

At The Play-Houses.

TULANE

That delightful mixture of music, humor and pretty young women, "Madame Sherry," is about to return to New Orleans to once more amuse and entertain the patrons of the fashionable Tulane Theater. During its previous visit there were many thousands who gained admission to this excellent comedy for which Frazee, Woods and Lederer stand sponsor, and it was for this reason that the return engagement was sought, this visit having been made possible only by canceling contracts in other cities. The same high-class company that was seen here a month ago will once more appear at the Tulane, with dainty and fascinating Ada Meade singing the

and production which scored a wonderful hit at the Tulane the first week in October will return at the Crescent at the usual prices prevailing at that theater. Miss Ida St. Leon remains in the cast as the charming young circus rider who weds the minister.

SECOND ANNIVERSARY.

Mr. and Mrs. G. Whitten, of McDonoghville, entertained in honor of the second anniversary of the marriage of Mr. and Mrs. John Davis during the past week. The house was beautifully decorated with ferns and flowers, while the table decorations consisted of cut glass and the American flag. The couple received a number of pretty presents. Those who participated in the enjoyable affair were:

HIS CHANCE.



Chawley Softly—Have you evah had youh fawtune told?
Miss Pert—No; I haven't, but no doubt papa will tell it for you if you really have serious intentions.

REPARTEE.



Proprietor (in new restaurant)—Would you mind recommending our place to your friends, sir?
Dissatisfied Diner—No, but I've got some enemies I'll recommend to it.
Proprietor—Ah, thanks very much. You're sure to have more enemies than friends.

A FRIGID ONE.



Mistress—Did you tell the lady I was out, Vera?
Vera—Yes, mum!
Mistress—Did she seem to have any doubt about it?
Vera—Oh, no, mum! She sed she knowed you wasn't!

FAREWELL.



"I've just dropped in for dinner," said the monkey, when he lost his hold and fell into the crocodile's mouth.

CHRISTMAS EVE.



The Burglar—Gimme all your money!
The Married Man—Sorry, old chap, but my wife beat you to it by about a week.

ARTISTIC APPROVAL.



"Did you tell that photographer you didn't want your picture taken?"
"Yes," answered the eminent but uncomely personage.
"Did he take offense?"
"No. He said he didn't blame me."

BITTER DISAPPOINTMENT.



Kind Lady—It must be hard to find that you have inherited a taste for beefsteak.
Sandy Pikes—Yes, mum; especially when yer find dat yer haven't inherited de beefsteak.

POSITIVE.



Lizzie—Are you sure the ice will hold?
Bobby—'Course I am. 's was skated all around on it last year.

VERY SUCCESSFUL.



"I heard you was out on strike, Pat."
"O' am; I struck for shorter hours."
"And did you get them?"
"O' did not. O' m working the whole 24 hours now."
"What at?"
"O' m in' for work!"

The Soulless Corporation.

A burglar broke into the Clinton & Springfield station at Harrisonville. He found a rubber stamp and an ink pad, which he refused to take away, but he left a note to the agent. The note read: "What the 'ell's the country cummin' to when a big ralerode corporashun don't leve enough in its drawers to buy a pore man a meles vittles."—Kansas City Star.

Backward English Village.

A new house has just been completed at Shefford, England, and it is said to be the first one built there in fifty years.

THE TURKISH BATH

A Victim's Story of the Real Thing In Its Native Land.

WELL MAULED AND SCRAPED.

He Was Kneaded, Plucked, Turned Over and Walked Upon and Then Scrubbed as Though He Were a Kitchen Floor.

The tourist who wanders about Stamboul will from time to time come on domed buildings of all sizes which might be taken for mosques but that they seem to have no minarets and no minarets. From some place, such as the terrace of the mosque of Sultan Sulayman, where their roofs may be overlooked, it will be seen that the low domes are often of a peculiar salmon pink color and always covered with glass bullseyes. These are the real Turkish baths.

Quite apart from the ceremonial wash before prayer, Islam, which considers cleanliness not so much next to godliness as a part of godliness itself, ordains a periodical scrub all over. And the Turk, unlike the sodden west, never sits in hot water, but prefers a hot room, a tap and a basin as a minimum and a shampooer and a flesh glove if he can afford such luxuries.

