

MUSEMENTS

COMING ATTRACTIONS.

FRIDAY, MARCH 6, "The Smart Set" in "The Wrong Mr. President."

SATURDAY, MARCH 7, Matinee and Night, Cohan and Harris "Stop Thief" Company.

Smart Set in "The Wrong Mr. President."

Once more it is our pleasure to welcome the advent of that peer of all great aggregations of modern fun-ners, singers and dancers, "The Smart Set" company. This noted organization, presenting the latest and the best of all up-to-date musical comedies, "The Wrong Mr. President," will be the next attraction at the Auditorium on next Friday night. At the head of the production, of course, will be Samuel Tatt Whitney, who in this engagement will make his debut as a full fledged author. Mr.

Whitney, whose talents as a star of wide magnitude need little introduction to local theater-goers, wrote the piece with melodies supplied by T. L. Corwell. Apparently the combination has proved an unusual triumph if flattering press accounts are any criterion. The vehicle was written and concocted for the purpose of creating mirth and let us add that it has hit the mark of public approval. If a large advance sale proves anything, the offering is sure to make a hit and be one of the favorites of the season. As Mr. Whitney says himself: "I have the best part of my career, even if I wrote it myself, and my friends may depend that I will do my best to amuse them as I have in the past." Surely this is a most encouraging introduction, coming as it does, from a star of such acknowledged reputation, coming as it does, from a star of such acknowledged reputation and efficiency. Tickets at Swepson's Wednesday morning.

Another Cohan and Harris Success—"Stop Thief."

Carlyle Moore, the author of "Stop Thief," the play being talked about by all America, has, in presenting his dramatic surprise, apparently shattered all the traditions of the stage, and the public seems to glory in his work. This, in view of the fact that his farce has been written in true

dramatic form into which he has woven many terse melodramatic moments of the most thrilling nature, and accomplished all of this so skillfully that the result is a source of keen enjoyment.

In "Stop Thief," Carlyle Moore has made his characters fit the lighting-like rapidity of the play's action. The wealth of incident, comic, tragic, pathetic and melodramatic is scattered through the three acts with lavish prodigality.

One of the many charms of Mr. Moore's work is the fact that he always does the illogical thing. That is to say, just as the audience has decided that a certain course of action is bound to follow, he ingeniously makes use of one wholly different and much more effective. And it is all done so quickly and so plausibly that the wonder is how it was all brought about.

