

"INGOMAR" REVIVED AGAIN

MABEL TALIARFERO A DAINTY FIGURE AS PANTHENA.

Old Play Treated Out to Give Her a Chance to Show Her Skill in a Classical Part—William Farnum a Fine Figure in the Title Part.

It seems hard to realize in this day of grace that there used to be serious discussion as to the ethics of Baron Münch-Bellinghansen's play "Der Sohn der Wildnis," which several generations of playgoers have known under the name "Ingomar." It came into the English language in 1871, the year of the author's death, and in the translation of Maria Lovell has held the stage ever since. It is the most successful piece used to say that it represented the struggle between barbarous man and the daughter of civilized Greek emigrants at the ancient Marseilles than it did the usual conquest of mere material man by the innocence and spirituality of fair maidenhood. The old fellows who bothered their heads about such unnecessary sort of things used to blame him for neglecting to put the foot on the historical and dramatic features of his problem and for emphasizing the amorous side of the struggle between the Greeks who had wandered into France and the Alemanni who lingered there still, to pounce down on the invaders, make them slaves or otherwise harass them for intruding into their lands. They spoke rather harshly of the author for creating a mere love lyric out of the problem that lay at his hand.

But that was when the play saw the light in its native tongue. Just how foolish these old critics were and just how much better the author understood human nature was shown yesterday afternoon when "Ingomar" was acted at the Liberty Theatre. Mabel Taliaferro was the PANTHENA and added her impersonation of the Greek maiden to the long list that extends down from the black walnut period of our drama. If there had been only historical and ethnological interest in the original of "Ingomar" no actresses would have sighed, as many of them have during so many years, to say, "I go to—cleanse—the cups." Nor would a mild sensation of sentiment still flare up in her hearers when the heroine so gently intones, "Two souls with but a single thought, two hearts that beat as one."

There are tears always in the eyes of her barbarian lover when she says that to him, and there is already the note of love in her own voice. Who would have cared a rap about Halim's play in this restless time if he had solved his problem about the struggle between the old fellows said he should? This drama would have gone the way of the rest of his theatre and there would be no chance for the actress who in her old bromides that delighted our fathers. A love lyric may not be as important to its generation as a play of historic and national interest but it is dollars to doughnuts that it will last an almighty sight longer.

Recently it has not been the ambition of every actress to play the part of a way to attempt to show what she could do as the Greek maiden of Marseilles, although it used to be a hurdle they all had to take. Mary Anderson's serene Hellenic beauty made her for a while the ideal of those who were exacting about their Partenthens. Then Julia Arthur, with her Oriental glow, came forward, and there had been fewer Partenthens, and showed rather a determined maiden of Marseilles who had made up her mind to marry her barbarian and carry him home whether he wanted it or not. Julia Marlowe, during a brief spring season at the Empire Theatre several years ago, was Partenthena who delighted most through her opulent womanly charm and the exquisite cadences of her eloquent tongue. Then the book of Partenthens closed until it opened yesterday afternoon to reveal a little figure with the appealing perfection of a Panagiotis figure.

She had the ethereal beauty of some fair haired dryad who might have been awarded in her white and blue Grecian draperies as a prank. She could never be said that she was what might be expected in face and figure and voice. There might have been more physical power, for instance, in some of the scenes, but it would have been more properly from this slight and dainty figure.

William Farnum as Ingomar maintained an admirable balance between deference to tradition and to modern demands as to naturalness in speech and gesture and the result was an admirable performance of a part which ought to offer little difficulty to any actor of experience. But all of them could not be so good. Looking at Mr. Farnum, William B. MacFadden, who wholly modern in all but costume, and the stilted speeches fell incongruously from his lips. William Farnum made a vivid figure of the fisherman in the speech allotted to him in the first act. Robert McWade, Sr., was a pathetically hopeless victim of the fisherman with a quiver in his voice that no art could have profited to the extent of \$3,000.

LIVE TOPICS ABOUT TOWN.

Ex-President Elliot of Harvard was a guest of honor at a public dinner the other night and happened to hear a reporter use the slang phrase, "on the level." Dr. Elliot pricked up his ears.

"Tell me, young man," he said interestedly, "what is the meaning of that 'on the level.' I should like very much to know."

The reporter explained. Dr. Elliot panted, then smiled happily.

"I see," he said, "very much the same as being 'on the square,' isn't it? Well, now, I have learned something."

"That paragraph in THE SUN about fashioning furniture from old church pews turned my mind to my old checker board," said the gray headed man.

