OPENING OF THE GRAND OPERA SEASON.

Society and Lovers of Art Are Enthralled by the Queen of Song.

By Ashton Stevens.

OTHER pens in other newspapers will hark back this morning to the good old days when Patti came to San Francisco and the gilded town turned out in thousands and the Grand Opera-house was a sight and a sound to enchant the world. Those Patti times were great times. They have been a big tradition to us, to which we looked back proudly during the long years of operatic poverty that followed. Traditions are valuable things in a city amputated from the main body of things operatic as ours is; but even the best of them grow stale in time. And ours, except for the memory of Melba's prodigious little operatic concert season of last year, were in a woeful state until last night.

With last night we acquired a whole new set of traditions; we re-immortalized our name in the world of impresarios; we gave Melba and the Ellis company a reception which represented the best that San Francisco, California, could afford. Talk about your Patti nights! I remember a few of them, but nothing that surpasses this opening. All that we possess in the way of fashion, culture, jewelry and gownery was offered up last night. The lower floor, the proscenium boxes, the palco boxes and the dress circle were masses of milky shirt bosoms and creamy shoulders shot with diamonds and pearls. It was a wonderful, picturesque night. Not even the Morosco wallpaper that adorned the walls, nor the Morosco ushers poulticed in weird comic opera costumes that stood in the aisles and did almost anything but attend properly to their business, could mar the spell. The town was there in its gorgeous best, and the house was a picture.

I cannot tell you about the thousands that stood up to witness the performance, for the very good reason that there was no place for them to stand. The seats are set right up to the rear wall and standing room is limited to a short single line on each side and small groups in the doorways. The box office wisely refrained from selling more than a few admission tickets, so there was no crowding in the unpleasant sense; but the audience, which filled every seat (they are snug little seats, tightly packed), was, I dare say, the largest that ever attended an opera in San Francisco. And what a mighty applause it made!

And now for the opera, which after all is the last thing to be considered on an opening night. It was that good old opener, "Faust," and Melba sang Marguerite. It was a Melba night with a vengeance, and the honors, except those that attended Boudouresque's excellent Mephistopheles, were all hers. In the first place, Bonnard, who was cast for Faust, was announced ill and Pandolfini substituted in the part. Pandolfini was notified at 6 o'clock, and it is only fair to say that perhaps his voice was not ready to be unpacked at such short notice. He did his best in the circumstances, and it was not a bad best, but it was not what the audience had been keyed up to expect, and it is a matter of record that the part of Faust was not a notable success. Pandolfini has a light tenor and a very white tenor, and his tone is recklessly open and scattering in the top notes. His singing lacked color and his acting lacked character.

Another disaster was the orchestra. Mind, I am not trying to make the orchestra out second rate, for I know it to be one of the best in the country, it to be one of the finest in the country; that has ever visited us in association with an opera company. But it was atrociously placed last night. The reeds and brass were buried in that "shell" under the apron of the stage, and blew they never so hard they could hardly be heard. The strings, which were in decent sight and sound, were forced to carry the entire burden of the orchestration. At such times as the cues for the pitch were given out by the clarionets or by the oboes, the singers were in a frightful predicament. From Melba down everybody had more or less of a turn at singing off the key. But there will be no more shelled orchestra in the Ellis season. It is officially promised that the brasses and reeds will come up out of their well and blow tunefully in the sight of all, commencing to-night.

Except for the lights on the stage, which were weak and uncertain, all the rest is praise. The scening, robing and stage management were admirable, and Melba showed us a new phase of her art in the possibilities offered by Marguerite. Her's was a simple, ingenuous Marguerite, untheatric and very Gretchen-like at first; but it grew in strength and spell as the piece developed and brought out the passion and dramatic strength that had had little or no part in Melba's work here last season in the lighter and more ornamental operas.

It was, indeed, apart from the matchless voice and vocalization, a strong, impressive essay in musical characterization. Melba may not be a great actress, but she is certainly a very good one in this part; and she sings it as no other woman can to-day, with all the freshness, purity and spontaneous vigor that the music demands. So far as my memory serves me, the garden scene was every bit as enthralling as when Patti sang it in her palmiest days.

