

# At The Play-Houses.

## TULANE.

One of the most pleasing features of "The Dollar Princess," which is now in its first week of the two weeks' engagement at the fashionable Tulane Theatre, is the tuneful and musicianly score by Leo Fall, the noted Viennese composer. Like "The Merry Widow" music, there is an irresistible charm to the Leo Fall melodies. Not that they lack musicianly skill, for at times "The Dollar Princess" score soars in operatic heights. Still, no matter how classical the music may become, it retains its delightful melody, and it is unusual, at the end of a performance, to hear the gallery boys whistling the dainty little melodies, as they leave the theatre, while the more serious patrons of the orchestra chairs,

Russia, who he employs as his house-keeper. It is not long until he has fallen in love with this young woman, who soon manages to spend so much of his money that he is glad to learn that she is already married to a circus manager and saves him from a like fate. There are two other incidental love stories quite fetchingly told which run through the piece. The chorus is quite large in numbers and most stunningly gowned in each of the three acts of the play. Matinees are being given on Wednesday and Saturday.

### Coming.

Since the engagement of that exquisite and hugely successful musical comedy, "Madame Sherry," at the Tu-

## COMPLETING EXERCISES BELLEVILLE SCHOOL.

The first half session was brought to a close by the awarding of certificates of attainment to the twelve members of the 8th A grade, who passed into the High School Feb. 13, 1911. The exercises were very pretty and the perfect order that prevailed in the assembly room enabled every number to be enjoyed by the interested and attentive listeners.

The specially invited speakers were the Superintendent, Mr. J. M. Gwinn, and Mr. Frank Henning, member of the School Board for this district. Each gave interesting talks, the former congratulating the district in having so active and zealous a member to represent it on the School Board, and emphasizing the fact that we lived only as long as we learned, and that the completion of the first eight years of school work did not mean more than that a beginning had been made. The girls were encouraged to proceed with their school work as a means of preparing them for the strenuous life this day to be lived by each who takes part in the world's work.

Mr. Henning added his word of encouragement, speaking of the advantages they had had in the training given by the fine, conscientious teachers of the Belleville School and then he added a bit of humor in his complimentary comments on the attractiveness of the girls themselves.

The following program was given: Prayer, Rev. Dr. Booth. Opening Song, "Sister Awake," Class.

Welcome, Eulalia Giblin. Reading, "Tenderness for Living Things," Margaret Gerrets. Recitation, "A Graduating Essay," Hilda Hantel. Nonsense Song, "The Sweet Little Girl and the Quaint Squeeze," Class. Recitation, "The Fairest Lady," Marion Morse.

Story, "Hansel and Grethel," Vera Voegtlin. Song, "The House of Cake, from Opera, "Hansel and Grethel," Class. Presentation of Certificates, Mr. F. Henning. Address, Mr. J. M. Gwinn.

Presentation of blue ribbon bows to pupils having made a perfect record in the January, 1911, spelling match: Emma Sutherland, Marion Morse, Louise Cauvin, Clair Keenan, Clare Finley, Naomi Senat, Annie Davis, Lillian Schroder, Jeannette Courtenay, Bernice Hornosky, Carrie Brauninger, Sarah Davis, Blanche Ramos. Song, "Spinning Chorus," Class. Welcome to the Alumnae, Florence Burgess.

Response to the Alumnae, Emma Sutherland. Farewell, Hazel Giepert. Song, "At Parting," Class. Benediction, Rev. Dr. Booth.

### Reception Committee.

The following was the reception committee: Wm. Hantel, chairman; Erwin Salathe, M. Spitzfaden, L. Spitzfaden, H. Hornosky, Leo Vallette, E. Gahn.



## 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 marvelous 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.

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J. P. SIMMONS, President.  
703-706 CANAL STREET, NEAR ROYAL

The members of the reception committee won much praise for the able manner in which they secured the comfort and convenience of the large audience in attendance for this event.

### Graduates.

The following are the graduates of February, 1911: Eulalia Giblin, Beulah Borne, Mildred Coyne, Shirley Fetherling, Hazel Giepert, Margaret Gerrets, Hilda Hantel, Edith Mahoney, Marion Morse, Emma Sutherland, Vera Voegtlin, Lizzie Harte.

### FIGHT SUNDAY.

Both Frankie Conley and Johnny Coulon went through some strenuous boxing yesterday afternoon, and the members of the two largest clubs in the city who assembled to see the bantams give a display of their skill in training are commenting widely on the way each man shows up.

