THINGS SEEN IN THEATRES.

A WAR DRAMA WITH NO LOVERS PARTED BY PARTISANSHIP.

Gen. Green B. Raum's Boy Grandson as an Actor in "The Master of Carleton Hall"—The Production of a German Farce, "Flachsmann as Educator."

The only subject that the dramatists usually find in the war between the North and the South is again illustrated in a one-act play at Proctor's Theatre in Fifty-eighth street. A Capulet-Montague love story of a Northern soldier and a Southern girl is still available material, but the time must have arrived for something different. "The Master of Carleton Hall" makes a little variation by looking at the theme from a new point of view, from that of a child of the fighting houses. Alexander Hume Ford has made the central character in his fiction a little boy, the master of Carleton Hall, acted rather cleverly by Webb Raum, a grandson of Gen. Green B. Raum, and a rather clever actor. The scene is a room in Carleton Hall, a Shenandoah Valley mansion, nearly ruined by Union troops. A fierce battle seems to be raging under the window. The place has belonged to a Northerner with a Southern wife. He has joined his own people in the war and she has died of a broken heart. Thus their little son is the master of Carleton Hall and protector of his baby sister. Mr. Ford's is a drama of a situation rather than an incident. The condition being revealed at the rise of the curtain, nothing is left to fill in the time till its fall but talk. So the lad and two old negro servants discuss the merits of the Rebellion and the question whether the old master was right or wrong in joining the invaders. The warfare under the window interrupted this conversation repeatedly, and three or four times the old negro mammy took up a gun to fire at a Yankee in the back yard. The male slave points out to her that the man she would shoot is her owner, which only makes her more desirous to kill him. Finally he rushed into the room and joins the discussion of the propriety of his conduct. On the night before he had brown hair, but the stress of attacking his home has turned it white. "Father, you were right!" he cries, draping himself in a Stars and Stripes; "my father's flag is my flag!" Picture, curtain.

Two things were positive in the new German farce at the Irving Place last evening, that it was a sure laughing success and that it would have no chance in English. "Flachsmann as Educator" was a thoroughly German play and delighted a German audience, as it had many during the past year in its native country and Austria. Otto Ernest had taken a simple and every-day subject to illustrate, the life at a boys' boarding school. Many German plays on this subject, but few in English, have succeeded, though Robertson's adaptation, which he called "School," is a conspicuous exception. In "Flachsmann as Educator" the teachers were principally dealt with.

The educator of the title somewhat resembled Dickens's Pecksniff. He and a companion in pompous ignorance, who has power enough over him to demand the position of principal teacher, are the heads of a provincial school. Among the teachers is an honest, educated young man, who indiscreetly kisses a pretty teacher with whom he is in love. Discovering him, the head masters have a school inspector discharge him. But a more important school inspector looks more thoroughly into the case and removes the Pecksniff and his friend from head positions, putting the lovelorn teacher in their place and thus adding to the happy ending that the coming marriage of the lovers creates.

Mr. Ernest had written this play with much verbal cleverness, which was as important in its success as the comic complications of plot. The Conried actors played it in a merry farcical mood. Hedwig von Ostermann and Adolph Zimmermann were attractive as the young lovers, and the more grotesque parts were well played by Meta Buenger, Franz Kiersch ner, Otto Otthert and Mr. Reimann. Irving Place audiences will probably demand many repetitions of "Flashsmann as Educator."

Maude Adams is the subject of an exceptionally readable and profusely illustrated book by Acton Davies, the well-known dramatic reviewer. Fay Templeton is said to intend a burlesque of David Warfield in "The Auctioneer." Clara Morris has become a lecturer about herself and other stage subjects.

Annie Russell announced last evening a postponement of the first night of "The Girl and the Judge" at the Lyceum till Dec. 4.

N. C. Goodwin cabled to Klaw & Erlanger yesterday that he will return to this country in a month and start a tour in "When We Were Twenty-one," on Jan. 28.

