GOSSIP OF THE THEATRES.

SOME OF THE THINGS TALKED ABOUT ON BROADWAY.

Protests Against Dramatic Critics—A New Scene in "Mother Goose"—Tale of Theodore Kremer—"Monna Vanna" in German—New Irving Place Comedy.

Letters of protest sent to dramatic editors have their comic as well as their sorrowful side. The chronic "kicker" is always a chronic letter writer—graphomania is the newfangled name for the complaint. It strikes newspaper men as something monstrous, this idea of writing when there is no reason why you should. But funniest of all is the abuse levelled at the unhappy heads of dramatic critics for overpraising recent New York productions. This printed protest must have evoked praise, what, then, would be our condemnation? Verily, it is hard to please all the people all the time!

The new scene at the close of "Mother Goose" in the Amsterdam Theatre simply piles gorgeousness upon gorgeousness. It is a transformation called "The Land of Contentment." We see a magnificent mass of roses, bewildering the eye with their rich variety of hue. They are so realistic that the huge auditorium seems saturated with their odor. They fade away almost imperceptibly—for numerous and novel are the devices of the disappearing stages and electric lighting apparatus—and there comes into the field of vision a battalion of pretty girls, picturesque girls, girls that woo the eye with their attitudes and fiftyfold attractiveness, and "Mother Goose" was already a mountain of beauty without this final scene, "The Development of the Rose." You will miss much if you miss this new pantomime.

Theodore Kremer has turned himself into a play writing syndicate without understudies. He has about twenty pieces going on at various spots of the habitable globe, and just now is busy rehearsing his new Russian historical melodrama, which deals with episodes in the checkered career of the Empress Katharine. The chief part is written for Mildred Holland.

The London *Era* tells a curious story that may interest Mr. Kremer. It says: An amusing incident recently took place in Christ Church road, Boscombe, just opposite the Grand Theatre, where "The Fatal Wedding" is being played nightly. A fine peal of wedding bells were ringing from the top of one of the houses and attracted an enormous crowd of passersby, who were unable to understand the reason. Suddenly two gentlemen in evening dress were observed fighting their way through the throng, one of whom carried a large paste can and brush, the other a big roll of bills. To add to the excitement, a lady whose carriage was unable to pass, put her head out of the window and inquired what was happening and why the bells were ringing.

One of the two gentlemen said it was on account of the recent American wedding. The lady asked: "Is it on account of the Duke and Duchess of Roxburghe's wedding?" "No," was the reply, "on account of 'The Fatal Wedding.'" The local billposter could not be found, it appears, and the two men were the managers of enterprising Bert Coote's well advertised company.

All of which proves that Mr. Coote did not waste his time when sojourning in the United States. He evidently picked up a trick or two here.

Bernard Shaw's "Candida" was recently produced at the Royal Schauspielhaus, Dresden, and met with a more than cordial reception. We wonder how it would impress a miscellaneous audience

"Our New Minister" at the American has made a pronounced hit. It is by Denman Thompson and George W. Ryer and deals with an exciting incident in the simple, retired life of a little New England village. The authors have written a clean melodrama, free from the usual pernicious vulgarity which unhappily clouds most melodramas. The story is interesting, the complications of the creditable sort. The heroic though plain, everyday preacher, who clears an innocent man of imputed guilt, falls in love with the convict's daughter, which further lends attraction to the large audiences at this theatre. The Wednesday matinée saw quite an amount of emotion aroused by the excellent acting of Ernest Hastings as the new minister, *Thaddeus Strong*, and Joseph Conyers as *Darius Startle*, the village sleuth. Grace Hanson was *Nance Ransom* and gave a finished performance, as did Charles Stedman and the rest of the company. If you like a sound, old fashioned comedy-drama without a trace of the barnyard, but charged with plenty of humor and sentiment, why, go see "Our New Minister."

