SAY GIRL OGLED JURORS

Counsel in Mercy Case Declare She Kept Eyes Busy.

WARM ATTACK IN ARGUMENT

Whole Case Reviewed and Much Stress Laid Upon Fact Plaintiff's Fiance Was a Married Man.

CHICAGO, April 5.—Arguments in the $100,000 damage suit of Miss Esther Mercy against Miss Marion Talbot, dean of women at the University of Chicago, for alleged slander, centered today on the complainant's character.

Counsel for Miss Talbot contended in closing remarks to the jury that Miss Mercy had lied on the witness stand and ogled the jurymen. Miss Mercy's attorneys accused the opposing counsel of attempting to blacken the complainant's character.

"I will show you, gentlemen, that this woman lied while she was on the witness stand," said Attorney Walker, speaking for the defense.

"How long do you think she would have remained at the university if they had known about Reynolds, her married fiance? I say she would not have remained there a minute."

TREASON IN BACHELOR'S CLUB

Three Traitors to the Glorious Cause Discovered in Kansas Institution.

Within a week after the issuing of the catalogue of the Grant County (Kas.) Bachelors' club for their 1912 leap year matrimonial campaign one of the members has obtained a bride, a second is engaged and a third is said to be slipping, having been the recipient of a leapyear proposal.

It is likely the bride of the first marriage, who is a Hutchison girl, will say hers was not a mail-order match, and, strictly speaking, was not the result of the issuing of the catalogue.

But Ralph Beaty, whose marriage to Miss Eva Delano of Hutchison is announced, is an active member of the Bachelors' club, was listed in the catalogue of marriageable young bachelors recently issued, and he is the first of the club to become a has-been.

Mr. Beaty, who owns an extensive ranch in Grant county, was married to Miss Delano, the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. L. C. Delano of No. 39 Twelfth avenue West.

The marriage was a complete surprise to all. The young couple slipped over to Newton, where the ceremony was performed.

Not until Mr. Beaty arrived at New Ulysses with his bride two days later did his friends and the other members of the Bachelors' club know that No. 1 had happened.

When the club held its annual banquet Mr. Beaty was the recipient of hearty congratulations. The other thirty-four Grant county bachelors are now spurred on to still more eager activity by the success of Mr. Beaty.

At the banquet of the Bachelors' club this toast was drunk: "May we all be as lucky as Beaty."—Topeka Capital.

Death from Blood Poison was prevented by G. W. Cloud, Plunk, Mo., who healed his dangerous wound with Bucklen's Arnica Salve. Only 25c.

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Key to the Situation—Bee Advertising.

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PRESIDENT SHEDS HIS DIGNITY

Music by the Band Starts McKinley Pirouetting in the White House.

Leopold Bracony, an Italian sculptor, once spent six weeks at the White House engaged in modelling a bust of the late President McKinley. Engaged in similar work he has been in close association with many famous men, both in this country and in Europe, but he declares he never met a more kindly man than Mr. McKinley, and at the same time a more dignified man.

"Only once," he said the other day, "during my long stay at the White House did I see the late president in an attitude that was not dignified, but it was only for an instant. We were in a room in the White House which opened onto a delegation of southern men and was waiting near the door leading to the balcony for the delegation to draw up in front. Besides the president there were in the room two army officers, Mrs. McKinley and myself.

"Presently we heard the band that was leading the delegation. Mr. McKinley threw back his shoulders, stood etect and placed his hand upon his breast between the buttons of his frock coat and was ready to step out at a signal to be given him by one of the army officers when all was ready.

"The band drew closer and then the air it was playing could be distinguished. It was 'Dixie.' When the president heard the music he listened intently a moment, and then, waving his arms in time to the music, he began to pirouette around the room, humming the air as he went.

"'Well, well, well, William!' exclaimed Mrs. McKinley, in a semi-humorous, semi-shocked tone. At once Mr. McKinley stopped, assumed the stately, dignified position that was his habit, and then, getting the signal, stepped out on the balcony with his hand thrust into the breast of his coat."—Washington Herald.

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The Snappy Style .... The Latest Shapes

Indeed, here you'll find assembled every shape and style that have been designed for the Spring and Summer of 1912, at $2.00. It matters not how critical may be your taste about a hat—our wide range of styles will enable us to fit you as well as to please you.

THE PRICE ONLY $2

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LEON'S $2 HATS

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At the Theaters

ATTRACTIONS IN OMAHA.

