

DUNDREARY COMES TO LIFE

SHOUTS OF LAUGHTER FOLLOW SOTHERN'S STEPS.

The Son Revives His Father's Famous Part and Amuses a New Generation—Men Weep Their Glasses Off in Glee at the Lyric—The Play is a Fine Antiquity.

E. H. Sothern from the earliest days of his career as a star has never experienced any difficulty in making the ghost walk. But he waited till this season before attempting to conjure up from the past the particular ghost of Lord Dundreary.

Possessing not only his father's remarkably particularized prompt book for the part and the means of reproducing his father's costumes, accents, gestures, aided by affectionate memories from his youth, but also a distinct and delicate gift of comedy quite his own, Mr. Sothern had every right and every reason to try at last the interesting experiment of giving Lord Dundreary once more to the stage. And it is at once the duty and the pleasure of the dramatic reporter to record his fine and substantial success.

In a sense this Dundreary of his may be regarded not only as an achievement for the younger Sothern but a memorial for the elder. In creating a debt for the present actor has paid a debt to the past.

And that he has created a debt for the present and the future and at times almost uncontrollable laughter at the Lyric Theatre last night, when Mr. Sothern showed his Dundreary to New York, was ample witness. His first entrance, whiskers, hop and all, was the signal for a gasp of recognition from the old stagers in the audience, a gasp of astonished mirth from the infants who have been reared since 1881.

In looks, said the old stagers, he was his father come to life. And then, as his part began to unfold, as the old jokes and whimsicalities flowed forth (and how familiar some of them seemed), as Mr. Sothern repeated the chuckle, the vacuous stare, the bursting over that inane countenance of an idea, all the things which legend has told of his father's Dundreary, the laughter grew, and grew, and grew, till by the time he narrated the anecdote about Sam not only were some men and women in almost uncontrollable mirth, but every one realized that what he was looking at was no mere copy—could be no mere copy—but a real reincarnation of the part.

"Our American Cousin," by the English Tom Taylor, was, as is pretty generally known, first produced in New York by Laura Keane at her theatre, and Ada Prentiss, played by Jefferson, was supposedly the leading part. Sothern took the small role of Dundreary only under protest and with permission to expand it as he saw fit. That was in 1858. In those days, when all plays were as free as "The Merry Widow" is now, there was nothing to prevent Sothern, taking the piece and making what he would of it, while Laura Keane also played it with another company. It was her production that Lincoln was witnessing when he was assassinated. Sothern enlarged his own part to such importance that it dwarfed the rest of the play, and after a huge success in America took it to New England.

On November 19, 1861, he showed it at the Haymarket, London, and the careful Morley in his journal said: "There is absolute vacuity in the head of Lord Dundreary, but his whiskers are, with the help of dye, in good condition. . . . The state jokes and the extravagant suggestions of emptiness . . . would be intolerably stupid in the hands of any other actor. But Mr. Sothern has made it all so humorous, so ludicrous, so humorous touches of manners and Lyly and is so imperturbably extravagant that shouts of laughter follow almost every look and gesture. He contrives in the midst of all the extravagance to maintain for his inane lord the air of a well bred, good natural gentleman, and shows an art in his absurdity that makes us curious to see what he can do in some other character."

Well, all this and more is the testimony of the father, and it is equally true and certainly moderate about the son. Mr. Sothern is imperturbably extravagant, and the air of a well bred gentleman never deserts him. He has no doubt copied his father minutely, but he has breathed into the copy the very breath of a delicious, whimsical, almost a Lewis Carol humor. His Lord Dundreary, if his father had never played it, and on this point the testimony of the youngsters is of value, would be creation of nonsense at once irresistibly comic and marvellously faithful to a single conception. The man who can play this part all the week and Saturday night turn to and give a creditable performance of "Hamlet" is an artist and an actor, and no mistake.

