

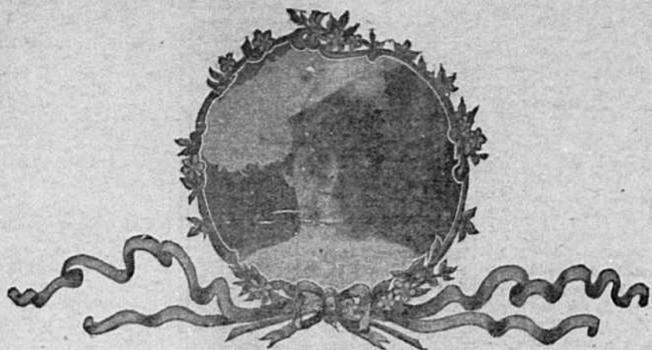
# FOOTLIGHT FLASHES.

## HAVING CONTINUED SUCCESS.

The "Miss Bob White" Company is having continuous and uninterrupted success and giving delightful renditions of Spencer's pretty opera. The production this year is one of the most elaborate and contains in its personnel many of the most beautiful women of the stage. The cast includes Neil McNeil, Frank Deshon, Dorothy Hunting, Alise Doye,

## QUINCY ADAMS SAWYER.

The scenic equipment of "Quincy Adams Sawyer," which will be seen here March 10, 1904, at the Grand opera house, is very elaborate, and is built for the production. The managers of the play were determined that nothing should mar the genuineness of the country atmosphere, and no expense has been spared in the stage settings.



MISS DOROTHY HUNTING, IN "MISS BOB WHITE."

Edith Blair, May Bouton, Harry Wilson and others and is conveyed by an orchestra of high class musicians, which in conjunction with the regular orchestras of the theatres, makes the presentation a perfect one musically.

**"MISS BOB WHITE"**  
TO PLAY HERE AGAIN.  
"Miss Bob White," a comedy opera by Willard Spence, whose "Little Tycoon"

Many have asked, "Why is 'Quincy Adams Sawyer' called the best New England play ever written?" The answer has invariably been, "Because it's different from any other play of its class." "But why is it different?" "Oh, everything is so natural, the people are just like the people you see in the country, the scenery is just as read as anything," is the reply.

The husking-bee scene alone would



MISS LILLIAN RANDOLPH, IN "MISS BOB WHITE."

and "Princess Bonnie" are still whitened and tanned in every household, has in his third opera outspencered himself and Messrs. Nixon & Zimmerman, the famous magnates who will present the Spencer opera in this city in a few weeks, have given that work the most complete luxurious and surreptitious mounting ever accorded a Spencer opera. It is complete, delightful and picturesque, but not overdone, nor overdone and the

win fame for the play. The real red ears, the real kisses, the real supper and the natural and humorous incidents attending the features have pleased immense audiences all over the country. There is genuine comedy all through the play, and the few touches of pathos strike as true and convincing. The story is a simple and a sweet one, appealing to the heart. There is nothing in it approaching a villain or an adventureser



SCENE FROM "THE SIGN OF THE CROSS."

lavish expenditures have been for talent and not for tinsel, which together with the meritorious book and melodious music are a triumvirate hard to beat. Return engagement will be played at the Grand Opera House, Monday evening, February 1st.

it is not a melo-drama, it is only a wholesome, clearly cut picture of New England life, and as such it finds favor anywhere, in town or city. The play leaves a good taste in the mouth" and that is, after all, what the people want.

## "THE SIGN OF THE CROSS."

"The Sign of the Cross," Wilson Barrett's religious and historical drama, has had a phenomenal record. It has been running for over eight years in England and America. The subject of the play deals with the inhuman persecution of the early Christians by the Emperor Nero, and the author has built on this theme an interesting and absorbing drama. The effect of such a play presented by a strong company of well known actors, under the management of Fred. G. Berger, is greatly enhanced by a series of magnificent stage pictures that are historically correct. The organization comprises twenty-two people,

and loads of scenery and costumes are carried.

The Philadelphia Record, of November 23rd, said:—"The Sign of the Cross" is one of the most remarkable plays of the age." The Washington Times recently

said: "It is a wonderful production, leaving strong impressions on all who witness it."

Clergymen in every city of the world have unanimously endorsed this production. It is without doubt the strongest and most elaborate drama the stage has



MISS ROSE TAPLEY, In "The Sign of the Cross."

ever produced, demanding a large cast of splendid ability and requiring scenery, costumes and effects unequalled for splendor and magnificence. This entire production will appear at the Trader's Grand Opera House on Saturday January 30th.

