



The Mystery of "Mr. Bugle."

By James L. Ford.

MR. DANIEL FROHMAN began the supplementary season at the Lyceum Theatre last night with a distinctly entertaining farce in three acts, called "The Mysterious Mr. Bugle," by Mrs. Madeline Lucette Ryley, known here already as the author of "Christopher, Jr.," and "An American Citizen."

The piece deals with the adventures of a certain Betty Fondacre, who goes down to Lakewood and is obliged to invent an absent husband in order to permit the visits of her fiancé. In stageland the amiable habit of lying, which is taken quite as a matter of course in real life, is invariably attended with results that are serious and forboding to a farcical degree, and because of this lie, which is not a circumstance in comparison to any one in a hundred which are told every day in the week at Lakewood, N. J., she involves herself, and lover and their friends and relations in all sorts of complications from which they are not rescued until the close of the third act, and even then not until some of them have been rendered thoroughly uncomfortable.

Mrs. Ryley's farce is very much like a score of other farces of the complicated school that have been seen here within the past two or three seasons, excepting for the fact that it is really amusing, and is a reasonable entertainment for a sane person to witness. None of the characters hide under tables or pursue each other through doors and windows, or commit any of the other ordinary crimes of farce-land, and for these and other blessings we may be truly thankful. There is one scene, however, in which Joseph Holland treads perilously close to the borderland of insanity by going out to thrash another man and returning a few minutes later with an injured countenance and a torn and dusty coat. When he goes out we know by his threats that he is to be the victim, and when he returns with blood on his nose and an ancient and dirty coat on his back in place of a new one that he wore previously we are none of us surprised, and the ludicrous minority grieved. However, Mrs. Ryley can be forgiven this one slip when we think of the innumerable temptations to farcical idiocy that she has bravely resisted.

"The Mysterious Mr. Bugle" is extremely well played, and there is nothing in the cast to remind us of the fact that this is a supplementary season that we are called upon to enjoy. The leading role of Betty Fondacre is played by Annie Russell, who is always charming and convincing, and is certainly satisfactory here, although somehow she always seems more at home as a prairie flower or mountain blossom or something of that sort, with a broad hat on her head and a twang in her voice. She is admirably well seconded by Grace Fisher, as Julia Fondacre, who plays the ingenu part of the younger sister with remarkable grace and charm, and with perfect naturalness. Indeed, it is a long while since I have seen the part of a very young girl better played than it was last night.

Joseph Holland is Tom Pollinger, Betty's betrothed, and he plays the part well and intelligently and very much as he plays other parts in that line. His peculiar knack of reading funny lines with an absolutely immovable face is shown to excellent advantage here. But after all he is Joseph Holland all through, and we feel that "it is only in a farce that he could awaken the interests of such a sweet woman as Betty Fondacre, nor is Mr. Guy Standing, another farcical lover, the sort of man I should think likely to enchain a romantic girlish fancy, although I must say that he is neat and clean.

An exceedingly clever bit is furnished by John Wooderson, as the burglar. It's a pity there is not more of him in the piece, for in acting, make-up, voice and facial expression his impersonation deserves the heartiest praise.

On the whole, Mrs. Ryley seems to be in luck, for her piece is bound to become popular, I hope to a paying degree, and I am glad to felicitate Mr. Frohman on a happy tide of circumstances which have enabled him to substitute for the regular Lyceum company the group of players who have ushered in what, I trust, will be a most successful supplementary season.

McKinley May Pardon Dunlop.
Washington, April 19.—President McKinley had a consultation with Attorney-General McKenna today about the case of Joseph Dunlop, proprietor of the Chicago Dispatch, who was sentenced to two years' imprisonment for sending improper literature through the mails. The Attorney-General said that mitigating circumstances in the fact that Dunlop's life might be jeopardized by confinement, as he having had two epileptic strokes since his sentence.

KITTY ABBEY BENEFIT.

Crowded house Expected To-night When the Stars of the Grand Opera Sing Their Farewells.

Box office reports at the Metropolitan Opera House give positive promise of a crowded house to-night, when the stars of the grand opera season will sing their farewells to America for two years at a benefit performance tendered to Kitty K. Abbey, the only child of the late Henry E. Abbey.

Mme. Calve, who was too ill to sing at the Sunday night concert, has sent word of her recovery, and of her intention to dis-appoint no one to-night. Mme. Calve's recovery leaves nothing to ask for in the way of a programme.

