, who were in charge of an incoming express train on the North Shore division of the Long Island Railroad this morning, think that William O'Hara is the original rubber man.

O'Hara lives at No. 982 Jefferson avenue, Brooklyn. He was crossing the tracks at Eighth street, Long Island City, when the locomotive of the express struck him. Engineer Norrie saw him shoot thirty feet in the air and fall into a ditch.

The train was stopped immediately and the engineer, conductor and several members of the crew ran back to pick up, as they thought, either a dead or very badly injured man. Instead, they gaped with astonishment when they saw O'Hara standing up, brushing the dust from his coat. When he saw the engineer he shook his fist at Norrie.

"You ought(to be arrested," said O'Hara. "You're the worst engineer I ever saw. You ought to be more careful. I might have been hurt."

Norrie and Kropp were temporarily dumb, but the engineer finally found voice enough to ask O'Hara if he ...n't want to go to a hospital, an offer which was indignantly refused.

"You just attend to your train," said O'Hara, "and don't mind about me. But, at that, I've a good mind to report you." And he turned and walked unconcernedly away.

CLARENDON HOTEL BLAZE.

Fire in Brooklyn House Put Out Without Alarming Guests.

Fire started from a defective flue in the cellar of the Clarendon Hotel, Johnson and Washington streets, Brooklyn, to-day, but was put out before any damage was done or many of the guests knew anything about it. An employee in the furnace room discovered the blaze, from which very little smoke came, and in a few minutes firemen were at the hotel and extinguished it.

In the meantime the manager had sent pages from room to room, notifying the guests that an alarm had been turned in, but that there was no occasion for excitement.

You prove the matchless quality of "Salade" 'Tea the first time you drink it. Get a 10c. trial packet from your grocer.

NO INDICATION OF RECURRENCE OF OLD TROUBLE.

Michael J. Edery Gives Out a Strong Statement for Publication.

"Friends who have not seen me during the past six months would not know me now," said Michael J. Edery, of 1 West One Hundred and Thirty-fifth street. The remark was called forth in a discussion of the Cooper remedies, which have made an enviable reputation in New York and vicinity since their introduction here some months ago. Continuing, Mr. Edery said:

"For a long time, and more especially during the past three or four years, I was in very poor health as a result of catarrh of the stomach. My appetite was poor and my digestion bad. I could not enjoy any meal that I ate. My food fermented, created gas and caused the most intense suffering. Sometimes I went without my meals to escape the pain.

"I tried tablets to aid digestion and took various other remedies, as well as treatment by doctors, but was unable to find anything that would afford relief. My condition steadily grew worse, until I became thin, weak and run down, with positively no energy nor ambition.

"When I began using Cooper's New Discovery I had very little faith in it, but after a week or ten days was glad to notice signs of improvement. As the medicine was really helping me, I concluded to give it a thorough trial. I took a full treatment and it made good. My stomach was soon put into splendid condition, my appetite increased, and I began to eat heartily and enjoy it, being free from gas and pain afterward.

"My strength returned rapidly and I gained in weight. It has been several months since I stopped taking the Cooper medicine, but there has been no recurrence of my old trouble. The medicine seems to have thoroughly renovated my system. I feel like a new man, and am sure I look different, too, and that's why I say that friends who have not seen me during the past six months would scarcely know me. Cooper's New Discovery is a boon to stomach sufferers, and I can truthfully testify to its merit."

The Cooper medicines are on sale at all the Riker stores, and can be obtained at any other drug store.

MRS. CLARK, NOW WEALTHY, STILL WANTS ALIMONY

Judge Truax Holds, However, That Her Former Husband Is Not in Arrears.

Edith D. Clark has brought an action before Justice Truax, in the Supreme Court, against her former husband, Louis V. Clark, for $1,110 alleged arrears of alimony up to September. She was divorced in 1902 by a decree which provided for $120 monthly alimony for the rest of her life, and the litigation reveals a remarkable agreement between this apparently hostile pair following her success in the divorce court.

By this agreement Clark paid $5,000 in cash to his ex-wife, and agreed to pay $40 a month for the first year, $50 a month the second year, and so on, adding $10 a month at the beginning of each new year until it should reach the full $120 as ordered by the decree.

To Stop If She Remarried.

There was a special clause in the agreement, however, which said the payments would continue until the death of Mrs. Clark, or her remarriage. But attention is called by her lawyers to the fact that the law providing that alimony payments should cease on the remarriage of the wife was not passed until 1904, and therefore was not in effect when the Clarks entered into this remarkable agreement.