"I don't play checker any more. The board has been in the bottom of my trunk for months, but I got it out after reading that item. My checker board was made out of the back of a pew I sat in years ago. Four of us young fellows occupied a pew in a country church. We were checker boarders. When the old church was torn down each of us made a checker board from the lumber in our pew. We separated shortly after that. I haven't heard from the other three for years. I wonder if they still have their checker boards."

"Ever seen that now liqueur they have out there on the Pacific coast?" said a man who arrived the other day from a trip to Portland, Ore. "All the men I saw in the restaurants out there were drinking it, and they told me it produced a jolt of very high order. As I was drinking my coffee I was amazed to see the men dipping the business ends of their cigars into their cups, by which they got a new kick. They drank the mixture that resulted. They told me the custom came up from Mexico, but I guess it will be some time before it strikes New York."

"No finer example of the durability of iron exists than that railing around Bowling Green," remarked a Whitehall street patriarch, standing on the Custom House steps and gazing fondly down on the fence.

"That was put there during the stamp riots before the revolution and at the same time," said the patriarch, "the King George was erected where the middle of the fountain now is. About the time that the ravages of the elements made a ghastly mess of the main points of the iron fence. These too were rusted off or been removed in my time, yet that old iron fence stands there as good as day as when it was put up 140 or more years ago."

"You see, there has been a slice removed to make room for the subway kiosk," he tried to get it at the time, but was told by the contractors that William Barclay Parsons had had it ordered to his own home as a relic."

"In moving from flat to flat I have seen many a strange sign posted up for the guidance of tenants," said the woman, "but the queerest of all was tacked above the gas range of the last apartment we moved into. It said: 'Please do not go to the gas range while the gas is on. I asked the agent if he considered that warning necessary. He said he did.'"

"Two women in one of our houses were laughing at the subway kiosk," he said. "They put something on to cook, lay down for a nap, the flame blew out and they were done for. We don't want any more such fatalities, and have posted up those signs as a precautionary measure."

The Park Department is about the only large department in the city that has not called on the authorities to supply automobiles for the officials to ride in. The old custom of a horse and carriage still prevails. The Commissioner's team is to be distinguished from the other park tourneys from the fact that he drives a pair of horses. One horse is considered good enough for the other officials. He is the only police captain in Manhattan that has a horse and carriage in which to patrol his precinct. As the precinct is the Fifth Avenue and 110th street the captain has to move quickly to see that all the men are on post.

"DON" AT THE NEW THEATRE

A WELL ACTED COMEDY OF MODERN ENGLISH LIFE.

Very George Bernard Shawlike in its Dialogue Also—Matheson Lang as the Hero and Thelma Lawton as a Run-away Wife—"Liz" the Curtain Raiser.

The sixth production of the New Theatre came last night in "Don," a three act comedy of character by Rudolf Besier, an English dramatist hitherto unknown in this country, although other dramas from his pen are said to be impending. It is intimated that the poet Shelley suggested the leading character, whose traits have led him to still further vigorous greatness by bringing on him the nickname taken from the immortal knight Cervantes' hero.

Middle class English society provided the author's characters, and they show themselves in the drawing room and rectory of Canon Bonington, as he is the father of the poetic and unconventional heir, these staid surroundings provide a contrasting background for the situations brought about by the heir's determination to follow out his own ideas of life rather than the theories that would lead to much more comfortable results for his family and friends.

The young man is awaited at the home of his father when the play begins and there to meet him are the parents of the young woman to whom he is betrothed. One eccentricity in the hero's past was his sympathy for a waitress in a restaurant which led him to take service for her in his mother's house until she married. Her religious husband is jealous of her innocent relation with the hero and she is completely at a loss to answer him. Thus it happens that the waiting families receive not only the hero but the wife whom he has helped to desert her husband and marry the hero.

Here the author poses a situation that brings out the character of all the figures in his comedy in natural enough fashion in one may excuse the original hypothesis. Accepting the eccentricities of Stephen Bonington, the rest is plain sailing. His episode with the eloping waitress awakens in his family and that of his betrothed, emotions quite in keeping with their characters. Some are indignant, some are shocked. His betrothed is even driven to the point of saying that he must marry the companion in his flight and not her, when the woman's husband divorces her and she is free to marry the hero.

Then the husband arrives to reclaim his wife, if necessary at the point of the pistol, and he refuses to regard the hero's act as philanthropic, preferring to entertain the more usual view as to the motives which lead a wife to run away from her husband with a young man. It is not until the two men face to face and discuss the event that has been of so much importance to them both that the harmlessness of the proceedings is made clear to the deserted husband.

