MRS. FISKE IN A NEW COMEDY

"MRS. BUMPSTEAD-LEIGH" WILL DO AS A COMIC INTERMEZZO.

Young Author's Drama Is Rather Artless, but Has Good Satire on American Social Pretensions—Saved by the Actress—Henry Dixey With Her.

Mrs. Fiske produced a new play at the Lyceum Theatre last night and the combination insured a theatrical event of uncommon interest. Few producers of plays for any theatre command the admiration and respect that Mrs. Fiske always receives from the public, and last night she imparted an additional element of novelty to the proceedings by introducing a new dramatist in the person of Harry James Smith, described as a young magazine writer.

The audience last night possessed the qualities of intelligence and cultivation common to the public that welcomes Mrs. Fiske's plays. It was invited to witness "Mrs. Bumpstead-Leigh," described by its author as a comedy of American social life. Mrs. Fiske had the title rôle. She is the wife of an English clergyman of social importance. Having firmly established herself abroad she comes back to this country to continue the struggle on behalf of her family.

It is the particular task of marrying off her younger sister to a wealthy young American of position that brings this successful social adventurer back to her native land. The action of the comedy takes place at the Long Island home of the young man's family. Its members have welcomed *Mrs. Bumpstead-Leigh* cordially as an ideal member of the British aristocracy. It is with the appearance of a visiting drummer for a manufacturer of tombstones on the scene that the audience sees the imminent unveiling of the successful English invader. Her family, it seems, came from that identical part of the United States that sent the drummer eastward. The ambitious heroine was even at one time the sweetheart of the tombstone promoter and there was indeed no possible excuse for the theory that the young lady about to be betrothed, and her sister allied with the British aristocracy, really came of old Norman stock.

These difficulties do not, however, baffle the resourceful heroine. When it seems as if her social campaign is going to end in certain defeat the heroine learns that the proud family of her young sister's fiance has certain assailable points in its genealogy. So by using these to the best advantage *Mrs. Bumpstead-Leigh* puts successfully through the marriage of her sister and another young American aristocrat.

Mrs. Fiske found in the rôle of the aggressive American woman a part suited to the best of her qualities as a comedienne. Her keen sense of fun, her alert briskness of manner and her ability to denote by a few, quick strokes a state of rather humorous desperation—all these qualities were of great value to her in "Mrs. Bumpstead-Leigh." But none of these produced as much laughter last night as the quick contrast between her English affectations of manner and the blunt vulgarity with which she talked to her sister and her mother, who was indeed the least manageable of the two in such episodes, and in the scene of her successful confusion of the tombstone vender, her fun was at its best. And there is nothing else practically in "Mrs. Bumpstead-Leigh" but the fun.

The play is a most artless dramatic production. It is almost wholly in the form of narrative, with no perceptible element of drama at any point. Luckily the talk in which the characters recite the progress of the episodes is in itself witty. Much of it has a rather fine flavor of satire on certain phases of American life. So the new play will doubtless enjoy a few weeks of favor with springtime audiences. Without Mrs. Fiske's brilliant monopoly of the stage during so much of the evening, however, the appeal of the piece would be quite hopeless.

Henry E. Dixey shared some of the talk with her and his monologue at the beginning of the second act must be nearly as long as *Charles's* speech at the tomb of Charlemagne. And it has no such rhetorical excuse. The sooner the greater part of it is heroically amputated the better for Mr. Dixey and the play too. But he did add his share later to the fun of the evening.

Florine Arnold was admirable as the impossible mother of the social strugglers, and Charles Harbury possessed the only element of personal distinction among the men in the cast, if one except Cyril Young's performance as the butler. There was no social plausibility, however, among the rest of the men or the women, who suggested no trace of the class to which they were intended to belong. Mrs. Fiske probably does not intend that "Mrs. Bumpstead-Leigh" shall be taken very seriously by her public, and as a comic intermezzo it is highly acceptable. Her personal triumph was won in spite of a cold that all but incapacitated her and a more than usually upsetting attack of first night nerves.