There were hitches in the ensemble, but Melba's work was perfect. She sang the "King of Thule" legend in just the right way: she mused it, as one will sometimes muse aloud some treasured bit of verse. She did not work the spinning wheel, but busied herself twining ribbons about the flax and fondling the flowers. The jewel song she sang with full and obvious effect, giving brilliant emphasis to its moments of surprise, elation and concern. It was superb in character and execution. And in the love scene there were glow and leap and rich humanness. Fortunately the church scene was included in the production, and in this Melba did full, strenuous work.

There is little need at this time of day to attempt to describe Melba's voice and her mode of singing. Not the least of her greatness lies in the fact that we can now forget the details of tone and execution in the mature art with which she presents an operatic character. Her Marguerite is a superlative conception, and it is doubtless a token of what she will do in "La Boheme" and in "Romeo and Juliet."

Boudouresque, as I have already said, was an excellent Mephistopheles. He brings humor to the devil in large measures, and his whole performance is marked by a certain feline grace that is very pat to the part. His voice, like his acting and his person, is lithe and full of arch suggestion, and his tone is unerringly true.

Mme. Van Cautren did a bit of unobtrusively good character as Martha; Mme. Olitzka was a good if not sensationally good Seibel, and Bensaude did as much as is usually done with Valentine.

The chorus was large and in perfect hand and Seppilli was not to be blamed for the smothering of half his orchestra.

Summing up, the disasters were Mr. Morosco's latent "shell" and a sick tenor. Both will be remedied, and as all the rest was success we can give the glad hand of welcome to Mr. Ellis and his singers for eleven performances to come.

AS 'TWAS IN THE DAYS OF YORE

History is repeating itself. Those who have been dazzled by the glorious tales of the past may revel in the present and enjoy to the full the oft-quoted magnificence of the epoch-making Patti nights.

The grand opera season was inaugurated last evening, and the wealth and beauty, the glitter and elegance that fashion and art deemed should follow where Orpheus calls turned out en masse and filled the Grand Opera House with an audience calculated to thrill and delight even the most fastidious of adored deities—the Queen of Song.

Art and Society, for once, met on a mutual footing. Art held out her sensitive hand, and Society, ablaze with jewels and glittering and glimmering in satins and silks and costly laces, gratefully returned the greeting.

"Welcome," said Art.

"You do me proud," said Society.

This graceful fusion of two opposites made up an audience that those fortunate enough to form a part of will never cease to remember.

Scattered in among fortune's favorites lovers of the true, the beautiful, the artistic lent the tone necessary to conclusively prove that it was the power of music, the enthralling gift of song, that called them together and inspired them all.

The brilliancy of the scene within presented a striking contrast to the garish one without. Mission street on either side was lined with a motley crowd, that engulfed itself and struggled and tossed in a vain desire to see those who held the magic pasteboard that opened the portals to the temple of music. Apparently south of Market street resented the invasion of their sphere by society. They seemed to consider that a sacrilege had been committed. That their temple of popular price melodrama should be invaded by art was the thorn in their Morosco-nourished flesh.

However, they reveled in the music made by the rumble of the carriages. At one time the line of vehicles extended from the theater entrance nearly up to Fifth street. There was no little inconvenience caused by the fact that many of them came down Third street, thus creating a jam and resulting in unnecessary confusion.

While the audience was in the midst of its arrival the crowd in front of the theater was so great that passage along the street was almost impossible.

The audience was one that for brilliancy has never been equaled in the history of San Francisco. It was generally remarked that the women were more beautifully and elaborately gowned, and the men better groomed, than on any other similar gathering seen here.

The gradual arrival of the audience was an interesting scene. Some came to see and others to be seen; some to hear and others to be heard. The two latter classes were not entirely seated until the beginning of the second act. Indeed, the beauty of the first act was greatly marred by the advent of the late arrivals. In the first act whern Faust sings "Io voglio Il Placer," the air was not audible in the rear of the house owing to the noise caused by seating those who came late.

Then, again, the fact that the ushers were new to the house, and that the first act is almost entirely a dark one, made the difficulty of finding the seats all the greater. Those that came for Art's sake were in consequence greatly incommoded.

That not a single seat in the theater was unoccupied is sufficient proof that San Francisco loves and can appreciate as well as any city in the world high musical art. For the most part the approbation of the audience was well timed and conservative, and clearly demonstrated that it was capable of analysis and criticism.

It was essentially Melba's night. The occasional titter and hum of voices that ran through the audience were heard only when the lesser stars were singing.

