The World

Published by the Press Publishing Company.

FRIDAY EVENING, APRIL 3.

SUBSCRIPTIONS TO THE EVENING WORLD (Including Postage):

PER MONTH..... 30c.
PER YEAR..... $3.50

Vol. 31.....No. 10,818

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

BRANCH OFFICES:
WORLD UPTOWN OFFICE—1967 BROADWAY, between 31st and 32d sts., New York.
BROOKLYN—392 FULTON ST. HARLEM—News Department, 150 EAST 125TH ST.; Advertisements at 237 EAST 115TH ST.
PHILADELPHIA, PA.—LEDGER BUILDING, 112 SOUTH 6TH ST. WASHINGTON—610 14TH ST.
LONDON OFFICE—32 COCKSPUR ST., TRAFALGAR SQUARE.

AWAY WITH DELAYS.

The bill to compel the New York Central Railroad Company to make the Fourth Avenue Tunnel safe, was not acted upon by the Committee on Railroads yesterday, owing to the Public Printer's failing to present the printed copy. It will come up next Tuesday, when the Committee holds its regular weekly meeting. The counsel for the New York Central's legislative business, who was present yesterday, asserted he had little to say in opposition to the Sulzer-Byrne measure, which he admitted was fair, but intimated that it would be well to see what the Railroad Commissioners were going to do, as they were already conducting experiments in the tunnel both in regard to lighting and ventilating.

AN EVENING WORLD reporter who visited the tunnel yesterday, saw no indication of anything that looked like experiments in lighting and ventilating, and was informed by the New York Central officials, that they were waiting for the State Board of Railroad Commissioners to appoint an expert. In the mean time the tunnel is just as dangerous as it was, and the lives of those travelling over it are still risked daily.

If this is the excuse that is to be brought forward in urging delay, it should not be considered for one moment. There is no necessity for waiting for experiments. The mandatory bill having been passed, the Railroad Commissioners will then be in a better position to enforce the measure and the relief so needed can be accomplished more quickly. What the public wants is safety in the tunnel and that at once.

GHASTLY PRECOCITY.

The horror created by the spectacle of a child six years of age deliberately attempting suicide by hanging, is somewhat lightened by the yells for help which he uttered when dangling from an apple tree in the pains of strangulation. It is dreadful enough to think that the little Syracuse boy who was happily cut down while so suspended should have even meditated self-destruction. His health was not good, and this seems to have driven him to his desperate deed. He was child enough, however, to shrink from the pain of this terrible remedy. Nothing remains except for some infant to elude its nurse's care and seek to destroy its own baby existence. A groan is the only comment on such ghastly precocity.

CLUB WARFARE.

The war of those crack clubs, the Union, *en ecarte*, and the Millionaires, *in posse*, is waxing fierce. The Union has decided to elect three hundred members at once, as a sharp move to diminish the list of eligibles for the new Club. But the millionaires may content themselves with a smaller list and make capital of it as exclusiveness. Or the new Union members may also join the Millionaires' Club. Certainly a club in which membership involves the reputation of being a millionaire will have one distinction which no other New York club can boast, and it will be a strong one to oppose in a town where society is what it is here.

MR. T. DEY DOLLAR SULLIVAN proposes to make sweeping war on the Elevated Railroads. He put a bill in the Assembly yesterday revoking all consent under which they occupy any portion of the public parks, and providing for the removal of all railroad structures erected on park property.

The city pole-choppers ran afoul of some wires with the current on, and a lineman got a brisk shock, despite his rubber gloves, as he nipped one of these vivacious threads. The men snipped away, however, probably feeling that a little electricity is only good for the system. There is no excuse for even a little rashness where live wires are concerned.

Italy's displeasure with the United States has not curtailed her emigration any. Last month 7,869 Italian immigrants landed on our shores. This is a larger number than we received from any other country.

A New Jersey City employee asks that his salary be reduced on the ground that it is too much. As the salary is rarely adequate to the work for which it is given perhaps a better man is what is needed here.

Judge MORRIS, Governor *de jure* of Connecticut, will at last appeal to the Supreme Court to establish him where the should-be supreme will of the people plainly directs.

WARNER MILLER's cup was not full. He had fallen outside the breastworks. It remained for him to be wrecked outside the bar.

PARNELL is beaten in Sligo. He can hardly care to enter that resignation contest with Mr. HEALY after this.

Italy does not seem as anxious for war as she tried to make out.

SPOTLETS.