"Romeo et Juliette," act three, first and second tableaux, will be given with Miss Marie Engle and M. Jean de Reszke in the title roles.

The second act in "Carmen" will be presented with Mme. Calve as Carmen.

"Le Cid," act III, first and second tableaux, will have M. Jean de Reszke and Mme. Fella Litvinne in the leading roles.

The prison-scene in "Mefistofele" will be given by Mme. Calve, Sig. Ceppi and M. Plancon.

To-night's performance will hardly be over when the singers appearing on the programme will begin to pack their baggage ready for passages to Europe, engaged for Wednesday by the New York, and Saturday by the Champagne.

Maurice Grau is booked to sail on Wednesday, and will be accompanied by Jean and Edouard de Reszke, Mme. Litvinne, Amhurst Webber, Willie Schurz, Sig. Bevilacqua, Anton Seldi, Mr. and Mrs. Lionel Mapleson, Mme. Oltzka, Sig. Ceppi, Mme. Beniamin, M. Salligman, M. Biaz and M. Saar. On Saturday Lassalle, Plancon, Vascetti and Corai will sail on the Champagne.

Mme. Calve and Sig. Campanari, being under engagement for a concert tour in New England, will remain in this country for several weeks yet.

Brief Mention of Other Playbills.

Mr. E. H. Sothern began a week's engagement in "An Enemy to the King" at the Harlem Opera House last evening. He was supported by Miss Virginia Harmed and the other members of the cast which helped to make the play so successful when produced at the Lyceum Theatre. The elite of Harlem turned out in force. The entire orchestra had been engaged in advance for a theatre party composed of members of the Harlem Club and their families. Mr. Sothern and Miss Harmed received numerous recalls.

A brilliant audience, representing the best patronage of the Irving Place Theatre, greeted Frau Agnes Sorina last night when she appeared for the first time here as Dora in "Diplomacy." Mr. Corneil's company gave the star adequate support, and the result was one of the finest performances of Sardon's absorbingly interesting play seen here.

Mr. Daly's elaborate presentation of "The Tempest" was last night's bill at Daly's Theatre. It drew a large audience, and will be repeated to-night, Thursday and Friday. On Friday souvenirs will be presented in the shape of copies of Mr. Daly's prompt book of the play.

At Wallack's Theatre "Miss Manhattan" celebrated the beginning of her fifth week at that house with a distribution of souvenir silk parasols with Dresden handles. Several new specialties added to the spirit of the performance.

After two weeks of darkness the American Theatre reopened with Charles Frohman's handsome production of "Two Little Vagrants." The production in detail was the same as that seen at the Academy of Music early in the season.

Lewis Morrison, with his spectacular production of "Faust," opened a week's engagement at the Murray Hill Theatre, drawing a full house. The production is practically the same as seen here for years past. The part of Marguerite was taken by Miss Florence Roberts.

Thousands Greet James J. Corbett.

By E. P. Cohen.

JAMES J. CORBETT, as Ned Cornell, returns home in the first act of "The Navy Cadet." James J. Corbett returned home, as Ned Cornell, at the Academy of Music last night. Said Burton Butterworth, an old stage schoolmate to him.

"You must feel like a conquering hero with all these decorations in your honor." Necessarily, Corbett did not feel like a conquering hero. A punch over the heart delivered by one Fitzsimmons during a discussion at Carson presented that. But he must have been very much gratified. If he had knocked out Mr. Fitzsimmons, his reception could not have been warmer. Thirteen hundred people were in the top-most gallery of the academy; forty-five hundred were in the house. Every seat was taken, the "standing room" was thronged; there was really no room for more. Corbett's wife was in a proscenium box, smiling and happy. In other boxes were Dan Stuart, who pulled off the big fight, James Wakely, Dan O'Rourke, "Honest John" Kelly and such gentlemen much interested in affairs theatre-pugilistic.

"By Jingo!" they affirmed in chorus, "Sullivan in his palmyest days never had a reception like this."

When Corbett first sprang on the stage the 1,800 in the top gallery let themselves loose. A dozen locomotives could not have whistled louder, their applause was deafening. And everyone else, women and men, applauded almost as loud. One gray-haired woman to the right of the parquet circle arose and frantically waved her handkerchief. When weariness caused a lull, shouts subsided.

