the banking house of Kuhn, Loeb & Co., James H. Hyde and Augustus D. Juilliard. All except Hyde and Juilliard have subscribed to fifty shares each of the stock of the Securities Company, which begins business with a paid-in capital of $30,000.

By way of identifying the different interests represented by the directors Mr. Vreeland said that Mr. Baldwin and Mr. Berwind were known to be interested in the Pennsylvania and Long Island railroads. Mr. Cravath and Mr. Schiff represented the interests connected with Kuhn, Loeb & Co., while Mr. Fowler represented himself and English capitalists. Mr. Vreeland would not admit, however, that English capital was interested in either of the new companies. Mr. Hyde, Mr. Vreeland added, was the representative of the Equitable Life Insurance Company in the Securities Company, while Mr. Haven and Mr. Juilliard represented the Mutual Life.

If any conclusions may be drawn from such an identification of interests, these may be as good as any: The Metropolitan Street Railway system passes into the control, should the stockholders approve, of a company which will be dominated by Mr. Whitney and his associates of years in the street railway business, and in which the Pennsylvania Railroad, the Equitable and Mutual Life Insurance companies and the foreign capitalists, represented by Kuhn, Loeb & Co. and Mr. Fowler, will be largely interested. The statement in the announcement to the stockholders of the Metropolitan Street Railway Company says that "Kuhn, Loeb & Co. inaugurated the negotiations" and that firm has underwritten all the stock of the Metropolitan Securities Company at par, "conditioned upon the ratification of the lease * * *."

The Interurban Street Railway Company so the announcement to the Metropolitan Street Railway stockholders states, has an authorized capital stock of $20,000,000, and has entered into an agreement with the Securities company, by which the latter is to do the following:

Pay to the treasurer of the Interurban company at least $23,000,000 in cash, as required for the purposes hereinafter stated, receiving in return stock of the Interurban company at par and debentures bearing interest at a rate not exceeding 4 per cent per annum. The agreement further provides that the Securities Company shall acquire any further stock and securities that the Interurban company may hereafter issue.

The certificate of incorporation of the Securities Company states that the duration of the company is to be for 1,000 years, and that the purposes for which it was formed are as follows:

To subscribe for, purchase, invest in, hold, own, assign, pledge and otherwise dispose of shares of capital stock, bonds, mortgages, debentures, notes and other securities, obligations, contracts and evidences of indebtedness of corporations of the State of New York, or of any other State, including corporations which own, operate or lease, or which are organized for the purpose of constructing, owning, operating or leasing, street surface railroads, elevated railroads, rapid transit railroads, railway terminals or railroads of any character or description in the city of New York or its suburbs or in territory adjacent thereto, and corporations engaged in furnishing, or organized to furnish electricity for any lawful purpose, or power in any form for use upon or which may be used upon street railroads or other railroads, and corporations whose funds are or may be invested in the shares of stock, bonds or other securities of any corporations of the character hereinbefore described; to exercise in respect of any such shares of stock, bonds and other securities of corporations any and all the rights, powers and privileges of individual ownership, including the right to vote; to issue bonds and other obligations and to secure the same by pledging or mortgaging the whole or any part of the property of the company, and to sell or pledge such bonds and other obligations for proper corporate purposes; and to do any and all acts and things tending to increase the value of the property at any time held by the company.

The said corporation shall be and is hereby authorized to purchase, acquire, hold and dispose of the stocks, bonds and other evidences of indebtedness of any corporation, domestic or foreign, and issue in exchange therefor its stock, bonds or other obligations.

From this it will be seen that the future holds great possibilities for the Metropolitan Street Railway system. Under this certificate of incorporation it may be annexed, through the Securities Company, to almost anything.

In speaking of the benefits to accrue to his stockholders from their approval of the whole proposition, Mr. Vreeland said:

If our stockholders approve the plan now submitted, an unqualified guarantee will be afforded to the Metropolitan stock of 7 per cent, with additional strength, first, by the immediate expenditure of $20,000,000 in improvements; second, by the association of the Metropolitan franchises with those of the Interurban Company, and, third, by the support of $30,000,000 of new capital incorporated in the Securities Company.

That is one side of the transaction. What is the consideration to the new company for the obligations it assumes? In the first place, the new company gets the future development of the Metropolitan Street Railway system beyond the payment of 7 per cent. upon the Metropolitan capital, and beyond the payment of its full interest charges, and my estimate is that when these moneys have been expended upon the property which are provided for by the new capitalization the surplus earnings of the property will alone make the stock of the new company a good investment.

In addition to that, we transfer to the new company the floating assets of the Metropolitan, bonds, stocks, claims, &c., equal in value in my judgment, when fairly realized upon, not now but in the future, to the full capitalization of the new company; so that if these estimates of mine are correct the value of the lease and the value of the securities should make the new stock very desirable. Therefore, I have insisted that, up to the extent of about $23,400,000, of the new investment in the new corporation, my stockholders shall have a right to participate, if they desire, in the investment.

Continuing Mr. Vreeland called attention to the fact that, under this proposition men not heretofore indentified with street railroad interests would be interested in the properties of his company, these men, should the proposition be approved, holding one-fifth of the stock of the Securities company. This statement suggested the following question:

"Who, Mr. Vreeland, were the two or three men in whose minds this proposition originated?"

"There were no two or three men. There was just one man and his name is William C. Whitney. I went to my directors with this statement: 'Gentlemen, the properties you have entrusted to my management must be extended. It will cost money. I cannot spend the money until the properties earn it. Can you provide the money?' Mr. Whitney then and there took the problem off my hands and he figured out the proposition which was made public to-day. This is his way of retiring from business."

