SPRING LAKE PARK ADDITION

Unsurpassed

Residential district in South Omaha, immediately opposite the most BEAUTIFUL NATURAL PARK in the whole state.

The South Omaha Land Company's

SPRING LAKE PARK

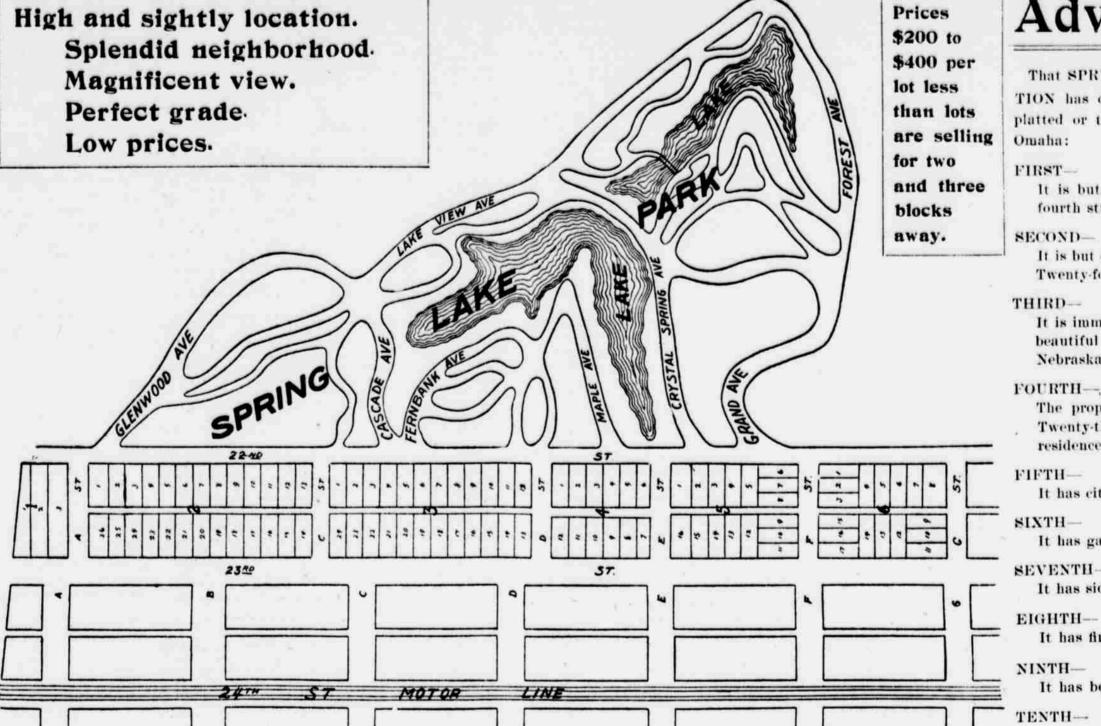
Spring Lake Park addition is bounded on the east by Spring Lake Park and on the west by 23rd street, on the south by G street and on the north by the city limits.

This is absolutely the last and only really fine piece of ground left in the city to lay out for fine homes that is convenient to motor lines, gas and electric light, city water, sewers, sidewalks and covered with lovely shade trees and lawns.

Almost every lot is covered with the very finest shade trees and as the ground was sown with blue grass a few years ago every lot has a beautiful lawn.

This property cannot be appreciated until one goes right on the ground and looks it over. It is simply the grandest piece of residence property in South Omaha, and the great beauty of the whole thing is the LOW PRICES AND EASY TERMS.

The lots in Park View, just across 23d street from Spring Lake Park addition are 40x150 in size and corners cannot be bought for less than \$750, and inside lots for \$600. Lots in Spring Lake Park addition which are much better because they are on grade are 50x130 feet and are priced at lower figures in proportion.



Advantages

That SPRING LAKE PARK ADDI TION has over any other addition now platted or that can be platted in South Omaha:

FIRST-

It is but one block from the Twentyfourth street motor line.

SECOND-

It is but one block from a paved street, Twenty-fourth street.

THIRD-

It is immediately opposite the most beautiful natural park in the state of Nebraska.

FOURTH-

The property on the opposite side of Twenty-third street is built up with fine residences.

FIFTH-

It has city water.

SIXTH-

It has gas and electric lights.

SEVENTH-

It has sidewalks convenient.

It has fine shade trees.

NINTH-

It has beautiful lawns.

TENTH-

Low prices and easy terms.