"What's the matter with Pampadour Jim? What's the matter with Corbett?" And answering shouts, "He's all right!" "Ladies and gentlemen," said Corbett, and he really seemed to be affected by his reception, "I want to thank you for this kind welcome. I feel as if I didn't deserve it. I appreciate what I've lost. I know you all want me to say something about my contest with Mr. Fitzsimmons."

"What's the matter with Bob?" yelled one loyal to Fitzsimmons.

"He was all right that day," answered Corbett, laughing.

So, after the second act Corbett had this to say:

"Every man, if he's not too prejudiced, can't help but acknowledge that I had the best of the contest from start to finish."

"Hi-yi-yi!" from the gallery.

"Don't get me rattled!" laughed Corbett. "I did not expect Mr. Fitzsimmons to tell me to go on and get a reputation. I was a little bit in that fight. He owes it to the public to give me another chance and show, if he can, he is my master."

"The pictures will show—if they're any good (and I hear they're not)—that I had the best of it. I hope the press and public will force him to meet me again. All I want is the pleasure of meeting Mr. Fitzsimmons in the ring to prove I am still the champion."

More yelling, more ear-splitting whistling. Then yells for William A. Brady.

"I don't believe Mr. Fitzsimmons can whip Mr. Corbett," Brady declared. "I have \$25,000 that says so at any time."

"No bluffing, Billy," piped a voice in the gallery.

"The last blow in the fight was foul," said Brady, "and I wanted to protest." "Bill," said Corbett, "I don't want the fight that way. He licked me fair."

Corbett was very much at home on the stage, and the play gave him every opportunity. Mr. Brady is too modest. The programme stated that Charles Goodrich took the part of George Reynolds, an escaped lunatic. The versatile Mr. Brady played the lunatic, and actually shared the honors of the night with the star.

THE MYSTERIOUS MR. BUGLE.

AT LYCEUM.

WILTON LACKAYE. AT LYCEUM.

TWO LITTLE VAGRANTS AT AMERICAN.

AT AMERICAN.

THE BROWNIES AT GRAND OPERA HOUSE.

AT GRAND OPERA HOUSE.

THE WIZARD OF THE BROADWAY.

AT THE BROADWAY.

MR. NEW YORK ESQ AT WEBER AND FIELDS.

AT WEBER AND FIELDS.

HARRY LEWIS AT PROCTORS.

AT PROCTORS.

GRAND OPERA HOUSE.

AT GRAND OPERA HOUSE.

THE MAN FROM MEXICO.

AT THE BROADWAY.

THE MYSTERIOUS MR. BUGLE.

AT LYCEUM.

TWO LITTLE VAGRANTS AT AMERICAN.

AT AMERICAN.

THE BROWNIES AT GRAND OPERA HOUSE.

AT GRAND OPERA HOUSE.

THE WIZARD OF THE BROADWAY.

AT THE BROADWAY.

MR. NEW YORK ESQ AT WEBER AND FIELDS.

AT WEBER AND FIELDS.

HARRY LEWIS AT PROCTORS.

AT PROCTORS.

GRAND OPERA HOUSE.

AT GRAND OPERA HOUSE.

WILTON LACKAYE AS "DR. BELGRAFF."

By Alan Dale.

IT must have been all due to a too lusty Welsh rabbit, and a too beady pale ale. Nothing but these nocturnal luxuries, wooed unwittingly by Mr. Charles Klein, could have produced "Dr. Belgraff," the new play that brought forward Wilton Lackaye as a star at the Garden Theatre last night. Woo the sizzling rabbit yourself one night when digestion plays you pranks, and you will dream of just such a "psychological melodrama" as that which has occurred to Mr. Klein. Yet no indebtedness to these dainties is acknowledged on the programme. There is no mention of any inspiration at all. Mr. Klein allows us to infer that he has written a sane, artistic play, which is asking us to do a little too much.

In "Dr. Belgraff" the leading characters are also hopelessly drenched in alleged mysticism. They all suffer from "inexplicable dread" and are "compelled" to do awful things. They are struggling in a sort of mental fiasco that lands them nowhere at all. Green light illumines their eccentricities—a billion, unwholesome, green light—and they would sooner rant and pant about the stage spookily than behave themselves like every-day, intelligent creatures. Mr. Lackaye, whose phenomenal success in "Tribby" is well known, and equally well deserved, undoubtedly demanded something psychological that should go "Tribby" at least three better. He probably poured forth his yearnings into the ear of promising little Mr. Klein, and that young playwright, in a sort of Du Maurier ecstasy, must have rushed off to some daintily indigestible restaurant and swallowed the troublesome rabbit with the pale ale. Hence "Dr. Belgraff."

