

Come as You Are, But Plays Have an Air of Playhouses

..THE..

TWENTIETH CENTURY FARMER

An Up-to-Date AGRICULTURAL WEEKLY

Full of Interesting Reading for Every Member of the Family

Partial List of Feature Articles Already Printed This Year

- "Vancouver Country of the Northwest."—Five Articles. Prof. Charles E. Bessey, University of Nebraska.
- "Fruit Raising in the Sunflower State." E. F. Stephens, Horticulturist.
- "Hessian Fly and Growing Wheat." Prof. Lawrence Bruner, Nebraska State Entomologist.
- "Gosling's Demonstration of Beef, Mutton and Pork." E. R. Davenport, Market Editor.
- "Management of Incubators and Brooders." G. C. Watson, U. S. Department of Agriculture.
- "How to Raise Turkeys on the Farm." C. E. Matterson, Kewaunee, Wis.
- "Live Stock Breeding in Great Britain." Prof. W. J. Kennedy, Iowa State College.
- "Tuberculosis in Live Stock." Dr. A. T. Peters, University of Nebraska.
- "Story of Twentieth Century Irrigation." H. A. Crafts, Fort Collins, Colo.
- "How to Get Good Seed and Maintain It." Prof. T. L. Lyon, University of Nebraska.
- "Soils and Methods of Seeding Alfalfa." E. F. Stephens, Horticulturist.
- "Regulation of Railways by Public Authority." William R. Larrabee, Ex-Governor of Iowa.
- "Traveling Libraries in Rural Communities." Edna D. Bullock, Nebraska State Library Commission.
- "Champion Steers in Feed Lot and Cooler." Prof. H. R. Smith, University of Nebraska.
- "Readjusting Wyoming Ranching System." A. S. Mercer, Western Ranchman.
- "The Railroads and the People."—Eight Articles, Edward Rosewater, Editor The Omaha Bee.
- "Fall Sown Alfalfa in the Humid Region." Prof. P. G. Holden, Iowa Agricultural College.
- "Durum Wheat for Semi-Arid Land." M. A. Carlton, Cerealist U. S. Dept. of Agriculture.
- "Practical Drainage of Farm Lands." J. C. Holmes, Drainage Engineer.
- "Forestry Problems Yet to Be Solved." Frank G. Miller, U. S. Department of Agriculture.
- "Grass and Forage Crops as Fertilizers." Prof. T. L. Lyon, University of Nebraska.
- "Beef Production—Methods of Feeders." Prof. H. W. Mumford, Illinois Agricultural Station.
- "Effect of Cold Weather on Fruit Blossoms." Theodore Williams, Horticulturist.
- "Calendar of Work in the Apiary." Adam A. Clarke, Plymouth Creek Apiary.
- "Live Stock in the Middle West." F. D. Coburn, Secretary Kansas State Board.
- The Government Reclamation Chief," Frederick I. Newell, Chief Engineer.
- Career of the Late Robert W. Furnas," Prof. Charles E. Bessey, University of Nebraska.
- Improvement in Hard Winter Wheat," Prof. T. L. Lyon, University of Nebraska.
- Problems Confronting Western Stock Growers," Murdo Mackenzie, Pres. Am. Stock Growers' Ass'n.
- Corn Crop in Pork Production," Hon. James Wilson, Secretary of Agriculture.

WOODWARD & BURGESS, Messrs. Woodward & Burgess serving the week served notice on the Ferris Stock company management that the Boyd theater must be vacated Sunday, August 4, in order that repairs and improvements may be made in time for the opening attraction, which will be May Irwin in "Mrs. Black is Back," on Monday, August 12. This is an early start, and must not be taken to indicate that the regular midseason activity will be sprung with the coming of the fair and bulky May. But her advent will mark the beginning of the season and will be followed at stated intervals by the best of attractions during the season. The interim between the disappearance of the Ferris company and the coming of Miss Irwin will be devoted to a strenuous hustle by the janitor, the painter and the upholsterer. From the front door to the back wall the theater will be rubbed and scrubbed and stained and finished generally, so that it will be clean and sweet and bright for the winter season. This will very likely be the last summer of stock at the Boyd, for next season the Burwood will be open, and will accommodate the stock company, which will be a permanent feature. Down at the Krug a general overhauling is taking place, and the Orpheum is being gone over thoroughly, so that Omaha people will find the theaters clean and attractive when the season begins again. Final contracts for the fitting up of the Burwood have been made, and it now only awaits the fullness of time until the Omaha public will be invited to attend the opening of the costliest and most modern of local theaters.

