

At The Play-Houses.

TULANE.

Next week at the fashionable Tulane Theatre, beginning Sunday night, Charles Frohman's big musical production, "The Dollar Princess," will have an engagement at that playhouse, and theatregoers of New Orleans will have an opportunity of seeing for the first time this wonderful New York success which ran for over two months at the Knickerbocker Theatre in that city, last season.

"The Dollar Princess" differs from the ordinary musical comedy in the fact that it possesses a clear, consistent plot and not the usual musical comedy hodge-podge excuse for introducing miscellaneous vaudeville with rhyme or reason. The story written by Messrs. Willner and Grunbaum is logical and intelligible and their book is filled with amusing situations and clever dialogue. Leo Fall, the American composer, has furnished a score that is said to be as tuneful as any heard in years. In fact, his composition class him as the peer of all musicians.

ican Coal Trust, who believes that his enormous wealth entitles him to the cream of the world's good things, and who has a theory that money-hunting foreign noblemen should be taught to work. He therefore engages poor but titled people as his servants, paying them fabulous salaries. His butler is a baron and his head groom is a French marquis. Cowder is a widower and has a daughter and a niece who are very beautiful, and he is in search of a housekeeper, an aristocratic lady who will manage his household on a scale in keeping with the blue-blooded menials. His brother and his nephew, pensioners of Cowder's, promise to find just the right person, and they introduce to him Olga Tartaroff, a lady lion tamer, whom they palm off upon the old man as a Russian countess. The Coal King is much pleased with Olga and at a ball in his mansion he announces his engagement to her. Alice Cowder and Freddy Smythe, a young Englishman whom she employs as her secretary, are in love with each other, but Alice is inordinately proud,

pretty, being worn by a chorus of really beautiful young girls. Buster, Tige, Mary Jane make up the trio of mischief-makers, who play new jokes, sing new songs and make new resolutions. The old time characters, with the exception of Grandma, are changed and for the better too. This season Buster is played by Master Harold, a diminutive chap, as much like Buster of the cartoons as one could imagine. One feels tempted to "just love him to death." Mary Jane, played by another little person, is done by Madeline Clark, who makes an ideal Mary Jane in size and ability. Tige is only a dog, but the most intelligent dog imaginable. This difficult role is performed by Alfred Grady. Many new and novel features have been added in the musical line, among them being the "Billiken Man" by the Buster Brown Ponies.

COMING.

Following the engagement of Buster Brown at the Crescent, "A Winning Miss," another musical comedy, will come to the popular playhouse. This comedy was produced in Chicago and made a tremendous hit. The company which comes here is headed by Max Bloom, a comedian who is screamingly funny in his work. He is supported by a cast which will please the Crescent patrons as few companies have pleased them this season. The chorus is one of the big features of the show, many pretty girls being members of that part of the organization. This will be the first appearance of the production in New Orleans.

GRAND OPENING OF SUBURBAN PARK

By Suburban Amusement Company.

On Sunday, March 19, 1911, the Suburban Park will be opened in all glory with the following program:

3:30 p. m.—Semi-professional baseball game for purse.

5 p. m.—Half-mile bicycle race for boys of Algiers, Gretna and McDonoughville, in short pants, winner to receive a \$2.50 gold piece.

5:20 p. m.—100-yard dash for boys under 60 inches.

5:30 p. m.—100-yard shoe race for boys under 60 inches.

6 p. m.—Dancing will begin. New floor is now being laid.

8, 9 and 10 p. m.—Moving picture shows.

11 p. m.—Drawing of lady's entrance prize.

Besides the above attractions the Suburban Amusement Club are working on several others equally amusing so as to satisfy the old as well as the young patrons.

The baseball teams have not as yet been mentioned but it is assured that same will be two of the strongest teams in the city, and a good exciting game is expected.

The bicycle race is the next number following the baseball game. Any young boy can enter provided he is in short pants. Several good swift riders have been asking questions concerning the race and are already out training for same. The prize will be a \$2.50 gold piece.

The 100-yard dash is for lads under 60 inches, although the prize has not as yet been decided, it will be an appropriate one, as many entries are expected.