American: "The Sign of the Cross."
Boyd: Sothern and Marlowe in "Merchant of Venice."
Brandeis: Bernhardt and Rejane in Moving Pictures.
Gayety: Burlesque.
Krug: Burlesque.
Orpheum: Vaudeville.
Matinees today at the Brandeis, Gayety, Krug and Orpheum theaters.

"Taming of the Shrew" at the Boyd.

E. H. Sothern and Julia Marlowe and company in "Taming of the Shrew," a farce by William Shakespeare; arranged by Mr. Sothern in four acts and eight scenes. The cast:

Baptista, a rich gentleman of Padua.....William Harris
Vincentio, a gentleman of Pisa.....Milano Tilden
Lucentio, son to Vincentio.....Frederick Lewis
Petruchio, a gentleman of Verona.....E. H. Sothern
Gremio.....France Bendsten
Hortensio.....Thomas Coleman
Biondello.....V. L. Granville
Tranio.....John Taylor
A Pedant.....Mayne Lynton
Tailor.....Malcolm Bradley
Haberdasher.....Walter Connolly
Grumio.....Rowland Buckstone
Katherine.....Miss Marlowe
Bianca.....Miss Norah Lamison
Widow.....Miss Millicent McLaughlin
Curtis.....Miss Ina Goldsmith

Even with Shakespeare as the author and Sothern and Marlowe and all their excellent companions as actors in the cast, "Taming of the Shrew," does not become any more beautiful to contemplate, nor attractive to listen to. Mr. Sothern has done one service; he has eliminated Tinker Sly, and the absurdity of the opening scenes of the drama as originally produced. It might have been jolly good fun in Shakespeare's day for a noble lord to pick up from his sleep in the ditch a drunken tinker, take him home, deck him in fine linen, provide him with at least the semblance of a wife, and then have enacted a play for his amusement. At present the noble lord would in all likelihood be anticipated by the watchful policeman, and Christopher Sly would find his rest at the station house. In any event, the scenes that have to do with him are in no sense needed for the action of the farce, and so have been done away with. What Mr. Sothern can not get rid of is the fact that what remains of the original was enacted for the sport of his lordship who was amusing himself and his retinue at the expense of besotted Kit. "Taming of the Shrew" at its best is a rough and tumble farce, full of absurdities, proceeding with much noise and commotion, and showing but little of genuine beauty, either in comedy or philosophy. Were it not for Kate's counsel to wives, beautifully spoken by Miss Marlowe last evening, it would be all but aimless. And it will be a really brave man who will go home to the partner of his life and insist on that platform being adopted. Not in these days of militancy!

But the play is sanctified to some extent by tradition; it is the one avowed farce by its great author, and it has been played by any number of clever and gifted people, and perhaps will continue to be so played, because of its laughter-producing qualities. It has such elements as to arouse light merriment, and with no appeal to deeper sentiment, it affords an evening of amusement unbroken by problems of conduct, personal or otherwise.

Mr. Sothern makes his Petruchio rambunctious from the word go; his introduction to Hortensio, Gremio and Lucentio might stamp him as a very braggart, so frankly does he announce that his advent in Padua but presages his wedding with a wealthy wife, and she may be as foul and shrewish as a number of feminine undesirables he freely mentions, save that he takes his audience into his confidence at times, and by a twinkle of his eye or a nod of his head gives assurance that he is all right, and is not the arrant blusterer he appears. And having pitched his performance in this key, he doesn't relax an instant to the very end, save in those asides that make it certain that when Katherine has been properly "tamed," she will find as devoted and dutiful a spouse as ever blessed a woman's life; when Katherine has bidden the other wives to place their hands under their husband's feet, Petruchio sets her foot on his hand, to show how perfect is the partnership. This is the most graceful and about the only gracious thing Sothern's Petruchio does.

Miss Marlowe, whose name is more closely associated with characters anything but shrewish; the ardent Juliet; the gentle, wise and patient Portia, the tender Rosalind, the loving Viola, the dutiful and devoted Ophelia—the list is as long almost as the catalogue of the Grecian ships—she finds Katherine something of a problem; at times it seems as if she wanted to stop long enough to have a good laugh with the folks out in front over her efforts to appear sufficiently ill-tempered and intractable. Now and again she shows a rare burst of temper, just the sign that she was not called in vain "Kate the cursed," but when a chance is offered she lets the sweet laughter have its sway and shows that smile that so becomes her. She is far more a source of delight as Katherine than Sothern is as Petruchio.