One thing may be definitely accepted as determined upon; we are not to be startled by the original production of any novel or particularly meritorious play during the coming season. The pieces that have been staged in the past will be relied upon in the main by the managers for the immediate future, at least, the list of new things, most of which was published last week, promising no departure from the rule of thumb adopted by the successful play makers of recent years. And this has to do mainly with frivolity, and the froth of the artistic and unhealthy life of the thoughtless in New York and London. One consolation though ever presses itself home—the type of play that has been most exploited of recent years does not represent the real life of the people either at home or abroad. It may be that this would be the best matter-of-fact and commonplace to be given illumination on the stage; and yet one would like to see the experiment tried. Some very homely things have been tried and were pronounced very good, indeed. Zangwill's "Morally Mary Ann" was a chapter from real life and was an enormous success before it was rendered ridiculous by having a "happy ending" tacked on like a tail to kite to appease the managerial plea that must be for American consumption. Every artistic mind revolted at this outrage on the virtues. Will the managers ever cease to devote to children and give us a play that ends on the stage just as things do in life? It was tried in New York last winter, and had a most pronounced vogue. Maude Adams playing "Op of My Thumb" in such a way as to win the plaudits of critics and public alike. But the dramatic little exposition of the hopeless life of a work girl was the only spot in the wilderness of make-believe that surrounded the people who went to the theaters.

It isn't really necessary that the dramatist should confine himself to the prosy and humdrum things of life, nor that he devote his efforts to exploiting the commonplace. That will win him neither fame nor cash, unless he has the genius of a Shakespeare, and it is necessary to indulge in the never-ending debate of the relations between the man and the woman. The sex question, which is not the most important that confronts humanity, has in a large degree given an answer to itself, since all the different theories applied to the search for the golden rule have failed to discover any but the one conclusion. Plays that deal with other manifestations of the inter-relationships of the human family may easily be made as interesting as the sex question, and have now apparently ended their career. Such attempts as have been made in the past to take up purely sociological or economic questions or literary discussion have been to a great extent failures because they have been treated from a purely sentimental viewpoint and have not been treated either practically or logically. Ibsen and Tolstol have awakened much interest in some of these questions, but the utterly impractical views of the one and the unsatisfactory action of the other fail to satisfy. It is not at all probable that any definite answer will be reached by another dramatist, for the few facts the scientists have evolved stand on too sure a base. But the field would seem to invite the readers just now to play dealing with a reasonable way, emphasizing some of the suggestions recently made by the president and others who view these things from the higher plane of thought, might easily win for its writer more than mere money.

The national play is still to be written. Sectional plays are many, and effective, but the great American drama has not yet come forth. The complexity and variability of American national life appears to be an insurmountable obstacle in the way; rather, the author whose grasp is sufficiently comprehensive and whose knowledge of his own country is sufficiently broad and detailed to properly deal with the subject has not yet appeared. Along this line the following from Mr. Burton T. Beach in the New York Commercial is of interest:

At this date it seems probable that the coming theatrical season will present features of sensational originality. There will be fine display, but nothing novel or nothing novel that will be great. Neither London, Paris nor Berlin is expected to initiate new dramatic depictions. If any indications of the conclusions of people must likely to know what is going on among the authors, it means that, if the American stage is to strike into the territory in the future, the path must be blazed by the American dramatist. So far as foreign plays are concerned, the future will be a replica of the immediate past.

Unfortunately the likelihood of dramatic revolution—or of such evolution as amounts to revolution—is not strong among our own writers. There is a "great American play," which Daniel Frohman writes with splendid indifference to repeated disappointments, believes to be in the air.