Late that evening Billy scrambled into the hammock where his mistress lay. She saw the note and in the dim light from the window beside her read these words:

My Dear Helen—I trust you'll have a pleasant afternoon. Undoubtedly it will be much preferable to Chaucer beneath the pine. Billy reached me after I had waited several hours for you. The time passed very pleasantly, thanks to the villainous heat and swarms of famine stricken mosquitoes. Being the soul of devotion, I shall be delighted any afternoon in the future to go through the insolation again for the sake of the reward of a similar note, telling me you are automobiling with the latest arrival in town.

THOMAS M. GRAY.

The next afternoon, as Gray was knocking a ball about the links, Billy again came trotting up with the violet envelope attached to his collar. In the shade of some sunac bushes Gray read the contents:

Your latest outburst duly received per Billy, Mr. Tommy Green Eyes. Gray, don't subject yourself to heat and mosquitoes on my account.

HELEN.

The note Billy carried back read as follows:

Thanks. I had no intention of doing so.

Then for a week there was silence between them. Gray in his anger carefully avoided the Dennison cottage in his walks along the shore. Every afternoon, however, as he sat on the piazza of the casino he saw Helen Dennison and Hammett dash by in an automobile, which very probably accounts for Mr. Thomas Morley Gray's proneness to knock about the bay in his catboat, carrying full sail in a double reef

## MESSENGER CANIENSIS

By Barry Pain

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It was close and sultry. No breath of air stirred the pines, and the mullen stalks beside the roadway were drooped flat to earth. Even the drone of the locusts seemed faint and dispirited, and the occasional cry of a blue jay in the woods was far more in the nature of a protest than anything else.

On the top rider of the rickety rail fence beside the road sat Mr. Thomas Morley Gray, smoking very methodically, as he did all things, an ancient briar pipe. A huge pine shaded his perch, but for all that Mr. Gray was perspiring and evidently ill at ease. Every few minutes he looked at his watch, and every time he did this he grunted disgustedly and uttered an expletive under his breath.

When an hour had passed—a long, dragging hour—during which he had alternately fanned himself with his hat and waged unequal combat with the mosquitoes, which despite the smoke had declared hostilities, Gray put on his hat with a determined air and slid down from the fence. As he did so he saw a cloud of dust moving along the roadway in his direction. Then out of the dust cloud emerged a yellow dog, trotting along heavily, with his tongue lolling from his mouth.

At the sight of the man the dog gave vent to a series of joyful barks. He came the remaining distance in long bounds, and when he reached the man he stood before him, his tail in violent motion.

"Billy," said Gray, stopping to pat the panting beast—"good old Billy! What—what the—He broke off suddenly in surprise, for tied to the dog's collar was a violet envelope of small dimensions, and the superscription on it was his own name. Gray snatched the envelope and tore it open.

"Dear old Tommy," he read.

"Huhph!" he interpolated. "I know these 'dear old Tommys'—trouble." He again turned to the note.

I can't read Chaucer beneath the pine tree with you this afternoon because I'm going out automobiling with Mr. Bennett. Excuse haste and brevity, but he is waiting for me now. I shall show Billy your golf clubs here and tell him to find you, which I'm sure he'll do. Now, don't be angry and make me call you "Tommy" again. Trusting Billy may find you soon.

HELEN.

Mr. Gray surveyed the cloudless sky for several tumultuous moments.

"Now, wouldn't that"—he began. The sentence died in an inane gurgle.



MISS DENNISON SAW A STRANGE GUYFI THROTTING SEDATELY ACROSS THE LAWN.

while Gray's face grew wrathfully red, and great beads of perspiration stood on his forehead. Then he tore a leaf from his notebook, hastily scrawled a few words and tied it to Billy's collar, where the other note had reposed.

He arose and, followed by the dog stalked down the road. When they came to the fork, Gray pointed down the left hand road and said sternly: "Home, Billy. Home, sir." After he had watched the dog trot off dejectedly into the dust he himself went slowly up the other road.

Late that evening Billy scrambled into the hammock where his mistress lay. She saw the note and in the dim light from the window beside her read these words:

My Dear Helen—I trust you'll have a pleasant afternoon. Undoubtedly it will be much preferable to Chaucer beneath the pine. Billy reached me after I had waited several hours for you. The time passed very pleasantly, thanks to the villainous heat and swarms of famine stricken mosquitoes. Being the soul of devotion, I shall be delighted any afternoon in the future to go through the insolation again for the sake of the reward of a similar note, telling me you are automobiling with the latest arrival in town.

