

ONE MORE MUSIC PROBLEM

AN ELONGATED PUZZLE SYMPHONY BY BISCHOFF.

Boston Symphony Orchestra and Dr. Muck made through a dismal swamp of discord—Teresa Carreno and Edward MacDowell supply sweetness and light.

When an English 'bus driver refused to laugh at a good jest on the day when his name was handed another driver's remark, "He ain't got no sense or humor wotever!" It is impossible to tell what would make Dr. Muck, the Mephistophelian conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, laugh, but it is certain that there is something very defective in his sense of humor. Otherwise he would not play in New York such a composition as the symphony in E major of Hermann Bischoff of Munich, which was the first number of the third evening of the current season at Carnegie Hall last night.

A distinguished Brooklyn pianist, going home woeily after hearing this composition, said: "It has everything in it but music." It is true. It had length, breadth, depth, thickness and opacity. It had the voices of many instruments and the perversion of many chords. It had sounds of convulsions, waves, billows of ocean out of nowhere into nothing. Yet it had a purpose, and that is what its very composer said about it.

"For some years many composers have attached importance to explicit explanations in programme books. My piece has nothing to do with 'programme music,' I believe, however, that there is no music, as there has been no music, which is not programme music in one way or another; inasmuch as there is no musical expression which does not find an analogy either in the world of facts and events or in that of poetic sentiments and sensations. Not to be out of fashion I therefore insist that my symphony presents throughout programme music. It naturally lays claim to be shaped solely in accordance with musical principles.

"In my mind is the story of a young man who, living a wild and debauched life, becomes acquainted with pure happiness when he is no longer worthy of it and therefore cannot possess it.

"He seeks in vain to find peace in resignation (second movement). The ghosts of his misspent youth appear again, as furies following him, pursuing him (third movement). Again appears that noble and beautiful womanly apparition (intermediate passage), and the voices of darkness, deluded, are quiet. Love of the pure woman delivers us from the fifth of life. As one sees, this is an old programme which has often been treated, but here it is solved in many ways. Now if any one, hearing the first movement (this is the only one that has a special programme), should see a vision of dissolute nights, of orgiastic masked balls, if he believes that he hears passionate love murmuring in gardens flooded with moonlight and vocal with the songs of birds, he will then be conscious of what was in the mind of the composer.

"And also if the hearer will not resign of my work, as the cloudy and foaming mist clears into still and noble wine, I may then believe that I have succeeded in working the poetical idea into that which is clearly defined and plastic.

Thus do we penetrate to the workings of a mighty genius. Goethe in his 'Faust' has told us how the woman soul leeches us ever upward and on. About the same time he exclaims: 'The indescribable here is it done.' Yet Hermann Bischoff had not composed any symphonies in Goethe's day, and the author of 'The Sorrows of Werther' did not like music anyhow. Suffice it to say that Bischoff's symphony may have meant much to him, but it is not likely to mean anything to the common or New York music lover.

The first movement does indeed suggest the presence of some reprehensible youth in resignation; and that he will not resign, but clings to his post at the score with a grim determination, which must arouse admiration, though it cannot give pleasure.

In the third movement even a tyro in the art of listening to modern music can see the ghosts of a mispent youth, mispent in learning how to maltreat the diatonic scale, to dissect dead chords, to make infernal machines of combinations forbidden by every prompting of artistic conscience and to abuse an orchestra by causing it to caper like a xylophone. No wonder the furies pursue this fellow. The pity of it is that they do not catch and destroy him before he begins the last movement.

Note that in his programme note the composer does not completely solve the riddle of the last movement. Even he was not quite sure what it meant. He writes us to discover the cloudy and foaming mist clearing into noble wine. We surely see the clouds and the foam. But when the mist does settle we find only sharp and stinging vinegar.

When Bunthorne soars to the empyrean in the presence of Patience, she says perceptively, "Well, if that's poetry I don't like poetry." Doubtless there were some narrow minded persons in last night's audience who, like THE SUN's reporter, thought, "If that's music I don't like music."

