

OPEN!

Triumph of the age in Our Little City.

LAST NIGHT.

Beetleburg's new Temple of Thespis Throws Wide its doors to a Gay Throng of the Hoi Polloi.

Gristlebone

THEATER AND OPERA HOUSE.

Brilliantly inaugurates Its opening night with a Scene of unparalleled Splendor.

A Fine play—Gorgeous costumes—Beautiful Feminine Display—We needed It—Keep It up Judge—Fine Lot of Plays Coming—Gorgeous Feminine Costumes and Millinery Show on Opening Night.

Beetleburg's new temple of Thespis, the Gristlebone Theater and Opera House, was opened last night with great eclat. It was a brilliant assemblage that graced the gorgeous night and wandered up the stairs over the grocery store and into the brilliantly lighted auditorium. As Judge Adna K. Gristlebone, manager of the Opera House and proprietor of our most fashionable drug emporium, said in his well-chosen speech before the beautifully painted and artistically designed curtain, "This is an auspicious occasion."

Auspicious occasion it was and truly—for had we not waited for years watching our thriving young city grow and grow, our hardware stores, our drug stores, our grocery stores, our meat shops and all our native industries thrive and increase and still there was no opera house? And who was it that came forward, with the indomitable courage, the world-wide experience, the everlasting faith in our city to promote this opera enterprise but Judge Adna K. Gristlebone, so that we may all have amusement once a week and delve into the histrionic art to our heart's content.

But as to the opening of the Gristlebone Theater and Opera House—the scene was most brilliant. Every one went early in order to avoid the rush, so that the rush came earlier than was expected, but nothing could outwit the foresight of Manager Gristlebone, who was standing by the door elegantly clad as early as 7 o'clock, in exceedingly fine raiment, purchased especially for the occasion.

However, the judge received our tickets with a genial smile and we were immediately taken in charge by gentlemanly ushers who silently showed us to our seats, where we could look over the assembling throng as it assembled. We thought that the audience might have taken its cue from the silent ushers and have put the soft pedal on their jabbering, but we suppose they may as well be excused on account of the auspiciousness of the occasion, for their remarks were principally Oh's! and Ah's! at the beautiful sight that met their gaze, but we still say, as a critic, that their remarks were too loud.

The curtain represented, according to the inscription, "The Fall of Rome," which we will not comment on here but will mention in our editorial columns, owing to the fact that this is merely a general write-up, as arranged for previously with Judge Gristlebone in exchange for the seats which we occupied.

Then our eyes wandered to the boxes, where we found the faces of our best people and their clothes—which we must acknowledge were sumptuous beyond all description and delightful to the eye. No Easter offering at our churches could equal that display of creations which were in modern style and well fit. The only gown in the entire audience had ever seen before was that worn by Mrs. Gillespie, which was a black broadcloth over a pink crepe de chine, trimmed in olive chiffon, with brass buttons. The gown has been commented on before in our social columns.

Our eyes had become dazzled with the brilliant display and we were quite relieved when Ornar Robbs, the talented leader of the town orchestra, bent his head and entered the pit, resplendent in a new outfit of black store clothes with a white tie that was immaculate in its cleanness. Orscar never looked more prosperous in his life, and we wish him well in his new job, as we have been tipped off that all has not gone well with him recently in the hardware store. Orscar soon had his musicians tuned up, and the lively air they played started everybody's feet to moving and before long it was as lively as a camp meeting.

But all good things must come to an end, and the curtain went up with a unanimous "Ah!" from the audience and the first scene was beautiful to behold.

The bills announced the play as "Under the Chip is a Bug," which was written by some prominent underwriter whose name was so blurred on the program that we could not make it out. We asked Judge Gristlebone who he was and the judge tried to find out from the manager of the show, but he was busy counting up, and so we didn't bother him further. At any rate, this man has written a great play and it should go well in this vicinity.

But the play has no place in a write-up of the opening of the new opera house, for it was the Gristlebone Theater and Opera House that everyone went to see. And to say that they were satisfied is putting it mildly. They were wild about it, including us. It certainly is a magnificent temple of art, and, as Judge Adna K. Gristlebone said in his opening speech, "This opera house is not on the kerosene circuit; it has natural gas and is prepared to invite our best artists to come here and act out."