Versatility tells in the Western stock companies. The "heavy man" and the "leading juvenile" in one organization being athletic, gave trapeze feats between acts of a drama.

Girls commonly play boys' parts, but an instance of the reverse is a lad as the little maid in a Boston production of "Alice in Wonderland."

John Hay is said to have consented that characters and ideas from his Pike county ballads shall be mixed and kneaded into a play, especially from "Jim Bludsoe" and "Little Breeches."

Richard Mansfield says that, although his production of "Henry V." drew large audiences during an entire season, the expenses were so heavy that they equalled the receipts. It is said that E. H. Sothern's experience with "Hamlet" was about the same. But there's the fame as a reward of merit.

Francis Wilson will have the principal comic part in "The Toreador." Gilbert Parker is on his way from London to see E. S. Willard in "The Cardinal." E. D. Price is out with a book of humorous letters to an actress from her mother. Paul M. Potter is to write the words to Leslie Stuart's tunes under a contract with Cha les Frohman for a musical farce.

YESTERDAY'S MUSIC.

American Symphony Orchestra—Last Saturday Recital.

The American Symphony Orchestra began its second season of concerts at the Lyceum Theatre yesterday afternoon. It may be commentated that these concerts devoted to seventeenth and eighteenth century music aroused interest among music lovers last spring, for the pretty theatre in Fourth avenue was well filled yesterday, and in its dimly lighted auditorium we heard the unique measures of Scarlatti, Vivaldi, Lully, Gretry and Mozart. Mr. Sam Franko, the conductor and programme maker of these "concerts spirituels," presented additionally the text of unknown Lully short overture, "Bellepha à Colone," to Vaudoire was no doubt informed with previous dramatic stuff that has lost some of its contributive across the centuries. Evidently the twentieth century will see many reversals of critical and popular judgments and perhaps eighteenth century music may regain some of its lost prestige. Certainly its cool power, delicately ordered rhythm and variety of outline give a gentle joy. Singularly enough, it is not music that can be long endured. Full of charm as it certainly is, "Divertimento" of Scarlatti, Franko's grouping, it lasts quite long enough. Upon modern ears accustomed to heavier tonal masses these slightly narrow pall because of their obvious accents, their facile melodic flow.

Vivaldi's concerto for string orchestra was a graceful example of loquaciousness. Of the dance forms in the Grétry numbers the "Danse Légère" and Janissary march proved the most engaging. The device familiar to us in all our so-called Patrol marches was employed. Mozart, it may be remembered," wrote a Turkish march with such touches of exotic color, in those days represented by bells and cymbals—though continently employed. An air by Lully, "Revenez Amours" from his opera, "Thésée," was tastefully sung by Mrs. Morris Black. In its languid music there is much lingering Old World sweetness. Mozart's E flat symphony closed this enjoyable matinée. The orchestra was in excellent form and followed carefully Mr. Franko's beat. There was plenty of applause.

Lilli Lehmann gave her third song recital in Carnegie Hall yesterday afternoon. Though the attendance was not so large as at the previous affairs the veteran soprano sung with undaunted spirit through a programme consisting of Wagner's five celebrated songs, a set of four of Bungert's, three of Reinhold Herman's and three by Brahms. She succeeded best with the Wagner numbers, "Stillet die Wipfel," by Herman—a song full of charm—and "Feldeinsamkeit" of Brahms. Enthusiasm there was in abundance. Mr. Herman accompanied at the piano with his accustomed taste.

Miss Ruth Isabel Martin, a young lady who has studied under well-known masters at home and abroad, gave a piano recital in Mendelssohn Hall last night. Her programme had the merit of not being a conventional one: The first rhapsodie in B minor, Brahms; a meditation of Tschaikowsky's; two old dances, Moszkowski; Liszt's rarely heard Impromptu; two musical numbers by E. A. MacDowell, pieces by Pierné, who composed the "Izéyl" music; and a Chopin ballade, studies and the great B minor sonata. Miss Martin's playing was much enjoyed by a friendly audience. She has fingers. She will grow.

