ELEONORA DUSE IN "MAGDA."

A WONDERFUL PERFORMANCE IN THE OPERA HOUSE.

Even the Long Distances There Did Not Hide the Art of a Subtle Interpretation of a Great Play, Though in Them Some of Its Precious Quality Was Lost.

The Metropolitan Opera House was well filled yesterday afternoon by an audience eager to hear and see Eleonora Duse in "Magda." At the doors there was a struggle that recalled a Jean de Reszke matinée. Our opera house is so vast that it swallows a small army with ease; there was, however, a marked difference in the size of this and last week's gathering. Little doubt by this time that D'Annunzio is a dubious quantity in the minds of Duse's American managers.

The wonderful Italian woman played the role of *Magda* in Sudermann's "Heimat" during her former engagement in this city. That interpretation is critically a thrice-told tale, and yet her every appearance in the powerful play seems like a re-creation. The chief drawback on this occasion was the auditorium—a difficult one to fill vocally, one in which it is impossible to magnify the exquisite nuances of Signora Duse's art without losing some of their precious quality in the transit from artist to auditory. She was distinctly heard, the voices of her company were heard, for clearness of diction is a gift in this organization, but it was at too distant a remove; you cannot enjoy masterpieces so. If the priceless pictures of the *Chambre Carré* in the Louvre were viewed as a panorama of Phillpoteux the Da Vincis and Raphaels and Tizianos would no longer make their fullest appeal. So was it with the delicate, poetic personality of Duse yesterday afternoon.

New York has enjoyed a half dozen *Magdas*, three of them, at least, celebrated. Bernhardt was the most brilliant—naturally; she is a virtuosa. Modjeska was tenderly sympathetic; Duse is the most subtle and various. The imperious *Magda* of Sudermann's *Schwartze* is the base of her interpretation. She is the daughter of her father, self-willed, spoiled by the operatic atmosphere she lives in, big hearted, stubborn as a woman continually crossed—and lovable withal.

Her performance, for those at close range, was little short of the marvellous in its unforced naturalism—the result of a most sublimated art—and versatility of mood. Her entrance in the second act, far from being the whirlwind Bernhardt made it, was very imposing in its sincerity. A little amused, a little frightened, haughty, yet fearing the inflexible nature of her father; above all, avoiding his questioning eye, Duse suggested all these things and a dozen others. Constant modulations of gesture, facial expression and vocal intonations were built upon a foundation of repose, the eternal repose of omnipotent art.

The difficult scene with the pastor was played with such minute gradations of feeling that presently her audience was weeping with the *Magda* whose story, heart and still stonier pride had melted in the fire of the good priest's adjurations. After the audacious trifling which routed the "best society" of her native town, the interview with *Von Keller*, her early lover, came, as it always does with Duse, like a quivering page torn from life. We who are housed and comfortable, who enjoy plays that tickle gently the *tympani* of our ears, are incredulous, nay, angered, over this scouting of such shibboleths as "honor," "purity," "social position" and the rest of the empty phrases that clatter at the heels of an offender like tin cans tied to the tails of desperate dogs. But the wounded ones of life, the men and women whose souls have been bruised in the cruel war of the sexes, know this masterly episode, and, having seen Duse, live their lives overagain in the consoling mirrorings of her clouded-crystal art.

She did not blush, as she formerly did, when *Von Keller* entered, for now the actress makes up her face and the stage is too far removed for such miniature effects. But the scene was ghastly, nevertheless, in its intensity, in its undercurrent of fierce irony, in its laughing scorn. A hypocrite was unmasked, his small, mean soul spelled out before us, his selfish motives made as clear as the light. It was consummate, this duel between the ill-matched pair, and only at the end of the next act, when *Von Keller* suggests marriage without acknowledging the child of their unhappy union, did we forget the first interview. The woman blazed up, the mother in her revolting at the unnatural neglect of her offspring. You see the neglected little devil in far-away Italy. "My Sweet! My little one! *Mio Bambino!*" she cries, anger, contempt struggling, but overmastered by her maternal heart. The entire performance gave one the impression of listening to melancholy music, the still, sad music of suffering humanity.

Not a false note of sentimentality, not a misplaced movement, not one personal appeal to the audience! All, all was hair-trigger truth in its objectivity. What a lesson for our actors and actresses in this sane, simple acting of Duse's! And in the slim comedy parts she was larklike in her gayety.

