MAGES OF EAST, THRILLS OF WEST, HERE WITH CIRCUS!

Glittering Pageant of Orient Followed by a Prairie Cyclone and Real Circus in Between.

The circus began quietly enough. There was nothing but the blare of a hundred trumpets, the roaring of a chorus of tubas, the brassy pomp of a chorus of trombones and the weird baritone barking note of more than a chorus of silver bottle-drums at the middle horse as the nobles and warriors of the adorable Lalla Rookh set forth from Delhi for the Vale of Cashmere. Thus Barnum & Bailey opened at Madison Square.

It was a glittering, colorful pageant, rapture of the magic and voluptuous beauty of the Far East—and odorous of the good old tanbark of the ring. The fiery steeds pranced, the beauties lolled on their sumptuous cushions in the howdahs, the ponderous elephants wave from side to side as they roiled majestic through the Garden; but, after all, it was the circus that filled the eye, the mind and the heart.

For at this time of year, when the sap begins to run up in the trees, and the sun grows stronger, and shivering long winter bound do stretch and spring, then nothing but the circus can give perfect joy. Not the circus and really live. That was how the crowd in the Garden felt about it, and the people rose to it and wore out their palms with applause.

ALL THAT BELONGS TO CIRCUS THERE—AND THEN SOME.

Of human tissue in the air, of squirrel men who leaped from limb to limb of the horizontal bars, and of dashing ladies who rode galloping steeds while poised on one pointed toe, there was no end. But there were other things that simply overwhelmed the spectator. Those impossible Chinamen in blue, in yellow and in gray shiny silks, the star gymnasts of the Tai Pien, the Ching Long and the Tun Betine troupes, whole hordes of them, swarmed all over the arena, juggled and spun plates and swords and halberds until every one was dizzy. Then the outlandish fellows swung in the air by their pigtails. By their pigtails, yours! and reversed and did it late and split and held up tables and chairs with the same auxiliary support. Phew! It was impossible, but they did it.

ADGIE AND HER LIONS FURNISH REAL THRILLS.

And Mlle. Adgie with her nine lions, all in a four-wheeled cage. That was fearsome but fascinating. The little black-eyed woman from Paris in among them, cracked her whip and made them jump hurdles. Some of them—the females of the species—hung back in corners and snarled and swung paws that would rip a bull to death. But she went at them fiercely with lash and prod, and just as everyone was ready to cry, "Oh, poor thing! Save her!" she cowed them and made them jump. And then she took the biggest, wildest he one, the fellow with the longest, thickest tawny mane, and danced the tango with him. Meanwhile the ominous roars and growls never ceased.

Pallenberg brought in six bears. They looked like ordinary bears that eat little boys who cry, "Go up, thou bald head," at the good prophet. Yes, those were not as these. These put on their roller skates and skated. Yes, they did. Right out on the platform before everybody. Not content with this exhibition of mere than human running, they got on their bicycles and rode round and round, dodging stakes and pylons and things to show their agility. All right, don't believe it. It's true, just the same. The bears walked tight-rope too. Stood on their heads on the tight rope. Very well. Go up. You'll see.

AN INVIGORATING BREEZE FROM THE WEST.

In the twinkling of an eye the circus vanished. The arena was the scene of a round-up in cowiest Texas. Scores of cowboys and cowgirls rode and raced and danced a-horseback, and lariat experts did magic, and wild "bronco" acted up and bucked like Sam Hill, and the boys rid 'em—yes, and the girls rid 'em too. Gosh! what a ripping breeze from the plains it was. Then back to the circus again, with Signor Ragbonghi, the funniest midget that ever leaped and summersaulted on a flying steed.

No room here for the hippodrome races, the thundering coursers and the rumbling chariots. They were there. One last word—the climax of daredevilry, the man and two girls who rode their crazy, snorting motorcycles round and round the inside of a great golden globe that hung high in the sky. It is enough. Words are all gone. It is some circus.

SEVEN PASTORS AT SERVICE.

Each Represents a Denomination at Union Religious Meeting To-Day.

