IN THE REALM OF DRAMA.

A NEW THEATRICAL VERSION OF A FAMILIAR FRENCH NOVEL.

Abbe Prevost's Degenerate Siren and Her Dupe in "Manon Lescaut" Cleaned Up a Little by Theodore Burt Sayre for Use by Effie Shannon and Herbert Kelcey.

The degenerate and irredeemable girl who, in Abbe Prevost's novel of "Manon Lescaut," fascinated a young nobleman and degraded him to her own depth of infamy, did not come upon our theatrical stage until last night. Her depravity had been so sordid, heartless and unpardonable that no actress had impersonated her. But at last the gentle and sweetly blonde Effie Shannon did it at Wallack's. Doubtless Miss Shannon had been encouraged to the undertaking by the efforts of Theodore Burt Sayre to rid the creature of a part of her wanton wickedness and provide palliation for what was left of it. Still, the heroine of the acting version of the story remained an outcast, without any reasonably redeeming merit.

In an endeavor to give Miss Shannon a chance to recommend the wretch to sympathy Mr. Sayre has discarded much of the Prevost plot and put into the place of it matter calculated to account for her bad conduct by some other reason than innate viciousness. Mr. Sayre's devices for that purpose included two evil admirers of the girl to persecute her. Another interpolation was a priest to urge her to part from her infatuated lover and so let him behave himself. Still another invention of the playwright was a complication in which she, instead of being so foul that to traduce her was impossible, actually was a victim of slander. There were almost incessant devices to convince the audience that after all she was not a tough case but on the whole rather tender. Unfortunately, the character which had been vividly portrayed in the novel lost all type and potency in the play, and little interest was taken in her.

In this "Manon Lescaut" drama, the determination of the *Chevalier des Grieux* to abandon the career of a priest and cast in his lot with Manon was shown in a first act. He had become the keeper of a gambling house in a second act, and she was the siren of the establishment. Their life in that place was continued through a third act with considerable turbulence and bloodshed caused by their own sins and the machinations of their enemies. For the final act instead of sending her to Louisiana as a criminal exile, and him as her voluntary companion—as had been done in the book—they went by a trick of their own to escape worse punishment for homicides each having killed a man. But the play, like the novel, closed with the death of the unhappy pair while trying to escape from a Louisiana penal colony through the wilderness to Virginia. So Prevost's fiction had been loaded at both ends of the dramatization, though maltreated barbarously between those times.

Herbert Kelcey was Miss Shannon's principal companion in the performance. Neither of them possessed the right equipment for the role undertaken. The actress could not express the devilitry of the wanton, or even the merely roguish coquetry to which Mr. Sayre had reduced it. Nor was she responsive in any adequate measure to the frequent demands for passionate outbursts. The charm which she had so many times displayed in congenial parts, even so lately as in "My Lady Dainty," was obscured almost to invisibility. Mr. Kelcey strove hard and heavily to make the degraded lover a seemly fellow. But the joint stars found themselves unfortunately situated in a crude melodrama.

The rewriter of "Manon Lescaut" had thrown away its theme, instead of treating it with theatrical facility. His departures from the story were from strong simplicity into weak turgidity. While it is true that the pen should be mightier than the scissors in making a play out of a novelette, the pen must be wielded by the adapter with something like the manner of the author, or else the scissors will be the safer instrument. The outcome of the labors by Mr. Sayre, Mr. Kelcey, Miss Shannon and other members of the company, especially William Pong, Guy Bates Post and Frederick Perry, will be interesting to those who like to watch dramatic experiments. Possibly it will provide entertainment to a wider public, though that did not seem probable last night.

For almost five hours yesterday afternoon, from half-past 1 until after 6, the stage of the Empire Theatre was used for the eighth matinee this season of the American Academy of Dramatic Arts. This institution has done much in its public performances to give New Yorkers opportunities to see artistically odd but commercially unprofitable plays. Next week it will produce Beaumont and Fletcher's "The Knight of the Burning Pestle" in the bill with Moliere's "Tartuffe." Another public benefit in Mr. Sargent's matinees is in bringing to light new plays. Yesterday's performances served neither of these purposes, but it showed the pupils, many of whom had been comically awkward only five months ago, to be proficient actors. Three of the plays were one act long and another had three divisions. The first was a trivial comedy translated from Alexander Dumas and called "The Invitation to the Waltz." It was dull and ridiculous. "Dream Faces," by Wynne Muller, was also announced as novel to New York. It was a story of a wicked man whose interview with his daughter won him over to good resolutions, though she did not know of the relationship or the reformation that she caused.