The agreement expressly provided:

"This clause is not exclusive of the plaintiff's right to enforce the payment of her alimony in any manner which the law shall allow."

Payments ceased with August, 1907, and Mrs. Clark calculates that arrears are now due of $90 each month from September, 1907, to May, 1908, and $100 each for June, July and August, 1908, under the agreement.

In opposition Mr. Clark shows that at the rate ordered by the decree, $130 per month, he should have paid $8,520 up to the time of his wife's motion, and that under the private agreement between him and his late wife he had actually paid her $8,870.

Judge Truax Sides With Husband.

After looking the ground over, Justice Truax concluded that the odd agreement entered into after the final decree had been granted was valid in law, and he refused to declare Clark in contempt.

Former Wife Has a Fortune.

Mrs. Clark has come into a fortune by the death of an aunt since her divorce, and when Mr. Clark applied for a reduction of alimony on that account Edward Hymes, her attorney, successfully opposed it, showing that Clark, who is the son and heir of a St. Louis millionaire, has married a wealthy woman and is living luxuriously at Setauket, L. I.

Mr. Hymes will appeal from Justice Truax's decision in the contempt proceedings.

THIEVES ENTER FLAT BY THE DUMB WAITER

Residents of Harlem Apartments Advised by Police to Buy Locks.

Hardware dealers in the vicinity of Watt's Court, No. 161 West One Hundred and Fortieth street, did a rushing business to-day in padlocks and strong, patent door fasteners. Every tenant in the house purchased something designed to secure the doors leading from their apartments to the dumbwaiter shaft, because of the experience of Mrs. Nathan Guinsberg.

Mrs. Guinsberg left her home yesterday afternoon with her three-year-old son. Her maid was out, also. When the woman returned she found the front door blocked by a chair placed against the knob on the inside, and experienced some difficulty in entering.

The flat had been thoroughly ransacked in her absence. Bureau drawers had been pulled out, bed ticks cut open and the contents of closets scattered all over the rooms. Mrs. Guinsberg upon checking up discovered that she had been robbed of about $800 worth of jewelry, silverware and furs.

The thieves entered the flat by way of the dumbaiter shaft, forcing the catch on the door. They carried away their booty in two suit cases owned by Mr. Guinsberg.

This is one of many dumbwaiter burglaries reported in Harlem recently and police advise tenants and janitors to lock basement doors and put protection catches on dumbaiter openings.

A small, active thief has no difficulty in storing himself away in a dumbwaiter and either pitting himself up to a flat he wishes to enter or have a pal do it from the cellar.

PATERSON CHURCH, ONE OF CITY'S LANDMARKS, BURNED.

Third Presbyterian in Flames When Firemen Reached It and Totally Ruined.

The Third Presbyterian Church, of which the Rev. Joshua B. Gallaway is pastor, in Grand street, Paterson, was destroyed by fire to-day. The firemen, unable to save the church, directed their efforts to surrounding property. The loss on the church is about $35,000 and there is an insurance of $20,000. The blaze is supposed to have been caused by a defective flue.

The building was one of the landmarks of Paterson, having been erected forty years ago.

Particular People

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When Coffee disagrees.

"There's a Reason."

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This famous Piano equipped with the most marvellous self-playing attachment yet devised.

Absolutely unequalled.

Inspection invited. Write for catalogue and full description.

Easy terms if desired. Liberal allowance for old pianos.

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237 East 23d Street / 16 West 125th Street NEW YORK

LOVE LETTERS OF OSCAR TO HIS AFFINITY

Miss Lee, Would-Be Opera Star, Gives Out More Hammerstein Missives.

Nobody succeeds in this world in anything he attempts unless he keeps things to himself.—Oscar Hammerstein to Friars.

The ruling axiom of success in Oscar Hammerstein's story of his life at the Friars' banquet was shown to Miss Frances Lee, the "Texas Patti," who is suing the impresario for $100,000 for alleged breach of contract in failing to make her a grand opera star, as she returned to her Riverside Drive apartment after a horseback ride through the park with her sister and a woman companion to-day.

"Shucks! Oscar is a great teacher but a poor pupil," she said, plying her whip vigorously against the sides of her polished boots. Her handsome figure was doubly impressive in her riding habit. The "golden hair" mentioned in many of the 500 letters Mr. Hammerstein admits writing, was prettily tied over her right shoulder.

More Of His Letters.

Another chapter of the interesting love letters of Oscar Hammerstein shows that he was far from keeping all of his secrets to himself. According to many of the 500 letters received by Miss Lee in the period of seven years, jealousies were rampant among his "song birds," money was borrowed in great sums and theatres built, his health was impaired by the "nightmare" of worry, and above all his love for the "Texas Patti" seemed the ruling inspiration of his life. Only last year he wrote:

"Aug. 6, 1907.