"How would," asks Mark Kliew, just returned from Europe with a budget of attractions to be added to the list recently announced by Messrs. Kliew & Sanger, "how would it do if we stopped thinking about the wonderful production and went about trying to get as much enjoyment as possible out of what we have?"

At all events we may count upon something better than last season's percentage of work from abroad, if no other ground of encouragement can be found, why not make the most of this? So far as I have been able to ascertain by indirect inquiries among Metropolitan play brokers the American total of manuscripts submitted this summer is considerably above the figures reached at the end of June last year.

In an article on "The Play Brokers of New York," published in the current issue of Theatrical Digest, an illustrated magazine of merit, the statement is made that Miss Alice Kaiser, "now has 10,000 plays stowed away in her office. From other sources it is ascertained that she has computed the American average for 1905 as a sharp improvement upon former averages.

There is, of course, another aspect of the matter. Miss Kaiser's library of 100,000

plays is the growth of ten years. If one play in ten is American, then there has been an annual average of 100 American plays since 1895. If the annual average of American plays that have seen the light of the stage in New York since 1885 is 100, and we know it is not so good as that—as many as 5,000 American plays are lying unutilized in the pigeon holes of some office.

How many others lie dormant in the offices of Miss Mary, Mrs. C. De Millie, Samuel French & Son, Sanger & Jones, and Gregory? May we assume that there are 3,000? If so, no fewer than 10,000 plays by American authors are lying unutilized in the pigeon holes of some office.

May not this congestion of unrecognition be due in part to the fact that New York City is looked upon by most authors as the "producing center," as the best beyond doubt, not only for those writers spoiling their chances by co-operating to keep it the only market?

There is, for instance, a Pacific coast school of fiction, and there is, it appears, a Pacific coast school of playwriting. Yet New York play brokers find that a large fraction of the native American output reaches them from the Pacific coast to be marketed here. What usually happens? A play that might have secured a hearing in Portland, San Francisco and Los Angeles, where there is a play-producing center along the coast, is not heard of in New York.

It may be a work of decided merit. But, if its viewpoint is other than that from which the New York market is wont to be viewed, it is never heard of. His metropolitan audience is first in its affections and interests.

Some localities hold true as a resume of Chicago, Boston and New Orleans. They have their own standards, their people see things from a different angle, and they have their own dramatic writers who send very good pieces of their output here for sale, as if it were so much beef, cotton or other expression of materialism.

To the office of a prominent New York manager I was introduced last week by Boston. The author, introducing the manuscript, said that it was a play about the interaction of native forces in this country is the ideal basis for a really great American drama. Let the writer play one of against another. I have sought to do so in this effort. I have pitted the Puritan of the North against the Catholic of the South, a Boston girl against a Chicago man of 50. I have never met a Chicagoan who was not more than half an American, and I have not this sentiment into the mouth of one of my characters, ought to say that I have never been in Chicago.

To the office of another manager came a play from California. This was in this case written in Italianish verbiage. I have never visited New York, but one shall come to you from your newspaper, the spirit of your people; and, as that spirit is one of misunderstanding of the world, I have never met a California man who was not more than half an American, and I have not this sentiment into the mouth of one of my characters, ought to say that I have never been in California.

Personal manuscripts revealed many admirable traits. There were strong passages, some heated scenes, and some that would be given illumination and commonplace to be given illumination on the stage; and yet one would like to see the experiment tried. Some very homely things have been tried and were pronounced very good, indeed. Zangwill's "Morally Mary Ann" was a chapter from real life and was an enormous success before it was rendered ridiculous by having a "happy ending" tacked on like a tail to kite to appease the managerial plea that must be for American consumption. Every artistic mind revolted at this outrage on the virtues. Will the managers ever cease to devote to children and give us a play that ends on the stage just as things do in life? It was tried in New York last winter, and had a most pronounced vogue. Maude Adams playing "Op of My Thumb" in such a way as to win the plaudits of critics and public alike. But the dramatic little exposition of the hopeless life of a work girl was the only spot in the wilderness of make-believe that surrounded the people who went to the theaters.

As to these characteristics the American author—judged by the manuscript he now places in the hands of play brokers—strains to please to the unworthy elements of human nature.