LIVE TOPICS ABOUT TOWN.

The new grip, as it has been called, possesses all the inconveniences of the more familiar disease with the added discomfort that comes from its way of concentrating all its sufferings into a short space of time. According to physicians it is not allied in any way with the famous influenza, but is merely a form of cold that happens to be more common this year than ever before.

"It seizes the patient suddenly," said a doctor yesterday, "and the most striking feature of it is the rapidity with which all the symptoms of the most serious influenza are felt.

"Two or three hours after the patient has taken cold the pains that spread through the body and the distress that he experiences in every way are comparable only to the feelings of a person with a well-developed case of influenza.

"These sensations do not continue long if the treatment is begun immediately. But in any case, the intensity of the discomfort while the preliminary stages of the cold last is greater even than in the case of the ordinary influenza."

It would seem that a fellow so busy as the swindler in Spain who has sent thousands of letters to people all over this country offering them a big slice of a mythical fortune if they would handle the balance for a young orphan girl would find it necessary to employ several secretaries or typewriters. The manual labor of writing so many long letters must be enormous.

During the past two years dozens of these letters, all worded alike and all in the same neat small handwriting have been brought to THE SUN office. Yesterday another man who had received one of these Spanish swindling letters came to THE SUN office to give out the news that he was soon to come into a large fortune from the usual distant relative of his wife who was dying in a Spanish prison.

He did not want to be convinced that his good fortune was a part of a fake, but when a similar letter that was sent last summer to a Jersey City lawyer was shown to him and the handwriting was found to be the same he reluctantly admitted that it was a fraud.

There probably are several men interested in this game, but all the letters are evidently written by the same man.

The house at 41 West Thirty-sixth street, which has been leased by the Columbia University Club for twenty years, is rapidly being reconstructed and it may be opened early next month. The club's membership now numbers nearly 500 and with a suitable house it is expected to increase rapidly.

The special weakness of such college clubs, namely, that most of the men eligible to them are members of other clubs, was overcome by making the dues very small. The clubs of Harvard, Princeton and Yale have proved very successful and with Columbia's long list of alumni here there is no reason to expect that her club will fail. Columbia's move to her present building has noticeably increased the college loyalty among Columbia men and to this has been added her rising fame in athletics.

A man carrying what looked like an ordinary hand satchel came down the steps of the Third avenue elevated station at Forty-second street yesterday morning followed by a dozen other people. As he reached the last steps he opened his satchel and out jumped a small long-haired dog, who shook himself once or twice, blinked, and then fell in behind his master.

Several of the people behind, who had not seen the opening of the satchel, were puzzled by the dog's appearance. For the past year the owner of this dog has carried him in a satchel to Forty-second street, and the two have walked west as if to business.

They return about six o'clock every evening, and when the station is reached the man places his satchel on the walk, opens it, and in jumps the dog. The satchel is closed and in this way the rule of elevated roads against dog passengers is not operative against this particular dog.

New $350,000 Hotel on East Fifty-seventh Street.

Plans were filed with the Building Department yesterday by H. B. Mulliken, architect, for a fireproof hotel to be built for the Central Realty Company, of 900 Seventh avenue, at 120 West Fifty-seventh street. It is to be twelve stories high, sixty feet front and ninety feet deep and will cost $350,000.

A last word
Are you ready?
Evening dress clothes.
Afternoon clothes.
Morning clothes.
Night clothes.
Good clothes.
Shoes, hats and furnishings to go with each
Man or boy.

Closed to-morrow—all day.

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1260 Broadway, cor. 32d, and 842 West 125th.

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The Society Wine in London.

Messrs. Pol Roger & Co.'s *BRUT SPECIAL VINTAGE 1893* is now on sale at the leading Restaurants, Clubs and Wine Merchants in this city.