"This of course is very much in the vein of G. B. Shaw, whom the author followed not only in his dramatic method but in his plain American way of saying things. His episode with the eloping waitress awakens in his family and that of his betrothed, emotions quite in keeping with their characters. Some are indignant, some are shocked. His betrothed is even driven to the point of saying that he must marry the companion in his flight and not her, when the woman's husband divorces her and she is free to marry the hero.

The acting of the play was a credit to the resources of the New Theatre that it would be difficult to overpraise. The performance was of a quality rarely met with on the local stage. Mrs. Dellenbaugh Beverley Sigmond, delightfully quiet in her humorous view of the complicated situation and her control of assertive husband; Leah Bateman-Hunter as the youthful and beautiful Thelma Lawton as the unfortunate cause of the trouble brought glory to the distant ride of the cast while there was no less praise due to E. M. Hollan as the hero of religion and William McVay as the man of war.

George F. Platt, who was the stage manager, deserves gratitude save for the detail with which in the drawing room of the rectory he reproduced the traditions of English interior decoration in all its ugliness.

"Liz, the Mother," a one act play of life in the East End of London, was given before the comedy. It is an unnecessary and scolding and drab play, but it does give a situation. The girl mother of an illegitimate child refuses to surrender to the widow of her lover, even if she has to take it into the streets. The girl is the chance of a home for her son if she will exchange it for the dead baby of the man who seduced and deserted her.

"The Flea in the Ear" Proves an Uproarious Laughing Success.

The stage of the German Theatre in Irving place last evening was a place of uproarious fun, and the audience seemed to be as irresistibly moved to merriment as the actors themselves. Every actor in Mr. Georges Feydeau's farce in three acts, "The Flea in the Ear" ("Der Floh im Ohr"), appeared to be having so much fun that the audience just naturally fell in and laughed too, long and heartily. When the final curtain fell the people started up the aisles they were a people of sparkling eyes and cheery countenances broadened in smiles.

Gustave Hartmann as Augustin Perillous, proprietor of that engaging yet distracting hotel "The Amorous Tom-Cat," or "To the Amorous Male Cat" as the obliging program committee has so scientifically translated it (Zurn Zartlichen Kater), gave a humorous presentation of this choice boniface that was a rare treat. His chorus sang overhead on the way out: "Why, even the knees of his trousers were eloquent! How did he do it?"

So too Eva Speiser as Raymond Chandebis and Claire Seidel as Lucienne de Histanguis won the audience with their very feminine funniness, while Erwin Baran as Chandebis' brother, the Count, and Gustav Olmar as De Histanguis and Karl Schmidt as Ruyg left nothing undone to add to the gaiety of the presentation. It was the first production of the play here and the patrons of the German theatre who like to laugh had opportunities ahead of them while it runs.

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MRS. BRYCE QUESTIONS HIM

REV. HENRY NASH HEARS FROM THE ENGLISH WOMAN.

Sister-in-Law of the Ambassador Tells Him That the Suffragettes Are Not Hysterical—Clergyman Says He's Most Afraid of the Ignorant Vote.

The Rev. Henry S. Nash of Cambridge received such enthusiastic applause all through the speech which he made to the members of the Equal Franchise Society yesterday afternoon at the Garden Theatre that he was obviously surprised when a tall, gray-eyed, dark haired woman rose and told him that he was quite mistaken in regard to the suffragette situation in England.

His hearer was Mrs. J. Annan Bryce, sister-in-law of the British Ambassador, and she made her points so quickly and so clearly that the speaker of the day seemed somewhat at a loss to answer her. "You advised the American women not to be hysterical," she began, "and then told them not to copy the silly and insane methods of the suffragettes across the water. Now you must understand that not a single act of the English suffragettes has been a manifestation of hysteria. Everything they have done has been carefully planned weeks beforehand and had a direct political purpose. The older suffragettes in England have been working in accordance with so-called conservative methods for nearly sixty years and they don't seem to have accomplished very much. The suffragettes have at least made their cause a political issue, whether you approve of them or not. Furthermore, they have undoubtedly given a great impetus to the movement in America."

"I didn't say that I don't approve of the suffragettes themselves, but only of their methods of working. They are chairs and things of that sort," protested Dr. Nash. "I am sorry you said that all of their exploits were carefully and deliberately planned, because that only makes them all the slier."