'ARIANE ET BARBE-BLEUE' AGAIN

Paul Dukas's Opera Heard by a Moderate Monday Audience.

Dukas's "Ariane et Barbe-Bleue" had its second performance at the Metropolitan Opera House last night. The audience was not unusually large, although Monday is supposed to be the favorite evening of the week. The performance did not suggest any new comment that would be new, nor any new that would be pertinent. It cannot be said that "Ariane" has not made a great popular success because it is performed altogether by women, because "Orfeo," which is also an opera without men, has had a fair measure of success. It must be inferred either that the public is not yet educated up to music of this kind or that it prefers Miss Farrar in Japanese rôles.

The opera offers so much that is beautiful that it ought to win its way to general favor, but doubtless it will be a victory dearly bought, for operagoers have not learned to love the new melodic and harmonic idioms, and the melancholy humors of Maeterlinck make exhaustive demands upon the imagination. The most interesting musical feature of the opera is the orchestration, but this is the part of the lyric drama to which the typical operagoer gives the least attention. Mr. Toscanini makes much of this score, which he evidently admires greatly, and his orchestra plays it well.

MARY GARDEN IN CONCERT.

Mr. Sammarco Sings a Dramatic Air Three Centuries Old.

Mary Garden is going to sing in concerts in various parts of this happy land, and as an overture she gave a concert yesterday afternoon in Carnegie Hall. Her admirers turned out in some force but they did not succeed in filling the hall. Miss Garden looked very handsome in an evening gown of black satin, and sang in her accustomed style. Her important numbers were "Il est doux" from Massenet's Hérodiade," and the prayer from "Tosca." She also sang some songs, and the inevitable encore numbers, one of which was "Annie Laurie."

Her associates in the entertainment were Mario Sammarco, the popular baritone, Arturo Tibaldi, violinist, and Howard Brockway, pianist. Mr. Sammarco lent interest and artistic dignity to the concert by his admirable singing of the "Lament" from Monteverde's "Orfeo," which though 300 years old, has lately been revived in Italy with success. Those who heard Mr. Sammarco's excellent delivery of the arioso yesterday would doubtless like to hear the whole work, for the music is still full of vital expressive power.

"THE SCHOOL FOR SCANDAL"

Acted at the New Theatre as It Might Have Been in Sheridan's Day.

Two flunkeys with powdered hair and white silk stockings, buff short clothes and crimson coats appeared yesterday afternoon before the curtain of the New Theatre. Each bore in his hand a lighted wax candle. They bowed to one another solemnly, walked down to the edge of the capacious "apron" that extended far into the parquet and lit the twenty oil lamps that had supplanted for the afternoon the electric footlights.

Again they met in the centre of the stage, marched together to the curtain and, blowing out their candles, bowed to each other before they disappeared finally from view.

This was the prelude to the performance of "The School for Scandal" acted as it was in the days of Sheridan. Brander Matthews was devoting his third lecture at the New Theatre to the influence of Molière's players on the stage of the restoration in England. After the court brought back to London the ideas absorbed from Molière there came into existence the modern theatre that existed with few important changes from Congreve to Sheridan and down to Boucicault. The Drury Lane of 1777, when "The School for Scandal" was acted first, practically combined the details of English playhouses during two centuries. So this immortal possession of the English stage was produced as it was first divulged to the world and descried as a "manager's play." Now we call it a masterpiece of the literary drama.

The two scenes played, a room in *Sir Peter's* house, with only a flat background, the gaping wings through which the actors appeared, and only the necessary chairs and tables. When the stage manager blew his whistle the background parted just as it used to do in the memory of many playgoers, and there was *Joseph Surface* in his library. The white haired flunkeys placed the necessary furniture in the room and the stage was set for perhaps the most famous scene in the English drama since Elizabethan days, the screen scene from "The School for Scandal."