ANTHONY OECHS,
Sole Agent for U. S.

New York, Nov. 13, 1901.

MENDACIOUS JOHNNY NAYLOR

FOLLOWS HIS ARTFUL COUSIN'S ADVICE WITH SUCCESS.

First He Proceeds to Lose Himself, and Then by Piling Falsehood Upon Falsehood He Succeeds in Getting Himself Admitted to a Children's Home.

He was just a little motherless waif from Navy street, the matron of the Brooklyn Children's society in Schermerhorn street thought, with the saddest story of death and fire and starvation and cold, and bare feet and dispossess that she had ever heard. There was no misery on the list that the little fellow from Navy street didn't put in his story. He told it to the matron while she was going over him with the spray hose and the scrubbing brush and the fine-tooth comb. A matron's tear or two fell on the waif's shoulder and helped out the spray. But the little waif lied faster than the matron could scrub. He is only 6 years old. He wanted to become an inmate of the children's home because his cousin had told him that it was the best place in Brooklyn for grub and fun.

The cousin's name is Willie Laffey. The waif's name is Johnny Naylor. Willie's mother is Johnny's mother's sister. Willie has run away three times in the last two months and has wound up in the home of the Children's society each time much to his delight.

Mrs. Naylor went to call on her sister, Mrs. Laffey of Navy street, on Monday, taking Johnny with her. Willie told his cousin all about the fun he had at the Children's society and advised him to try it.

"You have to lose yourself first," said Willie Laffey, "and if you can't lose yourself just say you're lost and cold and that mother's dead and then you'll get a pile of wheat cakes a foot high and somebody'll wash you with a hose, and it's more fun than going to a fire. If you leave your shoes at home before you get lost you get found quicker and get more cakes. Don't forget to say that mother's dead and the janitor's swiped the furniture."

With these instructions from his cousin Johnny Naylor ran away to be a little waif. He left his shoes and stockings under his aunt's steps on Navy street and rolled in the gutter once or twice to get a real neglected look. The rain did the rest.

Johnny got to Adams and Willoughby streets and then decided he was lost enough to suit the most discriminating kind of charity. He lay down on the sidewalk and began to whimper.

Policeman Balfe of the Adams street station, big, good-hearted and with children of his own, came along and was fooled by Johnny, who told this story:

"I aint got no father or mother and no shoes. They're all dead. Mother died three months ago and they put her in the ground and put flowers on top. Then father died and the house burned and I lost my shoes and the janitor put the beds on the sidewalk and somebody swiped the beds and I didn't have nothing to eat since father died in Navy street and no shoes."

Policeman Balfe was so affected that he took up a subscription for the boy at the police station and then carried him over to the Children's society for the night. There Johnny told the same story to the matron, getting only a little mixed as to details and making his father die before his mother. But nobody thought he was a liar until his father went to the society yesterday afternoon and claimed him. Then Johnny confessed and told about cousin Willie's story. Earlier in the day, however, Policeman Balfe, who had felt bad about the waif all night, called at the society and borrowed the boy long enough to have his picture taken with Johnny in his arms.

FAITH CURISTS MUST GO.

Ordered to Give Up a Baptist Church to Which They Had Belonged.

NEW ORLEANS, Nov. 26. The Supreme Court of Mississippi to-day decided a case which touches on an important question of religion. In rendering its decision the court declared that it had no ecclesiastical jurisdiction, and does not undertake to interpret what constitutes the doctrine of any creed or religion, but claims the right to settle denominational questions legally.

