

RISKS IN PRODUCING A PLAY

Tremendous Chances Taken by the Late Augustus Daly.

INCIDENTS RELATED BY CLARA MORRIS

Madeline Morel and the Great Cathedral Scene—A Notable Benefit Appliance When Hisses Were Expected.

(Copyright, 1901, by S. S. McClure Co.) The last and fourth success that was granted to me under Mr. Daly's management was in "Madeline Morel." Of course, I played in many plays, sometimes small, comparatively unimportant parts, sometimes as in the two hundred night run of "Divorce," I played a long hard-working part, that was without any marked characteristic or salient feature to make a hit with.

Early trying rehearsal I rushed to the manager's office and, bursting into tears, begged hard to be excused from tramping the cross under foot. "Surely," I sobbed, "it's bad enough to tear off the veil and—and I'm afraid something will happen." "And," said Mr. Daly, "to tell you the truth, I'm afraid, too." He gave me a glass of water and, waiting a moment for me to conquer my tears, he went on: "I'm glad you have come in; I was just about sending for you."

plause. Yes, actually by applause, and beneath its noise I heard a voice behind me gasp: "Well, I'll be blast!" When all was ended and after the final courtesies had been extended and gratefully accepted, there was an outburst of excited comment, and more than one experienced actor declared that never again would they even try to anticipate the conduct of an audience. Old Mr. Fisher told Mr. Daly he had felt the rising hiss, and he was positive it was regard for the woman that had restrained his expression. Mr. Daly patted the old gentleman on the shoulder and answered: "Perhaps—perhaps! But if for her sake the public has swallowed that scene one night, the public have got to go on swallowing it every night, and that's the important point for us!"

Very shamefacedly I apologized for not falling at the proper time and as I hurriedly promised to do so the next night, to my surprise Mr. Daly stopped me with a quick: "No—no! Change nothing! I was in front and that pause starting straight up into heaven was tremendously effective. It was as if God offered you a moment to repent in—then struck you down! Change nothing and tomorrow you shall have your heart's desire." I gazed at him in amazement. He

The Story of The Equitable

"Line upon line, precept upon precept," from the Atlantic to the Pacific, all over this broad land our loving friends are telling the story of The Equitable.

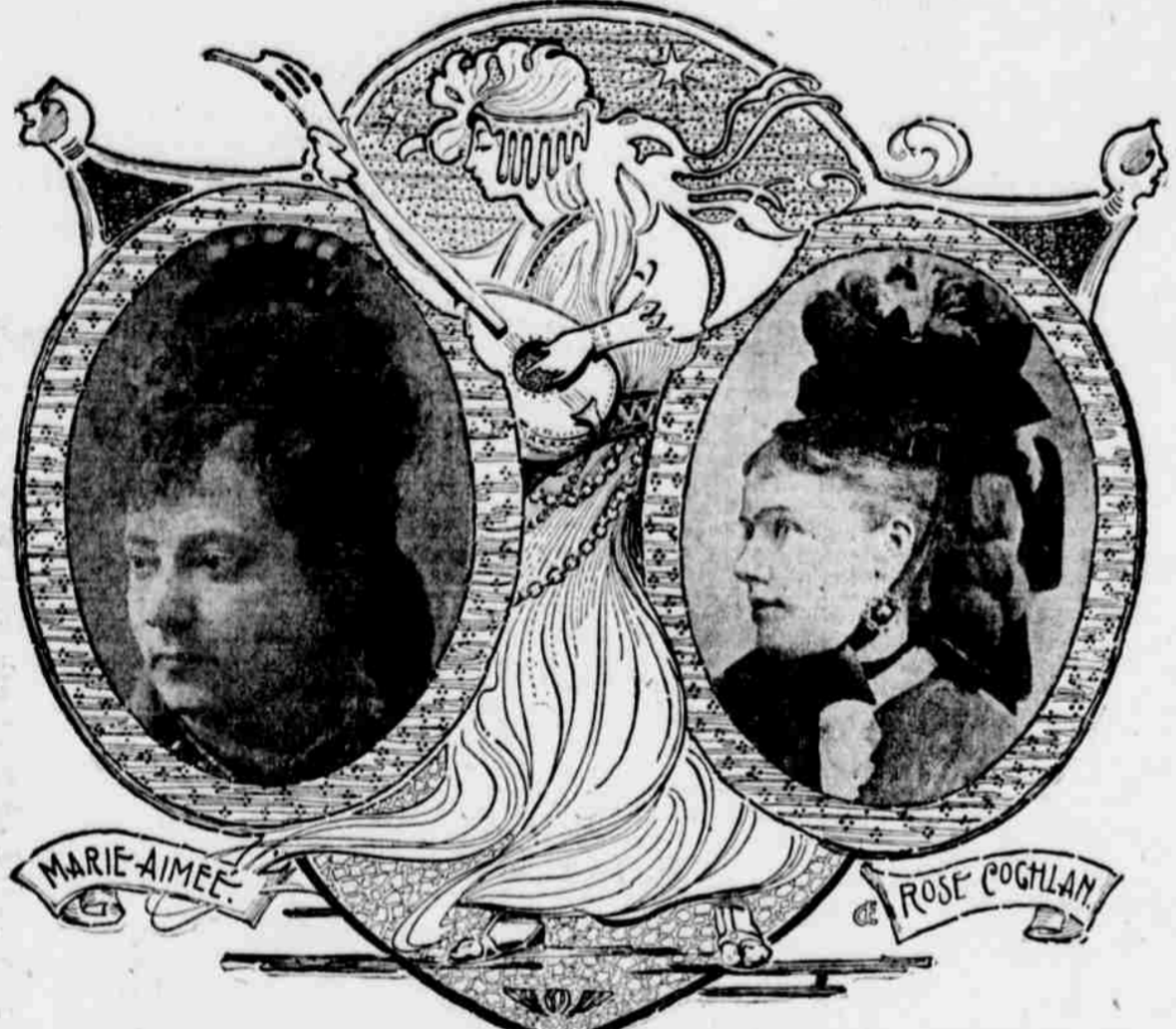
This letter is similar to thousands of others coming from all points of the compass and the uttermost parts of the earth.