Otto von Bismarck was born on the 1st of April. Few men could have better afforded to be born on that day.

A Lenhore firm has failed for millions of lire. The firm must feel very "leary."

Over here, the Duc d'Orleans would be looked on as Revolutionary if he tried it on as a Valet forger.

The nicest thing that can be said about an American boy is that they are all fit subjects for "curing."

The coasts of France no high tide know,
The water there is always *Seine*. —*Judge.*

They say that in Maine temperance cranks object to musical compositions because they have bars.

The man who stole the knobs from the doors in Brooklyn should enter as his defense that it was an obsession.

"Thank goodness there are two 'hands' that will never 'strike,'" murmured the mill-owner, as he looked at his watch.

Lumber merchants never object to having the look-I raised.

A lynx-eyed man should have his gaze riveted to keep the licks in place.

WORLDLINGS.

It takes Zola nine months to write a novel. He handles a pen as a laborer might a spade, and is a slow and painful toiler. The expression on his face when he is doing literary work is one of torment.

A recent caller on Amelie Rives in her apartment writes home about her: "I was never so astonished as when she entered the salon—a perfect beauty—with a mass of golden hair, all natural waves and curls; great, soulful, luminous gray eyes, and teeth that are exquisite, and although she has been an invalid for nearly a year, she showed no sign of it save being possibly possessed of a more graceful languor."

J. W. Midgeley, the Chicago railroad man, who is reported to receive a salary of $30,000 a year, was a newspaper desk-editor not many years ago. Failing eyesight compelled him to abandon his profession.

Though his term of office is only half over, President Harrison has already appointed one Major General and seven Brigadier Generals, a greater number of general officers than has been appointed by any other President since the close of the war.

The Dublin and Wrightsville Railroad, extending a distance of nineteen miles between two Georgia towns, has been called the "cheapest railroad in the world." It was built and equipped for $6,000 a mile, and has earned 40 per cent. a year.

VAGRANT VERSES.

A Character.

Everything pleased my neighbor, Jim;
When it rained
He never complained,
But said wet weather suited him.
"There never was too much rain for me.—
And this is something like," said he.

When earth was dry as a powder-mill
He did not sigh
Because it was dry,
But said if he could have his will
It would be his chief supreme delight
To live where the sun shone day and night.

When Winter came with its snow and ice
He did not sneer
Because it was cold,
But said, "Now this is real nice;
If ever from home I'm forced to go
I'll move up north with the Esquimau."

A cyclone whirled along its track
And did him harm—
It broke his arm
And stripped the coat from off his back.
"And I would give another limb
To see such a blow again," said Jim.

And when at length his years were told,
And his body rent
And his strength all spent,
And Jim was very weak and old,
"I long have wanted to know," he said,
"How it feels to die"—and Jim was dead.

The angel of death had summoned him
To heaven or—well,
I cannot tell;
But I know that the climate suited Jim;
And cold or hot, it mattered not—
It was to him the long-sought spot.
—*O. F. Yeares, in the Bloomington Pantagraph.*

Downed at Last.

He had chased the rubber football
Over many a gory field;
He could stand behind a batsman
And the mask and mittens wield.
In a pugilistic contest
He was hell among the best.
He could mingle in a riot
And enjoy it, too, with zest;
But his fine physique was ruined—
Crushed in a most brutal way,
When his wife took him out shopping
On a ladies' bargain day.
—*Buffalo Express.*

Wright and Sumner.

[*From this Morning's World.*]

The Coroner's jury in the case of the "Astor House suicide" verified and accepted the identification of the dead man as William Wright, as first discovered by a reporter of THE EVENING WORLD. The jury likewise called the attention of the proper authorities to the "audacious attempt of Perrin H. Sumner to foist upon us an identification of the body as that of Edgar"—a conspiracy established by THE WORLD. All in all, these cases, with that of Buttinger, are among the most extraordinary in the history of crime.

A Sure Sign.

[*From the Boston Courier.*]

Wooden—What makes you ring again? Don't you see this card says the Graynecks are out?

Bullinch—Yes; that's just the reason I think they're at home.

The Reason Why.

[*From the St. Joseph News.*]

"I wondpr why a thief iaso often termed 'cool?'"

"Because he is so often in the cooler."

Not Disturbed.

[*From the Philadelphia Times.*]

"Store robbed last night."

"You don't say! What was taken?"

"Nearly all—in fact the only thing not disturbed was the watchman."

Not the Same Palfrey.

