Gossip About Plays, Players and Playhouses

OF THE making of plays there seems to be no end, and yet the managers say that material for their stars cannot be obtained. All of which probably causes some wonderment among those who have given the matter serious consideration. In the current number of the Dramatic Mirror is given a list of 128 plays just copyrighted. This is merely a continuation of the weekly list published by the Mirror and does not cover any specified time, merely being those reported since its previous issue. In the list are dramas, musical comedies, one-act plays, vaudeville sketches, dramatic poems, in fact the whole range of possibilities. And it contains French, Spanish and German, as well as English and American productions. The significance of the list is that the writers are not at all discouraged, even if the managers are. In a machine made interview, Mr. Daniel Frohman is thus described:

Mr. Daniel Frohman probably knows as much about the drama, every phase of it, as there is to know. He has made actors and authors. He knows the tinsel from the gold, the bubble reputation; and yet he sat there like some pearl fisher among his oysters, eating apples and searching among stacks of manuscript for the Great American Play. This hopefulness was the most amazing feature of the spectacle—the sang-froid which survives continuous disappointment; the unconquered optimism of the pearl fisher who knows that somewhere, hidden among the oysters, lies the pearl.

"Managers get many plays from authors which are well constructed and tell a fairly interesting story with dramatic logic," he said, "but they do not dig deep enough to meet the demand of a modern audience."

Mr. Frohman himself dug deeply into his pile of oysters.

"Now here is a three-act play of great promise," he said," but it has only one event, spread over three acts, culminating in a single climax, whereas it should present a series of surprises. So it will have to be returned."

"Are all plays read that are submitted?"

The question was unnecessary. One could see the thought in Mr. Frohman's mind before the monosyllable "yes" escaped him. Does the fisherman jerk his rod upward when he feels a nibble at the bait? Mr. Frohman, "I don't necessarily mean physa fisherman, seated in his apartment, high over the matinee crowds, reading his manuscripts with inexorable patience, and eating apples.

"A play should have continuous action, all the way through," he said.

"I thought the tendency of the modern drama was toward subjective action?"

"When I allude to action," said Mr. Froaman, "I don't necessarily mean physical movement and pistol play. A successful play must contain continuous struggle and battle; the struggle of love with duty, to name the most frequent example. The characters may be sitting in their chairs, talking pleasantly together, and still fulfil this purpose. And the action must go forward by leaps and bounds, from one climax to another. The ideal play will have the fewest characters, but it will hold the attention so that you won't know whether there are six or sixty; and two persons upon the stage will hold the audience entranced, as in the Greek drama. Like the Greek characters, too, they will appear as puppets upon a dark background of necessity, victims of the circumstances which they have helplessly brought into existence."

"How does the American drama stand at present, as contrasted with that of foreign countries?" he was asked. "If it has merit of its own, why do you import plays?"

"This year we came a cropper. The best of our authors have failed by the wholesale," said Mr. Frohman. And then the fisherman's optimism broke forth in him. "But I have great hopes of the American drama," he added. "I have produced a great many American plays in the past. As a stock manager, I provide plays from any source. A play is not a matter of geography. The question is of obtaining one of sound, wholesome, universal theme."

Whether Mr. Daniel Frohman, or his equally gifted and even more astute brother, Mr. Charles Frohman, ever discovers "the great American play" is a matter of chance. They have, probably, a better opportunity than the average manager because of the exalted position they have attained in the world of the theater, and yet experience has shown that even the Frohmans occasionally let a good thing get away from them. All of which merely argues that even a manager of unlimited experience and opportunity cannot tell by reading a play if it will interest the public he seeks to reach. He may be able to pass on its literary merit, and to say within certain well defined bounds if it possesses elements that ought to hold public attention, but until he has given it the actual test of production he cannot say accurately if it will please enough people to make it pay. The failures of the present season are but additional proof of this But the failures are not a proof that the art of writing for the stage has been lost or is likely to become lost. Men and women with brains and talent are still busy, as well as many who have neither brains or talent, and out of it all is sure to come a play that will be worth while, even if it doesn't measure up to the conception of "the great American play." But this doesn't meet the present emergency and "the stage waits" while the managers in their omniscience look over the bundles of MSS. submitted and try to determine beforehand what is a profitable play.