William E. Burton was once playing an engagement in the town of Napoleon, on the Mississippi river. The inhabitants had evidently never heard of the famous comedian and business was very light. On the last evening of the engagement Burton was to have a benefit, and as there was no advance sale, the general actor made up his mind that heroic measures must be taken, so he took a large bunch of tickets and left them with the bartender of the hotel at which he was staying, with a polite request that he would use his best endeavors to get rid of them.

After the play was over, Burton invited several friends up to the bar, and the drink mixer gleefully informed him that he had managed to get rid of every ticket. The comedian was delighted, but as the bartender said nothing about the 5 cents he was presumed to have collected for each ticket, Burton grew anxious. Finally he called the bartender to one side and mentioned the matter in a whisper. The bartender looked surprised and pained, and when he recovered from his astonishment, "I have just looked here," said Billy Burton, "none of your infernal northern tricks here; it won't do, no way! You told me to get rid of them tickets, and as I had promised you, I had to go through with the job, and, by thunder, I was obliged to stand drink to every man to take one!"

No better evidence of the propensity of George Ade's "College Widow" can be cited than an incident in which the author himself figured during the long run of the comedy at the Garden theater, New York. Mr. Ade had invited a party of friends from his Indiana home to witness his play, but neglected to engage seats in advance. On the night he arrived at the theater he was compelled to apply to an enterprising speculator on the sidewalk, as the house was sold out.

"What have you got?" questioned the playwright in good old Indiana idiom.

"I have got many," demanded he of the paste-board.

"Four," replied the author, digging in his pockets for change.

"Here you are. Four in the third row. Fine."

"How much?" asked Mr. Ade.

"That's right, \$30, \$5 each," replied the ticket man, holding up the coupons and snatching one of those beautiful satin backed bills from the hand of the astonished playwright. Mr. Ade stood for a moment with a look on his face as of a man who had misplaced his railroad ticket or lost his New Panama. In a barber shop, "I have just looked here," said Billy Burton, "none of your infernal northern tricks here; it won't do, no way! You told me to get rid of them tickets, and as I had promised you, I had to go through with the job, and, by thunder, I was obliged to stand drink to every man to take one!"

Later Mr. Ade hunted up the manager of the Garden theater and related his troubles. "See here, if you bought those tickets on the sidewalk you'll have to get out of here," he said, "you're not getting any credit with me." "No," replied Ade mildly. "I didn't want to say that I bought the tickets. I merely wanted to report that I had been held up and sandbagged for them."

Music and Musical Notes

LOOKING over a list in the Courier of "where they are" (referring to famous artists) I came across Mme. Emma Eames' name, with the information that she was resting at her villa in Italy. All of which brought to mind an interesting account which I had from my friends. Mrs. Eames, who has been in the United States for some time, is a most talented and delightful person. Last year Mr. Hale played with Crane in "Business is Business." Omaha people will remember his fine work with Crane and Anna Hales in their Shakespearean revival here a year ago. Mrs. Hale (Louise Cluser) made her great "hit" as "Prossy," the typewriter, with Arnold Daly in "Candida." Not content with making a success in the theatrical field, these people turn their attention to the summer writing and sketching, mainly for Harpers. Last year they were ambling around Italy, doing up "Marion Crawford's Home" and "Gabriele d'Annunzio and his work." Incidentally Mrs. Hale nearly ripped her golf skirt off trying to climb over the wall that surrounds Duke's villa. This in the end proved quite unnecessary, as D'Annunzio had the keys to her gate, and cheerfully took the Hales through.

I would like to tell about D'Annunzio's abode in an old medieval chapel, rehabilitated, just outside of Florence; his exotic personality that showed itself at every turn, his passion for green (the degenerate color) and the wonderful smiling drink which he never refused to give to a woman of a luxury that was barbaric. But this is a musical column, and I must return to Madame Eames and her famous husband, whom the Hales in their wanderings met, and from whom they received the much appreciated invitation to visit them in their Italian home in the Apennines, not far distant from Vallombrosa, stands the picturesque villa of the Storis. It is Madame Eames' resting place after her labors of the winter. A request to share with her the informal country life is a great honor. On this occasion fortune seemed to smile, Victor Harris was of the group also, which deep in the consciousness of the party, supplied the fact that nothing was lacking if Madame should in a moment of exuberance decide to sing. Of course no guest would dream of restricting all the rules of prima donna hospitality by asking her. After three or four days of rambling over the hills, driving and quietly enjoying the heavenly beauties of Nature, there came a moonlight night. It was the spell over the whole party. Madame Eames gave the magic signal to Mr. Harris and an hour of song followed in the quiet, lovely old music room, with the pale moon shedding its magic radiance which is never equalled in the concert room. No sordid "arrangement" marred the spirit of the night. Inspiration held high carnival and romance threw her cloak of stars over the listeners.