This property will be placed on sale Tuesday, May 28th, at 1 o'clock p. m.

when we will be on the ground to show the property.

ED. JOHNSTON & CO., SOLE AGENTS.,

2412 N Street, South Omaha, Nebraska.

Clara Morris' Recollections of Events in the Theatrical World.

HARD, WEARYING WORK AND POOR PAY

Her Painful Experience in Breaking with Augustin Daly and Falling Under the Management of A. M. Palmer.

(Convright, 1901, by S. S. McClure Co.) The third season in New York was drawing to its close and by most desperate struggling I had managed just to keep my head above water-that was all. I not only had failed to get ahead by so much as a single dollar, but I had never had really enough of anything. We were skimped on clothes, skimped on food-indeed, we were skimped on everything except work and hope-deferred. When lo! a starring tour was proposed to me. After my first fright was over I saw a possibility of earning in that way something more than my mere board, though truth to tell, I was not enraptured with the prospect of joining that evermoving caravan of homeless wanderers, who barter home, happiness and digestive apparatus for their percentage of the gross, and the doubtful privilege of having their own three-sheet posters stare them out of countenance in every town they visit. Yet without the brazen poster and an occasional lithograph hung upside down in the window of a saloon, one would lack the proof

No, I had watched stars too long and too closely to believe theirs was a very joyous existence; besides, I felt I had much to learn yet, and that New York was the place to learn it in, so true to my promise off I went and laid the matter before Mr. Daly -and he did take on, but for such an odd reason. For, though he paid me the valued compliment of saying he could not afford to lose me, his greatest anger was aroused by what he called the "demoralization" my act would bring into his company.

You put that bee in their bonnets and its buzzing will drown all commands, threats or reasons. Every mother's son and daughter of them will demand the right to star! Why, confound it! Jimmy Lewis, who has one try at it, is twisting and writhing to get at it again, even now; and as for Miss Davenport, she will simply raise the dead over her effort to break out starring; and Ethel, oh, well, she's free now to do as she likes; but you star one week and you'll see how quick she will take the cue-while Miss-oh, it's damnable! You can't do it! It will set

"If you will give me a salary equal to that of other people, who do much less work than I do, I will stay with you," I

Unsatisfactory Terms.

But he wanted me to keep to the small salary and let him "make it up to me," meaning by paying for the stage costumes and by occasional gifts, etc. But that was not only unbusinesslike and unsatisfactory-though he undoubtedly would have been generous enough-but it was a bit humiliating, since it made me dependent on his whims and worst of all it opened the door to possible scandal. And I had but one tongue to deny with, while scandal

had a thousand tongues to accuse with. was a queer whim-but he insisted that he could not give me the really modest calary I would remain for—though in his own words I should have "three times its talue." Finally we agreed that I should willingness to talk business is sure to give him three months of the season every develop. year as long as he might want my serv- Presently he made a business proposition

LIFE BEHIND THE FOOTLIGHTS | ices, and the rest of the season I should be free to make as much money as I could starring. He told me to go shead and sinjunction to prevent my appearance | to the crowd. The second act went with such a rush and sweep of hot passion for the illicit should so dominate tween Armand and Camille that when Dr. | the stage! make engagements at once to produce anywhere, and he would probably not care "Article '47" or "Alixe"-I to pay him a to risk any trouble. And then there came heavy nightly royalty for each play, and a little squeeze to Mr. Palmer's lips and a when my engagements were completed to little glint in his eyes, as he remarked: bring him the list and that he might not produce "Alixe" with his company before me in any city that I was to visit. I did |-being born on St. Patrick's day and all as he had requested me. I was bound in that-if people will step on the tail of one's Fifth Avenue company" was announced to appear the week before me in "Alixe," in an opposition house. Thus Mr. Daly had went to him at once. I reproached him said: "These people will sue me!"

"Bah!" he sneered. "They can't take what you have not got!" "But!" I cried; "they will throw over

my engagement." His face lit up with undisguised pleasure. He thrust his hand into the open desk drawer. "Ah," he smiled. "I have a part here that might have been written for you. It is great, honestly great, and with the starting business disposed of we can get at

it early." I rose. I said: "Mr. Daly, you have done an unworthy thing-you have broken faith with me. If you produce 'Alixe' next week I will never play for you again!" "You will have to!" he threatened. "I have broken the verbal part of our con-

tract, but you cannot prove it, nor can you break the written part of the contract." I repeated: "I shall play for you no And he hotly answered: "Well, don't

you try playing for anyone else. I give you fair warning-I'll enjoin you if you The law is on my side, remember! "My dear sir," I said; "the law was not specially created for you to have fun with,

and it has an odd way of protecting women

it tomorrow morning! Next morning my saiary was sent to me took from it what was due me for two nights' work I had done early in the week and returned the rest saying: "As I was not a member of the company, no salary suitable color. I should only be correct need be sent me," and 11 o'clock found me in the office of ex-Judge William Fullerton.

