The Best Ghost Story Ever Written.

The House and the Brain

By E. Bulwer-Lytton.

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SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

The author learns of a haunted house in the heart of London, and goes to live in it with his servant, F——.

As they walk in the yard tiny childish footprints form themselves in front of them. A spectral light leads them to an attic room, where they find two love-letters. In one of these is the sentence, "There's nothing against us unless the dead can come to life," and added, in a woman's hand, "They do."

Suddenly he is startled by the appearance of F——, who, with a wild cry, "They're after me!" rushes from the house. Left alone, the author perceives a huge, dark thing hovering over him. The fire and the candles go out. But he cries aloud, "I do not fear!"

CHAPTER IV.

A Ghostly Vision.

AT the same time I found the strength to rise. Still in the profound gloom I rushed to one of the windows—tore aside the curtains—flung open the shutters; my first thought was—Light. And when I saw the moon high, clear, and calm, I felt a joy that almost compensated for the previous terror. There was the moon, there was also the light from the gas lamps in the deserted, slumberous street. I turned to look back into the room; the moon penetrated its shadow very palely and partially—but still there was light. The dark Thing, whatever it might be, was gone—except that I could yet see a dim shadow, which seemed the shadow of that shade against the opposite wall.

My eye now rested on the table, and from under the table (which was without cloth or cover—an old mahogany round table) there rose a hand, visible as far as the wrist. It was a hand, seemingly, as much of flesh and blood as my own, but the hand of an aged person—lean, wrinkled, small, too—a woman's hand. That hand very softly closed on the two letters that lay on the table; hand and letters both vanished. Then there came the same three loud, measured knocks I had heard at the bed-head before this extraordinary drama had commenced.

As those sounds slowly ceased, I felt the whole room vibrate sensibly; and at the far end there rose, as from the floor, sparks or globules like bubbles of light, many-colored—green, yellow, fire-red, azure. Up and down, to and fro, hither, thither, as tiny Will-o'-the-Wisps, the sparks moved, slow or swift, each at its own caprice. A chair (as in the drawing-room below) was now advanced from the wall without apparent agency, and placed at the opposite side of the table. Suddenly, as forth from the chair, there grew a shape—a woman's shape. It was distinct as a shape of life—ghastly as a shape of death. The face was that of a youth, with a strange, mournful beauty; the throat and shoulders were bare, the rest of the form in a loose robe of cloudy white. It began sleeking its long, yellow hair, which fell over its shoulders; its eyes were not turned toward me, but to the door; it seemed listening, watching, waiting. The shadow of the shade in the background grew darker; and again I thought I beheld the eyes gleaming out from the summit of the shadow—eyes fixed upon that shape.

As if from the door, though it did not open, there grew out another shape, equally distinct, equally ghastly—a man's shape—a young man's. It was in the dress of the last century, or rather in a likeness of such dress (for both the male shape and the female, though defined, were evidently unsubstantial, impalpable—simulacra—phantasms); and there was, something incongruous, grotesque, yet fearful in the contrast between the elaborate finery, the courtly precision of that old-fashioned garb, with its ruffles, and lace, and buckles, and the corpse-like aspect and ghost-like stillness of the flitting wearer. Just as the male shape approached the female, the dark Shadow started from the wall, all three for a moment wrapped in darkness. When the pale light returned, the two phantoms were as if in the grasp of the Shadow that towered between them; and there was a blood-stain on the breast of the female; and the phantom male was leaning on its phantom sword, and blood seemed trickling fast from the ruffles, from the lace; and the darkness of the intermediate Shadow swallowed them up—they were gone. And again the bubbles of light shot, and sailed, and undulated, growing thicker and thicker and more wildly confused in their movements.

The closet door to the right of the fireplace now opened, and from the aperture there came the form of an aged woman. In her hand she held letters—the very letters over which I had seen the hand close; and behind her I heard a footstep. She turned round as if to listen, and then she opened the letters and seemed to read; and over her shoulder I saw a livid face, the face as of a man long drowned—bloated, bleached—seaweed tangled in its driveling hair; and at her feet lay a form as of a corpse, and beside the corpse there cowered a child, a miserable, squalid child, with famine in its cheeks and fear in its eyes. And as I looked in the old woman's face, the wrinkles and lines vanished, and it became a face of youth—hard-eyed, stony, but still youth; and the shadow darted forth, and darkened over those phantoms as it had darkened over the last.

