ROGERS BROTHERS SKETCHES.

The Evening World's Woman Caricaturist on the Fun-Makers at Hammerstein's Victoria.

By MISS KATE CAREW.

ONE ROGERS BROTHER.

Which Rogers brother? I don't remember. It doesn't matter a bit, for one is never more than the breadth of a chin whisker away from the other.

THE OTHER ROGERS BROTHER.

What I said about the other Rogers brother—I mean the first Rogers brother—applies to the other—I mean the second Rogers brother. They are the Siamese twins of laughter.

THERE WAS A LITTLE GIRL.

But she hadn't a little curl. The little curl right in the middle of her forehead has vanished, but Delia Fox doesn't seem to miss it. She is just as joyous as ever, and a little stouter.

ONE OF LEE HARRISON'S.

He has a great many others, but this is his first and strangest. I don't mean girls, but disguises. You wouldn't guess what the things behind his head are; but I never could draw balloons.

THE DUCHESS OF CENTRAL PARK.

An interesting young woman with unusually pretty legs, which she employs with great eloquence. She can sing, too.

A GIRL WORTH LOVING.

All the world loves a lover. When he can fight for the woman he loves he wins admiration as well. When the girl in question is as worthy a true man's adoration as was Ora Jones, the man is to be congratulated. Who was Ora Jones? She was the girl who twice risked her life for the man who had won her heart. Incidentally she is the heroine of "Lost River," a novelization of the successful play of the same name by Joseph Arthur. The story will appear exclusively in the Evening World, beginning next Monday.

For a Cold in the Head
Laxative Bromo-Quinine Tablets.

BLUE FOR CONSTANCY.

The Love Story of a Soldier Revealed by a Locket.

ONCE in a way constancy, long enough persisted in, meets with its due reward.

The case of Miss Barrett is one in point. Miss Barrett was the daughter of Capt. Barrett, and she loved Patmore almost at sight; that is to say, the first week that he came, fresh from the Point, into her father's troop. It was natural enough that it should have been so.

Patmore was a good-looking fellow, whose worst faults were that he used too much perfectly unintelligible academy French, and then he took himself over-seriously.

The love at first sight was entirely upon Miss Barrett's side. Patmore himself was not thinking about anything of that kind. Not that he was a prig or a cynic, only that his interest in housekeeping was directed to running the troop mess, and his affections centred in a pointer puppy which he was training to hunt and to eat sardines. But he was at a three-company post, remote from everywhere. Miss Barrett was the only girl, and he was the only bachelor except a surgeon who hated women and was getting on in years. So after a time he reached the conclusion that he ought to be getting married and settled down. He was not living riotously, for the facilities were few, but very young men may be relied upon to pass through that stage, as a puppy does through distemper. And Patmore was only twenty-and-five years old, and the crabbedness of the surgeon was a fearful warning to him.

That was the first step. The next was to persuade himself that he loved Miss Barrett. The order ought properly to have been reversed, but he did not think of that. Besides, he was as susceptible to abject adoration as the next man. And it might, therefore, have resulted in his taking the irrevocable step had not a purely impersonal War Department come to the rescue by removing him and his regiment from the station where they had been too long to a much more desirous one, the Pacific coast.

Capt. Barrett's troopers went to the Presidio. It was the first time in his experience, which, except for West Point, had been confined to a little Middle West town, that Patmore had been near a big city for any length of time. Life took on a new meaning in his eyes, and so did love. For he met Miss Tyndall. Miss Tyndall was only beautiful and clever; whereas Miss Barrett was a nice little thing, good to her mother and the younger children, and would have made a man a good wife. But Patmore was young and foolish, and did not think of all that. He had not seen Miss Tyndall a dozen times before he was very badly in love with her and did not care in the least who knew it.

Miss Barrett was the last to do so, but once knowing it beyond any reasonable doubt she set him free. There was quite a little scene. She had wept for days and nights, and the fountain of her tears might well have been dry. But she wept again now. "You used to love me," she told him. "I know you did." Patmore knew otherwise in the light of the present. "You used to love me, but you don't any more."

Patmore had an uncomfortable feeling that he had not behaved just right and he protested.