She wore several beautiful gowns—but who cared for fabrics in the welter of the emotional storm! She looked very charming, and at the close was enthusiastically called out. The curtain rose and fell many times before her audience was satisfied. If Duse returns next season—she has promised to—we hope it will not be in the opera house that her matchless play will be seen.

Her support was excellent, particularly in the case of Ettore Mazzanti, who enacted his old part of the fiery, unforgiving *Col. Schwartze*. His work was admirable in every detail, the *finale* being a climax, thrilling and painful. Because of the lamentable illness of Carlo Rosaspina, Ciro Galvani was *Pastor Heffterdinck* and Dante Capelli *Von Keller*. Both men did very well, yet they were not quite convincing—to employ a handy, hackneyed word. Galvani did not realize the hypnotizing possibilities of the reverend and early suitor for *Magda's* favors. He lacked spiritual unction. Capelli was hardly sleek enough, lacked the fat slyness, the blinding vanity, the parochial stupidity of the Councillor and pillar of society. This is judging these actors according to their own high standards. Judged by those of the everyday mime, the Italians were extraordinary artists.

Angelina Pagano was a very natural *Menie*, Galliana the narrow, spying and uncomfortably humorous *Franziska*. The others were well cast, the performance smooth. Duse plays "Magda" for the last time to-morrow afternoon. She sails for Italy next Wednesday.

MODEL LITTLE MAIDEN STAGED.

Mrs. Burnett's Girl Play Is the Counterpart of Her Boy and Goes Just as Well.

As Sara Crewe followed Little Lord Fauntleroy in book form, so this model maid has followed that remarkable young person on the stage, and at the Criterion Theatre yesterday afternoon she made her first bow to a New York audience as "The Little Princess." Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett, the creator of these angel children, sat in a box and watched *Sara*, and afterward thanked all of the children in the audience, big and little, for coming to the party and for applauding generously. Mrs. Burnett had cause to be pleased, for the audience seemed to be perfectly content to accept *Sara* and sympathize with her in her misfortunes, and rejoice with her in her final restoration to the fortune which she thought she had lost.

In the book and in the play *Miss Minchin*, who was played yesterday by Miss Helen Tracy, showed an uncommon lack of business sense in compelling a child who was competent to teach French to the other children in her select seminary to spend her time running errands and teaching rats to love her. The wages of a French teacher for the lower classes would have been saved by any thrifty person if Sara had fallen into her hands; but of course this would have made the story impossible, and so *Miss Minchin* had to be a very short-sighted business woman as well as a very unkind person.

Miss Tracy made her all of this, and should she ever take the character to the Bowery or to Eighth Avenue she will be well hissed by the galleries, for she makes the time-serving schoolmistress as unpleasant as any one could wish. Miss Millie James took the part of *Sara*, and was as impossibly wise and good and kind as the author intended. *Sara* and *Miss Minchin* were the book, and so they are the play, helped out by Miss Louise Galloway as *Becky*, Miss Mabel Taliaferro as *Ermyngarde*, and Miss Beryl Morse as *Lottie*.

The scenes show *Miss Minchin's* school on the day of the memorable party given by *Sara*, the garret in which *Sara* spent her unhappy hours, both as *Miss Minchin* intended it to be, and as it was after *Mr. Carisford* (Thomas L. Coleman) had sent *Ram Dass* (Frederic Murphy) to decorate it, and the interior of *Mr. Carisford's* house. The children danced and fought in the school, the Lascars decorated *Sara's* room for her, and *Miss Minchin* was properly humiliated in the last act.

All the members of the company entered into the spirit of their work, and the playing was lively from the beginning. The audience had a great many children of all ages in it, and they applauded every one except *Miss Minchin*, whom they would have hissed had they not been so well bred. The play will be given at the Criterion every afternoon except Saturdays and Sundays. Many of the children in the cast are of an age to prevent them from appearing in this city in the evening.

MISS TITUS'S CONCERT.

Coloratura Singing Exhibited in Mendelssohn Hall.

Miss Winifred Titus, a young woman who describes herself as a coloratura soprano, gave a concert yesterday afternoon at Mendelssohn Hall. She had the assistance of Flavia van den Hende, 'cellist; Victor Harris, accompanist, and a flute player. When a coloratura soprano appears upon the scene of musical activities backed by a flute, the maddening "mad scene" from "Lucia" is imminent. It so proved yesterday. Miss Titus's first group of songs comprised Lotti's "Purdicesti," Giordani's "Caro mio ben," Campra's "Chanson du Papillon," the air "Deh vieni" from Mozart's "Marriage of Figaro" and the mad scene of "Lucia" as far as the end of the cadenza against the flute.