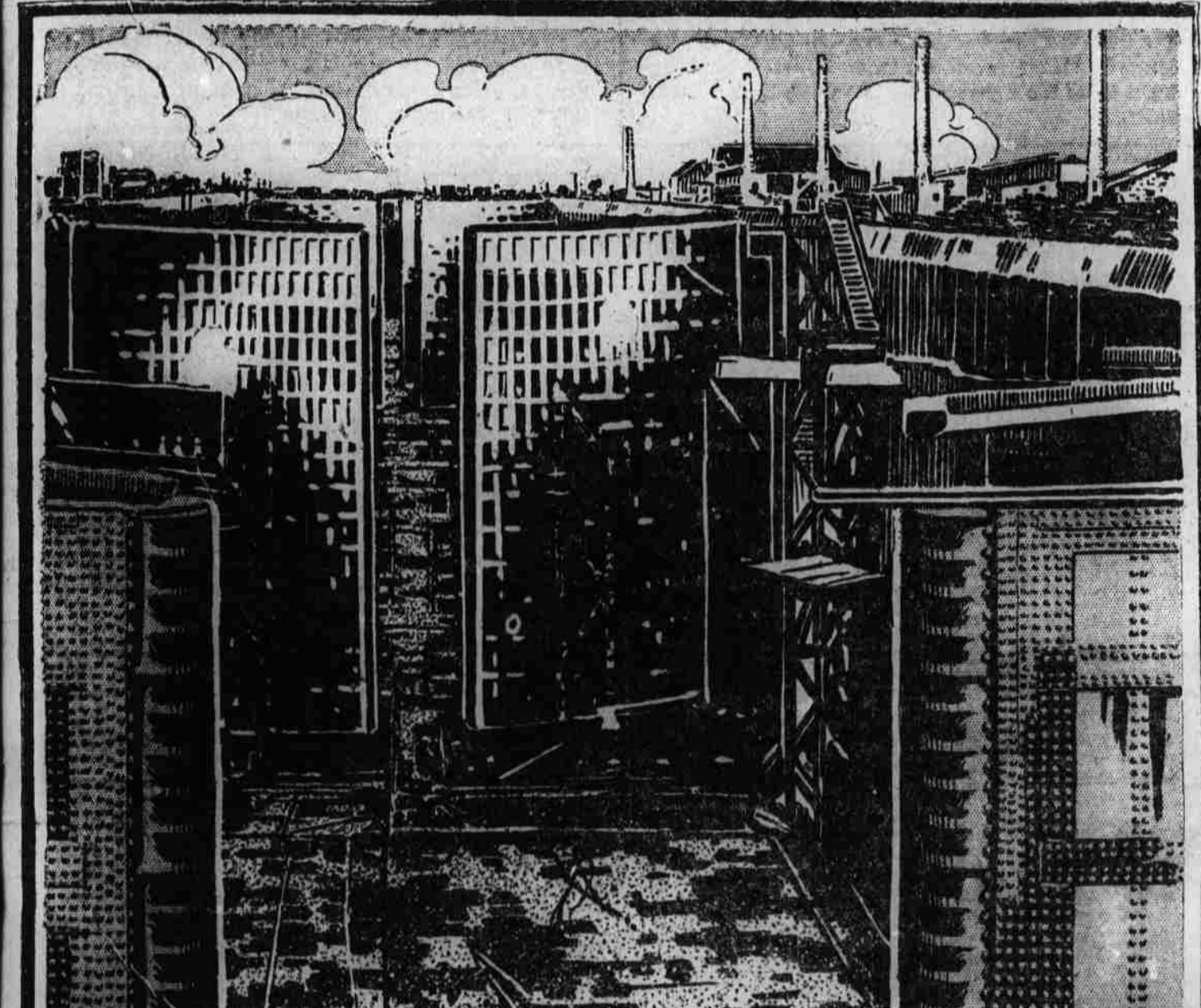
"Stop Thief" comes here with the endorsement of New York, they having accepted it as a play out of the ordinary and accorded it a run of nearly one year. It will be revealed to us by a company of excellence and the fact that it is another Cohan and Harris success gives assurance that the scenic setting will be in keeping with the thoroughness as to detail.

The ticket sales will open on next Tuesday at Allison's. "Everywoman." Hy Mayer, widely known as a cartoonist and illustrator for magazines, drew the designs from which were made the costumes for "Everywoman," the dramatic spectacle which Henry W. Savage will offer here shortly. The signature, "Hy Mayer," is internationally popular, his work for Fliegende Blätter, Figaro Illustré,



THE MEMBERS OF THE UNDER-WORLD DOMINATE THE SITUATION

AUDITORIUM, MARCH 7, MATINEE AND NIGHT.



The Curb-Bit of a Torrent

Down at Panama we own a jungle. Through it runs an untamed, emotional river. Sometimes it loafs along at a depth of 2 feet.

On busy days it shoots down from the hills a million gallons of water between the ticks of a clock.

Some countrymen of yours have tamed that wild river. They have slipped a gigantic bridle into its mouth. Men call that bridle "Gatun Dam."

Imagine a solid wall higher than a church steeple, as thick at its base as 10 city blocks, a mile and a half long, and sloping so gradually to its crest that it looks like an eternal hill.

Through that man-made hill runs a spillway for the surplus waters and a passage-way for the gliding ships. That passage-way they call "Gatun Locks."

