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A Triumphal March.

THE STRIDES OF A YEAR.

March '91 and '92 Compared.

PAPERS PRINTED.

Average Number of Worlds Printed During March, 1891	312,570
Average Number of Worlds Printed During March, 1892	390,269
Gain Per Day in Average Number of Papers Printed	77,699

ADVERTISING.

Total Number of Advertisements Printed in March, 1891	71,922
Total Number of Advertisements Printed in March, 1892	83,460
Gain in Advertising	11,538

THE WORLD will not, under any circumstances, hold itself responsible for the return or safekeeping of any rejected manuscripts or pictures, of whatsoever character or value. No exceptions will be made to this rule with regard to either letters or inclosures. Nor will the editor enter into correspondence concerning unavailable manuscripts.

The Evening World Prints Associated Press News.

ALGER denies that he is out of the Presidential race. Evidently he believes that he has actually been in it.

The Brooklyn fire horse Tom, who yesterday found his way unaided to a blaze after a broken axle had dumped his driver into the street, blocks away, is a credit to his kind and to the Department.

Trees add incalculably to the beauty and the comfort of city streets. Tree-planting should be liberally encouraged in the streets and avenues of New York, wherever there is opportunity for satisfactory growth.

Easter morning was fine enough, without a single shadowy warning of the little showers of afternoon. Yet they do say that the Easter parade of new bonnets and dresses on the Fifth avenue was not quite up to the mark. This should not have been thus.

Time wipes out old landmarks after a slow fashion of its own. The more speedy work of the flames got in yesterday, and the old "Fox Corners Inn," relic of Revolutionary days, on the West Farms road, was destroyed. Many a good story and a good mug of ale had gone together in that venerable structure.

Brave little steamship Bermuda! She had a twenty-four-hour battle with a cyclone, but got into this port yesterday with all hands safe. The cyclone forced the fighting, according to all reports, and the Bermuda's crew and her twenty-two passengers will long remember the contest. Finally the wafery ring was greased with gallons of oil and the waves slipped up in their attempted knock-out.

In Essex Market Court yesterday a sad young mother confessed that she was guilty of stealing a dollar to buy medicine for her sick child. Only a month she had been in this country, but that short period had seen her deserted by her husband, penniless and almost bereaved of her babe. It is not easy to think of her as guilty, morally, of the same crime with men who calmly "misappropriate" thousands of dollars.

After a landlady in Suffolk street missed her gold watch from a dress pocket and became convinced that one of her boarders had taken it, she "cut the cards" for a nine. A dark man was indicated. She had but one such for a boarder. She got him promptly arrested. Strangely enough, her card evidence didn't go with the Court and the boarder was promptly discharged. The landlady is, of course, convinced that she is the victim of a misdeal.

EXCISE LAW AND SUNDAY.

The Sunday closing provision of the present Excise law is objectionable and is constantly violated and tends to bring the whole law into disrepute, all because it is in conflict with the rights and wishes of the people and injures instead of aiding the cause of good order and public morality. The man who can legally purchase and enjoy his glass of beer on Sunday does so without feeling that he has committed any offense against the law and without a sense of wrongdoing. The man who sneaks into a side door of a liquor saloon after dodging the police is naturally sensible of having abetted an illegal act.

Yesterday there was a sort of Sunday prohibition spurt and many arrests were made for illegal liquor selling. But was the effect beneficial? Did the increased vigilance of the police bring about any lasting reform? No; because the existing law is condemned by popular sentiment and is felt to be as unjust as it is practically inoperative.

The new Excise bill now before the Governor, contained an original provision permitting Sunday selling. Instead of being simply surrounded with proper and sufficient restrictions, this provision was entirely expunged in deference to the wishes of well meaning but mistaken zealots. If the police had strictly enforced total abstinence for three successive Sundays while the bill was before the Legislature in its original form the result might have been different. The sentiment of the people is in favor of a reasonable, and properly guarded law allowing the selling of beer and liquor on Sunday afternoons and evenings, and there will be no satisfactory solution of the question until their wishes are complied with.

FOLLOWING DR. PARKHURST.

The Rev. Dr. DE COSTA has joined the disciples of pulpit sensationalism and entered the campaign started by Dr. PARKHURST some weeks ago. But Dr. DE COSTA appears as a reformer not as an informer. He followed Dr. PARKHURST to the enotorious house in Twenty-seventh street, not for dancing but for devotion. He called for bibles instead of beer, and sought to lay bare only the souls of the unfortunate inmates.