When all was over and villainy had received its just



EARLY SPRING GARDENING IN MINNESOTA.

deserts, we repaired with our other fashionable townsmen to the oyster and ice cream parlors of M. Bulks, where pleasing refreshments were had.

There was something lacking to our musical ear in the overture at the opening of the opera house. We luckily saw Judge Gristlebone sitting with his wife at another table and asked him if he had noticed it. He blushed reluctantly at first, but when we pursued him with vigorous questions he acknowledged that Hank Stubbs, the piccolo player, did not arrive in time to take part in the orchestra at the overture, owing to its being Saturday night, and he having a customer come in just before closing time and ordering a haircut, a shampoo and a shave. This was what delayed him and left us wondering what was missing in the orchestra. The judge tried to make us promise not to mention the unfortunate occurrence, but we think in justice to our readers the truth should be told.—Kansas City Star.

What the Market Affords

- CALF'S liver, 20 cents a pound. English mackerel, 6 cents each. Purple cabbage, 4 cents a pound. Dried Lima beans, 10 cents a pound. Evaporated apples, 12 1/2 cents a pound. Doughnuts, 15 cents a dozen. Quince preserves, 25 cents a jar.

For luncheon you may make a dish that is famous in New Orleans and which is served daily at the well-known Begue's. Also its foundation is calf's liver, you would never imagine it. The liver is cut into half-inch cubes. After washing and draining, place them in a bowl which has been rubbed with an onion. Between two layers of liver place a layer of chopped onion and parsley, with salt and cayenne. After half an hour take out the liver and shake off all the onion. Roll lightly in flour and drop into a deep kettle of boiling fat. Drain on paper and serve very hot with lemon. The peculiarity of the dish is that the interior of the cubes seems to be filled with a creamy mixture that is as unusual as it is palatable.

OUT OF THE MOUTHS OF BABES.

TEACHER—Tommy, what is the difference between a monarchy and a republic? Tommy—In a monarchy the people obey the rulers because they love them; in a republic they obey the bosses because they can't help themselves.

Little 4-year-old Mabel, who had become weary of flat life, climbed on her father's knee the other evening and said: "Papa, I do wish you would save some money and buy us a back yard."

Guest (at dinner)—Aren't you going to eat any of the pudding, Harry? Harry—No, ma'am, I guess not. Guest—Don't you like it? Harry—Yes, ma'am; but mama said I'd have to eat it out if you took two plates of it.

TWISTED ENGLISH.

A FRENCH tailor, who advertised "English spoken," was sometimes at a loss for the right word. On one occasion, wishing to tell a customer that her girdle was too high, he hesitated a moment, then, with a look of inspiration, he said: "Madame, your curvature is too upstairs!"

Blondes tend to near-sightedness, brunettes to far-sightedness.

Strange Phenomenon Explained

IT WAS a matter of record that in all the years Paddy had kept the saloon he had And, on the other hand, he had never been known to accept an invitation to drink. He was consistent in that respect at least. So when Jackson told the coterie that night that early in the day he had seen Paddy stand treat not once, but several times, there was an outbreak of incredulous shouts.

"It's true, just the same," said Jackson, with a twinkle in his eyes. "I saw it myself. I happened to be in the place and was watching Paddy trying to figure out how he could tap a telephone wire and get enough electricity to run that slot machine which he had picked up at a bargain sale, when the iceman came in with a big chunk for the ice-chest. He was just going out when Paddy hailed him.

"Will ye have a drink?" he says, and I nearly fainted with surprise.

"The iceman looked dazed for a moment, then lined up at the bar. Paddy handed out a slug of that 40-rod whisky that would feaze an alderman and opened up a line of talk. Pretty soon the iceman had three big hooks under his belt.

"Wouldn't your driver like a drink?" says Paddy gently. "The horses will stand all right."

"The iceman went to the door and called the driver. I was watching pretty close and just as the driver came in I saw Paddy throw a wink to the big nigger that plays the banjo in the back room at night. Well, when Paddy got thru feeding that pair with booze the iceman had to be dumped in the back of his wagon, and the driver didn't know whether he had a brace of lines in his hands or a bag of peanuts.

"While this was going on I took a peep over the side door. Say, that nigger had opened the grating over the cellar and shot about a ton of ice down the steps. If the weather keeps cool Paddy will have enough ice to last him a month or two. Oh, Paddy's a slick one!"—New York Press.