When the curtain fell on the third act the stage was a mass of flowers. From the boxes they bombarded the prima donna with fragrant blossoms, and when she bowed her acknowledgments to the fourth encore her arms were filled with beautiful floral tokens.

SOCIETY FILLS THE HOUSE

Nearly everybody who is anybody was at the opera. Those who are musical and those who follow where the social leaders beckon—all moved in one joyous crowd to greet the singers at the opera house. The boxes all had their fill of gay and brilliant parties. The orchestra bowed to parquet, the family circle and to the gallery, and there were happy greetings all round.

Following were among those who entertained opera parties in the boxes:

A. Bouvier, W. P. Fuller, Leon Sloss, James D. Phelan, William Pries, C. Frederick Kohl, Mrs. William Kohl, Mrs. W. H. Crocker, Mrs. J. Cunningham, I. W. Hellman Jr., W. F. Herrin, Mrs. Eleanor Martin, E. W. Hopkins, M. H. Hecht, Louis Gerstle, Isidore Schwartz, John Caffrey, J. Downey Harvey, Mrs. W. G. Irwin, Ernest F. Gutschow, Walter Morosco, Mrs. William Miller, Max Goldsmith and Herman Levy, Mrs. A. Howard, Mrs. Rudolph Spreckels, J. A. Fillmore, J. S. Tobin, John W. Mackey.

Among those in the large and fashionable audience were:

W. H. Alexander, Mr. Boyle, Alfred Bouvier, E. A. Bresse, Mrs. I. S. Belcher, D. B. Bagley, C. W. Beaver, W. H. Brener, J. Borth, B. F. Brisac, W. B. Bradford, Dr. Buckley, W. F. Bowers, Dr. C. P. Buckley, Miss Boss, Alexander Boyd, N. C. Babin, Mrs. M. Burnham, Mrs. M. E. Blanchard, H. P. Blanchard, M. E. Boots, Mr. and Mrs. R. L. Coleman, John Caffrey, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Carpy, C. N. Champion, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Crocker, Mrs. John Cunningham, M. Casey, Mr. and Mrs. H. J. Crocker, Emelie M. Chabot, G. Claxton, C. C. Cohn, Mrs. James Dunn, E. R. Diamond, W. A. Daggett, Colonel J. E. Doolittle, W. S. Davis, W. A. Doble, A. T. Dibblee, Dr. and Mrs. De Vecchi, Mr. and Mrs. F. S. Douty, Mr. and Mrs. H. L. Dodge, S. H. Earle, C. E. Ehrmann, Alfred I. Esberg, C. J. Evans, Mr. and Mrs. W. P. Fuller, Mr. and Mrs. W. Pries, Mr. and Mrs. Louis Gerstle.

O. H. Greenwald, Ernest Gutschow, Mr. and Mrs. M. A. Gunst, Mr. and Mrs. S. Greenbaum, J. L. Gallagher, Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Hopkins, Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Herrin, Mr. and Mrs. I. W. Hellman, I. W. Hellman Jr., Louis Haas, Mrs. H. L. Hill, Mrs. A. Hecht, Mr. and Mrs. J. Downey Harvey, Mrs. A. Howard, J. Heyman, R. M. Hotaling, O. O. Howard, W. F. Hooks, T. Hopkins, R. W. Hills, Mrs. E. A. Heydenfeldt, Mrs. W. G. Irwin, Mrs. M. Irwin, Mrs. E. Josephs, W. S. Jones, A. Jennings, James Jacobson, C. Frederick, Joseph M. Kelly, George Kavanagh, George Knight, W. Kelly, F. W. Kume, John L. Koster, M. A. Leach, Dr. A. Lilienerantz, H. B. Lathrop, A. W. Lyser, T. T. Ludlow, Edward Marshuts, Mrs. J. Mee, Louis Metzger, W. Morosco, A. D. E. Mills, Judge Myrick, Mrs. Eleanor Martin, T. J. Moffatt, L. Nichols, G. T. Marye, E. Mills, C. O. G. Miller.