The Hales felt as if their sojourn in the Italian hills had been rich with many happenings. Mr. Hale took some fascinating pictures of Madame Eames in her short skirt and walking hat. They looked about me, for I always picture her as the saintly Elizabeth, or at any rate in some stately character, "trailing clouds of glory." To behold her in the garments of the summer wayfarer was almost a shock.

We in Omaha are to hear Madame Eames in concert next winter. To me she is always lovely, her voice is beautiful, but I never could seem to discover a great soul. I was in Paris the night that she made her debut in "Romeo and Juliet" at the Grand Opera. All the world knows of her pluck in choosing this particular place. It is not one where young, artistic singers appear, but Ebbel Sanderson, the crowd-pleaser, sweet-voiced Californian, had by her influence secured the Opera Comique for her own first appearance. Emma Eames determined not to put off her debut, did a most bold and unprecedented thing. She engaged the Grand Opera house and set all

quiltly persons rose to their feet as he entered the room, evidently expecting an explosion of anger. Instead, the player only lifted his hands skyward in a gesture of intense surprise.

"My God!" he exclaimed, "and he didn't have it!"

William E. Burton was once playing an engagement in the town of Napoleon, on the Mississippi river. The inhabitants had evidently never heard of the famous comedian and business was very light. On the last evening of the engagement Burton was to have a benefit, and as there was no advance sale, the general actor made up his mind that heroic measures must be taken, so he took a large bunch of tickets and left them with the bartender of the hotel at which he was staying, with a polite request that he would use his best endeavors to get rid of them.

After the play was over, Burton invited several friends up to the bar, and the drink mixer gleefully informed him that he had managed to get rid of every ticket. The comedian was delighted, but as the bartender said nothing about the 5 cents he was presumed to have collected for each ticket, Burton grew anxious. Finally he called the bartender to one side and mentioned the matter in a whisper. The bartender looked surprised and pained, and when he recovered from his astonishment, "I have just looked here," said Billy Burton, "none of your infernal northern tricks here; it won't do, no way! You told me to get rid of them tickets, and as I had promised you, I had to go through with the job, and, by thunder, I was obliged to stand drink to every man to take one!"

Some Actor Stories.

Digby Bell is an actor of experience, most of them hard. He has tried for a hearing in character roles for years, and next season he is to make another effort to prove to the community that "The Education of Mr. Pipp." Last week Bell was telling of a few mean managers he had happened to meet during his travels.

"The nearest little thing in the line of thoughtful, considerate managers that I've happened to see," he said, "was a manager in New York a good many years ago to my poor devil who were celebrating the holiday by giving an extra matinee in a big little one-night stand on the road. The greeting came by the name of 'The Education of Mr. Pipp.' The ten words were these: 'A Merry Christmas to all. Remember half salary last week.'"

De Wolf Hopper's latest story is told at the expense of a fellow player, who had married with what the comedian calls "a keen eye on the main chance." This being true, it is not unnatural that the actor should have been regarded as a fool on the subject of his wife, who was older than he and far from handsome. Another member of the company in which the two were appearing, however, was more appreciative, and one afternoon the husband surprised the audience with an act of kissing the spouse. Both of the

musical Paris talking of her hardhood. The crowds went to judge and jeer; they remained to mollify this young American. Was she not wrapt in the mysteries of glorious beauty, and a beautiful woman is an idol with the French—then, too, her voice satisfied. What more could they ask?

