About Plays and Players

ALMOST every other imaginable theme has given its inspiration to the pen of the dramatist, but it remained for an Omaha man to dramatize a department store. Robert Manley, who is at the head of the literary bureau of J. L. Brandeis & Sons' great establishment, has won for himself recognition in this line that warrants placing him among the immortals. As a rule Mr. Manley attunes his lyre to sing the praises of the various bargains that are offered from day to day in the immense mercantile establishment of which he is the recognized mouthpiece and spokesman. He designs the various announcements that are set up in light faced type by the daily press, and which set forth that something has been marked down from $8 to $7.89, or that something else is the most attractive of its sort ever offered, and can only be obtained at that store. In this line Mr. Manley has made a name for himself and has the satisfaction of knowing that his copy is never refused in a publishing office. On the contrary, his contributions are eagerly sought after, and he is always assured of as much space as he desires to fill, even if it extra pages have to be printed to accommodate it. But he tired of the delicate and diplomatic task of setting forth in print the literature of alluring bargains, and with a foresight that is almost prescience, he determined to turn to account some of the things he had noted during his daily walk through the bargain-crowded aisles. With this end in view, and Phil Aaren's perennial happy phiz to incite him, Mr. Manley set about reducing the life behind the counters at the Boston store to dramatic form. How well he succeeded only those who were at the Metropolitans club's theater on Tuesday night can possibly know. It is a real triumph, and Mr. Manley may well be proud of his achievement. He furnished the employes of the firm with a delightful entertainment, and demonstrated that life in a big store is not the sordid grind some of the dissatisfied people would have us believe.

The local theater builders broke out again during the week and erected another modern temple of Thespis on one of the many vacant downtown corners. It is no violation of confidence to admit that this story had as much foundation in fact as any of the others that have emanated from the same source. The corner mentioned as the probable site is vacant and is really owned by the parties mentioned as the owners. But beyond these two fundamental facts the story is a tissue of such stuff as dreams are made of. With the Boyd theater standing idle an average of four nights a week because there are no first-class attractions to fill it, and all the theaters in the west struggling for something to fill their time, it is hardly likely that the Shuberts, the Belascos, the Seligmans or anyone else will build another theater in Omaha.

One of the eastern papers in commenting on the condition of the stage in the west cites the collapse of several companies recently, and among them the "Florodora" outfit that appeared at the Boyd and went to pieces after playing at Fremont. From this the paper argues that there is no prosperity for the stage folks out west. The reverse is the truth. If the reviewer who wrote the item had seen the company that went to pieces he would have wondered that it ever got under headway at all. It simply had no right to be out playing so well known and generally popular a play as "Florodora," and especially through a territory where it had been made known by the original company and by the best that followed. This company, like a number of others that have been seen in Omaha during the present season, was apparently organized as a speculation, the idea being to get a share of the money with which the west is overflowing. That the venture failed is a tribute to the good sense of western people. Eastern managers and promoters might as well make up their minds now as later on that the people of the west are not so anxious for theatrical entertainment that they will pay first-class prices to see fourth rate performances. Every standard attraction that is coming out with an established company is doing business, and all the business that can be done, but the cheap "snap" shows are not getting rich. Conditions here are no worse than in the east, for the list of "closings" is just as great in the one section of the country as in the other.

Part of the difficulty is due to the fact that the managers have not enough attractions to fill the time at the theaters. For this condition several factors are responsible, and many excuses are offered. Charles Klein, the author, thus explains in the New York Times what he considers the main reason for the situation:

The deliberate manufacture of plays for stars is surely and rapidly retarding the development of American playwrights. It is perhaps the one great reason why playwriting in America is not as progressive as in Europe. Now young playwrights as they plan their work are inevitably in the habit of writing with one eye on their plays and the other on certain stars they hope to flatter into producing them.

The author who sits down to write a play with a fixed notion that some particular actor or actress is to carry the main interest, is at once confronted with certain constraining problems. The fact that it often happens that the constraint of the author and the personality of the actor managed to carry the thing to a most delightfully successful result does not in the least alter the essential injustice of this state of things.

