



THE WEATHER.

Forecast made at San Francisco for thirty hours ending midnight, April 7: San Francisco and vicinity—Fair Friday; brisk west winds. A. G. McADIE, District Forecaster.

THE CALL



THE THEATERS.

ALCAZAR—"Old Heidelberg."
CALIFORNIA—"Zira."
COLUMBIA—"The Other Girl."
CENTRAL—"The Confessions of a Wife."
CHUTES—Vaudeville.
GRAND—Grand Opera.
ORPHEUM—Vaudeville.
TIYOLI—Comic Opera.



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CONRIED'S GRAND OPERA STARS ARE WELCOMED BY A GREAT AUDIENCE OF FASHIONABLE FOLK.

CONRIED'S Metropolitan Grand Opera Company began its long-anticipated engagement last night at the Grand Opera-house, and the large theater was filled with an immense audience that greeted the great singers enthusiastically. "Rigoletto," which was chosen for the opening bill, was heartily received. Society was out in force, and the foyer of the theater and Mission street were lined with crowds that awaited patiently the arrival and departure of the handsomely gowned women.

SUPERB PICTURE THE INITIAL NIGHT OF GRAND OPERA

White Shoulders and Blazing Jewels Flash From Pit. Art and Atmosphere Make Up the Whole Great Story.

BY SALLY SHARP.

The opera—that is, grand opera—is 50 per cent art and 50 per cent atmosphere.

Heretical? Perhaps. But isn't it true?

With all due deference to the sublime art flung upon the air last night would it have been the splendid thing—the thing that drugged the senses—were it not for the mazes of gleaming shoulders, the blazing jewels, the smart frocks, the men big and brave, the pulsating wave of expectancy and of thrill, that mystifying thing that we call, for want of a better name, atmosphere?

But why quibble about so trifling a thing when we were blessed with both, as falleth the manna from heaven. For once in many moons San Francisco behaved itself wondrously, being in its seats at a most gracious hour—in due deference to the request of the management (and here's a tip to local managers, now that Mr. Conried has disciplined us so splendidly).

Ah! That was a picture not soon forgot—that house of the cavernous pit, rising tier upon tier, gallery after gallery, splashed with colors faint as the hues of a summer rainbow; and as the dewdrops glitter in the morning, so came the gleam and glitter from women's throats. And not all the honors fell to the women either—the men looked mighty nice, should any one happen to ask you.

For some reason we women often find ourselves comparing our Western men-folk with the men of New York—and if the truth be told, and it should be, even in newspapers, our own dear men are sometimes found a little shy in the matter of externals, small matters to be sure. But last night, well—they were superb, and here's to them!

As to the details of this famous house let me say that it was a pale audience—pink, white and blue, with white holding the palm for supremacy. Decollete? Yes, quite. And some more so!

But as the altitude rose, so did the corsage, save in the proscenium boxes, where altitude didn't seem to count.

Another feature that was marked by altitude was the show of enthusiasm. But, of course, 'tis indisputably bourgeois to manifest deep emotion—a prerogative left to the lowly. So it was not amazing that the loudest plaudits came not from the patricians' part of the house, but from the plebs. And the truth to tell, methinks the plebs enjoyed the opera most—because in expressing their joy they thrilled to it. Besides they knew their score, these people whose eyes gleamed with joy and whose breath came not while Caruso scaled a pinnacle of melody—these are the people who get the most out of grand opera, and their full money's worth. Looking over that house last night the thought came to me that here was indubitable proof of the commercial prosperity of our City by the Golden Gate. Has the California Promotion Committee noted it? Another gratuitous tip. But isn't it true? Think of the cash value of the gowns and jewels gathered beneath that dome last night! Why, the jewels would ransom a dozen Pericardis.

Tush! Tush! They couldn't have been Kimberlies—perish the thought! At least 'tis a pleasant illusion and let us never willfully destroy an illusion—like holds so few.

Some one in the foyer—foyer-a, if you please—asked me if the house wasn't splendid when the lights were flashed upon it, which made me think how much more interesting it was in the dim, uncertain shadow when the curtain was up. Here was a living, breathing picture of the things Whistler loved to paint. It was in truth a Whistler picture, with its subtlety, its suggestion, its gray vagueness, with a gleam flashing from out the shadows. Here

and there, as women leaned forth to drink the draughts of the melody. That gleam from out of the shadows gave the Whistler touch. This was atmosphere—50 per cent of the grand opera.

BRILLIANT GOWNS ARE NUMEROUS

Large Audience Presents One of the Most Fashionable of Spectacles.