Miss Barrett caught the false ring of it and smiled through her tears—a smile of pity for herself and him. "It's no use," she said. "Do you suppose I can't see that you love her? And she probably loves you. How could she help it?" She held out an unostentatious little ring to him and her hand shook painfully. "You are free," she told him. "But if you ever come back to me I shall be waiting for you always."

Patmore rather approved of a woman's loving that way. At the end of the week he went to see Miss Tyndall.

She was curled up in a heap of cushions reading a love story in a picture magazine, and she was got up very effectively in a tea gown of pale sky blue. It took most of her father's moderate salary to keep her in fine linen and pale blue. For his part Patmore, as he sat and watched her while she made the tea, thought that the greatest happiness life could hold for any man would be to have the right to do just that very thing. She was all but an angel descended straight from the heavenly vault and clothed in its own hue.

That, at least, was his idea of her; but she was an entirely human young woman, quite human enough to put a spoke to Miss Barrett's wheel if she were to get the chance.

"Who was that sweet little girl you were with on the Tiburon ferry the other day?" she wanted to know. She cuddled down among the cushions again and raised a daintier hand than Miss Barrett's to smooth her soft brown hair.

You can call another girl sweet and little in a way that makes the praise very faint and damning.

Patmore looked uncomfortable as he told her.

But Miss Tyndall was all interest. "Miss Barrett!" she exclaimed, "was it really? And you are engaged to her, are you not?"

"I was," said Patmore, "but I am not—unfortunately." The "unfortunately" was nothing short of heroic under the circumstances. He felt that himself, and also that it wiped out several little conscience debts.

Miss Tyndall said: "Oh, indeed?" and asked if his tea were all right. Patmore thought she had a great deal of tact.

Patmore was not a student of the sex. So he thought it was all his own doing and idea when he asked her to go with him to the post the next afternoon and listen to the band play. For the same reason he did not think how trying it naturally must be for Miss Barrett, who was wheeling the youngest brother in his perambulator, to meet them face to face and to have to smile when he presented Miss Tyndall. Miss Tyndall was wearing a bunch of forget-me-nots at her belt—Patmore had sent them to her—and she gave a spray to the baby brother. Presently the baby brother, to whom a beautiful girl in a pale-blue shirt waist did not matter nearly so much as his own sister in any sort of clothes, threw it into the road. Miss Barrett glanced at it and let it lie, though there must have been a temptation to step on it. But Patmore, coming that way again several hours later, saw it upon the gravel and took it up.

It was just a month after this that somebody in power, who did not know what to be at, saw fit to send him away, somewhere into the wilderness around Shasta, to do sketches and make plans that nobody had any special use for, anyway. He was gone for the entire summer, and he only managed to live through it by reading over and over, until he could have repeated them backward or any other way, the two letters Miss Tyndall wrote to him during that time.

When, one foggy evening just after retreat, he returned to the post, he was met with news that his troop was ordered on foreign service, and was going to leave within six days. It seemed to him that he was the football of the gods, their jest and sport. But Capt. Barrett did not concern himself about that. He had things to do and to talk about, and he did not even remember that there was such a being on earth as Miss Tyndall, so he kept Patmore occupied until tattoo.

What Patmore should have done after that was to go to his quarters and straight to bed, because he would be very busy the next day. What he did do, however, was to shave and dress and go just as fast as his feet and the car would take him to a dance that was happening in the city. Miss Tyndall was to be there. She had told him so in her last letter, sent three weeks before.

The first person he saw when he went into the ballroom was Miss Barrett. When he stopped to speak to her she gave him a look he did not understand. There was something in it besides the usual devotion. He was not sure what. But he did not wait to find out. He was far too intent upon finding Miss Tyndall for that.

When he did find her he refused to lose time on preliminaries and exchange of civilities. He pushed his way through the group around her and said that he believed this was his, and forthwith took her away. She put her hand on his arm and looked up at him. He could not understand that look either. It seemed to be almost fear. They were walking in full sight of the whole ballroom. But Patmore did not mind that. He would not have minded even if the music had not begun just then. As has been said, he took himself seriously. He felt that he had waited too long already. There was no longer time.

"Do you know that I am ordered to the Philippines?" he said.

She nodded her head.

"I have got to go inside of six days. Will you marry me before that?"

There were two chairs in a corner, half hidden in a nook of date palms. She turned aside and sat herself in one. Patmore took the other.

"Well?" he said.