"Monna Vanna" is announced for Dec. 17 at the Irving Place Theatre. Bertha Rocco will play *Vanna*. Manager Conried promises an adequate production.

Maeterlinck's same famous play will be seen in English next March at the Manhattan Theatre, so it is rumored. Mrs. Fiske will be the unhappy heroine.

The man who cut those ropes on the stage of the Belasco Theatre should star in melodrama. He seems to have the making of a first class villain in his soul

Guido Marburg and Wallace Gilpatrick have turned their attention to the production of Spanish plays—which is good news as both these playwrights are experts and thoroughly conversant with the riches as yet unexplored of modern and classic Spanish dramatic literature.

The types yesterday morning called Miss Crosman wiry when "witty" was meant. Considering the curves of her plump little person, "wiry" would seem singularly inappropriate.

They have been playing in Maxim Gorky's "Nachtasyl" in Philadelphia at the Arch Street Theatre. There an excellent German company, under the direction of Carl Saake, appear in the regular repertory of Freytag, Von Moser and others, varied by productions of modern pieces.

Editor Arthur Hornblow has provided a feast of good things theatrical in the Christmas number of the *Theatre*. There is an interesting story of Tommaso Salvini, written by his daughter-in-law, Mrs. Alexander Salvini, who has had enviable opportunities of studying the personality of the great Italian tragedian. Salvini is to revisit America next spring. Clara Morris defends the stage in her usual vigorous manner; Mrs. Otis Skinner writes charmingly of gypsy actors in France, and the usual number of illustrations of the customary artistic order are included. The winner's name of the *Theatre's* $500 prize play contest has been already announced in THE SUN. It is Martha Morton. Her play is called "The Triumph of Love," which not only sounds like D'Annunzio, but also suggests the idea that Miss Morton now views the cosmos from the heights of a happy married life. Let the play be produced by all means.

The third performance of the Empire Theatre Dramatic School and American Academy of Dramatic Arts, at the Empire Theatre yesterday afternoon, was devoted to four short one act plays, "The Dowager," by Charles Mathews; "Jephthah's Daughter," by Felice Cavalotti; "A Lonely Life," by Alfred Sutro, and "A Cigarette From Java," from the French of Meilhac and Narrey, translated by T. Russell Sullivan. The acting throughout was promising. There was a large and amiable audience in attendance.

"Geschwister Lemcke," a comedy of character, was produced at the Irving Place Theatre last night. It is by Skowronnek and Stein, and proved a mildly entertaining piece of an old fashioned order, of L'Arronge in its homely atmosphere and simple story. It seems that the *Lemcke* family would have been very happy if the only brother, *Alfred*, had not been snobbish. This snobbery was all the more odious because he owed his education to his two hard working sisters, who effaced themselves to push their beloved brother forward. They kept a millinery establishment in Berlin. This fact rankled in the breast of *Alfred*. He was ashamed of the business which brought him bread and butter and a comfortable home.

The play is devoted to the exposition of *Alfred's* selfishness and his wooing of a girl above him socially. The Hartmann family comprises a son and a daughter, and the playwright threw the young people into each other's arms. The one consolation at the close is that *Alfred*, despite his brilliant marriage, is not happy with his wife.

With a play—*vollständig* the authors call it—all lies in the characterization, the performance. It was excellent last night, though by no means so finished as it might have been. The sisters *Lemcke* were respectively represented by Camilla Dalberg and Hedwig von Ostermann. Alfred Abel demonstrated his versatility as *Alfred Lemcke*; Elizabeth Arrens, in whose veins flowed the noble blood of the *Knoblauches*—the Garlics, in other words—impersonated with comic force an aristocratic old maid, who turned up her nose at persons in trade, though she did not disdain to pilfer sugar at table when the waiter was not looking. And this same functionary, a substitute waiter, one who never waited, never knew anything, and always explained that he was not the regular attendant, was the hit of the evening. Matthius Claudius essayed this old man's part for the first time in his career, for he is a leading juvenile. His waiter was irresistibly funny with his *Plattdeutsch* dialect. The play is Berlinese throughout in its types. It was well received. Marie Korchner, Muriel Hope, Richard Schlaghamer, Max Hänseler, and Otto Ottbart all contributed materially to the success of the evening.