The next number will be one of great sport to spectators as well as to the participants, which is the 100-yard shoe race. All participants must remove their shoes. Then the shoes are mixed up and put in a pile, one hundred yards from the starting place. The winner will be the first boy who



The Kimball Player Piano

Artistic excellence and durability in the Kimball Piano have been the aim in manufacturing this world-renowned instrument. The Kimball 88-Note Player mechanism adds the one feature which makes the instrument a complete unit and available for every member of the family. This player mechanism has been developed to give the utmost facility of interpretation of the music with ease of operation and simplicity of construction. This simplicity of construction insures durability a quality not to be dispensed with. With the Kimball Player Piano the performer may express his own interpretation of the music played, thus giving an individuality to the performance and removing it from so-called automatic music. The tempo lever gives absolute control of the time. The pedals sensitive and responsive to a marvellous extent, not only supply the motive power, but by slight movement, or pause, produce the louder and softer effects so essential to the adequate expression of music, and varied at the will of the operator.

Junius Hart Piano House, Ltd.
J. P. SIMMONS, President.
703-706 CANAL STREET, NEAR ROYAL

be in attendance, a new floor is being laid and that the dancing will continue for the rest of the evening.

In reference to the three shows of moving pictures, it can be said that same will be modern and up-to-date, the latest pictures always will be shown.

Every lady who enters the grounds from 3 o'clock on, will be given a ticket with a number on it. At 11 o'clock these numbers will be drawn in the presence of all patrons and the lady holding the corresponding ticket will be awarded a very appropriate prize.

So it can be easily seen that the Suburban Amusement Club are going to every extreme so as to amuse and satisfy all patrons. Everything will be handled and managed strictly up-to-date and first-class order will reign from beginning to end.

The park is now open for dates, in case any club or organization should wish to rent it on any other night except Sunday night.—Adv.

UNCLAIMED LETTERS

Remaining at Station A, New Orleans Post Office, week ending January 16, 1911.

Gents—Sig Camella Antonino, Prof. Jalak, Henry Jones.

Ladies—Miss Mary Allen, Mrs. Lula Doads, Mrs. W. A. Dozur, Miss Mary Elodie, Mrs. Sesy Ros, Mrs. Mary Sheknyder.

W. J. Behan, P. M.
J. W. Daniels, Supt. Sta. A.

LEAVES SIX CHILDREN.

One of the saddest deaths for some time was that of Mrs. Arthur Sutton, which occurred on Monday morning at the residence, 735 Elmira street. Mrs. Sutton had been ill for quite a long while and her death was not unexpected. She leaves to mourn her early demise six little children, the youngest of which is two years and three months, and the eldest twelve years. Mrs. Sutton was the daughter of Mrs. Victor Simon. She also leaves three sisters and a brother. The funeral took place Tuesday afternoon from Mt. Olivet Episcopal church, Rev. W. S. Slack officiating. Interment was in McDonoughville cemetery.

PROGRESSIVE JUNIORS.

The Progressive Junior Euchre Club was entertained on Thursday last by Miss Ione Lampton. An unusually enjoyable evening was spent by all. The following were the lucky players: Misses Florence Talbot and Gertrude Sewall, Messrs. Walter Lily and Sam Boylan. Miss Florence Brownlee received the girl's consolation.

Miss Marguerite Corbett and Mr. Wm. Sewall were guests of the club.

The next meeting will be held at Miss Edna Schroder's home in Opelousas avenue, on March 2.

NEW WOODMEN CAMP.

The new Woodmen Camp which was organized here some time ago and named in honor of Sovereign Commander J. C. Root, has been given No. 579 by the Sovereign Camp at Omaha. The membership of the local camp is growing steadily, forty names already being enrolled as members, and it is said by those actively interested in the new lodge that this number will be doubled shortly.

Crockett's Revenge.

There is a story of Crockett of "Stickit Minister" fame to the effect that when he offered his first volume to a Scotch firm it was returned with a polite note assuring him that there was no market for that sort of thing. The letter was marked "No. 396b." In later years when the same publishers asked him for one of his manuscripts he politely requested them to refer to their previous correspondence with him marked "396b."