"Nobody has told you then"—

He was white enough already. But he turned whiter still. Those who danced by looked at him, then at her. She was pale too. "Tell me—what?" he said.

"That I was married two weeks ago?"

He sat very quiet for a while. Miss Barrett whirled by and he caught the look in her eyes again—and understood. When he spoke at last it was quite steady.

"Whom have you married?" he said. She told him.

"He is rich," said Patmore, "and I am poor. I suppose that was it?"

She nodded again. "I must have luxury and pretty things and good times. I am selfish and vain."

"And yet you loved me. I believe you did. You certainly didn't lose any time. I have not been away all of three months."

"If I had waited until you came back I might not have had the courage," she said.

Patmore pulled off a little thread of palm fibre and twisted it around his finger. "Then you did love me," he said.

She stood up slowly and looked down at him. "That doesn't matter now," she told him, lifelessly. "My husband is coming for me. Please don't let him see."

As she took her husband's arm and started away one of the whirling ruffles caught on a branch of the palm. It gave the screech of tearing silk and a little tatter clung to the thorn. Patmore stooped to loose it.

She looked down at him over her shoulder. "It doesn't matter," she told him; "nothing matters much." Then she smiled at him and went on.

Patmore never forgot that smile. It was so hard and forced and brilliant that it changed her whole face. He walked home from the gates with Miss Barrett that night. "I have come back, if you will have me, Lella," he said.

* * * * * *

And not long thereafter the papers devoted a full score of lines to the details of his gallant death. One of which was that a Tagal bullet which had passed through his heart had struck first and chipped a locket which hung about his neck.

His wife had never known of the locket until then. But it came to her in a little package of things that his colonel sent her later on. It was of sky-blue enamel, set with tiny pearls, and she knew, even before she opened it, that it was neither the wisp of hair nor the little photograph she had given him the day he left that would be within it. So she was quite prepared and quiet when she brought herself to open it at last and to look down at what lay in the palm of her shaking hand—a dried spray of forget-me-nots and a little scrap of sky-blue silk, with one pink rosebud on the torn edge.—Gwendolen Overton in the Argonaut.

FLOWERS AS FOOD.

THE Spectator pleads for a return to the fashions of our forefathers in the matter of syrups and cordials and different floral food stuffs. For example, roses were apparently a favorite article of food in the time of our great-grandmothers, for we find a recipe in an old-time cookery book for making a "conserve of roses boiled," and in this great stress is laid upon removing all the white. In the directions for pudding making, also, rosewater is a frequent flavoring. Next to roses the most popular of flowers seems to have been the cowslip.

COMBINGS TO CHARITY.

THE ladies of Wurtemburg have hit upon a manner of raising funds which, says the Westminster Gazette, has the charm of novelty, if it is not otherwise fascinating. "Collect women's hair," is the head of one of their leaflets, and explains that every woman may contribute something toward helping the sick and the poor by sending useless "combings" to certain depots, whence they will be forwarded to a Stuttgart hairdresser, who utilizes them for making the invisible hair nets now so much worn.

A LUCKY CONDUCTOR.

ACCORDING to a Rome correspondent of the London Express, a conductor on the Venetian Electric Railroad named Nicola Cicchino has just had a great stroke of luck.

In July, 1898, he found in the Via San Lorenzo a draft for £10,700 on the Marseilles Land Bank, payable to bearer in gold. It was signed "Attanasio."

Cicchino deposited the check with the authorities, awaiting the appearance of the owner to claim his legal 10 per cent.

The owner, however, has never appeared, and a few days since Nicola received an official notification that the check, having never been claimed, was now by law his property.

FOR LITERARY ASPIRANTS

A MAN who gives the first reading to all the manuscripts sent to a large periodical says that there is more poetry submitted to him than anything else; that it is harder to get good poetry than any other kind of material, and that there is much less of it used. He admits that if the writer is so unfortunate or careless as to make one grammatical error in the first paragraph, his fate is settled so far as that periodical is concerned. The reader goes no further, and the manuscript is returned.

THEATRICAL PROGRAMME FOR THE COMING WEEK.

Maude Adams to Be Seen in "L'Aiglon"—Dailey's New Play Promising.