The audience laughed, but Mrs. Bryce did not seem to be in the least ruffled. "I am not saying that they are wrong," she said. "No one paid any attention to them until they became obstreperous, and now every one admires that the Irish have done some incredibly silly things."

"For instance," he said, "not very long ago an Irish M. P. insisted upon addressing the Imperial Parliament in Gaelic. Now he simply showed himself an ass. However, I sympathize with both the Irish and the English because they are at present down and out and they can't be expected to have an adequate sense of political responsibility. A plain American man would have had home rule in the near future," declared Mrs. Bryce triumphantly, "so that you can't say their tactics have been useless."

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Handel's "Messiah" Sung. A Good Performance of the Famous Work by the Oratorio Society.

Handel was a wonderful fellow after all. It would be undignified and unjust to call him the Puccini of oratorio, but he was after all an Italian opera composer and the artistic descendant of a long line of Italian oratorio composers. So he knew how to feel the pulse of the public and perhaps too he may have suspected that public do not change radically in regard to certain elementary matters. It was interesting to note at the Oratorio Society's annual evening performance of "The Messiah" at Carnegie Hall last night (the matinee took place on Tuesday) how the audience was aroused to enthusiasm at the old familiar spots.

Of course all this gives the Handel enthusiast a chance to say that the mighty Saxon wrote for all time and so forth, and the beauty of it is that so far as any human being can see now it is true. The audience of last night was just as full of enthusiasm as those which have preceded it for the last twenty-five years. It seems likely that no wild, barbaric incursions of Goths like Strauss and Wagner will ever disturb the worshippers of "The Messiah." Most of them do not even suspect that there is a Regor.

The performance of last night was in some respects one of the best given in recent seasons by the Oratorio Society. There was a spirit in it that has too often been lacking. The chorus sang with fine precision, but the tone of the sopranos is not yet all that could be desired. David Bispham sang in his accustomed manner and rendered great applause. Mme. Jonelli sang some of her recitatives commendably, while Tilly Knesel distinguished her voice efficiently. Alfred Sherman was the tenor, his singing was not on a level with that of his companions.

Geraldine Farrar is apparently going to sing Lucia in Puccini's opera until people learn to love her. She sang Baron at Chantebis' brother, the Count, and Gustav Olmar as De Histanguis and Karl Schmidt as Ruyg left nothing undone to add to the gaiety of the presentation. It was the first production of the play here and the patrons of the German theatre who like to laugh had opportunities ahead of them while it runs.

PRESIDENT'S NIECE WEDS.

Miss Louise Taft the Bride of George Snowdon of Seattle.

Miss Louise Walbridge Taft, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Henry W. Taft and niece of the President, was married yesterday to George H. Snowdon of Seattle, Wash. The ceremony was performed at the home of the bride's parents at 30 West Forty-eighth street. President Taft, his daughter, Helen, and his two sons, Robert and Charles, came on from Washington to attend the wedding. The ceremony took place at 4 o'clock in the afternoon. On account of the recent death of Mrs. Horace D. Taft, the bride's aunt, and was no reception following it.

The Rev. Dr. J. G. H. Barry of the Protestant Episcopal Church of St. Mary the Virgin officiated. Miss Taft was attended by Miss Margaret Lowe, the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William E. Lowe Reese Alsop of Brooklyn was best man.

Miss Taft entered the drawing room, in which the ceremony was held, through an aisle formed by white satin ribbons held in white stanchions. The room was decorated with white and pink roses, lilies of the valley, white orchids and growing plants. The maternal aunt of the bridegroom, Miss Lowe wore a pink satin gown embellished with gold lace. She carried a bouquet of pink roses. The bride's bouquet was of lilies of the valley and white orchids. Miss Taft was given in marriage by her father.

The ushers were Walbridge F. and W. Howard Taft, brothers of the bride; Felix and Charles Snowdon, Jr., brothers of the bridegroom; Martin S. Baldwin, Howard Corlies, Thomas Guffey and Raymond Page.

Among those present were Mr. and Mrs. Charles P. Taft of Cincinnati, Miss Louise Taft, Miss Delia C. Torrey of Millbury, Mass., the maternal aunt of the President; Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Richards of Pittsburgh, brother-in-law and sister of Mr. Snowdon; Charles Snowdon, the bridegroom's father; Mr. and Mrs. William E. Lowe and Miss Ethel Herrick, fiancée of Walbridge F. Taft.