Although the scenes were intended only to illustrate the period of the English drama of which Prof. Matthews had been speaking they were acted in a way to give them their own charm. Pamela Gaythorne, who is a fascinating reincarnation of Ada Rehan in her youth, is an actress of such talent that she seems destined to attain a high place in the theatre some day. Yesterday she was somewhat lacking in buoyancy and brilliancy, but her acting in two scenes was strong in personal charm and in intelligent penetration of the character's meaning. She will be ripe for *Lady Teazle* when the New Theatre is ready to revive it again. Louis Calvert's *Sir Peter* was admirable. Frank Gilmore and A. E. Anson were wholly adequate as *Charles* and *Joseph Surface*.

Not alone did the delighted audience in the New Theatre watch the play. In accordance with the custom of the day four boxes, two on each side of the stage, were behind the curtain. From them bewigged eighteenth century dandies watched the play languidly, applauded the actors patronizingly and flirted with their vis-à-vis occasionally.

"LITTLE MISS FIX IT."

Nora Bayes and Jack Norworth Emerge From Vaudeville.

The authors of "Little Miss Fix It," in which Nora Bayes and Jack Norworth appeared for the first time as stars at the Globe Theatre last night are said to have attempted such an entertainment as the late Charles Hoyt produced frequently in his period of popularity. It was the intention apparently to have a little farce comedy, with a few songs as incidentals. But something went wrong with the play. It's plot proved too slender to last for three acts, the satire didn't materialize and the incidental songs turned out to be the principal excuses for the piece.

From this it must not be inferred that the occasional musical numbers had any exceptional merit. Even the best of them suggested vaudeville by their melody and rhythm, but they sounded better than they really are because Miss Bayes sang them and were the brightest spots in the entertainment.

Whatever lack of success may follow the William J. Hurlbut-Harry B. Smith play will not be the fault of Miss Bayes. She assumed the longest and most pretentious part of her career and played it acceptably, better in fact than was expected by many who thought of her only as a singer. She was the *Little Miss Fix-It*, who entertained at her house party a couple almost engaged, a couple almost married and a couple almost divorced. All of these combinations had their misunderstandings and quarrels; all followed the advice of their hostess, only to make matters worse, and the final reconciliations came to end the play.

So simple a story, uncomplicated by counterplot, could be told in a short time. As it was acted it took two hours and three-quarters, in which time there was much aimless chatter and an almost total lack of illusion. Nor was good taste notable for its constant presence. The opening scene in which two actresses impersonated children and spent several minutes in developing a very old and slightly off color joke might well have been spared. The almost married couple were silly frequently and several of the members of the company divided their syllables with the fluency of a third reader class. Besides the stars only Grace Field and Lionel Walsh made their characters more than merely talking figures.

At least two of the costumes exhibited shrieking color combinations, but taken as a whole the piece was well mounted. Occasionally, and only occasionally, a bright line or a joke got a laugh, but most of the humor was slangy and inappropriate.

Of the songs the best were a duet, "I've a Garden in Sweden," "Turn Off Your Light, Mr. Moon Man," which may become a popular two step; "The Only Bit of Ireland" and "Sweet Strawberries." In all of them Miss Bayes took part and all were encored as far as endurance would allow. In at least one case the lyrics were strikingly ungrammatical, but that didn't matter with the audience. Mr. Norworth was only an assistant at best. His topical song, which attempted to wring humor from such subjects as reciprocity, the military mobilization and Robin, won encores enough to show how really friendly the audience was.

News of Plays and Players.

Jacob Wendell, who for two years played leading parts at the New Theatre, has been engaged by Wagenhals & Kemper for the chief rôle in A. E. Thomas's comedy, "What the Doctor Ordered," which will be produced at the Astor Theatre on Easter Monday.

"Baby Mine," Margaret Mayo's farce, moved to the Majestic last night. Its long run began at Daly's and was continued at the Thirty-ninth Street Theatre.