HENRY HILLER Wholesale Wines & Liquors, 322 North Sixth Street, Omaha, Neb. Apt 25 7001

Ma H D Neely Manager Omaha Neb My dear Sir! I am in receipt of your Astor's Statement of the options available on my Future Policy in your Company. I accept the offer of surplus amounting to \$61.50 x Contingent policy, which I understand is now fully paid up for \$2000. I am entirely satisfied with this settlement as a substantial evidence of my satisfaction I herewith submit my application for another Policy on the Gold Dabuntown 20 Endowment plan Yours very truly Henry Hiller

For policies that are equal to sight drafts at maturity, see H. D. NEELY, Manager for Nebraska, 206-208 Bee Building, Omaha.



needed with its production. First of all let me say that I believe Mr. Daly, who was an ardent Catholic, was the first manager not to give benefits to the orphan asylums, for I think that had long been a custom, but the first to arrange these monster programs which included the names of every great attraction in the city—bar none, the result being not merely a liberally packed Academy of Music, but crowds turned from its doors. I remember what excitement there was over the gathering together in one performance of such people as Fechter, Sothern, Adelaide Neilson, Aimee and Mr. and Mrs. Barney Williams. I first saw the beautiful Mary Anderson at one of these benefits, as well as those two clever English women, Rose Coghlan and Jeffrey Lewis. Later on when I was under Mr. Palmer's management I had an experience at a benefit that I am not likely to forget. I had consented to do the fourth act of "Camille" (the ball-room scene), and when I swept through the crowd of "guests" every word was wiped clean out of my memory, for as they faced me I recognized in the supposed supers and extras all the various stars—the leading ladies and gentlemen who had had a place on the lengthy program. Working hard and giving of their best, they had all laughingly joined in this gracious whim of playing supernumeraries in Dumas' ball scene. And I remember that Miss Aimee was particularly determined to be recognized as she waltzed and strolled up and down. Once I whispered imploringly to her: "Turn your back, madame!" but she laboriously answered: "Nan! I have not of ze shame to be supe, for you, madamoiselle!"

Excited and miserable I went home. Faithfully I followed Mr. Daly's suggestion. But no matter how often I went over the scene, whenever I said: "Here they hiss," my face went white—my hands turned cold as stone. 'Twas fortunate the first performance was near, for I could not have borne the strain long. As it was I seemed to wear my nerves on the outside of my clothes until the dreaded night was over. The play had gone finely; most of the people were well cast. Miss Morant, Miss Davenport, Miss Jewett, Miss Varian especially so, while Fisher, Lewis, Lemoyne, Crisp, Clark and James did their best to make a success and close in glory the season that had been broken in half by the burning of the Home theater. The end of the third act had been mine. The passionate speech of renunciation and farewell had won the favor of the house and call after call followed. As I had played the scene alone, I should have been proud and happy—should have counted the calls with a miser's gloating satisfaction, but instead my blood was already chilling with dread of the coming act.

laughed a bit maliciously, and said: "Old head registers and things carry voices. I hear many things. I have heard, for instance, about a man named Dovey and a wonderful toy terrier that weighs by ounces. I wouldn't open my eyes any wider, if I was you, they might stay that way. Well, will you show me the way to Dovey's by 11 tomorrow?" "But," I faltered, "I'm afraid the price—that's my affair," he answered curtly, then added more kindly: "Good-night; you have behaved well, Miss Morris, and if I can give you a pleasure, I shall be glad." And next day I owned the tiniest dog in New York, who slept in a collar box by my pillow, that I might not hurt it in the night; whose bark was like a cambrie needle, and who within five minutes after her arrival challenged to deadly combat my beloved Bertie, who weighed four pound.

