ABOUT PLAYS, PLAYERS AND PLAYHOUSES

This week will see the close of the regular season at both the Boyd and Krug theaters, and it is violating no confidence to say that the managers of both theaters will welcome the respite that next Saturday will bring them. The season has been one of the most remarkable ever known. In the beginning a campaign of unusual brilliance had been planned for the Boyd, and the opening gave some promise that the plans would be fulfilled, but while the season was yet in the bud came the slump in New York City, and production after production was pulled off, companies were disbanded, and the first crash of the theatrical earthquake was felt. Then came the Iroquois disaster, and the business was done. January 1 found Manager Burgess' booking list practically annihilated, and for six weeks nothing could be done to better the situation. The latter part of the season has been notified for the brief visits of some of the best actors on the stage, but the season as a whole has been very unsatisfactory. Those attractions that did get through to Omaha have been very well repaid in the way of patronage, and it is the hope of Messrs. Woodward & Burgess that the list for next season will not be "shot to pieces" like the last one.

At the Krug conditions were somewhat different from those that prevailed at the Boyd. Opened for the purpose of exploiting the "popular priced" attractions, its management found little difficuty in securing companies with which to keep its doors opened during the entire season, its first "dark" night coming almost at the close. Messrs. Hudson & Judah purpose running their house on the same plan next season. It is expected that they will be able to offer a little better line of attractions, as many of the "popular" plays put on in a more ambitious way will be at their disposal that they could not secure for Omaha this season. A new local manager will have charge of the theater, Mr. H. J. Gonden having resigned last week, to take effect at once, and returned to newspaper work. It is not likely that Sam Benjamin will be in the box office either, and rumor has it that an entire reorganization of the working force will take place.

This afternoon Krug park opens to the public, the first of the outdoor resorts to get into action for the season and next Sunday the Ferris stock company begins its annual summer season at the Boyd.

It is with very little regret that we hark back to the Scotch and the men who have introduced them to the outside world of today: In many ways Dr. Barrie and Dr. Watson have performed a real service for their fellow men, not of Scotland, but of the world. The people who are directly dealt with through the stories told by the reverend gentlemen who found time to let their pens stray from orthodox sermons to the more inviting realms of fiction, did not profit by the publicity given their private lives. They ask neither assistance nor sympathy from the world. The independence that has characterized them from the days when the Romans built a great dyke across the island to separate the unconquered from the conquered tribes has lasted until this very hour, and the sturdy Scotchman still feels the gift of personal accountability that marked Tam o' Shanter, of whom it is recorded that "fair play, he cared na deil d'bodie." To be sure, not every Scot requires the inspiration under which Tammas was laboring at the moment written of, nor is it shown that the Scot is in anywise averse to the source of the insouciance of the laird of Shanter on that particular Hallowe'en. In religion, in politics, in all his walk through life, the Scot has maintained this attitude of indifference to the opinion of others, so long as he feels the satisfaction of having the approval of his own conscience. So the stories of Thrums and Drumtochtie passed him over harmlessly; but to the world at large they came almost as a revelation. A new type was introduced, a people strange in its isolation from the things of the world, and yet so keenly alive to and intimately associated with the affairs of the universe outside its own narraw range as to be at once a paradox and a delight.

Small choice is there between Barrie and Watson in general result, so the decision must be predicated on detail. By this method a count rather in favor of Barrie may be obtained, although this, too, will depend on personal predilection rather than established fact. In illustration: Watson is always under the spell of the creed of which he is an expounder, one that insists on dealing with earthly affairs very seriously. He has illuminated "the short and simple annals of the poor" in a manner that has given us a direct idea of the life of the people in the rural districts, where life is a sober struggle from beginning to end, and where, warm, sympathetic hearts beat true under rough exteriors, and where friendship takes its expression in time of trouble and adversity, and is leal through all trials. "Their homely joys and destiny obscure" are also set out for us by Dr. Watson, while over it all spreads the shelter of a faith that is sublime, and a belief that is an ever-present comfort and a solace in all times of need, even though it may serve to temper exuberance in any outburst of expression as to things that are of earth, earthy.