Dr. Muck seems to have conceived a desperate passion for this sort of tempest in a teapot, and we may have to hear more of the same sort. Heaven send that the next be shorter. This symphony took an hour and a quarter, which is a good deal of a brief life to give up to the consideration of a puzzle in tones.

At the conclusion of the work one felt as if he would be glad to hale Berlioz, Liszt, Wagner and Brahms into court and say to them, "You are a pretty quartet, aren't you? Now look what you've brought us to!" But the orchestra covered itself with glory as well as with a pall of discomfort in playing this work. It is tremendously difficult. If Dr. Johnson had heard it he would have said, "Would it had been impossible."

LIVE TOPICS ABOUT TOWN.

"I don't suppose I really need to feel so out up because we didn't sell enough tickets for our annual luncheon to cover our guarantee to the hotel," said the treasurer of a woman's club the other day as the members adjourned for tea.

"After all we are only seven or eight short, and they tell me at the office that the same sort of thing has happened to every single organization that has eaten here since the time such a lot of the banks closed up. Some of the men's clubs have come out ever so much woeier than we did.

"Don't you ever tell, but—I guess perhaps I'd better not mention the name, because it's a matter of fact that the same sort of thing has happened to every single organization that has eaten here since the time such a lot of the banks closed up. Some of the men's clubs have come out ever so much woeier than we did.

Librarians are this winter turning their book shelves upside down in search of material for a new class of literary works. They are endeavoring to provide dressmakers' assistants with historic manufactures and costumes from which to make a quack costume may be accurately copied.

"Up to a short time ago," said one librarian, "persons who wished their costumes to be made to order by dressmakers took the trouble to design their own raiment. For some reason they have ceased to assume that extra burden. They leave everything to the dressmaker. For some reason they are equal to the undertaking. No matter how many diplomas she could carry off in an examination on the styles on 187 and 1898 she is likely to be a little rusty on the style of King John's or Queen Elizabeth's time. However, since her reputation depends upon these fancy toys being correct she employs a specialist to do the work. Not only old prints and records and provide notes and drawings for the fashioning of appropriate garments. There are four women in the reading room now engaged in that kind of research.

It was no countryman, but a New Yorker, who dropped into the "Automatic" shoe shining parlour to see what a machine made of polish was like. He strode bravely up to one of the electric contrivances that are ranged about the wall, shoved his right foot into the proper aperture and thrust his nickel down the slot. The machine began to hum and rattle. Looking at his foot the man saw revolving in the air a small disc, which he saw flick down from the top of the machine. But when a spray of liquid shot out over the leather he jerked his foot out of the machine and raised his hand a sign right above the machine stared at him through his confusion:

"For Black Shoes Only!"

He was a little out of his mind when he had a hand bootblack scrape the stuff off.

"Expert accountants find themselves in an anomalous position just now," said one of the professional men, "we are needed perhaps more than ever before, but unless a man's affairs are so badly tangled that our assistance is necessary to get him straightened out he is afraid to call us in. The public mind is in a fearful unsettled condition, and the rumor that a man has engaged one of our kind of accountants is accepted as a sure sign of impending failure. A Brooklyn man whom I know well hired a special accountant a short while ago. His business was in no immediate danger of going to pieces, he just wanted to find out exactly where he stood, but as soon as the news got about that experts were at work on his books everybody doing business with him got scared."

"Every morning," said the Brooklyn business woman, "I watch a most interesting game of checkers. Not with a real checker board, but with the people who travel on those trolley cars that have two rows of seats, with an aisle between. No sooner is a seat wholly vacated than it is taken by some one who has been shabby and is going to pieces, or three start for the empty seat at the same time, and often the movements are so quick and constant that it looks more like a race than a game of checkers. I have often questioned the motive, whether it be the true American spirit of courtesy, which can be gratified by letting a lady or child get in first, or whether it goes on another form of self-interest—simply the desire for exclusiveness. If that can ever be attained or the Brooklyn trolley car, by all means let the criss-cross continue."