Dr. Belgraff is an apparently hopeless mixture of Herr Most and Svengali rolled into one. He has a laboratory, and he works in a cellar with plenty of smoke. He manufactures "faintness" and is anxious to make was so terrible that nobody will want it. He is not precisely anarchic, but he has long, red hair, and that is always suspicious. He wears spectacles as well, which is another damning circumstance. But he has a sister—his Dr. Belgraff. Whenever he alludes to her you think of Bunthorne, who burst into tears each time he thought of his aunt. Sister Bertha is rather a saucy little miss, who has rearings (they all have rearings) for Paris and a jolly life and plenty of fun. She hates the laboratory and the odor of fulminants.

Sir Geoffrey Langham has betrayed dear little sister, and reveals in that fact. Dr. Belgraff knows nothing about it, until his suspicions are aroused by Langham's transcendently beautiful sister Agnes. She comes to the laboratory to warn Bertha, and Dr. Belgraff instantly stabs his fingers upon her forehead and hypnotizes her. Agnes has inextinguishable dreads of nothing at all, every five minutes. She visits the laboratory; she doesn't quite know why. She gazes ardently at Dr. Belgraff; she doesn't quite know why. In fact, there is nothing that she does know very thoroughly.

The "big" scene occurs in the second act, and plunges the theatre into total darkness, relieved by a dash of mystic spinach-green doorway. Dr. Belgraff meets Sir Geoffrey. He asks him to marry his sister and fight the wrong he has done her. Ha! Ha! (You can almost hear the villain chuckling it.) "Men like me don't marry women like your sister," he cries, and instantly the hypnotic fulminant-making doctor (graduated at Bonn) falls upon him. It is then that the house grows dark, as it did in "New York" at the American Theatre—an overturned lamp causing the darkness.

The lovely Agnes, for some inexplicable reason, enters, and is instantly hypnotized forever. Belgraff is henceforth her guiding influence. Under this guidance Agnes accuses Gerald Fenton, a neat young man in a bright green waistcoat, of the murder, and it is only in the last act that the

hapless lady "hapless lady" is just the term Klein would have used if he had thought of it) is restored to explicable mentality, and Belgraff puts the audience out of their misery by taking poison.

In fact the play is so hopelessly green-frey and ultra sensational that it is almost impossible to take it seriously. The "psychology," far from helping its cause, obstructs it in every way. You can endure rational people who know what they are doing, but folks with wobbling cerebral possessions, always impelled psychically to do silly things, alienate themselves speedily from your sympathies. There is an effort to introduce comedy by means of two fearfully irrelevant servants, who come on and do their little turn while the green fire is being brewed, and the leading characters are holding their heads and tapping out more inexplicable dreads. The comic people, however, hold the stage too long. You are anxious to get to the end of the play as soon as possible, but it is a long time coming.

Mr. Lackaye has not improved during his stellar tour of the country. His Svengali was a beautiful piece of work. It had subtlety and it had intricacy. In fact, it was superior to that shown us by Beerholm Tree. But in "Dr. Belgraff" this actor is wholly theatrical. There is nothing under the surface of Dr. Belgraff, except green fire and smoke. It is a pose, and a bad one, all the way through. The sentimental passages are exaggerated, and, as I said before, the Doctor's love for "little sister" reminds you of Bunthorne. Of course, it is a very bad part. For some totally inexplicable reason Lackaye saw fit to accept it. That is really the only inexplicable feature there is to "Dr. Belgraff."

Miss Marie Wainwright, a lovely, placid actress, played the part of Agnes. I have always greatly admired this lady, and I am sorry to see her so ill suited. If anybody must play such a role, it should be some willowy, ingenuous girl. Miss Wainwright is not willowy and ingenuous, and the character seemed even more absurd than it should do. In the hypnotic episodes, Miss Wainwright impressed me as being ridiculous. It is difficult to surmount hypnosis with serious consideration—even at the best of times. Miss Wainwright lends herself to Dr. Belgraff's hypnotic powers very ineffectively.

Byron Douglas as the seductive baronet wore a flaming red waistcoat with superb arrogance, and Miss Alice Evans sang a comic song with misplaced energy. Miss Grace Mae Lamkin was fully sportive, as with such a name she certainly should be. She missed the "serious" shading of her part, but somehow or other you couldn't blame her very severely.

