CHASE BY BRIDE, HALF DRESSED

HARLEM HAS A LINGERIE SHOW AND NO ADMISSION.

Mrs. Spiehler and Her Husband Failed to Agree and She Started in Pursuit Without Stopping to Put On All Her Clothes—Cop Grabs the Wrong Man.

There was an open exhibit of lingerie yesterday morning that beat anything the dressmakers' show charged half a dollar to see, and it was free to all Harlem.

A domestic quarrel which began in an apartment house at 14 West 125th street was adjourned to the sidewalk so quickly that Mrs. Martin Spiehler, a bride, didn't have time to put on all her clothes without losing a few words on her side of the argument.

She didn't lose a word, but chased her young husband down three flights of stairs and into the street just as she was. Although, according to a member of the Kingsbridge Yacht Club, the bride was quick in stays she could not catch her husband and gave it up after a run of three blocks and after the cop who joined her had tried to drag the wrong man off a Madison avenue car, thinking that he was the fugitive husband.

Spiehler, the bridegroom, wore a long rain coat buttoned all the way down. What he had on or didn't have on under that nobody seemed to know, but up to a late hour last night he had not returned for more clothes.

Mrs. Spiehler wore a straight front corset, a short white petticoat with three or four, perhaps seven or eight, rows of insertion, black stockings and high button shoes. For further details see any department store advertisement of bargains in muslin goods.

Spiehler plunged down the high stoop of the apartment house and dodged round the corner into Fifth avenue, with his wife in close pursuit. She was dressed just right for sprinting, and would have caught up if her husband hadn't dodged into Mount Morris Park and taken to the path that winds round and round to the top of the big rock elevation. The road wasn't built for a bridal path, and that may have helped Spiehler.

By this time there was an audience and a host of voluntary pursuers led by Policeman Haggerty.

"I'm no goat," said Haggerty, as the chase led up the steep face of the rock. "I'll surround the boulder and wait for the lady and gentleman to come down."

The citizens of Harlem helped Haggerty surround the rock and watched the fleeing bridegroom and the sprinting bride as they appeared and disappeared in their spiral ascent.

"They'll throw each other from the precipice," shouted a man who was getting late for work but didn't seem to care.

"Officer, you must form a human chain at once," said a woman.

"What for?" said Haggrety.

"Didn't you ever go to the theatre? Did you ever see a piece where the gentleman throws a lady from a rock without the police forming a human chain?"

Just then the bridegroom reached the summit, dodged through a little pavilion up there, and started down the path again just as his wife reached the summit on the other side. She stopped to get her breath and that lost her the race, for on the trip down the bridegroom beat her by two laps and a half around the hill. He also eluded Policeman Haggerty and dodged through the crowd in the park to Madison avenue, where he boarded a car.

"He got on a car," yelled some one as Haggerty came up.

The policeman jumped aboard the wrong car (there was a string of them), and nabbed a man who looked like the young husband.

He had persuaded his prisoner to come as far as the rear platform when Mrs. Spiehler, standing on the curb in her short petticoat, said that that wasn't her husband at all.

Haggerty let go and the man who had been disturbed got so interested in the crowd and the bride that he forgot to take the cop's number. That was the end of the chase.

"What's it all about?" asked Haggerty of the breathless bride.

"He struck me," she said, "and we quarrelled and we've only been married since November. He struck me because I asked for some money to buy clothes."

"You do need clothes, madam," interrupted Haggerty, holding his helmet before his eyes as he spoke.

Then a friend from the apartment house came out with a bath robe. Mrs. Spiehler put it on and the crowd dispersed.

A note was made of the incident on the blotter at the East 126th street police station and Detective Reardon was asked to look for Spiehler on his wife's complaint.

JOHN HENRY, OF KAINTUCK.

Squire Tony Aste's Boy Up Against Our Paternal Laws.

John Henry Seals, black as a hearse and 12 years old, told some interesting things to Judge Olmsted in the Children's Court yesterday morning. John Henry is still in the custody of the Gerry society, and "I doan lak it fur soap grease," he announced.

John Henry is a Kentuckian by birth and a globe trotter by career. Officer Schoell arrested the boy on Monday night on the charge of "lost boy"; later he was charged with vagrancy.

"I is a hoss trainer, I is, mister, an' I ain't no vagrant. I reckon I got five dollah and fohty cents, whut's more'n lots of white folks is," defended John Henry.