Six years ago, after I had begun to write "The Honorable John Grigsby," I found that Mr. Sol Smith Russell would unquestionably be the actor chosen to produce it. I had intended to base the principal character of the piece on the personality of Abraham Lincoln, as I had drawn it from Herndon's "life." The logic of the play called for certain situations wherein the towering strength and force of the Lincoln type would freely dominate. In planning the situations, however, I was instantly confronted with Mr. Russell's limitations in precisely the needed directions. And, accordingly, I had to deliberately change my situations to fit the milder, more persuasive temperament of my actor.

To whatever degree the actor's actual temperament fails to correspond to the ideal temperament of the character he is to play just so much will he fall short of the part. No amount of cleverness can make up for lack of sincerity.

Again, take "The Music Master." In writing this play for Mr. Warfield I found myself confronted with limitations in the direction of romanticism, heroics, and, in fact, any aggressive type of action. Mr. Warfield's methods are so absolutely natural that he simply cannot speak artificial dialogue. This fact obliged me to keep almost entirely to colloquial forms of speech and quiet, homely situations.

Of course in such a case the very restrictions may tend to the distinct advantage of the playwright, for the subdued atmosphere, together with the personality of the actor, makes the play appear more natural than it really is. But this kind of playwriting has nevertheless the obvious disadvantage of keeping the author almost entirely to one particular genre.

Another severe demand upon the playwright writing for his star is the constant necessity of keeping the one figure constantly in the center of the stage, whether the story logically calls for his presence there or not. The result of having to impose one character upon every scene and situation is inevitable. If the author must be continually contriving to drag his hero or heroine upstairs and down, in order to figure in every stage picture with all privileges of the limelight and the first and last word, one can easily see that the dramatic perspective, logic, symmetry and literary value as a whole are pretty likely to be destroyed.

A case somewhat in point was a play called "Heartsease," written by J. I. C. Clarke and myself, in which Henry Miller had the leading part. The play itself proved successful enough, and Mr. Miller was thoroughly effective. But what I am saying is that in the long run such constraints are bound to prove disastrous to the best workings of any author's intellect.

"The Lion and the Mouse" is the first play I have written where I have not had to change a scene or a line to conform to the temperament of the actor. The consequence is the idea of the play stands out more prominently than the personality of the leading actor. This fact I feel to a certain extent accounts for its success.

There seems to be a managerial axiom that a play cannot succeed in drawing the public unless it has a headline in the shape of a prominent name. Consequently plays are ordered to be made for and fitted to certain well known actors and actresses pretty much like frocks and dress coats. The author is supposed to guarantee the fit. As a result the American playwright, compelled to follow where he should lead, finds himself helplessly conforming to an utterly false canon of dramatic composition. His object becomes to write a good-fitting play rather than a good play in itself, and of course the better it suits the star the more likely it is to be produced.

This notion of the play as a kind of evening gown to be cut, basted and fussed with until it hangs smooth on the figure it was meant for leads to a still worse consequence. It encourages the actor deliberately to dictate scenes and situations in which he knows he can excel and characterizations which he knows to be becoming. This habit once acquired the actor begins to think it impossible for him to appear in any but his most approved kinds of work, and season after season one can predict from his name almost exactly the style of play in which he will appear. This is one reason why the public so quickly tires of certain stars. They and their plays become after a time intolerably, monotonously predictable.

When one deliberately writes a light opera book or a play of non-serious nature for some particularly clever singer or actor, the author expects, as a matter of course, to conform to the actor's personal peculiarities. In writing "El Capitan" and "The Charlatan" for De Wolf Hopper, for example, I had constantly to keep in mind Mr. Hopper's sanguinely apoplectic temperament. If a line did not seem the kind of thing that belonged to such a temperament, never mind how apropos it might be to the play, I had to cut it out. So quick is an audience to discern the temperamental unfitness of dialogue that no matter how funny a line may be in itself, it will win no laugh. Thus the very play itself must take on the line and hue of the central figure. And when we are compelled to keep that central figure in the middle of the stage for three hours, one can plainly see how often the inner necessities must be sacrificed.

I remember in "The Royal Rogue," which I wrote for Jeff D'Angelis, I had finally to cut out a most important scene simply because Mr. D'Angelis refused to speak lines which merely developed the plot without raising a laugh.

"But, my dear fellow," I remonstrated, "that scene is absolutely necessary to the plot. The audience won't understand the story without it."

"Well there's a good laugh in the next scene, and they'll understand that," was the comedian's argument.