All the new plays were tiresome, and even a very good old one was not in the bill. "Sweet Will" is one of Henry Arthur Jones's earlier plays, and it showed his knowledge of stage craft, cleverness of working and appreciation of a good stage story. The last was a tiresome comedy by W. Bernard Golden, entitled "Blue Bells." It was far more amateurish than the acting, which stood the test of excellently. Mr. Golden was not original in his plot. A middle-aged man did not realize that his young ward loved him or that he loved her. So he arranged a marriage for her, and out of pique this dunderhead she agreed to the bethrothal. Of course at the end she woke up and the sweet, silly couple compared settled their affairs with strict regard for the conventions. The dullness of the plays did not arise from the achievements of the students, and so the large audience had something to become enthusiastic about. It frequently and discriminatingly applauded the players.

Amelia Bingham announced yesterday the programme of the Janauschek benefit which will be given at Wallack's on the afternoon of April 12. Julia Marlowe and her company will present a one-act play, as will Mrs. Bingham, Blanche Bates and Campbell Bell. J. H. Stoddart and Maude Harrison will appear in "One Touch of Nature," and Nellie Giles will revive the fourth act of "The Lady of Lyons." Others who will appear are Lillian Russell, De Wolf Hopper, Weber & Fields, David Warfield, James T. Powers, William Collier, J. E. Dodson, Annie Irish, Lionel Edeson and Annie Yeomans.

Bookings for next season are being made now and last now. Rachel Booth and Ethel Winfield are the latest additions to the cast of "The Messenger Boy," which opens with James T. Powers and May Robson. Marie Cahill will have a leading role in the Hoyt-Witmark comic opera, "The Wedding," and Eva Tanguay will also be a principal.

An effort was made yesterday to convince the management of "To Have and To Hold" at the Knickerbocker that it should stay in the middle of April. Following the London production of "The Casino Girl" in London there

Sarah Bernhardt, instead of Sam Bernard, will take the principal comedy part in "The Primrose Path," which is due to follow "The Girl from Paris" at the Herald Square in two weeks. Mabelle Gilman and Ethel Reiter will be the principal parts.

Vera Michelena, who recently appeared in "Madame Sherry," will opt for London, where he is to appear in the music halls. Rose Coghlan, who made her last appearance in this city last season, is expected here from London to be her brother's comedy of "Lady Barbarina." Florence Rockwell will offer a new role in a tour of "Jack o' Lantern" next season. Lulu Glaser will go under the management of F. C. Whitney, who will present her as a star in comic opera in Australia as well as America.

JEAN DE RESZKE'S SIEGFRIED.

The Great Polish Tenor Sings the Younger Siegfried at the Metropolitan Opera House.

One of the largest houses of the season filled the Metropolitan Opera House yesterday afternoon. "Siegfried" was sung by Jean de Reszke, Edouard de Reszke, David Bispham, Mr. Hubbenet, Mr. Blass, Milka Ternina, Fritzi Scheff and Mme. Schumann-Heink. Mr. Walter Damrosch conducted.

As an interpretation, Robert Louis Stevenson's "The Lights Are Turned Down" will serve for a critical phrase; there was a genuine absence of verve, brilliancy, or scherzo-like humor during the afternoon. And there were reasons for this. Edouard de Reszke was recently an invalid. His voice and bearing show it. And Jean de Reszke's *Siegfried*, while as buoyant as ever—a *tour de force*, if we remember that he is no longer a young man—was not brilliant vocally; say as brilliant as it was five years ago. The tenor has suffered from throat trouble for the past four weeks. So the forge scene—except at the triumphant dénouement—did not sound the joyous, reverberant note. It was beautifully done; but the scale of values was altered, was *mezzo-forte*—"the lights were turned down."

Technically this difficult episode was capitally enacted, and *Siegfried's* entrance was full of youthful vigor and bustle. But while almost any lusty young German operatic tenor may simulate the exuberant manhood of *Mime's* ward, to few, however, is given the gift of poetic expression. In the dialogue with *Mime* and in the *Waldweben* monologue the tenderest, most poetic singing was given us by M. de Reszke. He made many *ritardandi*, indeed, often dragged his phrases in act one, while the cuts were as numerous as the leaves of the score. M. de Reszke wisely omitted the high C in the love duo at the end of the opera. It is not called for by the composer, though usually interpolated by this singer when in good voice. He easily compassed the high A at the close of act one.

In appearance Jean de Reszke proved an agreeable disappointment. He is less fleshy than he was five years ago, and therefore did not suggest Little Lord Fauntleroy. The famous de Reszke underpinnings were slim, lithe, full of meanings—New York learned its lesson in legs when Victor Maurel and his "psychological knee crook" was viewed in his *Iago*—and the cup of happiness in a house hugely feminine audibly overflowed.

This *Siegfried* was his best in act three. Not that he fought his grandfather with much heartiness, but because he made love so overwhelmingly to the fire-begirt *Brunnhilde*. The entire scene was full of poetic allusiveness. The killing of Dragon *Fafner* was not satisfactory. So long as the goggle-eyed saurian must be slain, better it were done in the open. In this instance the slaughter took place in the dismal depths of the cave. Only a voice and thin sprays of steam told of the fatal encounter. He is not a sweet beast, *Fafner*, but every dragon should have his day.