Coulon, who is working at the Young Men's Hebrew Association, is sparring every day with Denny, brother of the lightweight of the name, who was well known in boxing circles here about a year ago. Denny weighs 140 pounds and is quite a boxer, but he was not near a match for the little Chicagoan, who battered him about quite a bit and soon had his nose streaming carmine. Asked why he selected a big man with whom to spar, Coulon said:

"I am going to meet a man next Sunday who will be heavier and taller, and I intend to be prepared to offset whatever advantage he may have in this line. I expect to hit Conley often and when I do, I am pretty sure that I'll do some damage, no matter how big he is."

Conley is working with McFarland, the amateur, and here is what McFarland, who is a splendid judge of boxers, says about Conley's work:

"Conley is not at all handicapped by having to make 116 pounds. He is hitting as hard now as he ever did, and is faster."

It was reported yesterday that Conley weighed 118 pounds when he quit work.

Coulon has never gotten on the scales, but will do so probably to-day and gauge his own weight. It is believed that Coulon will scale at around 114 pounds, possibly 115. At any rate, the weight does not bother him in the least. "Pop" Coulon contends that his son can still make 110 pounds like a top.

Yesterday was the second day of the ticket sale, which is progressing rapidly. As weather indications are highly favorable, the advance sale will doubtless run heavier than for any bout that has ever been pulled off here. There will be a greater demand for choice seats among persons coming in here from the North. These, as well as others, must become members of the club, but membership blanks are on hand wherever the tickets are on sale.

The selection of Tommy Walsh as the referee proved fairly satisfactory. There is no doubt that Walsh is one of the most capable referees who has ever been seen in action in this city, and his presence in the ring usually insures a pretty rapid mill.

Betting on the bout continues at slight odds on Conley. The chances are he will reign favorite over Coulon right up to the time the last wages is made, unless some Chicago money on Coulon comes in and grabs up all the odds that are being offered around here.

### LETTER LIST.

Unclaimed letters remaining at Station A, New Orleans, La., post office, week ending Feb. 23, 1911:

Gentlemen—H. T. Cates, Jas. Hamilton, Gooden Jones, I. R. Paterson.

Ladies—Miss Marceline Wetherstrangers, Mrs. Weinstein.

W. J. BEHAN, P. M.  
J. W. DANIELS, Supt. Sta. A.

## The Microscopist

By ELIZABETH WEED

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"Mr. Renwick," said Miss Kershaw. "I have received an anonymous note warning me against Ed Alsop, to whom I have just become engaged. Since I received a proposal from you before becoming engaged to Mr. Alsop and since the writing looks very like yours disguised you are naturally under suspicion of having written the note."

The lady paused as if waiting for the gentleman to make a denial.

"Have you anything to say?" she asked.

"You have stated the charge," he said, "and have given a reason why I am suspected of this underhanded act. Have you other reasons?"

"No. It seems that this, unless it can be explained, is sufficient."

"Please let me see the note."

"Miss Kershaw had it in her hand and offered it to him."

"One moment," he said. He had removed his gloves on entering the house and before taking the envelope in which the note was inclosed put them on; then he held out his hand for it. Miss Kershaw drew back.

"Will you please explain why you put on your gloves?" she asked.

"He who touches pitch will be defiled," he replied.

"What do you mean by that?"

"I mean that there is something noxious about an anonymous letter, and I don't want to touch it."

She looked at him with a puzzled expression, then handed him the note. Removing it from the envelope, he scanned it, put it back and handed it to Miss Kershaw. Then he removed his gloves and put them in his pocket.

"Well?" said the girl.

"I know who wrote the note."

"How? Who?"

"I know it by a reference it contains to something of which only one person except myself knows. As to who wrote it, if I were to tell you you would not believe me."

"I have never doubted your word."

"Not in anything pertaining to myself or you. I have never accused any one to you. If I were to do so now you would be confirmed in your opinion that I wrote the note."

He arose as if to take leave.

"You're surely not going to leave the matter in this unsatisfactory position, are you?"

"In trying to get out of it I might get into a worse one."

"Please cease these enigmas; speak plainly."

He thought a moment, then said:

"If I were not confident that the person I suspect wrote that note you would have to remain in ignorance. As it is I will try to prove the writer. Tomorrow morning I will call again. Meanwhile please collect samples of the handwriting—notes—of those with whom you have recently corresponded."

Miss Kershaw promised to do as he asked. Her curiosity was excited to know his plan of procedure. There were only a few persons from whom she had recently received missives, but what letters she got she put in a pigeonhole in her scribble.

Renwick was a young man of a scientific turn of mind, his hobby being microscopy. The next evening he made his call with a box under his arm. Miss Kershaw looked at it and wondered what it might be. When he had removed his overcoat he opened the box and brought out his microscope. Placing it on a table, he lighted the lamp connected with it; then, taking a minute pair of tongs used for handling objects intended for examination, he picked up the envelope containing the anonymous note and fixed it under the glasses of his instrument. When he had adjusted the focus he invited Miss Kershaw to have a peep. She saw certain curved lines in the field of view.