Incapacitated.
"The fussy individual who always has a run in with the waiter never fares any better than the rest of us who are satisfied to take things as they come," said the homeless bachelor. "I took breakfast with one of these fussers the other morning in a little cafe uptown that was new to both of us.

"All he wanted was a cup of coffee and a couple of boiled eggs. But you might have thought the universe depended upon those eggs. After having given the waiter minute instructions as to their preparation, he sat with his watch in his hands.

"Finally the eggs came, and there was a lot more powwow. As he cracked the shell of one he turned to the waiter and said, 'Are you sure these eggs are positively fresh?'

"And the waiter, who had watery eyes and a very red nose, replied with all seriousness: 'I really can't say, sir. I have a frightful cold in my head.'"

—New York Times.

A Queer Freak.

Milreau, who was said to have been connected with some of the best families in France and to have possessed considerable means until ruined by the Panama canal disaster, was one of the best friends the beggars of Paris ever had, and to obtain funds for helping them he became a systematic thief. He used to frequent the fashionable streets during the day and pick pockets, and by night, dressed in ragged clothes, he dispensed the spoils to the first beggars he met. For years he continued the practice without being suspected, and it was by pure chance that he eventually did fall into the hands of the police. When his lodgings were searched sufficiently empty purses were found to fill a large packing case, and it was made clear that he had stolen hundreds of watches and scarfpins, while he had been pinching and contributing to live a respectable man on a few francs a week saved from the ruin of his fortune.

The Literary Man.

When I get home where I live at I will remove my wife's new hat from my desk and my daughter's socks and my wee baby's building blocks, three spoons of thread, some tatting frames, a box or two of cut out games, some scissors and my wife's new walnuts, a box of tacks and some tooth paste, a cookbook and a sewing kit, some letters that my wife has writ, some apple cores the kids put there, one or two wads of handmade hair, a bottle of shoe polish, too, a hairbrush and a baby shoe, some stockings that are worth a darn, a skein or two of darning yarn, a picture book or two or three, a picture babe has drawn for me, a rubber ball, a piece of gum, some picture postcards and a drum. I'll do all that when I get home and then write an immortal poem that will have Swinburne double crossed—if all my pencils are not lost.—Houston Post.

Wrecks and Cats and Dogs.

There is an odd provision in the English law on wrecks. It used to be that wrecks, like pretty nearly everything else, belonged to the king. Sometimes, if a vessel were only partly wrecked and it could be raised, an owner was averse to surrendering it, but it was generally seized for the king in accordance with the law until the question came up as to just what was a wreck. It was generally admitted that when all hands were lost that was a wreck, but as they wanted to get as narrow a definition as they could they got parliament to establish a law that in future nothing shall be considered a wreck out of which a cat or a dog escapes alive, and from that time until the present day no vessel coasts about England without carrying a cat or dog.

Canvas Currency.

Banknotes appear in much the same form throughout the world and have always done so except in China, where the earliest note was made of canvas, some six centuries before the Christian era. It was more like a tablecloth than a banknote, its length being about two meters, or six feet six inches. This form of note was not very convenient when large sums were concerned, so later the note was printed on parchment, and all other forms of money were suppressed. One emperor issued notes representing more than three thousand millions. But the money was never popular, and gradually the notes were retired.

Charlotte Cushman's Warning.

One icy night Charlotte Cushman and Lawrence Barrett came out of the theater together. The steps were dangerously slippery, and it was with difficulty that they kept their feet at all. As they totteringly descended the great actress said to her companion quite in her Lady Macbeth manner: "Take a good grip on my arm, Lawrence, and if I slip hold on like grim death. But if you slip in the name of heaven let go!"

Bad Manners.

The two women stopped in front of a dentist's showcase.

"There, mamma," said the younger woman, pointing, "I want a set just like that."

"Hush, my child!" commanded her mother. "Don't you know that it's vulgar to pick your teeth in the street?"

A Bright Youth.

She (archly)—Whom should you call the prettiest girl in the room? He (looking about him)—H'm! Well, to tell the truth, there isn't a pretty girl in the place.