Not less reverent, but more sunny, Dr. Barrie lets us come in and mingle with the dwellers in the smaller inland towns, where we can meet the people in their homes and in their workshops; where town and country mix together in such intimacy that one can hardly tell where the boundary between them lies. The humor of Barrie is less saturnine and more airy than is that of Watson and is far more enjoyable for this reason. The good old spirit of Presbyterianism is not diluted, but its sharpness shades off into something more nearly approaching harmony with other faiths. And it is a more genial and softer spirit that pervades the Barrie Scotchman; he is the stern and unyielding descendant of those who held their meetings in the open air in defiance of the king's order and the king's soldiers; but he has also the saving grace of a well defined sense of the value of the lighter things of life and a keen appreciation of what to him appear advantages of the most desirable sort, even though they look small and mean to the larger world outside his little orbit. Barrie has set his dwellers in Thrums before us without apology for their manifest unsophisticated ideas of life. Yet he has at the same time proved to us that they have a capacity for large things, and when we are tempted into a smile at the seriousness with which they treat trifles, we are almost at the same time surprised into admiration at the excellent management with which the more serious problems of their life are handled.

Those of us who have come to know our Thrums from Caddam Wood through Windy ghoul, past Doobiedykes and through the Glen; who have met Dominie Ogilvy and the Rev. Gavin Dishart; who have had our baggage handled by "Corp" Bluach, and have listened to the wonderful tales of adventure told by that premier of travelers and patriarch of humorists, Tammas Haggart; who have noted Lang Tammas Whamond's impressive figure on the way to open the door of the Auld Licht church on a Sunday morning, and who have wondered with Waster Lunny as he stood in awe of Elspeth's superior wisdom and established ability to keep her own counsel; who have paused long enough to indulge a passing "crack" with Wearywarld, and later longed to get in one good, swift kick where it would do Mr. Thomas Sandys the most good; who reverently uncovered that day when the minister (it was not Mr. Dishart) laid the paper in the coffin in which the worn and world-weary body of the "Painted Lady" was laid to rest, and who later rejoiced with Grizel as she grew to womanhood—we are the ones who know where to turn in those chronicles of the old, old town and find that which gives us most in return for our efforts. And when we feel that we really want to meet the Barrie people we open "The Little Minister."

It is a matter for deep regret that, so long as authors feel that they must prepare their books for the stage, no method has been devised whereby the original atmosphere may be preserved and adapted for the purposes of the drama, even as the book is. This, alas, has been found impracticable. Occasionally a story has been much improved by being dramatized, and is far more acceptable as a play than as a story. "Pudd'nhead Wilson" is an excellent example of this, and "Soldiers of Fortune" may also be cited, but "The Little Minister" is not one. So many liberties had to be taken in order to compress it into acting length that not only is its literary value sadly marred, but the real charm of the story has been all but destroyed. The arts and wiles of Babbie are preserved, so that a splendid role for a competent actress has been provided, but the character of Gavin Dishart has suffered to a degree that all but destroys its identity. It is impossible in the play to give any idea of the consternation that seizes the congregation on that Sunday morning when the minister, after announcing his text as being in the eighth chapter of Ezra, suddenly changed, read a verse of Genesis, and then held forth extemporaneously for more than two hours. What Dr. Dishart might have said on any one of a number of excellent texts to be found in the eighth chapter of Ezra will go down to posterity along with the story about Grouse in the gunroom, a literary mystery. But there is no doubt as to the line of thought pursued in the discourse based on that verse that tells of how Eve ate the apple and gave to her husband that he might eat also. Nor are we left to speculate as to the amazement of those who sat under the little minister's preaching. "What will our children's children think on't?" asked Elspeth on the way home. What most of us would like to know is what Lang Tammas really thought when he saw the minister tear the leaf from the Bible and throw it into the fire.