It would be hard to say who laughed harder last evening, those who were seeing Dundreary for the first or the second time. When the lord told *Buddie-oh* to lay all his night shirts out in a row; when he told Georgia that his friend was "rather an ass, but you'll like him"; when he gradually dropped all conversation and became absorbed in a frantic search for his trouser pockets; when he said that he didn't carry the girl because he forgot to get up that morning; or "think," above all, when he narrated how brother Sam ate his mother-in-law, and when he read Sam's letter from America, men laughed till they wept their glasses off and the wives of the chain gang forever disgraced their husbands' trade by becoming almost hysterical with mirth. If the elder Sothern was any funnier it is hard to see how his audience could enjoy it.

But the play? Well, the less said about the play the better. Maybe our fathers didn't think the play was much. It is more flattering to them to think so. They too, no doubt, regarded it but as a frame for the delicious nonsensical figure of *Dun Dreary*. There isn't much of it, fortunately, and what there is by now has been touched with quaintness by kindly time, and may well be borne, even enjoyed, as an example of the drama of an elder day. *Dun Dreary* is on the stage most of the time, and while he is there every thought, every idea, is inhibited, while you yield in contagious abandon to his delicious extravagances, to the fun that transcends description, now in the hands of the son, as fifty years ago in the hands of the father.

SCHUMANN-HEINK'S WELCOME.

The Distinguished Contralto Enthusiastically Applauded at the Manhattan.

At the Manhattan Opera House last night "Il Trovatore" was heard by a large audience which appeared to be having a season of more than ordinary enjoyment. The applause was of the most generous sort and it was led by Mme. Tetrazzini on the starboard box, where Mr. Hammerstein's starboarders always sit, and by Mrs. Eleanor de Cisneros from the O. F. side. The occasion of so much delight was the advent of Mme. Schumann-Heink as a member of the company. Also it was the first time she had sung *Arcans* in America. Moreover, she sang it in German, and thus the audience had an opportunity to revel in the delights of polyglot opera, which is as rare as it is beautiful.

Mme. Schumann-Heink not only used by affectionate memories from her youth, but also a distinct and delicate gift of comedy quite his own, Mr. Sothern had every right and every reason to try at last the interesting experiment of giving Lord Dundreary once more to the stage. And it is at once the duty and the pleasure of the dramatic reporter to record his fine and substantial success.

The other principals of the cast were Mme. Russ as *Leonora*, Mr. Zenatello as *Count Luna*. Every time Mr. Zenatello sings he arouses in the minds of some less impressionable hearers the wish that he would learn more about the art of singing with moderation. His voice is so abundant and withal so excellent that he might accomplish much more artistic ends by employing at times about one-half of it. Mme. Russ discharged her duties creditably and Mr. Sammarco was a manly and admirable *Luna*.

"Don Giovanni" was repeated at the Metropolitan Opera House with the cast heard in this opera last week. The audience was of good size, but could have been larger. The salient features of the performance were the same as before, and the largest measure of delight was afforded by the spirit which Mr. Mahler infused into the representation.

THE COLONEL AND HIS DOG.

Retiring Board Heals Unusual Testimony as to Mental Capacity.

Col. Clarence Deems, commanding officer of the artillery district of Baltimore, appeared before the Retiring Board of the Department of the East sitting at Governors Island yesterday morning to undergo mental and physical examination as to his fitness to continue on the active list.

Capt. Chase of the Baltimore garrison wrote a letter to the Adjutant-General of the Department of the East criticizing Col. Deems, his superior officer, and was very angry with him for it, and reprimanded, besides losing three files.

Shortly after this case an officer from the Inspector-General's Department was detailed to examine Col. Deems, and as a result was the recommendation that he be sent before the retiring board. The grounds upon which this report was based have never been made public.

Col. H. O. S. Heistand presided over the board of inquiry. Major Richard was detailed to examine Col. Deems as to his physical condition and reported that Col. Deems appeared to be in first class condition both physically and mentally.