THE ICEMAN LOOKED DAZED.

TOOK THE PROPER OFFICIAL STEPS.

A WESTERN lawyer says that he was once in a court in Missouri when a young man most fastidiously dressed sauntered into the temple of justice. None of the officials of the court had ever seen him before and, as the proceedings were unimportant and somewhat tedious, it chanced that the stranger attracted some attention. On his part he eyed the judge narrowly, "sized up" all the attorneys, drummed loudly on the bench in front of him and finally rose and sauntered up to the bar, where he poured out for himself a glass of iced water.

The judge presiding, a nervous and testy old fellow, had himself observed the young man and by his frowns had given evidence of his disapproval. When the stranger had boldly marched up to the bar and had taken the water, it looked as if the judge would boil over with indignation at this exhibition of temerity, amounting almost to contempt. "That water, sir," roared the judge, "is for attorneys and other officials of this court."

Whereupon the strange young man turned red and left the courtroom. But the court was to see more of him; for in about half an hour he returned, bearing in his hand a roll of parchment. The judge now glared at him in the most savage manner; but, the young man flinched not. Finally, during a lull in the proceedings, the eccentric young person addressed the court:

"Your honor!" "What is it, sir?" "I wish, your honor, to submit to this honorable court my certificate of admission to practice in the supreme court and all other courts of this state."

"Well, what of that?" growled his honor. "Simply this, your honor. Now that I have presented the proofs of my admission to the bar I would now move the court that I be permitted to drink from the official pitcher."

The young attorney got his water.—Edwin Tarrisse in Lippincott's.

ALL FOR \$500.

"LISTENERS," said H. Clay Pierce, the oil magnate, in New York, "seldom hear good of themselves. This is especially true if the listeners happen to be rich."

"There was a rich old lady in St. Louis who had been ailing a long time. She liked and trusted her physician, but, becoming alarmed finally, she asked him to call in a famous specialist for consultation.

"The specialist came. He charged \$500. He examined the rich old lady carefully and gently. Then he went downstairs to partake with the family doctor of a sumptuous luncheon that the patient had provided.

"Now the patient, a brave woman, wishing not to be deceived about her health, wishing to know the worst at all costs, induced her maid to hide in a closet in the diningroom, so as to overhear and report to her the physicians' discussion of her ailments.

"The maid's report was that, during the luncheon, the specialist and the family doctor had talked of nothing but the Panama canal. Finally, draining his last glass of champagne, the specialist said, as he looked at his watch:

"But I must be off. My train goes in twenty minutes."

"Then the family doctor said:

"But how about the old woman upstairs? You must remember she is a good source of income to me."

"In that case," said the specialist, as he slipped on his overcoat, "I won't interfere. The present treatment is an excellent protracting one."

FROZEN TRUTH.

IN HAVERHILL, MASS., there used to live two doctors of the same surname. Dr. Benjamin E. Sawyer was a physician with a large practice. Dr. Nathan Sawyer was a veterinary. A man named Jones, after a week or more of imbibing, was very sick, and his wife, becoming alarmed, sent the hired man for Dr. Sawyer. The hired man brought the wrong Sawyer, the veterinary. Dr. Nathan explained to the wife that he was skilled only in the diseases of horses, cattle and other animals. "I guess you can prescribe all right in this case," replied Mrs. Jones. "Jones is a jackass."

ODDS AND ENDS.

A THIRD of the world's population talk Chinese. Ouida never shakes hands. She deems the practice vulgar.

Stockings with compartments for each toe are a sure cure for corns.



March 5, 1770—One hundred and thirty-six years ago today occurred the Boston massacre. Find a victim. ANSWER TO SATURDAY'S PUZZLE. Left side down, under serf's arm.

Men's Gloves for Spring THE VARSITY—genuine English Cape, outside seams, \$1.50 val. GUN METAL pique and outside seam Cape, \$1.50 610 NICOLLET, Half Stores Gloves, Half Umbrellas. GAMOSS!

We can help make you happy—honestly we can—by doing all that Monday labor for you at a very nominal cost. THE WHITE LAUNDRY 925 WASHINGTON AV. S. A postal card or either phone will bring our auto for your package.