"Those are the thumb marks," he said, "the person who wrote the note left on the envelope."

Miss Kershaw was interested.

Renwick then removed the note and substituted one he had written himself. Again he invited Miss Kershaw to look. She saw different curves. She saw at once that they were not the marks of the person who had written the anonymous note. She gave a deep drawn sigh of relief.

"Whoever wrote that note," said Renwick, "did a very good job. He has imitated my writing just enough to make it appear that the chirography is mine with an attempt at disguise."

"Who did write it?"

There were notes between Renwick written by five other persons besides himself. He successively substituted four of these notes and showed Miss Kershaw that none of the four had handed the anonymous note. The fifth note on the table was from Mr. Edward Alsop.

"If you are content," said Renwick, "in knowing that neither I nor any one of these other four correspondents wrote that scurrilous note we will go no further. The remaining note is from your betrothed."

She looked at him, a paleness gradually coming over her face. With a trembling hand she picked up Alsop's letter and inserted it in the place for the slide. The curves corresponded with those she had seen on the anonymous note.

The next morning Mr. Alsop received a note from Miss Kershaw breaking their engagement, and later she became engaged to the microscopist.

## TULANE BEGINNING Sunday, Feb. 26

Every Night and Wednesday and Saturday Matinees.

## THE DOLLAR PRINCESS

## CRESCENT BEGINNING SUNDAY, FEB. 26

Every Night, and Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday Matinee.

## A WINNING MISS

WEEK OF MARCH 6. . . . . BEVERLY

## 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.

## Raising the Limit

A Story of What Happened on Christmas Eve

By Jeanne Olive Loizeaux

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It was Christmas eve in a city. The rich were preparing by the expenditure of hundreds, perhaps thousands, of dollars to enjoy the festivities, those in moderate circumstances piecing out what they did not have by working with their own hands, the poor—alas, the poor—going without the joys others were blessed with, except where the good Lord sent some benevolent person to hunt them up and bestow upon them a dinner or a few toys for the children—the children that it would seem Christmas is especially for.

The streets were crowded with belated purchasers, some buying decorations, some gifts of value, some a few simple toys. The spirit of Christmas was among them, within them. A father had forgotten that he had promised Jimmie a jackknife, a mother that Lucy must have a set of dishes; brothers and sisters remembered at



"WE'LL START SQUARE."

the last moment some forgotten article and were hurrying hither and thither to supply the deficiency. There were lovers who had but lately plighted their troth carrying home gifts.

Big Jim could not escape the hurry, the laughter, the package laden throng. He hated the bedizened windows, the greetings, even the strings of turkeys and chickens in the market windows. He hated Christmas time. And, worst of all, he hated the word home. And it was being rubbed in. Why not let bygones be? For two years he had not even heard of his mother, and then she had written that Mariana had married John Foster. That was natural, of course. John had stayed by his job, and John was not dependent on cards mainly for a living.

Big Jim, with his hands in his pockets, fingered the roll of bills and the loose money, over \$300. He had been lucky last night, but tonight, like as not, Shorty or some one would get it away from him. He turned down a side street and cursed beneath his breath as a little Italian with a basket on his shoulder proffered him a small plaster Christ. He thrust out his chin and passed Charley's place, for he had already reached his limit in drinks. That chin kept him from passing his set limit in anything. He was no weakling. He kept his word and was bad by choice, not through lack of will.

The very sleighbells jingled "home," and he hated to think of himself in

that connection. He would have gone to his boarding house, but no one, save perhaps Shorty, who had deserted his wife, would be mothers or all had wives or kids or mothers or some girl to make merry with, to be kind to, if only once a year. Then into the city clangor came the beat of a drum and a singing and strumming—the Salvation Army. In their march they stopped near him—he could catch the words of the high, coarse tenor:

"Come home! Come home! Why don't you all come home?"

The song finished, he caught words of the harangue begun by a young girl with a clear voice.

"Yes, come home! Come back to your real selves! Quit your sin, your drinkin' an' gamblin' an' be decent, boys! It pays! It pays, girls! Go home to your mothers! Sin ain't pleasure, an' it costs dear in tears an' human misery! Come home!" He slunk away disgustedly. It seemed there was no escape.

It was too early to play poker. Well, he could go to the postoffice at least for his mail. But here, too, was Christmas—hurrying crowds, laughter, and, escaping a bevy of young girls, he ran into and nearly knocked over a shabby old woman, sweet faced, wistful eyed, with trembling mistletoe hands. He put her on her feet again almost tenderly, apologizing, but she peered up into his face—a kind face with good eyes in spite of all.