No doubt Dr. DE COSTA followed what he believed to be his duty in seeking the conversion of HATTIE ADAMS and the lost sheep of her fold. But it is to be feared that many persons will suspect him of a desire to share in the notoriety Dr. PARKHURST has acquired, and of an ambition to enter the arena against him.

Unfortunately, there are many thousands of poor, fallen women in the city who have not made wealth out of vice, and whose souls Dr. DE COSTA might have rejoiced to save without selecting the indicted landlady for his praiseworthy efforts. Has he not by his action rendered himself liable to a suspicion of jealousy of his fellow-preacher, or at least to the charge or seeking to indirectly rebuke Dr. PARKHURST'S course?

It is painful to observe that Mrs. ADAMS treated as a joke the report that she "went" with Dr. DE COSTA and ridiculed the idea of going to him for help if she got into difficulty through the Parkhurst crusade. "I don't have to ask aid of any man," said the independent creature, but she added that if ministers must visit her house she preferred they "should come openly rather than in the disguise of Western reprobates."

Does Dr. DE COSTA really believe that his mission has done good?

DO EXERCISE COMMON SENSE.

Why cannot our Congressmen exercise some common sense and some firmness of purpose in acting on the proposition to make the World's Fair appropriation conditional on closing the Exposition on Sundays? What right has Congress to interfere in the matter? What indication is there that the people of the United States, whom Congress is supposed to represent, demand or desire it or would approve the restriction if it should be imposed?

The city of Chicago has its own police regulations and ought to be left to decide the Sunday question for itself. In many people's opinion the city would be more orderly and better protected, while so many thousands of strangers are there, by keeping the Fair open on Sunday afternoons than by leaving the crowds to seek amusement and occupation for their time elsewhere.

The zealous Sabbatarians doubtless mean well, but it is questionable whether they do not do more harm than good by their efforts to make Sunday a day of gloom and clouds and darkness, instead of a season of sunshine and brightness and harmless recreation. It is the workingman's one day of rest from toil and care out of the seven, and the more pleasant and attractive it is made to him the more likely he will be to observe it in a decoming and unobjectionable manner.

A GHOST STORY.

A singular story comes from Minneapolis. A wealthy society lady, having become involved in a libel suit with a girl employed as a domestic in her house, charges that the young woman is in the service of an Anarchist society as a spy. The Society, it is alleged, hires a number of girl agents, who are placed as servants in the houses of the rich and whose business it is to report to the Society the habits, manner of life and connections of the family.

The story sounds very like a canard. But a Chicago police officer, who is said to have made a study of Anarchists and their doings, is reported as giving it full credence. He professes to know that the Anarchists do employ such spies and place them at service in wealthy households. When asked what was the purpose he answered: "Why, to poison the whole family some day or to blow up the house some night when everybody is in bed."

Fudge! The Anarchists are crazy enough, but they are not such fools as the Minneapolis millionaire and the Chicago officer seem to suppose. The ladies of those cities may make their minds easy. Their maids will not use upon them any powder more harmful than pearl white, and the only infernal machine their nurses are likely to handle is the baby's perambulator. They may rest assured that despite the ghost stories of the Chicago expert the worst evils with which they are just now threatened are the World's Fair and the Republican National Convention.

KEEP IT UP, MR. SULZER.

Mr. SULZER made an attempt last week to advance the bill requiring railroads as well as other corporations to pay their workmen by the week. The railroad vigilants, with their pockets full of free passes, were on their feet instantly and earned their pay by securing the tabling of the resolution. The injustice of making monthly payments to workmen and compelling them to live upon credit and store orders is as keenly felt by railroad employees as by those engaged in any other class of labor. But railroad corporations are rich and influential and legislators are courteous and obliging. Still, it is to be hoped that Mr. SULZER will make another attempt in favor of the workers before the session closes.

MURDERERS DEMAND ATTENTION.

There is a long list of murder cases awaiting trial in the local courts. They are such cases as should not be allowed to drag and accumulate untried as they have done. Justice and public interest demand for them, above all other affairs of law, prompt attention, with the earliest possible disposition of such prisoners as shall be convicted.