And so the play had to go on minus part of its plot.

In these days when soubrettes, leading ladies and matinee heroes bound suddenly into a stardom that gives them almost unlimited right to dictate to playwrights, you can easily see how their personal capacity or incapacity is going to affect the drama generally. When one has a Bernhardt or a Duse to write for all may be for the best. But oftener the playwright has to limit the scale of his effort to the magnitude of his available stars. Too often that magnitude is of the seventh or eighth degree.

The problem of getting out of this habit of dramatic dressmaking is a big one. Personally I don't feel that national art theaters and that kind of thing are going to the real root of the matter.

Just at present there are certain big waves of psychological interest and enthusiasm sweeping over us which I believe will prove highly significant for all forms of philosophy and art. I fully believe that when the governments of the world recognize the evils arising from auto-suggestions created in an audience by false mental images derived from the stage, and when they realize the enormous influence of mental images, good or bad on character, they will seek intelligently to regulate the theater. Playwrights will be urged and encouraged to set forth the very best of their ideals without any consideration of the personalities that may chance to portray them.

And again I believe this elevation of standard will come not so much from the establishment of art theaters and the like but rather through the developing knowledge and experience of physicians, metaphysicians and psychologists.

Coming Events.

Charles H. Yale's "Everlasting Devil's Auction," which is now announced as presenting the twenty-fourth edition of this really wonderful show piece, is announced as the attraction at the Boyd theater this afternoon and evening, the matinee at bargain prices. Manager Yale states that most elaborate changes have been made in the latest edition, in the way of new and very capable artists, magnificent scenic accessories, superb costuming, attractive ballets, newly imported European features, special and exclusive vaudeville novelties and the most elaborate transformation scene called "Amor" ever presented in this country.

"The Man From Mexico" is the bill for the current week at the Burwood theater, starting with the matinee this afternoon. In selecting the three-act farcial comedy by H. C. de Souchet Director Brown of the Woodward Stock company is actuated by a desire to keep in touch with the gay holiday spirit, and promises that a smooth performance will be given to delight the patrons. Mr. Morrison will be Benjamin Fitzhew, around whose misfortunes and misdoings the story of the play revolves, and his rehearsals for the part indicate that he will make another of his hits. His great scene in the second act, when he is in prison, is most successfully done. Miss Lang will be Mrs. Fitzhew; Mr. Owen, Mr. Fulton; Mr. Simpson, Mr. Schofield; Mr. Todd and Mr. Davies assist in making the comedy a go, and Miss Davis, Miss Hill and Miss Ward each have good parts. "The Man From Mexico" will be presented each evening during the week, and at matinees on Sunday, Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday.

There is the gay spirit of Hallowe'en in "Under Southern Skies" which comes to the Krug theater for four nights and two matinees starting with a matinee today with an excellent company and a beautiful scenic production of the pretty idyll, now as famous as "Way Down East." "Under Southern Skies" is by Lottie Blair Parker, of "Way Down East" fame. It is as essentially a geographical play as "Way Down East," and succeeds in staging local color and southern life in really charming and unhackneyed style. The story is laid in southern Louisiana during 1875, and the scenery is true to the last detail of picturesque plantation life. The Hallowe'en party, with its magic and mystery of witches, candles and mirrors, made to frame true lovers' kisses, its Jack-o-lantern quadrille in the firelight, and the introduction of the jubilee singers, are great features of the production, the old southern melodies and jubilee songs lending the real plantation lilt to the occasion.

For three nights and Saturday matinee, starting Thursday night, December 21, the cleverest of all musical comedies, "Nancy Brown," will be the attraction at the Krug theater. The scenes of the play are set in picturesque Oriental atmosphere, the court of the Bey of Ballyhoo. To this court comes Nancy Brown with a bevy of American heiresses, one of whom she hopes to wed to the ruler's son, the crown prince. Meanwhile, four impecunious noblemen have arrived with a view to marrying the bey's daughter and to add to the consolidation the prince falls in love with Nancy. There are some highly laughable situations and climaxes and the arrival of a fresh Yankee drummer who posts bills on the sacred white elephant tends to increase the fun. When all is in a most excited mix-up Nancy exhibits her powers as a diplomat and settles everything in a manner satisfactory to all and the end is happy as usual. There is a dashing beauty chorus of forty winsome girls who know how to look bewitching and to wear handsome gowns becomingly as well as to sing and dance and to pose artistically. There will be the usual matinee on Saturday.