John W. Mosley, Mrs. S. Hert-Marks, S. B. McNear, Mr. and Mrs. E. T. McCutcheon, Mrs. T. McLean, Dr. F. E. McCullough, Dr. R. A. McLean, Mrs. J. McMullen, Mrs. D. Neustadter, Mayor Phelan, Mr. and Mrs. S. W. Rosenstock, C. M. Reynolds, E. Reinhardt, Mr. and Mrs. Leon Sloss, Max Swabacher, S. E. Scheenline, Schwartz brothers, C. W. Strine, W. E. Stewart, Mr. and Mrs. Herman Shainwald, M. H. St. Goar, Frank Stevenson, I. Strassberger, L. A. Schwabacher, Mrs. M. Sachs, G. A. Story, A. Sharboro, S. Sachs, Mrs. H. I. Solomon, Mrs. L. S. Sherman, F. D. Stringham, Captain Taylor, R. M. Tobin, B. Tisdale, W. H. Taylor, W. Wieseste, L. P. Weil, A. Van der Nailen, F. W. Van Sicklen, Dr. V. Vaccarl, C. T. Wetmore, L. P. Weil, Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Whittier, H. Wise, C. S. Wheeler, A. P. Woodard, S. B. White, Mrs. William Willis, Mme. Belloni Zepperer, Mrs. H. Ziele.

Miss Bessie Ames, Miss Alice Ames, Worthington Ames, Harry Holbrook, Horace Platt, Dr. H. Moffett, Miss Marguerite Jolliffe, Mrs. Jolliffe, Peter Martin, Andrew Martin, Mrs. Monroe Salisbury, Miss Kate Salisbury, Mrs. Margaret Salisbury, Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Blanding, Miss Suele Blanding, Mr. and Mrs. J. Casserly, Miss Helen Hopkins, Miss Edna Hopkins, Mr. and Mrs. M. H. de Young, Princess Poniatowski, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Hobart, Mr. and Mrs. Charles A. Baldwin, Mrs. Richard Carroll, Miss Gertie Carroll, Miss Ethel Keeney, Miss Leontine Blakeman, Edward M. Greenway, Colonel and Mrs. Stone, John Coleman, Dr. Hawkins, Miss Hawkins, Mr. and Mrs. S. G. Buckbee, Miss Carrie Taylor, Mr. and Mrs. George Pope, Dr. and Mrs. Washington Dodge, Mrs. Phelan, Mme. Gadski, M. Gadski, Captain Terry.

Mr. and Mrs. James Stewart, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Foy Tay, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Tobin, Miss Celia Tobin, Miss Beatrice Tobin, Judge Frank Dunne, Miss Dunne, Naglee Burke, Mr. and Mrs. J. Philip Smith, Mr. and Mrs. A. Buckingham, Miss F. Loaiza, Miss Kip, Mrs. Alexander Sharon, Miss Sharon, Mrs. L. G. Tallant, William Mooser, Miss Gertie Goewey, Fred Webster, Thomas M'Calet, Ogden Hoffman, Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Merrill, Count du Pare, Miss Elsie Hecht, Mrs. Helen Hecht, Robert Grayson, Miss Jennie Dunphy, George Hall, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Moroney, Miss Hunt, Thomas Barbour, Mr. and Mrs. Wendell Easton, the Misses Rosener, Mr. and Mrs. George Boardman, Mr. and Mrs. William Herrin.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Webb Howard, Mr. and Mrs. Marco Hellman, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Ackerman, Miss Loughborough, Miss Marie Zane, Mme. Barrios, Colonel and Mrs. A. Head, Mr. and Mrs. William Howard, Dr. and Mrs. J. D. Whitney, Mrs. Woodruff, Mr. and Mrs. M. R. Higgins, Miss Frances E. Smith, Martin Triest, Jessie Triest, the Misses Triest, Mrs. A. Greenwald, Miss Greenwald, L. S. Greenwald, Dr. and Mrs. Winslow Anderson, Miss Ashe, Mrs. Breeze, Mrs. Beaver, Mr. and Mrs. A. Rooos, Mme. Ziska, Mrs. C. M. Jennings, Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Dutton, Miss Mamie Deane, Mr. and Mrs. H. E. Bothin, Miss Lillie Follis, Miss Mary Bell Gwin, Miss Maynar, Dr. and Mrs. Abrahams, Miss Roth, Mr. and Mrs. M. Anspacher, Mrs. Joseph Eppinger, Thomas A. Williams.