Miss Netherlands has apparently left some of her long wits behind her at the Garden Theatre. It was twenty minutes to 9 before the curtain rose, and the interval between the second and third acts was furiously long.

Mr. Lackaye's many friends gave him a cheering reception, but kind friends are sometimes unconsciously unkind. "Dr. Belgraff" as an Easter nightmare may interest, but it cannot be received in any other form. Who furnished the Welsh rabbit that induced the play? The name of the miscreant would be useful.

Cashier Strickney Laid at Rest.
Somerset, N. H., April 19.—The funeral of Joseph A. Strickney, late cashier of the Great Falls National Bank, who was murdered in the bank by robbers last Friday, was held here today. Thousands of persons were permitted to look upon the body as it lay in state. The interment was in Forest Glade Cemetery. Among those present at the funeral were the directors of both the Great Falls and Somerset National Banks.

Will Vote on Treaty May 5.
Washington, April 19.—The Senate has agreed to vote on the Arbitration Treaty on the 5th day of May, at 4 o'clock. It is understood that the opponents of the treaty expect to have all their strength in the Senate on that date.

DU SOUCHEZ'S "MAN FROM MEXICO."

By Curtis Dunham.

DU SOUCHEZ certainly has the knack of it—the knack of keeping a lot of people laughing steadily at nothing for two hours—almost the rarest knack in the world. We suspected it when "My Friend from India" burst upon our astonished gaze, though some of us trembled for fear we were in the presence of an accident. Last night at Hoyt's Theatre when "The Man from Mexico" had his introduction to the metropolis that suspicion was transformed into certainty. Accidents of this kind don't happen twice. Let Du Souchez stand forth, a dramatist, unadorned and unadorned. For such is the demand of last night's audience at Hoyt's, and the present writer declines to go back of the returns—though he is fully aware that your heavy-weight critic, who criticizes by divine right, will declare "The Man from Mexico" to be as unworthy of serious attention as was "My Friend from India." Away with your heavy-weight critics. It is enough. We have laughed.

Mr. Du Souchez is very honest. He confesses on the programme that he has adapted his second piece from the French of Godinet and Bisson. But it is so intensely local, and so wrapped in and around about Willie Collier that it is safe to say that Messrs. Godinet and Bisson would not recognize their property if brought face to face with it. The best lines in the play have no suspicion in them of French origin. They are witty with the wit that is American, and they apply to situations that are ludicrous to this soil. The only feature that is French is the lightness of touch that characterizes all the scenes, the rapidity of the action—and the name of its adapter. But what is most encouraging are the numerous evidences that the cleverest turns of situations are not to be credited to Godinet and Bisson, but to Du Souchez.

The chief characteristic of Du Souchez's work, as indicated in his "The Man from Mexico," is the expert and natural manner in which he exhausts the possibilities of his situations. Marks of the same hand are seen throughout "The Man from Mexico." There is nothing about the drollest and most unexpected climaxes of rapidly succeeding scenes that is strained or overdrawn or far fetched in the slightest degree. If you stop for analysis you are forced to notice this. But you don't stop for analysis. You laugh from start to finish.

I have already said that you laugh about nothing. The story of "The Man from Mexico" is told in a breath. It is not worth two breaths. Benjamin Fitzhugh and Roderick Majors have a night off at a restaurant of lively reputation called the Cleopatra. Mrs. Fitzhugh, full of suspicion, takes her sister's lover as an escort and visits the same resort, where she is peeped in a room with a German poet just in time to be "punished" by the police with the rest of the inmates. This happens before the action begins.

When Fitzhugh awakes in the morning, he learns from his friend, Majors, that he is in the parole of a court officer, having been "given thirty days on the island."

As Fitzhugh cannot escape his doom, he tells his wife he is off for Mexico. The next scene is the Warden's room in the City Penitentiary, with barred doors opening on corridors and into cells. Willie Collier, who is Fitzhugh, is known by an alias—the one he gave the Judge—and is numbered "77." The German poet is booked as Fitzhugh. To still add to the complications, there is present, too, the Italian waiter who saw Mrs. Fitzhugh at the Cleopatra, but chivalrously cleared her in court. These prisoners are all in convict garb, and Willie Collier's manipulation of the lock step is probably the summit of his career as a comedian.