Dan Fishell's visit to Omaha may or may not result in the opening of the Burwood theater with a stock company of first magnitude, but it assures us that Messrs. Sullivan & Considine are losing no opportunity to make the property productive. Mr. Fishell has connections that mean much, in event he does take over the theater, and ensure the establishment there of a stock company that will give Omaha the best of drama available and in the most approved manner.

Miss Marie Pettis is coming to Omaha next week in the company supporting Miss Mary Shaw. Just what play will be offered here has not been announced, but Miss Shaw has been offering "Mrs. Warren's Profession" during the greater part of the season. Miss Marie Pavey, another former stock company favorite, will be in Omaha later in the month at the Krug theater, playing the leading role in one of A. H. Wood's biggest productions. Miss Pavey writes that she and Miss Carmontelle are enjoying the best of health and are looking forward to their Omaha engagement with much pleasure, as they expect to renew many pleasant friendships then.

"Write me down an ass," anxiously appealed Dogberry to his companion clerk, and set a precendent that has been followed with most remarkable assiduity ever since by his descendants. Just now two cases are plainly in point. Over in a small Indiana town during the week the chief of police detailed a couple of his underlings to make censorious inspection of the costumes worn by Mrs. Leslie Carter in "DuBarry." Just for what purpose is not disclosed by the telegraphic announcement, but presumably to determine if any of the dresses worn by the great actress during the play transcended the local ideas of propriety. It would be of interest to know just what report the Indiana constabulary made, if any, on the gowns worn, the same being as nearly as possible on the lines of the garments actually worn by the DuBarry in her own improper person. And, right on top of this, comes Judge Wallace of Kansas City, more power to him, and, apparently unwearied by his efforts in suppressing the Sunday theater and still eager to do good, forbids the exposure of dainty hosiery on models that assume to approach in appearance the lower extremities of the human form divine, especially those of lovely woman. Judge Wallace, mayhap, has somewhere in the recesses of his well stored mind, undimmed by association with accumulated legal lore and judicial wisdom, a memory of the couplet that used to be quoted, many years ago, at the head of the poster that announced the coming of the Rentz-Santley Female Minstrel troupe. (How many of you can recall that time?) "The devil fishes best for souls of men when his hook is baited with a lovely limb." Recalling, then, the temptation of his younger days, and the terrific struggle he had to keep himself in line, the judge has determined that none of the tender youth of Kansas City shall be exposed to even the remotest danger of moral contamination. Hereafter, hosiery is to be barred from the show windows in Kansas City, and one trembles to think what will overtake the demure and dainty maiden who inadvertently makes undue show of her ankle neat and trim as she trips it adown the slanting slope of a Kansas City thoroughfare, or in what fix the community will find itself on one of those rare occasions when a zephyr from Kansas stirs the atmosphere around the mouth of the Kaw. In Omaha such things cannot be, for under the administration of Mayor Jim the dust accompanies the wind, even as it was bespoken in the poet's vision so long ago, when he wrote:

The devil sends the winds that blow
The ladies' skirts sky-high,
But 'tis the good Lord sends the dust
That fills the bad man's eye.

NEW AMERICAN PLAY FOR LONDON

Fred Terry and Julia Neilson Have Piece Ready for Production.

LONDON, Jan. 2.—(Special Correspondence.)—Among playgoers here the main theme of talk is the really colossal hit that has been scored at the Lyric theater by "The Squaw Man," or "A White Man," as Lewis Waller rather foolishly renamed the Boyle piece before producing it. This actor-manager, in fact, must be beginning to regard the United States as his Eldorado, for the biggest success he ever has had was "M. Beaucaire," and it is being prophesied on every hand that "A White Man" will beat even "Beaucaire's" record. To do so, however, it will have to do some tall running, for the dramatization of Tarkington's novel registered over 300 performances when originally produced at the Comedy, then was successfully transferred to the Imperial, Mrs. Langtry's otherwise ill-fated theater, and since has served as a "stop-gap" times without number, Waller having come to grief with a dozen or more pieces by his own countrymen before turning to America for another sure winner.