Monday night will be an important one in the dramatic history of New York, as Maude Adams will make her metropolitan debut in the most ambitious attempt of her career at the Knickerbocker. She will appear in Rostand's "L'Aiglon" as the son of Napoleon, which role Mme. Bernhardt is now playing in Paris. Her initial appearance in this was at Baltimore last Monday night, where she scored a great success. It is confidently believed she will be equally favored by the critical New York public.

On Tuesday night at the Madison Square Theatre Peter F. Dailey, who enjoys great popularity as a comedian, will try for New York favor in a farce called "Hodge, Podge & Co." It has been tried out on the road for the past month and seems to have pleased the provinces immensely. Mr. Dailey's leading woman is Miss Christie McDonald, who is pleasantly remembered by theatre-goers.

In Philadelphia to-night Henry E. Dixey will again become a star, presenting a dramatization of S. Weir Mitchell's novel, "The Adventures of Francois." It will be a very large production and success is prophesied. In the cast are Edith Skerrett, a daughter of the late Rear-Admiral Skerrett; Miss Mayo, the youngest daughter of the late Frank Mayo, and Marian Lee, the wife of Langdon Mitchell, who dramatized his father's story.

John Drew is still playing to the capacity of the Empire Theatre at every performance of "Richard Carvel."

Miss Annie Russell is giving such natural and charming impersonations of the Princess heroine in "A Royal Family" at the Lyceum Theatre that it is impossible to prophesy now when her engagement will end.

William H. Crane, at the Garrick Theatre, is making "David Harum" as popular on the stage as he was in Edward Noyes Westcott's famous novel.

"San Toy," which has been crowding Daly's Theatre since its initial performance, commences the fourth week of its prosperous run Monday evening.

"Arizona's" fiftieth performance serves as the first milestone in what seems an assuredly long run of prosperity. Mr. Thomas's excellent play will remain at the Herald Square Theatre until the holidays.

Blanche Walsh will continue to star at the Broadway Theatre for two weeks more. She is appearing in "Marcelle" before large audiences each night, which proves her personal value as a factor in business results.

"Sag Harbor" has completed four weeks of its successful run at the Theatre Republic. "Sag Harbor," like Mr. Herne's "Shore Acres" is unique and wide-reaching in its appeal to lovers of the play.

Mrs. Leslie's Carter's engagement in "Zaza" at the Criterion Theatre continues with remarkable success, large audiences nightly testifying to the popularity of David Belasco's famous play.

"The Prodigal Daughter," the sensational melodrama by Sir Augustus Harris which had such a remarkable run in London, will be presented all next week at the American Theatre.

Sarah Cowell Le Moyne and her play, "The Greatest Thing in the World," are running along smoothly at Wallack's Theatre. From now on it will be preceded by a one-act curtain-raiser.

Williams and Walker and their big company of fifty people will appear at Hurtig & Seamon's Music Hall next week in their new musical comedy, "Sons of Ham."

"The Heart of Maryland," one of the most successful as well as permanently popular of David Belasco's numerous productions, will be seen during the coming week at the Metropolis Theatre.

The first New York appearance of Herbert Kelcey and Effie Shannon, in "My Daughter-in-Law," at the Harlem Opera House, will take place Monday night, and will also be the first presentation of the play here by an American organization.

The Brothers Byrne and their funny farce, "8 Bells," will be the attraction next week at the Grand Opera-House.

"Her Majesty," the new romantic play in which Grace George is impersonating a girl queen of a mythical kingdom at the Manhattan Theatre, is drawing crowded houses.

Phillip's Germania Theatre has undoubtedly another lasting success in "Secrets of New York," the latest play from the prolific pen of the author-manager, Adolph Philipp.

"Lost River" appears to have made a sensational hit at the Fourteenth Street Theatre, where it promises to run on its more or less boisterous way for several months.

"The Belle of Bohemia" continues to interest the patrons of the Casino, and this popular house is drawing large and enthusiastic audiences.

In catering to the fun-loving public, Weber and Fields have served up a new concoction in the shape of a burlesque of "Arizona," which was seen for the first time at their Music Hall Thursday night.

"The Rogers Brothers in Central Park" is one of the strongest drawing cards now in New York. Since its opening night it has packed the Victoria. It has but five weeks longer to remain.

At Koster and Bial's next week are Filson and Errol, Hayes and Lytton, Reno and Richards, Mario Rogers-Fulton, Louise Montrose, Al and Mamie Anderson, Joe Flynn and others.