Miss van den Hende played for the first time in this country (according to the programme) a 'cello concerto in A minor, by Servais. All that needs to be said at present is that it should be the last time. Such a thing should not occur again. It is not at all easy to comment on the singing of Miss Titus. She has a very small and light voice, which, with much study and the acquirement of a perfect method, might be made tolerable in salon exhibitions. For public concert work this voice is too thin, too childish. Furthermore, Miss Titus has a liberally faulty method. It takes no little ingenuity to produce so many different qualities of tone as she did in the course of a single number yesterday. This is an elementary matter. Of the higher essentials of singing this young woman showed not the slightest knowledge.

HE WANTS A NATIONAL THEATRE.

Herr Conried Thinks It Would Elevate Literature and Morals.

Heinrich Conried, director of the Irving Place Theatre, spoke at Columbia University yesterday on "The Establishment of an American National Theatre." He said that universities, museums and libraries all get magnificent support from millionaires and multi-millionaires; art and sculpture are liberally patronized, and why the theatre alone should be neglected is incomprehensible to him.

Mr. Conried advocated the establishment of a national theatre as an incentive to American playwrights and to American actors and actresses. It would elevate the drama, he said, and that meant American literature; it would be the linguistic supreme court, would be the final appeal on questions of etiquette, and would tend toward the betterment of morals.

Theatre's Sunday Concerts Squelched.

The management of the West End Theatre announced yesterday that "owing to the rigid enforcement of the Sunday Concert law" they have decided to discontinue their Sunday entertainments.

WASHINGTON SOCIETY.

Subscription Dance at the New Willard —Miss Roosevelt One of the Guests.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 14.—All of the dancing people of society attended the Wednesday subscription dance given at the New Willard to-night, and the affair was one of the most brilliant of this season. The matrons having the dance in hand were Mrs. William Sheffield Cowles, Mrs. Thomas Nelson Page, Mrs. William Sanger, Mrs. Wetmore, Mrs. Hale and others. Among the guests were Miss Roosevelt and her two house guests, Miss Christine Roosevelt and Miss Elfrida Roosevelt, with the débutantes of the season and the beaux of diplomatic and resident society.

One of the largest dinners of the season was given at Rauscher's to-night, with Mr. and Mrs. Thomas T. Gaff as hosts. Among the guests were Miss Alice Roosevelt, Miss Christine Roosevelt, Miss Elfrida Roosevelt, Miss Field, Baroness von Palm, Miss Hitchcock, Count Montgelas of the German Embassy, Mr. Haughe of the Swedish Legation, Mr. Edwin Morgan of the State Department, Baron von Ritter of the German Embassy, Baron Frankenstein of the Austro-Hungarian Embassy and Lieut. Robert Sterling Clark.

Sir Michael Herbert, the British Ambassador, and Lady Herbert entertained at their second official dinner of the season at the embassy to-night. Their guests were: Chief Justice of the Supreme Court and Mrs. Fuller, Justice Brown of the Supreme Court; Mr. Señor Don Emilio de Ojeda, the Spanish Minister; Mr. Constantine Brun, the Danish Minister; the Belgian Minister and Baroness Moncheur, Miss Clayton, Bishop and Mrs. Satterlee, Mr. Alvey A. Adee, Assistant Secretary of State; Col. and Mrs. Theodore Bingham, Senator and Mrs. Depew, Mrs. Cruger, Mr. and Mrs. Henry May, Mr. and Mrs. Arnold Hague, Miss Patten, Mr. Jesse Brown and Mr. Dering, attaché of the embassy.

Postmaster-General and Mrs. Payne entertained at dinner to-night Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Waterloo of the British Embassy, Representative and Mrs. Olmstead, Mrs. Hattie Blaine Beale, Miss Ruth Hanna, Miss Wetmore, Miss Kean, Miss Ward, Miss Louise Jones, Representative Morrell, Major McCawley, Mr. Jones, Mr. Norman of the British Embassy and Mr. Riano of the Spanish Legation.

Senator and Mrs. Burrows entertained at dinner to-night Secretary of the Treasury and Mrs. Shaw, the Japanese Minister and Mme. Takahira, Senator and Mrs. Fairbanks, Senator and Mrs. Foraker, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas F. Walsh and Col. and Mrs. Robert I. Fleming.