"You say you are a horse trainer. What do you mean by that and where do you work?" asked the Court.

"I gallops hosses, mister. Why, Squire, I kin do anyting wid any hoss. I been working fur Squire Tony Aste up to de Aqueduct racetract," said John Henry standing very straight.

"Where did you come from?" asked the court.

"Ah wus born in Newpo't, Squire."

"Newport?" repeated the Judge. "You don't talk like a Newporter."

"Yassir, I reckon mos' eberybody in Newpo't talks lak me;"

"What Newport did you come from?"

"Newpo't, Kaintucky, Squire. That's de only Newpo't."

"How did you get up here?" asked the Court.

"Ah come on de kyars, Squire. Squire Aste brung me to de Aqueduct tract. An' say, Squire, you jest lemme go back dar, an' ah won't neber come here to dis place no mo'. I jes' come yer to see de circus, Squire."

"Do you ever gamble?" asked the Court.

John Henry rolled his eyes heavenward. "Sawsir, nawsir. Deed, boss, I wouldn't tell yer ef I had. But I hain't. But Squire Aste he could tell yer things ef he wanted ter. An' I reckon he doan make no mistake. Say, Squire, yer goin' ter lemme go back ter de track, ain't yer? Why, I is jest lak' a fish outter water. I is, when I ain't wit de ponies. I's trainin' ter keep ter de size. I's goin' ter be a jockey some day, I is. An' when I is, it 'ull be Blackie in de lead. But, 'fore Gawd, I sho' will come back an' hant somebody ef I goes back ter dat white trash gang."

John Henry sobbed long and loud when he was told that he would have to return to the Gerry rooms, because he was not old enough to work and has no proper guardian. "I kin' take keah of my own self," he sobbed as he was remanded until Friday for further investigation.

PARK'S EUROPEAN BISON.

First Pair From a Prince's Herd Safely Landed in the Zoo in The Bronx.

The first pair of European bison imported to this country are now safely quartered in a specially prepared corral at the buffalo entrance to the New York Zoological Park in The Bronx. The bison came here last week on the Hamburg American steamer Bethania. This species is the nearest living relative of the American bison, but is distinguishable from it by its long, thick-haired tail and the great length of its legs in proportion to the length of its body. On the whole, it is a less imposing animal.

The animals were purchased of the Prince of Pless for $2,500. They came from the Prince's small captive herd in Silesia.

The Admirable Tinker

By Edgar Jepson.

"A very ingenious and entertaining book.

Tinker is so clever and generally lovable, and the story is so ingeniously told, that the book is wonderfully convincing.

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—*Chicago Inter-Ocean.*

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GOSSIP ABOUT THE STAGE.

THE LEADING PART IN MIRBEAU'S "BUSINESS IS BUSINESS."

A Socialist in Petticoats Is "Germaine"—Katherine Grey to Have the Role—Lackaye's Venture Into Ibsen—Mrs. Fiske on Present Day Theatricals.

Katherine Grey will originate the rôle of *Germaine Lechat* in Octave Mirbeau's "Business is Business," when that play is given in its English garb here next season. Mr. Crane will be as, as has been announced, the master rogue and speculator. In Paris the original was De Feraudy, one of the greatest living comedians. The part that Miss Grey is to take was first played by Mlle. Lara, who was singularly unhappy in it, for she was glacial, aristocratic and not very plastic. In reality Mirbeau meant his character to be a modern girl with singularly elevated views on the subject of commercial honesty, a big hearted woman, given to heavy reading, in a word, a Socialist in petticoats. Miss Grey, who is devoted to the latter day dramatists, ought to be a very effective *Germaine*, especially in the "tirade" episode, where she denounces her father as a cold blooded scoundrel, a despoiler of widows and orphans, a home-breaker and a selfish brute. It is one of the few big moments of the play, in which there is an ocean of dialogue.

During the summer Miss Grey will play leading rôles in the Denver stock company.