THE BOSTON ORCHESTRA.

First Performance Here of a Symphony by Young Ernst Dohnanyi.

With the passing of the months the visits of the Boston Symphony Orchestra recur all too slowly. The second concert of the present season took place last night at Carnegie Hall, and it brought with it the magic name of Melba, accompanied by one of those dispiriting slips in the programme announcing that the soprano was suffering from the after effects of a recent cold. She sang a Mozart aria and the perennial "Sweet Bird" of Handel.

In the first number the evidences of the cold were plain, for the simple cantilena of Mozart is a sad revealer of vocal deficiencies. In the Handel selection, however, Mme. Melba's voice was in better condition. She sang the song with great brilliancy and a plenitude of tone that was quiet inspiring. Her voice is really better in quality than it was in her last operatic season here.

Some of the silver plating is worn off, to be sure, but the metal underneath is good. There is beauty enough in that voice to stock half a dozen aspiring neophytes of the Paris Grand Opera. Melba does not radiate temperament, and she is far from being a past mistress of the art of song, but she can fight a duel with a flute as well as any other contemporaneous soprano, and she can trill a trill that spreads with such a crescendo as to ravish the ear.

There were other features on the programme besides Melba. The Boston Symphony Orchestra was also heard, and with it came a new symphony by young Ernst Dohnanyi, the gifted Bohemian pianist, who delighted the inner brotherhood when he was here. Dohnanyi set out on the journey toward the Elysian fields of art with his soul prostrate at the feet of Schumann, but he fell a victim to the worship of Brahms. Now, the result was not hard to foresee.

He tried to translate gypsy music of Bohemia through the idioms of Schumann into the transcendental speculations of Brahms. Brahms himself was something of a Schumannite, especially in his piano music; so the road was not so crooked, after all. Nay, more, Brahms himself dallied with the czárdas rips and scintillations of Hungarian themes.

But Brahms, Bless him! never thought of applying the orchestral athletics of Strauss to the music of the nomads. Dohnanyi has the advantage of living in the epoch of the wizard of "Til Eulespiegel," and he knows that when the critics used to abuse piano players for writing piano idioms for orchestra, they did not know what might be done by a young man not afraid of his technic.

Dohnanyi voided most of his Schumannite Brahms in the first movement of his symphony, spiced with acrid harmonies and strident furies of instrumentation which would make Richard Strauss hug himself by his own fireside, could he but hear them in the winds of his chimney corner.

A wild, stormy, Bohemian mountain torrent of a first movement it is, yet with a clear and intelligible form and a respect for the classic traditions in its thoughtful contrast of themes and its points of climactic concentration. It is bold, strong, daring music, this opening movement, original in style and treatment, yet restrained by a respect for the canons of good art.

It is not the sort of music Dohnanyi will write when he is older and more circumspect. Yet, possibly when he reaches the age of prudence we shall yearn for the heyday of his youth, when he slew his thousands of minor seconds and crashed tones together in crude bunches.

The slow movement, which is the second, is a Hungarian fantasia, a gypsy rhapsody, behind which lurks the shadow of the pianistic Strauss, the Strauss who made of the orchestra a titanic guitar. Dohnanyi transforms it into a cyclopean cembalon. The wild sweeps of scales, broken arpeggios and leaping runs are not here saved for the much enduring harp, but are orchestrated in full throated ecstasy.

The virtuosity of the entire wood wind is strained to its utmost and the effect on the hearer is one of a mad riot of passionate young blood sporting with music (heavenly maid) out under the starry skies in the lush tenderness of a Bohemian night.