The following is a list of the gowns worn by those named, composing a prominent part, as they did, of the brilliantly dressed audience:

- Mrs. John Wieland, heavy black silk, point lace yoke.
- Miss Wieland, cream net over silk.
- Mrs. J. K. Fitch, black lace gown.
- Mme. Tojetti, imported silk dotted lace, diamonds.
- Mrs. Joseph F. Keenan, white silk and duchesse lace.
- Mrs. Clarence Musto, white lace robe over chiffon.
- Mrs. Guido Musto, white silk and lace, pearls.
- Mrs. D. S. Dorn, heavy white lace robe over chiffon.
- Mrs. Clarence Martin Mann, white silk ruffled chiffon, aigrette and diamonds.
- Mrs. Edward Hamilton, black silk and gold lace.
- Mrs. Sidney Liebes, white spangled chiffon.
- Mrs. C. Frederick Kohl, white imported lace over satin chiffon.
- Mrs. Louis Sloss, black and lavender chiffon.
- Mrs. Fremont Older, white spangled lace over pink embroidered yoke.
- Mrs. Thomas Magee, pearl gray crepe de chine.
- Mrs. Wallace Wheaton Briggs, imported white embroidered mull.
- Mrs. Frank Miller of Sacramento, imported gown of embroidered crepe.
- Mrs. J. C. Sims, heavy white satin and diamonds.
- Mrs. Mortimer Fleishhacker, café au lait net over taffeta.
- Mrs. Godey, black lace over white silk, diamonds.
- Miss Beesie Wilson, heavy white lace over chiffon, handsome lace opera coat.
- Miss Sophie Borel, white chiffon and lace.
- Miss Alyce Borel, pale blue crepe with insertion of Irish point.
- Mrs. Bovet, black lace and taffeta.
- Miss Chonita Borel, white chiffon.
- Mrs. Ernest S. Simpson, white taffeta and chiffon.
- Colonel and Mrs. J. C. Kirkpatrick, with a party, Mrs. Kirkpatrick wearing black net embroidered.
- Miss Phyllis Partington, heavy cream lace over taffeta.
- Mrs. William Deming, spangled black and gold lace robe over pale yellow chiffon.
- Mrs. Livingston Jenks, white accordion pleated chiffon embossed with pink roses.
- Mrs. A. P. Hotaling, white and burnt orange chiffon satin.
- Mrs. M. J. Schmidt, embroidered white mull over taffeta.
- Mrs. Fred McNear, pale blue tulle, decollete.
- Mrs. Rudolph Spreckels, white satin gown, decollete, rare lace ruffles at shoulders and corsage.
- Miss Fernando Pratt, white lace over white silk.
- Mrs. Thomas Benton Darragh, black lace robe outlined with jet.
- Miss Grace Spreckels, white chiffon and white silk with bands of iridescent trimming.
- Mrs. Walter Martin, accordion pleated chiffon of pale blue.
- Mrs. Edward Hirschler, pale pink chiffon.
- Mrs. Maurice Metieu, pale green crepe de chine and diamonds.
- Mrs. Isaac Hecht, black lace over white silk, diamonds.

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LOUNGERS IN THE LOBBIES INTERCHANGE VIEWS CONCERNING STARS ON STAGE



SCENE AT ENTRANCE TO THE GRAND OPERA-HOUSE LAST NIGHT WHEN THE CONRIED COMPANY BEGAN ITS SEASON

Caruso Provokes Premature Disparagement From One Critic and Sembrich Is Warmly Discussed.

BY JAMES C. CRAWFORD.

Femininity was conspicuously and disappointingly shy in the entrance flocking to the lobbies. Expansive and immaculate shirtbosoms outglittered bare shoulders in a ratio that dulled the picture, and the rustle of satins was inaudible amid the squeak of patent leathers. For a first night, however, the beauty parade was strong enough to inspire old opera-goers with hope for better things ere the season closes. These veterans recalled the opening of the first Grau series, about five years ago, when hardly a woman left her chair from beginning to end of the performance, yet a week had not lapsed when the fair ones were beating the opposite sex at every point of their own lounging game with the exception of those involving the consumption of tobacco or ardent liquors. Another thing was noticeable in the

lobby—the ease with which almost every man wore his opera raiment. Harking back to that first Grau season one cannot forget the sartorial incongruities that promenade the tiles. Spiketails surmounted by wideawakes, and Tuxedos topped by collapsible stovepipes were no uncommon sight, and tradition has it that one gentleman wore tan shoes with his broadcloth and dazzled all beholders with the brilliance of a first-water stone nestling in a pink shirtfront. No such agonizing spectacles enlivened the waits last evening. In no instance was the fashion-plate dictum violated, and if any gentleman felt uncomfortable in his attire he artfully dissembled the feeling.

To find out who crowded the lobbies just take the Blue Book and read the names of all the gentlemen mentioned therein who were not out of town last

GRAND OPERA OPENS WITH INCOMPARABLE "RIGOLETTO"

Caruso Proves Fame as World's Greatest Tenor, Showing Triumph of Genius.

BY BLANCHE PARTINGTON.

"There is one voice left, one of the GREAT voices." So a trembling old singer thanked his God last night after hearing Caruso. He was right. It is the voice we have been waiting for, a voice that flings clear from soul to soul without a consciousness of the throat between. Caruso sings, but one forgets. That the Conried Metropolitan Grand Opera Company began its season last night at the Grand Opera-house it is perhaps necessary to mention. All the diamonds in town were there, gleaming upon a performance of "Rigoletto" in some points incompar-

able. Of course, the house was crowded; of course, it was brilliantly gowned; of course, all the gayety of crowding carriages and shouting policemen preluded the opera outside and, of course, every one was there and Lent forgotten. Not quite forgotten, per die. A little Lenten, or perhaps only lazy in its enthusiasm was the audience. Not until the fourth act, in an extraordinary record for "Rigoletto" in San Francisco, was there an encore sufficiently imperious to compel a repeat. This was for the first verse of

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