Edouard de Reszke was out of voice when he began the music of the *Wanderer*, the most majestic and supernatural penned since the finale to Mozart's "Don Giovanni." As his voice warmed he sang freer, and in the scene with *Erda* "O Erda, wherefore art thou, Erda?" the puzzled Wagner student exclaims at times—he got into the swing and sang as nobly as ever. David Bispham's *Alberich* was very satisfying, and his quarrel with *Mime* proved as repulsive as called for by the book. But *Mime* himself left much to be desired. Mr Hubbenet did not shake off his apathy until in the forest scene with *Siegfried*. Nor did he make much of the conundrum episode, or exhibit sufficient fright after the god's departure. At this juncture there is an excellent opportunity for pantomime. Schumann-Heink was the *Erda* and Fritzi Scheff the Voice of the *Forest Bird*.

Possibly her exertions in "Tosca" last Saturday afternoon fatigued her voice—certainly Miss Milka Ternina was not in prime vocal condition. Her top tones were reached by an effort and so the last pages of the duo lacked spontaneity. Ternina looked very well and acted with her customary tragic intensity. The lighting was not all it should have been, and the omission of the storm in the *Wanderer's* approach and exit in act two cannot be logically defended. As to the wholesale slicing of the score, that is a matter between Mr Damrosch and his conscience, or Mr Grau. Even with the cuts the music drama was not over until ten minutes of six. To do Mr Damrosch justice it may be stated that he did not drag his band, though he did let it overcrowd at times the principals. Mr Blass, sonorous, megaphonic, and profoundly somnolent, was a tip-top *Fafner*.

As for the audience with its distinctive feminine profile, its gasping enthusiasms, its animated parade in the lobbies—all that is a familiar picture when Jean de Reszke sings *Siegfried*. That the performance was not a flawless one may be set down as a trick that chance, the *Loge* of every-day life, sometimes plays with the gods themselves. Certainly the majority was pleased, and Ibsen to the contrary, the majority was in the right yesterday afternoon.

STUCK DRAW HELD UP TRAINS.

Miles of Commuters Fumed and Swore Then Came to Town on Trolleys.

One of the rollers forming a part of the mechanism on which the new steel drawbridge of the Delaware, Lackawanna and Western Railroad Company over the Hackensack River swings became dislodged as the draw was being closed after allowing a boat to pass yesterday morning, the result being a tie-up of the road for over half an hour. The accident happened between the hours of 8 and 9, when the rush of commuters cityward was at its height. At that time of the day trains cross the bridge at intervals of about five minutes, and all of these were stalled. What was worse for the road, many of the trains at that hour contain cows coming in to take out trains. The new draw was put in place only four weeks ago and was opened day before yesterday for the first time to allow a boat to pass.

During the time it was stuck yesterday morning the line of trains grew until there was almost a solid procession of them to Harrison, the first station beyond the meadows one crossed. All of them held impatient crowds of commuters, many of whom after the manner of their kind got out to see what the trouble was. Some after taking a look at the desperate efforts of the bridge engine to move the draw, decided it was hopeless, and started on foot to town. Fortunately there was a line of trolley cars near, which had all the business it could handle for some time. An extra burst of power finally moved the draw outward, and then it was found that one of the steel rollers had been left unfastened, had turned around endways and been drawn into the groove in which the rollers run. By the time it was fixed again the good humor of thousands of commuters had been spoiled. It was not till late in the forenoon that the regular schedule was resumed.

"SALAMMBO" TO BEGIN EARLY.

This Will Enable the Audience to Stay to See the Final Scene.

"Salammbo" will begin to-night at 7:45 o'clock sharp, in order that the audience may wait to see the final scene of the last act, in which the greatest spectacle of the performance occurs. M. Salezo is to be buried down a flight of steps reaching to the top of the stage at this time and the elaborate scenery is most impressive in the last act.

Zelie de Lussan is to appear in "Carmen" at the last performance to be given during the season, one week from Saturday night. In all probability M. Salezo, who is anxious to appear here again as *Don Jose*, will be his year's retirement from the stage, will sing with her.

Next Monday Jean and Edouard de Reszke will both be heard here in German for the first time in "Die Meistersinger." Mmes. Gadski and Schumann-Heink and MM. Blass, Muhlmann and von Hubbenet will be in the cast.

WHAT! UNDO WOMEN'S HAIR

AND THOSE YOUNG WOMEN, TOO, MEMBERS OF A CHOIR!

And in the Choir at Rehearsal and, Above All in the Very Presence of a Man?—Yet This Is Precisely What Mrs. Sabin as Their "Church Mother," Is Accused of Doing.

There is danger that the new styles of hairdressing are going to interfere with the beautiful music with which Edward W. Bray, the choirmaster of the Church of the Incarnation in Brooklyn, had planned to please the congregation at Easter. Certain it is that several members of the carefully chosen choir have resigned. It is also certain that things have been said which do not befit the Lenten season and it is even rumored on no less authority than that of the *Brooklyn Eagle* that hair has been pulled in the seclusion of the choir vestry room. The members of the choir and of the church are as yet not altogether communicative as to the details of the trouble. They will only say that they "are almost mad enough to talk about some people and the way they do things." They intimate with much directness that this isn't the proper time for the ventilation of church scandals that might affect the great Easter offering, "but after Easter," they say, "well—anyway, just you come around after Easter."