Continuing Mr. Vreeland said:

If our stockholders approve the proposition, the following changes and extensions of our system will be made next summer: The Ninth Avenue line will be extended from Fifty-third street to the Cortlandt street ferry, thus sending West Side traffic straight through instead of sending it down Broadway and Sixth avenue. The Fourteenth street line will be changed to electricity. The Canal street line will be extended through to Centre street, so that persons can get to the upper West Side straight from Brooklyn Bridge.

The Second avenue line will be extended along its original route, from Stuyvesant place down through Chrystie street to Grand, to the Bowery, where the cars will go down over the tracks of the Third avenue to the Post Office, instead of running as they do now, through Astor place and down over the Fourth avenue tracks.

THE SAVOY THEATRE.

Ethel Barrymore to Be in First of the Frohman-Fitch Productions There.

Yesterday Charles Frohman announced his plans for Ethel Barrymore. The first part of the arrangement is indefinite. He will not decide positively until he reaches London in a month whether she will act in that city this spring in "Captain Jinks of the Horse Marines," in which she will continue to act in America until May. She is known to London through two years' connection with Sir Henry Irving's company although in small parts. The sure part of Mr. Frohman's announcement of yesterday is that Clyde Fitch is writing another play for Miss Barrymore. It will be the first of the Frohman-Fitch productions at the Savoy, occurring some time next October.

At the Savoy last evening Elsie de Wolfe gave valentines to the women who went to see her in "The Way of the World." She and her company are rehearsing George Bernard Shaw's comedy of "Captain Brassbound's Conversion," to play at some extra matinées during the run of Clyde Fitch's comedy at the Savoy, probably early in March.

PADEREWSKI'S OPERA HEARD.

"MANRU" PRODUCED LAST NIGHT WITH GREAT SUCCESS.

A Great Triumph Scored for Its Distinguished Composer—An Opera of Music and Moonlight—New Singers.

Until 10 o'clock last night in the Metropolitan Opera House at the production of Paderewski's "Manru" the applause was politely apathetic. Two acts had passed and little had stirred the large audience except the love duo. After that the enthusiasm brought the principals upon the stage and—Paderewski. Then the beloved piano virtuoso enjoyed a bigger success than "Manru." Indifference was transformed into overwhelming handclapping. If he had played then and there a Hungarian rhapsody the success of his life would have been insured and his listeners have missed the third act of "Manru" with its attractive gypsy music.

The performance was an excellent though not a brilliant one. The new tenor Bandrowski, who sang the title rôle abroad, was a slight disappointment. He has an inflexible voice without much color or resonance. And his tone production is pinched He is a big man whose acting was conventional and of the robustious order. Sembrich surprised her admirers by singing and acting *Ulana*, a part not particularly suited to her. In the duo she was very dramatic. David Bispham as *Urok* had a character suited to his taste.

He made much of his chances. Fritzi Scheff was at her best as the gypsy girl. Mme. Homer as *Hedwig*, Blass as the musical *Jagu*, Muhlmann as *Oros* were all satisfactory. Nahan Franko played the Magyar-Gypsy fiddle "off" the stage, and the chorus, barring bad pitch in Act I., deserved some of the flowers. Mr. Walter Damrosch won fairly the ardent handshake the composer gave him on the stage. He conducted with great skill and sympathy.

The orchestral intermezzo in Act III. with its Berlioz-Tschaikowsky color revealed Paderewski's technical and imaginative mastery at its happiest. But the dramatic psychology hardly carried across the footlights. The moon behaved itself and there was a newly painted curtain. "Manru" enjoyed a popular success and Paderewski a greater.

It was quite in consonance with Paderewski's character that he should have selected such a fascinating theme as the eternal antinomianism of the dweller on the soil and the deracinated one; the conflict of peasant and gypsy. Despite the structural weakness of the book, the composer has so flooded it with music, the music of the pervasive, poetic personality, that after several balky starts the whole is set fairly afloat in the finale of Act I. Dr. Alfred Nossig is the librettist. He is a German Pole and a friend of Paderewski. A favorite Maori proverb declares that our enemies are our true friends. The converse is also true.

Whether considered dramatically or poetically the "Manru" poem fails; it falls short in its development of an excellent thesis. This is it: "When the full moon floods the night, errant grows the Gypsy wight"—a translation with all due deference to syllabic stress, meaning and admirably Englished by Mr. Henry Edward Krehbiel, whose English version of the vocal score is published by the Schirmers.

This motto has been seized upon by Paderewski as his poetic point of departure. Idealist that he is, and far from being *un homme du théâtre*, or even possessing what Henry James calls the "scenic idea," the Polish musician has sought for the larger symbol in the rather meagre and sordid tale of the librettist, a tale originally told by Kraszewski. He sees poetwise the strange conjunction of music and moonlight; and dovetailing this lunar madness with the melomania of the gypsy, he lets loose his fingers on the keyboard of the emotions.

What he plays is not always his own—but what he does with other men's ideas is his own. And so "Manru" is a rhapsody, a true Polish rhapsody in which commingles melodiously the drowsy, drugged sorrow of Sarmatia with the crazy, lascivious tunes made by cluttering *cymbalom* and tambourine.

The story told is simple: A Galician peasant girl married broomstick fashion to a gypsy tires of her isolation and returns to her kinsmen. But she is despised, reviled and goes back to her gypsy man, only to find that he, too, is tiring. Upon these primitive folk several influences are brought to bear by the dramatist. A dwarf, in love with the woman, gives her a potion through which she is to regain—not to hold, however—the love of her Romany husband. And the other factor is a fiddling gypsy who sets rustling the chords of *Manru's* former vagabond life.

After the aphrodisiac is administered the love for his wife flares up in *Manru's* bosom, but soon evaporates in the cold poisonous beams of a magic moon. Here is the first false note in the psychology of Nossig. Wagner invokes the chemists' black art in "Tristan und Isolde"—"*Kennst du der Mutter Künste nicht?*—but just there is the secret of Wagner's potency: His lovers were lovers before *Brangaene* administers the goad to their reluctant passions that precipitates the catastrophe.