Of course both the American author of "The Squaw man" and the American actors who have scored so heavily at the Lyric are delighted with the success of the piece. The former says he will settle down in London—for some months at any rate—and has cabled his family to join him, and the latter are telling interviewers that English enthusiasm beats anything they ever have experienced. "You are wonderful people," Manifee Johnstone, who plays Cash Hawkins, declared to a reporter. "We have seen nothing like your Saturday night reception," while George Fawcett, whose Big Bill is the hit of the production, declares that the whole-hearted applause he gets nightly is "manna to his soul." All of which should be instructive to the folk on the other side—most of them disgruntled managers whose offerings have failed here—who are forever harping on British 'prejudice" against American plays. Perhaps the most foolish assertion ever made on this head was that which attributed the success of "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch" to the alleged fact that it made Americans ridiculous and thus gratified British complacency. However, the ecstatic reception that has been accorded to Boyle's play should dispose of the "prejudice" theory for all time.

Meanwhile, among those who have reason for gratification over the success of "The Squaw Man" is Fred Terry, Ellen Terry's brother, who, with his wife, Julia Neilson, is about to produce an American-made play in London and who finds the theatric tide setting in a favorable direction. Terry's next offering, which is by B. C. Sutherland and M. M. Dix, is called "Matt of Merrymount." It will be put on at the New Theater next month, and if it fulfills expectations will be the second big American success that this player and his wife have had. The first was 'Sweet Nell of Old Drury," by Paul Kester, which was as "unconscionably long in dying" as Charles II., who figured in it, and made a pile of money for its producers and author.

Like "The Breed of the Treshams," the hugely successful piece which these two American women dramatists wrote for Martin Harvey, "Matt of Merrymount" has not been seen in its authors' own country. It was tried at Newcastle a few months ago. At that time the Tyneside critics spoke of it in the highest terms, and prophesied a big success for the play when it should be given in the metropolis. According to a review which I saved at the time, the action of the story takes place in Massachusetts in 1635, the hero being Matt Compton, chief of a band of outlaws, and also the grandson of a rich old Englishman, whose mind has been poisoned against him by a canting cousin.

Believing that he has killed that worthy in a fight, Matt has fled from England and set up his tent in the plantations of Gamaliel Frothingham, the lord of the manor. Here he suddenly comes face to face with Frothingham's daughter, a pretty and charming Puritan, masquerading in boy's attire. Of course they fall in love, and equally of course there are many alarums and excusions before they reach the final goal of matrimonial bliss. The authors of the play also have "Miss Elizabeth's Prisoner" to their credit—a piece in which Grace Lane scored heavily on this side of the water. At present the production of "Matt of Merrymount" at the New theater is set for March 3, and if it takes, the American rights are likely to be disposed of forthwith. Probably the reason that "The Breed of the Treshams" has not yet been produced in America, is that Martin Harvey is saving it up for his next visit to "the states."

Still another musical comedy, "Girl!" This time "The Pierrot Girl," which is the name that finally has been given to the new piece by Leslie Stuart, author of "Florodora" and "The Belle of Mayfair" and Cosmo Hamilton, who supplied the "book" of the latter play. The plot of "The Pierrot Girl"—or what serves it as such—recently was outlined in this correspondence, and the date of its production will be settled by Charles Frohman, who commissioned it, and who is expected in this country shortly.

Henry de Vries, who made a sensation on both sides of the Atlantic by playing most of the dozen or more characters in "A Case of Arson," has found a new "vehicle" for his talents. Unfortunately, however, it is not anything like so good a one as that in which he scored his first success. "Page 97," as it is called, was produced for the first time at the Garrick theater this week, and I suspect that the author, "Theodor Kremer," is identical with the American purveyor of melodrama, who was responsible for "The Fatal Wedding," which drew crowds to the old Princess theater. Be this as it may, it must be recorded that, unlike "A Case of Arson," which was a little masterpiece of characterization, "Page 97," is a rather commonplace detective story, set forth by so many puppets. Unfortunately, too, the characters, with one exception, are all English—one is a lord, another a colonel, and so on, and the actor's mastery of "our common tongue" is not sufficient to enable him to depict them with complete naturalness. As for the plot, it is concerned entirely with an incriminating document, which the guilty lord of the piece hopes to get away from the detective who has secured it. To do this he employs several emissaries, all of whom, as well as the nobleman and the sleuth, are played by de Vries. He works like a Trojan, but is wholly successful in only one impresonation, that of a Jewish character. The reception of "Page 97" was not enthusiastic, and most of the critics advise the actor to go back to his Dutch "types." HAYDEN CHURCH.