The bill that starts the week with a matinee today at the Orpheum embraces pretty nearly all initial bidders for local favor. The headline place will be occupied by Mrs. Stuart Robson, whose husband, the late Stuart Robson, was eminently esteemed by the American lover of comedy. Mrs. Robson and company will present a sketch by Edmund Day entitled "The Saving of Mrs. Shaw." Another prominent feature will be the "Broomstick Witches," twelve pretty young girls with beautiful costumes and stage environments, who constitute one of the biggest acts in vaudeville. They will render a condensed version of the choicest selection from the tuneful musical comedy, "The Isle of Spice." Herbert's dogs, distinguished for being just about the best looking and best kept of canine actors, will perform an assortment of cute "stunts," specially mentioned among which is a sensational loop-the-loop act by one of the troop. Clayton, Jenkins and Jasper, two comedians and a donkey, will direct their efforts to a skit called "The Darktown Circus." Pierce and Maize are a pair of neat and up-to-date singers and dancers with a penchant for fine dressing. Georgia Lewis is a vocalist and whistler, while Tom Ripley is a jolly blackface monologist. "Sherlock Holmes; or, Held for Ransom," a startling motion picture depicting a detective story in seventeen scenes, will be projected by the kinodrome.

Gossip from Singeland.

Kathryn Osterman is doing very well in "Piff! Paff! Pouf!" Her tour through Ohio and West Virginia has been an ovation.

Nat Goodwin is "resting" after the fiasco of "Wolfville." This is the first time in many years that Goodwin has found himself idle in the winter time. It is thought a tour will be arranged for him, with a revival of some of his former successes, "In Mizzoura" being the one most spoken of.

Margaret Anglin has received permission to produce the one-act play, "The Correct Thing," by Alfred Sutro, author of "The Walls of Jericho."

"The Galloper," in which Raymond Hitchcock is to make his second try for the season in a "straight" part, will be produced at Ford's theater, Baltimore, on Monday evening.

May De Sousa, who recently "ran away" from New York and went to London, has been engaged for the role of Cinderella in the Christmas pantomime at the Drury Lane theater.

Grace George is winning fresh laurels in "The Marriage of William Ashe." Her impersonation of Lady Kitty Bristol is generally pronounced the best thing she has ever done.

Nannette Comstock will be the leading woman for Raymond Hitchcock when Savage produces the new Richard Harding Davis' play, "The Gallopers," which is to be the second venture for the comedian this season.

Reginald De Koven has arranged with Stanislaus Stange to collaborate upon the posthumous libretto by Frederic Ranken, "The Student King," which romantic light opera Henry W. Savage produces about Easter time.

This is the week managers and players throughout the country all like—not. All over the United States companies are idle and theaters dark, while the public is spending its money at the shrine of dear old Santa Claus.

"The Wizard of Oz" is to be taken to London in the spring. It is surely as good as some of the things London has sent to this side, and it may do our English cousins some good to see what a genuine American fun-maker is like.

Music and Musical Notes

Music Calendar for the Week.

TUESDAY, 8:15—Lyric, Harold Bauer, Piano Recital.
THURSDAY, 8:15—Boyd, Hans Albert Concert, company.

BY the time this column appears Madame Calve either will have, or won't have, appeared in Omaha. She seems to be having rather a strenuous trip. In Chicago rheumatism attacked her, the chilling lake winds rudely penetrating the great prima donna's bones. The picture drawn of her by a heartless reporter as she lay on her couch in the Annex, buried beneath silken quilts and swathed in soft stuffs and laces, groaning dismally over her pains and the cutting incredulity of the Chicago public, was all that could be demanded by the most melodramatic adorer.

In Milwaukee Calve waxed very mad at her prospective audience—"She made on them a snoot," in the classic language of Myra Kelly. The effect of wrath and rheumatism pursued her to Minneapolis, and there culminated in acute tonsillitis. It looks as if the famous singer's temperament was eating her up; she must have gotten off the steamer with the wrong foot foremost—or maybe she forgot her rabbit's foot. She is some deep and deadly kind of an "osophist" who believes in "influences" and "signs"—wears an amulet around her neck and counts the stars (incidentally cusses the boots off the maid who forgets to put her yellow silk petticoat on the proper hook!)