It is to be sincerely hoped that Wilton Lackaye will not be discouraged by his recent experience in "Pillars of Society." Ibsen is not for a spring afternoon matinée, a little thing to be lightly dashed off, easily prepared, soon forgotten. And Mr. Lackaye could make of *Bernick* a masterly impersonation. Perhaps Mr. Brady, if he turned his shrewd managerial regard to the Ibsen drama, could give us a series of adequate performances. There is so much nonsense written about these plays that the average actor and actress approach them in fear and trembling, whereas, as Mr. Lackaye sensibly pointed out in an interview, Ibsen always provides genuine acting parts for his characters and a little study will disclose their meanings. But that little study seems to be grudged by mummers and stage managers alike.

Mrs. Fiske's words on this theme, uttered in San Francisco several weeks ago, were prophetic. "As things are nowadays in the theatre we never see a really good dramatic performance. I mean that there are always one or two or more players who are not thoroughly fitted to their parts; they are out of tune. No good conductor would think of leading an orchestra in which there was a single instrument out of tune. He must have and does have trained musicians capable of giving the precise value of every note in the score. But in our casts of to-day, be they never so small, there is always at least one actor out of tune."

The Dutch are the most progressive people on the Continent in the matter of theatrical novelties. Amsterdam had "Business Is Business" a few weeks after its Parisian success, and now it is enjoying "The Robinson Crusoe Family," which is "The Admirable Crichton," while at Rotterdam an English comedy is being played: "Nicht Kate," otherwise "Cousin Kate."

News of Plays and Players.

Richard Grant, Will Mercer and Will Marion Cook are the authors and composer of a new musical comedy, which George W. Lederer is to present at the New York Theatre on May 23, under the title of "At the Barbecue." Both authors and composer are new to Broadway. The scenes are laid in Louisiana in 1830.

Manager Heinrich Conried produces at the Irving Place Theatre to-night Lessing's dramatic poem "Nathan der Weise," with Ferdinand Bonn in the title rôle and Rudolf Christians in the rôle of Tempelherr. Both actors play these parts here for the first time.

"Woodland," the newest offering of Henry W. Savage, will have its first performance in Providence on Thursday. It is the work of Frank Pixley and Gustav Luders. The two scenes are laid in the woods and all of the characters represent birds.

Edwin Forrest Lodge of the Actors' Order of Friendship, at a special meeting yesterday, appointed Joseph G. Grismer, W. H. Crane, DeWolf Hopper, William Courtleigh, Clay M. Greene, George MacIntyre and Milton Noble to represent the lodge at the funeral of Frank W. Sanger, its former president.

President John T. Brush has invited De Wolf Hopper and the rest of the "Wang" company to attend the opening ball game at the Polo Grounds to-morrow. The invitation has been accepted.

Ethel Barrymore sails for London to-day on the Cedric to play an engagement at one of Charles Frohman's London theatres in "Cynthia," by Hubert Henry Davies, the author of "Cousin Kate." Accompanying Miss Barrymore are Joseph Wheelock, Jr., Max Freeman and Beatrice Agnew, who will appear with her.

FIRST SEA WAR EXTRA.

Got Out in Midocean When the Zeeland Heard About the Petropavlovsk.

Isidor Dubois, purser of the Red Star liner Zeeland, in yesterday from Antwerp, and editor of the *Red Star News*, has got a scoop on his esteemed contemporaries on the bounding main by publishing the first war extra ever issued on the Atlantic. Usually, the sea paper is published when the liner gets in touch with Nantucket. She was more than 500 miles east of Sandy Hook on Sunday afternoon at 1:38 o'clock, when she got in wireless touch with the Cunarder Umbria, bound to Liverpool, which gave her the latest war news. The editor regarded it as of so much importance that he broke all precedents and speed records by getting out the extra within an hour and a half after receiving the Umbria's messages. The extra was printed a day ahead of the regular edition and was entitled "First West Bound Edition." This is it:

RUSSO-JAPANESE WAR.

Last Wednesday, April 13, it was reported and officially confirmed that the Russian battleship Petropavlovsk was sunk by the Japanese by means of a submarine mine.

Admiral Makaroff, his staff and crew of 800 men were drowned.

Grand Duke Cyril was saved from death only by a miracle, while his brother Grand Duke Boris, witnessed the catastrophe through a marine glass.

FLOTSAM AND JETSAM.—The Petropavlovsk was a battleship of 10,960 tons' displacement, with 11,215 indicated horse power, speed 17 knots, armed with 57 guns, and her complement consisted of 21 officers and 602 men in times of peace.

BOOKS AND BOOKMAKING.