Now Dr. Nossig believes in the mechanical method. Naturally, *Manru's* passion, an odious passion, is short lived. Nor do we sympathize with the illuded woman when he leaves her, joining a roving gypsy band to which he is speedily elected leader. Little need is there, except as relief, for *Asa*, the gypsy maid, and her weaving wiles. *Manru* would have returned to his race—if for no other reason than that his wife bored him.

The librettist does not deceive us even when he sets *Ulana*, the wife, to singing a plaintiff lullaby. In a word, the book contains no sympathetic characters, except, perhaps, the dwarf, *Urok*, whose savagery is repellant until it is seen that he is really the *deus ex machina;* he loves the woman; he secretly incites the man to leave her by telling him that he will leave her; and he gives her the potion the effect of which he clearly foresees.

In the amended version of the *finale* it is *Urok* who pushes *Manru* over the precipice, thus avenging at a stroke the suicide of the deserted woman, the faithlessness of the Tzigane, and his own desperate love for the wretched *Ulana*. The work could be called appropriately "Urok" and not "Manru." At no time does this heroic weakling win our affections; all in a tremor when the fiddling strains are heard, he is a brute won to passion by a mere powder.

Unconsciously the composer felt all this for, without wishing to, he made of *Urok* the principal figure. Not that to him is accorded the best music, but the most characteristic—withal memories of *Mime*, *Alberich*, *David* and *Beckmesser* issue from his lips. *Ulana* is rather colorless. The great art of Marcella Sembrich made her vital last night; but dramatically alive the figure is not. *Ulana* is lachrymose in Act I; maternal and deceitful in Act II.—a blending of an *Isolde* and a *Gutrune*, a woman who offers cantharidic cups to men—and weakly suicidal in Act III. Not an appealing creature, *Manru* viewed as a symbol attracts—otherwise he is a selfish, vain boastful fool. *Asa*, the *Carmen* of Act III. is a lively silhouette though conventional.

She wriggles her hips and beats amorously upon the tambourine; a pale replica of her Sevillian sister, without the divers tongues of melody. *Hedwig*, the *Mamma Lucia* of the Tatra Mountains, the mother of *Ulana*, is merely an ear—something to whisper into. Her simulation of activity at the close of Act I. bears upon it the imprint of a librettist anxious for any sort of an ending. *Oros*, the gypsy chief deposed by *Manru*, is a mere lacuna, particularly since the rôle of slayer has been denied him. *Jagu* is the gypsy fiddler whose siren tunes draw *Manru* back to his tribe. And the chorus—!

Whether intentionally or not the poet and composer have restored the chorus to its old position in the centre of the stage. There is much—far too much for modern ears—of choral music throughout. It monopolizes the scene in Acts I. and III.; so much so that the principals come and go like wraiths in all the hurly-burly of Slavic folk songs, ryhthmic dances and whirling rhapsodies.

It is cosmopolitan in its musical taste, this chorus; it sings after the manner of the Sicilians in "Cavalleria Rusticana," and anon like the warlike *Valkyries*. Upon the massed singing devolves much of the color of the score. The ballet music must not be forgotten, either. It is the real attraction of Act I. with its Krakowiakian measures, its interesting Bacchic energy. And it was well danced last night.

Theatrically speaking, "Manru" is deficient in climaxes. The end of the first act is weak—there is little movement in the entire scene. Act II. with its forge in the forest, its *Berceuse* gypsy music and the love duo may be the popular one. But it is full of barren, weary wastes in which the composer is heavily handicapped by an anti-climax. In Act III. the dramatist poses a psychologic problem, which is solved by the composer. Across an agitated sky is driven a rack of clouds behind which the moon shows. It is "mad, naked summer night," and *Manru* exhausted by his troubles sleeps upon the ground. As the moon waxes and wanes in its ambush of scurrying vapor the sleeper grows restless or sinks into hypnotic slumber.

This dream-psychology interpreted by the orchestra is the most original thing of the opera. Some such thing was achieved in "Hansel und Gretel," and Wagner makes his *Sieglinde* a seer of visions. But the peculiar concurrence of music and moon, and their combined attack upon the wild brain of a gypsy is a triumph for Paderewski. "*Ist der Mond am Himmel voll, dann wird der Zigeuner toll.*" Here is the true leading motive of the work and the one upon which the composer's instinct pitched for devoted and extended treatment.

Doubtless the list of operas with gypsy subjects is large. For the present it is sufficient to enumerate "The Bohemian Girl," by Balfe; "The Gypsy's Warning," Julius Benedict; "Carmen," Bizet; "King Against His Will," Chabrier—*Minka* is Polish at least; "L'Amico Fritz," Mascagni, has a gypsy fiddler; "Il Trovatore," Verdi, with an old favorite *Azucena*; "Preciosa," Weber, and in Georg Pittrich's "Marga" the background is not unlike "Manru's." But Paderewski's gypsy is something different. He is—or is intended to be—the nomad whose love of wandering has become an obsession second only to his delirium of the senses when music sounds.

He is a lover of nature like "Jasper Petulengro," who obstinately answered "Lavengro's" question thus: "There's night and day, brother, both sweet things; sun, moon and stars, brother, all sweet things; there's likewise a wind on the heath. Life is very sweet, brother; who would wish to die?" It is hardly necessary to add that Nossig proposed and Paderewski disposed. It is to the score of "Manru" that we must go for the truth of the narration.