It was a charming compliment, but more than a bit overwhelming to its recipient. Well, Mr. Daly having originated, as I believe, these splendid and lengthy benefit performances, was, as a result, able to place a goodly sum of money at the service of the asylum authorities, and naturally received warm thanks from his church. Then when "Madeline Morel" came along with the great cathedral scene, we all stood aghast at what I was called upon to say and do. Every one was on the stage and nearly every one whispered: "Sacrilege!" I stopped stock still, in sheer fright. Mr. Daly pulled nervously at the lapel of his coat for a moment and then said, sharply, "Go on!" I obeyed—but right behind me some one said: "And he called himself a Catholic!"

It was a horrid bit, in an otherwise beautiful and impressive act. As a "sister" who had served the "novitiate" I had just taken the life vows and had been invested with the black veil. Then the wedding procession and the church procession, coming from opposite sides and crossing before the altar, like a great "X," brought the bridegroom and the black nun face to face, in dreadful recognition, and in the following scene I had to drag from my head the veil and swathing white linen—had to tear from my breast the cross, and, tramping it under foot, stretch my arms to heaven and with upraised face cry: "I call down upon my guilty soul the thunders of a curse, that none may hear and live!" and then fall headlong as though my challenge had been accepted.

HOW TO SERVE STRAWBERRIES. Tips About a Delicacy Deemed Worthy of High Festival. Like the white potato, the strawberry has been condemned by some authorities as unfit for food of man. In spite of this sentence and evidence shown to sustain the unfavorable statements made against these universal favorites, people continue to eat them and yet live to the fullness of their days. Whether their physical condition would be improved by omitting strawberries from their dietary depends on the effect they produce upon the individual. When we "discover ourselves," as someone quaintly remarks, we will cease to blame the innocent products of nature for harm wrought through our ignorance and want of thought. The Cultivated Berry. One mistake we too frequently make is the misconception of nature's designs, and from the want of knowledge we pervert these designs to our own hurt in presuming to improve on natural products. In cultivating the strawberry the desire has been, too frequently, to produce a showy fruit. This effort has met with astonishing success. But at what a sacrifice. Can the finest specimen of the "higher cultivation" replace the luscious little native we used to seek with such delight along the hedges and borders of the "old home fields"? Take this humble little "earth berry" from its native heath and "cultivate" it for the society of the four

hundred, and it loses that subtle fragrance and flavor that was so elusive and so delicious to the senses as to call forth the declaration that "doubtless God could have made a better berry, but doubtless God never did." Many varieties of the cultivated berry are too acid for those who are unpleasantly affected by this quality in their foods. Many being unmindful of this fact, indulge too freely in the fruit, and pay no heed to combinations that may result in much discomfort and suffering to remind them of their indulgence. Improving the Flavor. A very popular as well as attractive way to serve the mammoth berry is to heap them in pyramid form on small individual dishes, the stem left on to hold them by as they are dipped into powdered sugar and eaten. But a less artistic but more satisfactory way, if you desire to enjoy the full flavor of these delicious morsels, is to crush or cut the berry and blend with the sugar. Children know this secret well and unless reproved by their parents will invariably mash their berries on their plate with the sugar before they will eat them. Try the plan of slicing the berries with a silver fruit knife, sugaring them as you fill your dish. Let them stand a few minutes in a cold place and then see if the instinct of the primitive man is not to be relied on in discovering nature's best way. Strawberries and claret is a French method of serving the berries, the wine being used as we use cream. But the claret must be of the best or the effect is bad. Feed Strawberries—Wash the berries, wash them carefully to free from grit, and drain. To each pound of berries allow a pound of sugar. Place berries and sugar in alternate layers in a glass dish. Pour over the berries enough fruit juice, lemon, orange or pineapple, preferred, to flavor but not soak the berries. Stand the dish in the refrigerator for a couple of hours. Then sprinkle the top of the berries with shaved ice and powdered sugar and serve at once. Delicious on a hot day. Strawberry Junket—A dainty dish for luncheon or dessert. Make plain junket flavored with sherry or vanilla and fill sherbert glasses two-thirds full and set in refrigerator to chill. When ready to serve fill the glass up with sliced and sugared strawberries, heap whipped cream on top and decorate with a large berry in center. Strawberry Sponge—Put half a package of gelatine to soak in half a cupful of cold water. Mash a quart of strawberries with half a cupful of sugar, and continue until water and half a cupful of sugar gently for twenty minutes. Add the gelatine to the hot syrup and stir until dissolved, and take immediately from the fire. Then add the berries and place on cracked ice. As soon as chilled begin to heat, and continue until light and spongy, then add the whites of four eggs beaten to a stiff froth. Pour into a mold and set away to get firm. Strawberries and Whipped Cream—Line a glass dish with ladyfingers. In the bottom of the dish place a layer of strawberries; add a layer of powdered sugar, then a layer of dry, whipped cream, then another layer of berries, sugar and cream. Have the cream heaped roughly on the top and dot with berries. Sprinkle with sugar and serve thoroughly chilled. Old-fashioned Strawberry Shortcake—Put four cupfuls of sifted flour into a mixing bowl, add a half teaspoonful of salt and mix well. Chop in three large tablespoonfuls of butter. Dissolve a level teaspoonful of soda in a little hot water and add with a well-beaten egg to a large cupful of sour cream or rich, sour milk and a tablespoonful of sugar. Mix well together with a spatula or flexible knife. Do not handle more than necessary. The dough should be soft enough to roll out easily. Roll lightly and quickly into two thin sheets. Bake in well-greased round tins; lay one sheet on the other, having the first one well brushed with softened butter. When done separate them. Cover the lower half with a thick layer of strawberries crushed and sugared. Place the second shortcake on top of berries and cover with whole berries, dust with powdered sugar and serve with thick cream. Sweet milk and baking powder can be used instead of sour cream and soda. Frozen Strawberries with Whipped Cream—Put four tablespoonfuls of granulated sugar in a quart of water and boil for half an hour. To this add two quarts of fine ripe strawberries and cook gently for twenty minutes. Then set aside to cool. Then turn into a freezer and work until frozen. Remove dasher and stir into the frozen berries a pint of whipped cream. Serve at once. Strawberries Custard—Stem enough large, ripe sugared strawberries to line a glass dish, forming a thick wall with the berries. Beat the yolks of four eggs with half a cupful of granulated sugar. Pour over this a pint of hot milk. When thoroughly mixed, return to double boiler and stir and cook until it forms a thick custard. Season with a pinch of salt, flavor with orange or lemon juice and pour into hollow in center of the berries. Whip the whites of the eggs to a stiff froth. Color with a little straw-