Mr. Bray's troubles as choirmaster at the Church of the Incarnation are to a certain extent of his own making. It is his idea that the boy choir is not a practical institution. He prefers a choir of women, even though it is necessary for them to wear surplices. He admits with the utmost frankness that twenty-seven years have not taught him how to keep a choir of young women and of older women—Mr. Bray knows too much to say "old women"—in a harmony of spirits which shall be equal to its harmony of vocal attainment. It is notwithstanding the delicacy of the task of keeping the peace in a woman's choir and notwithstanding the necessity for keeping down causes for tears and pouts that Mr. Bray says they are more suitable for church purposes than boy choirs.

Things were going very nicely in preparation for the coming Easter music until a rehearsal a week ago. There is a deaconess of the church, Mrs. Sabin, who is a widow and who is bringing up six small children in the way that she thinks they ought to go, and she has the notions about discipline that might be expected of one in her situation. She is not in sympathy with the skittish and trifling characteristics of the young woman of the period, whether in the streets or in the Incarnation choir. She has no control over the young woman of the period, however, except in the choir, and it was her sudden exercise of that authority that has so upset matters.

Mrs. Sabin appeared before the choir just before the rehearsal referred to and cleared her throat. She stood at the head of the line as the choir was drawn up for the processional.

"Young ladies," she is reported to have said, "before this rehearsal begins I have a word to say. I would like your attention. I have had my attention called to the way many of you wear your hair. I noticed it before my attention was called to it. The rector has spoken to me about it. Others have spoken to me about it. Many of you wear your hair in the style that is called 'pompadour.' It is not becoming with and altogether inappropriate for those who are to take part in the worship of God. It is irreverent. Now, unfortunately, I have no control over your behavior outside of church. If I had I should not allow any one of you to wear your hair that way. But I feel at any rate your 'church mother,' and I feel it my duty to you to say that these frivolous ways of wearing the hair will not be tolerated in the Incarnation any more."

Then Mrs. Sabin with a suddenness which indicated to some of the young women that she had made up her mind exactly beforehand what she was going to do started down the line pulling out hairpins and undoing "pomps." Some of the surprised young women grabbed their heads in their hands and tried to save their superstructures. But Mrs. Sabin, if the stories that have been whispered around the church are true, went at them as ruthlessly as a mother who is extracting a green apple from the mouth of a five-year-old son. The "pomps" had to come down. With them came "rats," those unseemly things with which deceitful young womanhood augments the pile of hair which towers above its alabaster brow. And Mr Bray sat in the choir and saw the fun. That was the bitterest blow of all. They might have stood anything else, but to have her humiliate them before a man—it was too much. One young woman marched out and resigned verbally, saying that she had not going to stay where a sister two hours of work infixing upon one's hair so that the choir would be a credit of the church was to be rewarded by ben hoo hoo fairy. Others resigned in writing. Others said that they were going to resign after Easter.

Mr Bray was in a highly resigned mood when he asked about the matter. He had never found it necessary to be radical in adjusting any small differences of opinion that might arise. He said of Mrs Sabin that she was a person of more peculiar ideas. His attitude is just which might be expected of one whose ordinarily very great troubles have been increased from a new though not necessarily unexpected quarter.

But wait until after Easter.

Mr George Weidmann, the chairman of the Music Committee, when seen last night at his home 120 Hancock street, said:

"This little trouble has been entirely confined to the choir and is in no sense a church quarrel. I have known for some time that there was friction in the choir owing to the attitude of Mrs Sabin and I tried through my wife to have harmony restored. The trouble with Mrs Sabin was that she thought that the young women should not wear high collars or have their hair done up in pompadour with the exception of Sundays, as we simply overrelaxed and overlooked the fact that those young women are volunteer and naturally resented the dictation to which they were subjected by the matron. Mrs Sabin herself was evidently unaware of what she had made a mistake and tendered her resignation in consequence of the Sunday night incident."

MRS. MUNRO AFTER MILLIONS.

The Publisher's Widow Contesting Her Claim to Home Estate in Scotland.

Among the passengers who sailed on the Kaiserin Maria Theresia on Monday were Mrs Henrietta Hume Munro, widow of Norman L. Munro, the publisher, and her niece, Mrs Frank B. Goodspeed. They are going to Italy for a pleasure trip, but will probably visit Scotland before returning to this country to see what progress is being made in the legal fight there for the Hume estate. With the fortune left her by her husband Mrs Munro is striving to get possession of the property, which is valued at several millions of dollars, and which now seems likely to revert to the British Crown because after a lapse of several generations no heirs have established their titles.