Mr. and Mrs. Snowdon will sail on the Cedric on January 10 for Egypt. They will remain abroad for several months. Upon their return they will live in Seattle, where Mr. Snowdon is in the lumber business.

IN WASHINGTON SOCIETY.

Mrs. Taft's Guests at the White House—Mrs. Gaff Gives a Ball.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 30.—Mrs. Taft will have her usual Christmas party at the White House on Thursday next. They are already well known in Washington society from having visited here while the President was Secretary of War. Miss Parsons of Columbus will remain here for a fortnight as Mrs. Taft's guest.

The Vice-President returned to Washington to-night from Utica, where with Mrs. Sherman they spent Christmas at home with their children and relatives. Mrs. Sherman will return to Washington to-morrow.

Mrs. Chauncey M. Depew has returned to Washington from her holiday visit in New York. She will receive on New Year's afternoon from 4 to 7 o'clock and the same evening from 7 to 10 o'clock. Mrs. Depew's niece, Miss Pauline, will be with her.

Mrs. Thomas T. Gaff entertained at a ball last evening. There were several hundred guests from among the Diplomatic Corps, Cabinet circle and resident society, including the Italian Ambassador and Baroness des Planches, the Austrian Ambassador and Hengelmüller, the German Ambassador and Countess von Bernstorff and their daughters, the French Ambassador and Mrs. Janssen, the Brazilian Ambassador and Mrs. Nabuco and Miss Nabuco, the Secretary of the Treasury and Mrs. McLaughlin, Postmaster General, Hitchcock, the Secretary of the Navy and Mrs. Meyer and the Misses Meyer, and the Secretary of Commerce and Labor and Mrs. Nagel and Miss Nagel.

WHEN FATHER WENT BROKE.

Wall Street Speculator Accuses His Family—Ingratitude.

John A. Fulton, a Wall Street speculator, who went broke in 1906, accused his wife Juliet and his children of ingratitude when Mrs. Fulton asked Justice Dowling yesterday to give her liberal alimony pending her suit for a separation on the ground of cruelty and abandonment. The children are Hazel, 24 years old, and Donald, 18.

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NANCE ONEIL'S CONTRACT.

Rankin Fails to Have the Actress Enjoined From Appearing With Belasco Co.

There was a hearing yesterday before Justice Blackmar in the Supreme Court, Brooklyn, on the application of Arthur McKee Rankin, the theatrical manager, to cancel a recent contract made by Nance O'Neil, the actress, to appear under the management of David Belasco.

This contract, it was contended, was in violation of one she made with Rankin that extended from February 26, 1904, to February 20, 1911. Counsel for Miss O'Neil contended that Mr. Rankin had no claim on her exclusive management and that a reasonable sum had been offered to him in return for any obligations which might exist. Rankin, counsel said, had borrowed money on her jewels, and the last thing he did was to require \$75 a week from her.

Justice Blackmar in refusing to grant a temporary injunction said that the Judge trying the merits of the case was the one to decide whether the contract was legal and binding. He also refused to fix any date for the trial of the case.

NEW YALE PROFESSOR.

Dr. Moore of Los Angeles Takes Chair of Education.

NEW HAVEN, Dec. 30.—Announcement was made to-night that Ernest Carroll Moore, superintendent of schools in Los Angeles, Cal., has accepted the newly established professorship of education at Yale.

Prof. Moore was born in 1871 in Youngstown, Ohio. He received his bachelor's degree at the Ohio State University and later the degree of bachelor of laws and doctor of arts from Columbia. He has a degree of doctor of philosophy from the University of Chicago. Later he was connected with the University of California, where he was an assistant professor of education from 1902 to 1906 and dean of the summer session.

He has been president of the California State Board of Charities and Corrections.

Harvard Glee Club Cancels. Cantabrigian melody flowed last night when the Harvard musical clubs gave their annual concert in the grand ballroom at the Waldorf before an appreciative if small audience. The evening was opened by the banjo club with a potpourri of Harvard melodies dealing with the downs of the Blues. The blues and tiger and ended as usual with "Fair Harvard," while the audience stood. "My Cousin Gus," coupled with a humorous piece from "The Troubadours" as rendered by Messrs. E. C. Johnston, T. H. Matters and C. B. Long, caused much merriment in the audience.

AT THE AUTO SHOW.

AS for the Callahan Family. THE SUN has received \$5 from "M. K." for the Callahan family, whose head was arrested on Christmas eve and sent to jail because his two children had been absent from school. It developed that the father had a wife and two children and a court protection officer found that the children were in no condition to attend school.