Rose Coghlan will return to vaudeville next week at Hammerstein's Victoria Theatre in a short version of "Forget Me Not," arranged and adapted by Frank Ferguson. Later Miss Coghlan will produce a comedy for four people adapted by Mr. Ferguson from one of Miss Coghlan's old comedy successes at Wallack's. It is called "A Wise Widow."

To circumvent further attacks of tonsilitis and demonstrate the versatility of the people who surround them in a business way Cohan & Harris have fortified the cast of "Get Rich Quick Wallingford" with a third set of understudies composed of George M. Cohan and his family, supported by the entire Cohan & Harris office force.

Robert H. Haines has made arrangements with the Messrs. Shubert whereby he will begin a stock company season at the West End Theatre on May 1.

Cliff Gordon, the monologist, and Slivers, the clown, made their appearance as members of the Winter Garden company last night.

TOM WISE LOVABLE AS EVER

THIS OLD NEW YORKER HAS A BUSINESS CONSCIENCE.

And Young Ones That Haven't (in the Play) Find Him Old Fashioned—A Play of Charm, but Improvable by Cutting—The Actor Wrote Part of It.

It was like a family reunion last night at Daly's Theatre when Thomas A. Wise opened his season here in a new play, "An Old New Yorker." Everybody in the audience was a friend of the actor, if not in the beginning certainly by the end of the first act, for his genial personality put every one on an intimate footing with him at once and established a feeling of cordiality that not even the wordiest passages of the play could spoil.

The play was written by Harrison Rhodes in collaboration with Mr. Wise. It is not revealed in just what degree either is responsible for it, but certainly there is only one man who will be responsible for whatever success it achieves, and that is Mr. Wise, for it is the old New Yorker as he impersonates him, and not as the author has written him, who won the audience last night. The only thing he could have done to add to the pleasure of the evening would have been to stay on the stage all the time instead of only part of it.

The play was so long that it could well have spared many of the wordy speeches that dragged things along interminably. The first act was the greatest sinner in this respect, though the second was close after it. These long expositions of so-called old fashioned ideas and ideals of honesty in business and in living were unnecessary to establish the characters, particularly that played by Mr. Wise. His personality spoke for itself, while the others, had they been sketched in more lightly and in less detail, would have been as effective and much more interesting.

The story of the play centres around *Samuel Beekman*, an old New Yorker who loves his old house, his old friends and his old methods of doing business. But what was good enough for him is not good enough for his young ward and partner, *Richard Corliss*, who is no sooner admitted to partnership than he sets about instilling what he calls "ginger" into affairs. Part of the ginger consists in permitting the old firm to be swallowed up in a newly organized shipping trust. This step *Beekman* refuses to take, but the younger man, who has just become engaged to a young woman, also of an old family and who has thereby made himself responsible for her bridge debts and overdue dressmakers' bills is restive under the curb this conservatism puts upon him.

The older man therefore buys out his interest at a price that means ruin to him, but in paying it he proves himself loyal to a sacred trust. The boy quite naturally loses the money, and as there is no more where that came from and as *Beekman's* affairs have gone from bad to worse until he is practically penniless it looks like a pretty bad ending for everybody concerned, including the debtmaking young woman.

But at this point two antique maiden representatives of a very old and very rich family decide to do a little business for themselves. By accident they stumble into a deal that saves the boy's credit and makes everybody if not rich at least a good deal happier than they were when they had more money.

Mr. Wise of course was *Beekman*, and made of him such a dear lovable old soul, with such a never failing sense of humor and such a wealth of sympathy and understanding for everybody's troubles, that it was no wonder that all the women in the cast seized every opportunity to drop down on his shoulder for a good cry.

William Rosell gave to *Richard Corliss*, the junior member of the firm, sufficient of the spirit of youth and the dash of a modern business man to mark the contrast with the conservatism of the senior member.