The Hume estate is near Dumfries. The first owner of that name died many years ago and his immediate heirs all died before they settled their contest for the property. A generation or so after that the fight for the property was resumed by George Hume of Scotland. He failed, but just before his death wrote to some of his relatives in this country urging them to get the property. George Hume was Mrs Munro's great grandfather. She is the first of the Hume family in this country to take an interest in the case.

NEW LIBRARIANS ELECTED.

Frank P. Hill Chosen by the Trustees of the Brooklyn Public Library.

The trustees of the Brooklyn Public Library met last night at 26 Brevoort place to hear the report of the committee appointed a couple of months ago to choose a librarian in place of Mr Bostwick, whose resignation took effect at the beginning of the year. The committee unanimously submitted the name of Frank P. Hill, librarian of the public library in Newark, N. J., and widely known as "the Father of the Newark Public Library system." There were over forty active candidates for the place from various parts of the country, but Mr Hill was not included in the list. He was selected, the committee reported, solely on his merits and with the confident belief that he was the very best man who could be found to take charge of the Brooklyn Public Library system. The Board of Trustees by a unanimous vote, ratified the choice of the committee and the salary of librarian was fixed at $5,000 a year, which is $1,000 more than Mr Bostwick received. It is expected that Mr Hill will accept although no positive assurance of the fact has yet been given. Mr Hill organized the public library in Paterson, N. J., before he went to Newark.

The Knickerbocker Girl

is a feature of the Wednesday and Saturday EVENING SUN, interesting to all women. Read it if you would be well informed.—Adv.

GOT AWAY WITH RINGS, TRAY AND ALL.

Nimble Thief in Loud Checks Eludes Jeweller, Police and Volunteers.

A nimble thief lifted a tray of sixty rings from an Eighth avenue jeweller's show case last night and got away with the prize after eluding the jeweller, the jeweller's wife, two detectives and a mob of volunteers.

S. T. Ryan of 706 Eighth avenue is the jeweller. Ryan was in the back of his shop early last evening repairing a watch when a young man, in loud checks, came in and asked to look at a large solitaire diamond ring which in a tray with sixty others was displayed in the show window. He told the jeweller's wife, who stepped to the front of the store to wait on him, that he was engaged and wanted to get a real nice ring for the young woman.

"The real thing, you know," he said smiling.

Mrs. Ryan removed the tray from the window and let the man admire the solitaire. It was just what he wanted.

"How much is it?" he asked. To learn the price the woman went to the back of the store to ask her husband. She first put the tray containing the other rings in the show case and she took the solitaire with her.

While the Ryans had their heads together fixing a price on the ring the alarm bell on the store door rang. They looked up just in time to see the young man in the loud checks getting out with the tray of rings under his arm. To get it he had vaulted over the counter and opened the sliding door of the show case.

Ryan and his wife ran after the thief, not even stopping to lock their door. Two detectives and a crowd joined them and followed the man with the tray up the avenue for two blocks and then west through Forty-sixth street. Somewhere near Ninth avenue the thief disappeared. A boy who had watched the chase said that he had gone through the hallway of a flathouse. The detectives searched the house but found no thief.

On their way back to the store the jeweller and his wife found three of the cheaper rings on the sidewalk. Two of them had been stepped on and broken. The value of the other rings is said to have been $1,500.

WOMAN AFTER LAWYER O'NEILL.

Has Him Arrested on the Charge of Illegally Dosing Her—Just Blackmail, He Says.

Lawyer Thomas J. O'Neill, who recently obtained a judgment against Magistrate Crane for $1,000 as his share of the amount for which Peter F. Meyer compromised a breach of promise suit, was a prisoner in the Yorkville court yesterday, charged with administering medicine for illegal purposes. The complainant is Cora Vivian of 1320 Forty-fifth street, Brooklyn, an actress with Titanesque hair and an amiable temper. Although the proceedings in court yesterday were purely formal Miss Vivian's lawyer, David Tim, found it necessary to declare a score of times that he would withdraw from the case unless his client kept quiet.

The complainant swears that the offence was committed in July last year after O'Neill had become intimate with her while he was acting as her counsel in a breach of promise suit against one Edward B. Gallagher. In the fall and last winter she wrote several letters to O'Neill, which finally caused him to have her arrested on a charge of admonishing him. She was found guilty in the Special Sessions and sentence was suspended.

Yesterday's hearing was held only to settle the question of setting a date for the hearing far enough off to enable the defendant to take the case before the Supreme Court on a writ of certiorari. Magistrate Brann wanted the case to remain in the same court so that it could be heard before Magistrate Mott, who will soon succeed him there. The defendant objected strenuously to any such arrangement.

Magistrate Mott," he said, "is the only man on the bench who would grant a warrant of this kind on the uncorroborated statement of a woman."

It was finally agreed that the case should follow Magistrate Brann to the West Side court, and the examination was set for April 9. In the meantime O'Neill was held in $1,000 bail, which he furnished. He warmly asserted in court that the charge was only made for the purpose of blackmailing him.