Much of the real charm of the story is destroyed in the expedient that changes Babbie from the Egyptian foundling into Lord Rintoul's daughter. It is much more comforting to think of Gavin Dishart as the rival to the noble lord than to contemplate him as the son-in-law of a peer. And that dreadfully dramatic scene on the bank of the Quharity, when Gavin Dishart risked his life to save Lord Rintoul's, that he might learn of Babbie's whereabouts, is also lost. In all the realms of literature there is nothing finer than this. The sublime faith that upheld the man of God in the face of death, while the man of the world groveled in abject fear, is one of the most convincing things in the whole book. And the deliberation with which the little minister called above the roar of the rushing waters to the sorrowing men above him his directions for the disposition of his little property, and for his funeral, not forgetting to put in a check against the probable claim of an itinerant book seller, is but a characteristic of the manner of man with whom Barrie deals. Gavin Dishart felt his end was near, but conscious only of his high calling, he led his flock to the end, and over the noise of the water his voice rose through the mist, clear and steady and strong, delivering his farewell sermon and lining out the metric psalm for them to sing. Such pictures are not for the stage, more's the pity. It needs little aid from the imagination to see the scene as Barrie depicts it; but how tawdry and unsatisfying would it appear should an attempt be made to reproduce it on the stage. Yet it is one of the central incidents of the book.

The little substory of the love of Mr. Ogilvy and Gavin's mother is another of the necessarily omitted features, one that is sufficient for a play in itself. Indeed, come to think of it, the wonder is it has not been seized upon for elaboration into a four-act drama. Much less worthy and less dramatic themes have been successfully exploited.

As to the comedy elements, the story is a living well-spring of the richest of humor. No attempt will be made here to enumerate its many smiles, but enough have been transplanted to the play to give it the essential piquancy. Along with its wealth of humor, it abounds in pathos of the most subtle sort. "You should have heard me greet (cry) when my mither died," says little Micah Dow to Babbie, when the Egyptian seeks to comfort her by the well. There he offers her his rabbit to give over the enchantment of the minister. Rab Dow's dog-like attachment to the minister, and his fanatical determination to kill the Egyptian is pathetic in the extreme, and the visit of the precentor to the home of the Disharts, to discharge himself of the duty of telling the mother of her son's disgrace, is such a mingling of comedy and tragedy that the reader hardly knows whether to laugh or cry. So through all the story run the elements of life, mingled as they are in reality, and simply as it begins the story ends.

Its dramatization has been deftly and tenderly done. Dr. Barrie must have felt some hesitancy when he first placed the book before the public for fear that his people would be misunderstood, and that thoughtless laughter would greet them in many instances, where the real facts are such as deserve pity rather than ridicule. And it is apparent that much the same consideration swayed him to a large degree in preparing it for the stage. He gave us a delightful book, and out of a portion of its plenitude he has made for us a beautiful play. In other times, The Bee has pointed out that Dr. Barrie knows enough to write a play of interest, one that amuses and instructs, and is at the same time cleanly in its every aspect. Of such is the "Little Minister," and the only regret one has in this connection is that there are not more writers of the Barrie mind.

Coming Events.

This afternoon and evening at the Boyd Billy Kersands' minstrels will be the attraction, affording a revival of the old time black-face fun and merriment. The company is said to be a very strong one, fully capable of giving an enjoyable minstrel performance, and has on its roster a number of specialty artists, who take part in the big olio that follows the first part.

On Monday evening Mr. E. H. Sothern comes for his annual visit, this time presenting "The Proud Prince," a play by Justin Huntley McCarthy on the legend of Robert of Sicily. Mr. McCarthy has seized the theme which has served a number of other writers, notably Longfellow, and has woven it into a most impressive drama, which Mr. Sothern is giving such artistic interpretation as to have won for himself unstinted praise. The play points a moral, for it shows how the good in man will triumph over the evil when properly awakened. In the case of Robert of Sicily the proud prince is brought low by a miracle and is finally saved by his love for a pure woman and through his penitence is restored to his kingly throne again. Mr. Sothern is supported by a specially selected company, and the production is mounted in a most lavish style, the scenery being even more elaborate and the electric effects more startling than those of his last great production, "If I Were King." Two great transformation scenes, one in which the king is reduced to the condition of the court fool, and the other where the fool is changed again into the king, are among the marvels of modern stagecraft. Another great scene is the fight in the church, where the fool uses the cross as a weapon against the soldiers, who are urged on by their commander to seize the heroine, and finds after the fight that he has not strength to budge the heavy cross he wields so lightly during the affray. The engagement is for Monday and Tuesday evenings only.