The scherzo is classic in form and orchestral in idiom. It is one of the most closely written movements of the work, tense, masculine, bitterly accentuated and relieved by a trio leaning heavily on a warm pedal point. Then follows an intermezzo, brief and singularly lovely in its reposeful simplicity. Its theme is for viola solo, which was most beautifully played by that poetic artist, Max Zach.

The finale is a theme and variations, ending with the inevitable fugue. It is a scholarly movement, but the scholarship is not paraded for its own sake. It makes interesting music, and brings to a close a thoroughly characteristic and interesting work, which will certainly be heard again in this town if conductors recognize an attractive novelty.

The other numbers were Mendelssohn's "Midsummer Night's Dream" overture and the "Academic" overture of Brahms. The orchestra was in splendid form last night, and its performance of the immensely difficult symphony of Dohnanyi was a thing to be recalled with delight. Mr. Gericke conducted the work with great sympathy.

Suit to Enjoin "Sergeant Kitty."

An order to Virginia Earle, George R. White, A. Baldwin Sloane and R. H. Burnside to show cause in the Supreme Court here to-day why they should not be enjoined from further producing the musical comedy "Sergeant Kitty," now being given in Philadelphia, was obtained here yesterday by Jacobson & Siegel on behalf of James Horan, who says that the play is a mere adaptation of a translation he made at White's request of the French musical comedy "Clairette."

A SIN OF MY YOUTH,
BY CLARA MORRIS.
THE SERGEANT'S CHRISTMAS GIFT,
By Cyrus Townsend Brady.
A DUFFER AT ST. ANDREWS (SCOTLAND),
By John Kendrick Bangs.
OUR PRESIDENTS WHO WERE SPORTSMEN,
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CUT DOWN THE SOUTHERN VOTE

IN CONGRESS, UNION LEAGUE CLUB VOTES, NEM. CON.,

And Prosecute When the Negro Vote Is Suppressed—Robert C. Ogden, President of Southern Education Board, Dissents, but Is Not Present.

At a largely attended meeting last night over which Cornelius N. Bliss, president of the Union League Club presided, the club adopted these resolutions by a practically unanimous vote:

Resolved, That the Government be requested to instruct the District Attorneys in the various States where an illegal suppression of votes is alleged, to prosecute every case where there has been a violation of the laws of the United States in respect of the suffrage, if adequate evidence can be obtained to justify a submission of such case to the Grand Jury.

Resolved (1), That Congress be requested and respectfully urged to investigate, with thoroughness and impartiality, the charges of a suppression of votes, contrary to the Fourteenth and Fifteenth Amendments to the Constitution of the United States, and in every case where such reduction is accomplished by a limitation of the franchise for any reason, and that in proportion to the number of voters so disfranchised, the representation of such State in Congress be reduced and also to see that the Fifteenth Amendment be in no way violated, either directly or by subterfuge; and,

(2) That where the decisions of the courts or the practices at elections disclose the fact that the present statutes are inadequate, amendatory acts be passed remedying the defects disclosed.

The resolutions and a report on "Suffrage at the South" were submitted by the committee on political reform of the Union League Club on April 9 last, after an investigation recommended at the February meeting of the club. The report also was adopted last night. Warner Miller, Col. William E. Rogers, Dr. D. B. St. John Roosa, Theodore F. Saxay, J. Collins Pumpelly, John S. Wise and Cephas Brainerd, chairman of the committee on political reform, advocated the resolutions and the report. No one spoke in opposition to their adoption.

Robert C. Ogden, president of the Southern Education Board, did not attend the meeting. No mention was made of a statement given out by him earlier in the day in which he said:

Any request to the Government in the nature of an appeal to the courts will, it seems to me,

First, injure the material, political and educational interests of the negro in the Southern States.

Second, discourage the growth of academic freedom in the South. The recent action of the board of trustees of one of the most important of Southern colleges was a notable victory for intellectual independence. The movement toward academic freedom will be hindered just in proportion to Northern use of the negro in party politics.