An unusual religious service will be held to-day from 12 to 3 o'clock in the Washington Heights Baptist Church, One Hundred and Forty-fifth Street and Convent Avenue. There are seven speakers, each representing a different denomination. They are the Rev. Nehemiah Boynton, Clinton Avenue Congregational Church; the Rev. Harrold Pattison, Washington Heights Baptist Church; the Rev. F. H. Knobel, Lutheran Church of Atonement; the Rev. John Humpstone, Emmanuel Church; the Rev. Frank Oliver Hall, Universalist Church; the Rev. Charles M. Stewart, North Reformed Church; the Rev. Wallace MacMullen, Methodist, Drew Theological Seminary.

• THE NEW PLAYS •

"The Revolt" a Funny Attempt to Be Sensational.

BY CHARLES DARNTON.

WHILE the humble banana may be responsible for many a slip and fall on the sidewalk of everyday life, it should be given credit for putting a man and his wife on their moral feet in "The Revolt," given at Maxine Elliott's Theatre last night under the name of F. Ray Comstock, who is not even a distant relative of Anthony.

Viewing the banana in a new light, as it were, I am inclined to wonder that Edward Locke did not call his play "The Convulsion," both to symbolize the heroine's violent action in turning to the life her husband was leading and to indicate what happened to her child after little Anna had swallowed the banana. The effect of this baby food on the play could scarcely be foretold. It was really wonderful in the circumstances—the patient wife waiting at midnight in her Brooklyn flat for her faithless husband—an apple might have suggested forbidden fruit. But the yearning for a banana seemed a mere childish fancy. Little did we know what the author had up the sleeve of his writing arm.

It was quite apparent, of course, that the old double standard of morality was about to be dusted off and placed on exhibition. You may recall that Thompson Buchanan in "A Woman's Way" and Geraldine Bonner in "Sauce for the Goose" touched lightly on the same subject. By placing his characters on a lower social level, Mr. Locke proceeded at once to treat the idea crudely and melodramatically.

For one thing, the husband seemed too frank to be true when he told his wife of "kidding around with a dressed-up doll." How he managed to lead this gay life was a bit puzzling, since he evidently had no money to throw away. Both he and his wife talked as only stage characters could talk, and when she left him at 1 o'clock in the morning to "see real life" in the wide-open New York apartment of her girlhood friend Lena Schmidt, who now called herself Flora La Rose, the fact that she could go with no thought of her child made her sudden decision to "revolt" all the more surprising.

The worst might have happened but for the seemingly innocent banana. Like the worthless wife in that other chastely moral drama "To-day" this impulsive heroine was decked out in gorgeous raiment by her "friend," and then she joined a surpassingly merry party of three New York charmers and four middle-aged "gents" from Missouri. With the banal toasts and speeches and songs, this sweet gathering was about as lively as a funeral. Anything drearier would be difficult to imagine. It was so dull, in fact, that it became amusing—not entertaining but amusing, mind you. As a result "The Revolt" seemed like a funny attempt to be sensational. "The real life," as revealed by Mr. Locke, certainly could have no charm for any one with a sense of gaiety. The author may be a moralist after all. His heroine went through the usual experience of getting slightly tipsy and then growing amazingly virtuous. She had come "to play the game," as Flora gracefully hissed in her ear from time to time, but virtue and Brooklyn triumphed, with the aid of a good doctor who was one of the naughty Missourians. When she heard over the telephone that her child was dying he led her out mourning, and on arriving at her home he explained matters to her greatly distressed husband, who had meanwhile choked part of the truth out of her sinful, gin-drinking stepmother. Then the doctor gave his attention to the child and enlightened us on the subject of bananas. He announced that the little one would live, spoke fondly of his own children and finally left husband and wife to come to their senses.

The play proved a curious mixture of the real and the unreal, so that altogether it was ridiculous. In the last act, for example, the stepmother was allowed to break up a serious scene by remarking, "I wouldn't have believed it of Lena—she was always so ladylike!"

As this frumpy old fraud, Jessie Ralph was amusing, though exaggerated. Alma Belwin was like the simple heroine of old-time melodrama, while Vincent Serrano struggled desperately with the role of the husband. But even the best actors in the world could not have made the crude, obvious play convincing.