[*From Puck.*]

"Not long ago, all women wanted to have red hair; now they are crazy over the Bernardt bronze."

"That will be a horse of another color!"

A Seasonable Yarn.

[*From Puck.*]

Tillinghast—Tell us a hunting story, Gildersleeve.

Gildersleeve—At this season of the year I tell fish stories only.

"Why is that?"

"Because it is Lent."

Hospitality on a Cash Basis.

[*From Puck.*]

Hotel Porter—Are you a guest of the house?

Mr. Gruff—No; I'm paying for what I get!

Who Wouldn't.

[*From the Boston Courier.*]

Miss Smilax—Oh, I hate this long cloak; particularly on a windy day. It clings to mess.

Bullinch—Pardon me; but, really, what could you expect?

In Philadelphia.

[*From Munsey's Weekly.*]

New York Visitor (sticking)—Well, is there anything fast in this overgrown checker board?

Philadelphian—Yes, sir; our street doors after 9 P. M.

Love and Sweetness.

[*From the Philadelphia Times.*]

"Yes," murmured the maiden, as she affectionately chewed another caramel; "it is sweet, to be so loved."

Hatching a Plot.

[*From the Cloak Review.*]

Customer—Will this ribbon tie nicely into a bangemsen's knot,

Clerk—I think so, sir.

Customer—Then I'll take it. It's for my wife's dog.

A Change.

[*From Munsey's Weekly.*]

"Are the surface cars still running?"

"Oh, no. They stopped running ages ago. They creep now.

THE WAYS OF WOMAN FAIR.

Fads, Fashions and Fancies That Delight the Gentler Sex.

Odd Shapes in Ice-Cream—Pretty Dresses for Young Girls—The Rage for Medici Collars—Heart-Shaped Jewelry in Vogue—Pillow Shams.

Net, mull and chiffon muslin, embroidered with jewel effects, are used for the plastrons, fichus and vests of silk dresses. This trimming, while very showy, is very frail and costs as much as the entire dress pattern.

Ice-cream is now served in the form of little French peas, mushrooms, chestnuts, cherries, rosebuds and rose leaves.

Some of the prettiest of plaid surahs and woollen goods are made with the gathered skirt cut bias, ditto the full sleeves and a waist fastened in the back, which is round, with a slightly pointed front under jacket fronts edged with a tiny tinsel galloon. These are worn by girls of six to ten years of age, and frequently have a sash of the dress fabric from the side seams tied in the back.

The new pocketbooks are awkwardly large, surpassing the width of any dress or jacket pocket and sparingly trimmed with silver. The leathers are dyed to match the fashionable dress materials.

Since the wearing of the medici collar has become an accepted fact, there have sprung up in the shop windows passementerie collars which are to be placed over whatever material may have been chosen for the gown. Beautiful bronze collars, broad in the back and gradually tapering towards the front, can be obtained in the best bronze tinsel for the trimming of brown cloth or satin garments. Skeleton cuffs in tinsel may also be bought.

Formerly a woman paid $1 to have her finger-nails manicured. Now the most elegant parlors are open and the most efficient service rendered for 50 cents. The operation takes from half an hour to an hour and a quarter and is performed for men as well as women.

One of the most distinguished delegates to the American Section of the Philosophical Society, to be held in Boston this month, will probably be Mrs. Annie Besant, once the associate of of Charles Bradlaugh in the Secularist movement in England. Mrs. Besant's first reputation was made as a writer and lecturer on social questions, and as an earnest worker among the poor in London. She has recently declared herself a Theosophist, and will appear at the convention as the personal representative of Mme. Blavatsky. *Lucifer*, the London Theosophical magazine, is under the joint editorship of Mme. Blavatsky and Mrs. Besant.

The newest form which jewelry takes is the heart-shaped brooch, the heart-shaped pendant and the heart-shaped tinsel patterns, which come for the beautifying of panels on dress skirts and bodices. In the brooches and pendants heart-shaped amethysts are encircled with pearls. They may hang from a chain of pearls which encircled the throat many times.

The coming shirt for the mannish girl is made of figured percale with high starch collar and linked cuffs.

A pillow-sham is a strip of linen sufficiently wide to extend from the top of the pillow to the edge of the sheet where it is turned down. It should be sufficiently wide to go across the top of the bed. It is bordered with lace, and sometimes has insertion let in at intervals. It ought to be handsomely embroidered with a monogram inclosed in an oval. These shams are intended to be placed on the bed in the daytime, and removed at night. It would be quite easy to make them at home, and strong linen lace should be used. It is becoming more and more the fashion to have silk, lace, muslin, or chintz quilts, which are removed when the bed is occupied. These simply need to be bordered with lace.