One enters, as in the west, into the cooling room, generally a high domed room with many galleries around, a marble floor and a fountain, and before going to a private room or, if the bath is to be done on the cheap, to a place on the big common sofas one exchanges dirty boots for slipshod heelless slippers. Watch and valuables may be left under the care of the cooling room attendant, who superintends the process of undressing, winds a loin cloth around one and throws a primrose towel over one's shoulders. Before crossing the floor of the cooling room the slippers are again exchanged for wooden clogs, wherein the novice walks like Agag, delicately, in fear of a fall, till he learns to imitate the speed of the bath men by abandoning all attempts to walk and executing a fast shuffle.

The outer hot room, at about the temperature of an English shampooing room, is a very secondary affair. One stays there for a little, still clothed in the primrose towel, reclining on a distant imitation of a bed, drinking coffee and smoking a cigarette, perhaps watching a couple of shampooers amusing themselves by a wrestling bout. The customer and the shampooer wear the same type of loin cloth, an elaborate check of red and yellow that may be seen any day in the streets on an apron worn by the Albanian sellers of chestnuts or sweetmeats.

If that cigarette is finished come into the inner room, heavy with damp heat, the real bath. The attendant pulls off the shoulder towel and opens the door, a heavy wooden affair, kept shut by a counterweight, whose banging is not the least characteristic noise in the bath. Inside is a large square domed room. Innumerable bullseyes in the dome admit the light, which the whitewashed walls reflect, making a light and airy effect. On the great square slab in the middle they have placed a towel and a pillow, and here one lies, leaving the clogs on the floor.

Round the room, screened from one another by dwarf walls, are a row of marble basins, and here may be seen all classes—such is the democracy of Islam—from the army officer to the day laborer, whose shaved head oddly suggests a tonsure. The poorer classes do not indulge in the luxury of massage. They come for a wash only and often bring their own soap for economy's sake. It is not uncommon to see two of them scrubbing one another by turns.

Presently, unbidden, the shampooer mounts the slab and squats beside his victim. Most of his work consists in kneading the flesh rather than the long, heavy strokes of an English masseur. But when the customer is turned on his face the masseur becomes more energetic. He plucks the skin on each side of the spine, walks up and down on the back and strenuously gathers up arms and legs into curious bone breaking knots regardless of the grunts of the stiff jointed west. A final super-Gordian knot and the clapping of his hands show that it is over.

The customer, as soon as he can collect limbs which seem to have been pulled clean off him, adjourns to one of the basins and is rubbed with a rough glove to take off the old skin. Then the man brings a battered metal bowl ("old bowl, old bath," is the Turkish proverb for "the old, old story") with soap and a lather wisp of "lyf" (Mecca palm fiber, and scrubs conscientiously for some ten minutes, working with the abandon of a zealous housemaid on a floor, forgetful apparently that the object he is scrubbing is flesh and blood.

Finally he pours warm water from the bowl to wash away the last of the soapsuds and, if the bath is a large and up to date one, conducts his well scrubbed victim to a cold douche.

Drying takes place in the outer hot room, sundry loin cloths and towels are wrapped about the body, a small towel makes a turban for the head and clean cloths are produced for the feet, which have been dried with great—sometimes inconveniently great—care. A loud clapping of hands announces that the process is over, and the three or four Turks who seem always to be doing nothing zealously in the room crowd round to wish one good health.—London Globe.

TULANE BEGINNING Sunday, March 5

Every Night and Wednesday and Saturday Matinees.

MADAME SHERRY

Next Week, March 12... WHERE THE TRAIL DIVIDES.

CRESCENT BEGINNING SUNDAY, MARCH 5

Every Night, and Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday Matinee.

"BEVERLY"

WEEK OF MARCH 12... POLLY OF THE CIRCUS.

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.

ALL THE YEAR ROUND.



Goat—It certainly is a treat I found this calendar. I'm fond of dates.

Cat That Loves His Bath.

"Talk about the Englishman and his bath! He sent a marker on the cat I saw," said a man who had called the night before on the owners of the cat. "Mark Antony is the son of Julia Pry, who was given her name because she used to pry open the folding doors with her paw. But this Mark Antony would take a dozen baths a day if any one would fill up the tub for him. When he was a kitten he used to be put in the bath tub, where he was deemed safe, as he lived in a flat. The water dripped from the faucet and gave Mark something to amuse himself with. He evidently grew up to love the water, and now when any one comes in the door Mark Antony is there, and would lead even the utmost stranger bathroomward, that he might fill up the tub enough for him to splash in it."