Cases of albinism are frequently observed among wild animals and birds, but rarely happens that they are found inside New York city. In the ivy covered wall of a church in East Twenty-eighth street, however, is lodged a colony of English sparrows, that includes one specimen of albinism as a city species can be. On rainy days, after the outer layer of grime has been washed off, his snowy color renders him very conspicuous. There are several pairs of albinos in this colony also. When in flight their wings show a broad bar of white across the usual mottled brown, and on closer inspection colorless patches may be made out here and there on their bodies.

NEWS OF OWN PLAYWRIGHT DEAD

ABRAHAM GOLDFADEN, MINISTREEL OF THE ZIONISTS.

In Budapest, Paris and New York He Wrote Plays Known to Jews Everywhere, but Plays Small Profit to Himself Except That They Uplift His People.

The most interesting and important character in the literary and theatrical life of the ghetto passed away when Abraham Goldfaden died yesterday morning at his home, 218 East Eleventh street. He was a poet, dramatist, philosopher, friend and intimate of Dr. Herzl and Max Nordau, collaborator with Israel Zangwill in the Zionist movement, pensioner of Baron Rothschild. For the last three years Goldfaden had written steadily for the Yiddish theatre of this city, and it was in comedies of his that Bertha Kalish was appearing on the stage when she was "discovered" and transported to America.

Sixty-eight years ago Abraham Goldfaden was born at Constantine, Russia, of parents too poor to send him to university, but while he worked as a child to do his part for the support of the family he prepared himself for academic work, and later, still supporting himself, he was graduated from the University of Odessa.

His first literary work to bring him fame was a poem, "Progress," a strong appeal to his fellow Jews for national and political movement long before the efforts of Zangwill and others in that direction attracted world-wide attention. Throughout all his other activities he continued his Zionist work; it was that which brought him Baron Rothschild as a patron, and his last words before he died were "Ach, mein Gott, Zion!"

After his first important poem Goldfaden for a few years led a romantic life, writing songs and singing them to his admirers. His tunes as he trumpeted about many countries of Europe. A minstrel, but a minstrel with a deep motive, for he sang to his people of their former greatness as a nation and pictured to them the national greatness they could again attain if they would but return to Zion.

After he ceased wandering about in his minstrel life Goldfaden took to playing the violin, his first play being a comedy called "Schmendrick." This did not have a success which encouraged his friends to hope for his career in dramatic literature, but he believed in himself and soon justified that belief.

He soon wrote a play in the form of a book for a light opera called "Salamith," which he was glad to sell to a Budapest manager for 30 gulden. The story is, and the Yiddish actors here believe it, that the purchaser of "Salamith" made 1,000,000 gulden out of the musical play, and it is certain that it has been translated to the ear of the average man. Then he went to Paris to live and wrote many plays and poems and philosophical essays. His fame as a scholar and poet spread to Jewish circles in all parts of the world, and in many countries clubs were formed and named in his honor, where Jews met to read his poems and study his philosophy.

He continued to write plays, but only for the Yiddish theatre, and while his fame among his people grew his income remained small. Filled with indignation at this country and started Goldfaden's Weekly, printed in Yiddish, and after the manner of Puck. The ghetto offered no market for such a work, and two years later Goldfaden returned to Paris.

In Paris three years ago Leopold Yachner, proprietor and manager of the Bowery Theatre, then called the Windsor, but since changed to the Kalish in honor of the translated star, found Goldfaden in Paris in want. He had an income only the 40 francs a month, but he had the wish of the Rothschild pension, and such small sums as he received for poems he occasionally wrote. His whole interest was in the Zionist movement. It filled his mind, but left his purse empty.

Manager Yachner, soon after his return to New York, sent Goldfaden 3,000 francs and told him to come to New York, where the Yiddish theatre managers would take care of him.