STENOGRAPHER HAD A MALE CALLER

And When the Janitor Objected the Caller Blackened His Eye—Cop Called Them.

Oliver A. Hughes, the prisoner, said it was no one's business if he was in the stenographer's office. John Nelson, the complainant, said he would make it his business, the young woman in the case refused to say anything at all. Nelson, who is janitor of an office building at 176 Broadway, went to the Centre street police court yesterday and told Magistrate Crane that he found Hughes and the young woman in her office in the building late on Monday afternoon. He added that he told the young woman that she should not be entertaining a man alone in her office.

"I reminded him, the janitor continued, "that it was getting late and he had better go home. Then he yanked off my glasses and struck me in the eye and someone brought a policeman." Nelson has only one eye at best. This one was badly discolored yesterday and the janitor had to be piloted about the courtroom by a cop.

"I'm young lady," said Hughes to Magistrate Crane, "is an old and particular friend of mine. I go to her office nearly every night and ride home with her. We live near each other, down at Bensonhurst. I'm sick of the old chap's remarks, so meaning to the janitor and I up and slapped him on the chest."

Magistrate Crane decided to hold Hughes in $500 bail for the Special Sessions. The young woman, who wore a sailor hat and a pair of jaunty eyeglasses, was interested in the corridor to hear the decision. When she heard that her particular friend would dine in the Tombs she reached for her handkerchief and softly wept.

WILL OF MURRAY HALL WOMAN.

Provision for a Monument for the Grave of "Six Deceased Wife."

The will of the woman, Murray H. Hall, who was known as a man for forty years, and who was a Tammany Hall politician, was filed for probate yesterday. It speaks of his "deceased wife." It was executed on April 9, 1900, in the presence of Louisa Perkins and Esther O'Donnell, both of whom resided at 425 Sixth avenue. The value of the estate, which is small, is not given. All goes to the testatrix's adopted daughter. The will runs:

"I, Murray H. Hall of New York city, being of sound and disposing mind and memory, and considering the uncertainty of life, do make, publish and declare this to be my last will and testament, as follows, hereby revoking all other and former wills by me at any time made.

"First—After my lawful debts are paid, I give, devise and bequeath all my property, both real and personal, and wherever situated, to Imelda A. Hall, and respectfully request that at my death the said Imelda A. Hall will provide for erecting a suitable head-stone over the grave of my deceased wife, Celia F. L. Hall. I hereby appoint Imelda A. Hall to be executrix of this my last will and testament."

Lawyer Thomas Moran drew the will and presented it for probate.

BEN CABLE COMES HOME TO ILLINOIS.

Has Been Living Eight Years in Paris—Imports Wines and Pictures.

Among the returning Americans on board the Cymric yesterday from Liverpool were Benjamin T. Cable and his family, who have lived in Paris eight years. Mr. Cable is a former Congressman from Illinois. The family will return to Rock Island, Ill. They had with them a quantity of wine and some paintings upon which the customs inspectors fell with avidity. Mr. Cable is a Kentuckian who has spent much of his life in travel and who is said have one of the finest private libraries in the West.

The new customs rules regarding the segregation of passengers from their friends until after the baggage has been searched were strictly enforced on the White Star pier. A barricade of cotton bales was extemporized to keep passengers and friends apart.

Woman Dead and a Midwife Arrested.

Mrs. Eliza Schlechting, 52 years old, died at her home, 236 First avenue yesterday from the effects of a criminal operation. She said that Josephine Edelman, a midwife, of 172 East 112th street, performed the operation, and the police arrested the Edelman woman at her home. She was remanded to the custody of the Coroner.

POETRY, GLOOM AND SAUCE.

MARRIED LIFE OF THE PAINES DID NOT LACK VARIETY.

"Tra la la ta ta," Said Mrs. to Mr., Pushing Her Face Up Into His. (According to His Maiden Sister)—Anonymous Letters Pursue the Husband, Accusing His Wife—More Verses.

May Paine, who "had no sweetheart but you, dear," when she was sending verses to her husband, Oscar Van Dyck Paine in the early days of their married life, sent verses also to the other man, John S. Kintner, then Postmaster at Newtown, L. I. Kintner, it appears, kept her letters in a tin box at the post office. Mrs. Kintner found them and they came, tin box and all, to the Supreme Court in this city, where Mrs. Paine's suit for a separation is on trial, countered by Mr. Paine's suit for a divorce. From this box was produced yesterday some of the verse sent to Kintner. Here is a sample:

Ah! be sure I'm thinking of you,
Though your name I never speak.
And my heart is yearning toward you
With love thoughts true and deep.
Heaven grant, my distant darling,
Be the skies above thee clear,
From a simple shade of clouding,
And may God protect you, dear.

Paine identified the handwriting of his wife in the superscription.

"Keep these lines until you are tired of them, then return them to me. I will then know your love has grown cold." They appear to have been kept in the box until Mrs. Kintner found them.