Guarding that passage-way stand the main lock gates, shown in this picture. Do you know that the steel lock gates at Panama weigh 1,200 tons apiece, and yet are so delicately hung that they open and close at the touch of an electric button?

Read the marvelous story of this greatest engineering feat in all history in

THE PANAMA CANAL by Frederic J. Haskin Author of "The American Government"

You will find out about the 19 canal projects, the 18 flat failures and the one big success—under "Old Glory."

You will learn how we exterminated yellow fever via the mosquito.

Why it will cost \$5,000 to \$10,000 to pass an average ship through the Canal.

How a \$75 million dollar job was finished ahead of time—and without a dollar's worth of graft.

There is your tremendous story and here is your opportunity to get the book which tells that story.

Details of our offer to distribute this valuable book to our readers at cost price, will be found with the coupon printed elsewhere in to-day's issue.

The 5 Points of Authority in this Book

- 1. All Engineering Chapters corrected by Col. George W. Goethals.
2. All illustrations by the official photographer of the Commission.
3. Colored map by the National Geographic Society.
4. Index by a Staff Member of the Library of Congress.
5. Book conforms to the typographical style of the U. S. Government.

This book is by the author of "The American Government" which was read by millions of Americans, and still holds the record as the world's best seller among all works of its kind.

Le Rire, Punch, Black and White, and a score of other journals here and abroad having for years attracted attention. Hy Mayer is at the present the political cartoonist of the New York Times.

Five Daily Calls to Prayer. At sunrise the light sleepers are awakened by the long, mellow cry of the muezzin from his tower:

God is great! I testify that there is no God but God! I testify that Mohammed is the prophet of God! Come to prayer! Come to salvation! Prayer is better than sleep! God is most great! There is no God but God!

As one hears five times each day from the minarets of the mosques of Cairo this summons to prayer, as one beholds the faithful reverently bowing their bodies in their shops or in the public highways, one readily perceives that in Cairo he is near the heart of the Moslem world. These prayers occur at sunrise, midday, 3:30 in the afternoon, at sunset and an hour and a half after sunset. The faithful must attend their prayers with bows and prostrations to show perfect devotion.—Clayton Cooper's "The Man of Egypt."

Molasses For Shoes. Shipping Louisiana molasses into New England by the hoghead and sending the same hoghead back south again with shoes were incidents of the shoe trade of Avon years ago. It was back in 1840, when the present town of Avon was East Stoughton, that two brothers were in company manufacturing shoes and as a side line ran a grocery and general store in a spot where now stands the postoffice building. One of the brothers went south and located in New Orleans in the grocery business, leaving his brother here to manufacture shoes and boots, according to E. Dexter Littlefield. The brother who was in the South would ship a hoghead of molasses to his brother in Avon and as soon as the hoghead was empty it would be cleaned and would be filled with boots for the southern trade. This practice was kept up for years, and in this way a good trade was built up for Avon footwear.—Boston Globe.

Saved by Artificial Breathing. Dr. S. F. Derjoulinsky, a Russian surgeon, reports the case of a peasant of twenty-one who, following an angina of probably diphtheritic origin, was stricken with paralysis. After two weeks of total paralysis some movements of the arms appeared, but a few days later respiratory trouble began. The breathing rose to forty to the minute and became superficial, with momentary stops. It was necessary to resort to artificial respiration. With the assistance of pupils in the infirmary school this was kept up day and night from Feb. 5 to Feb. 20. On the latter day the patient began breathing naturally, but difficulty in swallowing arose about the same time. On Feb. 26 it became necessary to begin artificial respiration again. This was maintained until March 1, when natural breathing returned, and the patient recovered.

WOMEN OF POLAND

More Ardent Than the Men In Their Love For Their Country.

TOIL AGES PEASANT GIRLS.

Hard and Rough Laboring Work Makes Them Appear Old and Haggard Before They Reach Thirty. Charms of the Women of the Upper Classes.