DANCE FOR ST. VINCENT'S

Given at the Waldorf-Astoria in Aid of the Hospital's Destitute Sick.

The reception and dance given last night at the Waldorf-Astoria in aid of the destitute sick of St. Vincent's Hospital were largely attended. The officers, Mrs. Joseph J. O. Donohue, Mrs. De Lancy Kane, Mrs. Joseph B. Bissell, Mrs. Daniel O'Day, Mrs. Constantine J. MacGuire, Mrs. Joseph Stevin, Jr., and Miss Colton, received. Supper was served at small tables in the large dining room. The Sisters of Charity in charge of the hospital depend largely upon the proceeds of this reception and the large attendance of last evening was most encouraging to them.

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"DER RING DES NIBELUNGEN"

THE PROLOGUE OF WAGNER'S DRAMA IN FOUR OPERAS.

"Das Rheingold" at the Metropolitan Opera House—Wednesday Night Subscribers and Boxholders Have a Chance to See How They Like It.

"With every year the roses bloom and with every year men love," says Ouida. She might have added that with every year Wagner's music drama, which takes four nights to perform, becomes ripe. "Der Ring des Nibelungen" time is always after the holidays. It comes in with hockey, basketball and white-goods sales, though it is usually the last of the lot. With its dwarfs who change into snakes and toads, its giants who build palaces for gods, its magic ring which gives its owner unlimited but useless power, its Valkyrs who fly through the clouds on marvellous steeds of the air, its bird that sings first with the voice of a clarinet and afterward with that of a coloratura soprano, its dragon that sings German words in a bass voice, its sword that cleaves an anvil, its Tarnhelm which enables people to exchange personalities, and its enchanted drinks which cause men to forget that they remember and remember that they forget—it ought really to be put on in the Christmas holidays, for it is the biggest and the most eloquently ethical of all fairy tales.

But in the holidays people do not desire to take their fairy tales quite so seriously. So "Der Ring des Nibelungen" is reserved for the second half of the season. It was nearly a month later than the present period of the year when the cycle was brought forward last year. It was then, as usually has been the case, presented in extra performances outside of the subscription. Some complaints were heard; but if the truth were known, Mr. Grau was really doing his patrons a kindness. The fashionable element among the regular opera goers naturally does not care much about this extremely serious and formidably protracted drama. Furthermore, the custom of keeping the auditorium in darkness during the performances is distasteful to those who find pleasure in the brilliancy of the parterre and in visiting from box to box. As most of these pay very high indeed for their operatic whistle, they have rights which even professors of counterpoint are bound to respect.

Mr. Grau, however, decided that this season he would give the fashionables an opportunity to see how they liked it. To do them justice, they bore the ordeal well. Of course, the Wagnerite old guard turned out in full force, that devoted old guard whose war cry is, "The king can do no wrong," and whose want of ability to perceive the weak spots in this stupendous art work makes it impossible for them rightly to measure its real greatness. But never mind; they make these performances possible, and so put the open-minded lover of lyric art under a large burden of obligation.

The performers who shouldered the burden of last night's presentation were that thoroughly tried-out Bayreuthian Mme. Reuss-Belce as *Fricka*, the discontented queen of the Norse Olympus; Miss Maryili as *Freia*, the Venus of the Scalds, with her golden health apples and her heavy ransom; Mme. Schumann-Heink as *Erda*, the giver of all good advice; the same lady together with Mme. Scheff and Miss Bridewell as the mermaids who got into trouble through flirting with a dwarf; Mr. Anthes as *Loge*, the tempter of the frail immortals; Mr. Van Rooy as *Wotan*, the unsuccessful god, who did not know enough to keep sin out of his own paradise; Mr. Bispham as *Alberich*, the Nibelung, who made the ring and cursed it when it was stolen from him; Mr. Elmblad as *Fafner*, the giant, who slew his brother for gold and then became a miserable "Wurm;" Mr. Blass as *Fasolt*, that most amiable giant who was honestly in love with *Freia* and who might have settled down to a peaceful domestic life with her if she had known a good man when she saw one; Mr. Reiss as *Mime*, the blond dwarf, who had nothing but hard-luck stories to tell until *Siegfried* smote off his buzzing head; Mr. Bars as *Froh*, who had no particular value, and Mr. Muhlmann as *Donner*, the rainmaker of Walhalla.