He declared that my mind showed a strong legal bent, and he congratulated me upon my refusal of the proffered "If." said he, "you receive a desirable offer in the way of an engagement, take it at once and without fear. Mr. Daly will threaten you, of course, but I can't believe that his lawyers will permit him to take this matter into court. In attacking you he will attack every young. self-supporting woman in New York in your person. The New York man will sympathize with you. Public opinion is a point—the play being given at what was

it arrayed against him." Off with the Old.

And thus it happened that I was not legally quite off with the old manager when I was on with the new-in the person of Mr. A. M. Palmer, my some time manager and still my honored friend. Our relations were always kindly, yet to this hour I squirm mentally when I recall our first meeting. I was taking some chocolate at a woman's restaurant on Broadway and a common friend brought the Union Square manager in and introduced him simply as a friend, for whatever my secret hope there had been no open word spoken about business in connection with the interview, but given a meeting between an idle actres and an active manager, and a Barkis-like

"You accept my offer and I'll know how to meet the injunction." And I can't help it

every contract to be the first to present | coat, why, of course, they must expect "Artice '47" or "Alixe" in that city. I "ructions," and to tell the honest truth. was to open in Philadelphia, I had been Mr. Palmer's perfect willingness to fight announced as a coming attraction, when I that injunction filled me with unholy giee; received startling telegrams and threats which combined beautifully with gratitude from the local manager that "Mr. Daly's for his quick forgiveness of my faux pas, and I signed a contract with Mr. Sheridan Shook and Mr. A. M. Palmer and was announced to appear in the "Wicked World" most cruelly broken faith with me. I at the Union Square theater, and I was pursued day and night by slim young men with black curly hair who tried to gilded papers into my unwilling hands, while life behind the scenes grew more and more strenuous, as scene-shifters, property men and head-carpenters, armed with braces and screw-eyes, charged any un-

> could define the word injunction. The night came and with it an equinoc tial gale of perfect fury. Whether the people were blown in by the storm or fought their way in by intention, I can't decide. 1 only know they were there and in numbers auditorium. They were a triffe damp about the ankles and disordered about the bair. but their hands were in prime working order, their hearts were warm, their perceptions quick-what more could the most terrified actress pray for in an audience?

> known male creature that looked as if he

Success in "Camille."

Next came the great "charity benefit" and 'Camille"-that "Ninon de l'Enclos" of the drama, who in spite of her years can still count lovers at her feet. It is amazing how much accident has to do with the careers of actors. Shakespeare says:

There's a Divinity that shapes our ends, Rough-hew them how we will. And heaven knows I "rough-hewed" the at times. I shall at all events appeal to Camille proposition to the best of my

> I had not one dress suited for the part. I knew I should look like a schoolmistress in one act and a stage ingenue in another. I had a ball room gown, but it was not a when' I got into my night dress and loose wrapper in the last act. Actress fashion, I got my gowns together first and then sat down with my string of amber beads to study-I never learn anything so quickly as fingers, and my string of amber beads have assisted me over many and many an hour of mental labor-a pleasanter custom than that of walking and studying aloud, I small gloved hands, violently spatted to-

near neighbors. The house was packed to the danger great power and no manager wishes to see then called "The Lyceum," which Charles Fechter had just been having remodeled and, the police discovering that day that the floor of the balcony was settling at the right, under the too great weight, very cleverly ordered the ushers to whisper a seeming message in the ear of a person here, there and yonder, who would nod, rise and step quietly out, returning a moment later to smilingly motion their party out with them, and thus the weight was lightened without a panic being caused, though it made one feel rather sick and faint afterward to note the depth to which the floor had sagged under the feet of that

tightly packed audience. The Play by Acts.