Genius is a wayward flower. Its outside wrappings are eccentric and various. Not always from genuine inclination, either. Barnum's statement that "the public likes to be humbugged" came from great, cavernous depths of perfect understanding of the inner workings of the majority of people. It's an awful mistake to be modest in this world. Blow your own horn! Toot the glad tidings that you're "It!" Speaking of diffidence and fright, I was talking last winter to a woman who holds a brilliant social position in Washington and is noted for her intelligence and versatility. The affair was a small musicale, where to my horror, I found I was the special attraction. Over in a big chair was Madame Olga Samaroff's mother—there were others. I was literally cornered. I sang eight songs. To go back to Mrs. —— I was dilating afterward on my sensations. She said: "You let me tell you something. What you need is to cultivate the 'I don't care a damn' spirit." The advice struck me all in a heap. Like Mark Twain's story of how he lived to be 70; it might be the death of others, but it was grand for me. I pass it on those who have the temperament to understand and grasp it—and, who need it!

Mr Harold Bauer, who plays a piano recital at the Lyric on Tuesday evening, has prepared a special program for his Omaha appearance. It is not over long, and while being thoroughly artistic, is not entirely made up of heavy or abstruse numbers. Mr. Bauer has been winning golden opinions for his work. He is not an eccentric, but the best type of a well-balanced artist. Those who go to hear him may feel sure of an evening of rare pleasure.

1.—Paschingsschwank ..... Schumann
Allegro, Romance, Scherzino, Intermezzo, Finale.
2.—(a) Gavotte ..... Gluck-Brahms
(b) Scherzo in E minor ..... Mendelssohn
(c) Rhapsody in G minor ..... Brahms
(d) Etude, "The Wind" ..... Alkan
3.—(a) Etude in D flat ..... Liszt
(b) Ballad in G minor ..... Chopin
4.—(a) Impromptu in A flat ..... Schubert
(b) Etude en forme de Valse ..... Saint-Saens

And now Trinity cathedral is on the list of churches without a choir leader. Mr. Symons having resigned. Mr. Ben Stanley and Mr. Frederick Ellis are both mentioned as possible successors. There are also faint murmurings of a dark horse.

Madame Pupin had rather a trying experience at her recital Monday evening. There were only thirty people in the house and the effect could hardly have been encouraging. The most interesting feature of her entertainment she never mentioned, viz: The De Janko keyboard which she played. On her program she says she is the only person who uses this invention, from which I infer that poor De Janko scored a failure, and that both he and his pupils are of the past. If Madame Pupin has good friends and pleasant associations in New York, I should advise her to cling to them and leave the hustling, pioneer west to younger enthusiasms.

A special series of matinees will be given at the Metropolitan opera house in New York between Christmas and New Years representing "The Ring of the Nibelung." Richard Aldrich, music critic of the New York Times, has just published through the Oliver Ditson company, Boston, "A Guide to the Nibelung." In the preface he says: "To endeavor to say much that is new and original about 'The Ring of the Nibelung' would be a rash undertaking at this day. This little book's presentation of the origin, source, and music structure of Wagner's great trilogy is founded largely upon the labors of others." Mr. Aldrich has taken and acknowledged the best in treatises hitherto published, added his own stamp of individualism and made a most interesting and instructive volume. He takes up first the composition and sources of the trilogy; second, the drama and its meaning; lastly, the music and the story. With the prospect of Savages' English Grand Opera company giving Omaha a performance of "The Valkyrie" this little book should be of great use and interest to local music lovers.

At the Woman's club on Friday morning an unusually good musical program was given. Mrs. Katz deserved great credit for her enthusiastic and faithful work. The numbers were all enjoyable. Mrs. Walter Purcell Olds rather carried off the honors with her Chopin group, ending with the black key etude:

(a) Berceuse ..... Chopin
(b) Prelude ..... Chopin
(c) Etude (in G flat) ..... Chopin
Mrs. Walter Purcell Olds.
(a) Thou Art Like Unto a Lovely Flower ..... Wilson Smith
(b) The Robin ..... Niedlinger
Mrs. Robert H. Bell.
Mrs. Katz, Accompanist.
Violin—(a) Canzonetta ..... A. d' Ambrosio
(b) Elfentanz ..... Spies
Miss Emily Cleve; Mrs. Olds, Accompanist.
(a) Spring time ..... Terry
(b) Sing Me to Sleep ..... Edwin Greene
Mrs. Wagner Thomas.
(a) Passion ..... Schytte
(b) Caprice ..... Schutt
(c) La Guitarre ..... Chaminade
Mrs. Mattie Jacobsen.