Among the cases freshest to the public minds is that of Bookmaker WEBSTER, who shot and killed CHARLES E. GOODWIN in the Percival Flats in August last. He has been tried once, but the jury disagreed. This fact, taken into consideration with the peculiar circumstances of the murder, the case being one of those with "a woman in it," make it important that WEBSTER'S retrial should be brought about immediately, before important points of testimony are lost or forgotten.

Steps should be taken at once in this matter.

The Assembly will have before it to-day or to-morrow the bill authorizing the Board of Estimate and Apportionment to appropriate $70,000 to meet the expense of keeping the Museum of Art open on Sundays. There ought to be no more backing and filling over this bill. It has already been delayed too long. The citizens of New York want the Museum open on Sundays in order that the working people of the city may enjoy it and profit by its instructive character. They are willing to pay their own money to accomplish this result. What right has the Legislature to oppose their wishes and to stand in their way?

Germany is again said to be grumbling over the Emperor's extravagances. But the grumbling will not be likely to swerve him from the expensive programme of Summer entertainments which he has laid out. The French have an old proverb which seems to suit the case of their friends the enemy over the German line, just now: "The King never lets go until the people pull too hard."

If the nations hold a conference and unite in hunting down the Anarchists, the Anarchists will very soon be obliged to stop hunting down the nations. This is the end Chancellor CAPRIVI is reported as attempting to bring about through an international conference.

By mutual agreement, over a social glass of beer, yesterday two despondent Chicago men committed suicide while the Easter church chimes were ringing. It would have been wiser to wait a little for a resurrection of hope.

It was gratifying to note that nearly $51,000 had already been subscribed, up to this morning, for the Actors' Fund Fair.

THE CLEANER.

Dr. De Costa's visit to Hattie Adams has in it the same sensationalism that characterized Dr. Parkhurst's. This growing evil should be stamped out of the pulpit.

* * *

The death of Col. Merriman takes from us one of our oldest and most representative newspaper men. He was absolutely fair, and had as little personal prejudice as any one I ever worked with. Peace to his memory.

* * *

The anniversary of the battle of Lexington will be celebrated in style to-morrow night by the Lexington Democratic Club. There will be musical and literary exercises. Harlem Democratic Club Hall, in One Hundred and Twenty-fifth street, has been obtained for the occasion.

* * *

Two policemen will race to-night through Fifty-second street from river to river. A dinner for fifty depends on the result. The sprinters are John Hickey and Patrick Kielty, of Capt. Walt's command, and the start will be made at 7.30 at the North River end.

* * *

The morning papers announce the death of Major William H. Boyle, Principal Keeper for the last sixteen years at Auburn prison. This recalls to my mind the mental picture of a stalwart, black-mustached, dignified official, stern when matters of discipline required, but courteous and accommodating always to the casual visitor to the great institution where he was a power. His duties occasionally brought him to New York, and in this city he had quite a list of friends. He came on personally with James D. Fish when the latter, serving time then at Auburn, was needed as a witness in some of the later proceedings growing out of the Grant & Ward affair.

* * *

In spite of the long accounts of the magnificent attire seen yesterday on Fifth avenue in celebration of Easter, I regret to say that there was very little elegance. Indeed, fashion wasn't there at all.

And an Aching Void at That.

[*From the Oil City Blizzard.*]

There are lots of big-headed men of whom it may be truly said: "There's plenty of room at the top."

It's a fact. The Table d'Hote dinner for 75c. at THE COLUMBIA, on Union Square, 5 to 8 P. M., is the best in the city. Charming music. ***

Don't worry yourself into a fever. House hunting is a pleasure when you use THE WORLD'S REAL ESTATE INDEX.

MANAGEMENT REINS.

How They Should Be Held in the Domestic Harness.

Maid and Matron, Bachelor and Benedict Heed This Advice.

Learn How to Run the Matrimonial Ship in Smooth Seas.

Ideas that cover the whole gamut of possibilities in wife management have been submitted in this column, and it is to be hoped that many have profited by them.

Not only married men, but those contemplating matrimony are the interested parties, while both wife and maid can gain valuable hints from a perusal of the letters, another batch of which are herewith printed.

Avaunt with Management.