Musical comedy, drama, ballet and French vaudeville and historical tableaux are included in the three acts of "Mam'selle Napoleon," the Jean Richeyin play in which Ziegfeld, jr., will present Miss Anna Held at the Boyd theater on Friday evening, Saturday matinee and Saturday evening of the present week. The play is the adaptation by Joseph W. Herbert of the eminent French writer's work, and Gustav Luders, composer of "The Burgomaster" and "The Prince of Pilsen," provided the score. The scene of the play is laid in France during the most brilliant period of the Napoleonic regime, the character assumed by Miss Held being that of the emperor's favorite actress, Mlle. Mars. The play is in three acts and five tableaux and has no fewer than forty-four speaking or singing parts, to say nothing of a chorus of over 100 persons. The first act shows the green room of the Comedie Francaise in 1803, which serves at the same time as a dressing room for Mlle. Mars. The second act takes place on the Lake Compeigne, Napoleon's summer residence. The stage represents an island in the middle of the lake, in moonlight, and with the chateau illuminated for an imperial fete in the background. The third act, first scene, represents the interior of the Grand opera house, Paris, during a masked ball, with a dance by the opera ballet. The second shows the historical "return from Elba," with the emperor and his staff on horseback at the head of a battalion of Grenadier Guards. The Ziegfeld chorus is a strong feature of an Anna Held production.

The attraction at the Krug the first half of the week, opening with the matinee today, will be "Was She to Blame?" The story is that of an artist's daughter, Diana Balfour, who lives with a maiden aunt and accepts a proposal of marriage from her guardian, Bruno Severn. Diana is taken to live with her husband and his sister, who treat her most inhumanly. The companionship of her child is even denied her and she finally curses them and runs away, believing that they have killed her babe. She hears of Bruno Severn's death, meets Lord Kurston and weds him. Bruno Severn turns up and accuses her of being his faithless wife. But this does not alter Lord Kurston's love for her. Severn expires in a fit of apoplexy. Her son is restored to her and all ends well. The comedy is supplied by Elam Washington Pancake, Martha Ann Horton and Petipan.

Gossip from Stageland.

Frederick Warde and Kathren Kidder are to be starred together next season by Wagenhals & Kemper.

When "Pilgrim's Progress" is done over into a play, the next thing to look for will be a farce-comedy on the spelling book.

Eugene Canfield, another of the comedians who gained fame and money through the medium of the Hoyt plays, is dead. He was Grimesy in "A Bunch of Keys," Rats in "A Tin Soldier" and had other parts in the Hoytian list.

Anna Held bought an open-faced Rocky mountain canary one day last week in Colorado. When she starts down the boulevard behind that critter she will certainly get a paragraph in the Parisian papers. It may be in the police court column, though.

Poor old Lilian Russell! It is kind of hard to be turned out of home at her time of life, but the Casino couldn't last forever, and she must go out with the rest. And at that there has not yet been a single fatality reported in the rush of managers to secure her services as a star.

Joe Weber and Lew Field own up that they have dissolved, and will quit as soon as they have made an uncerain number of "farewell" appearances at New York theaters. They furnished some mighty good reading for New Yorkers in telling their story for publication, but this far west it looks as if they were getting lots of advertising. At any rate, the statement that once they did not speak off the stage to each other for six months sounds like one of their jests. All the time they were occupying the same dressing room, eating at the same restaurant and all that sort of thing, "for business reasons."

MUSIC AND MUSICIANS

There is a great deal being said and written nowadays about "Nervousness," and as I see many indications of the close of the season, in the arrival at this office of programs of "Pupils' recitals," I have thought that a word or two about nervousness might not be out of place.

How did I get rid of nervousness? Well, that is a pertinent question, and were you to talk with many friends of mine they would say that I have never overcome it. True, in a way. But I have arrived at the place where it does not interfere. It is not a case of the stuttering person who approached the Philadelphia policeman and asked, "Wh-wh-where does D-D-D-octor B-B-B-Brown live, the m-m-man that cu-cu-cures stuttering?" the answer from the aforesaid policeman being, "At the co-co-corner of the ne-ne-next st-t-t-treet; he cu-cu-cu-cured me." Not at all.