Coming Events.

Starting with a special matine today for six performances, "Coming Thro' the Rye," will be the attraction at the Boyd theater. This year's presentation of the popular musical comedy is a vast improvement over that which was given last year. Mr. Frank Lalor, who made such a hit in the principal comedy part last season, still heads the cast and the company of eighty is said to be much better qualified to give a good performance of the piece than those who were seen here last season. One of the new features is an elaborate song number near the close of the second act. The verse is sung by Miss Eveleen Dunmore. Just before the end of the solo is reached, sixteen of the chorus girls enter and form a picture. They accompany Miss Dunmore in the refrain, and, as they appear to be making their exit at the rear of the stage, a noted boy singer, Master Whitaker, meets them and the chorus is repeated, the clear sweet tones of the boy's voice rising above the others. Several almost equally strong musical features have been introduced. An entirely new equipment of scenery and costumes has been provided for the present tour.

Richard Carle brings "The Spring Chicken" to the Boyd theater next Friday and Saturday. This is easily the best musical piece in which Mr. Carle has ever appeared and it has been one of the most successful ever seen on the American stage. The plot of "The Spring Chicken" is not hard to follow. It concerns chiefly the adventures of an eccentric American, Ambrose Girdle, in Paris. Girdle is given an infusion of lamb's blood and suddenly grows so lively that the gayest Parisian isn't able to run a close second to him. The antics of Girdle and his Parisian son-in-law provide most of the situations, the spectator being shown glimpses of a lawyer's office, a boulevard cafe and an artist's studio, all the scenes being laid in Paris. Mr. Carle has the part of Ambrose Girdle. In the second act Girdle is obliged to turn waiter in order to work out the amount of his bill at a restaurant. This act gives Mr. Carle every opportunity to display his talents, which he does with brilliant success. He carries the whole act practically alone. The comedian has the support of cast headed by Jeannette Bageard, Alice Hageman, Ines Bauer, Amy Dale, Florence Averell, Victor Morley, Sylvain Langlois, Arthur Conrad, Abbott Adams and others. Each of these is either a good singer or a dancer and all have been selected especially for the parts. The chorus has been praised everywhere as one of the best looking, best gowned, and liveliest in any musical play. The girls sing well and dance with agility. The music of "The Spring Chicken" is all catchy. Among the favorite songs are "A Lemon in the Garden of Love," "All the Girls Love Me," "Waiting for a Certain Girl," "I'll Flirt With Any Skirt," "In Seville," and a dozen others that have been whistled from one end of the country to the other.

At the Boyd theater Sunday night, February 9, Mr. Edmund Carroll will present Mr. Walker Whiteside's great comedy success, "We Are King," in which he has made such an emphatic success. The double role of Gustavus Venner and Hector, king of Kahnburg, in this play, affords Mr. Carroll splendid opportunities to display his talents. Manager A. W. Cross has surrounded his star with a competent company and scenic equipment.

A merry comedy drama is "Tilly Olson," a Swedish dialect play, which will be given at the Krug for two days, starting with a matinee today. The play is in four acts and eight scenes, all of which have been prepared especially for the production by Messrs. Moses and Hamilton of the Broadway theater, New York. Miss Aimee Common will play the name part and an excellent company is promised, incuding Master Georgie Falkner, one of the best and most talented juvenile actors of the day. The entire cast will be found to be wholly capable and attractive, both in dramatic work and the introduction of entertaining specialties.

Harry D. Carey's play of "Montana" deals chiefly with the question of cattle raising, but has in it a story of real heart interest, with a vein of love, romance and intrigue. The comedy is of a high plane and all the characters are types. This play has been accorded a big success and will be seen at the Krug for two days, starting Tuesday, February 4.