The two old friends of *Beekman* were admirably impersonated by George Gaston and Frank Currier. John B. Maher gave sincerity to the faithfulness of the old family servant, *Morgan*. *Gibson*, the old clerk, and *Stanley*, the sentimental bookkeeper, were two small parts well done by Lindsay J. Hare and George C. Somnes.

Miss Blanche Gurka played the part of *Anna Schuyler* with considerable success, marking well the change from a frivolous society girl to a young wife striving to save her husband from ruin and rising at the critical moment equal to the severe task put upon a girl of family and breeding. She seemed nervous in some of the most trying passages of her part, but even this might be excused through the exigencies of the scene.

Miss Esther Banks and Lettie Ford were admirable in their makeup as the twin sisters *Cornelia* and *Caroline Mason*. Frances McLeod gained no little sympathy for the rattlebrain stenographer, *Mamie Kerwin*.

Among the friends of Mr. Wise who were in the audience were several members of the Amen Corner, to which he belongs and in whose annual celebration he always contributes. After the performance last night a committee from the Amen Corner composed of William Leary, Charles Steckler and James P. Gillroy met Mr. Wise behind the scenes and presented to him a scarfpin.

BROOKLYN LEAGUE DINNER.

The Rev. Dr. Hillis Recites a Schoolboy's Roosevelt Composition.

The annual dinner of the Brooklyn League was held last evening at the Hotel Imperial, Fulton street and Red Hook lane. The speakers were William D. Foulke of Indiana, president of the National Municipal League; Secretary of State Edward Lazansky, the Rev. Newell Dwight Hillis and Lewis H. Pounds, Commissioner of Public Works, who spoke in place of Borough President Alfred E. Steers, who was prevented from attending by illness in his family.

Secretary of State Lazansky responded to the toast "The State." He pitched into the reformers. He said that the Democrats had not yet had a chance to show what they could do after sixteen years of Republican stewardship. He said the reformers ought to vote at the primaries before the election instead of wasting printer's ink afterward.

Dr. Hillis repeated a schoolboy's composition on the subject of Roosevelt which ran like this:

"Roosevelt went down to Cuba with a big knife and about noon he seed some Spaniards and he crept up to them with the big butcher knife in his hand and then, without knowing who they were or why they were there or what he did it for, he stuck it into them and San Juan Hill was twenty miles away."

Mr. Foulke's subject was "The Conservation of Municipal Resources." He took up the question of taxation and advocated Henry George's single tax scheme.

The Tafts at the Belasco Theatre.

WASHINGTON, April 3.—The President and Mrs. Taft, Horace Taft, brother of the President; Miss Helen Taft, Master Charlie Taft and Capt. Butt occupied the Presidential box at the Belasco Theatre this evening.

LIVE TOPICS ABOUT TOWN.

Many an orchid that goes into a midday tea room nodding from the front of a new spring blouse does not come out nodding from that same blouse.

"There is nothing mysterious about their disappearance," said a woman whose own orchids had vanished within an hour. "You do not see them again because the woman who wore them into the lunch room chopped them up into seasoning for sandwiches. Orchids don't go well with a plain cheese or bacon and egg sandwich, but to any kind of a minced sandwich they impart a delicious flavor. No doubt the custom started through the whim of some woman who had more flowers than she knew what to do with; then others who are always anxious to try a novelty experimented and were pleased with the result. The only thing that keeps orchid seasoning from being still more popular than it is is the expense. Most of these tea room lunches cost enough themselves without adding a course of orchids."

"The meeting place of the tides around the Island of Manhattan was the subject of an animated discussion which I chanced to overhear the other night," said an old New Yorker. "It took me back to my childhood when my grandfather used to stop his horse at Kingsbridge and pointing to a little rippling in the water say to me, 'That's where the tides meet.' I can remember the simple faith with which I took his statement and the positive manner in which he made it. As it happened, I'd never heard the subject mentioned as one that is being elaborately looked into, but on inquiry I find such is the case. It seems there's an under tide and an upper tide, and that one underlaps or overlaps the other in some mysterious way; and that even this irregular crossing of the tides cannot be depended on to take place at a certain point at all times. Charts and maps and heaven knows what are being made to elucidate this meeting place of the tides. It somehow made me sorry. I preferred to keep to my grandfather's simple statement and the irresponsible ripples under the bridge."