Nothing now was left but the Shadow, and on that my eyes were intently fixed, till again eyes grew out of the Shadow—malignant, serpent eyes. And the bubbles of light again rose and fell, and in their disordered, irregular, turbulent maze mingled with fire wan moonlight. And now from these globules themselves, as from the shell of an egg, monstrous things burst out; the air grew filled with them; larvæ so bloodless and so hideous that I can in no way describe them except to remind the reader of the swarming life which the solar microscope brings before the eyes in a drop of water—things transparent, supple, agile, chasing each other, devouring each other—forms like nought ever beheld by the naked eye. As the shapes were without symmetry, so their movements were without order. In their very vagrancies there was no sport; they came round me and round, thicker and faster and quicker, swarming over my head, crawling over my right arm, which was outstretched in involuntary command against all evil beings. Sometimes I felt myself touched, but not by them; invisible hands touched me. Once I felt a clutch as of cold, soft fingers at my throat. I was still equally conscious that if I gave way to fear I should be in bodily peril; and I concentrated all my faculties in the single focus of resisting, stubborn will. And I turned my sight from the Shadow—above all, from those strange serpent eyes—eyes that had now become distinctly visible. For there, though in nought else around me, I was aware that there was a WILL, and a will of intense, creative, working evil, which might crush down my own.

The pale atmosphere in the room began now to redden as if in the air of some near conflagration. The larvæ grew lurid as things that live on fire. Again the room vibrated; again were heard the three measured knocks, and again all things were swallowed up in the darkness of the dark Shadow, as if out of that darkness all had come, into that darkness all returned.

As the gloom receded, the Shadow was wholly gone. Slowly as it had been withdrawn, the flame grew again into the candles on the table, again into the fuel in the grate.

The whole room came once more calmly, healthfully into sight.

The two doors were still closed, the door communicating with the servants' room still locked. In the corner of the wall, into which he had so convulsively niched himself, lay the dog. I called to him—no movement. I approached—the animal was dead; his eyes protruded, his tongue out of his mouth, the froth gathered round his jaws. I took him in my arms; I brought him to the fire; I felt acute grief for the loss of my poor favorite—acute self-reproach; I accused myself of his death; I imagined he had died of fright. But what was my surprise on finding that his neck was actually broken.

Another surprising circumstance—my watch was restored to the table from which it had been so mysteriously withdrawn, but it had stopped at the very moment it was so withdrawn; nor, despite all the skill of the watchmaker, has it ever gone since—that is, it will go in a strange, erratic way for a few hours and then come to a dead stop—it is worthless.

Nothing more chanced for the rest of the night. Nor, indeed, had I long to wait before the dawn broke. Not till it was broad daylight did I quit the haunted house. Before I did so, I revisited the little blind room in which my servant and myself had been for a time imprisoned. I had a strong impression—for which I could not account—that from that room had originated the mechanism of the phenomena—if I may use the term—which had been experienced in my chamber. And though I entered it now in the clear day, with the sun peering through the filmy window, I still felt, as I stood on its floor, the creep of the horror which I had first there experienced the night before, and which had been so aggravated by what had passed in my own chamber. I could not, indeed, bear to stay more than half a minute within those walls. I descended the stairs, and again I heard the footfall before me; and when I opened the street door I thought I could distinguish a very low laugh. I gained my own home, expecting to find my runaway servant there. But he had not presented himself; nor did I hear more of him for three days, when I received a letter from him, dated from Liverpool, to this effect:

"Honored Sir—I humbly entreat your pardon, though I can scarcely hope that you will think I deserve it, unless—which heaven forbid!—you saw what I did. I feel that it will be years before I can recover myself, and as to being fit for service, it is out of the question. I am therefore going to my brother-in-law at Melbourne. The ship sails to-morrow. Perhaps the long voyage may set me up. I do nothing now but start and tremble, and fancy it is behind me. I humbly beg you, honored sir, to order my clothes and whatever wages are due to me to be sent to my mother's at Walworth—John knows her address."