At Proctor's Twenty-third Street Theatre will be seen Paninta, Harris and Walters, Henri French, the Mimic Four, Smith and Fuller, Hugh Stanton and Florence Modena, Anna Teresa Berger, Silvern and Emerie, Ruth Nelto, singer, and a dozen more.

At Proctor's Fifth Avenue Theatre, Lockhart's elephants and Billy Crawford and Maud Huth are the star features the coming week. Another big feature will be Sam, Clara and Kittie Morton.

McIntyre and Heath are to be the stars at Proctor's East Fifty-eighth Street Palace. The Elinore Sisters, Cherida Simpson, Zazell and Vernon, West and Williams and others make a good bill.

Ida Fuller will be the feature of Proctor's One Hundred and Twenty-fifth Street Theatre. The Dunham family, Isabelle Urquhart & Co., Clemence Sisters, Violet Hollis and others.

Mr. John Le Hay, the English comedian, is the latest notable acquisition of the "continuous," and will appear at Keith's next Monday. Charles H. Sweet, Edwin M. Favor, Smith and Campbell and many others are in the olio.

The attraction at Pastor's Theatre next week are Nat M. Willis, Jess Dandy, the Exposition Four, Mr. J. C. Nugent in the pastoral comedy entitled "At Sundown;" the Three Juggling Barretts and others.

The fourth of Ted Marks's successful Sunday concerts takes place at the Grand Opera-House to-morrow night, with the following array of talent: McAvoy and May, Pat Rooney, Hooker and Davis, Lottie West Symonds, Jessie Merlees, Merode, Bernarde and their comedy mule, Oklahama, Raymond, West and Sunshine, Rita Redmond and others.

New moving pictures will be seen at the Eden Musee next week.

Huber's Museum will have many new attractions next week.

NEXT WEEK'S OPERAS.

"Romeo and Juliet," "Cavalleria," "Pagliacci" and "Martha."

English opera at the Metropolitan has gained ground by the presentation this week of "Aida." There were weaknesses in the cast and faults in the production, but the performances as a whole were distinctly creditable, promising in forcefulness and notable for the introduction of one singer of no mean ability—Minnie Tracey, an American.

The management has reached the conclusion that it can still further reduce the prices of seats to its patrons. Beginning next Monday, at all the evening performances orchestra chairs may be had for $1.50 and the entire family circle will be reserved at 25 cents a seat. Persons who have purchased seats at a higher rate may have the excess refunded to them on application at the box-office at any time after 9 o'clock on Monday morning.

Gounod's "Romeo and Juliet," with which the fourth week of the season will be begun next Monday, will bring to notice another American newcomer, Alice Estey, in the part of Juliet. She has sung frequently in England. Lloyd d'Aubigne will be Romeo, William Pol, Mercutio; Clarence Whitehill, the Friar, and Homer Lind, Capulet. The opera will be repeated on Wednesday afternoon and Friday evening.

A double bill is promised for Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday evenings—Mascagni's "Cavalleria Rusticana" and Leoncavalla's "I Pagliacci." Phoebe Strakosch and Selma Kronold will alternate as Santauzza. Elsa Marpy will be Lola, Joseph F. Sheehan and William Wegener, Turridu; Zelie de Lussan, Nedda; Philip Brozel, Canio, and William Paull and Homer Lind, Tonio.

In Flotow's "Martha," to be produced on Wednesday evening and Saturday afternoon, Grace Van Studdiford, still another new American singer, and Ingeborg Ballstrom will be Lady Harriet, Mr. Sheehan will be Lionel, Lempriere Pringle, Plunkett, and Mr. Lind, Sir Tristram.

STRAUSS'S CONCERT TO-NIGHT.

Eduard Strauss and his Vienna orchestra who are to make a tour of the United States and Canada under the management of Rudolph Aronson will be heard for the first time to-night at the Waldorf-Astoria. The Austrian Minister and his suite are coming over from Washington for the occasion and the patronesses include Mrs. Astor, Mrs. John Jacob Astor, Mrs. Stuyvesant Fish, Mrs. George B. De Forest, Mrs. Hermann Oelrichs, Mrs. George J. Gould and Mrs. Elisha Dyer. The ballroom will be draped with the Austrian colors at this function. To-morrow night at the Metropolitan Opera-House there will be opportunity to hear the band in a popular concert. On this occasion Herr Strauss will play the "Beautiful Blue Danube" waltz and his new waltz dedicated to the American people.