The Princess of Wales, it is said, has not changed the shape of her bonnet in years.

An English paper has a gold guinea contest for the five most popular female characters in Dickens's works. For the following thousands of votes have been cast: Betsy Trotwood, Agnes Wickfield, Mrs. Bardell, Betsy Prigg, Dolly Varden, Dot, Dora (Copperfield), Edith Dombey, Esther Summerson, Florence Dombey, Little Nell, Little Dorrit, Little Emily, Lizzie Hexam, Lady Deadlock, Mrs. Gamp, the Marchioness, Miss Squeers, Miss Rachel Wardle, Mrs. Jarley, Mrs. Harris, Mrs. Micawber, Mrs. Skewton, Mrs. Jellaby, Miss Fox, Mrs. Chick, Kate Nickleby, Nancy, Peggotty, Ruth Pinch, Sally Brass, Rose Maylie, Susan Nipper, Mrs. Gummidge, Bertha Plummer, Mrs. Squeers, Mrs. Quilp, Mrs. Jellaby. Little Nell is known to every fifth grader in the public school; Sally Brass and Mrs. Bardell figure in the police courts and justices offices; every trained nurse who graduates and every member of the college or hospital faculty who addresses them has a fling at Sairey Gamp, while Florence Dombey is the admiration of every girl who ever essayed the soprano part in "What are the Wild Waves Saying?"

A Sure Cure.

[*From Puck.*]

Miss Laffin—What has become of our friend Mr. Clay?

Mr. Rand—He has taken employment in a powder mill for six months.

Miss Laffin—How strange!

Mr. Rand—Not at all. He wished to break himself of smoking.

When
You buy your
Spring Medicine
Be sure to get
Hood's
Sarsaparilla.

HEARD AMONG THE PLAYERS.

A Pathetic Little Story Told by the Divine Sarah.

Two Prominent Playwrights Consent to Describe Their Methods.

Sarah Bernhardt told a very pathetic little story to a theatrical light in this city. One day as she was walking along the Boulevard des Capucines in Paris, she saw a very modest funeral passing. La Bernhardt, who happened to have some idle time on her hands, decided to follow it. She did so and entered the Madeleine, Paris's famous church. There she discovered that the dead person had once been an actress who had scintillated in Paris many, many years ago but whose last years had been passed in obscurity and poverty. Sarah's soul was severely harrowed. She knelt and prayed as fervently as anybody in the church, and after the service she went with the funeral party to Père la Chaise. In the quaint little Rue de la Roquette she bought some flowers and laid them upon the grave of the dead woman. "It seemed intensely sad to me," said Sarah. "This woman had been feted and exalted, like—like I am, and when she died there were scarcely twenty people to follow her to the grave. She was once rich, like—like I am, but for years she lived in poverty." There were tears in Bernhardt's eyes. As she told the story it was extremely pathetic, and not a little poetic. She seemed to emphasize the points of resemblance in the career of the dead woman and in her own.

* * *

Another flour tragedy. Miss Henrietta Crosman in the performance of "Mr. Wilkinson's Widows," at Proctor's last night, left a portion of her white face on Frederick Bond's arm. Can't somebody invent a pallor that is constant?

* * *

Somebody wants to know why gallery boys are called "gods," and if it is to distinguish them from the devils beneath, who write criticisms.

* * *

A number of English playwrights have been describing their methods. Pinero says, "I think of some people, and live with them until they prove interesting or otherwise. In the latter case I cut them, but if their natures, manners, peculiarities, resolve themselves into a story, I try to ascertain if that story will shape into dramatic form." Sydney Grundy says: "My method of writing is not rigidly fixed, but into all my methods the consumption of tobacco enters largely."

* * *

Lawrence Hanley, Harold Russell and Joseph Herbert have been engaged for a San Francisco stock company.

* * *

W. J. Lemoyne, who has played scores of roles for standard comedies, will essay Jesse Rural for the first time in "Old Heads and Young Hearts" at the Lyceum Theatre Monday night.