"My Adored Bruce—I am in my room alone after a massage; my back pains fearfully and I won't go out until Tuesday. I read your letters, ponder over them and wonder at them. You are such a peculiar creature. Well, Boosie, everybody is dissatisfied with me. I just had a letter from M——; she insists that I stop booming M. G—— and N——; also writes that her position in my operas demands that she receive superior attention. I wish all of them had my backache!! YOUR OSCAR."

The day before this he wrote:

"Dear Golden Bruce—I am keeping very quiet owing to my back. I visit nobody. I think, I plot, I act. In days gone by I knew there was one girl who thought of me all the time. That's past now, I surmise. I shouldn't wonder but that you will send me an announcement of your engagement. Perhaps, later, I will be invited to the wedding. I will stay in my rat hole in the Victoria for a couple of days till I feel well again. As I have neither wife, nor child, nor any other woman that feels for me, to tend to me, I have to do what I am compelled to do by fate—tend to myself. I hope the air in the Adirondacks is doing its share to make you happy. YOUR OSCAR."

Four Letters a Day.

Earlier in his correspondence Oscar would find time to wire a characteristic telegram, often enigmatical, as:

"How much better and brighter the world looks to me to-night. I'm living for you. OSCAR."

"What is and always will be—you, my first thought and my last dollar. "OSCAR."

In 1900, after Miss Lee says Mr. Hammerstein had hailed her as the "Texas Patti" and painted her future in glowing colors as the queen of the opera, she received letters three and four times a day, and often telegrams. Many arrived when she was spending the summer in the Adirondacks. On read:

"My Dearest, Dearest Bruce—Away from you, nevertheless I have been with you in spirit. And I thought of you—how you were spending the Sunday. Do you go out at all? You say little of yourself in your letters. Don't you see any one at the house? Do get exercise! Is the sojourn in the country making any perceptible change in your health and throat? These things interest me.

"Your spirit lurks about my room. Everything in it reminds me of you—you, the only woman I ever opened my heart to. Enough for to-day. It isn't much, but all I can give just now—my beloved Bruce. YOUR OSCAR."

Week Away Seemed Year.

And here is another:

"My Own Bruce—You complain of not receiving a letter. I mailed one. The postal connections seem to be so bad. Why, Bruce, I feel as if I do you a harm if I don't write you every day. I long for you. It seems as if you are near me when I write to you. To-morrow you are gone a week—it seems a year.

"Well, Boosie, as it is for your health all this is done for, I hope that you will come back a bright-eyed, rosy-cheeked, spirited woman. If you were only here to go to Bergen Beach to-night to see an act. It is a horror to go alone. I haven't gone out alone for years; you were always with me—as I want you to be always with me in the future and forever. Good-by, my beloved Bruce. "YOUR OSCAR."

And still another reads:

"My Own Dear Bruce—Mr. and Mrs. L., who live at M., inquired about you on the roof last night. I told them I was afraid I would have to get some one else if you don't return soon. Mrs. L. said: 'Oh, no, you won't; there ain't many like her.' I guess she is about right. There is but one Boosie in the world, and no other woman but her will ever get into my mind.

"Now, angel dear, I will be with you Saturday. Won't I hug and kiss you! Oh, Bruce, I wish I had you here now! Good-by, Boosie, till I see you, till I put my arm around you, stroke your golden hair and feel your beautiful forehead and bless you and the day I met you? YOUR OSCAR."

A "Thundering Smack."

Late in August or that year Miss Lee says Mr. Hammerstein complained of being so busy he had no time to write full letters. On the 27th he said:

"Bruce, Golden Bruce—Take these few hurried lines. This was a frightfully hot day, and I am ringing wet, but writing to you. I hustled and hurried since 8 this morning and accomplished lots. I borrowed $10,000 to finish up. Bruce, lovely darling, precious Bruce, take this thundering smack! The last letter before I have again my angel Bruce. YOUR OSCAR."

Next day another one read:

"My Adored Bruce—I'm writing after all. In a few hours I have you, my all, my everything, again. All of the letters I have written to you speak of what you have grown to be to me. They all come from my heart of hearts. And now! Oh, for the moment when I again can press my lips to your forehead and call down upon both of us eternal love and happiness. Your OSCAR."