Within two minutes after the cab stopped at the mission door the report spread up and down the street that a wedding was taking place inside. Within another two minutes the room was packed to the very doors. That sudden rush of the crowd to sanctuary pleased the missionary.

"If I had money to spare," he said, "I would pay a bonus to young couples for getting married in a mission. The moral effect of one wedding is worth a dozen sermons. To get the best effect the ceremony ought to be performed in the middle of the service. No innovation that I have ever introduced has had such a sobering effect on the congregation. The example of a man once as far down maybe in the social scale as themselves having become sufficiently regenerated to assume the responsibilities of life stirs every bit of manhood there is in them. The trouble is, I can persuade very few couples to be married in a mission. The bridegrooms do not mind, but the brides want something more exclusive."

At a recent tuberculosis exhibit a large chart of the city was shown, with white headed pins in it locating every death by consumption in the previous year. A woman from the East Side was seen to be looking carefully until she had found a particular pin. "Yes, that's him; I knowed him," she said. "He died of consumption, poor man." Then came some details of the case, interspersed with remarks about crowded tenements and dark rooms, bad air and germs. "We don't live that way no more," said she. The campaign of education and prevention is surely having an effect.

"At my butcher's shop I see a woman every morning who has a dainty way of selecting meats," said the man who markets. "She is well dressed. Her gloves are immaculate. I know now how she keeps them so. The woman is a very careful buyer. She does not trust the butcher to recommend meats; she lifts, pinches and examines them herself. But she does not take off her gloves. As soon as she comes into the shop she takes a pair of white muslin mitts from her handbag and slips them on over her gloves; then she is prepared for any kind of marketing exclusive of actual carving. Other women marketers, who get smudged if they touch meat and cheated if they do not, watch her admiringly, but so far none has imitated. If I was not afraid of being ridiculed I should wear gloves too."

"It seems strange that the fashions in women's skirts may make or mar the shoe trade, but such is a fact," said a merchant. "With the prevailing style of short street skirt women think much about their feet and buy the most expensive shoes, but let longer skirts come in, hiding the feet, and no trade feels the difference as quickly as the shoe trade."

HARVARD WINS IN DEBATE.

Defeats Yale and Princeton Teams, but Loses One to Yale.

CAMBRIDGE, Mass., April 3.—Harvard defeated Yale in debate to-night in Sanders Theatre, thereby winning one leg of the triangular debate which is held annually among Harvard, Yale and Princeton.

The Crimson debated the negative of the question "Resolved, that all elective State officers should be nominated by direct primaries."

The Harvard debaters were John Dem Ellis of Newport, Ky.; Maurice Suravitz of Scranton, Pa., and Frank E. Tyler of Clifton, Kan.

Yale's speakers were Neil P. Cullom of Waco, Tex.; Fidardo R. Serri of Proctor, Vt., and Edward M. Porter of Springfield, Mass.

The judges were Harry A. Garfield, president of Williams College; Charles S. Whitman, District Attorney of New York, and Wilson Farand, principal of Newark Academy, Newark, N. J.

George Pierce Baker, professor of dramatic literature at Harvard, presided.

NEW HAVEN, April 3.—Yale won the triangular debate here to-night among Harvard, Yale and Princeton. The subject was: "Resolved, that all elective State officers should be nominated by direct primaries," and Yale took the negative.

The Yale team consisted of W. C. Bullett, Jr., 1912; T. J. Oare, graduate law school; C. R. Wood, 1911. The Princeton debaters were N. E. Pierson, A. T. Schenck and C. Belknap.

President Hadley presided and the judges were C. M. Hough, United States District Court; Prof. H. R. Saeger, Columbia University, and A. P. Stone, Boston.