This flight may perhaps warrant a suspicion that the man wished to go to Australia, and had been somehow or other fraudulently mixed up with the events of the night. I say nothing in refutation of that conjecture; rather, I suggest it as one that would seem to many persons the most probable solution of improbable occurrences. My belief in my own theory remained unshaken. I returned in the evening to the house, to bring away in a hackcab the things I had left there, with my poor dog's body. In this task I was not disturbed, nor did any incident worth note befall me, except that still, on ascending and descending the stairs, I heard the same footfall in advance. On leaving the house, I went to Mr. J——'s. He was at home. I returned him the keys, told him that my curiosity was sufficiently gratified, and was about to relate quickly what had passed, when he stopped me, and said, though with much politeness, that he had no longer any interest in a mystery which none had ever solved. His sudden change of front puzzled and mystified me.

(To be continued.)

How to Play a Scientific Game of Croquet.

Before The Stroke — After The Stroke — How Not To Do It. — How To Do It.

ANDREW LANG, in tracing the development of golf through a form of chole, a game of ball of continental antiquity, said: "If the point played to was a hole in the ground, golf arose; if you played to a' stone, tree, rock or through an iron hoop elevated on a post, pellmell, jeu de mail, Pila-Malleus was the result."

The best literary authorities on croquet trace this game back in its primitive form to pell-mell, pole-mele or Pall Mall of Mr. Pepys's jovial times. According to Dr. Prior the game originally came to England from Ireland through a Miss Macnaghten, who had seen the peasants in the south of France or Italy amuse themselves with an early form of the game.

The year 1870 must always be looked upon as the birth year of really scientific croquet. In the month of January of that year a conference of all the croquet clubs then existing was held in London, which resulted in the first definite code of laws being drawn up and universally adopted. At this conference, among other lesser advantages to the game, "tight" croquet was abolished; liberty given to use any mallet, and in any way, except as a billiard cue or mace; and, most important of all, the passing of the "dead" boundary law, by which, if either ball touches the boundary in a croquet stroke, the striker loses the rest of his turn. The 1870 Code of Laws still remains in spite of numerous revisions in detail.

The width of the hoops in 1869 was 7 1-4-inch; they were gradually narrowed in subsequent years, and in 1870 they were either 6-inch or 5-inch; in 1871, from 5-inch to 4 1-4-inch; while by 1872 they had been reduced to 4-inch. The size of the grounds or courts also underwent changes, until 40 yards by 30 yards became the standard dimensions. These were also the days of "tig it" croquet.

The London magazine, called The King, from which the accompanying illustrations are taken, gives these instructions concerning the scientific game:

"The croquet—the stroke which gives the name to the game, is its very essence—has variations almost countless. For illustration, a long, fine take-off from a slippery corner has been chosen. In taking croquet, the ball off which croquet is taken must be moved or at least shaken perceptibly, but neither of the balls must pass over the boundary. In the photograph to the left the player is aiming and about to take-off from a ball in the corner nearest to the second hoop to the adversary's balls, which are in the corner nearest the first hoop—a distance of 33 yards. In the second photograph, the stroke has been executed, and what we wish to bring out is the necessity of keeping the player's eye on the subject ball before, during and even after the execution of the stroke.

"To be able to perform the rush in croquet—to make a roquet so that the object ball is driven by the subject ball to a given spot from which croquet may more effectually be taken—is as necessary as any stroke in the game; and without its complete mastery the balls cannot be collected for a break, nor can that break be continued. Yet what stroke is a greater bugbear to the beginner? The harder he or she tries, the more is the totally wrong position taken up for its proper execution.

"Look at the photograph which tells how not to do it. Here the player is shown standing too much in front of the balls in a crouching and huddled-together attitude. His hands are also in front, at least, of the subject ball, and too tightly gripping his mallet, which is tilted so that, in the stroke, its face will strike the ball above the middle, causing it to jump, with dire disaster.

"Now look at the other photograph and follows the advice it offers. Stand behind the balls, keep the hands also behind them, don't drop the shoulders, but keep them well back, and holding the mallet easily, strike the ball full in the middle or rather below the middle than not, and you will accomplish your object."

The Mystery of Hearing; Curious Experiments in It.

WHAT makes us hear?

The answer is, sound waves.

We cannot see these waves, but they are a fact, none the less. These waves, striking our delicate organs of hearing, make us perceive sound, and the waves come through air, liquids or solids.