The fact that few of the novels which have attained phenomenal sales have been published by the firms to which they were first submitted has always been a comfort to unappreciated authors who regard the happening as proof that publishing Joves can nod.

Occasionally the lost opportunity does argue lack of literary acumen on the part of the earlier readers. More often, the situation is explained by the fact that the book finally published bears little resemblance to the book originally offered.

Some literary adviser has seen a possibility in it, has worked over it with the author, has suggested, criticised, changed, until the original story has been completely transformed. One of the most spectacularly successful novels of recent years was refused by several firms, and when published was as much the work of a certain literary adviser as of the author.

Then, again, in spite of the revolution in publishing methods, there are still houses that maintain standards and refuse books not in accordance with those standards, even when they recognize financial possibilities in the rejected books.

One novel which promises to sell briskly this season was refused by three conservative firms. In each case, the verdict was: "It is sure of good sales, but it is not the kind of book we care to publish."

Such scruples may be sadly old fashioned, but they are distinctly refreshing, and long may they wave!

And, apropos of books that sell, the announcement of "The Singular Miss Smith," a new novel by Florence Morse Kingsley, reminds one of the remarkable sale of her earlier book "Titus: a Comrade of the Cross." The book was published by a firm comparatively little known, and the ordinary novel reader may not have heard of it; but, nevertheless, about 2,000,000 copies of it were sold in cloth and paper editions.

This is only one of many instances in which books have reached remarkable sales without having famous publishers as sponsors, or being recognized by critics.

Dr. Sheldon's "In His Steps" sold to the tune of something like one million copies. A little book called "Daily Help for Daily Needs" soared far into the hundred thousands, though a host of other books compounded by much the same recipe fell flat.

One might heap up such instances. Outside of this field are the proscribed books, passed from hand to hand, and selling by thousands and hundreds of thousands.

Verily this publishing business is a great business, and many are the ramifications thereof!

"The Singular Miss Smith" deals in semi-humorous fashion with women's clubs and with the ideals of a rich and youthful sociologist who goes in for a working girl's life in order to study labor conditions, and falls in love with an intelligent workingman who proves to be another sociologist bent upon acquiring knowledge.

Mrs. Van Vorst has dealt more seriously with the woman's club and the working girl problem in her "Points at Issue" and "The Woman Who Toils." Possibly it was Mrs. Van Vorst's seriousness that drove Mrs. Kingsley to facetiousness.

Among the books scheduled for early fall publication by Doubleday, Page & Co. is one that will unquestionably attract much attention. It is a translation, by Lorenzo O'Rourke, of Ernest Renan's "Letters from the Holy Land."

The letters were written by Renan to his closest friend, M. Berthelot, the famous chemist, while he was in the Holy Land gathering material for his "Life of Jesus," and the intimate account of the great French thinker's impressions and experiences is of peculiar interest.

A complete edition of the writings of Benjamin Franklin is to be published simultaneously in America and England in January, 1906, and Prof. Albert Smyth is to start for England soon in search of material to be included in the ten volumes.

"The Autobiography of a Tomboy," by Miss Jeannette Gilder, scored a success last year. Now Miss Gilder is to follow it with a sequel, "The Tomboy at Work."

The story is written around a girl's experiences in business, and though many authors have sung the theme, there is a place vacant for a really clever, sane story of the modern girl in the business world.

Mrs. H. A. Mitchell Keays is a lucky woman. Her first novel, "He That Eateth Bread With Me," is selling well, though critics disagree radically concerning its merit; and she has just inherited a large estate in England.

Not only does the inheritance include a very considerable amount of money, but with it comes a remarkably fine collection of pictures, old furniture, &c. The uncle from whom the bequest came had spent many years in collecting rare and valuable art objects and was also a man of fine literary tastes.

Ever since his niece was a small girl he had insisted upon her writing him a long weekly letter in the best literary style of which she was capable, and had been a frank and severe critic. Mrs. Keays says that any facility of style she may have she owes entirely to his autocratic censorship.

All of which prejudices one in favor of uncles, and, incidentally, inclines one to sigh for the letters of yesteryear. They make such delightful reading, those long, leisurely letters of fine flavor and conscientious finish. Much good may our descendants gain from the telegraphic epistolary hodge podge that goes by the name of correspondence to-day.