* * *

A colored man went to the box-office of the Garden Theatre last night, and said he wanted to see the show. Treasurer Gavin looked positively startled. "Where do you think you are?" he asked. The gentleman of color grew indignant. He asserted that he knew exactly where he was, and plumped down his money for a seat. "I want a good one," said he, "not too near the horses." Then the countenance of the handsomest Treasurer in New York grew benign. Mr. Gavin smiled. "My good fellow," he said, "'Betrothed' is not a circus. You will find Barnum next door." Barnum and "Betrothed" are as bewildering as were Sarah Bernhardt and the Poultry Show.

* * *

It is rumored that if "Thou Shalt Not" should happen to be voted simply rather than naughty, it may be Clemenceau-Cased. In other words, a specialty will be introduced. Nothing, however, can make "Thou Shalt Not" other than it is—ineffably tedious.

* * *

S. Miller Kent, the young American actor, now playing in "Father Buonaparte" in London, is described as a young American actor of promise, but a little too chermic.

* * *

The scenes of "Wang," the comic opera in which De Wolf Hopper is to appear, are laid in Siam, at the Emperor's palace. Wang is the Emperor and De Wolf Hopper will be Wang. Everything is now in readiness for rehearsal.

AN UNEXPECTED LOCKOUT.

[*From Life.*]

I.

Confident Traveller—Say, dame, jist git me suthin' ter eat an' git it quick. See?

II.

(As she pulls the shutter)—"That hole thim burglars cut in thet shutter comes in right handy."

III.

"Jamesie, I've bolted the shutter on the inside; you jist run down for the constable and tell him he needn't put no chair in this feller's cell, neither."

A Good Starter.

[*From Puck.*]

"What are you going to do with your boy."

"I think of getting him on the police force."

"Has he any special qualifications?"

"Well, he is never around when he is wanted."

A Tip.

[*From Puck.*]

Mr. Maiferst—Truckman, do you agree to pay for all the furniture you break?

Truckman—Certainly, sir.

Mr. Maiferst—Then, if you must break anything, be kind enough to give the preference to this old table.

Shortest on Record.

"Pay me my tribute or else"—said an Irish chief to another. "I owe you no tribute, and if"—was the answer. Scrofula, cancer, tubercle and specific disease all arise from impoverished, impure conditions of the blood, say the physicians. Well, then why don't you purify the blood, remove the diseases and restore health by the CACTUS BLOOD CURE, says common sense. ***

DELAYED BY THE PRINTER.

The Sulzer-Byrne Tunnel Bill to Come up Tuesday Night.

Senator Ahearn's Measure May Be Reported at the Same Time.

[SPECIAL TO THE EVENING WORLD.]

ALBANY, April 3.—The Public Printer is now to be held up for the execration of the travelling public which has to brave the dangers which lurk in the dark and unventilated Fourth Avenue Railroad Tunnel. His failure to furnish a printed copy of the Sulzer-Byrne bill afforded the Assembly Railroad Committee an excuse for not acting on it at the meeting held yesterday afternoon.

There were present, of the Committee, Chairman Bush; Townsend, of Queens; O'Connor, of Kings; Byrne, of New York; Gould, of Lewis; Johnson, of Oneida, and Sawmiller, of Onondaga.

Assemblyman Sulzer was on hand to present an argument in favor of the bill and to support Assemblyman Byrne in his effort to get it out of the Committee and before the House.

Ex-Senator Hamilton Harris, who is special counsel for the New York Central Railroad corporation here, and whose particular duty is to look after all legislation affecting the interests of that Company, was also present, though he said to THE EVENING WORLD representative that he had little to say in opposition to the Sulzer-Byrne measure.

Clerk Murphy, of the Committee, announced that the bill as amended by the Committee had not been returned by the Public Printer, and in view of that fact Assemblyman O'Connor moved an adjournment, which was adopted.

This action of the Commitee will postpone the hearing until next Tuesday, which is its regular meeting day.

While they were disappointed, neither Messrs. Byrne nor Sulzer are in the least cast down by this failure of the Committee to act, as they feel satisfied that they have the majority on their side, and are confident that they will secure their bill to be reported as early as the Tuesday evening session of the House.

The Senate Committee on Railroads, which has under consideration the Ahearn bill, a measure identical with the Sulzer-Byrne bill, will also meet on Tuesday, before the session, and an effort will be made by the Senator from the Sixth District to have it reported.

Ex-Senator Harris, who furnishes the eloquence and explanations for the New York Central Railroad in the committee-rooms, told THE EVENING WORLD reporter that he could see little, if anything, to object to in the Sulzer-Byrne bill.