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## AN INVETERATE SMOKER

(Original)

The dinner ended shortly after 11 o'clock and cigars were passed. One of the guests held his cigar between his fingers without lighting it. "Why don't you smoke, Joslin?" asked the host.

"I will when the clock strikes 12." "Why at 12?"

"I will explain, if you will permit, by telling a story: Several years ago I fell in love with and wooed a young lady whose father was a crank. He had a number of fads which he inflicted mercilessly on others and a number of antipathies which he would not permit others to inflict upon him. His chief dislike was tobacco in any form.

"Now, from my youth up I have been a great smoker. At ten years of age I bought miniature cigars or cigarettes and smoked them, not because I thought it a fine thing to do, but because I enjoyed them.

"Well, my devotion to the young lady I have referred to met with a favorable response, and I was accepted. She gave me to understand, however, that she had no fortune except what her father might give her or leave her in his will, and it would be impossible for her to marry me without his consent. There would be no difficulty in obtaining it, and he had promised when she married to settle a third of his property upon her. All we had to do was to humor him until after the settlement, which would occur simultaneously with the marriage.

"I passed six months of torture. I listened to the old man's stale jokes, rode out with him in summer under furs and in winter with not even a lap robe. I enjoyed music which he detested, so I heard none. I liked to go to the theater, but as he condemned theaters and actors I did not dare show my face in a playhouse. But the crown of deprivations was the giving up of smoking. My fiancée informed me on the first day of our engagement that to smoke in her father's presence would be like shaking a red rag before a mad bull. To show her how much I loved her I agreed not to smoke till after the wedding. This she commended highly, and I took the first opportunity to inform her father that I did not smoke.

"The time spent without my beloved cigars was maddening. Nevertheless I refrained, and when my wedding day came I was as free from nicotine as a baby. When I awoke on that momentous day I admit my chief joy was not that I was going to be married, though I loved my fiancée desperately, but that as soon as the settlements were made, the marriage ceremony over and we were driving to the station I would light a cigar. To this my bride to be had assented.

"We were to be married at 12 noon in presence only of the family. The eccentric father had a horror of large weddings and would consent only to a private one. I went to my room at 10 o'clock to dress. My toilet was completed in half an hour, and I had nothing to do till 11:30. I had bought a box of the best cigars I could find, and they were on my mantel. I took out a number to put in my satchel and momentarily held them under my nose.

"Gentlemen, the fragrance of those cigars was irresistible, delicate, delicious, intoxicating. 'Why not?' I said. 'I have an hour here alone. At the end of that hour the settlements will be made. What risk is there in my smoking here alone?' I bit off the end of the cigar, scratched a match and lighted it. Then I threw myself into the arms of an easy chair and the arms of delight at the same time.

"I finished the cigar at 11:20 and hurried away, reaching the house in twenty minutes. My father-in-law to be called me into his study to explain some points to be attended to in the settlements.

"The amount," he said, 'that I give my daughter is four hundred thousand.' He stepped short and sniffed the air. 'Who's been smoking in this room?'

"I was terror stricken, but, controlling myself, I looked sympathetically. He went about poking his nose here and there till, coming very near me, he took up my arm and smelled of my sleeve.

"What's this?" he exclaimed. "I thought you told me you didn't smoke." "I tried to stammer an explanation, but broke down.

"Give my daughter to a man who has the vilest habit known to man—not good enough for beasts, not one of whom smokes! Not I!"

"I argued that the preparations had gone too far to retreat. 'It is never too late to retreat from a bad bargain. The marriage shall not take place, or, if it does, my daughter shall go to you penniless.'

"As soon as my fiancée and her mother received the startling news they began a desperate effort with the late man to induce him to give way. For their sakes he finally agreed to do so on my promise never again to touch tobacco in any form. This was finally amended to extend only one year after his death.

"He died a year ago today?" "One year ago tomorrow." He was walking in a new building he was erecting and fell through an elevator shaft."

"Were you in the building at the time?" asked the host with mock gravity.

"Your question is not only in very bad taste but unkind. However, I am happy at being able to allay your suspicions by assuring you that I was miles away."

The clock began to strike 12, and Mr. Joslin lit his cigar.

ALBERT HUNT TAILER.

Ascum—Well, well! I congratulate you, old man; and how is the baby to be named?

Popey—By my wife's people, it

Mercurary. "He's a mercenary wretch."

"What makes you think so?" "He married Miss Goldie Box, and I was trying to get her myself."—Chicago Post.

## BOOK OF THE ROYAL BLUE.

The January number, "Book of the Royal Blue," has started the year with a new feature. Each number during the ensuing year will contain two pages of the characteristic work of two of the most prominent American Press Humorists, and consequently, its readers may look forward to a variety of entertaining literature of this character in the future.