Let us try some experiments. Take a long, thin ruler, put one end into the ear, scratch the other end with your finger nails. You will be surprised at the loud sound you hear.

Again, take a silver or iron spoon. Suspend it by a thread tied about the handle, make a loop at each end of the string and place these loops about your ears. Lean over and balance the spoon. Then, as it hangs from your ears, strike it gently against the edge of a table or chair.

You will be surprised at the sound made by this.

Now take two tin box covers (the covers, for instance, of a blacking box), bore a small hole in each cover and connect the covers with each other by a string eight or ten yards long, keeping the lids in place on the string by knots tied on either side of the holes.

The Spoon Experiment.

Now draw the string tight; hold one lid to your ear, while the other lid, eight or ten yards away, is being spoken into by somebody with his lips close to its surface. The sound will be distinctly carried to your ear.

Another experiment. Blind somebody's eyes, as in blindman's buff; take two silver quarters and with soft wax stick these quarters on your thumb and forefinger.

Now, you see, you can strike them together like cymbals. Now, have your blindfolded person sit down and sound these cymbals, first on one side of his head and then on the other, and ask him from which direction he hears the sound.

The Blindfolding Rule.

If, while you are making the sound, you put your hand over his head, in the line of his forehead, nose and chin, or even under his chin—his mistakes in locating the sound will be quite funny.

The Clinking Quarters.

He will always imagine that the sound comes from the same direction that his head happens to be inclined.

The Youngest Old Lady Says There Is No Such Thing as Age.

MRS. G. H. GILBERT.

"WHAT'S all this talk of getting old?"

The youngest old lady in the world, or, to be more accurate, the oldest young lady, laughed.

Who is she? Why, of course, Mrs. G. H. Gilbert, the venerable and beloved actress, who, at eighty-four, will make her first appearance as a star at the Empire Theatre in Clyde Fitch's new play of "Granny," which Charles Frohman had him write especially for her.

"There's no such thing as age," she continued, "except for people who've been bitten by the hook worm of laziness. I'm young at eighty-four because I've never taken time to grow old. Keep on working and you'll keep on being young. Work is the fountain of youth Ponce de Leon and the rest of them were looking for. It has kept me from growing old.

"Though so far as figures and years go, I'm the oldest living actress in America. Yet I am the youngest star on the American stage, and I feel as young and enthusiastic in my work as I ever did."

"Age, you know, is, as somebody said of Boston, not a fact but a state of mind. And I've never allowed myself to get into it," continued Mrs. Gilbert. "I'm looking forward to my first appearance as 'Granny' as eagerly as a girl with a one-line part to her first night.

"Ever since I first went on the stage, many years ago, every new piece has meant a new debut. That's where a woman on the stage has the advantage of other women, who have but one debut in their lives, and grow old as they grow away from it. With us it is, to use an old quotation, as though a rose should close and be a bud again every time we study a new role and look forward to presenting it.

"All my life I have lived quietly and kept regular hours. I've treated Time kindly, and like the nice old gentleman that he is, he has treated me kindly in return, and that's all there is about it."

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AMUSEMENTS.

CRITERION THEATRE, 44th st. and B'way. Ev'gs 8.30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. W. H. ... in Richard Harding Davis's Farce, COLLISION. THE DICTATOR

HERALD SQ. THEATRE 34th st. & Bway. Eve. 8.10. Mat. Sat. 6TH MONTH—LAST WEEK. A LAUGH A MINUTE SAM BERNARD in the Farcical Comedy, with Music, The Girl from Kay's. Original Co. incl. HATTIE WILLIAMS.

BARRICK THEATRE, 125th st., nr. B'way. Ev'gs. 8.20. Mats. Wed. & Sat. Leo Ditrichstein's MILITARY MAD. New Comedy.

DALY'S THEATRE, 30th st. & Broadway. OPENS THURSDAY EV'G. EDNA MAY in THE SCHOOL GIRL.

SAVOY THEATRE, 34th st., near Bway. OPENS SATURDAY EV'G. MRS. WIGGS OF THE CABBAGE PATCH

3d Av., 31st St. and 3d Av. This Week Only. No Advance in Prices. Matinees To-day, Thurs. & Sat. THOU SHALT NOT KILL With Virginia Drew Trescott & 50 Others. Startling features include Florence Brookway in "Loop the Loop," the Horse Race, Mental Telepathy Trial, Electrical Thunder Storm, the Aerial Shaws. Massive Production.