The performance had the merits and defects which seem inseparable from this ill-starred work, but, on the whole, it was much better in respect of stage management than last year's. The Rhine daughters still swing in the water like pendulums till one is tempted to ask what time it is by Fritzi Scheff; the vampires through which *Alberich* disappears continue to slam like summer screen doors; lights persist in shining in the wrong places and flickering when they should be steady, and minor mishaps yet happen. But, on the whole, the light scheme last night was admirable, and the scenery was displayed to excellent advantage.

Mr. Hertz did his share of the evening's work—a very large one—well. He kept the orchestra within bounds, yet made sufficiently pronounced crescendi. His treatment of the entrance of the giants was particularly happy. He permitted no harsh forcing of tone among the instruments and his tempi offered no reason for objection. The tenor tubas were generally in tune. A white mark should be put after this statement.

Among the principals only Messrs. Anthes and Elmblad call for special comment. It is no child's undertaking to impersonate *Loge* on the stage where the rôle has been enacted by Heinrich Vogl and Ernest Van Dyck. Mr. Anthes was so much in earnest that he neglected most of the light touches which go to make the subtlety of this splendid character manifest. There was little flexibility in this *Loge* and less repose. It was a nervous, anxious, strenuous and generally insignificant impersonation. There was little good singing in it, and the beautiful narrative went for almost nothing. No wonder that the "Weibes wonne und Werth" made less impression on the public than it did on the gods.

Mr. Elmblad brought back vivid recollections of the brave days of old when he was the stentorian *Fafner* of the first days of "Das Rheingold." His voice, though it is a little heavier and more cumbersome than it was, is still admirably suited to this music, and he declaimed his text admirably. Mr. Blass was a satisfactory *Fasolt*. So far as the work of the other principals was concerned, it was generally smooth. Mme. Reuss-Belce is probably an acquired taste. New York is only in its second season of enjoyment of her labors. Perhaps in time the local public may come to admire her as much as the eminent relict of the composer, the Queen of Wahnfried, now does. Meanwhile if the high honor of singing exclusively at Bayreuth should be awarded her, New York would humbly do its best to worry along with a *Fricka* of shorter experience.

The Rhine daughters were unusually tuneful last night. Miss Bridewell deserves special credit for her good singing. Mme. Schumann-Heink's *Erda* had its customary impressiveness and Mr. Bispham cursed the ring as effectively as usual. The drama was subjected to some cutting, and some of the pruning done in the first scene was quite inexplicable. To carve out *Alberich's* speech of renunciation just before the rape of the gold, for example, is to puzzle any one who is trying honestly to follow the drift of the story. But, on the whole, the performance was creditable. It seems as if a flawless presentation of this work were out of the question here, so to such virtues as we note we should be very kind.

LIVE TOPICS ABOUT TOWN.

There was a cheerful fire burning in the waiting room of the Twenty-third street station on the Sixth avenue elevated yesterday morning, greatly to the surprise and pleasure of those passengers who had been saying things about the parsimony of the company whenever they could spare the necessary warm breath for that purpose. The comments on the unusual sight were mixed; some "knew that the company would build fires as soon as they could get coal;" others said they knew the company would get down on its marrow bones as soon as the Railroad Commissioners got down to business.

During all the comments the ticket seller almost looked amused (he was too frost-bitten to be really appreciative). The reason was apparent when the little newsboy, who sells papers on the station, came in and went to a corner of the room. Lifting up some old papers, he disclosed a scanty supply of wood and two large fat lumps of coal, which he threw on the fire with the air of a grandee, and the remark that it was all he had left.

The colored porter, whose duty it was to look after the fires in the days when there were fires in elevated stations, looked on and saw his prerogative usurped without a murmur. He is probably the only one benefited by the coal famine, as he has less to do.

The passengers went out framing new anathemas for a railroad company which would allow a newsboy to supply fires for its passengers.

Mrs. Herman Le Roy Jones, whose husband has just filed a petition in bankruptcy, was the prettiest of the young women introduced to society some twelve years ago, and she had lost none of her comeliness when she was last seen in public several months ago. Since October, however, she has been confined to her home as the result of an accident.

While at her mother-in-law's house at Southampton, a kerosene lamp on a table near which she was sitting exploded and Mrs. Jones's face was terribly burned. It was thought at first that she would lose the sight of one eye and the physicians had little hope that she would escape permanent disfigurement. But an almost miraculous cure has been wrought and Mrs. Jones will probably bear little or no trace of her accident.

It was a surprise to Mr. Jones's friends to learn that he was in financial difficulties. He has never been in business.