With reference to the dog which had the run of the barracks, the dog had been with him in the wagonette along with officers' wives, even when the dog had been very close to the barracks. He thought that the proper proceeding.

UNEMPLOYED AT ROCKEFELLERS.

Only Local Men Get Work on the Estate—Outsiders Are Sent Away.

TARRYTOWN, N. Y., Jan. 27.—John D. Rockefeller's place at Pocantico Hills was overrun this morning by men looking for work. They came from all over the county and even New York. C. V. Henenway, superintendent of the estate, was hard pressed to know what to do with the hundreds who applied for work.

"We cannot care for every man who gets out of work," he said, "we have all we can do to care for our people here, and this we do the year round. If every employer did the same there would be no hard times."

Later in the afternoon he said: "The men have taken our woods literally and are marching into our woods and chopping wood. Of course we expected to be consulted in the matter."

No one could get here and apply for work on the Rockefeller estate. It was never intended to care for any others than those who live in and near Tarrytown. Mr. Henenway spoke very highly of the local men he employed, but said the outsiders were "not suitable" for his work. He was very glad to give work, but it was his first duty to care for his own men, whom he could depend upon, he said.

Pocantico Hills never saw such an army of unemployed as arrived yesterday afternoon. Many are poor and had spent their last money to get there, but as only local men were to be cared for the outsiders had to be sent away.

News of Plays and Players.

Manager Walter N. Lawrence announces the final performances of "The Reckoning" this week at the Madison Square Theatre. Katharine Grey and her company began yesterday rehearsals of "The Web of a Woman," by David Graham Phillips, which is to be the next attraction at the Madison Square Theatre.

Arnold Daly and his company gave last night at Poli Theatre, Waterbury, Conn. the first presentation of "My Mamie Rose," Owen Kidlard's play from the book of that name.

Miss Matilda Adams and her company have begun rehearsals of Shakespeare's "Taming of the Shrew," the play selected by Charles Frohman for Miss Adams' appearances before the faculty of Harvard University next June.

Dinner to Profs. Burgess and Leonard. A dinner will be given this evening at the Hotel Astor complimentary to Prof. Rudolph Leonard and Prof. John W. Burgess. Bishop Potter will preside and addresses will be made by President Roosevelt, Walter C. Baldwin, James S. Speyer, Judge Simeon E. Baldwin, Prof. George W. Kirovsky of the Columbia Law School and Dr. Felix Adler.

"THE WALTZ DREAM" SCORES.

NEW OPERETTA FROM VIENNA AN EMPHATIC SUCCESS.

It Looks as If We Were to Wait for Some Time if This Keeps Up—Edward Johnson Brings a Fine Voice to the Opera Stage and the Others Perform Ably.

Operetta having once more become the chief export of Vienna considerable prospective interest was centered naturally in the production last evening at the Broadway Theatre of the latest Viennese shipment of music, romance and jokes—the whole being offered for American consumption under the name of "A Waltz Dream."

The Viennese manufacturers were Oscar Strauss as the music and Felix Dornman and Leopold Jackson as to the other materials, but the goods have been trimmed up to this side of the Atlantic by Joseph W. Herbert.

A good deal of credit attaches both to the original makers and to the American fur-bisher, for between them they have produced a musical entertainment of much more than ordinary merit.

There is only one fly in the ointment of its success. But that one fly there is. In "A Waltz Dream," as in "The Merry Widow," the musical feature that most captivated the first night audience and is likely to go on pleasing many more, was a waltz melody that, enthusiastically greeted at its first appearance, bobs up sporadically from then until the very end.

Wherefore it seems more than likely that nobody will have the temerity for some time to produce an operetta heretofore that isn't plastered all over with waltz music. If we might be sure that the waltz is a good god as those in "The Merry Widow" and "A Waltz Dream" the outlook might not be so discouraging.