The case is that of Mount Helm Baptist Church against C. P. Jones, pastor of the congregation. Mr. Jones and a large majority of the congregation of the church became Faith Curists, and called themselves the Church of God, Tabernacle of Christ, adopting an entirely new creed modelled along the principles laid down by Jones in a book called "Truth," the substance of which is the advocacy of the faith-cure doctrine. The ousted minority of the congregation appealed to the courts. The lower court decided that the congregation or a majority, had the right to change the articles of their belief. The Supreme Court took a contrary view and declared that Jones and his followers had no right to hold the church property after they had abandoned the faith of the Baptist Church, as the property had been dedicated especially for the use of a Baptist congregation and the new church organization is distinct and independent of that faith.

This brings to an end a bitter controversy between the Baptists and Faith Curists which has existed for two years.

SAY VOODOO CUT HIM

Shortstop Snow of Negro's Relatives Said to Break His Bat.

BUFFALO, N. Y., Nov. 26. On the ground that Aaron H. Coffin, a prosperous negro of Hunter Island, who died last May, leaving a small estate, was the victim of a voodoo, some of his relatives who were not remembered in the will asked Surrogate Petty yesterday to set it aside.

Christopher B. Coffin, a brother of the testator, testified that he was with his brother when the latter died of the spell. They were on a boat bound from Hunter Island to New London when the voodoo caught the testator in his left leg and crept all over his body. Another relative testified that on a certain stormy night when the air was filled with blue lights Coffin gave shelter to a certain colored woman, who rapped at his door and he was satisfied that this woman had worked a voodoo. Testimony was also given concerning a voodoo doctor who had regular patrons in this vicinity and worked all kinds of spells. Birds were submitted to the attorneys on both sides and the surrogate will decide the voodoo question later.

HOPE DIAMOND REACHES HERE.

The Famous Blue Gem Is Likely to Remain in America.

The famous Hope diamond, the largest of the few blue diamonds that have ever been found, weighing 44½ carats, arrived here yesterday on the Kronprinz Wilhelm. One of the passengers on the ship was Simon Frankel, the diamond importer of 68 Nassau street, who purchased the gem in London two weeks ago from Lord Francis Hope and the other heirs of the late Henry T. Hope, the banker of Amsterdam, from whom the stone got its name. It was with the intent of closing the negotiations for the stone that Mr. Frankel recently went to Europe.

Although it was learned from other sources that the big gem had accompanied Mr. Frankel to this country, Mr. Frankel preserved the greatest secrecy about the matter, even going so far as to deny that the diamond was on the ship. It would be here in a few days, he said, on another steamer. What the reason was for this secrecy could not be found out, although possibly Mr. Frankel might have been apprehensive regarding the safety of the stone.

Col. Storey, head of the customs inspectors, admitted that the gem was aboard the ship and was securely locked up in the purser's safe where it would remain, he said, over night and be taken to the Custom House for appraisal this morning. It appeared on Mr. Frankel's manifest, he said, as a "package."

The dusy on a cut stone unmounted, as the Hope diamond is, is 10 per cent. ad valorem and the customs people will probably estimate the value as the price Mr. Frankel gave for it. That was £29,760, or about $148,800, according to the cable despatches.

"The diamond was sold," said Mr. Frankel, yesterday, "by a Master in Chancery, because of the fact that it was entailed, there being nineteen heirs in all, and the consent of every one of them had to be gained. Lord Francis Hope was only one of the heirs, although owning a larger part than the others. Some time ago we learned that Lord Francis was trying to get the consent of the other heirs to the sale of the stone and it was then that we made an offer for it. But objection was raised at that time by some of the heirs, the Duke of Newcastle among them, as Lord Francis was then the husband of May Yohe, from whom he has since secured a divorce, and it was feared that she was putting him up to it to get the money. Lord Francis was in need of money, though, and as soon as he got his divorce the other heirs withdrew their objection.

"The diamond is cushion-shaped, a little larger than a hickory nut. Its color is the great thing. It is a perfect sapphire blue and is flawless and has the brilliancy of a white stone."