The prevailing interest in athletic training is shown by the earnings of one "professor," which every month amount to $6,000. This sum comes from his wealthy patrons, who pay $200 a month for the benefit of his services during a period of time that rarely exceeds ten minutes and in some cases drops to as short a session as six. The number of months needed to acquire all the benefits of his system varies, but his clients are usually loath to end their term. Only a few years ago this particular trainer came here from a Western city and began his work very modestly. His charges were only a fraction of what they are to-day, but his method was quite new. Now it is hard for any applicant to find a vacant hour in the twelve he devotes to work.

This uncommon success is due mainly to the little time his system requires. There have to be results or the scheme would be a failure. So it is the relation between the time spent and the effects that enables him to earn now about $200 a day.

Eleonora Duse will sail for Europe next Wednesday. This year she has received from her managers a percentage of the receipts in addition to her salary, but so indifferent was she to the amount of this additional compensation that six weeks had passed before she sent to her managers to ascertain how much it was. Her indifference to her earnings during the past season was revealed first through her insistence on appearing only in the dramas of the Italian author. Her tour was little of a financial success. Signor d'Annunzio profited from it in that he received regularly his royalties from the gross receipts every week. But there were few occasions when the sum guaranteed to Mme. Duse for herself and her company was augmented. It is improbable that her managers lost by her decision to close the Metropolitan Opera House on Tuesday night; and it was unfortunate for them that Mme. Duse refused to play until her last two performances the drama that her admirers wanted to see. Otherwise there would have been more profit for everybody concerned in the venture except the playwright. As it is, he came out of the venture better than anybody else.

The upward movement of the schools has all but deprived Fifth avenue of the early afternoon parades. The long lines of schoolgirls, marching two by two under the guidance of a teacher, are occasionally met, but they are not nearly so numerous as they were. Most of the schools for young women have gone far above Fifty-ninth street. The centre of all these institutions was formerly among the Fifties. Before they were moved so far uptown, the fashionable schools were to be found in the Thirties. One other influence that has tended to decrease the number of these processions came when the very wealthy families of the West began to provide for their daughters at the New York schools all the luxuries that their money could purchase. One of these has been during recent years a separate chaperon to walk with the young woman when she went out to take the air. The old-fashioned parade of the whole school two by two is not for these exclusive young ladies who need only express a preference to get what they want. In addition to all the other available luxuries, they walk by themselves.

When the waiter puts a box of cigars and cigarettes tied with a string on the table that does not prove that the proprietor of the establishment is suspicious or that he carelessly allows his waiters to tie strings about cigars. This perhaps is usually the especial property of a patron who can smoke only his own particular tobacco and tries no other kind.

One hotel on Fifth avenue keeps no less than fifty of these special boxes. One of two arrangements is usually made with these exigent patrons. They bring their own materials and the establishment looks after them; or the proprietor will keep in stock, if it is available, whatever particular brand of cigar or cigarette the guest desires. But in the latter case he must agree to guarantee that there will be no financial loss.

Engagement Announced.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 14.—The engagement was announced here to-day of Miss Carola de Peyster, daughter of Col. Johnston L. de Peyster of this city and Tivoli-on-Hudson, and Garrett Kip of Rhinebeck, N. Y. The wedding is to take place in the spring.

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Fri. Evg., Jan. 16, at 7:30.—Der Ring des Nibelungen. DIE WALKÜRE. Gadski, Schumann-Heink, Homer, Scheff, Seygard, Maryili, Bridewell and Nordica; Anthes, Van Rooy, Elmblad. Conductor, Hertz.
Sat. Aft., Jan. 17, at 2.—FAUST. Eames, Bridewell, Alvarez, Scotti, Ed. de Reszke. Conductor, Mancinelli.
Sat. Evg., Jan. 17, at 8 (at Pop. Prices).—TANNHÄUSER. Gadski, Seygard, Maryili; Gerhauser, Bispham, Blass. Conductor, Hertz.
Sun. Evg., Jan. 18, at $3.—Grand Popular Concert. Soloists, Sembrich (first appearance this season at these concerts), Bridewell; Dani, Scotti. Entire Opera Orchestra. Conductor, Mancinelli.
Mon. Evg., Jan. 19, at 7:30.—Der Ring des Nibelungen. SIEGFRIED. Nordica, Schumann-Heink, Scheff; Anthes, Van Rooy, Bispham. Conductor, Hertz.
Wed. Evg., Jan. 21, at 8.—AIDA. Gadski, Kirkby Lunn, Maryili; De Marchi, Campanari, Ed. de Reszke, Journet. Conductor, Mancinelli.
Fri. Evg., Jan. 23, at 7:30.—Der Ring des Nibelungen. GÖTTERDÄMMERUNG. Nordica, Reuss-Belce, Homer, Scheff, Bridewell; Anthes, Ed. de Reszke, Bispham. Conductor, Hertz.
WEBER PIANOS USED.