There are four theatres in New York devoted exclusively to Yiddish drama—the Kalish, People's, Grand and Thalia. Their patronage is large and constant. Mngistrate Rosch, who has lived among them or been officially related to them since the ghetto all his life, said to THE SUN reporter recently: "A Jew who earns \$12 a week spends \$2 a week for the theatre. New Yorkers outside the ghetto can't see anything as an amusement loving people those of the ghetto are."

The four theatres named gave Goldfaden \$20 a month and he wrote for them. He had a technical knowledge of the stage and rehearsed his own plays, which were generally comedies of Yiddish home life, usually set back time a century or two for the sake of costume.

IN HONOR OF DIPLOMATIC CORPS.

Brilliant Reception at the White House

—Official Opening of the Social Season. WASHINGTON, Jan. 9.—The official social season began this evening with the customary reception of the President and Mrs. Roosevelt in honor of the Diplomatic Corps. This is the most brilliant and spectacular affair of the winter, as it affords the opportunity for the display of striking court uniforms and brings out many expensive gowns. Invitations to this function are at a premium of influence and are sought for with an earnest persistency that does not apply to invitations to any other White House affair.

In addition to the Ambassadors, Ministers, secretaries and attachés of foreign diplomatic establishments and the women of their families, there were scores of distinguished Americans and their wives and daughters present. A noticeable feature was the large number of former Ambassadors and Ministers who had represented the United States abroad.

The reception was begun at 8 o'clock, when the President and Mrs. Roosevelt descended the stairway at the west end of the central corridor and entered the Blue Room, followed by the members of the Cabinet, with the Cabinet women. Buglers announced the approach of the receiving party. In the receiving line, in addition to the President and Mrs. Roosevelt, were the wives of the cabinet officers, with the exception of those were guests specially invited to that post of honor.

Among these were Gen. John W. Foster, former Secretary of State and former Minister to Spain, and Mrs. Foster; Addison C. Harris of Indiana, former Minister to Australia, and Mrs. Harris; Clayton of Arkansas, former Ambassador to Mexico, and Mrs. Clayton; Wayne MacVeagh of Pennsylvania, former Ambassador to Italy, and Mrs. MacVeagh; Ethan A. Hitchcock of Missouri, former Secretary of the Interior, and Mrs. Hitchcock; Cornelius N. Bliss of New York, former Secretary of the Navy, and Mrs. Bliss; James A. Gary of Maryland, former Postmaster-General, and Mrs. Gary; Charles Emory Smith of Pennsylvania, former Postmaster-General, and Mrs. Smith; John W. Griggs of New Jersey, former Attorney-General, and Mrs. Griggs; Hiley A. Herbert, former Secretary of the Interior, and Mrs. Hiley; J. B. Foraker, Mrs. James Robert McKee and Mrs. Russell B. Harrison, daughter and daughter-in-law of the late President Harrison and their daughters, Mrs. Hobart widow of the Vice-President; Gen. Horace Porter and Mrs. Bayard, widow of Thomas F. Bayard.

The United States Marine Band was stationed in the lobby. The guests, except members of the Diplomatic Corps and those invited behind the line, entered the mansion through the long east wing and there passed through the lobby, the State dining room, the Red Room and the Blue Room to the stage where the party stood.

The Green Room and the East Lawn Room, where most of the guests remained.

"TRISTAN UND ISOLDE" AGAIN.

Gustav Mahler Conducts a Second Time at the Metropolitan.

Gustav Mahler conducted his second performance at the Metropolitan Opera House last night, and the opera was again "Tristan und Isolde." The audience, again, also, was very large and very warm in its demonstrations of approval, not only for Mme. Fremstad's Isolde, but more especially for the thin, distinguished man in the conductor's chair.

The qualities and excellences that marked the performance of a week ago were again in evidence last evening, perhaps in even more pronounced degree, for Mme. Fremstad was naturally more at home in her role, and the forces of the band more familiar with their leader. Not the least of these excellencies is the conductor's loving treatment of Wagner's orchestral themes and colors, yet his subservience of this orchestration to the demands of the singers. Mme. Fremstad's Isolde, which embodies less the real than the romantic aspect of the character, less its magnificence of passion than its womanly sweetness and pathos, was heard again with keen interest and warmly applauded.