Mr. Finck the other day quoted Ferdinand Pfohl, the Hamburg critic, in his classification of the five types of modern opera: "Tristan und Isolde," "Die Meistersinger," "Carmen," "Faust," "Cavalleria Rusticana." That these categories are incomplete can be seen at a glance, for where is the Verdi music drama? Mascagni is a decadent offspring of only one of Verdi's tendencies. However, not to dive into the troublesome sea of comparative æsthetics it may be stated broadly that "Manru" contains within its pages all five of the opera styles mentioned above.

It is eclectic with a vengeance; and in it the genres are mixed, from light comedy to grim tragedy. Paderewski does not stop at ethnic music, but lays bold—and polite—hands upon "Carmen," "Siegfried," "Walküre," "Cavalleria Rusticana;" not to mention Chopin, Liszt, Verdi, Gounod and Schubert. And he calmly takes the wind out of our critical sails by admitting the Wagnerian influences in his opera. He is the *Manru* and Wagner is his moon. When he nears a situation akin to one in a Wagner drama, the Wagner moon peeps forth and Paderewski becomes restless.

In the smithy episode the entire atmosphere is surcharged with "Siegfried." A forest, a forge, a tenor, an anvil, a hammer—and the lusty crash of the iron is rhythmically related to *Siegfried*. Yet with a difference; the *morale* is not that of Wagner's brother to dragons. Here all is sultry passion, morbid, inasmuch as it is a violent and unnatural artifice, connubial though it be. Musically *Manru's* solo and the duo with *Ulana* touch the emotional apex of the opera, though the big passional note is not clearly sounded in the fragmentary phrases. But then this is a first opera!

Paderewski does not always write gratefully for the voice; he is first the instrumentalist. The chief lyric of the opera, the cradle song—exquisitely phrased by Sembrich—is quite Schubertian. Once in the duo does he touch the rim of originality; there the hands are the hands of Paderewski. He has contrived gracious dance and choral music in Act II.

In Act III. the beguiling of *Manru* by *Asa* is too obviously *Carmen's;* even the clever gypsy march hints at Bizet. Throughout the pattern is symphonic—that is, dramatic symphonic commentary. The use of leading motives is never obtrusive, the orchestration is smooth, highly colored and sonorous. Only in half a dozen places does it sound thin and patchy. Notwithstanding the rhythmic monotony of Act I., the rhythms in the succeeding acts are full of variety.

The *tempi* changes continually, and this with difficult vocal writing makes a successful performance problematic. "Manru" is an exceedingly unequal work; and the Polish esprit which informs it, the *Zal* of Chopin, in *Ulana's* languorous pessimistic measures, soon evaporates in the vast spaces of an operatic auditorium.

Paderewski is modern in his treatment of the *parlando* and the linking of minor episodes. The form ranges from the closed lyric to the free fantasy of the music-drama. Were it not for the wanderings of the librettist, his music would be much closer knit than it is. This is proven by his successful coping with an intense situation. His real power is put to the severest test in Act III. That an opera composer young in his art—for Paderewski is known by his piano music—should have attempted such a task is proof that he has the courage of his imagination. It is here that we get the *nexus* of the composition; here all the thematic strands are united in a synthesis that is bold in its psychology, daring in its orchestral treatment.

A Gypsy dulcimer, so familiar to lovers of Hungarian music is introduced in the last act. Here, after the finding of *Manru* senseless in the moon's rays, all is picturesqueness, animation, a very storm of jealousy, seductive passion, and melodramatic retribution. The three scenes are interesting as tableaux, the costumes exotically pretty. There is no prelude—a few bars of the oboe produce an impression of wistful melancholy, the mood which ushers in the play.

"Manru" is not a great, original opera. It is a many-colored coat of styles. It leans too heavily in general thematic conception and development upon Bizet and Wagner—surely the prelude to the third act recalls and is dominated by "Die Walküre!"—but there is much that is delightfully miniature and ingenious, dainty, pretty and aspiring in its pages; much that exhibits an eager hand only waiting for the proper dramatic metal to force musical shapes more strongly individual and more dramatically sincere.

"Manru" *is*, after all, Paderewski—that mystifying medley of fantasy, caprice, magnetism, poesy, charm and illusion. It will live—until its creator composes a second opera. And then he will be the first to forget his virgin essay in a form as yet alien to his rhapsodic temperament.

PADEREWSKI DELIGHTED.

The Composer Satisfied With Every Detail of His Opera's Production.

Ignace Paderewski, the composer of "Manru," and the hero of last evening at the Metropolitan, arrived just as the overture began and went to Parterre Box 4 as the guest of Mr. and Mrs. James Speyer, with whom M. and Mme. Paderewski had dined. Others in the box were Mr. and Mrs. H. B. Hollins and August Belmont. Mme. Paderewski was dressed in white satin.

Soon after the opera began, the composer went to the stage and remained there during the performance. He refused to appear after the first act in spite of the applause. After the curtain had fallen for the second time, the audience brought out Mme. Sembrich and M. von Bandrowski several times and then they disappeared in search of the composer. He was greeted with immense enthusiasm. Several times he appeared with the singers and appeared once more to cross the stage. Mme. Sembrich, instead of following him, suddenly closed the door in the proscenium arch and M. Paderewski stood alone before the public. Then he was allowed to retire.

A large wreath of laurels tied with the Polish colors was handed to the composer and a basket to Mme. Sembrich. Paderewski sent the prima donna an enormous heart made of violets with one red rose in the centre and bouquets to all of the other singers.

M. Paderewski expressed himself as delighted with the representation. "It was perfect in every way," he said, "I am delighted."

Edouard de Reszke was behind the scenes. "I have no part in the opera," he said, "but I couldn't keep away. I wanted to get some kind of a rôle, as the work was written by one of my compatriots, but there was nothing for me to sing."