Some letters that should find a welcome, especially south of Mason and Dixon's line, will be published in the autumn under the title of "Recollections and Letters of General Lee" by Capt. Robert E. Lee.

The author is the youngest son of the Confederate General, and his book gives an intimate picture of the husband and father as well as of the commander.

Some years ago a novel called "The World's Rough Hand" attracted favorable attention. The author was an Englishman, J. Phelps Whitmarsh, and a versatile genius.

He was a gentleman of fine family, but having come to this country to make a living looked about and decided to accept a place as coachman and gardener. To be sure, he didn't know much about either calling, but that was a mere detail and the retired naval officer for whom he worked valued him above rubies and insisted upon having him at dinner.

Then Mr. Whitmarsh decided to be an electrician, presumably because he knew nothing about electricity, and for some time he filled, with success, the place of head electrician in a New York hotel.

Next he took a flyer in novel writing, with gratifying success, and, having exhausted America, he moved on.

Now he has a fine plantation in the Philippines—"a mile above the sea level in Luzon, where the temperature is never below 46 degrees and never above 75 degrees." There he seems stationary and content and a short time ago he wrote to New York friends for grass seed warranted to make English turf on Luzon soil, because a good tennis court was all on earth that his soul craved.

An Englishman writing from South Africa has been waxing enthusiastic over Kipling's winter home there. The place, which was left to Mr. Kipling for life by Cecil Rhodes, is called "The Woolsack."

"It is in the suburbs," says the letter, "on the slopes of Table Mountain, and it overlooks a wide champaign of wooded country to the far blue hills. It is in its own terraced gardens, edged and backed with pines, and is modelled on the style of an old Dutch house, built round a sort of Roman atrium, with a veranda around the inner square and around the outside also. The house is tiled and panelled in fine old fashion."

With such a winter home and with his splendid old Tudor manor and estate in England for a summer residence, Mr. Kipling could well give up Brattleboro.

William Butler Yeats, having returned to England, is hurling bouquets at the Americans among whom he sojourned, and in whom he found, it seems, "a great intellectual curiosity." He also has much to say about the success of his mission and the light he brought to American Celts concerning the great literary revival in Ireland.

Whereat some English critics have arisen and tersely but eloquently, remarked, "Rot!" They would have us believe that there was no mission—that there is no great literary revival in Ireland—only a very small one.

But Mr. Yeats accomplished at least one mission here. He made one William Butler Yeats known to a previously unenlightened audience. Moreover, he did start a fad for Gaelic literature.

His admirers worked up to the "Mabinogion" and "Cuchulain of Muirthenne" and talked of such Gaelic matters with awesome familiarity and enthusiasm. But will ever Mr. Yeats's mystic charm float the "Thesaurus Palæohibernicus"?

The book is a "collection of Old Irish glosses, scholia, prose and verse." The prospectus says so. What is a gloss? What are scholia? It was well of William Butler Yeats to go back to England and leave us here alone with them.

A MESSAGE FROM ROOSEVELT.

Says He Stands for the Home, Honesty and Purity—For Women, the Bearer Says.

The Woman's Republican Association of the State of New York, ate and talked politics and equal suffrage for five hours at Delmonico's yesterday. There were 210 women and two men at the tables. Mrs. James G. Wentz, president of the association, opened the speechmaking with an attack on Reed Smoot.

"Take a stand for or against every public question," she urged, and begged the women present to spend the summer in "whooping for the Roosevelt party."

"I had an interview with President Roosevelt last Thursday," said Mrs. Wentz, "and he sent to the Republican women of New York, this message: 'Tell them I shall appeal to the women of this country and that I stand for the home, honesty and purity.'"

Mrs. H. S. Tonjes, appealing for the campaign fund, urged the women to "contribute the price of just one theatre treat."

Mrs. C. W. Fisk of Brooklyn had things to say about the Republican women of her borough. "We worked and worked and worked at the last national election," she said, "and the result was we lowered the Democratic vote by 2,000."

Miss Helen V. Boswell, secretary of the organization, was toastmaster. The Rev. Dr. Carson of Brooklyn spoke on "Woman's Influence in Politics." "A close study of the platform adopted at Albany yesterday," he said, "is enough to arouse the enthusiasm of women to defeat it—a platform of expediency and compromise [Applause]. Parker is a candidate of expediency. What the Democrats lost by Mr. Bryan's harangues on the silver issue, they hope now to regain by golden silence."