Knote sang Tristan, perhaps hardly in his best, and Mrs. Homer, Van Rooy, Blaud and Mühlmann were in equally useful roles. It might be noted that the ship still drives toward the white and purple cliffs of the island, which changes according to the supposition of a trifling thing as a mast. Why should a tiller be needed, either?

16TH SUBWAY DEATH FOR 1908.

W. B. Nevin, Former Broker, a Suicide at Seventy-Ninth Street.

William Bourne Nevin of 156 West Seventy-eighth street, formerly a Stock Exchange broker, was killed instantly by a south-bound subway train at the Seventy-ninth street station yesterday morning. Three cars and part of the fourth passed over him, disfiguring his features to such an extent that if it had not been for a gold watch he carried marked "N." and a card bearing his name identification would have been much delayed.

Coroner Acritelli reported the case as a suicide. The motorman, Daniel Walsh of 2236 Fifth Avenue, and the conductor, James Cary of 988 Columbus avenue, were arrested on the technical charge of homicide.

Mrs. Nevin told the police that her husband had suffered heavily in the recent panic and had worried over his losses. He also suffered from neurasthenia.

Mrs. Nevin was born in Montreal 47 years ago. He used to be board member of the brokerage firm of Hotelling & Co., of 3 Nassau street. His health gave out and in 1902, after five years connection with the firm, he sold his interest and removed to the Fifth Avenue Hotel. Eight months later he returned to New York but had been operating in the stock market.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

The great Field Marshal von Moltke really began his career as a writer with a tale called "Die Belders Freunde," which is the last as well as the first piece of narrative writing he ever published. The story, besides its interesting origin, is a good example of the German "Novelle," and is as true to its original as this country edited by Dr. Karl D. Jensen of Bryn Mawr College, with an introduction and notes which will present Moltke in a new light to American students.

W. D. Howells, writing of Madison Cawein in the North American Review, places him first among those mid-Western poets of whom he is the youngest. He says: "Poetry in the Middle West has had its development, in which it was eclipsed by the splendor, transitory if not vain, of the California school. But it is a deeply rooted in the life of the region and is as true to its origins as any faithful portraiture of the mid-Western landscape could be. You could not mistake the source of the poem or the picture. In a certain tenderness of light and coloring the poems would recall the mellowed masterpieces of the older literatures rather than those of the New England school, where conscience dwells, almost rebukingly, with beauty."

M. Worth continuing his papers on "Individuality in Dress," in the January Bazar, says that the Queen of England is a born artist as regards taste in dress, inheriting her talent from her late mother, the Queen or Denmark. Queen Alexandra could often dress—trim her own hats. She chooses modes and colors that are becoming to her, quite regardless of fashion. Many of her ideas she obtains from museums and galleries, and she used to design in the Tapestry Room at Marlborough House under the direction of the late Lord Leighton. The Russian Empress carries little for dress, though she wears some marvellous costumes on State occasions. Carmen Sylva, the white haired Queen of Rumania, affects the flowing draperies of her country, with a long lace veil held in position with jeweled pins. The favorite color of Queen Elena of Italy is a soft blue. Wilhelmina of Holland feels most at home in a tailor made gown. Mme. Duse is very carefully dressed in costumes that will not increase the impression of frailty and sadness which her frequent illnesses and the intensity of her character give to her appearance.

To promote the study of Shakespeare's works in Hungary the Kisfaludy Society has appointed a committee of distinguished literary men who will revise and arrange the republication of existing Hungarian translations of the dramas and publish an annual somewhat similar to the Shakespeare Jahrbuch. The committee are arranging a series of free lectures on Shakespearean subjects and a bibliography of Hungarian Shakespeareana is being compiled.