Mme. Sembrich had never sung before in a Polish opera in New York. "I have sung twice in Warsaw," she said, "in works by Polish composers and I was delighted at the opportunity to create the rôle of the heroine in the new opera of my friend, M. Paderewski. Tell them that I look just like a Galician, whatever else they may think of this costume."

Alexander von Bandrowski, who appeared for the first time in America last night, has sung the rôle of *Manru* several times in Polish, but never before in German "and never," he added, "before such a brilliant audience."

M. Paderewski and the singers insisted on bringing M. Damrosch forward after the second act and the audience applauded him for his share in the result of the evening.

A new curtain of deep crimson velvet heavily ornamented with gold, was shown for the first time.

THE PHILHARMONIC REHEARSAL.

Excerpt From a Strauss Masterpiece—Liszt's Todtentanz Played.

The programme presented by the Philharmonic Society in Carnegie Hall yesterday afternoon at its sixth public rehearsal contained Mozart's C major Symphony; Schumann's Concertstück for piano and orchestra Op. 92; the love scene from Richard Strauss's "Feursnoth;" Todtentanz for piano and orchestra, Liszt; and Wagner's Huldigungs march. Mr. Emil Paur conducted and Mr. Harold Bauer was the pianist.

At least one of these numbers was a novelty and two more have been so rarely heard that they are practically new to this generation. Mr. Paur, who floats the flag of Richard Strauss, selected the last scene of that composer's "song poem" in one act, "The Famine of Fire," recently produced in Germany with mixed results. As Strauss is the one big man to-day in creative composition, every new work of his from a lyric to a symphonic poem is bitterly attacked, enthusiastically espoused. It certainly augurs well for the Philharmonic Society that it has had the courage to abandon its mossback policy and give a novelty at each concert.

Strauss is a living issue, therefore this music is interesting, even when it is not—if the bull be permitted. But it usually is, and this excerpt from the one-act opera, while it suffers in being wrenched from its context, is nevertheless a superb, a flaming symphonic outburst. It is the climax of a legend relating how fire was taken from old Munich and how fire was restored to that town. The method of its restoration is as familiar as the story of Adam and Eve. Strauss has made his dénouement a frenzy of passion. The last six pages of the vocal score were played by Mr. Paur and his men. Rather a concert version was made, for the music halts about the middle of the page at the top of an ecstatic *arpeggio*.

But what mastery is revealed in these throbbing measures! What avoidance of the obvious in climacteric, in rhythm, in tonality! Here is individual style; here is a complete assimilation of Wagner and Liszt—if you will—and with absolutely an original emotional outcome. The orchestral coloring, the naively tender episodes and the gorgeous wave of fiery jubilation after the eloquent pause when the full orchestra swings into the unexpected key of B flat major—all these show the mighty grasp of the great orchestral fresco painter. So well played was this music that Mr. Paur had to repeat it in response to hearty applause.

Liszt's interesting variations on the "Dies Iræ" have not been heard here since Franz Rummel played them with Dr. Leopold Damrosch. Eugen d'Albert announced the opus; so did Alexander Lambert; so did Siloti. But they failed to make good their promises. In Mr. Lambert's case it was a sore finger that prevented him. Mr. Bauer revived the number last month in Brooklyn with the Boston Symphony Orchestra, and Mr. Philip Hale, the critical commentator of its official programme book, gave a detailed history of a very curious composition.

Von Bülow's favorite, its form possibly suggested to César Franck his symphonic variations for piano and orchestra. But the Liszt music is more fantastic, more *macabre*. The composer allowed himself to be influenced, after the well-known self-hypnotizing Lisztian fashion of Liszt, by the orcagna fresco "The Triumph of Death," not forgetting Holbein, Callot and other delineators of the subject. Death in this Liszt score does not arise and play the xylophone as in Saint-Saën's poem—that dream of a retired undertaker's. He selected as his *cantus firmus* the awful *Dies Iræ*, and proceeds to treat it in a diversity of moods, from gently ironical jesting to sardonic mauling.

The piano part—of which no detailed analysis need be given—is fantastic, sinister, gay with conventual cadenzas and full of sheet lightning *glissandos*. Decidedly a grateful work for pianists; decidedly caviare to the general. There are wonderful bits of orchestration, sustained development and an effective close. As music making it ranks with Liszt at his best. Yet never once is grim mortality suggested as in the close of Tschaikowsky's B minor symphony. Rather is it all the brilliant *causerie* of a *boulevardier*, full of *esprit* in his comments upon the arts of cremation. Liszt was ever a magnificent comedian.

Mr. Bauer, who played the exacting piano part with dash, exceeding finish and sympathy, also contributed the solo in Schumann's G major Concertstück. This late work presents no novel view of Schumann's genius. It is an amiable *rechauffé* of his beautiful piano concerto, particularly the intermezzo. The arabesque is also hinted at. In structure quite simple, a sort of abbreviated *concertante*—the piano part is only twenty pages in the Bote & Bock edition—the composition consists of dreamy episodes, loosely linked together, with hardly anything but mere changes of tonality in the working-out section. It begins in G, goes to the relative minor in the allegro, and we hear with amazement a few bars from Mendelssohn's Scotch Symphony, only to recall the fact that Schumann reverenced the man whose talents were the precise antithesis of his own. This concert piece is without brilliancy; it is introspective, and from its pages there exhales the evanescent charm of a fading romanticism.

This was all musically read by the solo pianist, who is a prime Schumann interpreter. He has singing violin fingers—himself an admirable violinist. Mr. Bauer received plenty of applause and was recalled many times.

The afternoon began with that fount of music undefiled, Mozart's "Jupiter" symphony, and ended with the triumphant Wagner march. The band under Mr. Paur's intense and dramatic beat played with great verve. This evening the same programme will be repeated.

LILLI LEHMANN LECTURES.

Talks to the Vegetarian Society of the Beauties of a Natural Life.