THEATRICAL MANAGERS AWAIT THE SHUBERTS IN FIGHT FOR $2 RATE

Nearly All Other Managers at Meeting to Protest Against Half-Rate Ticket.

On the attitude taken by the Messrs. Shubert much depends in the effort now being made to do away with the half-rate theatre ticket. A meeting of managers of first-class theatres in Greater New York was held at the Hotel Astor yesterday afternoon at which it was decided to try to preserve the $2 rate for the best seats at first-class attractions. The Shubert interests were not represented. Therefore the following telegram was sent Lee Shubert in Atlantic City:

"At a meeting held to-day the following managers agreed to abolish all cut rate, special and reduced rate tickets: A. L. Erlanger, Marc Klaw, George M. Cohan, Sam H. Harris, Alf Hayman, C. B. Dillingham, A. H. Woods, David Belasco, L. J. Anhalt, Crosby Gaige, William Harris, Charles Burnham and W. G. Smytho. Mr. Erlanger stated you would consent to any plan the managers decided upon to eliminate the evil. Regret you could not attend. Another meeting will be held next week. Will you be present to conclude plans for above purpose? Kindly advise.

"SAM H. HARRIS, Secretary."

Lee Shubert is expected home from Atlantic City late this afternoon. His brother, Jacob J. Shubert, said last night that he could not foretell what the attitude of the Shubert interests would be.

"I understand William A. Brady was not at the meeting," he said. "I wonder why? I was not invited. I'm manager of the Winter Garden. I don't know what Lee will say about the plan."

George M. Cohan presided at the meeting. David Belasco was in Boston, but a letter from him taking a firm stand against the cut rate ticket was read. The date of the next conference to consider the matter depends on the reply Lee Shubert sends Sam H. Harris, if any.

STOPS SAN DOMINGO'S PAY.

U. S. Cuts Off $2,000 a Day the Republic Drew.

WASHINGTON, April 2.—Difficulties over the financial affairs of the Dominican Republic were brought to a head today, when the United States cut off the allowance of $2,000 a day which the Dominican Government has been permitted to draw recently from its customs reserve fund to meet a deficit in current expenses.

Notice from the State Department of this step brought prompt action by the officials of the island republic. They cabled they would despatch to Washington immediately a special commission to confer with Secretary Bryan in an effort to readjust the situation.

According to department officials the Dominican Government has been steadily building up a deficit through extravagant expenditures. Under a treaty agreement the United States assumed guardianship over Dominican finances. American officials superintend the collection of customs and the money is held in trust to liquidate debts of the republic. About $600,000 fro this purpose is now on deposit in New York banks.

'HELPING A FRIEND,' FIRE HEROINE SAYS OF HER BRAVE ACT

Modest Nell Matthews Says "Nix on the Heroic Stuff" After Factory Blaze.

Miss Nell Matthews, the plucky young girl who went back into the flames of the blazing workroom of the Nicholas Althaus Cigar Box Company, at No. 689 East Seventeenth Street, yesterday afternoon, and rescued a girl who had fainted, doesn't think she has done anything heroic.

"Nix on the heroic stuff," was her breezy way of disclaiming credit for what she had done, when she was seen by an Evening World reporter at her home, No. 1421 Bryant Avenue, the Bronx. Her modesty brought her a severe cold, for she fled home without hat or coat yesterday when a crowd gathered about her after the rescue.

Miss Matthews was working with her two friends, Minnie Mosbier, of No. 501 East Eighty-third Street, and Anna Zarkow, of Bonnier Street, Brooklyn, when the fire swept through the factory. What happened after was told by Miss Matthews:

"Every one ran, and because we had drilled so well the room was cleared in a few seconds, but when we got in the hall I heard some one say 'Where's Anna?' I ran back and there was Anna, in a faint near her machine. We have been friends for a long while and I couldn't think of leaving her there. You wouldn't leave a friend in a place like that, would you?

"I got to the fourth floor and Minnie Mosbier was just getting out to a fire escape. She ran back when she saw Anna and we carried the girl between us to the fire-escape. It was awful trying to get down, and then when we reached the bottom we couldn't seem to make any one understand that we wanted help to get the fire-escape drop down. Finally Minnie got it going. I thought she was going to fall, but she got it down safe and then we got Anna down. Poor Anna, she's so delicate I'm afraid it will be weeks before she gets over the shock.