To the Editor:

When I read of wife management methinks I am transported back to the mediæval days. Again I see the Moated Grange, the fair dame taking exercise on a pillion, or the spinster busy at her spindle, the wife hardly daring to be seated in presence of her lord. But surely such barbarism is o'er, and the civilization of the nineteenth century has brought light to her sons that they may perceive that in all things pertaining to the domestic life the wife is coequal with the husband; indeed, that her perception and good judgment generally outstrip his; in other words, that "the gray mare is the better horse." Then avaunt with management! Let each strive in honor to prefer one another, and so stoop to conquer.

HUNK HURLEY.
463 West Twenty-first street.

Uncle Remus's Advice.

To the Editor:

Uncle Remus, when asked how he would manage a wife, replied: "Don't you ever try, says I, for you'll be beat er you do. My wives were good wimmin, as different as the pints of a compass. The first un was a regular high-stepper. Er you ever see'd a hoss, as has his neck well curved, his head high, nostrils flaring and eyes peeled; that was my hust. What she started to do she'd do. The second and third were every-day wimmin, but the fourth"—here the old man's eyes look far off and misty, maybe, being the last, he remembers her less; turning abruptly he said: "did you ever see a mule kick? They don't often, without provocation.

You know us old codgers are what edicated folks call garrulous. Mebbe the wimming wouldn't like being compared to hosses, but the gist of want I'm getting at is this. There's good in all the wimming folks, says I, and a heap more good than bad. Don't manage, however good or bad you may be, nor how dark the way. Give you wife plenty o' rein; her instinct will pick out the best traveling and land you both safely at your journey's end, says I.

UNCLE REMUS,
Hoboken, N. J.

Make Her Love You.

To the Editor:

Do not try to manage her. Try to make her love you.

SOLOMON.

Be Manly, Faithful, Generous.

To the Editor:

"How to manage a wife." Woman is by nature affectionate, religious and sympathetic, subject to whims and foibles. The husband must be manly, faithful and generous. The more womanly she is the more she despises an effeminate man. Without respect there can be no permanent affection. Study your wife's likes and dislikes. Court her society. Never ridicule her opinions nor talk of the good qualities of other women in her presence. She being an equal partner, consult her in all undertakings. If she is extravagant reason with her, but never scold. Coax, but never coerce.

Give her control of your household, and if a clerk or mechanic, make her your treasurer. Wealth is not necessary for a happy home. Mutual love begets happiness and attachment. What is yours is hers, and what is hers is yours. Kindness ever appeals to woman's nature. Enter your home with smiles, not frowns, and keep no secrets from her. Give her your sympathy, and, above all, govern yourself and secure her confidence. Be temperate, industrious, moral and chivalrous. Then, if your wife is chaste and honorable, you possess the key to the problem, and you will be almost a demi-god in her estimation.

DIOGENES.

Two Kinds of Wives.

To the Editor:

As man is considered so fascinating an animal (wonder if I should apologize for that term? I won't!) he is supposed to be able to select a helpmeet or otherwise from the—or his—entire world. The absurdity of expecting an uninterested party who has no knowledge of the peculiarities of the aforesaid helpmeet or otherwise to advise regarding her management strikes me very forcibly, but I am willing to make the attempt. Consider it a favor, please. If she has real sound common sense, and few have, prize her, study her as you would a great curiosity, it will repay you. You will find that a woman blest with that great gift, common sense, will know how to make herself and her home so attractive that naught else will interest apart from your business claims. She will be an intellectual treat, yet know when to be your thoughtful wife, and when your intelligent friend. Dare you speak of "managing" her? If she belongs to the great nonsense majority, as you can neither argue nor reason with her, what can you do with her? How would a club do? ("How unladylike!") Yet desperate cases require desperate remedies.

SENSE OR NO SENSE.

Thoroughly Soaked.

The woman who has once tried *Pearline* is suited. It suits millions of women who are using it; and millions more are following suit. It washes easily, to save your clothes and your strength; it cleans thoroughly, to save your time and your temper. Do you know that with *Pearline* there is little or no rubbing? It is the rub, rub, rubbing that wears out your clothes and wears off your paint. You will like *Pearline*, because it is sure; there is nothing like it, because it is safe.

Beware of imitations. 320 JAMES PYLE, N.Y.

FASHION NEWS AND NOTES.

The Feather Boa Is Now a Thing of the Past.

Some of the Newest Cloths in Wool, Corduroys and Crepons.