I don't suppose that anyone who really feels his work and realizes his responsibility gets along without nervousness. I have seen many fine artists behind the scenes and they were not as placid as they appeared when at work upon the stage or concert platform.

If, therefore, the few ideas which may have helped me (and others) can be of any service to those dear people who will make the first bow in fear and trembling at a pupils' recital this month or next, I will feel repaid a thousand fold.

First of all, then, let us consider the cause of the nervous malady which bothers us.

In the first place, it seems to me that it should not be considered as a disease, in the sense of a malady, but simply what you say, namely, a "dis-ease," or not-ease. That is what practically annoys us.

If we were afflicted with a serious nerve trouble or affection, it would be impossible for us to be at the recital at all.

Starting, then, with the idea that nervousness is not a sickness, or "indisposition proceeding from impaired organic functions," but is a temporary dis-ease, and realizing that the one who suffers is, after the nervous period, able to eat, sleep, laugh, enjoy, live life to the fullest, we may go on to consider what we can do to control it.

Let us abolish the word nervousness altogether, if possible, and leave it out of our catalogue. It is too closely allied and too often used in connection with prostration, exhaustion, etc. He is a "nervous wreck," for example.

When you are in that condition which so often goes with a public appearance, remember that you are just aroused, kindled, wide awake, stirred to action. You are simply "feeling frisky," as it were. Did you ever notice a fine horse pawing the ground and sniffing the air, and see how he was ready for the word "go," and when the word was given, have you not ofttimes felt the thrill which seemed to course through his entire system as he bore you along on the wings of the wind?

That is the same thing exactly as this stage-fright which we are talking about.

We must get a hold on ourselves and not let that run away with us. It is a fine thing toward a good performance, it is to be rejoiced over, not despaired about; it is a good friend, not a bad enemy; but—to be sure—a little of it goes a long way.

Therefore we should at once begin to try to control and the first thing is thought. We must not think nervousness at all, under any circumstances. It must be entirely eliminated. When we think of "that recital" or that concert, we must at the same instant think of success. We will always be troubled as long as we allow fear to enter. No matter how much we fear consciously or unconsciously, we must say, "I am confident of success." Do not say, "I am not afraid," because you have there put in a thought of fear, which even the negative will not negative.

Do not wait until the day of the concert to get yourself in trim. From this moment, every time you take up the piece you are going to play or sing, say it to yourself over and over, and keep your thoughts well on what you are saying: "This will be a fine success. I know it well, and I will play (or sing) it well."

This is certain; if you persevere and are patient you can not possibly fail.

But you say, how can I say that, when I feel the opposite?

That is often asked and easily answered. Are you going to allow your thoughts of incompetency to run you, to control you, to dictate to your powerful mind? If so, why do you get out of the way of an automobile, or a street car? If you were being chased by a mad dog would you stop and say "well now, really, I would like to be able to run like an athlete, I would like to be able to make a good clean 200-yard dash," or would you just "nat'rally git up and git?"

If you were to fall into the water which you know is forty feet deep, would you say, "Well if I had ever learned to swim, I think it would prove handy now," or would you say, "How can I think I can swim, when I feel that I cannot?" I think me, no. I believe you would make a great big trial at the gentle art of swimming.

Now, so with this other matter. Get in the habit of asserting your power to do what it is meet, right, and your bounden duty to do, and you will soon find that the "dust of the earth" in you is powerless to interfere with the "breath of God" also in you.

And then, you will find this simple exercise of very great value if you do it regularly until it becomes a habit:

Stand erect. Place your hands upon your chest lightly and see that the chest is fully expanded before you begin to breathe. Then take in a breath very deeply and very quietly, and, as you do so, count three or four slowly; then just reversing the action, send it right out again, counting the same number of counts as you did while taking it in. Be sure you do not let the chest fall during the process. Be patient and take it easily at first and you will see a great gain.

Above all things, keep your heart on fire and your head on ice.

