

AMUSEMENTS

Record Broken at the New Phillips.

All records for attendance at the New Phillips vaudeville theatre were broken yesterday both at the matinee and night performances, and the day's attendance taken together was the best in the history of the house. It was a splendid start for the year 1906 and Manager Murray was all smiles last night. Last night the crowd was so large that many were not able to get in and the standing room was so closely taken that it became almost uncomfortable.

The bill being put on this week is one that is highly pleasing, taken as a whole. The demonstrations with liquid air, under the title of "The Mysterious Crucible," are of a marvelous nature and are given just as they are advertised. This feature is one that will appeal not only to those who ordinarily attend the vaudeville, but to hundreds of others who watch the development of subjects of a scientific nature. Accompanying the demonstrations there is a talk on liquid air that is of a highly interesting nature. A cake of ice was set on fire, a kettle of water was boiled on a cake of ice, iron and steel were turned to molten metal, steel bars were welded together in few seconds and a horseshoe was moulded in a few seconds, just as advertised. There is no illusion about the liquid air demonstrations. All is done in the full view of the audience and it is of a most remarkable and entertaining nature.

Other features of the bill are also worthy of mention. The Exerts put on a comedy sketch, Charles Miller, monologist, made a decided hit in black face, Mlle. Aline demonstrated her ability as a hoop roller and jingler. Addison and Livingston are far above the average in their comedy skit while the illustrated songs and motion pictures are of the best. "Escaped from Sing Sing" is one of the motion pictures, probably is as good as any ever seen at the New Phillips. There is little doubt that the business will be big all week.

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Richard Carle's big and successful musical play of last season, "The Maid and the Mummy," has started auspiciously on its second prosperous year. This is the musical piece that has the enviable record of a three-months' run in New York, a three months' run in Philadelphia, and a three months' run in Chicago. The company is largely the same as it was last winter, and the mechanical and electrical effects are greater than ever. Not satisfied with the dozen or more song hits in the piece, Mr. Carle last summer added one more, with chorus accompaniment. It is the chorus work in this musical melange that has come in for the most ex-



"THE MAID AND THE MUMMY."

desirous of an evening of clean fun and genius entertainment, but the company presenting it which is the same seen last season with the exception of Hans Roberts, the clever actor who plays the title role, is adequate in all the demands upon it by the exciting play. The play has been tersely described as "a tale of love and luck" and "a slice of life." It has received unstinted praise from the metropolitan critics, both for the matter it contains and the manner in which the matter is presented. Among the company, which besides Mr. Roberts, nearly numbers 150 people, are Miss Katherine Mulkins, Alice Martin, Lydia Dickson, Myra Mae Reynolds, Dave Brahm, Jr., Charles Willard, Wallace Worsley and W. H. Clarke. The play is a dramatization of Henry M. Blossom, Jr.'s book "Checkers." A liberal part of the book is devoted to the old old story, told in language new, and another liberal part tells of the excitement of the race track and the keen, intense customs of the betting house. This entails the contest between Master Cupid and Dame Fortune, and as Senator Gorman once said all important legislative ends are generally achieved by compromise, so it is in this instance. Love wins, but so does luck, and as everybody is happy over the outcome, there is apparently no cause to complain.

Help on Both Sides.

Uncle Archibald—It must tire you, Bertha, to talk to your old deaf uncle. Bertha—Oh, just a trifle, dear Uncle Archibald. Uncle Archibald—Well, don't say half so much, but say it louder. Brooklyn Life.

Mr. Spurgeon as a Smoker.

The Rev. W. Williams in his "Personal Reminiscences of C. H. Spurgeon" tells an anecdote concerning the great preacher as a smoker. Some gentleman wrote to Mr. Spurgeon, saying he had heard he smoked and could not believe it true. Would Mr. Spurgeon write and tell him if it really was so? The reply sent was as follows: "Dear —, I cultivate my flowers and burn my weeds. Yours truly, C. H. Spurgeon."

CATHERINE MULKINS AS PERT "CHECKERS."

travagant praise wherever "The Maid and the Mummy" has been presented. There are thirty girls in this chorus, each one chosen for her beauty, for her ability and for her dancing propensities. The girls are the sprightliest, liveliest and hardest working aggregation of entertainers on the American stage. "The Maid and the Mummy" comes to the Gennett Theatre for two performances on Saturday, January 6th, matinee and night.

"Checkers."

"Checkers," one of the reigning successes in New York the last two seasons, and which but recently finished a fourteenth engagement in that city will be the attraction at the Gennett theatre next Friday evening. This play is regarded as one of the most popular theatrical productions seen in the large cities of the country during the past decade. Not only is the play itself in every way deserving the patronage of the people



OTIS SKINNER in "HIS GRACE DE GRAMMONT."