Mr. and Mrs. John Chretien, Mr. and Mrs. Roth, Miss Mabel Thompson, William Greenbaum, Donald de Vere Graham, H. J. Stewart, Dr. M. J. Hawkins, Dr. and Mrs. J. D. Hodgen, Thomas H. Williams, Mr. and Mrs. Fremont Older, Henry Heyman, Mrs. Heyman, Mr. and Mrs. Philip Hastings, Miss Ethel Hawkes, S. H. Friedlander, Leo E. Alexander, Michael Alexander, Colonel Joseph Howell, Dr. Lustig, Colonel Isaac Trumbo, J. W. Taber and party, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Rollo Peters, Mr. and Mrs. W. P. Buckingham, Mrs. John Gallwey, Miss Josephine Scott, Dr. and Mrs. G. Koeningstein, Mrs. Colonel T. H. Andrews, Mrs. E. S. Haswell, Dr. A. C. Danziger, Max Horwinski, Edward Marshuts, Miss Bessie Ames, Henry A. Whitely, Miss Florence Boston, Mr. and Mrs. Harry G. Snow, Chris Wolf.

Mr. and Mrs. A. Grinbaum, Joseph Campbell, Dr. Lustig, Dr. S. N. Levy, Leo E. Alexander, Michael Alexander, Charles Derham, the Misses Derham, Frank McDonald, Le Roy Schlessinger, Richard Tye, William Storrer, Harry Gray, Mr. and Mrs. P. Bell, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Sullivan, Colin M. Smith, Mr. and Mrs. Jacob Heyman, Mr. and Mrs. William Lewis, Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Hochstadter, Mr. and Mrs. B. Stone, Lawrence Van Winkle, Dr. Robinson, Major Rathbone, Mr. and Mrs. Marriott, Mr. and Mrs. W. V. Bryan, the Misses Gibbons, Mrs. Harrington, Mr. and Mrs. Charles L. Ackerman, Dr. and Mrs. Breyfogle, Mr. and Mrs. Webster Jones, Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Knight, Miss Jackson, Dr. and Mrs. Martinez, Dr. Perkins.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Hirschfeld, Mr. and Mrs. Blaskower, Bernard Strahl, Mrs. Pond, Mr. and Mrs. J. Bachman, Miss Bachman, Mr. and Mrs. A. Bachman, Miss Bachman, Mr. and Mrs. A. Bennett, Ed Purser, Mr. and Mrs. J. Brown, Mr. and Mrs. L. Phillips, Mr. and Mrs. A. S. Baldwin, Mr. and Mrs. Ira G. Pierce, Mr. and Mrs. M. Sahlein, Mr. and Mrs. E. S. Ackerman, Mr. and Mrs. A. B. Sangster, Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Keeney, Miss Josephine Scott, W. T. Hess, A. S. Levin, Miss Levin, Mr. and Mrs. Leeless.

REPERTOIRE FOR THE LAST WEEK

The repertoire for the second and last week of the Ellis Opera Company will be as follows:

Monday evening, March 20, "Les Huguenots," in which the three prima donnas Mme. Melba, Mlle. de Lussan and Mme. Gadski will appear.

Tuesday, March 21, last performance of "La Boheme," with Mme. Melba and Mlle. de Lussan. For Wednesday the opera is yet to be announced.

Thursday, March 23, "Romeo and Juliet," in which Mme. Melba willl make her first appearance in this city as Juliet.

Friday evening the last evening performance will be given. "Carmen" will be sung, with Mlle. de Lussan in the title role and Mme. Gadski as Michela.

The last matinee and farewell performance will be given Saturday afternoon, when Mme. Melba will sing "Lucia" and Mlle. Chalia will appear as "Nedda" in "I Pagliacci."

The sale of seats for the last week will begin at the box-office of the theater Thursday morning.

BLANCHE WALSH GIVES SARDOU'S PLAY "FEDORA"

Her Acting Natural and Womanly.

With the Grand Opera volleying and thundering almost within voice-sound, Blanche Walsh's "Princess Fedora" entered upon the boards. There was not that warm meeting between the stage and the seats that enthuses the actor at the Columbia last evening. Yet the fervor of Sardou's strong lines found full and true interpretation in the rendition of that talented young star.