A case of light shining "under a bushel" has recently come to my notice in the person of Mrs. Joseph Gahm, whose harp playing astonished me when I heard her for the first time. Mrs. Gahm plays with great feeling, beautiful technique, and ringing, resonant tone. A few of her friends have been urging, pleading, begging, that she should show some besides her intimate friends, what she can do, but to no purpose, so far. However, methinks, that when the leaves begin to turn (not the music leaves), she will have to yield to the constant pressure of those who know her ability and genuine worth, and that she will appear in concert with her husband.

Mr. Sigmund Landsberg sends me an announcement of a students' recital which will be given at Creighton University auditorium on May 26. The program will be gratly varied by the introduction of professional orchestral players, who will assist in the presentation of some of the great compositions.

Mr. Robert Cuscaden sends the next one, with the date May 19, and the same place as mentioned above. He will also have the assistance of a string orchestra, and Mme. Muentefering will add to the occasion by her playing.

Next comes Miss Mackin, with an announcement of a recital by her pupils, on Monday, May 16th, and that will take place at the Omaha Commercial college.

And from out of town comes an interesting program of the work of the pupils who study with Miss Beulah Greene of Kearney, Neb. The recital was given May 6 at the Baptist church, and Miss Margaret Graves, Mrs. Charles Gibbons and Dr. Louis Bilon.

Once again the choir of the Emanuel Lutheran (Swedish) church has covered itself with glory, and nothing but good words can be said of this splendid organization. Mr. John Helgren is a power in his work and he is a conductor by the grace of God. It is born in him to do these things and he cannot help it. But he does it with an enthusiasm which is all-pervading and he creates a musical atmosphere around Nineteenth and Cass streets which will not die. For such men in music I thank the great giver of every good and perfect gift.

THOMAS J. KELLY.

American Loses Jewelry.

NEW YORK, May 14.—Vigorous efforts are being made by the police department, says a World dispatch from Paris, France, to unravel a mysterious robbery reported by Mrs. Redolyn Gray, said to be a resident of New Orleans. Diamonds and other jewelry, including a pearl necklace, valued in all at $200,000, were taken, according to Mrs. Gray, from her trunks somewhere between Cherbourg, where she disembarked from a steamer, and a Paris hotel.

ROCKERS

$7.50 for $4.50
$7.50 Golden oak rocker, hand polished, leather upholstered seat 4.50

$9.00 for $5.25
$9.00 Golden oak arm rocker, hand polished, tapestry upholstered seat 5.25

$9.50 for $5.45
$9.50 Weathered oak arm rocker, wood seat, at 5.45

$10.50 for $6.25
$10.50 mahonany finish arm rocker, inlaid back, polished seat 6.25

$11.50 for $6.85
$11.50 Golden oak wax finish, rush seat rocker, at 6.85

$12.50 for $7.45
$12.50 Golden oak rush seat wax finish rocker, at 7.45

$13.00 for $7.75
$13.00 Golden oak rocker, upholstered leather seat and back 7.75

$13.50 for $8.10
$13.50 Antwerp oak rocker, carved back, polished seat 8.10

$14.00 for $8.35
$14.00 mahonany finish, upholstered, imported Verona velour 8.35

$14.50 for $8.65
$14.50 Weathered oak rocker, tapestry upholstered seat 8.65

$17.50 for $10.50
$17.50 Large Antwerp oak rocker, leather upholstered seat 10.50

MORRIS CHAIRS

$10.00 for $5.80
$10.00 polished golden oak Chase leather Morris chair, will go at 5.80

$11.50 for $6.85
$11.50 golden quartered oak, dull wax finish — ladies' Morris chairs, at 6.85

Sample Chair Sale

Monday

MILLER, STEWART & BEATON

1315-17-19 Farnam Street.

This sale embraces Langslow Fowler Company's complete sample line of chairs bought at just

FIFTY CENTS ON THE DOLLAR

The complete purchase will be placed on sale—NO RESERVE. The selection is the largest and most varied ever shown in the city.