"Edna, the Pretty Typewriter," which A. H. Woods brings to the Krug for three days, starting Thursday night, is said to be a typical exponent of "advanced melodrama," which has for its dominant chararcteristic action and plenty of it. There are twelve scenes and four acts in this piece and the climaxes follow each other with such startling rapidity that the audience is kept busy keeping track of the scenes. The story is said to be easy to follow, however, and concerns the grant to a silver mine in the mountains of northern Mexico, which rightfully belongs to the heroine, but which the villain is trying to obtain by any means at his power, fair or foul. The heroine has several friends who help her along in her trying moments, and the punishment of vice and triumph of virtue, with the customary rewards for all the good people, is the usual denoument.

Tom Nawn, the quaint Irish comedian, comes back to the Orpheum for a week, starting matinee today. A trio of pretty fresh-faced girls of prepossessing manners, the three Westons, promise a dainty vocal and instrumental music turn. Freres Reigo, French equilibrists, who played their first American engagement at the Kansas City Orpheum last week, will endeavor to show there is still something new in their line. Bertie Fowler, the bright and humbrous comedienne who was a feature of the Orpheum Road show, is down for her latest in story and imitations. Eddie Clark, with "The Six Winning Widows," will offer catchy songs and graceful dances in a miniature musical comedy. Oterito, the Spanish dancer, is declared to be quite as graceful and to dance with much of the dash and abandon that made her sister, Otero, famous. The Four Lesters intermix bits of fun-making with trick and fancy bicycle stunts, and the kinodrome will project a series of new motion pictures.

Music and Musical Notes

SINCE writing last week on the Idolatry of the Old music to the neglect of the new, many new thoughts along the same line have come to me, with the result that there are a few questions which I would ask those who are interested enough to think out some reasons for the idolatry of that which is old. We spoke of the fact that one might overdo the sentiment "Old books to read, old friends to love, old wine to drink." For example, we do not want old bread to eat, old flowers to cast their odors around, old houses to inhabit, old automobiles to ride in, and so forth.

Why is it that your friend says so energetically, "I don't like classic music?"

Why did a well known Omaha business man who tells me he doesn't care for classic music come over to where I stood at the back of the theater last Wednesday week and say to me, "Have they sung the sextette yet?" ("Lucia," of course, was being sung.) I just came in to hear that."

Why does your sister-in-law's cousin say that she does not like classic music, and yet she wants you to play Mendelssohn's Wedding March at her wedding? Why does she not choose "I'd Leave my Happy Home for You" (very appropriate), or "Waiting at the Church" (thoroughly up-to-date and unconventional)?

Why did my friend Bob (who does not care much for classic music) tell me on the Farnam street car the other night that he did not go crazy about Calve, but "Schumann-Heink for him?"

Why is it that "acts" of distinctly musical worth, and without any farce or comedy attached, really "make good" at the Orpheum, are listened to with quiet interest and receive fully as good a "hand" as anything else on the bill from audiences which "don't want any classic music in theirs?"

Why do we love old friends? Tell me; is it not because they are "familiar?"

Why do we like old books? We are "familiar" with the contents. Don't you think there has arisen a confusion between the words "old" and "familiar?"

My friend likes the "Sextette" from Lucia because he is "familiar" with it. Because Bellstedt, and Sousa, and Innes, and Creatore and Rivela and others have played it for him many times and oft. Why does Euphenia want her wedding music to be the Mendelssohn march? Because she is "familiar" with it. Eulalie had it at her wedding, and so did Helena, and Marjorie, and Carita, and Lolita, and Marianne. She has heard it times innumerable.

Why does Bob want Schumann-Heink in preference to Calve? Because Schumann-Heink has a "familiar" way with her; you feel that you knew her, and had forgotten about it, she had changed so! And she recognized you the minute she came on the stage and said to you, "Well, well, well, here we are again."

Calve gave another coquettish twist to her fur collar and sang like a "prime donna" in a "concert," while the former seemed as though she had just dropped in from the garden where she was working with her flowers, and sang a song for you, (being an old friend), and had to go right back again to her work.

Familiar! Carry it further. Why did the Orpheum applaud its classic "act." Because it is bored to tears with the other kind, with which it was too familiar, (for over-familiarity breeds contempt), and welcomes a change with which it may again begin to become familiar.

And what does familiar mean? Look it up in your dictionary and you will find that it means "Of or pertaining to a family, domestic."