Woman occupies a position of unusual prominence in Poland. Some place her as superior to man in nearly every way. In the various conspiracies and in the revolutions against Russia Polish women have had an important part. Many have given up all their worldly goods in the cause of their country, while others have fought on the field of battle and lost their lives in the same cause. Still others have gone into exile without a murmur. They are capable of any sacrifice for patriotism, and they prove their sincerity by their actions. The women are still the most zealous patriots, and it is due to them more than the other sex that patriotic feeling is still so intense. Thus writes Nevil O. Winter in his "Poland of Today and Yesterday."

The Polish women, he continues, have always been noted for their beauty and the perfect shape of their hands and feet. They take part in all the social affairs, and no festival is complete without their presence. They are extremely good linguists, and nearly all speak two or three languages. In Warsaw I met one young woman of nineteen or twenty summers, just out of school, who spoke Russian, German, French and English almost as fluently as her native Polish. This is not an uncommon accomplishment.

The women do not enjoy the social freedom of the American girls, as the chaperon is still a necessity to protect the good name of a girl. They are never left unprotected. Marriages are made in much the same manner as in France, and the contracting parties frequently know little about each other before they are joined for better or worse.

"The will of my honored parents has ever been a sacred law to me," says the Polish girl, with resignation. When a messenger came with a proposal of marriage if a goose was served with dark gravy at dinner or a pumpkin was put in the carriage as he was leaving this meant that the offer was positively refused. "He was treated to a goose fricassee" was an expression frequently heard in the older days.

The Polish women of the upper classes are undoubtedly charming and possessed of the graces of true womanliness. Perhaps it is the possession of these womanly qualities and the absence of the masculine elements wherein lies their real charm. A pencil or brush is certainly a better medium than a pen to portray such attractive types of womanhood. The lot of the peasant woman, however, is especially hard, as it is with

all Slav races, and this is noticeable throughout all the Polish provinces. They do more than their full share of the family work. Sometimes one will see more women in the fields than men, and a kaleidoscopic effect of color is then visible. Blue, green, yellow, gold and silver are mingled in various combinations. They pin up the overskirt, which leaves a bright petticoat exposed to view.

Woman is valued chiefly for the work she can do, and she is expected to bear a large family of children as well. For a man to say that his wife does more work than a horse or two horses is considered the acme of praise. It is no wonder that a girl naturally attractive soon grows old and haggard. Hard work, with little pleasure, the care of a numerous family and no regard for personal attraction must inevitably leave their mark before many years; hence it is that many of these Polish women look haggard and old even before they have passed the third decade of life.

There are, indeed, few bright spots in a Polish peasant girl's life after marriage. In their youth some of the girls are very attractive, and they look quite charming in their picturesque national costumes that are still common in Galicia. They generally go barefooted in summer, for boots cost money. Sometimes they will carry their boots when going to church and only put them on just before entering the sanctuary.

"Do women work on the railroads as section hands?" I asked a fellow passenger on the railway in Galicia. I had seen groups of women along the track with pick and shovel in hand, but could scarcely believe that they did the hard work of that occupation.

"Yes, and they do the work better than the men," he replied.

At Cracow I have seen them carrying mortar for the masons and plasterers where new buildings are being erected. They were spading the flower beds in the parks and were doing the work as well as the masculine overseer could have done it. They had paper or paint a house. It did not make any difference whether there were three or a dozen women working together; there was always one man who did nothing but act as overseer. Along the roads they may be seen carrying heavy bundles or pushing loaded wheelbarrows. Everywhere they may be observed doing work that involves considerable physical strength.

Solitude can be delightful only to the innocent.—Leszczynski.

PROCRUSTINATION.

When the Spartans seized upon Thebes they placed Archias over the garrison. Plopidas and eleven others banded together to put Archias to the sword. A letter containing full details of the plot was given to the Spartan polemarch at the banquet table, but Archias thrust the letter under his cushion, saying, "Business tomorrow." But long ere that sun arose he was numbered with the dead.

Phone 202 for your wants.