

Eugene Walter's "Paid in Full" will be presented at the Rembrandt theatre, Amsterdam, Holland, early in May.

William Hawtrey will have the role of Mr. Brown in "An Englishman's Home" when that play is produced in America.

Bille Burke will resume her American tour in "Love Watches" next fall, after her London season in that play.

Katherine Grey has been engaged by Wagenhals and Kemper for the leading role in Max Foster's new play, "The Whirlpool," to be produced next month.

Henry W. Savage, through his attorneys, Fromme Brothers, has commenced suit for \$100,000 damages against the New York Press. The complaint charges in a list of seven different causes of action that the "Press" maliciously libeled Mr. Savage, the Garden Theatre, and Mr. Savage's production of the play, "Mary Jane's Pa," in which Henry E. Dixey recently closed an engagement in New York. The alleged libel consists of the statement that the production of the play was a failure. In reply Colonel Savage seeks to prove that the box receipts showed an entirely different state of affairs.

Dustin Farnum and Mary Bessie Cromwell, his leading woman, were married at Chicago, Ill., on March 24. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. Dr. M. M. Mangasarian, father of Flora Zabelle, Raymond Hitchcock's wife, and the witnesses were Mr. and Mrs. W. O. Wheeler.

THE HOTEL.

By Harriet Monroe.

The long resounding marble corridors, the shining parlors with shining women in them. The French room, with its gilt and garlands under plump little tumbling painted loves. The Turkish room, with its jumble of many carpets and its stiffly squared un-Turkish chairs.

The English room, all heavy crimson and gold, with spreading palms lifted high in round green tubs.

The electric lights in twos and threes and hundreds, made into festoons and spirals and arabesques, a maze and magic of bright-persistent radiance.

The people sitting in corners by twos and threes, and cooling together under the glare.

The long rows of silent people in chairs, watching with eyes that see not while the patient band tangles the air with music.

The bell-boys marching in with cards, and shouting names over and over into ears that do not heed.

The stout and gorgeous dowagers in lacy white and lilac, bedizened with many jewels, with smart little scarlet or azure hats on their gray-streaked hair.

The business men in trim and spotless suits, who walk in and out with eager steps or sit at the desks and tables, or watch the shining women.

The telephone girls forever listening to far voices, with the silver band over their hair and the little black caps obliterating their ears.

The telegraph tickers sounding their perpetual chit-chit-chit from the uttermost ends of the earth.

The waiters, in black swallow-tails and white aprons, passing here and there with trays of bottles and glasses.

The quiet and sumptuous bar-room, with purplish men softly drinking in little alcoves, while the barkeeper, mixing bright liquors, is rapidly plying his bottles.

The great bedecked and gilded cafe, with its glitter of a thousand mirrors, with its fittle white tables bearing gluttonous dishes whereto bright forks, held by pampered hands, flicker daintily back and forth.

The white-tiled, immaculate kitchen, with many little round blue fires, where white-clad cooks are making spiced and flavored dishes.

The cool cellars filled with meats and fruits, or layered with sealed and bottled wines mellowing softly in the darkness.

The invisible stories of furnaces and machines, burrowing deep down into the earth, where grimy workmen are heavily laboring.

The many-windowed stories of little homes and shelters and sleeping-places, reaching up into the night like some miraculous, high-piled honeycomb of wax-white cells.

The clothes inside of the cells—the stuffs, the silks, the laces; the elaborate delicate disguises that wait in trunks and drawers and closets, or bedrape and conceal human flesh. The people inside of the clothes, the bodies white and young, bodies fat and bulging, bodies wrinkled and wan, all alike veiled by fine fabrics, sheltered by walls and roofs, shut in from the sun and stars.

The souls inside of the bodies—the naked souls; souls weazen and weak, or proud and brave; all imprisoned in flesh, wrapped in woven stuffs, enclosed in thick and painted masonry, shut away with many shadows from the shining truth.

God inside of the souls, God veiled and wrapped and imprisoned and shadowed in fold on fold of flesh and fabrics and mockeries; but ever alive, struggling and rising again, seeking the light, freeing the world.

—From the "Atlantic."

"POSTPONED PROSPERITY WORSE THAN THE ITCH."

That is What Uncle Ike Says.

Dear Editor:

Do you know when we are going to get Prosperity? I didn't care so much about it when I had a job, but I lost my job last week, and being without a job or Prosperity either, makes a fellow kind of sore.

I don't know much about Prosperity myself, but Uncle Ike says it is Prosperity when a man can make a living and be out of jail at one and the same time. Uncle Ike don't look like much, and he chaws tobacco, but he knows all about lots of things. I asked him when we was going to get Prosperity, and he said to ask the editors. He reads a paper every day.

Hamilton's
CORRECT DRESS FOR WOMEN
216 SOUTH MAIN ST.

Have you seen the
New Suits at Hamiltons?
YOU'LL find them in French
serge and the new Tresoar and
Rajah silks. For discriminating
women who want the latest
effects in evening gowns we have
a beautiful display.

HAMILTON'S
Smart Shop
216 Main Street

EXTRA—SPECIAL COLONIAL *The Theatre Beautiful*

Week Commencing Sunday, April 25; Matinees Thursday and Saturday

Wm. P. Cullen
Offers
the Daintily
Different
Pixley and Luders

COMIC
OPERA
SUCCESS



THE BURGOMASTER

Large Company
Includes
**HARRY
HERMSEN**
and that Spick
Span, Saucy
Chorus of
**KANGAROO
GIRLS**
Half 100 People

JUST COMING BACK
TO SAY GOODBYE

FREE LIST SUSPENDED

Notwithstanding the Importance
of this engagement, regular scale of
prices.