Now, we do not as a rule admit to our family acquaintance those whom we scarcely know or have just met; and only those who have been tried and true are admitted to the inner circle.

How can we expect people to like music with which they are not familiar? One cannot be familiar with good music until one hears it often enough to feel that it is "in the family." Therefore, hear good music when you can. Students of music should hear all the good music that they possibly can. Students should never say that they heard this opera once before, and do not care to hear it again. They should not say that, having heard Bispham once they will not bother to go again, they will wait for Tettrazzini. They should hear, and hear and rehear, and their appreciation and sheer enjoyment will return them interest, compounded over and over.

If the people like to hear a little classic music with which they are familiar they should immediately try to hear more and get familiar with that. They know that they really enjoy the little with which they are familiar, and therefore by an irrestibile logic they will like and enjoy much more when they familiarise themselves with it. Let them beware of the idolatry of the old, else they will never add to their stock of enjoyment.

The oldest favorite that you have in the way of music was once new to you. Once upon a time you heard it for the very first minute. Then it did not impress you so much. But it grew on you and it grew and grow and grow, and now you want it. Let something be "new" to you every week, and you will be surprised to see that if those new things are repeated often enough you will love them more and more and you will develop yourself and your tastes.

One has no right nowadays to be ignorant of good music. It is a reflection on one's psychical endowment of mental equilibrium. You do like classic music, and you know it; but you don't like enough of it, because you don't know enough of it to be familiar with it. Get it into the family of your affections and you will never regret it.

And the musicians might see to it that the people are given things with which they would like to become familiar.

There are too many programs made, and too many compositions written for the initiated, for the opinion of the profession.

There is too much of a tendency to consider that the audience is made up largely of advanced pupils and teachers of music.

There is too much counterpoint (as such), and too little theme, or idea; too much correct and involved construction, and not enough melody; too much eternal technique and not enough pulsating, throbbing life; too much finger-execution, gymnastic bowing and dare-devil vocalizing, and not enough emotional expression, poetic utterance and sympathetic tenderness.

Don't misunderstand or misquote me, will you? Far be it from me to stand up for that sentimental slush or saccharine confectionery which some languishing maidens and falsetto youths term "sweet music," rolling their eyes the while. Never will you find me agreeing with Helen Hunt Jackson, when she wrote:

"Oh! Of all the songs sung,
No songs are so sweet
As the songs with refrains
Which repeat and repeat."

But lest I be accused of holding extremely unorthodox ideas as hereinbefore stated, have the goodness to listen to a few of the masters:

Hans Von Bulow has a word to say: "My advice to young pianists is to cultivate their ears and strive to obtain beauty and expression in what we term 'phrasing.' It is the real beginning of greatness as a performer."

Schumann would say a word to you: "You will be a musician when not only your fingers, but also your heart and mind are full of music." * * "Brilliancy of execution is valuable only when it serves higher purposes."

Raff wrote other things than that beautiful "Cavatina" which you play, Miss Violiniste, and he wrote this: "Melody alone constitutes the essence of all music."

Bow your heads! Bach speaks! "A musician who wishes to think correctly when composing, should have melody and harmony simultaneously in his mind." * * * "My idea is that music ought to move the heart with sweet emotion, which a pianist will never effect by mere scrambling, thundering and arpeggios—at least not from me."

Richard Wagner, have you heard of him? Hearken! It is he who says: "The one and only form of music is melody; no music is conceivable without melody, and both are absolutely inseparable."

Beethoven, from the silence of the night, in the dark shadow of the woods, whispers these words to us: "Music should kindle the divine flame in the human mind."

Goethe! What says Goethe? "The effect of good music is not caused by its novelty. On the contrary, it strikes us more, the more familiar we are with it."

Ferdinand Hiller brings us this: "The musician who refuses to make certain concessions to the public, gives proof of courage, but not necessarily of wisdom."

E. A. MacDowell! The hope of American musicians! The darling of the lovers of the beautiful in music! The bright and shining light of musical composition in this country! MacDowell, the poet of music who, with his magic pen, wrote to us entwining strains, blending silver cords in bowls of woven gold, who drew for us pitchers full of sparkling water from the living fountain of art, whose wheel filled the cisterns of our musical reservoirs. MacDowell! He is no longer with us. The silver cord is loosed, and the golden bowl is broken, and the pitcher is broken at the fountain and the wheel is broken at the cistern. And the spirit has returned unto God who gave it. MacDowell is dead! Yes, the dust will return to the earth as it was. But the spirit? And MacDowell's works will now take on a new lease of life. THOMAS J. KELLY.