It is also the endeavor of the publishers to present some beautiful picture, on the line of the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad each month as a frontispiece, with a descriptive poem of some well known author.

The articles on the World's Fair at St. Louis are the best detailed descriptions published. The February number especially, will be devoted to the beauties of the exposition from an architectural standpoint.

A noticeable feature of the "Book of the Royal Blue," is that it stands alone among railroad publications in using its advertising pages exclusively to portray the merits of the Baltimore & Ohio System, and as much care is given to these pages to make them interesting as is given to the other features of the book.

## WANT DEPARTMENT

FOR SALE—New frame dwelling situated in Broad Oaks best residence section of city. Ten rooms, reception hall and bath room. Main rooms oak finish, cabinet mantels, hot and cold water. Special bargain if sold this month. Address, Owner, Box 471, Charksburg. Jan.13-d.f.

FOR RENT—New seven-room house with bath and modern conveniences. Address Post Office Box 200. Jan.15-10c.

For Rent—One large front room, furnished. Apply at 645 West Main street. sept-4

For Rent—One well-furnished front room, with bath. Apply 516 West Main street. decl7f

Lost—Three-fourth yard of pink panne velvet, between the Parson-Souders Co. store and Mrs. Beard Modiste, Mechanic street. Finder will please return to 629 Mulberry street, or the Telegram office. Jan.20-3\*

Wanted—Nurse for child two years old; an excellent position and good salary to the right person. Apply at the Telegram office. Jan.20-3\*

For Rent—Three-room cottage in Glen Elk; \$10.00 per month. Suitable for railroad men. Lynn J. Carskadon. feb.9-04d.

## Office Rooms for Rent!

2 large, well lighted, communicating rooms, suitable for most any public business, \$15.00 per month.

1 large front room, with bay window, best location in the city, \$12.50 per month rent.

1 medium size room, next to front, suitable for small office, \$6.25 per month.

2 rear rooms, communicating, furnished, one for sleeping room other for office, splendid light, bath included, will make satisfactory price to the right parties.

All second floor rooms in splendid locations.

Private sleeping rooms.

2 communicating, 3rd floor rooms, well furnished, heated and lighted and bath, suitable for two or three gentlemen, or will rent each room separately. Price very reasonable to right parties.

For further information call at Room No. 1, Rookery Building. Jan.18-1f

## BALTIMORE & OHIO RAILROAD.

West Bound.

No. 1—(daily) due 12:53 a. m.

No. 71—(daily) due 7:26 a. m.

No. 3—(daily) due 10:13 a. m.

No. 47—(daily) due 3:42 p. m.

No. 55—(daily) due 7:26 p. m.

East Bound.

No. 2—(daily) due 3:54 a. m.

No. 46—(daily) due 10:13 a. m.

No. 12—(daily) due 5:32 p. m.

No. 72—(daily) due 6:58 p. m.

No. 4—(daily) due 9:45 p. m.

W. VA. & PITTS. DIVISION.

West Bound.

No. 3—(daily ex. Sunday) Ar. 6:15 a. m.; Lv. 6:15 a. m.

No. 1—(daily) Ar. 9:30 a. m.; Lv. 10:30 a. m.

No. 5—(daily ex. Sun.) Ar. 2:15 p. m.; Lv. 3:55 p. m.

No. 7—(daily ex. Sun.) Ar. 6:45 p. m.

No. 9—(Sunday only) Ar. 7:20 p. m.; Lv. 7:20 p. m.

East Bound.

No. 8—(Daily ex. Sun.) Lv. 6:40 a. m.

No. 2—(Daily ex. Sun.) Ar. 9:50 a. m.; Lv. 10:30 p. m.

No. 66—(Sunday only) Ar. and Lv. 9:40 a. m.

No. 6—(daily) Ar. 3:33 p. m.; Lv. 4 p. m.

No. 4—(daily ex. Sun.)—Ar. and Lv. 11:30 p. m.

WEST VIRGINIA SHORT LINE.

West Bound.

No. 717—(daily ex. Sun.) Ar. 11:50 a. m.

No. 719—(daily) Ar. 8:15 p. m.

East Bound.

No. 718—(daily) Lv. 6:20 a. m.

No. 720—(daily ex. Sun.) Lv. 2:30 p. m.

Trains Nos. 7 and 8 run between Charksburg and Sutton.

D. B. MARTIN, M. P. T., Baltimore. C. W. BASSETT, G. P. A., Baltimore. C. W. ALLEN, T. P. A., Parkersburg.