The days of the feather boa are done. Meet the owner of one before lunch in her own house and the chances are she will have the ruffled band on the hem or down the front of her morning gown.

Lace parasol covers are both costly and cheap, but they are adjustable and may be worn over any relic of past seasons.

Among woollens the choice is illimitable. A few only can be mentioned as stray samples. In preparation for the revived fashion of smooth cloths, there is a delightfully soft texture in every hue, known as the "Parade." For those who still cling to the stylish cheviots, there is the "Newmarket," in warm tones of fawn and tan, diversified with a check, and a snowfleck tweed, the "Glenburnie," with artistic dashes of bright-colored silken threads, and the "Inverness," which makes up equally well as costume or cloak. In lighter fabrics there are corduroys, with or without stripes, a crocodile lisse cloth that is quite a novelty, and an infinity of pretty crepons.

It has been reported that Mrs. D. Lothrop or, as she is so well known to readers, "Margaret Sidney," is to take charge of the publishing house which her husband founded and conducted until his death. Of course this is possible, as Mrs. Lothrop's business interest in the concern gives to her the controlling voice, but no such arrangement has as yet been officially made. Two brothers of Mr. Lothrop are members of the Company, and one of them has long been the financial agent, as one might say, for the late publisher.

English women in the iron trade of the Midlands are compelled, according to a labor commission witness, to work in the sheds scantily covered, and in the Summer have to divest themselves of nearly all their clothing while hammering nuts and bolts. They bring their children to the factories, and cover them up to prevent them being burnt by red-hot sparks. Often they have to carry bundles of iron weighing half a hundredweight. For such work they earn 4s. or 5s. a week, while the men make about 14s.

The Chinese lilies which are in the market just now with their beautiful heads tied up in cotton night-caps, sell at a dollar a plant, or 25 cents for each bud and blossom. They are worth the money, for a single potted plant will scent and beautify any room for a week.

"Crossing the Bar" was originally written in a Scotch lady's album by Tennyson. That was before he got $1 a word for his poetry.

There is no longer any doubt that the American woman's foot is larger than it was a decade ago, the increase being proportional to the physical and intellectual development of what is called the representative. Any shoe dealer can tell with moderate accuracy the sort of life a customer leads. The woman who keeps house, who is in society or whose tastes are artistic buys just as small a shoe as she can possibly wear. She wants them to show. The business woman inclines to a snug fit, combining appearance with comfort, while the athletic class, the walkers and ramblers, the intellectual class, who study, teach and travel, and the philanthropic, who really try to do good in the world, sacrifice style, cut and material to comfort. The average size size shoe worn by these women is a 5½ C. There is a shoemaker in this city who sends hundreds of boots to the college women of Massachusetts, and the average is even larger, the preferred last being almost a full straight sole. These educated customers might be called representatives, as they hail from all States. In the line of custom-made goods it is very unusual to see a No. 2, and No. 3 boots are not common. New York women have a reputation for small feet, but they belong to the inactive class. Constant or habitual travel up the L stations, up Murray Hill and through the Park has an expanding influence on all understandings.

WORLDLINGS.

The color of funeral garb varies. In some countries it is white; in Turkey it is violet.

English army nurses are paid $600 a year, and this is increased $50 for every year of service until it reaches $1,000.

Germany's railroads have a trackage of 24,843 miles, 5,000 miles more than exist in Great Britain and Ireland, the early home of the rail way.

A university in Cairo, Egypt, is said to have 11,000 students, more than attend any other two universities in the world.

Cattle are to be killed in Scotland by electricity if it can be demonstrated that their meat will suffer no taint therefrom.

VAGRANT VERSES.

How It Would Work.

The Great White Czar in Petersburg,
The Kaiser in Berlin,
Have dared each other out to fight,
no let the fight begin.

The Lorder's dyed a deep, deep red,
In battle, war and sin;
The Czar is safe in Petersburg,
The Kaiser in Berlin.

—*Indianapolis Journal.*

Like Her Daughters.

"Adam," said Eve,
As they went out the gate
When ordered to leave,
"Is my hat on straight?"

—*Chicago Tribune.*

Your Better-Half.

Although you may be short of pelf
It's safe to bet upon it,
Even though you have no suit yourself
Your wife will have that bonnet.—*Judge.*

Sneezing.