Some will always be above others. Destroy the inequality of today and it will appear again tomorrow.—Emerson

TULANE BEGINNING Sunday, Feb. 19

Every Night and Wednesday and Saturday Matinees.

THE DOLLAR PRINCESS

CRESCENT BEGINNING SUNDAY, FEB. 19

Every Night, and Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday Matinee.

BUSTER BROWN

WEEK OF FEBRUARY 26—A WINNING MISS

Orpheum THEATER

Advanced Vaudeville

Performance every afternoon at 2:15. Every evening at 8:15.
Night Prices, 10c, 25c, 50c, 75c. Box \$1.00
MATINEES DAILY 10c, 25c, 50c. Box Seats, 75c.
Seats may be Reserved by Phone. Ticket Office Open Daily From 10 a. m. to 9 p. m.

The Tombigbee.

"Do you know the origin of the name of the Tombigbee river?" asked the well informed man. "Well," he went on, "it is Choctaw, every syllable, only the word is not 'Tombigbee,' it is 'Tom-bi Ik-bi,' two words, the 'T' being short in each instance. Long ago Choctaws inhabited the section now embraced within the states of Mississippi and Alabama and traversed by the stream that song was about. Nearly a century ago a white man—a carpenter—came among the Indians. He lived on the banks of the stream and among other things made rude coffins for burials. Indians at that time 'buried' their dead upon an arbor supported by poles, but they gradually came to the white man's custom of burying in earth and went to the white man carpenter to get their boxes. From this incident, I am told, the stream received its name. 'Tom-bi' meaning box and 'Ik-bi' meaning make or maker, only they added the word 'bok,' which signifies river or creek, so, literally translated, the combination means 'the river where lives the man that makes boxes.' Time as well as the Anglo-Saxon disposition to round corners in pronunciation Anglicized 'Tom-bi Ik-bi' into 'Tombigbee.'—Wichita Eagle.

The Uplift Movement.

When he left the house Saturday morning Burton yanked at the door as if he would pull it off its hinges. When he couldn't open it he started to grumble until his wife came to his assistance.

"What'n blue blazes is the matter with this door?" he grumbled, giving it another powerful yank without being able to open it.

"The trouble with you, John, dear," the wife ventured, "is that you are always down on everything—down in the mouth, down on the world. Let me try it."

With a gentle tug upward on the knob she easily opened the door.

John was about to sputter out a sarcastic remark when the force of his wife's logic sank in his thick skull.

"I get it!" he exclaimed. "I get the lesson."

"That afternoon when his wife visited his office she saw over his desk a little motto with the words, 'Me For the Uplift.'—Youngstown Telegram.

A Sign of a Crowd.

A very fat, puffing, elderly woman stepped up to the box office of the Chestnut Street theater and, placing a coin on the ticket window, said:

"Give me a ticket to the gallery."

"You are at the wrong window, madam," said the ticket seller. "The gallery ticket office is to your left as you go out of the door."

The old woman walked down the steps and, advancing a few feet, glanced around inquiringly and then let her gaze wander to the iron fire escape which was suspended above the sidewalk.

Going back to the main box office, she said:

"Say, me boy, Oi can't get in there; it's crowded."

"Crowded?"

"Sure, it must be," she said. "They have the steps pulled up."—Philadelphia Times.

With an Eye to the Future.

"It would probably take many generations of adversity to train Americans into the farseeing thriftiness of my people," once observed an American of Scotch birth. "I remember a case of a Scotchwoman who had been promised a new bonnet by a lady. Before she undertook the purchase the lady called and asked the good woman:

"Would you rather have a felt or a straw bonnet, Mrs. Carmichael?"

"Weel," responded Mrs. Carmichael thoughtfully, "I think I'll tak' a straw one. It'll maybe be a mouthful to the eoo when I'm done w' it."—Lippincott's.

Doing Nicely.

One of the good fellows of Broadway is a really good fellow, except that he sometimes inclines an ear to the tempting of the demon rum, says the New York correspondent of the Cincinnati Times-Star. When that happens his wife sends out a hurry call for him, claps him in a Turkish bath and takes the stewed remains home a day or so later full of remorse and echoes. The other night he failed to appear at the domestic hearth at his usual hour. Some time later his wife began making queries by telephone. Eventually she got on the wire of a friend of the periodical souse.