Third, a prominent representative of the opposition party is seeking the Democratic nomination for the Presidency upon the negro issue. If the proposed action is taken it will contribute powerfully toward securing that nomination.

Fourth. The Northern introduction of the color question into Republican politics will make doubly sure the continuity of the Democratic solidity of the South, and supply the very weapons that Democracy needs in the fight against Republicanism, thus adding to the difficulty of electing our national candidate.

Fifth. It will retard and hinder the further progress of the sober public opinion of the best South in the effort to secure justice for the negro.

The issue needs academic, not partisan discussion; national, not sectional consideration; practical, not abstract action; constructive, not destructive treatment. The Southern States should be put upon their honor to enforce honestly their own franchise laws. Time for this has not elapsed. If after fair, deliberate opportunity the trial results in failure, then consider the remedy afforded by the fourteenth and fifteenth amendments to the Constitution, with both of which I cordially agree.

The committee on political reform was composed of these men, who signed its report: Cephas Brainerd, chairman; Charles T. Harbeck, secretary; James A. Blanchard, Edward F. Brown, Justus A. B. Cowles, John C. O'Conor, James W. Perry, Jordan J. Rollins, Edward C. Van Glahn, John S. Wise and the president of the club, ex-officio.

"WAFFLES."

The New Weber-Fields Burlesque Has Points and Really a Plot in It.

As a second whoop to "Whoop-Dee-Doo," Weber & Fields produced last night a burlesque on "Raffles," which they called "Waffles." The new travesty is in one act, with two scenes, the first laid in the London house of *Lord Ansometeeth*, an aristocrat, and the second in the lodgings of *Waffles* in the Alimony Apartment House in London.

Waffles, the amateur cracksman, has been *Lord Ansometeeth's* guest at dinner, and all the talk has been of the achievements of an amateur cracksman who has been robbing right and left in the most fashionable society of the British capital. After dinner, *Waffles* suggests a game of golf in the parlor.

The game lasts so long as to get on the nerves of *Marie*, the French maid, who is anxious to have the house closed for the night, that her "steady," *Croshay*, an honest, hardworking burglar, may get in, with the aid of the policeman on the beat, to steal *Lady Smelrose's* famous necklace. Then there are Weberfieldian complications of the usual order.

Peter F. Dailey plays *Waffles*, and isn't a particularly good imitation or burlesquer of Kyrle Bellew. Louis Mann as *Capt. Dedwood*, and Lou Fields as *Croshay*, were such very excellent counterfeits of the "Raffles" characters they burlesqued that those who had seen both plays said it would be exceedingly hard to detect the counterfeit from the genuine.

Joe Weber did the French maid with an excellent German accent, and John T. Kelly was the usual good thing in *Lord Ansometeeth*. Evie Stetson was a buxom and garrulous *Lady Smelrose*.

The burlesque is well staged. The young women were good looking and well gowned, and W. T. Francis's music is as catchy as usual.

News of Plays and Players.

Kirke La Shelle has engaged Guy Bates Post to play *Stere* in "The Virginian," which will be presented at the Manhattan Theatre on Jan. 4.

"The Little Princess," now at the Madison Square Theatre, will have to go to Milwaukee for Christmas week. Plans had been made to keep it here as a holiday matinée attraction.

Charles Frohman will bring out a new play by Capt. Robert Marshall at the Criterion Theatre in London on Jan. 14.

J. E. Dodson has bought, through Miss Elizabeth Marbury, the American rights of a play by Paul de Courcelle, and he and and Annie Irish, his wife, will star in it next year.

Charles B. Dillingham has arranged for the appearance of Frank Daniels in "The Office Boy" at the Olympic Theatre in St. Louis during the world's fair.

Andrew Mack will begin an engagement in "The Bold Soldier Boy" at the Fourteenth Street Theatre on Jan. 18.