Of the company and staging of the play much might be written, and all in praise. Mr. Sothern has shown excellent judgment in his planning of the scenes and action, managing to keep the current moving swiftly and providing a reasonable setting for the incidents of its progress, so that it has the advantage of continuity at least. His company is made up of excellent actors, and the humor of the piece is greatly and agreeably heightened by the good will with which all enter into its enactment.

The Boyd was filled last night by an assemblage such as shows the esteem in which the stars are held, and curtain calls at the end of each act, with much unfeigned merriment during the progress of the play, must have convinced the actors that their efforts were not in vain. For tonight "The Merchant of Venice" is the bill, with Mr. Sothern as Shylock and Miss Marlowe as Portia.

Local Notes of the Stage.

Only four more performances remain of the photo-play pictures at the Brandeis theater.

"The Spring Maid" is to be heard again—its haunting melodies, gay romance and joyousness and, above all, the witchery of diminutive Mizzi Hajos in the saucy title role—and will cast their charm over opera lovers at the Brandeis theater on Easter Sunday night. The return of "The Spring Maid" on the remarkable trip which carries it twice over all the length and breadth of the land in a single season is good indication that the recognition of the better things in light opera music, when presented with lavish good taste, is not confined to any one section. The engagement of "The Spring Maid" will extend over until Wednesday evening, with a matinee on Wednesday.

The run of "The Sign of the Cross" at the American is coming to an end with almost a record for attendance. Each performance sees the big theater packed, so great is the hold this play has taken on the public. Miss Lang, in the role of Merica, the Christian maid, and Mr. Dexter as Marcus Superbus, the Roman prefect, are doing splendid work and are given excellent support. For next week "The Fighting Hope" is announced.

The appearance in vaudeville of Theodore Roberts, the noted character actor, is attracting much attention. Mr. Roberts is presenting "The Sheriff of Shasta," a charming western idyl, at the Orpheum. The sketch is one of unusual interest, as it gives a vivid picture of California life during the early days. The lonely wife, who falls temporarily in love with the escaped circus rider and finally discovers that she loves her husband, is a pathetic character. The setting of the play is made realistic by a beautiful picture of Mt. Shasta in the background.

Sarah Bernhardt will visit Omaha again the week of April 14, but this time she will come in the repertoire of Cecelia Loftus, the great mimic, who will be the headline attraction at the Orpheum. Miss Loftus' mimicry of the divine Sarah is said to be uncanny in its reality. It is the most wonderfully accurate copy of voice, gesture and enunciation that has ever been given.

"The White Squaw," which will be the offering at the Boyd, matinee and night Sunday, is said to be a play of America for Americans. There is not a jarring note in it; the story is told in a straightforward, happy and convincing way and it is declared that from the rise of the curtain until the final word is spoken there is not a moment but the interest of the audience is held closely to the people and their doings in a little mimic world before the footlights.

The personnel of the big audiences at the popular Gayety this week is the cause of much favorable comment and congratulatory remarks to the management. It is a fact that the court room scene from "Madam X" is attracting a class of patronage all of whom probably saw the drama at the Brandeis or Boyd theaters, and consequently are familiar with the details of the powerful story, and therefore most appreciative of the many funny happenings in the burlesque which is called "Madam X-cuse Me." It's humor is unceasing. Ladies' matinee daily.

The drouth of theatergoers, of which all managers, great and small, have many fears each spring, has not caused a depreciation in the attendance at the Krug, where "The Merry Maidens" are causing riots of laughter. Manager Charles Franke says that the business so far this week has far surpassed that of any other pre-Easter season. Manager Franke accounts for the big attendance by the fact that this current show is one of the best of the season.

IT'S A REAL DANGER SIGNAL

What Happened to Engineer Who Was Ordered to Ignore Red Light.

This epidemic of train robberies out west reminds me of 'way back in the eighties, when I was pullin' an express train on the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy railroad," said the tall engineer. "I showed up at the roundhouse one night in time to get the engine in readiness to take out my train 'n' I found Murphy, my fireman, with his jumper on hindside before. On askin' him why he was backin' up with his overshirt 'n' goin' forward with his trousers, he said that in puttin' on his workin' outfit he got his overshirt on wrong, but he'd dingdonged if he would change it, as readjustin' any portion of your clothin' after you had put it on wrong had a broken looking glass skinned forty ways for bringin' bad luck.

"So, with Murphy's jumper in a negative position, we took the locomotive down to the depot to wait the arrival of the express. There was an air of suppressed excitement aroun' the station, 'n' I no sooner got the engine backed on a sidin' out of the way till our train came in than a messenger told me I was wanted in the chief dispatcher's office.