Prices Speak Volumes for Themselves

MORRIS CHAIRS

$12.00 weathered oak tapestry cushions Morris chair at 8.80
$15.00 golden quartered oak, imported velour cushions Morris chair.. 8.95
$15.50 golden quartered oak, imported velour cushions Morris chair.. 9.35
$16.00 golden quartered oak, dull wax finish, upholstered Chase leather, ladies' Morris chair, at 9.85
$16.50 mahogany finish, velour cushions, Morris chair 10.00
$17.00 Antwerp oak verona velour cushions, Morris chair 10.25
$18.00 mahogany finish verona velour cushions, Morris chair 10.75
$19.00 mahogany finish verona velour cushions, Morris chair. 11.25
$20.50 Golden oak polished leather upholstered, Morris chair 15.60
$26.00 Golden oak polished verona velour cushions Morris chair 17.40
$29.00 mahonany finish, tapestry cushions, spring Morris rocker.... 18.25
$31.50 Golden oak dull wax finish, Spanish leather bag seat and back, Morris chair. 20.75

MILLER, STEWART & BEATON

ODD CHAIRS

$20.00 for $11.60
$20.00 golden dull wax leather seat and back arm chair, at..... 11.60

$17.50 for $9.95
$17.50 golden oak, wax finish Spanish leather cushion corner chair, at 9.95

ODD CHAIRS

$6.00 for $3.60
$ 6.00 Weathered Oak Chair, at 3.60

$8.50 for $5.00
$8.50 mahonany finish chair, inlaid back, at 5.00

$8.50 for $5.10
$8.50 Weathered Oak, low back den chair, at 5.10

$10.50 for $6.25
$10.50 Weathered Oak, Spanish leather seat arm chair 6.25

$10.50 for $6.25
$10.50 Weathered Oak, Spanish leather seat and back chair..... 6.25

$11.50 for $6.85
$11.50 Weathered oak Spanish leather chair, at 6.85

$13.00 for $7.75
$13.00 Weathered oak Dutch arm chair at 7.75

$13.50 for $8.15
$13.50 Golden oak polished arm chair, at 8.15

$13.75 for $8.25
$13.75 Antwerp oak arm chair, at 8.25

$14.50 for $8.65
$14.50 Weathered oak carved back arm chair, at 8.65

$15.50 for $9.25
$15.50 Golden oak, polished arm chair, at 9.25

AMUSEMENTS.

Base Ball!

DENVER VS. OMAHA,
May 12, 13, 14, 15,
VINTON STREET PARK.
GAME CALLED AT 3:45 O'CLOCK.

Accommodation Breakfast Card
Table D'Hote Dinner
SUNDAY at the
CALUMET

AMUSEMENTS. AMUSEMENTS.

BOYD'S LAST WEEK OF REGULAR SEASON

THIS AFTERNOON TONIGHT
THE BILLY KERSAND'S MINSTRELS
PRICES—25c, 50c, 75c. BARGAIN MATINEE ANY SEAT 25c.

Two Nights—Monday and Tuesday
E. H. SOTHERN
Management Daniel Frohman—IN THE MIRACLE PLAY
The Proud Prince
PRICES—50c, 75c, $1.00, $1.50, $2.00. NO FREE LIST.

2 NIGHTS—BEGINNING SATURDAY MATINEE Friday, May 20
F. ZIEGFELD JR. PRESENTS
ANNA HELD
IN HER GREATEST MUSICAL COMEDY SUCCESS
MAM'SELLE NAPOLEON
Adapted by Joseph W. Herbert, music by Gustav Luders, composer of "Prince of Pilsen," "King Dodo," etc.
100 PEOPLE, including the handsomest and best dressed chorus on any stage. NO FREE LIST.
SEAT SALE will open TUESDAY Eve., $2.00, $1.50, $1, 75c, 25c. Matinee $1.50, $1, 75c, 50c, 25c.

Krug Park
OPEN
TODAY!!!
HUSTER and his Unexcelled Band in Attendance Afternoon and Evening.

KRUG THEATRE 15c, 25c, 50c, 75c.
Beginning MATINEE TODAY,
Four Nights and Two Matinees,
Jed Carlton presents the Beautiful Pastoral Comedy-Drama in four acts
WAS SHE TO BLAME?
Miss Emma Jean Carlton
as Diana, the Artist's Daughter.
Superb Cast. The Best of All Rural Plays and Emphatic Comedy-Drama Success.

Mr. Kelly's Vocal Studio
WILL BE CLOSED WEDNESDAYS FROM NOW ON.
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