In the prison scene all the ladies of the piece appear as members of the flower mission. Here the opportunity for satire is made the most of. Fitzhugh manages to conceal his presence from his wife, but

his meeting with the German poet, and his emotion on hearing the latter relate how he was caught by the police in a room with Mrs. Fitzhugh, are touching in the extreme—as is also the letter he writes home from Mexico. Roderick Majors is a visitor at the prison. He is everywhere, and, and always for the purpose of straightening things out—which tickles the audience immensely, since it is Majors, and none other, who is responsible for mixing things up.

Fitzhugh, at the expiration of his thirty days' stay on the island, returns to the arms of his family in gorgeous Mexican apparel—which he explains apart to Majors that he bought on Second Avenue. To celebrate the occasion the family are in Mexican attire, too. Much to Fitzhugh's dismay, he finds that the members of his family know six words of Mexican to his one. But by dint of some of the most expert lying—lying of the drollest and most uproariously funny description—he manages to clear up all the difficulties resulting from his ruse.

Collier has done nothing funnier than the part of Fitzhugh. M. A. Kennedy has a fine chance to display his characteristic drolleries in the part of Majors. As the piece is frankly written around Collier there is comparatively little chance for Louise Allen, as the wife; Nita Allen, as the fiance, and Lulu Tabor and Margaret Gordon, in light southerly roles, to make themselves felt. The German poet was well played by John B. Maher. As for the other people in the cast—well, go and see them.

Frank Daniels Is Still a Wizard.
Frank Daniels and "The Wizard of the Nile" came back to New York last night and repeated their enormous success of last season at the Casino, at the Broadway Theatre. The welcome accorded to the organization was excessively cordial, and the performance was as much in the eye of a home-welcoming as anything New York has seen this year. The Broadway's spacious stage enabled the scenic poet-venturer to be displaced to much better advantage than it was last season, and everything looked as bright as a new production. As for Frank Daniels, he was funnier than ever, and as Kibosh, the itinerant magician, improved every opportunity to renew his popularity with his old friends and make himself a favorite with those who had not seen him last year. Daniels, there is no doubt, has established himself as a popular star of the first water, and comic opera of the lighter style, like "The Wizard," is never in better hands than his. Louise Royce, Walter Allen, Louis Casavant, Yocita Kiskey—in fact, the entire cast, which is practically that of last season, showed none of the usual results of long acquaintance with their roles, which ordinarily brings about an exhibition of tiredness, but played and sang with as much dash as though last night was the first performance of Smith and Herbert's clever opera.

Adele Ritchie, who appeared as Cleopatra, was a decided improvement over any one who has sung the role and won deserved applause.

Rice Hears from His London Play.
Edward E. Rice, the manager of the "Giri from Paris," now playing at the Herald Square Theatre, last night received a cablegram from London to the effect that the English version of "Lost, Strayed or Stolen," produced in London under the title of "Lost, Stolen or Strayed," had scored an instantaneous success.

La Loie Pleas's the Cubans.
Havana, April 19.—Loie Fuller, the American dancer, has appeared here with success.

THE LIST OF TO-NIGHT'S AMUSEMENTS.

Academy of Music	... A Naval Cadet	Hoyt's	... The Man from Mexico
American Theatre	... Two Little Vagrants	Hotel's 34th St. Museum	... Vandeville
Blou	... Counted Into Court	Kelly's	... Continuous performance
Broadway Theatre	... Wizard of the Nile	Knieveler	... The Serenade
Castle	... The Wedding Day	Koster & Bial's	... Gayety
Columbus Theatre	... Cuba's Vow	Madison Square Garden	... Barnum & Bailey
Daly's	... Shakespeare's Tempest	Murray Hill	... Faust
Empire	... Under the Red Table	Olympic Music Hall	... In Great New York
Elton Music	... World of Wax	Parkway Theatre	... Music
Grand Opera House	... The Seaman's	Pleasant Palace-Music Hall	... 1300 P. M.
Grand Opera House	... Palmer Cos's Brownies	Proctor's 23 St.-Continues	... Noon to 11
Garden Theatre	... Dr. Belgraff	Star Theatre	... Charming Fiddlers
Gertrude Theatre	... Never Again	Wallack's	... Miss Manhattan
Herald Square	... The Girl from Paris	Webber & Fields's	... Under the Red Globe
Harlem Opera House	... An Enemy to the King	14th St. Theatre	... Sweet Innocence