But that is scarcely the case. So from now on prepare to wait as you go to business, waltz as you go to bed, waltz as you eat and not impossibly waltz as you die, if you should be so unfortunate as to pass away before the waltz craze now impending has died away before other charms.

"A Waltz Dream," having been said to be considerably more than successful, let's go on to talk of the plot. Yes, it can't be avoided. There really is a plot. It deals with an Austrian Lieutenant who is made to marry a Princess, though much against his will. Immediately after the ceremony he declares that all is over between them, and being lured to a public garden by the happiest twenty girls in all the world, Uncle Joe was happy too. A Presidential candidate who overlooks the potent force of women in politics doesn't know his business.

L. White Busbey, the Speaker's private secretary, brushed his hair and combed his mustache carefully before paving the way for the reception. When William J. Bryan left the Speaker's presence Busbey responded to the Speaker's question, "And they were beautiful. The Speaker's eagle eye and his other eye lighted up with a sparkle of fifty years ago, as he saw their rosy cheeks and clear complexions."

"Mr. Speaker," said Busbey, "these young ladies are from the Martha Washington Seminary in this city and they wanted to meet you."

"The pleasure is mine, young ladies," responded Uncle Joe, throwing his cigar in the grate and taking a furtive look at himself in the big mirror.

The principal of the seminary, who was a mere man, explained that his pupils were from many different States and had heard much of the Speaker of the House. Then the principal introduced them, calling each by name and telling the State she was from. There were girls from Georgia, Virginia and other parts of the Union, and every one of them said she was happy to meet the Speaker. When the handshaking was over Mr. Cannon said:

"I am sorry there isn't an Illinois girl here," said the principal.

"Oh, yes, here is," sang the girls in chorus, and they pushed forward the young lady from Uncle Joe's State, who blushed in response to the nice things the Speaker said to her, and the twenty girls all passed smiling Busbey. The Speaker gazed after them with a faraway look in his eyes.

"Buz," he said, "find out how my account stands at the florist's and the candy man's and let me know the address of that seminary."

CONSTITUTION STILL ALIVE.

Universalists Hear It Is, but Deft as to Observance.

The question that Robert H. Roy, Assistant District Attorney of Kings county, proposed to the members of the New York Universalists' Club in the Hotel St. Denis last night was this: "Is or is not, whether or no, the Constitution of the United States the answer he presented them with his own conclusion, which was that the Constitution was still alive and ready for observance, but that the life had passed out of the observance."

Mr. Roy began historically, continued teleologically, concluded critically and wound up thusly: "When you take from the States any of the powers distinctly reserved to them, and when you let the Federal Government assume additional power by implication, you take from the people a part of their rights and a part of their liberty. I never met an authority on the Constitution who favored going at all beyond an honest interpretation of that document, nor, aside from socialist writers, do I recall any authority at all who argues in favor of such a proposition—except Mr. Roy."

It behooves us not to lend our approval to any one who would read into the Constitution a greater extension of powers than the ordinary sane mind would include within the limits of its language, nor to any one, no matter how high in authority who would advise us to do so. It behooves us in all honesty of purpose to declare some act of Congress unconstitutional. Of all things the liberty of this country depends on the honesty and independence of the judiciary, and if the courts be influenced by condemnation of the liberties of this land stand in urgent need of protection."

TAFT AND THE TEXAS MEMBER.

He Promises the States' Delegation to Taft and Defeat on Election Day.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 27.—Secretary Taft was at the Capitol to-day and after concluding a hearing before the Committee on Industrial Arts and Expositions he strolled in on the floor of the House and met Representative Bob Henry of Texas.

"Mr. Secretary," said the Texas member shaking Mr. Taft's hand, "our folks down in Texas think mighty well of you, and while there is some difference of opinion among 'em, Texas as to whether or not you ought to be the next President we are going to compromise the matter. We'll give you the Texas delegates to the Republican convention, but on election day we will defeat you by about 400,000 majority."

