FEWEST MEN LAID OFF HERE

Least Number of Workmen Suspended in Omaha Than Any City.

STATE'S METROPOLIS STEMS TIDE

While Other Industrial Centers Are Laying Off Thousands of Men Omaha is Keeping Practically All at Work.

Among all the industrial cities of the United States Omaha has kept its workmen busy when many cities have reported the lay-off of from 500 to 1,000 men. The total number of men in Omaha layed off for various reasons will not exceed 150, according to railroad superintendents and managers of factories and mills.

A list of the cities where laborers have been thrown out of work has been received at the Commercial club and while Omaha goes through with a minimum number of men out of work, cities such as St. Paul report 6,000 men have been thrown out of employment by the closing of saw mills; sixty civil engineers discharged by the Great Northern and 4,000 miners out of work. In Peoria 700 men and women in factories are out of work and several farm implement factories have been closed. Chicago reports 20 per cent of the factories have either closed down, reduced forces or shortened hours. From Pittsburg comes the report that within a radius of 100 miles 48,000 men have been laid off by the factories while the reduction of forces in railroad work will reach 2,000. In the east the cigar makers have reduced the week's work to five days, while in Omaha every cigar factory is running full force. From Grand Rapids, Mich., where big furniture factories are located, it is reported that countermands in orders have caused a number of factories to close while all are running on short time.

The south seems to have been affected with the industrial centers of the east, Montgomery, Ala., reporting 500 men idle who formerly worked in factories and more than 300 in the railroad shops. In Birmingham 500 to 700 have been dismissed by the coke oven owners, 200 to 300 by merchants, 1,500 by railways and it is anticipated that 3,000 furnace men will be dismissed Saturday evening.

Special Session in California.

SACRAMENTO, Cal., Nov. 15.—The governor issued a special session proclamation this morning.

FAT MAN IS KEPT ON RUN

Loaded with Grips He Chases Himself Around Depot Several Times

EXHAUST STEAM FORMS WREATH

Trying to Find His Train Corpulent Traveler Has Strenuous Time Between Two Gate Men.

A fat man carrying a big grip in each hand hurried up to one of the gate exit gates at the Union station. He showed his ticket to J. G. McBride, gatekeeper.

"This is a Burlington ticket for St. Joe," said Mr. McBride and pointed the traveler to the Burlington station. "Go up the stairs in the station and over the viaduct," he concluded, and the man quickly gathered up his grips and hurried off. In about ten minutes he returned and, rushing up to Mr. McBride, demanded to know why he had been sent on a wild goose chase over to the other station.

"They told me over there that this ticket is for a train here," he said.

"But it is not," insisted Mr. McBride. "You can see for yourself it says 'Burlington route' on it. The train will leave soon, so you better be getting over there."

Muttering maledictions on all the railroads and railroad stations in the world and particularly in Omaha, the fat man once more gathered up his grips and disappeared into the station.

Ten minutes later he came rushing back, puffing like a porpoise, his face flushed and his eyes showing the angry glare of one who feels he has been made game of.

"Now, see here," he said, "you fellows may have a nice little game fixed up between you. Maybe you think it's lots of fun to have me chasing back and forth like this, but it's going to cost you something. I was over to that station again and they said the ticket wasn't good there. Now, I suppose I'll miss that train and I'll lose on a deal I'm making in St. Joe and somebody'll have to pay the bill."

Assures Him It's No Joke.

"But there is no joke," insisted Mr. McBride. "Your ticket is a Burlington ticket and that is the Burlington station over there. I have been directing you right and it's—"

At this point J. H. Douthit, who was at the west exit gate, caught sight of the fat man and hurried over to him. As he appeared the fat man's eyes opened wide.

"Why—why I thought you were over at the Burlington station," he gasped.

"Well, I told you to go over there several times," said Mr. Douthit.

"But I did go over," insisted the fat man "and you told me to go to the other station."

Things were getting more and more complicated when Mr. McBride's intellect suddenly caught a half-Nelson hold on the puzzle and put it on the mat.

"I see how it is," he said. "You came to me at the east gate there and I sent you to the other station across the viaduct. What did you do but go up through the station and out on the viaduct and down the steps at the west side of the viaduct which brought you straight back here again where you naturally met Douthit there at the west gate before you got to me. He told you to go to the other station and you hurried up the steps at the west side of the viaduct and down through the station and out here to me. Then when I sent you back you did the trick all over again."