berry juice and heap over the top of the custard. Dust with powdered sugar and serve. Strawberry Roll—Make a rich blacuit crust, the recipe given for strawberry shortcake is a good one. Roll out the paste not more than a quarter of an inch in thickness, spread thickly with berries. Dredge with a little flour, roll up, moisten the edges to keep them together and tie in a cheesecloth. Lay on a plate and set in a steamer. Steam two hours and a half for a medium-sized roll. Serve with hard sauce or sweetened cream. HOW TO MAKE TOMATO SOUP. Take one quart of tomatoes, one-half tablespoonful of salt, one pint of hot water, one-quarter teaspoonful of pepper, one tablespoonful of sugar, six cloves, one slice of onion, one tablespoonful of butter, two tablespoonfuls of cornstarch, stalk of celery, one tablespoonful of Cudahy's Rex Brand Extract of Beef. Put the tomatoes, water, sugar, salt, pepper and cloves to boil fifteen minutes; put the butter in a small frying pan; when heated add the onion and fry fifteen minutes (do not brown), add the corn starch, cook two minutes longer, then add it to the tomatoes, let simmer five minutes strain through a fine strainer, keeping back all the seeds, put on the fire, add when boiling, one tablespoonful of Cudahy's Rex Brand Extract of Beef, let boil up once, serve with croutons. If You Purchase of the Boston Fish Market you will then be sure to have the best market affords. BOSTON FISH MARKET, C. G. FISHER, Prop. FISH AND SALT MEATS—OYSTERS and GAME in season. Telephone 1089. 113 No. 16th St.

For Morning, Noon and Night. Eat Granola and Live. Live well and be well while you live. Not a pasty, harsh, singed grain—but an appetizing, delicious food for big, strong men and little babies. BATTLE CREEK SANITARIUM FOOD CO., BATTLE CREEK, MICH. The Bee Want Ads Produce Results.

van Houten's Cocoa Known and Prized for its nutritive and refreshing qualities. A drink for a Prince at less than a cent a cup. Sold at all grocery stores—order it next time.

Hog Fat, or a Pure Clean Vegetable Oil ~ which will you use? Thoughtful, home-making women are giving more attention to healthful food every day. That is why they have with open arms welcomed WESSON VEGETABLE ODORLESS COOKING OIL For Frying For Shortening Being strictly vegetable, no possibility of disease is carried with it as with animal fats. It is Superior to Choicest Farm (Melted) Butter because it is richer, has better cooking qualities, is more conveniently handled and costs much less. Sold by all grocers. Send 4 cents in stamps for our new cook book. WESSON PROCESS COMPANY 120 South Third St., Philadelphia. "I go further than lard or butter and am pure and clear."