"The measure is a very fair one," said he, "but perhaps it would be as well to go slow in the matter until we see what the Railroad Commissioners are going to do.

"The Commissioners are already conducting experiments in the tunnel both with regard to lighting and ventilating, and it would be well to wait and see what they will recommend."

"Those experiments are all very well," suggested the reporter, "but there is no necessity for waiting on their account. The Commissioners will, by making them, be in a position to enforce the provisions of a mandatory measure which may be passed so much more quickly and to furnish the relief demanded by the people sooner than they would if they did not go to work until the law got on the statute books.

"Besides, what assurances have the people or their representatives in the Legislature that the Railroad Commissioners will not cease their experiments or report a failure of their efforts, should the Legislature adjourn without acting?"

The New York Central's lawyer resented the suggestion that the experiments being conducted by the Railroad Commissioners were instituted to block legislation, and said that they are being made in good faith, with an idea to finding a remedy for the evils complained of, which, he said, his client desires to abate as much as the public wishes it done.

SUPPORT FOR A SAFE TUNNEL.

The Lexington Democratic Club Unanimously Indorses the Sulzer-Byrne Bill.

The Lexington Democratic Club, the larges and most important political club in the upper district, at its meeting last night unanimously passed the following preamble an resolutions:

Whereas, A bill is now pending in the Legislature of this State and known as the "Sulzer-Byrne bill," providing for the proper ventilation and lighting of tunnels; therefore, be it

Resolved, that the Lexington Democratic Club of the City of New York is in hearty accord with the provisions of the "Sulzer-Byrne bill."

Resolved, That the Secretary of this Club is hereby instructed to forward a copy of these resolutions to Hon. Jacob A. Cantor, the representative of this district in the Senate, and the Hon. George P. Webster, the representative of this district in the Assembly, requesting them to favor and vote for said bill.

The Club celebrated last night the anniversary of Thomas Jefferson's birthday. The orator of the evening was John A. Mason, whose address was both interesting and instructive.

The Senatorial Game.

[*From Puck.*]

Ingalls—Judgement.

Kansas—Out!

A Necessary Requisite.

[*From the Harvard Lampoon.*]

Biggs—How did Barley get on the crew?

Diggs—Oh, he had a strong pull.

Take Pains

with your work, unless you take Pearline to it. Without Pearline you may have your labor for pains. In all washing and cleaning it saves work, wear and worry. It is harmless to everything washable; it should be used with everything that is washed. Pearline is worth more than it costs. Imitations are worthless and are dangerous.

BEWARE of imitations which are being peddled from door to door. First quality goods do not require such desperate methods to sell them. PEARLINE sells on its merits and is manufactured only by JAMES PYLE, New York.

WHO ARE BRAIN WORKERS?

An Idea For Business Men and Clerks.

The brain-workers of the world are business men and clerks, and they do far more real, hard brain-work more exhausting expenditure of nerve and brain power in this pushing age than all literary workers combined. *That is what makes so many nervous*, **with worn out nerves, tired brains and exhausted energies.** There is headache, a dull, dizzy, bad feeling head, confused thought, loss of memory, despondency, sense of anxiety, loss of appetite, dyspepsia, constipation, sleeplessness with tired waking, without ambition to take hold of the day's work.

Anything which exhausts the nervous energies will produce these symptoms, and all should at once use the great nerve and brain invigorator, Dr. Greene's Nervura, which will immediately restore power to the brain, strength to the nerves, and vigor and health to the body. Purely vegetable and harmless. Druggists, $1.00.

"I take pleasure in testifying to the great virtues of Dr. Greene's Nervura. *I could not attend to my business more than half the time.* I had headache, rheumatism and dyspepsia. The doctors said I had a bad state of my blood, liver and kidneys also. I certainly felt very bad indeed. I got much better the first month and **am now entirely cured**, and have Dr. Greene's Nervura to thank for curing me.

"M. CUSICK, 32 Fountain st., Fall River, Mass."

Dr. Greene, the successful specialist in curing all forms of nervous and chronic diseases, 35 West 14th st., New York, can be consulted *free*, personally or by letter. Call, or write him about your case or send for symptom blank to fill out, and a letter fully explaining your disease, giving advice, &c., will be returned free.

THE CLEANER.