Mme. Lilli Lehmann, the grand opera singer, delivered a short address to the Society of Vegetarians in the chapel room of Carnegie Hall last night. Mme. Lehmann became a vegetarian seven years ago when she recovered from a severe attack of nervous prostration by a course of vegetable diet, as she supposed. Her principles are also founded on her love of animals, and not long ago she complained that the animals in the Central Park menagerie were not properly treated. Before she became a vegetarian, she said last night, the idea of killing domestic animals was repugnant to her.

"We must regard ourselves as the vanguard of the coming generation," said Mme. Lehmann, "and we must be the champions in leading an ideal life. I regard it as a duty to acquaint my help with all moral and æsthetic aims and to teach them prudence. Simplicity and moderation are the principles of normal life. The Government should see that the children are inculcated with the idea of humanity to animals. My own striving is to simplify my life, to make it a normal life, not to live according to my circumstances."

The society gave Mme. Lehmann a vote of thanks.

President Ernest H. Crosby introduced Ralph Waldo Trine, who was instrumental in having the Bennett Anti-Pigeon Shooting bill introduced at Albany. He told the society that there was danger of the bill being defeated as the powder manufacturers had a strong lobby. President Crosby referred to the pigeon shooters at traps as "double-dyed villains who kill for sport a bird which is the emblem of peace and love."

Paderewski to Play To-day.

Ignace Paderewski is to give his first recital at Carnegie Hall this afternoon at 2:30. His programme is to be as follows: Sonata, opus 53, Beethoven; "Songs Without Words," Mendelssohn; Nocturne in C minor, Etudes, mazourkas, Polonaise in F sharp minor, Chopin; "Au bord d'une source," Étude de concert; Liszt, and "La Campanella," Paganini-Liszt.

Texas Gould Roads Under One Head.

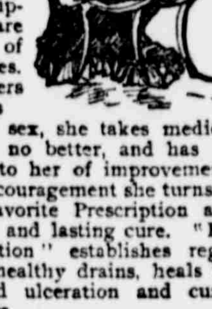
FORT WORTH, Tex., Feb 14.—Telegrams have been received here from President Gould of the Gould system of railroads, corroborating the report that the Gould lines in Texas would be operated under one general head from Fort Worth. The lines thus affected are the Cotton Belt and the International and Great Northern. The statement is also made that the Fort Worth and Denver City road is soon to be absorbed by the Gould interests, which will give the Gould system a direct outlet from the Northwest to the Gulf seaport.

JOTTINGS ABOUT TOWN.

Policeman John McCrea, who has been attached to the Information Bureau at Police Headquarters, was dropped from the force yesterday by Col. Partridge for being absent ten days without leave.

Judgments of absolute divorce were granted in these cases yesterday: By Justice O'Gorman, to Melissa W. Compton from Charles K. Compton and to Joseph Kavoritz from Gussie Kavoritz, and by Justice Blanchard to Ida I. Childs from Ellsworth Childs, and to Joanna Wade from Frederick E. Wade.

The doctor sometimes passes a harder sentence than the judge. But the sentence of the doctor is more often set aside or overruled than is that of the judge. In the case of Mrs. Reycraft given below, the doctor sentenced her to about eighteen years of physical punishment and misery. But she rebelled against the sentence, and commenced the use of Doctor Pierce's Favorite Prescription. In a few weeks she was a well woman.



It's a peculiarity of the cures effected by the use of Doctor Pierce's Favorite Prescription, that they are generally cures of chronic diseases. A woman suffers with diseases peculiar to her sex, she takes medical treatment, gets no better, and has no hope held out to her of improvement. Then in her discouragement she turns to Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription and finds a prompt and lasting cure. "Favorite Prescription" establishes regularity, dries unhealthy drains, heals inflammation and ulceration and cures female weakness.

"Four years ago my health began to fail," writes Mrs. Nellie M. Reycraft, of Glenwood, Washington Co., Oregon. "I had a very heavy dragging and weight in the region of the uterus, pain in back and loins, could not lift anything heavy, rest at night very poor; stomach deranged. One physician said I was overworked, another said I had congestion and falling of uterus. He treated me nine months and said I would not be well until I had passed the change of life. I was only twenty-seven years old then. I became discouraged, and began using Doctor Pierce's Favorite Prescription. Took a teaspoonful three times a day; began feeling better right away. Am using my third bottle now, and feel I am in good health. I believe Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription has restored me to health. If suffering women would give it a fair trial they would give it praise."

Dr. Pierce's Common Sense Medical Adviser, paper covers, is sent *free* on receipt of 21 one-cent stamps to pay expense of mailing *only*. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

To Cure Grip in Two Days.
Laxative Bromo-Quinine removes the cause. E. W. Grove's signature on every box.—*Adv.*

A STEADY WORKER.

Coffee Works Slow But Sure.

Many people use coffee day after day, without an idea of the serious work it does with nerves, stomach, bowels, and sometimes with the eyes, heart and kidneys. Its work is done gradually, that is, the poison affects the nerve centres a little to-day and a little to-morrow and so on, and finally the nerve cells are slowly broken down and then Nature begins the call for help.

It is a safe proposition that if a man or woman has headaches, stomach trouble, or any such ailments come on at intervals, something is wrong with the food or drink, and this question should be investigated carefully, for health is the best capital any-one can possess and willfully breaking it down is a piece of childish folly.

It is easy to leave off coffee if one will take Postum Food Coffee, properly made, for Postum has a delicious coffee flavor and a deep seal brown color which changes to a golden brown when cream is added, and it satisfies the coffee drinker without any of the bad effects of coffee; on the contrary, the result of using Postum is the rebuilding of the broken down nerve centres by the food elements contained in it.