Fedora is Russian, and the fire and the ice, the conspiracy, the revenge and the tragic finish of a Russian love is hers. She trails the slayer of a lover from St. Petersburg to Paris and finds him to lure him to a confession, to denounce him and to love him. She compromises herself to save him, and when he turns on her in fury, finding that she has unwittingly caused the death of his brother, she poisons herself and dies in a noble and thrilling scene.

Portions of Miss Walsh's interpretation are beautifully womanly, especially in the fine control of herself while her lover is reading the letter that tells him of her duplicity. Melbourne MacDowell is her fitting mate in this great two-character play, strong in his love and intense in his hate. The production should draw good houses the remainder of the week.

The Alcazar.

The society comedy drama "The Social Highwayman" was presented to a crowded house at the Alcazar last night. The piece is dramatized from Elizabeth Phipps Train's novel of the same name, and deals with the thefts of jewels from fashionable women by Courtice Jaffrey, a society man. It was in this play that the Holland brothers made a great success, and the same was achieved by George Osbourne last night in the part of Jenkins Hanby, Courtice's servant. It was an ideal representation of the part of a servant with a bad record, but devotedly attached to his master for befriending him in time of need. Ernest Hastings, in the title role, was excellent, and the other members of the company, including Gertrude Foster, who assumed the leading role owing to Miss Fitzallen's indisposition, acquitted themselves creditably.

The Orpheum.

The Orpheum has its usual good bill again this week. Of the new people the biggest hit was made by the Pantzer trio, who really excel as contortionists. In this line they are about the best that have been seen here. The troubadour trio make a fine stage appearance and their coon songs with a French accent were a hit. J. W. Winton, the ventriloquist, is clever as such and his walking, talking, smoking figures are among the best seen here. The Fortunis brothers, comedy acrobats, are favorites; also the Marco twins and others, making an interesting bill.

The Tivoli.

While swelldom rustled in silks and satins and sparkled with diamonds at the Grand Opera, the hoi polloi of the music-loving world assembled at the Tivoli and received in more than a moiety of music an equivalent for their monetary mites. "The Pretty Poacher," by Offenbach, is far from being one the best of his works either in the book or in the score. While there are a few graceful bits of melody twined around its nonsense and improbabilities, it lacks that "come again" charm that would induce one to go to hear it more than a week or two. In the hands of a poor or indifferent company it would lose what little salt it has, but the excellent company that took care of it last night rescued it from what would otherwise have been a chilly reception.

The event of the evening was the debut of Gerald Gerome, a tenor. Gerald is graceful, with a pleasing voice and style, and in a role of more virility than that of Theodore will win popularity. He was well received, and did not disappoint the expectations of his friends.

Stevens has a part that does not give him much opportunity to display his talent except for a brief period in the third act. Phil Branson had all the low comedy of the opera, and he made the most of it. Bibletto was played with her usual spirit by Elvia Crox. Bernice Holmes will alternate with her in the role during the week. Anna Lichter was a charming Ginetta, and Pruette was all that could be desired in the limited role of the Count de Campistrous.

The Olympia.

The strong cards at the Olympia are Querita Vincent, Du Bell, the aerial artist, and Carlton and Royce. Miss Vincent is the same prime favorite and has all new songs.

The Chutes.

Sherman and Morrissey, acrobatic comedians, made a great hit at the Chutes Free Theater last evening. Their burlesque trapeze performance is exceedingly funny and created great laughter. The Four Miltons are clever musicians and singers, and their saxophone quartets were heartily applauded. William Howard is an original monologist, and Ethel Lynwood is one of the best contortionists who ever twisted in San Francisco. The Michelsen brothers changed their banjo duets, and many new moving pictures were shown. The amateur cakewalk will be repeated Thursday night.

Steeplechase.

To remain under water for three minuntes is a feat which seems impossible, but at the Steeplechase at Central Park this week one of the Japanese female swimmers accomplishes this nightly. The illusion of the "Human Spider" as shown by William Kohl is most mystifying and its inventor defies any one to explain it. The other extra attractions and the permanent ones make the grounds well worth a visit.

Mrs. Elizabeth Mowry's Concert.

Owing to a severe cold the concert scheduled for to-morrow evening has been postponed until April 5.

Friends of California Volunteers.

A meeting of the parents and friends of the soliders in the First California Volunteer Regiment will be held in Native Sons' Hall this evening, when letters and telegrams recently received from the War Department relative to the return of the California boys from the Philippines will be read.

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