PRINCETON, N. J., April 3.—The Harvard-Princeton part of the triangular debate between Yale, Princeton and Harvard, which was held at Princeton to-night, resulted in a victory for the Harvard debaters. The Princeton team defended the negative of the proposition that all elective State officials should be nominated through direct primaries.

The judges were Prof. W. W. Willoughby, Johns Hopkins University; Prof. A. A. Tenney, Columbia University; B. B. Hutchinson, Trenton, N. J. The debaters were: Harvard; H. B. Ehrmann, Louisville, Ky.; D. C. Howard, Dodge Centre, Minn; E. R. Burke, Chadron, Neb. Princeton, F. P. Smith, Spartansburg, Pa.; C. E. Bingham, Brooklyn, N. Y.; N. N. Arnold, Dillsburg, Pa.

Denman Thompson Improving.

WEST SWANZEY, N. H., April 3.—Denman Thompson's condition continued favorable to-day and members of his family now believe that he will recover.

Swift & Company's sales of Fresh Beef in New York City for the week ending Saturday, April 1, averaged 9.06 cents per pound.—Adv.

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KNABE; Large size, like new. Was $600. Now $410

KNABE; Mahogany, like new, was $550. Now $400

KNABE; Mahogany, like new, was $500. Now $385

KNABE; Rose, like new, was $650. Now $350

STEINWAY; Rose, like new, was $600 $395

STEINWAY; Rose, like new, was $550. Now $345

WEBER; Mahogany, like new, was $500. Now $350

SOHMER; in good order, was $450. Now $215

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KNABE-ANGELUS. Practically new, was $1,050. Now $860

EMERSON-ANGELUS; Mahogany was $725. Now $425

EMERSON-ANGELUS; was $725 ..... $395

ANGELUS; Cabinet, Mahogany. Was $250 $125

PIANOLA; Cabinet, Mahogany. Was $250 $80

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The Farewell of Anna Pavlowa.

Anna Pavlowa, the Russian dancer, made her farewell appearance for the season at a special matinée at the Metropolitan Opera House yesterday. She was to have had the assistance of her countrywoman, Lydia Lipkowska, the soprano leggiere of the Boston Opera Company, but that singer was indisposed and her place was taken by Mme. Marie La Salle-Rabinoff, who sang the "Mad Scene" from "Lucia" and "Caro Nome." Mr. Mordkin did not appear with Mlle. Pavlowa, but the other Russian dancers did, and an interesting programme was received with much applause by a large audience.

No Deal With Klaw & Erlanger, Shuberts Say.

This statement was sent out from the Shubert offices yesterday:

"The Messrs. Shubert desire to deny as emphatically as possible the truth of a report that a new business alliance had been consummated between them and Klaw & Erlanger."

THE development in America of the publishing business, from early times down to the present, the growth and character of American literature, both fiction and more serious works, will be treated in an historical sketch in THE SUN, SATURDAY, APRIL 8. The subject will be covered in its picturesque rather than in its statistical phases.

There will be Reviews of the Latest New Books, including the most important spring publications of American publishing houses.

News and Gossip about Books and Authors.

Announcements of New Publications.

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The Third session will be exhibited and sold at the FORTY-SIXTH STREET GALLERIES.

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SPECIAL NOTICES.

To Rid the Face of Hair Not Wanted

(From French Science Monthly, Paris)

Dr. Alois Isokovick, the Russian scientist, says as follows, in the French Science Monthly:

"Any woman afflicted with superfluous hair can easily find relief in the following manner: Obtain one ounce of delatone from your druggist. Take this home and mix a little of the powder with water, so as to make a paste, then apply to the face, neck or arms and allow to remain two or three minutes. Wipe the paste off and then wash thoroughly with hot water.

"This simple treatment removes any stray hairs and cannot possibly injure the skin. The paste should be made fresh each time used.

"I have recommended it to hundreds of women and have always received heartfelt thanks."

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