Paine declared that he first began to suspect his wife's relations with Kintner when he received an anonymous letter on the subject in 1897. He taxed his wife with guilt and she confessed.

Q. What else did she say? A. She cried and begged to be forgiven. I told her I would forgive her again and give her a chance to lead a good life and redeem her good name.

Q. You say "forgive her again." What do you mean by that? A. She had trouble with a man named Louis Gleason and I forgave her.

Q. Did she tell you about Dr. Clark of Andover? A. She said that Dr. Clark insulted her once, and threw his arms about her and kissed her.

Q. Dr. Clark had told you about your wife's misconduct? A. Yes.

Mrs. Paine got on her feet at this evidence, but the Court motioned her down.

While Paine, who is a traveling salesman, was on the road in Indiana he received another anonymous letter and he hurried to his home at Andover. He never learned who wrote these anonymous letters, but he suspected three or four persons. Arrived home he said:

"May, you are again receiving your lover. I know this because of the cool letters you have been writing to me. May, from this day forth we will live as man and wife no longer. You may occupy the back room; the boy will sleep with me. We will talk this matter over further in the morning."

In the morning, he testified, his wife said to him: "Oscar, we cannot live together as man and wife any longer. I love this man, and we must part. You can sell out our home."

This evidence was against his wife's assertion that he deserted her at this time.

A letter written by the plaintiff to her husband since their separation said:

"If you knew how my heart ached you would pity me instead of curse me as I do now." She spoke of suicide, and asked that their son be permitted to place "just one flower" on her breast.

Sarah J. Paine, sister of the defendant, told about Mrs. Paine's tantalizing her husband by conduct and words. When asked to explain she turned her chin up and said: "Tra-la-la, ta-ta." That's the way she did it. She pushed her face up into her husband's face and said that.

John S. Kintner, called for the defence, was questioned:

Q. Did your wife ever take letters from your box? A. I suppose so.

Q. Don't you know she did? A. I think so.

The case was adjourned until to-day.

OPENING OF THE ROSE SHOW.

A Beautiful Spectacle Lasting Three Days at the Waldorf-Astoria.

The rose show which is to be held for two days longer began yesterday afternoon at the Waldorf-Astoria. Its object this spring is charitable as well as to encourage the various growers, and part of the proceeds will go to the Loomis Sanitarium for Consumptives, to be devoted to the uses of the charitable annex. Nearly the whole second floor of the Astoria is occupied by the exhibit. Most of the roses are displayed in the Astor Gallery, and in the ballroom is an Italian garden laid out with sculpture and cedar trees. It occupies almost the entire room. A hedge of cedars encloses the garden, which is formal, in the Italian style and divided into quarters filled with growing flowers. The scheme of decoration radiates from a group of pillars in imitation of white marble. In the centre of the garden is a fountain, apparently coming from a well. Spring flowers, such as daffodils and tulips, grow in beds of the garden, and in every corner are bunches of bright color. The pillars of the ballroom are decorated with the vines, and the illusion of an out-of-door garden is very well preserved.

Yesterday the admission was $5 and this held the crowd down in the quantity, as well as the quality of the attendance. It was highly fashionable. Society was represented by Mrs. Clarence Mackay, Mrs. Herman Oelrichs, Mrs. Arthur Dodge and many others, while John Marlowe and Elise de Wolfe, representatives of the stage, won almost as much attention as the roses. The committee in charge of the show was made up of women most conspicuous in society here and in Boston and Baltimore. Prizes were offered by Mrs. T. H. Morgan, Mr. W. L. Stow, Mrs. Henry Clews, Mrs. William Jay, Mrs. Richard Irvin, Miss Mae C. Hunter, Mrs. Burke Roche, Mrs. Storrs Wells, Mr. Clarence Mackay, Mrs. Alfred Loomis, the Misses Fldridge and Mrs. H. J. Belmont. Not all of these were for roses, some being awarded for carnations and mignonette. Mrs. Mackay also gives a silver cup, which will be awarded to-day.

Among the new to be displayed yesterday was the Jonty, a white specimen of the "Golden Gate," seen here last year for the first time and exhibited by the same grower, Benjamin Dorpee of the American Rose Company at Washington. Mrs. William Rockefeller sent from her conservatories at Tarrytown a score beautiful specimens of the "Liberty." Other new blooms were the "Emily Pemberton," "Mrs. Oliver Ames," "Robert Scot" and "The Four Hundred." Especially beautiful were the exhibits of American Beauties. The "Robert Scot" is pale pink and fragrant and with the "Emily Pemberton" is the exhibit of Alexander Scot of Sharon Hill, Pa. "Mrs. Oliver Ames" is sent by John May of Summit and its peculiarity is its brilliancy at night. Few red roses are used to light up so well. It is almost a green-colored.