DREAM LAND A World's Fair in Itself. Coolest and Most Attractive Permanent Exposition. Bathing 25c. Free Vaudeville. Admission 10c.

ARMORY GARDENS, over New Amsterdam. Fay Templeton, Peter F. Daley, A LITTLE OF EVERYTHING. Offenbach Review.

NEW YORK THEATRE Eves. at 8.30. Mat. Sat. Only. LAST WEEK THE MAID AND THE MUMMY

AMERICAN 42d St. & 8th Av. Mats. Wed. & Sat. Ev. 8.15. WHITE TIGRESS OF JAPAN.

THE DEWEY Last 14th St. LADIES' MAT. TO-DAY. RUNAWAY GIRLS. "ONE THOUSAND WIVES."

THE GOTHAM 125th st. & 3d av. LADIES' MAT. TO-DAY. Imperial Burlesquers. "The Gay Widow Brown."

HEARN West Fourteenth Street.

MORNING SALES To-morrow, Tuesday, until 1 p. m.

Black "Guaranteed" Taffetas. Soft and Lustrous—firm weave—50-cent silks—always in demand—come before 1 P. M. and buy them at ..... .29 MAIN FLOOR.

Corset Cover Embroideries. Also Flouncings and Insertings—new goods in a variety of blind or open effects—Butterfly, Bluebell, Leaf, Pansy, Scroll and the popular Button emb'y—3 to 10 inches wide—Value .19 to .35..... .12½ ON MAIN FLOOR.

Fine Dress Batistes. Natural Linen tint; fully one-half linen—light weight—will wash like muslin—were 24 cents.... 7¾ As they are being shown by wholesalers for next season and quoted at 17½ cents per yard, wouldn't it be well to buy for the future, if you have no immediate need? IN BASEMENT.

A Special in White Goods. Two styles of pretty lacy stripes that make up into such fetching Sacques, Wrappers and Children's Garments—value .18.. 6¾ MAIN FLOOR.

Children's Cambric Drawers. Full cut—deep hemstitch hem—deep hemstitched tucks above—sizes to 14 years—lay in a stock for school—value .29..... .15 SECOND FLOOR.

Boys' Cheviot Knee Pants. Made of short ends of materials usually regularly for 50 and 75 cent Trousers. These are the celebrated L. & B. make—Elastic waist bands—Riveted buttons—cut full and roomy—4 to 14 years— .27 As Morning Special..... To prove our faith in their wearing qualities a new pair will be given for any that rip. THIRD FLOOR.

Boys' Washable Blouses. Corded Madras, Cheviot and Gingham, in neat stripes and figures—White or colored grounds—with and without attached collars—4 to 15 years—usually .49 and .65.... .33 Clean, fresh, ready for the boys to wear immediately. THIRD FLOOR.

Girls' Gingham School Dresses. New Fall Stripe in medium colorings, also plain Pink, Blue, Cadmium and Cadet Chambray—6 to 14 years— .57 Made to sell at $1.25..... SECOND FLOOR.

ONLY SOLD UNTIL ONE P. M.—NO MAIL ORDERS.

TWO DAYS MORE!

To-morrow and Wednesday, Final Clear-up Days of The Season.

Wednesday, after store closes, we take account of stock as first step toward ascertaining gains and losses of six months' business to August 31st.

The More Sold, The Less to Inventory.

Detailed mention of These Last Days' Opportunities is not possible. Every hour will be full of interest. As fast as lots are disposed of others will take their places until all Surplus and Summer Goods are closed out.

COME!

August Sale Prices for BLANKETS, BED SPREADS, COMFORTABLES, LINENS, TOWELS, MUSLINS, SHEETS, PILLOW CASES, WHITE GOODS

End with August! Don't Miss These Last Days' Opportunities. COME!

ALL DEPARTMENTS MUST HAVE CLEAN STOCKS, and have orders to stop at no loss to effect sales.

COME!

You Know Our Reputation for Bargains! COME!

AMUSEMENTS.