HIST! NOT A WORD OR WHISPER!

JERSEY SLEUTHS RUN DESPERATE GANG TO ITS LAIR.

Armed to the Teeth the Leader, Perched on a Cliff, Hurls Two Parties, the Rawson Twins Leading, Into the Enemy's Den and Captures a Sick Waiter.

Never have the sleuths of northern New Jersey faced a more desperate proposition. It bristled with hair-raising possibilities. Perhaps they were kidnappers, perhaps smugglers, counterfeiters or moonshiners, for by all the laws of dime noveldom and melodramatics, who but 18-carat desperadoes would live in a rough stone hut on the shore of a river and hidden away in the deep shadows of a flanking precipice.

The credit for the discovery that led to the thrilling round up on Wednesday morning belongs to Freeholder Sage of Coytesville, an unpretentious village on the outskirts of Englewood.

Freeholder Sage owns a cow. On Saturday last the cow strayed. In his search through the wooded fastnesses that top the Palisades, Freeholder Sage discovered a thin column of smoke coming from what seemed to be a mass of boulders at the base of the cliff, 200 feet below. Peering carefully over the edge, Freeholder Sage gradually made out a rough stone hut, also a man. After a while the man disappeared into the hut. Then Freeholder Sage made tracks for the nearest telephone. He called up Sheriff Soley of Hackensack and told him what he had seen—also what he imagined. Perhaps he got the two a little mixed. Anyhow, Sheriff Soley left the telephone very much impressed.

A few hours later, through police channels, a story reached the Sheriff that Sam Conklyn, officially constable of Englewood Cliffs and unofficially hired man of William Allison, had been watching the mysterious hut dweller for some time; that in the black depths of the night he had seen a lantern flashed from the hut and answered by a lantern light somewhere out on the river; then all lights were extinguished and shortly afterward a rowboat emerged from the darkness. Numerous hurried trips between the boat and the hut followed. It was also rumored that Conklyn had laid this mystery before the New York Harbor Police and that they had taken him aboard one of their patrol boats and cruised for two nights in search of the mysterious rowboat. Nothing happened.

The last piece of cumulative evidence as to the existence of this desperate gang of night marauders, Sheriff Soley heard from Constable Flotard of Cresskill and Constable Van Kuren of Fort Lee. Together they had perched for two nights on the top of the Palisades and had seen lantern lights moving to and fro among the boulders below.

Sheriff Soley realized that he was face to face with a desperate proposition. He determined to take no chances and laid his plans accordingly. By telephone he summoned nearly the entire sleuthing outfit of Bergen county. Besides the Sheriff, the raiding party included Chief Titus of the Englewood police, Constable Cook of Hackensack, Freeholder Sage of Coytesville, Constable Flotard of Cresskill, Constable Van Kuren of Fort Lee, two Erie Railroad detectives and the Rawson twins, formerly the notorious terrors of Nutley, but now peaceful residents of Hillsdale. One of them is the town constable; the other was sworn in on account of the danger of the enterprise on hand.

All were armed to the teeth. Chief Titus had two revolvers and five extra rounds of cartridges. One of the Rawson twins had a Winchester repeating rifle, Freeholder Sage had a couple of sticks of dynamite in case the gang should barricade their stronghold, and the rest were provided with revolvers.

According to all the reports, the gang always did their work at night. But the Sheriff said: "No night work for us; some of the gang might escape in the darkness."

On Wednesday morning, when the daylight was so broad that no desperado could possibly escape, Sheriff Soley, at the head of his corps of nine, advanced on the gang.

When they were within a mile of the Palisades the Sheriff halted his sleuth corps.

"Has each man looked to his weapons?"

"We have," chorused the sleuths.

"From hence on, not a word, not a whisper!"

In silence they reached the top of the cliff. The smoke was curling peacefully out of the chimney, but there was no other sign of life.