"So now, you see, all I did was to just help a friend."

Miss Matthews is a pretty brunette of twenty, with cheeks aglow with health. She is tall and well built.

GIVES HIS ASHES TO CAMPUS.

The will of Mark Birmingham, mine-owner, which was filed in the Surrogate's Court yesterday contains the request that his body be cremated and the ashes deposited around some tree on the grounds of Columbia University.

Mrs. Elizabeth Birmingham of No. 150 West Fifty-seventh Street, the widow, is left one-third of the entire estate. Walton Birmingham, a son, living at No. 139 Wadsworth Avenue, is left $50 income of $50 a month for life. The residue of the estate is left to Ernest F. Birmingham, a nephew. The estate is valued at more than $10,000.

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This Sale Includes Everything to Furnish Your Home Complete at Savings of One-Half

We guarantee that whether you buy for Cash or on Credit you save money when you buy here. Come into our store, get our prices on anything in our enormous stock, then compare our prices with those of any other furniture or department store and convince yourself that

OUR PRICES ARE ALWAYS THE LOWEST

This week's sale of 1,153 pieces of high-grade upholstered furniture is a striking example of our money-saving prices. Each piece is guaranteed perfect in every detail. Come in to-morrow; take your choice at prices less than actual manufacturer's cost. Only one or two of a kind.

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On $25 you pay $2c weekly or $2 monthly
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You can open an account with a single advertised article or as many as you wish to buy without any extra charges of any kind.

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Special to Our Customers
We particularly desire our customers to take advantage of the marvellous bargains in this sale. Whether your account is open, or if you have closed it, you may purchase whatever you desire and have it added to your account without any extra charge of any kind.

Three-Piece Suit Reg. Price $60. **29.87** Mahogany finished frames, richly carved and highly polished; loose cushions; covered in damask flush.

Genuine Spanish Leather Rocker Reg. Price $30. **14.98** Mahogany finished frame; soft upholstered seat and back; loose cushions, filled with floss; covered in genuine Spanish leather.

Tapestry Library Rocker Reg. Price $25. **12.87** Mahogany finished frame; finest upholstering; covered in fine tapestry.

Three-Piece Tapestry Suit. Reg. Price $75. **49.87** Mahogany finished frames, highly polished massive construction; finest upholstering; covered in tapestry.

Tapestry Fireside Chair Reg. Price $80 **15.49** Finest quality steel; high back; mahogany finished frame; covered with fine tapestry.

Genuine Spanish Leather Rocker **17.39** Mahogany finished frame; extra deep seat and back; loose cushions filled with floss, covered in genuine Spanish leather.

Three-Piece Genuine Leather Suit. Reg. Price $100. **58.79** Mahogany finished frames; soft seat and back; loose cushions; covered in genuine Spanish leather.

SALE OF BRASS BEDS **5.24** Regular Price $10. Colonial design, heavy posts; best construction and lacquer; bright finish only.

6.24 Sale of Chiffoniers Reg. Price $12. Extra large size, finest white enamel finish; wood gallery with fluted effect, five deep drawers with wood knobs.

Sale of Dining Chairs Reg. Price $1.25 **69c** Solid oak, golden finish spindle back, wood seat. Hundreds of styles to select from at equally low prices.

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You can open an account with the purchase of this Carriage and pay for it
500 WEEKLY SANITARY PULLMAN **14.95** Reg. Price $25. Lined with best corduroy lining; very strongly constructed. Heavy steel wheels, with extra heavy rubber tires. Full roll on hood and body. Patented steel brake. WE ALSO SHOW A COMPLETE LINE OF THE FAMOUS "BLOCH" Carriages and Go-Carts at money saving prices.

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We have greater stocks and devote more attention to complete home outfitting than any other store in the country. Expert salesmen will cheerfully show you how to furnish your home beautifully and economically. Give us the opportunity to quote prices and to estimate on what your outfit will cost. There is no charge for this advice and you are under no obligation to buy.

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