The first act went with a sort of dash lessness. The house was delighted. The

de Varville's torn letter was cast to Nannine as Camille's answer and the lovers leaped Union Square theater I shared in and then to each other's arms the house simply my regular company days were over. down, up and down. Mayo gasped in amaze-

"Well, I'm damned!" But I made "No, you're not-but you will answer: e if you hammer my poor spine in another act as you have in this. Go easy, Frank, I

can't stand it!" The third act went beautifully. Many women sobbed at times. I made my exit some little time before the end of the act and of course went directly to my room which was beneath the stage, and there began to dress for the ball scene, and lo after Armand had had two or three calls for his last speech something set them on to call for Camille, and they kept at it. too, till at last a mermaid-like creaturenot exactly half fish and half woman, bu half ball gown train and half dinky little dressing sack came bobbing to the curtain side, delighting the audience by obeying it, but knocking spots out of the illusion of the

In the fourth act Mr. Mayo played base ball with me. He batted me and hurled me and sometimes I had a wild fear that he would kick me. Finally, he struck my head so hard that a large gold hair pin was driven through my scalp and I found a few moments' rest in truly fainting from fatigue, fright and pain. But it all went. Great heavens! How

it went! For Mayo was a great actor and it was but intense excitement that made him so rough with me. Honestly we were so taken aback behind the scenes that none of us knew what to make of the frantic demonstrations-whether it was just the result of an extreme good nature in a great crowd, or whether we were giving an extremely good performance. The last act I can never forget. I had

cut out two or three pages from the dialogue in the book. I felt there was too much of it. That if Camille did not die her audience would, and had built up a little scene for myself. Never would I have dared do such a thing had it been for more than one performance—that scene took in the crossing of the room to the window the looking glass scene and the return to the bed.

Playing on Human Hearts. Dear Heaven! It's good to be alive sometimes! To feel your fingers upon hu-

man hearts-to know a little pressure hurts-that a little tighter pressure will when I have something to occupy my set tears flowing. It was good, too, when that madly rushed performance was at last to lie back comfortably dead, and hear the sweet music that is made by think, and surely more agreeable to one's gether. "Yes, it was very good."

And Mr. Palmer, standing in his box, looking at the pleased, moist-eyed people in front, took up the cue they offered so promptly that within twenty-four hours I had been engaged to play "Camille at the Union Square," as one of a cast to be ever The only drawback was to be found in its

impropriety as an entertainment for the ubiquitous "young person," in the immorality of Camille's life-which was much dwelt upon. Now, oh, the pity of it! Now Camille is, by comparison with modern plays, absolutely staid. It is the adulteries of wives and husbands that the "young person" looks unwinkingly upon today. Worse still, the breaking of the seventh commandment no longer leads to tragic punishment, as of yore; but the thunders that rolled about Mount Sinai at the pro- mother to take out \$2 for herself, what mulgation of that awful warning: "Thou shalt not commit adultry!" are answered and go that was the result of pure reck- now by the thunders of laughter that greet the taking in adultery of false wives curtain had to go up twice. We all looked and the husbands in milliners' many-doored mother was inflicting personal chastiseat one another and then laughingly laid it rooms or restaurants' cabinet particular, ment, exclaimed: "You had better give me

One more delightful production at the

CLARA MORRIS. PRATTLE OF THE YOUNGSTERS. "How pretty and clever you are, mamma," exclaimed little Edith.

"Do you really think so, dear?" rejoined her mother. "Course I do," replied Edith, "and I'm awful glad you married into our family."

Papa-Who is the smartest boy in your class at school, Johnny? Johnny-Well, Willie Jones says he is. Papa-But who do you think is? Johnny-I'd rather not say. You see, I'm not as conceited as Wille Jones is.

"Mamma," said 5-year-old Willie, "I wish

baby when you go out this afternoon." "Why not, Willie?" queried his mother. "Because," he replied, "I'm afraid I'll have to eat all the cakes and jam in the closet just to amuse her. "Oh. mamma, it's in my stomach!"

"Now, Johnny, haven't I told you a thousand times that there is really no such thing as pain? It's only a persuasion-a delusion. Don't give way to it for a single noment. There is nothing whatever the matter with your stomach." "Yes, but this is where that won't work, mamma. I've swallowed my gum!"

"And of course you get your gloves diwho had dropped in to talk over the

fashlons. "Oh, certainly," was the reply. "Why, mamma," broke in the little girl who had been taught always to respect the truth, "the last ones came from Sweden."

"No, my dear; you are mistaken," 1eturned the mother. "But I saw the name on the box just as

plain as could be," persisted the little one. 'It was s-u-e-d-e, and that means Swede, even if it wasn't spelled right."