Mr. Frankel said he had already had one offer for the stone from E. M. Gattle, the jeweller of Fifth avenue and Thirty-eighth street. Mr. Gattle went down on a revenue cutter to try to get the stone before the ship reached her pier. He didn't get it, he said, because Mr. Frankel wouldn't sell. He said he had offered $350,000, which had been subscribed by a syndicate.

CHAPMAN BACK FROM GOATVILLE

Glad of It—They Had to Scrape the Dew Off the Pictures Up There Mornings.

"By Hen!" said Capt. Whiskers Chapman when he walked into the Mercer street station from High Bridge yesterday morning to take the command vacated by Capt. Thomas. Then the axe-wielding policeman, who once was Col. Murphy's little drummer boy, gazed around the station reminiscently.

"Gimminy crimps," he soliloquized. "This seems like old times. Gosh, but it feels good to be here. I came here first as an acting captain and I was made a captain while here. I've been in this precinct five different times, and altogether I've been transferred eighteen times since I've been in the department.

"I got fat up in High Bridge, though," mused the captain: "gained twelve pounds. But, gosh! that's a bad situation up there. In the morning it was so damp we had to scrape the dew off the pictures."

Capt. Chapman said that his favorite wardman, J. Wesley Hall, had malaria, and was "right taken down with it."

MARRIED.

CHATILLON—FEITNER.—On Tuesday, Nov. 26, 1901, at 2:30 P. M., at St. Patrick's Cathedral, by the Rev. Archbishop Corrigan, George Edmund Chatillon to Nina Willis Feitner, younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Low Feitner.

TAMPLETON—PLYMPTON.—On Tuesday, Nov. 26, 1901, at residence of bride's parents, 30 West Fifty-second street, by the Rev. Dr. Henry van Dyke, Robert Melvin Tampleton to Mary Livingston Plympton, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Gilbert M. Plympton.

DIED.

EDWARDS.—On Tuesday, Nov. 26, 1901, of pneumonia, after a brief illness, Elizabeth Lucas, beloved wife of R. J. Edwards.

Notice of funeral hereafter. Nashville, Tenn., and St. Louis, Mo., papers please copy.

MOORE.—On Monday, Nov. 25, 1901, at his residence, 215 East 80th st., Charles Smith Moore, in the 88th year of his age.

Funeral services at Calvary Church, 4th st. and 4th av., on Wednesday, Nov. 27, 1901, at 11 A. M. Interment in Woodlawn Cemetery.

POWELL.—At West Orange, N. J., on Monday, Nov. 25, 1901, Harriet E. Pitney, widow of Charles E. Powell.

Funeral on Wednesday, Nov. 27, 1901, from her late residence, corner of Gregory and Prospect avenues, at 2:30 P. M. Carriages will be in waiting at Highland Avenue station on the arrival of the 1:50 train D. L. & W. R. R. from New York city.

SCHLOSSBERG.—At the residence of her son-in-law, Charles de Rham, 1001 Park Avenue, corner 85th street, Mrs. Caroline Hagen, widow of the late William J. Schlossberg.

Notice of funeral hereafter. Baltimore papers please copy.

SMITH.—On Tuesday, Nov. 26, 1901, Lewis F. Smith in the 84th year.

Funeral private.

Special Notices.

SELLERS' SHOE BLACK paste and polish is a black paste of the highest grade, and contains no acids, alkalies or other injurious ingredients. Sold everywhere.

Religious Notices.

THANKSGIVING SERVICES will be held at Plymouth Church, Orange, N. J., to-morrow, Friday and Sunday, on Thursday morning at 11 o'clock. The pastor, the Rev. Lewis Hodges Kelly, will preach on "The Events and Lessons of the Year and the Gifts Made for Our People and Their Institutions." The Thanksgiving music will be arranged under the direction of Mr. George Harding Brokaw.