The Nobel prizes this year apart from those devoted to science have been awarded to Kipling for literature and to Signor Ernesto Moneta and M. Louis Renault for promoting peace. Signor Moneta is an old Garibaldi, was the editor of the Secolo di Milan and founded La Vita Internazionale. M. Renault is a distinguished authority on international law. Speaking of Mr. Kipling's place in English letters of the present day, the Athenaeum says: "Neither political bias nor a widely copied style, such as might be fostered by the perpetual composition of telegrams to adopt Job's epigram, should obscure his position as one of the greatest of living story writers. If he has abolished the semicolon he has brought romance into new regions."

Mr. John Oxenham first visited the island of Sark a few years ago and now spends several weeks there each year. He has in preparation a new novel to be called "Pearl of Pearl Island," the scene of which is laid partly in London but chiefly in Sark. The curious superstitions and romantic atmosphere of the island are reproduced in the story and give even a more intimate acquaintance with the Sark of to-day than Mr. Oxenham's former book on the subject.

Mrs. Philip de Crespiigny, the author of "The Spanish Prisoner," is planning a new book the scene of which is laid in Italy at the time of the Borgias. Mrs. de Crespiigny divides her time between writing and painting and has exhibited water colors in many of the London galleries.

The demand for that anonymous book "As the Hague Ordains: the Journal of a Russian Prisoner's Wife in Japan," has made a fourth printing of the book necessary. Possibly the curiosity as to the name of the author accounts for the interest taken in it, but the frank and caustic criticisms of some prominent individuals as Roosevelt, Stoesel, Gorky and Tolstoy have doubtless contributed largely to its success.

Mr. A. W. Pinero has submitted his ideas of "The Fleeshy School of Fiction" to the London Bookman, in which he says: "I don't read much fiction nowadays, but I have made it my business to glance at some novels belonging to the fleshy school. One of these, written by a lady and put forward as 'The work of the greatest living English novelist,' would in respect of its composition reflect small credit upon a kitchen maid. As to certain details of the story, few kitchen maids, I trust, could be so depraved as to conceive them. Such productions are in my opinion most pernicious. They owe their vogue, which is unquestionable, to publishers without conscience and reviewers without honesty or without brains."

Miss Edith Sichel is preparing another work on the French court of the late Valois period which will deal with the later career of Catherine di Medici and her circle. The book will be ready for publication in the near future. Miss Sichel, although of German parentage and English birth, is devoted to writing studies in French social and artistic history and has among her publications "The Two Salons," "The Household of the Lafayette," "Women and Men of the French Renaissance," and "Catherine di Medici." She was educated at home by private teacher and has always been a lover of books. She commenced writing and publishing in magazines at the early age of 18 years. Miss Sichel is distinctly unusual in one matter—she counts among her recreations, which include reading, hearing music and seeing pictures, "playing with children."

Dion Clayton Calthrop, the actor for whom most of the Doonee story has been identified almost successfully as the place. No real Lorna has been found, but Jan Ridd appears in an old legend associated with the family of a John Ridd, who was church warden to the novelist's uncle and who was stated by Blackmore to be the original of Girt Jan. The problem of how far the Doonees really existed and how far they were legendary is not solved entirely, but the evidence of Miss Browne (Audrie Doonee) is set forth and a reproduction of an old painting, inscribed "Mr. Esmer Doonee, 1678," is given.

"The Dance of Love," is the son of John Clayton Calthrop, the actor for whom most of the Doonee story has been identified almost successfully as the place. No real Lorna has been found, but Jan Ridd appears in an old legend associated with the family of a John Ridd, who was church warden to the novelist's uncle and who was stated by Blackmore to be the original of Girt Jan. The problem of how far the Doonees really existed and how far they were legendary is not solved entirely, but the evidence of Miss Browne (Audrie Doonee) is set forth and a reproduction of an old painting, inscribed "Mr. Esmer Doonee, 1678," is given.

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The Wanamaker Store Store Closes at 5:30 P. M. In the AUDITORIUM Organ and Angles Recital, 10 to 12. CONCERT, Daily, at 1:30 P. M. No tickets required, except for Saturday, CHILDREN'S Day.

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