"Fine!" exclaimed the Secretary, his fat cheeks shaking with laughter. "If you Texans will do that, Mr. Henry, I shall be entirely satisfied."

Then Mr. Taft walked over and began talking to the solemn Mr. De Armond of Missouri.

Mr. Taft went over on the Senate side of the Capitol to arrange for legislation permitting the two Philippine Commissioners who are now in Washington to have the privileges of the Senate floor.

He saw Senator Lodge, chairman of the Philippine Committee, and a member of the Committee on Rules. Senator Lodge took Secretary Taft around to see Senator Knox, another member of the Rules Committee.

"It's no use," said Mr. Knox as Mr. Taft put his head through the doorway of Mr. Knox's room. "It's no good in your asking me. I tell you right now that you can't get the Pennsylvania delegation to the national convention."

Mr. Taft beamed on his rival for highest honors and allowed that it would be foolish to attempt the impossible.

As a result of the conference Senator Lodge will present a resolution granting floor privileges to the Philippine Commissioners.

20 GIRLS CALL ON UNCLE JOE. They Wanted to Meet the Next President and the Young Ladies' Club of the City.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 27.—A score of girls in tailored frocks filed demurely into Speaker Cannon's room in the House of Representatives this afternoon, every one of them awed by the thought that she was to be brought face to face with Uncle Joe and grasp the iron hand that wields the gavel. But the venerable presiding officer of the House put them at their ease in a moment, and when they went away they were the happiest twenty girls in all the world. Uncle Joe was happy too. A Presidential candidate who overlooks the potent force of women in politics doesn't know his business.

L. White Busbey, the Speaker's private secretary, brushed his hair and combed his mustache carefully before paving the way for the reception. When William J. Bryan left the Speaker's presence Busbey responded to the Speaker's question, "And they were beautiful. The Speaker's eagle eye and his other eye lighted up with a sparkle of fifty years ago, as he saw their rosy cheeks and clear complexions."

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TO THE WOMAN WHO BAKES.

Royal is the greatest of time and labor savers. Makes home baking easy, a pleasure and a profit.

ROYAL Baking Powder

The only Baking Powder made from Royal Grape Crumbs of Tartar

With minimum trouble and cost biscuits, cake and pastry are made fresh, clean and grandly superior to the ready-made, dry, stound-in-the-shop variety.

LYRICS BY CURATE VERDER

HE IS IMPELLED TO SING OF THE GREAT WHITE WAY.

Seems Also to Differ With Another Eminent East Side About Broadway's Greatest—"Songs From the Slums" Is Another Opus That He Has Begun Work On.

A cigarette For lips half parted, With fresh hair wet, Is fine, you bet! Hat! We've started! For lips half parted!

The curate of St. Augustine's Church, in East Houston street, the Rev. Daniel Hugh Verder, ambitious to write a musical comedy that will hit Broadway straight between the eyes and give him a lower berth, along with George M. Cohan, Irving Cobb, Bill Irwin's brother Wallace, Harry B. Smith and George V. Hobart, in Fame's Twentieth Century Limited.

Young Mr. Verder likes the life of the Alley and has a pretty well developed hunch that he can give it original expression. The fact is he has written a very little of lyrics and light, merry little verses which would, he says, fit nicely in the libretto of a musical piece. He doesn't see any reason why a curate shouldn't produce a musical comedy, if, as Paul Armstrong says, it is good enough to get over the footlights.

So far the Shuberts, Klaw & Erlanger, Dillingham and Frohman haven't bothered Mr. Verder with insistent requests that he get a move on and turn out a laugh maker before Lent puts a damper on the theatrical business, but wait a bit. Maybe they haven't read his book of poems, "The Snow Bird," or his latest lyric, "The Great White Way"; at any rate, as Mr. Verder says, he is willing to go slow, as always with a handful of salt to all on the fat of the tongue bird success if it should firt its wings anywhere near him.