"Have you seen Harry lately?" she asked.

The friend assured her that he had just parted from her spouse. Yes, Harry had been drinking a little. The friend very reluctantly admitted it.

"Is Harry drunk?" asked the wife.

"Oh, no, ma'am," said the friend in tones of horror. "Oh, no, not at all. By no means. When I left him he was able to get along very nicely—on his hands and knees."

They Played Corks.

"I walked into a western bar," said a New York gambler, "and the proprietor greeted me with, 'Did you ever play the game of corks?'

"'Trot it out,' I said, and he brought out a bunch of corks and set them in front of the longest line of guests you



WILL JONES

"DUG MY FINGERS INTO THE BAR." over saw in your life. 'Now,' says he, 'the last man to pick up his cork after I say go is stuck. Go!' he bellowed, and I dug my fingers into the bar in my hurry. I was the first to pick up my cork, all right, but I was the last too. The rest just stood around and laughed. The round for that bunch of pirates cost me exactly \$12.50."

The Bishop and the Senator.

A visiting bishop in Washington was arguing with a senator on the desirability of attending church. At last he put the question squarely, "What is your personal reason for not attending?"

The senator smiled in a no-offense-intended way as he replied, "The fact is one finds so many hypocrites there."

Returning the smile, the bishop said: "Don't let that keep you away, senator. There's always room for one more."

Stopping It.

"Willie," said his mother, "are you making the baby cry?"

"No'm," replied the boy. "I'm holdin' my hand over her mouth to make her stop."

Caustic.

Mr. Flubb—This affair is horribly dull. I guess I'll go home. Miss Clip—That would remove some of the dullness, Mr. Flubb.—Chicago News.

Imagined ills painted by our fears are always greater than the true.—Me-tastasio.



FRANKLYN FARNUM AND DAPHNE GLENNE, IN "THE DOLLAR PRINCESS"—TULANE.

like in his production of "The Dollar Princess," Mr. Frohman has spared neither expense nor pains in making "The Dollar Princess" complete in every detail and the result is a most gorgeous production, splendidly mounted and costumed that appeals to the eye and the book and score please the ear. In fact all the senses are charmed by this production.

Consistency and refinement are the watchwords of the piece and a great part of its popularity may be attributed to these two facts. Not an objectionable line or situation can be found in it—a decided contrast to many of the musical plays offered to the public nowadays.

A splendid company of English and American fun-makers and singers fill the principal roles, while in their support are the famous New York World "Chorus."

The story of "The Dollar Princess" deals with the affairs of the eccentric Alice Cowder, president of the Amer-

and Freddy, much as he loves her, cannot stoop to a marriage for money. Daisy, Cowder's niece, marries the marquis-groom, the agreement being that they shall tour Europe and mingle in titled society as brother and sister rather than man and wife. Olga's extravagance makes a big hole in Cowder's millions and he becomes conscious that he is playing the fool. They go to London for the Franco-British exhibition. Cowder's one desire is to get rid of Olga, but that seems impossible. Tartaroff, Olga's husband, happens to have his circus at the exhibition. He appears and declares that Nero, the famous lion, has become unmanageable and that only Olga can subdue him and save the show. He begs her to return and, as she has grown rather tired of the millionaire, she consents. The love affairs of the young people are settled satisfactorily and there is a grand finale with everybody on the stage, smiling and happy.



SCENE FROM BUSTER BROWN—CRESCENT.

CRESCENT. Buster Brown, the musical comedy which made itself the most popular on the road in the hearts of children, is again to be seen at the Crescent next week, and new pranks in the minds of

the local Busters. It is seldom that a musical comedy improves with age, but in the case of Buster, the rule is broken. This year the play is entirely new and has a semblance of a plot. The scenery is modern and massive in construction, the costumes fresh and

arrives back at the starting place with his shoes on and laced. The fortunate one will be awarded with a new pair of shoes.

It is not necessary to dwell on the next number of the program, except that a good popular band of music will