"I was waitin' for my girl," she began with the volubility of lonely age. "I ain't heard from her in a year, my Molly. She would be sure to come for letters Christmas time, wouldn't she, think? P'raps you know her, Mary Shane?" she asked eagerly, not minding his shake of the head. "She's pretty, is Molly, with big blue eyes an' curly yellow hair, an' little, like a doll. Do you s'pose somethin' happened her? She might—just forget to write."

"And the other article contained in the book?" she asked. "If you will identify that"—she paused suggestively.

For an instant he hesitated, then spoke with decision. "From its character you will understand why the subject is a delicate one."

"Here is the pocketbook," said Pauline smiling. "I am sure it is the one you lost, and I am very glad to restore it to you."

The owner almost snatched the book from her hand, so eager did he seem to recover his property. He stammered hasty words of gratitude and without opening the pocketbook thrust it in his pocket and took his leave with apparent relief.

When she was alone Pauline smiled rather maliciously as she took from a table drawer the clipped picture of herself and carried it to her room.

That night at dinner her father spoke somewhat vexedly. "Do you recollect Pauline, my dear, that I promised you should have that set of furs in Wickel's?"

"How could I forget, dad? You don't mean that you have really ordered them for me?" cried Pauline delightedly.

"I was about to do so yesterday when I lost my pocketbook. I'd been to the bank and drawn the cash, was bringing it home to you, when somehow, somewhere not far from home, I lost the confounded thing. You'll have to wait another week for the furs, puss."

"What sort of pocketbook was it, dad?" asked Pauline mechanically. The question seemed a natural one enough now—she had interviewed so many lost property owners that day.

"New one I bought a week ago, red Russia, had four hundred in it and a clipping of some sort about queer uses of electricity."



FRANKLIN FARNUM AND DAPHNE GLENNIE, IN "THE DOLLAR PRINCESS"—TULANE.

happily accompany them. Leo Fall has been declared the real master of modern composers.

The delightful story of "The Dollar Princess" tells of a multi-millionaire, who has only titled foreigners in his household employ as servants, believing that every man should work, not matter his station, and he pays his servants fabulous prices in order to retain them. His brother and nephew introduce a woman lion tamer to the old fellow as the Countess Olga of

lance recently, the management of that playhouse has been bending every effort towards securing a return engagement of this most charming of all the musical attractions which have been seen here this season. Telegrams have just been received announcing the good news that Madame Sherry had been secured for the week following the "Dollar Princess" at the Tulane, and upon the return prices will be materially reduced from the first visit.



SCENE FROM "A WINNING MISS."

CRESCENT. The attraction scheduled for the popular Crescent theatre during Mardi Gras week is the entertaining musical play, entitled "A Winning Miss," which abounds in delightful humor, a pleasing and sprightly chorus of winning girls, able principals and above all, a real story, which, in brief, follows:

Winnie Winters has two admirers, Speed, an amateur artist, and Billy Brown, a happy-go-lucky college fellow who has been fired for yachting, and both decide to enter the yacht race for the thousand dollar prize as Winnie's hand, which she has promised to the one who wins.

It happens that neither can sail a boat, so have to employ skippers. Speed induced Capt. Fibb, an old sea dog, to sail his boat, and as Billy cannot make a touch any better, is in a quandary for a skipper, when upon the scene enters J. Ham. Ham is a bum actor,

who has passed himself off as a detective to find some missing spoons at the club, and when he finds Billy needs a skipper, he essays to do that also. Anastasia, a country girl, who is in love with Ham, becomes piqued at him and in a jealous moment tells Winnie that Ham never saw a yacht.

Now Winnie really wants Billy to win, and realizing that Ham can't win the race, pays Ham to let her sail the boat in his place and no one will know the difference.

The Wolf, Billy's boat, wins, but Speed claims a foul and an inquiry meeting is held and Billy is allowed half an hour to produce the real skipper, as Ham has to acknowledge he didn't sail the boat. Ham can't tell who called it for fear of losing his fee, and at the end of the allotted time it looks blue for Billy, when Winnie rushes in and says she sailed the boat, and there was no foul at all. "Do you dispute that, Mr. Speed?" she says, whereupon Speed replies: "I

never dispute a lady's word." "Why did you sail the boat?" Billy asks her. "Because I wanted you to win," Billy says. "And Billy wins a 'Winning Miss.'"

### Coming—"Beverly"

A. G. Delamater and William Norris, Inc., will present their original Studenbaker Theater, Chicago, production of George Barr McCutcheon's "Beverly," a dramatization of Mr. McCutcheon's most successful and popular novel, "Beverly of Graustark," by Rombert M. Baker, at the Crescent, following "A Winning Miss." As each of the characters introduced in the novel appear in the play, a large and expensive cast as well as an exceptionally heavy scenic production is required for its proper presentation, and as the company appearing here have been engaged for the express purpose of playing an extended engagement at a leading Broadway Theatre, no expense has been spared to make the best obtainable.