Postum is a pure food beverage made by scientific food makers and can be depended upon absolutely for its purity and the good results that follow its use.

To bring out the flavor and food value Postum must be boiled at least 15 minutes after the boiling begins.—*Adv.*

ROBBED LIKE OLDER THIEVES.

TWO VERY SMALL PICKPOCKETS NABBED AMONG SHOPPERS.

And They Were Slick—Nine-Years-Old, the Younger but the Leader, Safe but His Older Pal Got Away—"It Was Me What Put Him On," Says the Little Criminal.

Two small boys, lean-limbed and weasel-faced, attracted the attention of Detective Sergeants Tinker and Wines in Sixth avenue last Wednesday afternoon. The avenue was full of women shoppers hurrying eagerly to make a last purchase for the day. Most of them were too preoccupied by their wants and the window displays to take much notice of what was happening about them. And between the women the two boys dodged in and out, now following one several blocks up or down the avenue, and then again drifting back the other way, apparently on the lookout for somebody or something. It did not take the two sleuths long to conclude that they had stumbled across the path of two little thieves whose nimbleness and audacity were altogether out of the ordinary.

The boys took no trouble about other women than those who carried satchels or wore chatelaine bags. When they had found a victim of that kind to suit them they would cling to her like sharks to a ship, watching for an opportune moment. The older and somewhat taller would then suddenly step in front of the victim, and while she was trying to make out what the youngster wanted, the other one would sneak up behind and try to open the satchel.

Clever as they were, they tried time an again without result. Once they got a puny little purse from a half-grown girl. Quickly the smaller boy rifled it of the few cents it contained and then dropped the empty purse into an ashbarrel.

Then the childish nature of the robbers showed itself. They made a bee line for a candy store where they spent their entire booty at once returning to their game afterward with new zeal. Once they nearly got into trouble. The woman whom they were trying to rob looked down just as the smaller boy had her satchel open.

"Look out for yer satchel, ma'm," cried the boy, unabashed, withdrawing a guilty hand. The woman thanked him with a smile, closed her satchel and passed on. Behind her back the pair celebrated their escape by a series of irreverent grimaces.

But soon they turned to business again. For three long hours the detectives watched and followed them from Fourteenth street to Twenty-third street and back again, over and over. At last the turn of the watchers came.

A middle-aged woman in a sealskin cloak was just entering a department store when the older boy took hold of her right arm as if he wanted to speak to her. She turned her head to see who it was. During the brief moment she remained standing still the little boy had opened the satchel she carried in her left hand and had got out her pocketbook. She passed on into the store, unconscious of the fact that she had been robbed.

Unfortunately, the detectives happened to have separated just then. Wines alone made a dash for the boys and got them, each by a shoulder. The small boy promptly threw the tell-tale pocketbook into the middle of the street. Wines let the older boy go and, dragging the other after him, rushed into the street to rescue his evidence. Both he and his prisoner were nearly run over, but he got the pocketbook. It was of light-brown leather, with silver ornaments. It contained a five-dollar bill, two quarters, four pennies and a brass key. Wines returned to the store with his prisoner to look for the owner of the purse, but she could not be found.

The small prisoner was arraigned before Magistrate Hogan in the Jefferson Market police court. He was little more than three feet high and looked like a seven-year-old, although he said he was 9—"going on 10." The Jewish type was strongly stamped on his features, yet he said that his name was Frank Smith. While policemen and Children's Society agents were still smiling derision at him, his father, a typical Jew from the lower East Side, floated in. He said he was David Smith, a newsdealer of 226 Eldridge street. When told of the charge against his son he remarked cheerfully:

"Mebbe he chust vas playing."

They told him the boy had been seen to take the pocketbook. He only smiled foolishly and said:

"Mebbe he fount id."

When they led away the boy to the headquarters of the Children's society to be kept there pending further investigation the father was still smiling and suggesting.

"Mebbe—mebbe—mebbe id vas not dot poy!" was his last.

Frank Smith himself took his plight philosophically and admitted coolly that he had been out for pocketbooks. But he denied stoutly he had been put up to it by any one. Nor would he give any information about his escaped chum beyond saying that his name was Harry. Some one suggested that Harry had persuaded him, the younger, to do it.

"Nope," rejoined Frank, not without a touch of pride in his voice, "it was me what put him on."

The memory of that venerable pedagogue Fagin, was naturally raked up by the detectives. They expect surely to find that he has been at work training Frank Smith. There were other thief takers in court, however, who thought that probably Frank was built that way, the product of childhood in the slums, developed to a somewhat unusual degree.

INVITE PARTRIDGE TO DINNER.

Chinese Merchants Call on the Police Commissioner and He Accepts.

A delegation of four Chinamen and a Chinese boy called at Police Headquarters yesterday to see Col. Partridge. They got past the Commissioner's doorkeeper and took seats in his room. No one spoke. Col. Partridge took a box of cigars from his desk.

"Have a cigar, gentlemen," said he. "Now, what can I do for you?"

"We represent the Chinese Merchants' Society," said one of the Chinamen in excellent English, "and we respectfully invite you to attend the dinner of our society next Monday evening."

"I shall be glad to come," replied Col. Partridge. May I bring some friends?"

"You and your friends will be welcome," said the Chinamen, and they departed, happy.

Mrs. Davis at Mississippi's Capital.

JACKSON, Miss., Feb. 14.—The citizens of Jackson, as well as the members of the Legislature, were disappointed to-day that Mrs. Jefferson Davis did not arrive from Greenwood in time to hold the reception promised at the Capitol. Her train was two hours late, and instead of going to the Capitol she went to the Governor's mansion, where she will rest. To-morrow she will visit the Capitol and formally tender Beauvoir to the State for a home for Confederate veterans.

Two of a Wrecked Crew Lost in Surf.