On the other night Mr. Verder went to the Casino and heard from Hand, the boy usher, beat his hands into a pulp when Maude Fulton skipped out and sang the newest Broadway song:

So I was fired by Rectora, Then I was fired by Miss, Next Mr. Sherry Discharged me so merry, Deimos's followers I think, Then was Shanley bounced me, Child's gave us the call, Last week at the Plaza I got the package, I've been discharged from them all.

Whereupon Mr. Verder got an idea. He would write a Broadway song that would be a bigger smash than "The Troubles of Winkin' Gel," but it wouldn't be so light-minded and frivolous. It would be amusing but not too merry, full of a deeper meaning, a bit of the darker side of the Alley—a contrast, in short, of the gaiety and the gloom of Broadway. At the same time it might serve as the nucleus for a musical comedy he had in mind. So he dashed off "The Great White Way":

No monks nor cows nor any such thing, But steady burns the electric light, No shadows does the darkness bring, But like the Great White Way in the night, Oh, the Great White Way is always gay.

It is, indeed, a wonderful sight, They dance and sing on the Great White Way, And through the theatres every night To see the latest actor play In gorgeous, brilliant costumes dight, Oh, the Great White Way or her art never say, Was ever a place of fair delight.

But many a soul on that thoroughfare Is lost in its glamour and its light, Empty is left and cold and bare, And darker than the darkest night, Yet the Great White Way is always gay, For serpents charm before they bite, So learn now this, quaff but the foam, And leave the dregs of fair delight, If this is enough for you, you may, You'll seek again Broadway by night, For the Great White Way is always gay.

Where hearts are dead and faces bright, Of course if the piece is a hit and the audience splits its gloves and calls for more there'll have to be additional verses, because it is very embarrassing for the little curate to see the naval lieutenant or the young millionaire to run out of ammunition and have to repeat the same old stuff. It is extremely girling to one that loves his honest interpretation of that document, that he could have new verses by the time the comedy was presented.

It's only by the greatest of good luck, that he has the Great White Way at all. He lost it the other day in Sixth Avenue. It was found by a man who appreciated its merit and who mailed it to the author, then he isn't a good man Mr. Verder would like to know what is.

The Wanamaker Store Store Closes at 5:30 P. M. Interesting Days At WANAMAKER'S Cleaning up stocks before inventory. Last week of the White Sale—Muslin Underwear and Linens. Rare news of Good Furs. The Wanamaker Restaurant offers the finest Table d'Hote Lunches in the City at 50c and 60c. Special Lunch Cafe EXCLUSIVELY for MEN, where Smoking is allowed. Special BREAKFASTS at 50c—and they're FINE. Take elevator at Astor Place corner of New Building direct to Cafe. All Ninth street elevators in New Building go direct to Restaurant.

Organ and Angelus Recital Daily, 10 to 12. CONCERT at 1:30, in Auditorium. HELP YOUR EYES. Remember that you have only one pair, to last all your life. Don't go on straining them until it is too late. SKILLED OPTICIANS are here, at your service without charge. Proper lenses accurately fitted and well mounted, at most moderate prices.

Men's \$30 to \$40 Suits Made to Order for \$25 We have ready today a fine lot of the higher grades of fancy worsteds, chevots and cassimeres, in light and dark shades, suitable for Spring wear, which we will make up to your measure, in single-breasted sack suit style, at \$5 to \$15 below the regular fair values. The workmanship, tailoring, trimming and finish will be exactly the same as if you paid the full price, and the fit is always guaranteed. A few plain blue and black unfinished worsteds, chevots and tibets are also included. Suits that we make up regularly at \$30 to \$40, now at \$25 a suit to your measure. Main floor, Fourth avenue, New Building.