The gatekeepers are men of tact and they did not laugh as the fat man mumbled something about "never taking any more." A boy was called to act as guide, the fat man gathered up his grips and departed for the Burlington station.

At the Theaters

"The House of a Thousand Candles" at the Boyd.

E. M. Holland and company in "The House of a Thousand Candles," a play in four acts, dramatized by George Middleton from a story of the same name by Meredith Nicholson; under direction of James K. Hackett. The cast:

John Marshall Glenarm ..... Frank E. Aiken
John Glenarm ..... Stephen Grattan
Arthur Pickering ..... William Hazeltine
Larry Donovan ..... Darrell Standing
Rev. Dr. Stoddard ..... Lewis Fielder
The Sheriff ..... H. Newkirk Chapston
Morgan ..... Fred A. Sullivan
Bates ..... Mr. Holland
Sister Theresa ..... Edna Conroy
Marian Devereaux ..... Mabel Roebuck
Gladys Olivia Armstrong ..... Mary Elizabeth Forbes

Mr. Meredith Nicholson's novel was not intended to mark an epoch in literary history; it is not a fingerpost along either highway or byway of letters. It is merely a story told straight off the reel, without circumlocution, and with very little to mystify or befuddle the reader; upsetting none of his cherished beliefs, offering no knotty ethical or sociological problems, proposing no psychological conundrums, and opening no hidden doors to a wider understanding of the general mystery of life. It only undertook to amuse, and as such, it had about it just enough of interest to pique the reader into following the younger Glenarm from opening to closing, and then it could be laid away without a sigh or a question, just as one resigns the occasional game of solitaire, indulged as a surcease from mental activities in other directions. If Mr. Middleton had only approached it in this understanding spirit, he might have made a better play from it; as it is his work is not deftly done, and the resultant melodrama lacks even the slight element of mystery that enlisted curiosity, if not real interest, in the tale as unfolded by the novelist. Probably the most serious defect of the play is the somewhat talky first act, in which all is explained by the several characters, with the exception of the mystery that surrounds the identity of the imperturbable Bates. This, by the way, has enabled the dramatist to deviate from the tale of the novelist in yet another particular, and, instead of fixing Bates out with a character from the hands of Larry Donovan, he has adapted an expedient as old as melodrama, and makes the pseudo-butler the custodian of the honor of the Devereaux family. After the prosy introductory conversations, in which the characters, including the elderly and whimsical Glenarm, are all introduced and their strategic value determined, the play proceeds fairly even with the book, some of the speeches being taken almost bodily. As the denouement is in plain view all the way, expectancy is robbed of its due reward by the procession of events. In this regard "The House of a Thousand Candles" is no different from other book plays. It would be a reflection on the reading public if it were.

Mr. Holland finds in Bates much material for his uses, and manages to invest the role with something of a human touch. It is, of course, almost an impossibility to develop the character on the stage as it was in the book, yet Mr. Holland succeeds to the extent of really engaging sympathy for the butler whom everybody in the audience knows is no butler, but a gallant Irish gentleman down on his luck through his having shouldered the misdeeds of another. In his quiet, effective way, Mr. Holland impresses the part with a distinct personality.

The company in support of Mr. Holland deserves commendation for sincerity of effort, at least. Miss Roebuck is a charming girl in appearance, and wherever her lines will let her be, she is convincing. The Boyd theater was fairly well filled last night by an audience that became politely enthusiastic at times, but did not evince any wild or uncontrollable desire to demonstrate its approval of play or players.

Music

The first of the three concerts by the Chamber Music society was given at the First Congregational church Thursday night. The audience was not large but showed its appreciation of the excellent work of the five musicians who form the society—Max Landow, pianist; Robert Cuscaden, first violin; Alvin Poole, second violin; Emil Cleve, viola, and Reginald Coke, violoncello. There were three numbers of the program, the first a trio in B flat major, Beethoven's op. 97. This was rendered by Messrs. Landow, Cuscaden and Coke. The second number was dream music from "Hansel and Gretel," by Humperdinck, rendered by all of the five. The last number was a quintet in E flat major, op. 44, by Schumann. The next number of the series will be presented January 3.

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