Blanche is the little 5-year-old daughter lately been meditating on the problems of existence. Recently she got something in her throat which caused her to cough When she got through she eard: "I guess I will cough my head off some day." Then she went on: "If I should cough my head off, papa, would God make me a new one? Her papa answered: "I am afraid not I never heard of such a case." She pursued her thought a step further

and said: "I suppose it would be just as cheap for him to make a whole baby as to make just a head." Her father answered that he thought it would.

wonder what papa always calls mamma honey for?" queried little Murgie. "I don't know," replied her small brother, "unless it's because she wears a comb." "What does the teacher say when you

don't know your lessons?" asked Willie's father. "She says I must be a chip of the old blockhead," replied Willie. And then something happened.

Teacher-Now, Tommy, if your father had a \$5 note and he gave it to your would be left? Tommy (promptly)-Pa!

Little 3-year-old Tommy, upon whom his

him go to Sunday school every Sunday.

makes him go? Johnny-'Cause he goes.

mother said: "Here, Willie, take this powder the doctor left for you." "Powder!" exclaimed the small invalid,

'why, mamma, I'm not a gun." Mamma-You have been a naughty, naughty boy, Johnny, and I shall have to tell your papa about you when he comes

Johnny-No wonder men get tired of their wives, when a woman begins to gossip about home affairs the moment her husband steps into the house.

Said a teacher to a small pupil: "Willie ou would not leave me alone with the if a bad little boy should hurt you would you forgive him?" "Yes'm," replied Willie, "I he could

> Mamie, aged 4, upon her return from a visit to her grandparents in the country, was asked how she enjoyed her visit. "Oh, pretty well," she replied, "but I'd like the country much better if it was here

after he had been at play for a time he after he had been at play for a time he said: "Aunt Clara, mamma said I wasn't to ask you for a plece of cake, but she didn't tell me not to take it if you offered it to me."

The pope has elevated Rev. Dr. Rooker, secretary to the apostolic delegation at Washington, to the position of his private chamberlain. Dr. Rooker is the first to me." rect from Paris," suggested the neighbor didn't tell me not to take it if you offered it to me.

> "Stop that noise, Jimmie, or we will send ling you to bed." "Pa, you don't act like I wuz your real child at all; you act like I wuz jes' some-

gator, "it says every hair of our head is Johnny-Tommy Smith's mother makes numbered and I pulled a dezen out of my head to see, but there wasn't a number on Johnny's Mamma-Why do you say she one of them."

The aunt of a bright 10-year-old youngster had a fad of keeping an autograph A little fellow of 5 was quite sick and his album. Some appreciative friend wrote upon one page the quotation beginning

'What is so rare as a day in June?" The youngster in question was looking over the book for a place to put his name and noticed this. The next page was vacant and he wrote, in told if somewhat scraggy chirography of youth, the answer as he saw it: "A Chinaman with whiskers," and then signed his name.

RELIGIOUS.

The twelfth annual convention of the Young People's Christian union of the Universalist church will be held in Rochester July 10-17.

Rev. John Spurgeon, father of the famous preachers, Charles H. and James A. Spur-geon, is still hale and hearty, although in his 91st year. Bishop Chavasse of Liverpool says that one of the greatest evils of the day is loaf-ing, and that if there were to be a new commandment it should be, "Thou shalt not

The largest Sunday school in the world is at Stockport, England, it has an enrollment of 5,900. It is 116 years old, having been organized four years after Robert Ratkes began his Sunday school work.

in town:"

Small Tommy was spending the afternoon at the home of his aunt in the suburbs and after he had been at play for a time he is suburbated. Pundits Ramabai has now 1,600 high-caste widows and orphans in her famine and relief work. She is working out social reform problems in India by taking these poor famine girl-widows into her home and teaching them.

It is stated that preaching is disappear-ing more and more in the Russtan church. Sermons are given only on rare occasions. The priest who wishes to deliver a sermon must first submit it to the approval of his bishop.

child at all; you act like I wuz jes' some-body eise's ol' orphan."

"Grandma," said little Allen on day upon his return from Sunday school, "I don't believe the bible tells the truth."

"Grandma," said little Allen on day upon the five from Sunday school, "I don't believe the bible tells the truth."

"Grandma," said little Allen on day upon the favor. The only way to get out of the Greek church is to be cast out and there seems to be a sort of conspiracy to 'Why, Allen," exclaimed the old lady in provoke the government to action.



The Choicest Hops and Barley Malt brewed under the immediate supervision of the most skilled masters of the brewers' art by the original and celebrated Blatz method are the unvarying means employed in producing Blatz Beers-Brews that are unequaled in this country today.

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