Madame Eames' success has grown with years. Her artist husband, the actor, who naturally adores her beauty, designs the most lovely costumes for her to wear. She does not appear in the old-time-worn, routine clothes. Her latest departure in dress was for her debut in "Aida." Even Nordica has never had so much beauty in her part. Eames was a picture—barbaric, picturesque, and not in the least degree repulsive. It is her fascination as a complete and satisfying picture with a fine voice which makes her great. It will be most interesting to have a chance to observe Madame Eames in concert.

The million-dollar endowment fund for the maintenance of the American academy in Rome has been completed.

The presence of Mr. Nat Brigham in town last week must have called up delightful memories of "Annie Laurie" and Stralless's "Dreams" among the people who used to hear him sing. I don't believe there has ever been a singer in Omaha who could, to the thorough satisfaction of his or her audience, sing the same songs so many dozens of times. Why does not some enterprising person engage Mr. Brigham to sing in the "Folk-Lore" lecture so that we may listen to him again?

A great storm has been raised over Sir David's work and the degree which Yale conferred upon him, being the present-day in giving it spoke of him as "the foremost living composer." When, cry the outraged ones, did Saint-Saens, Grieg, Goldmark and Strauss die? The profession seems to be on the edge of a great convulsion. With McDowell, Liszt, Schumann, John K. Paine leaving Harvard, and an Englishman receiving extraordinary honors at Yale, it does seem as if our native musicians—and composers were not receding their time. It would be interesting to know just how much Frederick Hadley knows about music. Not over so much, apparently, from such a sweeping assertion, or else his feeling of hospitality outweighed his discretion.

Mr. Phillip Hale the famous Boston critic, has made a collection of songs in two volumes, representing the modern French composers. The following comment from the New York Tribune is of interest. Some of these composers we are familiar with. How many are strangers to us even in name. Should it be so?

Mr. Hale's collection evinces a fine as well as a broad knowledge of the song literature of France. It is a most delightful work, which is the most delightful of its kind. There are sketches of the composers and their works, and these are of small interest compared with the historical study of French song which is the backbone of the volume. The preparation of the work was a most interesting and sympathetic task to undertake. The editor, Herman Hensberg, Claudius Blanc, Jules Bourgeois, Pierre de Bessieres, Charles H. Ferrar, H. de Fontenay, Louis Goddard, Charles Gounod, Benjamin Hahn, Auguste Holmes, Georges Hue, Vincent Lindy, Edouard Lalo, Gustav Laroux, Xavier Laroche, Jules Massenet, Emmanuel Falck, Emile Passard, Gabriel Pierné, Guy Coquelin, Maurice Strakosky, Camille Saint-Saens, Ambrose Thomas, Francis Thome, Charles M. Wilder, MARY LEARNED.

Notes and Personal.

Mr. Kelly will not go to his season, but will continue his work at his residence studio.

Mr. Borglum expects to teach all during the summer. He has about twenty pupils who keep their enthusiasm through the warm months.

Leonard Liebman says that nearly all the automobiles in Berlin are provided with horns that sound a shrill, shrill, shrill of the discordant single square. That scares pedestrians half out of their wits.

GoSSIP FROM STAGELAND.

William H. Crane is abroad.

John Drew is now at his country place and not wrapt in the mysteries of glorious beauty, and a beautiful woman is an idol with the French—then, too, her voice satisfied. What more could they ask?

Madame Eames' success has grown with years. Her artist husband, the actor, who naturally adores her beauty, designs the most lovely costumes for her to wear. She does not appear in the old-time-worn, routine clothes. Her latest departure in dress was for her debut in "Aida." Even Nordica has never had so much beauty in her part. Eames was a picture—barbaric, picturesque, and not in the least degree repulsive. It is her fascination as a complete and satisfying picture with a fine voice which makes her great. It will be most interesting to have a chance to observe Madame Eames in concert.

Charles Frohman has signed a contract with Fred Robertson, the brilliant English playwright, securing his work for three years. The terms of the contract are that if he writes three plays only, as the author will write but one play a year.

Mr. William Dowling closed his summer work with the Ferris Stock company at the Botic line in London. He will be on his home on Lake Michigan, there to rest with his wife for the next few weeks. He has already signed for the next season and will be on the road all season.