The first private concert of the Manuscript Society this season will be given at Carnegie Chamber Music Hall on Nov. 5.

David Bispham, the well-know American baritone, arrived from Europe this week and will make a recital tour before joining Mr. Grau's operatic forces in San Francisco Nov. 12.

EMMA THURSBY RETURNS.

In Three Weeks' Jaunt She Visits Sembrich and Sees Exposition.

Emma Thursby, once famous as an American singer, returns to-day on the American Line steamship St. Louis from a three months' jaunt through Europe. She spent some time in the Pyrenees, took in the Passion Play at Oberammergau, and visited the Paris Exposition. She was also a guest of Sembrich and called on the widow of one of her earliest concert associates, the late Ole Bull, the violinist.

While in Paris a small colony of American girls, who were acquiring operatic and oratorio repertories, persuaded Miss Thursby to prolong her stay there long enough to brush up their tone production, which some of their French mentors were neglecting.

BROOKLYN THEATRES.

Denman Thompson and Francis Wilson to Appear Next Week.

"The Monks of Malabar," by Francis Wilson and his company, may be seen at the Montauk Theatre in Brooklyn next week.

Denman Thompson in "The Old Homestead" will appear at the Columbia Theatre.

"The Rounders," with Thomas Q. Seabrooke, comes to the Grand Opera-House.

The Chinese-American play, "King of the Opium Ring," by C. E. Blaney and C. A. Taylor, will be presented at the Bijou Theatre.

Otis Skinner in his new play, "Prince Otto," goes to the Amphion.

THE LONDON STAGE.

"Casino Girl" Passes the Century Mark—Marie Tempest's Success.

(Copyright, 1900, by the Associated Press.)

LONDON, Oct. 20.—The revival of the "School for Scandal," at the Haymarket, and the production of Capt. Marshall's "The Noble Lord," at the Criterion, with the Galveston benefit at Drury Lane, have been the only notable theatrical events of the week, and none of these was of stirring interest from a theatrical point of view.

"The Casino Girl" successfully passed its hundredth performance this week and, with Lederer's new consignment of American chorus singers, the piece has every prospect of a successful Winter.

Irene Van Brugh, who will soon be sailing for the United States to join John Hare, is quite the most conspicuous comedienne England is likely to send to America this year. She says she is delighted with the opportunity to visit America.

Amelia Sitgreaves, an American, who, beginning as a private entertainer, has achieved success recently in "The Price of Peace" at Drury Lane, starts this week for South Africa to fill a long engagement at the Cape.

Marie Tempest, whose success in "English, Nell" continues at the Prince of Wales's, is to take the part played by Mme. Rejane in the English adaptation of "Ma Cousinie," which, in due course, will follow at the Prince of Wales's Theatre.

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TO-NIGHT AND EVERY NIGHT.
"This new star and delightful play will draw throngs of women."—Eve. World.
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Grace George as the Girl Queen,
AT THE MANHATTAN.
"Wilhelmina, of Holland, was the model for the heroine."—Journal.
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MONDAY—MAUDE ADAMS AS L'AIGLON.
EMPIRE THEATRE. B'way & 40th st. Evgs. 8.20. Matinees 2.15.
MATINEES TO-DAY & WEDNESDAY.
JOHN DREW IN RICHARD CARVEL.
MADISON SQ. THEATRE. 24th st., nr. B'way. LAST MATINEE. LAST NIGHTS.
CHAS. FROHMAN'S COMEDIANS SELF AND LADY.
Oct. 29—PETER F. DAILEY in Hodge, Podge & Co.
CHARLES FROHMAN'S Criterion Theatre. B'way & 44th st. Evenings at 8.10. Matinee To-Day at 2.
LESLIE CARTER AS ZAZA.
GARRICK THEATRE. 35th St. near B'way. Evenings 8.15. Matinee 2.15.
MATINEES TO-DAY AND WEDNESDAY.
Wm. H. Crane as David Harum.
GARDEN Theatre. 27th St. & Mad. Ave. Evs. at 8. Mat. To-day at 2.
RICHARD MANSFIELD in HENRY V.

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TO-NIGHT AT 8—AIDA.
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MAN'S ROOM.
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