"'Now, Bill,' says the chief dispatcher to me, 'we got inside information that an attempt will be made to hold up the express just beyond Cooper's water plug. Hang onto as much water as you can so's you won't have to stop at Cooper's for a tank. If you are flagged with a red lantern down there don't stop under any consideration. There's valuable express matter in the cars tonight. I'll keep everything out of your way for an hour, so you needn't be afraid or runnin' into anything. Keep her wide open, 'n' give no one any chance to git aboard.'

"I made a roar about runnin' by a red light if one was offered, but I finally consented to follow instructions. He was the boss, anyway, but I'll tell you it's no child's play runnin' by a red light.

"'Yes, I says to Murphy, after I got back on the engine, 'your hindside-foremost jumper is kinder losin' its stride as a protector of poor workin' girls like you 'n' me. We're liable to be held up or wrecked down aroun' Cooper tank.

"Five or six detectives were on the train, which was composed of six express cars, a day coach'n' a sleeper. Murf 'n' myself were each furnished with a revolver. The express got in on time 'n' we were hooked on 'n' got away quicker'n a half wink.

"When we came aroun' the curve by Cooper's tank I sure was hittin' it up some, 'n' the fire was coming' out of the stack in big chunks. We could have made an eruption of Mt. Vesuvius look like a safe 'n' sane Fourth of July celebration. Sure enough, just as we hit the culvert the other side of the water plug a red lantern was swung across the track by some one just the same as if he was gettin' paid for it. I hollered to Murphy 'n' he 'n' I got down on the cab floor. As we shot by the man with the red lantern he let the lamp fly, hurlin' it right through the cab window on my side. Had I not taken the precaution of gettin' down from the seat I would have gotten that red lantern right in the midst of my sunny smile. He also shouted a few remarks as we dashed by him which sounded to me like the Lord's prayer said backward on a crossed telephone wire.

"'Well,' I says to Murphy, 'I guess we put somethin' over on those guys that time.'

"Hardly had the words left my mouth than there loomed up right in front of me five of the juiciest 'n' luscious ripe red markers on the tail end of a caboose you ever saw. They looked like a fiery red ruby necklace, 'n' my locomotive was headed right for the dark space in the center. I shut off, got a bar 'n' a half Nelson on the reverse lever 'n' we went crash right through the center of that circle of red lights.

"After the smash I picked myself out of a car of scrambled eggs 'n' dug Murphy out of a car of soft grains, where he was nearly suffocated, but otherwise unhurt. Fortunately, there was no one killed in the collision. But, say, mebbe I didn't talk Dutch to that train dispatcher. However, it wasn't his fault. You see, a freight went along by Cooper's water plug some time ahead of us 'n' were reported in to clear on a sidin' without the operator who reported them in or the engineer knowin' that they were broken in two 'n' had left their hind end out on the main track. The flagman went back honestly to do his duty.

"Say, take it from me, I'll never run by a red light again, because it doesn't do your general health any good to have a couple of legs taken off or your skull crushed in a collision. I says to Murphy sarcastic like: 'Your overshirt on hindside before certainly helped out a lot.'

"'Mebbe we might have been killed if it hadn't been for that,' was all Murphy replied."—New York Press.

Proud of His Progress.

Once upon a time George Backus, the actor, was a bank clerk in Columbus, O. He wasn't a tremendous hit as a banker. In fact, he was a takedown banker—the sort of banker who would have been condemned to play towns to which, as Roy McCordell says, "the organ grinders" syndicate wouldn't send their No. 1 organs." When he finally appreciated this fact he went on the stage. It was years before he returned to Columbus as a sure enough actor.

"One of the most interested auditors," says Mr. Backus, "was the president of the bank in which I used to work. He kept his eyes glued on me every time I came on the stage. After the performance he hunted me up. He was an old man, and a kind one.

"'George,' said he, 'I am delighted. You are a fine actor. You didn't amount to much as a banker, but you are a fine actor. In fact, I haven't seen a better actor in years.'

"He seized my hand and shook it heartily. I was a bit confused by the warmth of his praise.

"'You—you—you haven't seen a better actor in years?' I asked.

"'No, George,' said he, 'I haven't. Not in years.'

"I thought I would be arch and cunning. 'But,' I said, 'you don't go to the theater very often, do you?'

"'No,' said the old man thoughtfully, 'now you speak of it, I do not. In fact, I haven't been to the theater since Forrest left the stage.'"—Cincinnati Times-Star.

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