

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.

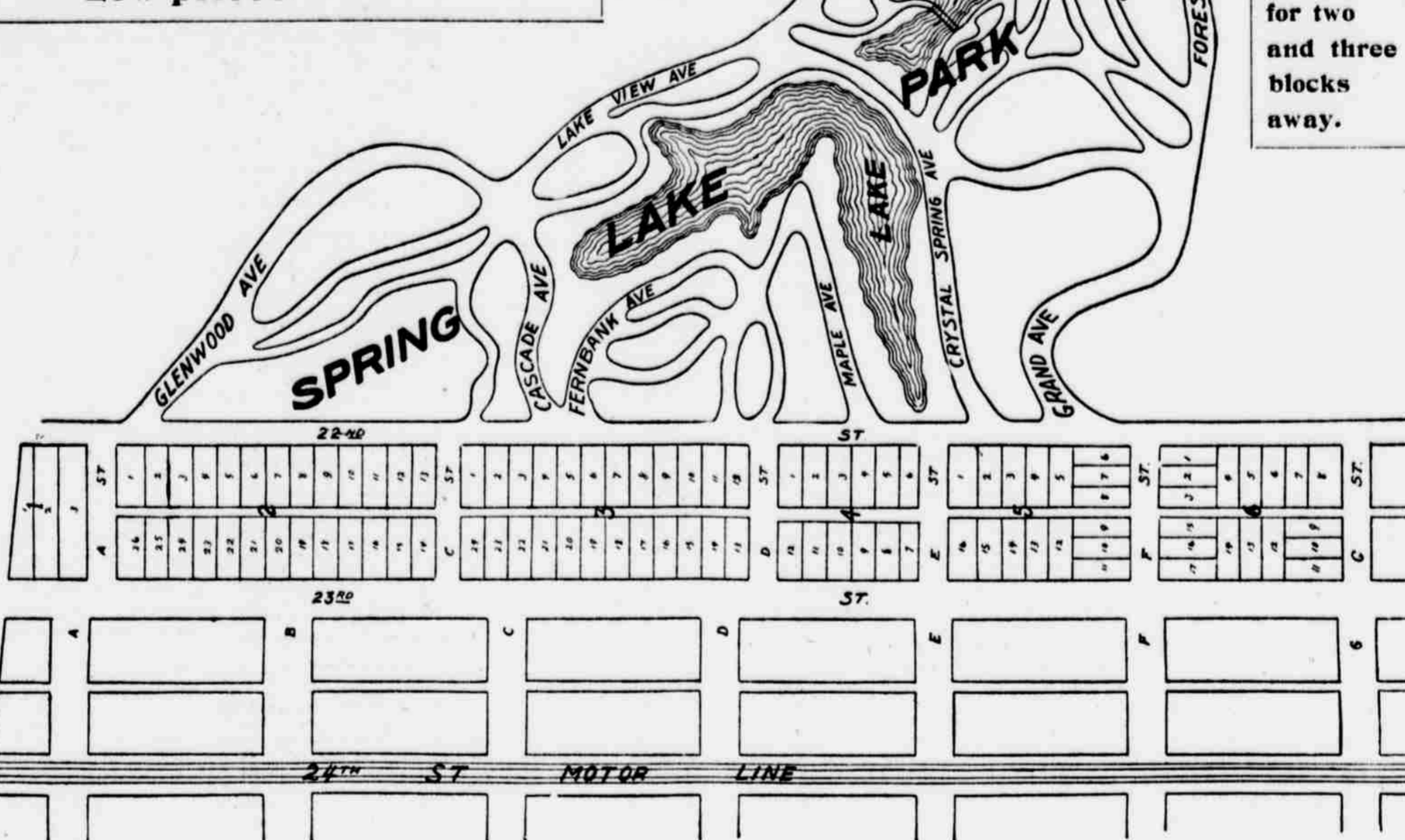
Almost every lot is covered with the very finest shade trees and as the ground was sown with blue grass a few years ago every lot has a beautiful lawn.

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.

High and slightly location.

Splendid neighborhood.
Magnificent view.
Perfect grade.
Low prices.



Prices
\$200 to
\$400 per
lot less
than lots
are selling
for two
and three
blocks
away.

Advantages

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

- FIRST— It is but one block from the Twenty-fourth 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.
- EIGHTH— 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.

LIFE BEHIND THE FOOTLIGHTS

Clara Morris' Recollections of Events in the Theatrical World.

HARD, WEARYING WORK AND POOR PAY

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

(Copyright, 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 startling 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 ever-moving 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 of stardom.

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 of 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, is Jimmy Lewis, who has one try at it, is twinging 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 everyone on end!"