Another, dated Aug. 18, 1901, tells how continuously the rising impresario labored. It reads:

"My Boosie, my love—This is Sunday, and a more dismal day can't be imagined. The rain is pouring down in streams. I am all alone in my office working up a score, writing lines, thinking, plotting, smoking. If you were only around, my inspiration, my all, I'd be all right.

"Never have I missed you as I do today, Boosie, Boosie. I want you! I can't be without you. I sent a messenger clear over to Jersey to mail my letter of yesterday, so it would reach you by last night. Bruce, Bruce, I am getting desperate! Where is Boosie? I want her. God, I'll kill her with kisses and hugs when I get her again!

"Your loving OSCAR."

Worry Over Fields Theatre.

Speaking of his task in building the Fields Theatre, Mr. Hammerstein wrote:

"New York, Aug. 30, 1908.

"Beloved Bruce—The task is done. I'm feeling more like myself again. I'm hustling hard. The trouble of finishing the Fields Theatre is over. It has been such a worry to me from the day I started it that I would not repeat it for millions of dollars. To erect a theatre costing $200,000 without the ground, without a cent of financial preparations, was a daredevil undertaking. No more of it; I want rest and peace hereafter. The idea of a man of my attainments and in the prime of life to worry and fret as I have done for six months. It almost deserves a punishment.

"No wonder I broke down when those awful things of the past few weeks were piling on me. I want to chase away the horrible nightmare. A. came in to-day. He asked what had become of you. He said you always seemed so ladylike and so attached to me.

"They all miss you about the theatre. Bruce, you don't know, I always wanted to make you happy—always prayed for the time when I would be able to satisfy all your wishes, because I know your life and existence was mine and mine only. I lived in you and for you only. Preserve this spirit, Bruce—it is SACRED. I kiss your eyes. OSCAR."

Hammerstein Says He Is Cured of Affinities Now

"Oh, dear," exclaimed Mr. Hammerstein, quizzically, to-day, "is that poor woman at me again? Now, what has she been saying?

"I feel very sad about the whole thing, and really very sorry for that poor, misguided woman.

"One thing—sure—it has cured me of affinities, of all naughtiness and—you bet—of WOMEN!

"I'm done with 'em, every last one, no matter how ravishing.

"Another lamentable outcome of this affair is that it has made me cruel, bitter and even unjust. All letters I receive now from women go into my trash basket without a second thought. Whereas before, I was the friend and adviser of the struggling beginner. So much for a man when once he gets a lesson. It's too bad!"

How to Nip a Cold or Cough in the Bud

In spite of all the experiences of the age most people let a cough or cold go until it becomes troublesome, perhaps dangerous. This is probably because the proper medicine is not on hand ready to take. If you will make up this simple remedy described below and keep it in your medicine chest you can wipe out a cold or cough as soon as it appears. One or two doses will usually do the work. A whole pint of it costs only 54 cents, and it can easily be made at home in five minutes. Use:

Granulated Sugar Syrup ..... 13½ oz.
Pinex ..... 2½ oz.

Put the 2½ ounces of Pinex (50 cents worth) in a pint bottle and fill up the bottle with Syrup made as follows: Take a pint of Granulated Sugar, add one-half cup of water, stir and let boil just a moment. Cork it tight and it will never spoil. Take a teaspoonful every one, two or three hours as required. The taste is very pleasant, a feature which makes it easy for children to take.

Use the ingredients as given here. Granulated Sugar makes the best syrup, and no better syrup could be bought at any price. There are many pine oil and pine tar preparations, but there is far more medicinal value in the real Pinex itself, which is, as you probably know, the most valuable concentrated compound of Norway White Pine Extract. In a great degree, therefore, this simple recipe possesses the same curative agents that make the ozone of the pine forests such splendid medicine for lung and throat troubles. It is excellent for these things, as well as colds, whooping cough, pains in the chest and similar ailments.

Finest Genuine Diamond and Solid Gold Jewelry

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Our high reputation has been sustained for the past 47 years by the manufacturing and selling of only such goods as will give entire satisfaction to our patrons.

Finest Goods, Greatest Value, Lowest Cost.

The constantly increasing demand for our goods has compelled us to greatly enlarge our facilities for their production. Three entire buildings are now used for our stores and factories.

J. Lewkowitz
ESTABLISHED 1876

An Inspection of Our Stock Is Convincing that We Offer The Largest Assortment of First-Quality Goods at THE VERY LOWEST PRICES.

Holiday Presents Selected Now Will Be Reserved Until Wanted.

Manufacturing and Repairing Departments on the Premises.

Sixth Ave., Cor. 17th St. Open Evenings. **290 Grand St.,** Cor. Eldridge. Send for Catalogue.