INSIST UPON CRESCENT CREAMERY BUTTER

Different From All Others And so much neater, better and easier on the nose is the Trufit Eye Glass MADE BY C. A. HOFFMAN, THE OPTICIAN, 624 NICOLLET AVE. Everything in the Way of Fine Spectacles, Kodaks and Supplies.

LIBERAL TERMS DIAMONDS ON CREDIT WILK & CO., 316 NICOLLET AV.

Edison and Victor TALKING MACHINES on Easy Payments Minnesota Phonograph Co. 518 Nicollet St. Send for Edison and Victor Catalog. Store Open Evenings.

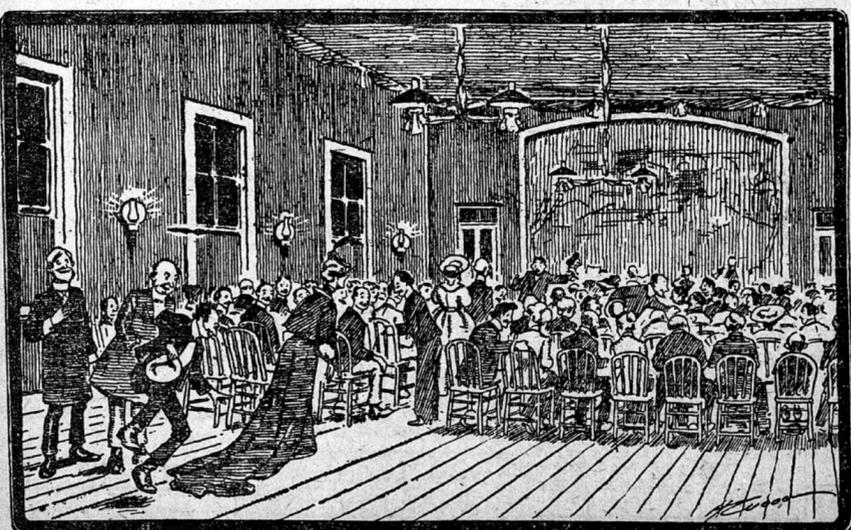
Northern SEEDS Grown Plants, Bulbs, Fruits and Trees. All the good things for the Garden and Farm worth growing at the right price. Beautiful Catalogue Free Send for copy today—before you forget. L. L. MAY & CO., ST. PAUL, MINN.

BRO-MAN-GEL-ON DESSERT JELLY It comes out right every time. You simply add hot water and Bro-man-gel-on does the rest. Every ingredient delicious—nutritious and pure. No pure food law can be too exacting for Bro-man-gel-on. It is the original and one perfect dessert jelly. One package makes enough for a family. 10c size (light yellow pkg.). 15c size (pink package). At your grocer's. Flavors—Lemon, Orange, Raspberry, Strawberry, Cherry. THE STERN & SAALBERG CO., Mfrs., New York

Only Coffee For 10 Years.

A Michigan lady, Mrs. E. J. Slaek, 35 Madison Avenue, Detroit, Mich., wrote us to inquire where she could buy Barrington Hall in that beautiful city. In thanking us for the addresses of some of the grocers in her neighborhood who sell it, she says: "It (Barrington Hall) is the only coffee that I have been able to drink in ten years. It was recommended by my grocer up north (where she formerly lived), and I had been using it about one year. Several of my friends are using it through my recommendation. This is a sample of many of the constant patrons of Barrington Hall who find it is the coffee that appeals to their tastes and satisfies them and at the same time does not distress or injure them in the slightest degree. They would be more displeased to go without their Barrington Hall than we would be to lose their patronage, much as we value it, and hard as we strive to deserve their good opinion. Barrington Hall is the only coffee now sold in America that is prepared by the steel-cut process, which removes all the bitter tannin-bearing, yellow parchment found within the coffee bean, and gives (in the cup) the strength and flavor so much enjoyed. At the same time, it is a coffee that can be drunk by those people who feel that coffee, as ordinarily prepared, does not agree with them. Mrs. Slaek, above quoted, tells better than we can, of the fullness of her experience. There is a reason. Find the cup. Roasted, steel-cut, packed by machinery in sealed tins and guaranteed by Baker & Co., Importers, Minneapolis. For sale by the better class of grocers at 35c per pound.

Barrington Hall The Steel Cut Coffee



PICTURE OF THE OPENING NIGHT AT THE GRISTLEBONE THEATER AND OPERAHOUSE.