Young Men's \$20 to \$25 Suits At \$16.50 About one hundred and seventy-five of our regular Wanamaker Sack Suits of fancy chevots, in the newest brown and gray shades. They have just come in, spic-span-new, from the manufacturers, in grades which we regularly sell at \$20 to \$25, at \$16.50 a suit. All sizes as the selling starts. Main floor, New Building.

Women's FUR COATS At Half Price We've been fortunate in finding this excellent collection of Sample Fur Coats, fully up to the high quality standard which we require, to offer at these handsome reductions. Good furs and good fur making, all in this present season's most stylish models. All at just half their real values. Black Caracul Coats, with shawl collars, 30 inches long, at \$40, worth \$80; 40 inches long, at \$45, worth \$90; 50 inches long, at \$60, worth \$120. With lynx shawl collar, 50 inches long, at \$115, worth \$230. Long Brown Squirrel Coats, 50 inches long, at \$65, worth \$130. Light Tan Cloth Coats, squirrel-lined, at \$55, worth \$110. A number of Short Black Caracul Sample Coats, in a variety of styles, trimmed with fancy furs, at \$67.50, worth \$135; at \$70, worth \$140; at \$75, worth \$150; Third floor, Old Building.

JOHN WANAMAKER Formerly A. T. Stewart & Co. Broadway, Fourth Avenue, Eighth to Tenth Street.

CENSORING OF POSTERS BEGINS. Newark Aldermen, Assisted by Preachers, Condemn Fifteen "Suggestive" Ones. A committee of the Newark Common Council charged with the task of censoring theatrical posters served notice upon the playhouse managers yesterday that in future no poster on which guns, knives or "an unnecessary extent of feminine limbs" are conspicuously shown will be permitted to be displayed in the public places of Newark. As a beginner the committee placed its disapproving stamp upon fifteen posters, ranging in size from single sheets to twenty-four sheets.

Our Improved Croup Kettle Constructed according to directions of an eminent physician Made and For Sale by LEWIS & CONGER, 139 & 132 West 42d Street, and 135 West 41st St., New York.

Washington Society Notes. WASHINGTON, Jan. 27.—The Vice-President and Mrs. Fairbanks were the guests of honor of ex-Representative and Mrs. Joseph C. Sibley of Pennsylvania at dinner this evening. The Italian Ambassador and Baroness Plancher were hosts at dinner this evening in honor of the Secretary of State and Mrs. Root. The German Ambassador and Baroness von Sternburg entertained at dinner this evening in honor of the birthday of the Kaiser; their guests including only the members of the embassy and a number of German scientists who are in Washington on special missions. The Chargé d'Affaires of Mexico and Mme. Godoy entertained at a dance for young people this evening. They were assisted in receiving their 100 guests by the daughter, Miss Godoy.

ANTI-GAMBLING FIELD DAY. Bills to Repeal Freely-Gamy Law Indorsed by Federation of Churches. A meeting under the auspices of the Federation of Churches and Christian Organizations in New York city was held yesterday afternoon in the assembly hall of the United Charities Building. The subjects scheduled for discussion were "The Race-track Gambling Evil and the Duty of Our Citizens" and "Immigration and the Opportunity of the Churches." The first of these got all the attention. Michael F. Flaherty explained the details of the "system" at the racetracks. Henry F. Cochrane dealt with the legal phase of the matter. The Rev. Wilbur F. Crafts said that the pious are an corrupter of youth want to be compared to the racetrack, because it lacked the elements of mob psychology. Resolutions supporting the anti-gambling message of Gov. Hughes and endorsing the Agnew and Hart bills were passed unanimously.

LIEBIG'S EXTRACT OF BEEF FROM KING EDWARD'S FARMS TO LIEBIG FARMS. The best of the world's products are the raw material from which Liebig's Extract is produced. The Liebig Extract is the product of King Edward's Farms in Widdow, England—one of a number one in the Liebig Company's best products. LIEBIG COMPANY'S EXTRACT OF BEEF