Similar to this is the "Mrs. J. P. Morgan," another cherry red rose with smooth, curly petals. It has a pleasant odor. The Queen of Edelweiss comes from Philadelphia and differs chiefly in its pale pink color from the American Beauty. "The Four Hundred" is larger than the American Beauty, but similar to it in most other particulars. It comes from Philadelphia. Mrs. Levi P. Morton and Mrs. Orelon Mills are among the exhibitors. Mrs. Grand Foster of Lenox sends two kinds of roses, "The Bridesmaid," and "The Bride."

The committee in charge of the show this year consists of Mrs. Richard Irvin, Mrs. Oelrichs, Mrs. Henry Clews, Mrs. Burke Roche, Mrs. J. B. De Forest, Mrs. William Douglas, Mrs. Storrs Wells and Miss Collender. The Mackay cup and most of the important awards will be made Sunday. Yesterday the Indress Hogan date and accomplished life of importance.

JUDGE DOUGLAS IN HIS OWN DEFENCE

Declares That He Never Tried to Set North Carolina's Constitution at Naught.

RALEIGH, N. C., March 19.—In the impeachment trial of the Supreme Court Judges today Judge Robert M. Douglas was on the stand for four hours. He told of his connection with all the so-called "office-holding" cases and declared that it was never his intention to override or set at naught any act of the Legislature. On the contrary, he always indorsed and upheld the acts when not compelled by his oath to decide against their Constitutionality, and even then he left in force, when possible, all parts not conflicting with the Constitution. It had never been his purpose or desire to bring the Legislature in disrepute with the courts and he had never allowed politics to affect his decisions.

It was shown that the majority of the office-holding cases decided kept Democrats in office or installed them in office. Judge Douglas made a fine witness and created a good impression. He held his own under cross-examination by Cyrus B. Watson, the late Democratic candidate for Governor.

The Chief Justice finished his testimony this morning, and to-morrow another Supreme Court Judge, Mont Gomery, will take the stand. Public sentiment is largely against the conviction of the Judges.

THE STAGE QUEEN,

Beautiful Miss Bingham, Commends Dr. Greene's Nervura to All Suffering Men and Women.

MISS BINGHAM COMMENDS DR. GREENE'S NERVURA.

Miss Amelia Bingham is not only one of the most charming women in the world, she is also one of the most successful. This present season her popularity has grown by leaps and bounds, with her great success as Actress-Manager of the Bijou Theatre in New York, where "The Climbers" has been playing to overwhelming audiences. She is the idol of the New York theatre-going public, and the readers of a great New York newspaper voted her the most beautiful of women.

Miss Bingham's beauty is not merely physical; that she feels a deep interest in others is shown by her letter which is printed below recommending Dr. Greene's Nervura to the sick and suffering. The very words of her letter show her kindness of heart, breathing sincerity in every line. She is overwhelmed with work, and under great nervous and mental strain, so that she understands the needs of those who are weak, nervous and tired. Miss Bingham says:

"I am sincerely an advocate of Dr. Greene's Nervura, and it is with much pleasure that I recommend its use to the sick and suffering; and if my testimonial will be the means of relief to some poor sufferer, I am most happy to give it."

This is the season when everybody needs new blood, new life, new nerve force, new strength, energy, power and vigor. This is also the season when all chronic complaints such as rheumatism, dyspepsia, catarrh and kidney troubles are at their worst.

How earnest is the cry for help these troubles call forth from every sufferer!

In answer to this appeal here is Nature's own remedy, Dr. Greene's Nervura, commended universally in the highest terms of praise for its perfect work of cure. Everybody who realizes the value of health is telling of the wonderful things accomplished by this great medicine; its marvellous health-restoring, blood-purifying, nerve-strengthening powers.

Miss Bingham's sweeping letter, therefore, is not surprising to those who understand the merits of Dr. Greene's Nervura, and it puts new heart into every searcher for health who has felt this remedy untried.

Don't leave this certain means of help disregarded in your case. You can't afford to drag around sickly and grumbling and discouraged. You need this grandest of medicines now, to-day. Make the slight effort necessary to recover your precious health. Dr. Greene's Nervura will bring it to you promptly; it is the greatest cleanser and upbuilder in the world. AN UNEQUALLED SPRING MEDICINE.

Free counsel is given by Dr. Greene to all who call at his office, 35 W. 14th St., New York City, or who write to him through the mail. If you are run down or sick, write or call to-day.

GOV. VOORHEES NOT AFTER GAMBLERS

If Bill He Has Framed Passes Police Want Need Direct Evidence to Make Raids.

TRENTON, N. J., March 19.—Gov. Voorhees has taken up the fight to stop the operation of policy shops in Jersey City and gambling resorts in Long Branch. Moved by the recent scandals connected with the subject, the Governor to-day sent a communication in the form of a special message to both branches of the Legislature urging immediate action on their part. The communication was accompanied by a bill prepared by the Governor, the passage of which he requests before the Legislature adjourns next Friday.

Apart from the course pursued by the Governor, which is decidedly unusual in this State, the bill itself is unique. It provides that if the Governor, Attorney-General, a Justice of the Supreme Court, County Judge or