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Christmas Number

THE CENTURY

FOR DECEMBER

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Illustration for "L'Allegro." Frontispiece, printed in color, by ..... **Maxfield Parrish**
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Pictures and decorations, printed in tint, by Orson Lowell.
The Mystery Play: Christmas at the Crossroads Farm ..... **Elizabeth Cherry Waltz**
Pictures, printed in tint, by Charlotte Harding.
The Christmas Angel ..... **Clinton Scollard**
Decoration, printed in tint, by Helen M. Armstrong.
Christmas Eve: A Fantasy. Two drawings, printed in tint, by ..... **Arthur I. Keller**
How the Christmas Tree was brought to Nome ..... **Edith M. Thomas**
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"THE RESCUE"

By ANNE DOUGLAS SEDGWICK
Author of "The Confounding of Camelia"

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The Voice of England ..... **Clinton Dangerfield**
Impressions of President McKinley ..... **John A. Kasson**
With portraits.
The Personality of President Roosevelt. By an Old Acquaintance ....

Price 35 cents

The articles on "The Settlement of the West," by Emerson Hough, now appearing in *The Century*, are attracting wide interest. They will be followed by a series on "The Great Southwest," by Ray Stannard Baker. Mr. Maxfield Parrish, whose work as an illustrator is so striking, is now in the Southwest making the pictures for Mr. Baker's articles.

1902 THE CENTURY YEAR OF HUMOR 1902

NEW SUBSCRIBERS who begin their yearly subscription with the great Christmas number (December) will receive, free of charge, a copy of the November *Century*, containing stories by Mark Twain and other famous humorists, the beginning of Cyrus Townsend Brady's novel "Barbarossa," etc., etc. November begins the volume. Subscription price, $4.00 a year. All dealers and the publishers take subscriptions.

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Shall the Jews Reclaim Palestine ?

An article of world-wide interest by ISRAEL ZANGWILL in the superb Christmas issue of

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FLOATER HERDSMAN.

American Jumps Into the Hudson and Pulls Out a Small Bird.

[illegible]

Schlundt Wants to Be Good.

Frederick Harmon Schlundt, 20 years old, of 106 Grand street, Jersey City, applied in the Circuit Court in that city yesterday for an order to drop the letters e, h, and i from his last name. He wants to be known as Sled, he said, because people find Schlundt hard to pronounce and spell.

THE MAGAZINE THAT'S DIFFERENT.

HOLIDAY (December) Number — Broadway Magazine — Out To-day.

The cover lithographed in seven colors from a drawing by GEORGE GRANBY.

16 pages of pictures of beautiful women (in color). More square inches of half-tones than in any other publication in the world.

A few of the features in December are:

Tales From Headquarters.
Scandals of Society—"The New York Broker Who Sold His Wife."
The Woman of the World.
New York's Rapid Transit Tunnel (with special photographs).
Paris Models of Flesh and Blood (with special illustrations by the author, GEORGE GRANBY).
Beautiful American Models (by famous American photographers).

DON'T FAIL to see the Holiday Number of *Broadway Magazine*. Ten cents a copy, $1.00 a year. All newsstands. *Broadway Magazine Co.*, 25 Elm St., New York.
SPECIAL OFFER. Send 25 cents on trial, all expiration for three months, and we will send you a beautiful picture of an actress, FREE. Five pictures, FREE, with a year's yearly subscription.

FOR SALE BY EVERY LIVE NEWSDEALER IN THIS CITY.

Miss Jackson puts diverting incidents on paper in a diverting manner, and dialogue quite very prettily sprinkled.
New York Tribune

Just the book to give to a woman.

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By AUSTIN DOBSON.
A tablet daintily printed in green and brown with green in outline.
The Woman who Paid the Bills.
The Woman who Lunched Alone.
The Woman who Lunched Alone.
The Woman who Lunched Alone.
The Woman who Lunched Alone.
The Woman who Lunched Alone.
The Woman who Lunched Alone.
$1.00 net; postage 8 cents.

Also by Miss Jackson.

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With a frontispiece.
Cloth, gilt top, uncut edges, in a box.
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