A lady who arrived on the Majestic from Europe the other day tells me of a very annoying experience with New York customs inspectors. When they came to examine her luggage, she says, she had mislaid the key of a trunk and was searching through the mysterious feminine impedimenta of her handbag for it; but the official became impatient, and, calling an assistant, ruthlessly opened the trunk with an iron bar, ruining the lock, and compelling her to pay a dollar for straps to hold the trunk together till she could get it home. This without a word of apology, and with an insolent "what are you going to do about it" air. Are such occurrences common, I wonder?

* * *

It goes far to build up one's faith in the future of our city and country to pass through such a crowd of manly, handsome, bright little fellows as flocks out of Principal Howland's Grammar School No. 89, at Lenox avenue and One Hundred and Twenty-fourth street every afternoon. There is abundant promise there of magnificent American citizenship in the next generation.

* * *

I hear that the recently announced arrangement by which the Canadian Pacific Railroad secured a New York terminus is likely to bring to its service in this city that genial railroad man, Horace J. Colvin, now the Boston passenger agent of that road. He would be an acquisition to railroad circles in New York in both a business and a social way. Mr. Colvin is an Auburnite by birth.

* * *

I see that Bryan McSwyny is in jail on his wife's complaint that he has conspired to defraud her of her property. The merits of the case I know nothing about, but the publicity brings to mind the question that must have puzzled many, and which is, what claim had Mr. McSwyny to the constant notoriety he has been getting in the last ten years?

* * *

Mr. Robert Van Boskerck, the artist, entertained Minnie Hauk and her husband yesterday afternoon in his studio. The sprightly lady was kind enough to give some selections from "Carmen." It was quite an informal call of the lady but a very charming one.

* * *

I hear that Jimmy Morrissey's plans for Grand Opera in English are well under way, and that rehearsals will soon begin.

* * *

I met a friend of Miss Elizabeth Bisland the other day who tells me that she will probably return to America this Summer or early in the Autumn. Miss Bisland has been in England ever since she returned from that hurried spin around the world, and has received a great deal of attention there. I understand that Miss Bisland has collaborated with Rhoda Broughton on a novel which will be forthcoming soon. I would have preferred seeing the fair Louisianian making her bow to the public as a novelist without any literary support.

* * *

Any one who moves about at all needs not to be told that the grip is still with us. It is impossible to escape its victims. I went into Homer Martin's studio, on Fifty-ninth street, the other morning, and found a lovely canvas on the easel and the artist on the bed. Homer was laid low with the prevailing malady.

* * *

I am sorry to see the turn fashion has taken in street costume. Nothing is more sensible than a short gown for walking. But fashion has decreed that the three or four inches of the tail of a dress shall now trail over the pavements. And this for New York sidewalks and crossings! Happily the worst result is seen only by the woman herself when she gets home, but the condition of her skirt may be imagined. To add to the absurdity of this mode, the bottom of the trailing gown is often trimmed with costly fur.

"As You Like It."

Among the many coming theatrical events which are in preparation and booked for presentation early this Spring is the new travesty to be given by the Dramatic Club of I Company, Seventh Regiment. It is the seventh annual production of this well-known and popular company of amateur Thespians, and past experience assures an interesting and amusing evening to those who visit the Berkeley Lyceum during the week commencing April 13. The piece to be presented is a travesty of Shakespeare's comedy, "As You Like It," and is ingeniously styled by the author "Asyoulikeit." It deals with the same people and story of the comedy which it travesties, and is the work of the same gentleman who wrote the successful burlesque of last year, "A Modern Columbus." Most lavish orders have been given for the scenery and costumes, which will be entirely new and from plates specially prepared. Most of the favorites of past productions will be seen in the cast, and altogether this promiers to be the most successful of all the good things this company has given.

A number of charities, including the Chapel Hill Fresh Air Mission, Guild of St. Elizabeth and Ta Kala Society are to be benefited by these performances.

THE furniture trade has been outgeneralled by FLEIT (141h st.), who, by getting out new designs of good taste, has captured the Spring trade. ***

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Misses' and Children's Double-Breasted Reefers, prettily trimmed with gold braid, with anchors on sailor collar, sizes 4, 6, 8, 10, 12 and 14 years; worth $2.50, for Saturday..... 1.10

Misses' Double-Breasted Reefers, open bound seams, sizes 12, 14, 16 and 18 years; worth $4.50, for Saturday..... 2.95

Misses' Blazer Jackets, tailor finished, collar handsomely embroidered with gold and silk, colors black, blue and tan, sizes 12, 14, 16 and 18 years; worth $6.25, for Saturday..... 3.95

Bloomingdale Bros.,
Third Ave., Cor. 59th St.