[*From Puck.*]

"I am told there is a Russian Prince in town. Why doesn't society take him up?"

"Too dangerous. I know of three people who caught the grip by simply mentioning his name."

THE GREATEST CLOTH SHOW ON EARTH

WHIPCORDS,
HOMESPUNS,
CASSIMERES,
CHEVIOTS,
SERGES.

SPRING SUITS (TO ORDER) $15

ALL WOOL AND FAST COLOR, IN THE LATEST SHADES.

LEAVE YOUR ORDER BEFORE THE BEST STYLES ARE GONE.

TAKE NOTICE.

WE HAVE RECENTLY ADDED A NEW DEPARTMENT TO OUR ESTABLISHMENT, OUR OBJECT BEING TO SELL CLOTH BY THE YARD ON THE SMALLEST MARGIN POSSIBLE, WITH THAT END IN VIEW WE ARE RECEIVING CLOTH FROM THE LARGEST MILLS IN THE WORLD. ALL OUR GOODS ARE SHRUNK AND READY FOR USE.

SAMPLES AND SELF-MEASUREMENT GUIDE FORWARDED BY MAIL FREE OF CHARGE.

JACOBS BROTHERS,
229 Broadway (Opp. Post-Office.)
152 & 154 Bowery (Cor. Broome st.)

THE EDITOR'S NIGHTMARE.

BY "THE EVENING WORLD'S" POET.

An editor sat in his chair one night,
Clipping and pasting with all his might,
When a curious knock on the outer door
A strange foreboding of evil bore.
Hiss scissors fell into his pot of paste,
In horrified silence the door he faced,
The fringe 'round the base of his think-dome fine
Erect like the quills of a porcupine.

Again came that quavering, ghostly knock,
Clearer and bolder, as if to mock
The shivering soul in its deep despair,
Prolonging its terror with torture rare.
The editor turned with a look of fear
And scanned a calendar hanging near,
Then wearily whispered in tones of pain,
"Alas, has the season brought it again?"

Once more came the knock and the outer door
Opened slowly two inches or more,
While rigid with horror the editor sat,
His ears spreading out like the wings of a bat.
Then wide the door swung and there glided in
A something-or-other, tall, shadowy, thin,
With long, snaky locks and a hungry eye,
And holding a roll in its hand on high.

The clock stopped its ticking upon the wall.
The ink on the desk turned as green as gall;
The paste took a coating of blush on mouth
As slowly the visitor then unrolled
And held with a queer and sarcastic grace
Within half an inch of the editor's face
A yard of copy in pale-blue ink,
Adorned with a ribbon of brightest pink.

The editor gazed and the title read,
Groaning, holding his hands to his head;
The letters seemed into his brain to burn.
But even the worm at the last will turn.
In desperation he raised and threw
A bottle of ink, and his aim was true.
It passed through the fiend with a whiz and broke
Against the hard wall; the editor woke.

Perspiring he feebly sat up in his chair,
Gazing around with a terrified air.
The ink from the bottle flowed o'er the floor;
All else seemed about the same as of yore.
He mopped his think-dome with a stupefied air,
And said, "'Twas a nightmare. I do declare.
Thank heaven it was. Ugh! that bright pink string!
"That poem," he shuddered, "Beautiful Spring!" WILLIAM EDWARD PENNEY

A. Ward & Sons
Leading Merchant Tailors,
232 and 234 Bowery, cor. Prince st.

Just received a large line of Cheviots: Suits of same cannot be duplicated at $30.00; we make them to measure.

SUITS, $16.00.

Have also closed out a lot of the Celebrated Simoni French Worsteds, in all fashionable shades, made in the latest style to measure.

SUITS, $20.00.

BEST VALUES EVER OFFERED.

We still have a large run on Clay Diagonal, Black and Blue.

COAT AND VEST, $12 to measure.

We give a written guarantee for one year with every garment. Samples and rules for self-measurement mailed free.

A. WARD & SONS
232 and 234 Bowery, corner Prince St.

FLINT'S FINE FURNITURE.

Parlor Furniture.

Among our many Parlor Suites are some twenty patterns designed from the latest and richest styles, so exceedingly tasty, so very novel and elegant that the prices, $75 to $150, seemingly, do not represent one-fourth their value.

Bedroom Furniture.