Spring bonnets nodded approval and Mrs. Carrie Chapman Catt talked about patriotism. She said there never was a time when the country needed the purifying influence of woman more than now.

Mrs. Ralph Trautman responding to "Theodore Roosevelt—our next President," said that politicians did not understand him because he is natural. Charles Bostwick made a few remarks approving equal suffrage.

Fourteen women made addresses before the 210 went home.

PUBLICATIONS.

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CONTENTS FOR WEEK ENDING APRIL 23

Garrison and Non-Resistance. *By Count Leo Tolstoy*
Fifty Years of a Sponge Fisher's Life. *By Carlos Barker*
A Plan for Christian Union. *By Norman Fox*
The German African Troubles. *By Paul Tafel*
The Sweating Device Applied to the Home. *By Ernest Poole*
The Lull Before the Storm. *Our Correspondent in Japan*
Woman's Relation to the Two Sexes. *By Mrs. L. H. Harris*
Some Russian Military Commanders. *Capt. Patrick Mahon*
Two Books on Ruskin.
Asia and Europe.
Books on Modern Preaching.
Heyse's Mary of Magdala.
The Life of Champlain.
Ecclesiastical Disturbance in the Philippines.
How to Unite Two Denominations.
The Political Situation.
Russian Misfortunes.
A Misconception of Municipal Management.
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Rulers of Kings

By GERTRUDE ATHERTON
Author of "The Conqueror," "The Aristocrats"

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$2,000 to Yale in Honor of His Wife.

NEW HAVEN, Conn., April 19.—Yale has received $2,000 from Henry F. English of this city, the largest real estate owner in Connecticut, to establish the Alice Kimball English scholarship for graduate work in the art school. The gift is in honor of his wife.

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"The book is full of incident, and it has a plot which is sufficiently intricate and tantalizing to keep one out of bed and away from the table."
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5th Ave. — "TAMING OF THE SHREW." Big Continuous Vaudeville.
58th St. — THE SHOP GIRL, LOTTIE WILLIAMS. Mats. Mon., To-day, Thurs. & Sat.
125th St. — "AUDREY" Big Vaudeville Twice Daily.

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VICTORIA THEATRE of VARIETIES. 25, 50, 75, 1.00. Daily Mats. 25, 50. 4 Madcaps. 17 Hoosier Zouaves. 423 B'way, 7av. Sherman & De Forrest, Tod Judge Family, others.

AMERICAN 42 St. & 8av. Evg. 8:30. Mat. TO-DAY, 25 & 50c. HAVERLY'S MINSTRELS.

BELASCO THEATRE. Eve. 8. Mat. Sat. S'uvnir day May 12. HENRIETTA CROSMAN in DAVID BELASCO'S new play, SWEET KITTY BELLAIRS.

MAJESTIC Evg. 8. Mats. Wed. & Sat. Last 2 Weeks. WIZARD of OZ with MONTGOMERY and STONE.

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MATINEE CYCLE OF WAGNER'S DER RING DES NIBELUNGEN.
THIS AFTERNOON at 1:30—WALKUERE. Ternina, Fremstad, Homer, Schueler, Kraus, Van Rooy, Blass. Conductor, Mottl.
Fri. Aft., April 22, at 1:30—SIEGFRIED. Gadski, Walker, Lemon, Kraus, Van Rooy, Reiss, Goritz, Journet. Conductor, Mottl.
Sat. Morning, April 23, at 11:30—Special Matinee of WAGNER'S "PARSIFAL." Ternina, Jeeoby, Burgstaller, Van Rooy, Blass, Goritz, Journet, Reiss, Muhlmann. Cond., Hertz.
Sun. Evg., Apr. 24, at 8:30, Pop. Prices. GRAND FAREWELL CONCERT. Soloists: Mmes. Calve, Ackte; MM. Burgstaller, Plancon, Campanari. Entire Metropolitan Opera House Orchestra. Conductor, Mr. Mottl.
Mon. Aft., April 25, at 1:30—GOETTERDAEMMERUNG. Ternina, Weed, Homer, Kraus, Blass, Muhlmann. Conductor, Hertz.
WEBER PIANO USED.

IRVING PLACE THEATRE. To-night, Bonn & Christians in Lessing's "Nathan der Weise." Thurs. Evg., "Krieg im Frieden."

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