ORLEANS, Mass., Feb. 14.—The Gloucester fishing schooner Elsie M. Smith was caught in a thick snowstorm off here last night and ran ashore. As soon as she struck the crew made a rush for the dories and in spite of the warning of the captain that they would stand little show in the surf two of the boat were launched. Two men in one dory were drowned. The life-saving crews saved the thirteen other men by using the breeches buoy.

Vermont Alumni Dinner.

The alumni of the University of Vermont had a dinner last night at the University Club. Joel B. Erhardt of the class of '64 presided. Speeches were of an informal character and were made by President M. H. Buckham, Judge Chester B. McLoughlin, A. B. Hepburn and Prof. James R. Wheeler of Columbia. There were about sixty-five present at the dinner

Forty-second Annual Statement OF THE WASHINGTON Life Insurance Company OF NEW YORK.

W. A. BREWER, Jr., PRESIDENT.

January 1st, 1902.

ASSETS	**$16,232,863 61**
Liabilities, Reserve on Policies Including Annuities	14,993,330 00
Reserve for Dividends	509,760 00
Death Claims Reported and all other Liabilities	113,936 75
	$15,617,026 75
New Insurance, 1901	16,422,198 00
Paid Policy-holders in 1901	2,189,603 [illegible]
Paid Policy-Holders Since Organization	37,727,309 72
Income, 1901	3,340,874 70

Assets Invested as Follows:

Loans Secured by Mortgages on Real Estate, First Liens	$7,404,400 00
Municipal and Other Bonds	543,139 [illegible]
Loans to Policy-Holders on Its Policies	1,176,477 [illegible]
Loans on Collaterals	250,000 00
Real Estate	6,157,658 93
Cash in Bank and Trust Co.s	299,040 [illegible]
Interest Accrued, Net Amount on Premiums Deferred and in Transit, etc.	402,147 41
	$16,232,863 61

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MRS. PLANT TO GET HER DOWRY

HUSBAND'S $17,000,000 ESTATE TO BE SETTLED HERE.

Two Executors Resign So That the Will May Be Presented to Probate Court Here—Will Leaving Estate to Heir Two Generations Away Can't Stand Here.

NEW HAVEN, Conn., Feb. 14.—Before Judge Cleveland of the Probate Court in this city this afternoon legal proceedings were taken which go to show that the litigation over the distribution of the $17,000,000 estate of the late Henry B. Plant of New York city and Branford has come to an end so far as the Connecticut courts are concerned, and that all further legal contests over the millionaire's will will likely stop.

Two of the five executors of the estate, Lynde Harrison of New Haven and Robert Erwin of Savannah, Ga., the former being the legal adviser of the late Mr. Plant and the one who contended that the will should be probated in Connecticut, resigned as executors, and their resignations were accepted by the Court. They withdrew from all further interest in the estate.

The hearing in the court here was on the report of the accounting of the executors. Two of the items in the account included $88,000, paid as a succession tax to the State of Connecticut, and expenses amounting to about $162,000. These were approved. A letter was read from Mrs. Plant in which she said she was satisfied with the executors' report and that she hadn't any objection to the resignations of Messrs. Harrison and Erwin.

Each of the resigning executors filed a paper in court saying that he had not handled any part of the estate after a certain date, presumably after the decision of Judge Leventritt of New York, in which he held that Mr. Plant's domicile was in New York city and that his will should be probated in New York. The remaining executors of the estate are Mrs. Plant, the widow; Morton F. Plant and C. H. Tilley of New York. They will remain as executors of the estate in New York.

The lawyers in the case said that the action taken to-day means that the estate is to be taken out of the New Haven Probate Court and settled in New York. It was said that one result of this transfer was to give to Mrs. Plant, widow of the testator, her dower right in the estate under the laws of New York State, or a sum of nearly $6,000,000. The balance of the estate, with the exception of a few minor bequests, will go to Morton F. Plant, son of the testator.

Attorney Shipman, son of Judge Shipman of the United States Circuit Court, represented Mr. Erwin, and Samuel Fessenden represented Judge Harrison to-day. Mr. Shipman was asked what the resignations meant and he said they meant that the estate was to go to the New York courts.

An inventory of the Plant estate filed in the Probate Court in this city a few days ago showed the estate to be worth nearly $17,000,000. The will devised to Mrs. Plant, the widow, an annuity of $30,000. To the son, Morton Plant, a similar annuity was given. The bulk of the estate, under the will, was extended into the second generation of the Plant family and it was ultimately to go to the son of Morton Plant's son, should one be born. The laws of Connecticut would allow a will so drawn to stand, but the laws of New York are opposed to it. The laws of New York permit a bequest over only one generation. The will having been probated in Connecticut, Mrs. Plant brought suit in New York to have the estate probated there, and won.

Speakers at the Cuban Reciprocity Meeting.

The speakers at the meeting in behalf of Cuba to be held at Carnegie Hall, next Wednesday evening, will be Edward M. Shepard, Edward Lauterbach and Bourke Cochran. The seats will be free, and can be had by applying to Francis B. Thurber, 90 West Broadway, or Frederic R. Coudert, Jr., 71 Broadway.

Joseph Leiter Much Improved.

Mrs. Levi Z. Leiter said last night that her son, Joseph Leiter, who has been ill at 22 West Thirty-third street, was much improved. She denied emphatically a report circulated yesterday that he had taken a turn for the worse and that his condition was critical.

Jewelry Repairing.

The enlarging of this department places at our disposal greater facilities for repairs, as well as the resetting of diamonds and other gems. We have on hand many unique designs for rings, pendants, brooches and scarf pins, and guarantee good workmanship at reasonable prices.

A Liberal Allowance for Old Gold.

A. Frankfield & Co.
Importers and Jewellers,
52 WEST 14TH ST.