14th ST. THEATRE at 6th Ave.'s Busy Corner. Mats. Wed. & Sat. at 2. Night, Overture, at 8.20. XTRA MATINEE LABOR DAY. PRICES: RESERVED, 25c. TO $1.50. GOOD SEATS in Orch. Circle & Bal., 50c. A Laughing Hit. THE SEASON'S FIRST SUCCESS. AL. LEECH and THE THREE ROSEBUDS, in Wm. A. Brady's production of Girls Will Be Girls. Musical Sensation by M. Baker & Jos. Hart.

PROCTOR'S 23d St. To-day, 25c., 50c. To-night, Res. 75c. KELLY & ASHBY, Marcella's Birds, Mona, J. H. Burton's Dogs, Walter Brown & Ellen Sisters, "The Minstrel & The Maid."

5th Ave. "THE CLIMBERS," By the STOCK CO., and a Grand Vaudeville Bill.

125th St. with Big Stock Co. Favorites, "MEN AND WOMEN." Excellent Vaudeville Specialties.

HUBER'S 14TH ST. MUSEUM. THIRD BIG WEEK OF ABBOTT PARKER, who was struck by lightning, showing the Crucifixion on his back. Most wonderful miracle of modern times. Juline, Snake Charmer; The Regorals, Hindu Wonders; Leah May, Giantess; 20 others. THEATRE—3 Big Co.'s, 20 Acts. Everything New.

Luna Park FIRE AND FLAMES, DURBAR OF INDIA. B. R. T. express from bridge—20 minutes. Iron Steamboat Co. coupon admits to park. Unequalled by imitations. Ask your neighbor.

PASTOR'S 14th st., near 3d av. CONTINUOUS. 25 & 50 CENTS. Empire City Quartet, Harris & Walters, Laura Comstock, Doyle & Emerson, and THE GREAT PROSPER TROUPE.

GRAND Williams & Walker in the New "IN DAHOMEY."

BELASCO THEATRE—NEXT SAT. SEPT. 3—HENRIETTA CROSMAN in David Belasco's New Play, SWEET KITTY BELLAIRS. SEATS ON SALE WED., 9 A. M.

MANHATTAN BEACH | THE STROLLERS. Pain's Spectacle—DECATUR, and GRAND FIREWORKS. CHILDREN'S FIREWORKS TO-NIGHT.

ACADEMY OF MUSIC, 14th St. & Irving pl. EXTRA MATINEE LABOR DAY. CHECKERS with Thos. W. Ross. Prices 25,50,75,$1. Mats. Wed. Sat. 2. Ev. 8.15.

PARADISE Hammerstein's Roof Gardens. LAST WEEK. 42d St., B'way, 7th Av. The Automatic Wonder, Enigmarelle, 12 Big Vaudeville Acts and Extravaganza.

MAJESTIC B'way & 59th st. Ev. 8.15. Mats. Wed., Sat. & Labor Day. B. C. Whitney's Piquant Musical Mixture, ISLE of SPICE

LYRIC 42d & B'way. NEXT OPENS THURS. THE ROYAL CHEF SEATS NOW READY.

PRINCESS B'way & 29th St. Evgs. 8.30. Mats Thurs., Sat. Labor Day, 2.30. Jack's Little Surprise with ARTHUR BYRON.

CASINO Mats. Sat. & Labor Day. PIFF, PAFF, POOF

KEITH'S B'way and 14th st. BEST SHOW in TOWN. Prices 25c. and 50c.

58TH ST. PROCTOR'S MAT. TO-DAY, 25c. Wm. Bramwell in Capt. Barrington

NEW STAR Lex. Av. & 107. Mat. To-day. LOTTIE WILLIAMS ONLY A SHOP GIRL.

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WALLACK'S opens THURS. Seats ready Geo. Ade's Quaint Comedy, THE County Chairman

MINER'S 8TH AVE. & BOWERY THEATRES. High Class Vaudeville and Burlesque.

WEST END Eve. 8.15. Mats. Wed. & Sat. SAT. M. WILLS "A Son of Rest."

BROOKLYN AMUSEMENTS.

Brighton Bd. C.J. Helen Bertram, Simon & Paris, Lewis & Ryan, Wright Huntington, Melville & Stetson, Rooney & Bent, Violet Dale, others. Eve. 8.25. Daily Mats. 3.15. Child'n Mats. 10c.

COL. SINN'S MONTAUK ISABEL SINN-HEATH, PROP. MATINEE WED. AND SAT. PEGGY FROM PARIS.