METROPOLITAN OPERA HOUSE. Farewell Performance of EFFONDRA DUSE Afternoon at 2 MAGDA. Seats on sale. $2.50, $1.50, $1.00, 75c.

WAGNER OPERA LECTURE RECITALS BY WALTER DAMROSCH, Daly's Theatre, Mondays and Thursdays at 3 P. M. To-day, "Parsifal" (with Boy's Mixed Violinist). Jan. 19th, "Rheingold" (with David Bispham). Jan. 22d, "Walküre." Seats 25c. to $1.00.

EMPIRE THEATRE. Broadway & 40th St. Evenings, 8:30. Matinees, 2:15. CHARLES FROHMAN, Manager. GREATEST TRIUMPH EVER ACHIEVED By the EMPIRE THEATRE COMPANY which includes Charles Richman & Margaret Anglin. Charles Frohman Presents ROBERT MARSHAL'S GREATEST PLAY. THE UNFORESEEN. "A great success."—Herald. "Success beyond all doubt."—Tribune. "Clever and interesting play."—Eve. Sun. "Deserving and interesting success."—Mail & Ex. MATS. WEDNESDAY & SATURDAY.

CRITERION THEATRE. Broadway & 44th St. Another Marlowe Triumph. Evgs. 8:30. Mat. Sat. 2:15. JULIA MARLOWE THE CAVALIER. DAILY MATINEES AT 2 Except Saturday. During Miss Marlowe's Engagement THE LITTLE PRINCESS. Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett's new play FOR CHILDREN AND GROWN-UP CHILDREN.

GARRICK THEATRE, 35th St., near Broadway. Last 3 Nts. & Sat. Mat. 2:15. MRS. LANGTRY IN THE CROSS-WAYS. NEXT MONDAY, SEATS READY TO-DAY, 9 A. M. Charles Frohman Will Present ANNIE RUSSELL in her new play MICE AND MEN.

GARDEN THEATRE, 27th St. & Madison Ave. Evgs. at 7:45 Sharp. Mat. Saturday at 1:45. Xtra Hamlet Matinee Next Tuesday. SOTHERN LAST 2 WEEKS as HAMLET. Jan. 26—E. H. Sothern in "IF I WERE KING."

MADISON SQUARE THEATRE, 24th St. n'r B'way. Evgs., 8:20. Mats. To-day and Saturday. 2nd Crowded Capacity Week. Elizabeth Tyree's Success ELIZABETH TYREE IS GRETCHA GREEN.

KNICKERBOCKER THEATRE, B'way & 38th St. Last 3 Nights. 8:15. Last Matinee Sat., 2:15. MR. N. C. GOODWIN—MISS MAXINE ELLIOTT. THE ALTAR OF FRIENDSHIP. WEDNESDAY EVG., JAN. 21ST, FIRST TIME. Seat Sale Begins 9 A. M. To-day. KLAW & ERLANGER'S COLOSSAL MR. BLUE BEARD.

VICTORIA 42d St., B'way, 7th Av. Ev. 8:15. Mat. Sat. LAST WEEK!!! VIOLA ALLEN In THE ETERNAL CITY.

3RD AVE. Mat. To-day. The Land of the Living. N'twk—Go-Won-Go Mohawk in The Flaming Arrow.

HERALD Square Thea. Evenings at 8. Matinee Saturday, 2. Telephone 768-38. MR. RICHARD MANSFIELD. For three evenings only and one matinee, in JULIUS CÆSAR. Mr. Mansfield's last appearance here in Shakespere's great tragedy will occur Saturday evening, Jan. 17th. BEGINNING MONDAY, JANUARY 19TH DE WOLF HOPPER IN "MR. PICKWICK." SEATS NOW ON SALE.

PRINCESS B'way & 29th St. Tel. 2482 Mad. Matinees To-day and Sat. "Mr. Aubrey Boucicault scored an undoubted triumph in 'WHEN ALL THE WORLD IS YOUNG.'"—HEIDELBURG.'"—N. Y. Herald. BEGINNING MONDAY, JAN. 19. Mr. LOUIS MANN in "The Consul." Seats on Sale To-day.