Grace Griswold, a character actress of ability, was engaged last week by Henry W. Savage for an important role in "Easy Dawson," which will introduce Raymond Hitchcock as a comedy actor at Daly's. Miss Griswold will have the role of Mrs. Churchill-Brenton in that play.

Edna May has just returned from London, where she has been preparing for her debut in "The Catch of the Season" at Daly's in September. While abroad she secured her earnings in Paris and spent a month in Switzerland. Miss May will rest on Lake Ontario until rehearsals begin.

George Martin, general stage director for the Henry W. Savage attraction, is having

NOVELTY FAMILY THEATRE
1408 Douglas Street.
The Home of Refined Vaudeville.
Admission 10 Cents.
Clayton, Dan, and Fred, Rue Blanchard, Finn & Finn, Illustrated Songs, Hedderford & Krause, Moving Pictures.
4 PERFORMANCES DAILY—4
At 2:30, 7:30, 8:30, 9:30.

TABLE D'HOTE DINNER
SUNDAY—at
The CALUMET

BEAUTIFUL LAKE MANAWA
...LAKE...
TODAY ADMISSION TO PARK HIGH CLASS SHOWS FREE
BATHING THE 1905 PAD OF THE PRETTY SUMMER GIRL. BOATING, FISHING, PENNY VAUDEVILLE AND A SCORE OF OTHER PASTIMES.

FREE SHOWS:
Devoe Bros. Marvelous Equilibrist.
Covalt's Band Afternoon and Evening.
Daredevil Fackler High Dive and Fire Dive.
If You Want to Be Cool and Happy Go to Beautiful Lake Manawa
Ada Ream Illustrated Balladist.
Kinetoscope Showing Latest Motion Pictures.
Prof. Andrew Ballon Ascension.

AMUSEMENTS.

OMAHA'S POLITE RESORT THE BEST EVER

AN UNPRECEDENTED PROGRAM SPECIAL TODAY

MISS MADELINE WALDEMAR WILL BE SHOT FROM A CANNON Every Afternoon and Evening This Week

MISS PRIMA DONNA SOPRANO MAY MEL-BAINE WITH THE ROYAL CANADIAN BAND

MR. HARRY SELLS DEATH DEFYING SLIDE FOR LIFE

ROYAL LEAGUE TROLLEY PARTY JULY 16.
Cars leave 16th and Farnam at 7:15 p.m.

BASE BALL VINTON ST. PARK
Omaha vs. Des Moines
July 15-16-17-18-19
MONDAY, JULY 17, LADIES' DAY
Game Called 3:45.

10TH BIG WEEK
BOYD'S FERRIS STOCK CO.
THIS AFTERNOON—FORGIVEN—THURSDAY—
The Village Peacemaker PRICES—10c, 15c and 25c. MATINEES—Any Seat 20c.

NOVELTY FAMILY THEATRE
1408 Douglas Street.
The Home of Refined Vaudeville.
Admission 10 Cents.
Clayton, Dan, and Fred, Rue Blanchard, Finn & Finn, Illustrated Songs, Hedderford & Krause, Moving Pictures.
4 PERFORMANCES DAILY—4
At 2:30, 7:30, 8:30, 9:30.

TABLE D'HOTE DINNER
SUNDAY—at
The CALUMET

BEAUTIFUL LAKE MANAWA
...LAKE...
TODAY ADMISSION TO PARK HIGH CLASS SHOWS FREE
BATHING THE 1905 PAD OF THE PRETTY SUMMER GIRL. BOATING, FISHING, PENNY VAUDEVILLE AND A SCORE OF OTHER PASTIMES.

FREE SHOWS:
Devoe Bros. Marvelous Equilibrist.
Covalt's Band Afternoon and Evening.
Daredevil Fackler High Dive and Fire Dive.
If You Want to Be Cool and Happy Go to Beautiful Lake Manawa
Ada Ream Illustrated Balladist.
Kinetoscope Showing Latest Motion Pictures.
Prof. Andrew Ballon Ascension.

ONLY A DOLLAR A YEAR SEND SUBSCRIPTIONS TO

The Twentieth Century Farmer OMAHA.