The Jap Veteran's Story

(Original)

Lieutenant Ko Kurata occupied a peculiar position with our forces in Manchuria. He was the most effeminate man for a soldier I ever knew. The army is no place for gentlemen, at least without bravery, and many of us felt contempt for Kurata. Nevertheless there was something about him that attracted us. We had not seen him in action and did not know how he would behave; therefore I for one was disposed to suspend judgment.

But circumstances prevented my remaining in this dispassionate mood toward Kurata. He was taken ill and removed to the hospital. Soon after I also was obliged to go under the care of the surgeons and was taken to the same hospital and put in the same ward as he. There were several volunteer nurses in attendance, young ladies of good families in Hakodate, who visited here and there among us like angels. Among them was one who to me was especially charming. Her name translated into your language would be Cherry. There is little of the cherry in our Japanese complexions, but there was a slight tinge of red in Cherry's cheeks, and her eyes were very bright. She was especially kind to me, and I learned to look eagerly for her coming to my bedside. Indeed when she was absent I was miserable.

That I loved Cherry was revealed to me in this wise: Kurata occupied a cot opposite mine, and one morning I saw Cherry go to him and ask how he was getting on. I saw tears in his eyes as he replied. Tears in the eyes of a soldier! I gave way to the contempt I had thus far repressed. Then I saw Cherry take his hand, press it warmly and look tenderly in eyes that responded with equal tenderness. Instinctively I felt for my sword, which, of course, was not at my side. That is how I learned that I loved Cherry.

We were getting ready for a fight and I insisted on being discharged from the hospital that I might take my place at the front. Before setting forth I could not refrain from saying some ill-natured words to Cherry about the sympathy that was passing between her and Kurata. I was so disagreeable about it that Cherry told me to mind my own business. That business being to fight, I went forth to kill as many Russians as possible.

This was just before the battle of Liaoyang. Kurata rejoined us before the fight opened, and, though his health was fully well restored, his spirits were much depressed. He seemed to me to be eying himself to meet the trying end in store for all of us. When that ordeal came I saw him exposing himself recklessly during the heat of the fight, but when our part in it was over he collapsed. We who had watched his bravery with surprise and admiration were suddenly turned back to contempt at seeing him tumble over in a faint. Some said that he had left the hospital too soon. This satisfied others, but I was not in a position to do him justice.

On the third day of the fight I felt a numbness in my leg and a sudden collapse of nerve power. Looking down, I saw a red stream running down my trousers into my boot. I tramped on for a few minutes, then sank down and in time was carried to the rear on a stretcher. A temporary hospital had been set up in a field, which was crowded with wounded. Some of the nurses I had seen during my illness were there, but it was no place for well persons save surgeons, who were cutting and sawing in the manner usual at a battle.

One sight I saw maddened me. Kurata had been severely wounded, and kneeling beside him, holding his hand and encouraging him while he waited for a surgeon to attend him, was Cherry. Presently she went to one of the surgeons, and I saw that she was pleading with him to go to her lover, for I could not doubt that such was the relation between her and Kurata. The surgeon went with her and, unbuttoning the wounded man's coat, ripped open his shirt. Cherry was between me and the wounded man, so that I could not see what was going on, but there were some words between the surgeon and Cherry, who got a blanket and held it between Kurata and the rest of us.

I supposed that Kurata was liable to die under the extraction of the bullet or whatever the surgeon should do to him, but in a field hospital filled with men, some one of whom was dying every few minutes, I could see no necessity for so much delicacy. But what could be expected in the case of a man who would faint after a fight? Well, doubtless the boy had got his quietus, and I should no longer be puzzled about him.

When Kurata had been attended to Cherry bent over him and kissed him. Though I had long given her up to him, the sight galled me, and I was mean enough to wish that Kurata might die of his wounds. Cherry, turning, noticed me, and I saw anxiety in her eyes at once. Coming to me, she begged me to tell her how seriously I was hurt and with an earnest interest that under other circumstances would have delighted me.

"Go," I said, "and attend to your dying soldier. I can get on alone."

"The secret is out," she replied, "and you may know that Kurata is a girl."

So it was all explained. Everything Kurata had done was womanly, even to standing up bravely before danger and collapsing when there was no danger. She had followed a lover and come very near losing her life for doing so. I think she was afterward married to him. And, as for Cherry, now that peace has come, she is to be united to me. **ESSIE CHACE HAIGHT.**

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