CASINO Broadway & 39th St. Telephone 3870-38. Mats. Wed. & Sat., 2:15. Evgs., 8:15. "A CHINESE HONEYMOON." NEARING ITS 300TH PERFORMANCE.

DALY'S B'way & 30th. At 8:15. THIRD ENORMOUS WEEK. Daniel Frohman Manager. Matinees Wed. & Sat., 2:15. THE BILLIONAIRE. "2nd act showed a N. Y. theatre with audience and actors—burlesque of the best order"—Times. Overwhelming Success. A Musical Riot. JEROME SYKES. KLAW & ERLANGER'S GREAT PRODUCTION.

BROADWAY Theatre, 41st St. and Broadway. Evenings, 8. Mats. Wed. & Sat., 2. WEDNESDAY MATINEE, 50c. TO $1.50. Joan C. Fisher's Musical Success, THE SILVER SLIPPER. By the authors of "FLORODORA." Souvenirs 100th TIME Jan. 19

WALLACK'S Broadway and 30th St. Evgs. 8:15. Mats., 2:15. "THERE'S A CHERRY IN IT." "Continuous roar of laughter and applause."—Sun. GEORGE ADE'S Witty Musical Success. SULTAN OF SULU. MATINEES WEDNESDAY AND SATURDAY.

MRS. OSBORN'S PLAYHOUSE (Ye Elizabethan Stage) WILL RE-OPEN Jan. 27th—"ROMEO & JULIET."

Murray Hill Thea. Lex. av & 42d St. Ev. Prices, 25c. 35c. 50c. 5th Year H. V. Donnelly Stock Co. Marie Wainwright in CAMILLE. MATINEE 25c. EVERY DAY.

THE DEWEY E. 14th st. MATINEE TO-DAY. Merry Maidens Burlesquers. Sunday Night—Grand Concert—25c., 50c.

WALDORF-ASTORIA SONG RECITAL. Thurs. Aft., Jan. 15. 3:30. MAY STIMSON, Soprano. CAIA AARUP GREENE at the piano. Tickets, $1.00. AT THE WALDORF.

BELASCO THEATRE B'way, 42d St. Ev. 8. Sharp. Mat. Sat. DAVID BELASCO pr. seats BLANCHE BATES in THE DARLING OF THE GODS.

NEW YORK Evs. 8:15. Mat. SAT'DAY, 2:15. WHEN JOHNNY COMES MARCHING HOME.

GRAND BERTHA GALLAND. NOTRE DAME. Next w'k Liberty Belles.

STAR LEX. AV. & 107th St. Matinee Saturday. ZIG ZAG ALLEY. Next week—Jack Munroe in Road to Ruin.

BARB.—History of Flagellation, Mon Flandres, Voltaire, Aquetino's Golden Ass. PRATT, 161 6th av.

AMUSEMENTS.

TO INSURE PROPER CLASSIFICATION IN THE SUNDAY SUN, ADVERTISEMENTS MUST BE HANDED IN NOT LATER THAN 6 P. M. SATURDAY.

CARNEGIE HALL. To-night at 8:15. Programme: SCHUMANN, Overture to "Genoveva," Op. 81; SAINT-SAËNS, Concerto for Violoncello, in A minor, Op. 33; LOEFFLER, Two Poems for Orchestra: "Avant que tu ne t'en ailles," Verlaine; "Villanelle du Diable," Rollinat; DVOŘÁK, Symphony No. 5, in E minor, "From the New World," Op. 95. Soloist, Alwin Schroeder. Boston Symphony Orchestra. Mr. Gericke Conductor. Saturday Aft., Jan. 17, at 2:30. Programme: BRAHMS, Symphony No. 1, in C minor, Op. 68; GOUNOD, "Stances de Sapho," from "Sapho"; GOLDMARK, Chorus of Spirits and Spirits' Dance, from "Merlin"; ELGAR, "Sea Pictures"; WAGNER, Introduction and Love Death from "Tristan und Isolde." Soloist, Kirkby Lunn. Seats $1.50 to 75c.; at Box Office, Tyson's (19th Ave. Hotel) and Ditson's, at regular prices.

VISIT PROCTOR'S TO-DAY. TO-NIGHT. 25, 50c. Res. 75c. Reserved Every Aft. & Eve.—Full Orch. Great Union vaudeville. Big Production, Living Art Studies, Klein Bros. & Dickerson, A. O. Duncan, 23