"Hist!" said the Sheriff in tones barely audible. "We will now divide into three attacking parties. Van Kuren and the two railroad detectives will approach the hut from the trail leading down the precipice from Coytesville. Flotard and the Rawson boys will steal up from the north trail, and the rest of us will remain here in case any of the gang try to make good their escape up the cliff. Creep up as near the hut as you can, boys, and when you see me wave my handkerchief, rush the door."

There was a long wait for the party on the cliff top, but they clutched their guns determinedly, and in undertones swore to each other that they would die before they would see a desperado escape up the face of that mountain.

Finally the two attacking parties were discovered below, creeping stealthily from boulder to boulder. These were awful moments of surprise for the Sheriff and his party of cliff defenders. Would the gang discover their enemy? Would they open fire? Would they do any of a hundred horrible possible things?

Bravo! each party had reached a boulder a few rods from the hut. The Sheriff jumped up and waved his handkerchief. The men below sprang from their hiding places and rushed the hut. The Rawson twins sustained their reputation as daredevils—both were in the lead.

They gave the door a mighty push. It flew open without opposition. The attack had been a complete surprise.

The occupant of the hut was a middle aged, wan faced German. At this sudden inrush he looked up from the hearth fire over which he had been bending to find himself the possible target of five revolvers and a repeating rifle. Automatically his hands flew up in undisguised terror. A constable dropped his revolver long enough to handcuff him. Then the raiders went out and signalled to the Sheriff's party that the gang was in custody and that there was no further need of guarding the cliff. The Sheriff and his party then came down to help manhandle the gang.

The only things that were found in the hut were two enormous old horse pistols, moulds and lead for casting bullets, powder, a pair of field glasses, some bread and bacon, a frying pan, one bottle of cholera mixture and another of carbolic acid, half a dozen pawntickets and a suit of fairly good clothing.

"Where are your pals?" demanded the Sheriff, sternly.

"Pals? What's that?" asked the captive.

"The counterfeiters—smugglers—moonshiners. No nonsense, now. Where are they?"

Gradually it dawned on the mind of the German that the raiders were police officers and not robbers, as he at first thought. Then he explained that he was Carl Schmidt, a New York waiter. He says that he is a consumptive and cannot stand the city air all the year round, so he works during the winter months in New York and earns enough to retire for the rest of the year to his Palisades hermitage. He says he built the hut five years ago. It is made of rough stones, and has one small window and a steel covered door. The inside walls are neatly smoothed with hardened clay. The roof is made of driftwood boards and the floor is the native earth. There is a chimney with an open fireplace in one corner, and outside is a brick oven.

Schmidt says he used the horse pistol to hunt rabbits and squirrels. A number of paper targets that were found showed that he was an excellent marksman.

On a nearby boulder was chiseled:

"Give me health and a good time off, and I will make the pomp of emperors ridiculous."

Over the door was carved:

"Rocksand Camp."

About this time the Sheriff began to feel doubtful as to the net results of the raid, but, to make sure of missing no possible night callers, he left one of the Rawson twins and two constables in the hut all Wednesday night. They had no callers.

Schmidt is now in the Hackensack jail, held as a suspicious person. So far the only suspicious thing found about him is a memorandum book filled with German writing and diagrams. Some of the Jersey sleuths think that these diagrams may be used to locate stolen treasure which the gang has buried along the foot of the Palisades.

Meanwhile, they are waiting patiently for the German writing to be translated.