"MR. WILKINSON'S WIDOWS."

The funniest thing Gillette ever wrote, or adapted, or evolved, or developed, or constructed—there are so many expressions, you know—is "Mr. Wilkinson's Widows," now running at Proctor's Theatre. It is one large, moist, vociferous laugh from the time the curtain rises until it falls. It is the kind of genuine, pulsating and human fun that appeals as irresistibly to the boxes as it does to the gallery, for it springs from absurd possibilities expressed with such delightful gravity that we are almost inclined to look upon them as screaming probabilities. A man who could sit through "Mr. Wilkinson's Widows" without laughing ought to write a few nice, meaty, sensational letters to his friends—explaining how he got it, and where he got it, and why he got it—and then slip athletically from a dock. I don't advocate suicide, as a rule, but in this case I think it might be justifiable.

"Mr. Wilkinson's Widows" has for its basis "Feu Toupinel" of Alexandre Bisson, but Mr. Gillette has Englished it so cleverly and so brilliantly that I don't believe M. Bisson would recognize his own work, which must have been greatly improved. There is not a dull line in this play, and some of the "jokes" are so original and merry that they would create a laugh removed from their surroundings. The audience last night howled persistently, and it did me good to hear them, for it showed me that New York could appreciate real, downright, tempestuous merriment of a legitimate kind, and that the farce-comedy fever need not last.

If New York can roar over such clever fun as that in "Mr. Wilkinson's Widows" and "The Nominee," we need not be afraid of such dismal productions as "U & I" or "A Straight Tip." "The Nominee" has already run for months, and I am quite sure that "Mr. Wilkinson's Widows" will be good for a year to come, if its managers care to keep it in New York.

The farce is a web of adroitly ridiculous situations, not one of which is insisted upon. It moves along with a wonderful rapidity, harping upon no particular phrase. The careers of the two women who were both wives at the same time, wedded at the same hour, on the same day to the same man, are full of remarkable complications. Mr. Wilkinson was certainly a gay deceiver, a Don Juan with Mephistopheilan qualities, flavored with Macchiavelli. He managed to be a loyal spouse to two wives who knew nothing of each other's existence.

And one of the most pleasing features of "Mrs. Wilkinson's Widows," is the way in which it is ended. No silly explanations, no wearisome reconciliations. The final curtain falls with a slap and a bang. You have seen it all—*then!* Now, go home and talk about it. Wonder why it was so, if you like. Ask John how a man could really have two wives. Get furious if he can't tell you.

The farce ends as farce should end. It is a little audacious, but it is infinitely effective. As for the cast, it has no weak spot and a dozen strong ones. Joseph Holland, who carried the burden of the play, carried it nobly, and Frederick Bond was a worthy colleague. Miss Crosman, Mrs. Boucicault and Miss Maud White were all excellent. Miss White was an Irish servant girl, and this is the first case in a very long time when such a part has been funny. I don't intend to forget Miss Annie Wood, either. I roared at her wonderful remark, "I am the coo-oo-k." In less able hands this part might have been comparatively obscure. As it was, Miss Wood made it one of the features of the play. It was Dickensonian.

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Coming Events.

Lady Violets' reception at Criterion Hall, 289 Bleecker street, to-night.

Masquerade and civic ball of the Only Original Round Guards at Germania Assembly Rooms, 293 Bowery, next Tuesday evening.

Entertainment and reception of the Edmund Literary Union at Lexington Opera-House to-night.

Grand carnival of athletic games, concert and ball for the benefit of the striking spinners and locked out piecers and creelers of Clark's O. N. T. thread mills, of Newark and Kearney, at Park Rink, Orange, Tuesday and Wednesday evenings.

The Festive Shad.

[*From the Washington Star.*]

Boarder—Have you any boneless shad, madam?

Landlady—No, sir.

Boarder—Very well, madam; I don't care for any more of the shadless bone.

Newly Engaged.

[*From Munsey's Weekly.*]

He (for the fiftieth time)—You are quite sure you prefer me to the rest?

She (wearily)—Well, at present I think I would enjoy a rest.

None of Them Got Away.

[*From Puck.*]

De Ruyter—What do you think of my little volume of fugitive verses?

Reeder—I think you made a great mistake in recapturing them.

Cash Counts.

The cash buyer always has the call when there is a clearing-out sale to be made. The Palais Royal has just had such a sale of all its effects, and naturally they went into the hands of Jas. A. Hearn