We beg an inspection of our Bedroom Suites. An extraordinary variety, included in which are some fifty entirely new styles in ash, natural cherry, antique oak, mahogany, &c., at from $18 to $600.

Dining Furniture.

Especially attractive and complete is our line of furniture for Dining Rooms. Very stylish Sideboards at $18 and upward; Dining Chairs, upholstered in best leather, $3.75; Extension Tables, Side Tables, Couches, China Closets, &c., at wonderfully low prices.

Folding Beds.

The best in the market.

"BUY OF THE MAKER."

GEO. C. FLINT CO.,
FURNITURE MAKERS,
104, 106 AND 108 WEST 14TH ST.

"HUSBAND AND WIFE."

One feels awfully guilty criticising a performance that will be imperfect until frequent repetition has remedied many of its defects. And yet this unpleasant duty must be fulfilled, for New York theatre-goers, like everybody else in this energetic metropolis, are always in a hurry to know everything—even the worst. It may, therefore, be said that there is mild hope for "Husband and Wife," a farcical comedy, by F. C. Phillips and Percy Fendall, that was produced for the first time in this country Saturday night at the Garden Theatre. The hope did not loom very conspicuously through the performance, but it was there. That is what I kept telling myself, and what I shall continue to tell myself for a couple of weeks or so.

The farce, which was a distinct improvement upon the average London fun-maker, went very slowly. The scenes dragged painfully—and when scenes in a farce drag, the outlook is not encouraging. They should go with a dash, capering through the probabilities, and vaulting over logical scruples with a lightness that can be acquired only by practice. "Husband and Wife" is far more probable in every way than "Incog," yet it is not nearly as amusing a performance, because the people in it are so leaden and doughy—with a few exceptions.

The story deals with the doings of the Tiger Lilies' Club, an organization made up of married women, whose aim it is to ameliorate husbands' morals. You may think from this that "Husband and Wife" is *risque*, but it is not. It will not bring a single blush of shame to the powdered cheek of modesty. The Tiger Lilies's club is responsible for an opposition organization, in which the husbands who do not wish to have their morals ameliorated take part. The two clubs are looked upon with suspicion, and finally all the men and women are arrested and rattled off to a police court, from which they are ultimately dismissed. This scene, as interpreted Saturday night, was very long drawn out and decidedly reminiscent. It suggested "Aunt Jack," and also "Husbands and Wives," that very admirable farce done in Harlem by Manager Hammerstein, and for some unaccountable reason, consigned to undeserving oblivion.

There is no reason, however, why the new farce should not enjoy a brief prosperity when it is in better shape. Some of the dialogue is bright, many of the situations are funny and one or two of the characters are amusing.

Miss Cora Tanner, the star, is a comely young woman, totally unsuited to farce. It must be confessed that taking into consideration the fact that she is unaccustomed to such roles she did very well indeed. Her song might have been more hilarious. She rendered it as though she were singing in an oratorio. Miss Tanner's dresses, however, will appeal to theatre-going feminality. Dramatic art palls when it is a question of dresses. Miss Tanner will startle the natives. She even appears in a London police court—a foggy, dismal, aromatic London police court—in a gown that might be considered loud for the Park in the height of the season. This, however, by the way.

Lionel Bland, Harry Brown, Mrs. Eldridge and Miss Kenward made the hits of the piece. Mr. Bland was admirable as the Judge and Mr. Brown highly entertaining as a snubbed husband let loose. As for "Aunt" Louis—well, she could give points to everybody in the company. She really acted the role of Mrs. Montrevor Smith and was perpetually laughable. The part stood conspicuously out from its surroundings. Miss Kenward was also successful.

The farce was preceded by a one-act play called "Hearts," the motive of which I was not able to discover. I am willing, however, to admit that it existed, and that I was to blame for density. Five lamps were used in "Hearts," and they were always acting. They were very emotional lamps. In pathetic moments they gleamed dully, and in brighter times they were extremely luminous. The lamps were assisted by Cora Tanner, Tessie Butler, Mary Penfield, Harold Russell and Cuyler Hastings. ALAN DALE.

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For Red Bank, Long Branch and points south to Point Pleasant, 4.30, 8.15, 11.15 A. M. (1.30, 3.45, Red Bank only), 4.00, 4.20, 6.00 P. M. Sundays, except Ocean Grove and Asbury Park, 9.00 A. M., 4.00 P. M.

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