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GARRICK THEATRE, 35th St. & B'way. Evgs. 8:20. Mat. Sat. 2:15. CHARLES FROHMAN presents Henry Arthur Jones' best comedy, WHITEWASHING JULIA with FAY DAVIS
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CRITERION THEATRE, B'way & 44th St. Evs. 8:30. Mat. Sat. 2:15. CHARLES FROHMAN.....Manager. CHARLES FROHMAN Presents WM. FAVERSHAM in a play by E. L. Swete & R. M. Stephens. MISS ELIZABETH'S PRISONER
HERALD SQ. THEATRE, B'way & 35th St. 8:10 sharp. Mat. Sat. 2:10. CHARLES FROHMAN.....Manager. SPECIAL MATINEE THURSDAY, DEC. 17. CHARLES FROHMAN & GEORGE EDWARDES Present the Parisian Comedy, with Music, THE GIRL FROM KAYS. With Enormous Cast, including Sam Bernard
GARDEN THEATRE. 27th St. & Mad. Av. Evgs. 8. Mat. Sat., 2. CHARLES FROHMAN.....Manager. LAST THREE WEEKS. CHARLES FROHMAN & GEORGE EDWARDES' London Company, THREE LITTLE MAIDS. SAME FAVORITES. NEW SONGS.

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DALY'S B'way & 30th st. Eve. at 8:15. Matinees Saturdays only at 2. Daniel Frohman.....Manager. Last Three Wks. Klaw & Erlanger present A Japanese Nightingale. A STORY OF MODERN JAPAN.
NEW YORK B'way, 44th to 45th St. Evgs. 8. Last Matinee To-morrow. KLAW & ERLANGER.....Managers. Last 2 Days. PRICES 50c. 1.00 and 1.50 BEN-HUR. Next Monday—Seats now on sale. BERTHA GALLAND.
BROADWAY THEATRE, 41st St. & B'way. Evgs. at 8:30. Mat. Sat. at 2:15. FRITZI SCHEFF BABETTE
VICTORIA 42d St., B'y, 7th Av. Ev. 8:15. Mat. Sat'y. FRANK DANIELS IN THE OFFICE BOY

MADISON SQ. GARDEN DEC. 14 to 19 50c. Gen. Adm. Reserved Seats $1.00 & $1.50. FOOTBALL. TWO GAMES EACH NIGHT FOR ATHLETIC & INTERSCHOLASTIC CHAMPIONSHIP of AMERICA & GREATER N. Y.
CARNEGIE HALL.....SUNDAY AT 8. N. Y. SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA. WALTER DAMROSCH, Conductor. TCHAIKOWSKY PROGRAMME. ADELE AUS DER OHE, Pianist. DAVID MANNES, Violinist. TICKETS 25c. to $1.00, at box office and Ditson's.
WALLACK'S B'way & 30th St. Evgs. 8:20. Mats. 2:15. "FUNNIEST PLAY IN TOWN."—TIMES. GEO. ADE'S quaint comedy, THE COUNTY CHAIRMAN. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday
METROPOLITAN OPERA HOUSE. Grand Opera Season 1903-1904. Under the direction of Mr. Heinrich Conried. TO-NIGHT at 8—TOSCA. Tomina; Caruso, Scotti. Conductor, Vigna. Sat. Mat., Dec. 12, at 2—LOHENGRIN. Gadski, Walter; Kraus, Van Rooy, Blass, Muehlmann. Conductor, Mottl. Sat. Evg., Dec. 12, at 8—(Pop. Prices)—TRAVIATA. Sembrich; Dippel, Campanari. Conductor, Vigna. Sun. Eve., Dec. 13, at 8:30 (at popular prices). THIRD GRAND SUNDAY CONCERT. Soloists—Fremstad, Delsarte, Plancon, Rossi (by arrangement with Mr. Henry Wolfsohn). JACQUES THIBAUD, VIOLINIST. Conductor, Mr. Felix Mottl. Mon. Eve., Dec. 14, at 8—PAGLIACCI, preceded by CAVALLERIA RUSTICANA. Sembrich, Gadski, Homer; Caruso, Scotti, Dippel, Campanari. Conductor Vigna. Wed. Eve., Dec. 16, at 8—RIGOLETTO. Sembrich, Homer; Caruso, Scotti, Journet. Conductor, Vigna. Fri