And the rest of the season I should be free to make as much money as I could starting. He told me to go ahead and make engagements at once to produce "Article 47" or "Allice"—I to pay him a heavy nightly royalty for each play, and when my engagements were completed to bring him the list and that he might not produce "Allice" with his company before me in any city that I was to visit. I did as he had requested me. I was bound in every contract to be the first to present "Article 47" or "Allice" in that city. I was to open in Philadelphia, I had been announced as a coming attraction when I received startling telegrams and threats from the local manager that "Mr. Daly's Fifth Avenue company" was announced to appear the week before me in "Allice," in an opposition house. Thus Mr. Daly had most cruelly broken faith with me. I went to him at once. I reproached him. I 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 'Allice' next week I will never play for you again!" "You will have to!" he threatened. "I have broken the verbal part of our contract, but you cannot prove it, nor can you break the written part of the contract."

I repeated: "I shall play for you no more!" And he hotly answered: "Well, don't you try playing for anyone else. I give you fair warning—I'll enjoy you if you do! 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 at times. I shall at all events appeal to it tomorrow morning!"

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 Camille proposition to the best of my power.

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 suitable color. I should only be correct when I got into my night dress and loose wrapper in the last act. Actress fashion, I got my gowns together first and then set down with my string of amber beads to study—I never learn anything so quickly as when I have something to occupy my fingers, and my string of amber beads have assisted me over many and many an hour of mental labor—a pleasant custom, that of talking and studying aloud, I think, and surely more agreeable to one's near neighbors.

The house was packed to the danger point—the play being given at what was then called "The Lyceum," which Charles Fechter had just been having remodelled, 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 quickly 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 first act went with a sort of dash and so that was the result of pure recklessness. The house was delighted. The curtain had to go up twice. We all looked at one another and then laughingly laid it to the crowd. The second act went with such a rush and sweep of hot passion between Armand and Camille that when Dr. De Varville's torn letter was cast to Nanine as Camille's answer and the lovers leaped to each other's arms the house simply roared, and as the curtain went up and down, up and down, Mayo gasped in amazement: "Well, I'm damned!" But I made answer: "No, you're not—but you will be 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 on his last speech something set them on to call for Camille, and they kept at it, too, till at last a mermaid-like creature—not exactly half fish and half woman, but 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 play.

In the fourth act Mr. Mayo played base ball with me. He baited 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.

Alas, that the time should come that this passion for the illicit should so dominate the stage! One more delightful production at the Union Square theater I shared in and then my regular company days were over.

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 so conceited as Willie Jones is.

"Mamma," said 5-year-old Willie, "I wish you would not leave me alone with the 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 moment. There is nothing whatever the matter with your stomach."

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 said: "Aunt Clara, mamma said I wasn't to ask you for a piece of cake, but she didn't tell me not to take it if you offered it to me."

"Stop that noise, Jimmie, or we will send you to bed." "Pa, you don't act like I wuz your real child at all; you act like I wuz jes' somebody else's ol' orphan."

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

a few more licks, mamma; I don't think I can be real good yet."

Johnny—Tommy Smith's mother makes him go to Sunday school every Sunday. Johnny's Mamma—Why do you say she makes him go? Johnny—Cause he goes.

A little fellow of 5 was quite sick and his 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 home tonight. 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, if a bad little boy should hurt you would you forgive him?" "Yes'm," replied Willie, "or he could run faster than me."

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 in town!"

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

astonishment, "what makes you think that?" "Because," replied the young investigator, "it says every hair of our head is numbered and I pulled a dozen out of my head to see, but there wasn't a number on one of them."

The aunt of a bright 10-year-old youngster had a fad of keeping an autograph 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 bold 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 19-21.

Rev. John Spurgeon, father of the famous preachers, Charles H. and James A. Spurgeon, is still hale and hearty, although in his 81st year.

Bishop Chavasse of Liverpool says that one of the greatest evils of the day is loafing, and that if there were to be a new commandment it should be, "Thou shalt not loaf."

The largest Sunday school in the world is at Stockport, England. It has an enrollment of 5,000. It is 116 years old, having been organized four years after Robert Raikes began his Sunday school work.

Pundita Ramabal has now 1,000 high-caste widows and orphans in her family and relief work. She is working out social reform problems in India by taking these poor families girl-widows into her home and teaching them.

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 churchman not an Italian to receive this honor.

It is stated that preaching is disappearing more and more in the Russian 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.

One curious result of the excommunication of the Greek church is the fact that the Greek church is to be cast out and there seems to be a sort of conspiracy to 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 unequalled in this country today.

BLATZ MALT-VIVINE (non-intoxicant) TONIC FOR WEAK NERVES AND WEAK BODIES. Druggists or Direct.

VAL BLATZ BREWING CO., MILWAUKEE
Omaha Branch—1412 Douglas Street Telephone 1081