WAITING FOR AN OPENING.



Reggie—if I could only find some thing to do in my line of business!
Bertie—What may that be?
Reggie—Coloring meerschaum pipes.

WOULDN'T LAST LONG.



Mr. Newwed—I'm going to start off with a bank account for a Christmas present.

Mrs. Newwed—But Christmas is a legal holiday and all the banks will be closed. I won't be able to draw the money out until the next day.

If You Want to Be Liked.
Listen graciously to advice kindly given. Of course, there will not be the least necessity for you to take it; but, on the other hand, you may learn something that will be a very real help to you, either at the time or later.—Home Chat.

TWICE AS HAPPY.



"I'm happier since we separated."
"Yes."
"Um. He used to allow me \$10 a week. Now he has to pay \$20."

A Spoiled Climax.

Actors and actresses sometimes meet with strange interruptions in their most thrilling scenes. Richard Mansfield used to tell grimly of a performance of "A Parisian Romance," in San Francisco. He was at his best, he would say, that night. He carried the entire audience with him. And when his great climax came, when he lifted the last glass of champagne to his lips, and his face twitched, and his hand and arm shook convulsively, splashing the wine in all directions, there was a profound silence, a thrilling horror in the house. In this tense, breathless moment, a man in the gallery was heard to cry out in fierce indignation: "Holy Moses! Who was that spit in me eye?"

Pegging the Frogs.

In France, a hundred and fifty years ago, the rich people living in the country obliged men and boys among the poor to walk about their lakes and ponds at night and throw stones at the frogs who croaked and made a disturbing noise. It wasn't fun for the boys after the first night or two, and the frogs also had something to complain of.

Living Omnibuses.

Oliver Wendell Holmes compared a man to a living omnibus in which he carries all his ancestors. Most of us are copies of those who have gone before us. We take up into our lives their traits and characteristics. We are hampered by their faults, helped by their virtues. Our progress is accelerated or handicapped by what we have received from our ancestors.—Success Magazine.

HER POINT OF VIEW.



Sweet Maid—You must remember that ours was a summer engagement.
The Man—That means, if you see anyone you like better, you'll break it?
Sweet Maid—Yes.
The Man—And if I see anyone I like better—
Sweet Maid—I'll sue you for breach of promise.

High Speed Telegraphy.

In a recent test of a new German high speed telegraph apparatus 2,800 distinctly recorded words were transmitted 430 miles in five minutes.



YVONNE THEBAUD AS PEPITA, IN MADAME SHERRY, TULANE NEXT WEEK.

principal role. This young woman scored an unqualified hit when she played the part of Yvonne Sherry some weeks ago, and there will be hundreds eager to see her again. There is really nothing new that can be said in praise of the piece, in view of the fact that it is already so well and favorably known. For this engagement regular Tulane prices will prevail, which is a material reduction from the prices of the first visit.

COMING TO THE TULANE.

Following Madame Sherry, Robert Brown will come to the Tulane in a remarkable Indian story written by himself, entitled "Where the Trail Divides." Mr. Edson's wonderful interpretation of Indian character in "Strongheart" is well known here, and his success in the former drama in theatrical history. It is easily considered the best part he has ever undertaken. The theme of the story is somewhat similar to Strongheart, inasmuch as it relates to interracial marriage between the Indian and the white, although it is in no way a sequel to that former success. Henry H. Harris is responsible for the production, and has surrounded Mr. Edson with a strong and capable cast, together with a production that is truly splendid in its description of the western.

COMING TO THE CRESCENT.

After Beverly at the Crescent, a return engagement of the early success of the Tulane season, "Polly of the Circus" will be the attraction at popular prices. Identically the same cast



"I THOUGHT I HATED YOU" IN THE SECOND ACT OF BEVERLY—CRESCENT.

London Sandwich Men.

In spite of police regulations, in spite of the prohibition of its employment in certain parts of London, the sandwich board is in greater demand to-day than it was say 12 years ago. It is estimated that 2,500 men gain their livelihood by this means in London at the present time.