Musical Notes.

Mr. A. M. Borglum announces a pupils' recital for Thursday evening next at Schmoller & Mueller Music hall. Misses Marie Meek, Alice Davis, Dorothy Morton and Mr. Cecil Berryman will participate. Miss Laura Goetz and Mrs. Robert B. H. Bell, pupils of Miss Bishop, will sing.

Judging from the notices which are being received at this office almost every day there can be no doubt but that Miss Myrtle Elvyn, who will give a recital of pianoforte music on February 13 at the First Baptist church, is more than a beautiful player—she plays beautifully. From the most reliable men in the field of criticism in Chicago she has received unstinted praise, on the occasion of her recent concert there. Miss Elvyn will doubtless be greeted by a large audience in Omaha.

LAKE TAHOE GOING DOWN

Mysterious Body of Water on Crest of the Sierras Drops Six Feet.

Lake Tahoe, that mysterious jewel on the crest of the Sierras, is again attracting attention because of its strange antics. John K. Tanner, who has spent years on the borders of the lake, and who owns timber land near there, arrived in Reno recently with the statement that the lake has fallen nearly six feet within the month. Tanner is not able to give an explanation for this strange condition.

"I have spent ten years around Lake Tahoe," said Tanner, "but I have never seen it fall so rapidly or to such an extent as in the last four weeks. Before Christmas time we first noticed the waters were receding. It was gradual at first, but within the last week it seemed as if the lake had found another outlet and that it would empty itself, so rapid was the fall.

"Two years ago, instead of falling, the lake, without any apparent cause, began to rise, and at one time residents of Truckee were organizing to prevent if possible the destruction of their town in the event that the dam at the mouth of the lake gave way. Just when the danger seemed greatest the waters began to recede."

In places on the lake the bottom never has been found. The claim has often been made that it has a subterranean outlet which contracts and expands, this condition being brought about by volcanic action. The lake itself is claimed by some scientists to be the crater of an extinct volcano.

In the mythology of the Washoe Indians it is related that the lake was emptied by some great force, the waters falling upon the valleys on the east side of the mountains and drowning many people. The matter has been called to the attention of Prof. Church of the University of Nevada, who may visit the lake to study the phenomenon.—San Francisco Call.

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Prominent Physician Gives Prescriptions Free—Many Hundreds of People Have Been Cured.

The Chicago physician who discovered Concentrated LECTO Compound, his basic remedy for the cure of the majority of human ailments, has now arranged with the distributors of his miraculous healing to enclose in each package a complete series of his own genuine prescriptions, all of which contain LECTO as the principle ingredient.

His experiments covering years of active practice, have resulted in what is known as the famous "Lecto Prescriptions," and, up to date, the following diseases have been so successfully treated, that one can feel positively assured of being promptly cured if directions are faithfully followed. They cover all sorts of stomach and bowel ailments, kidney or heart troubles, blood or skin disorders, malaria and all conditions arising from a disordered liver. Tests and experiments are now being made to find just the proper elements for the cure of colds, coughs, la grippe and lung troubles, but the result of these have not as yet been made public.

The scientific discovery that blood congestion causes nearly all disease, prompted this physician to seek a combination of harmless drugs which would so thoroughly stimulate blood circulation that the cause of the disorder would disappear and a permanent cure be effected. How well he has succeeded is shown by the thousands of sick people who have grown well and strong after following his advice.

LECTO is not to be taken alone, except in rare instances. For this reason, printed directions will be found on each package showing the sufferer just what other ingredients, and the proportions in which they should be mixed with LECTO, for each different ailment. Simply purchase a ounce bottle of Concentrated LECTO Compound, usually sold at drug stores for about fifty cents; after securing the enclosed prescriptions, select the one you need, and ask the druggist to mix the other ingredients for you separately. This will be done for a nominal sum. When you are ready to take the medicine, mix the two together, and you have a combination which results have proved to be the most wonderful remedy ever used.

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