Madame Calve's indisposition is acute. She will go to Hot Springs, Ark., to recuperate until January. On the 4th she will, if the fates so decree, appear at Boyd's theater.

Thursday night at the Boyd Hans Albert, the violinist, will appear in concert, assisted by Madame Gale, soprano; Mrs. Joseph Gahm, harpist; Mr. Joseph Gahm, pianist, and Mr. Fred G. Ellis, baritone. This will be Mr. Albert's farewell appearance in the city. MARY LEARNED.

Notes and Personals.

Word has been received from Vienna that the emperor has conferred the order of the Iron Crown of the third class on Heinrich Conried.

A test was given Saturday morning at Chambers' academy by the pupils of Miss Effie Ellis and Miss Mary Cahill, covering the week's work in fundamental training in illustrated music study.

Marie Rappold, the soprano, who became famous in a night at the Metropolitan through her interpretation of Sulamith in "The Queen of Sheba," did all her studying in America with Oscar Saenger.

Maurice Grau is dying in France. His failure to continue at the head of the Metropolitan forces is thought to have largely brought about his condition. He always hoped to regain his lost influence. Oscar Hammerstein had a scheme for putting him as director of grand opera at the head of his West Thirty-fourth stret theater.

Kubelik is carrying a large, warm muff this season to protect his valuable hands. Considerable fun has been poked at him.

MacDowell is said to be a permanent wreck. He may regain some of his strength, but never his wonderful creative powers. A MacDowell club has been formed in New York for the study of his works and other American composers, with kindred aims and ideals. One public concert a year will be given. The plan is ultimately to establish a club house for the promulgation of the arts.

Christmas Reflections

Christmas almost here. Dosen't time fairly roll? But not more so than our pianos and musical instruments, which roll out every day. Wise people are buying now. There is no time like the present, and no present like one of our Matchless High Grade Pianos. What more beautiful, or sensible Christmas present for your wife or daughter?

Our mammoth Music Rooms are chock full of good and appropriate gifts. Besides the immense stock purchase from the Collins' Piano Company we have thirty-eight of the 1906 styles in all the different woods. This combination makes our stock the largest, best and of greatest variety found in the west.

For this, the last week before Christmas, our prices on the Great Collins' Piano Co's. stock and the advance shipment of 1906 makes will be as attractive as the instruments themselves. Following you will find a very few of the many bargains to be had here this week. Now is your opportunity, will you accept it.

	Collins' Price.	Our Price.
1 Chickering & Sons, upright	$350	$135.00
1 Behr Bros. upright	340	125.00
1 Conover upright	400	205.00
1 Cable upright	365	215.00
1 Kingsbury upright	300	115.00
1 Emerson upright	275	100.00
1 Estey upright	300	147.00
1 Krell upright	325	145.00

	Collins' Price.	Our Price.
1 Kimball upright	250	127.00
1 Fisher upright, (slightly used)	400	227.00
1 Franklin upright, (slightly used)	325	165.00
1 Steck upright	350	175.00
1 Mueller upright	145	72.00
1 Bryant upright	145	72.00
1 Shubert upright	235	135.00

Remember we are closing out Talking Machines purchased from the Collins' Piano Company **at 50 cents on the dollar.** Cylinder Records, **15c**; Disc Records, **25c.** Everything in Violins, Mandolins, Guitars, Banjos, Zithers, Autoharps, Harmonicas, Music Boxes, Cases, Music Rolls, Music Satchels and Sheet Music goes on sale Monday morning. New Pianos for rent. Pianos in this sale will be sold on payments if desired.

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4 NIGHTS AND TWO MATINEES, STARTING SUNDAY MATINEE Dec. 17
THE GREAT SUCCESS
UNDER SOUTHERN SKIES
The Most Original, Unhackneyed and Diverting Play of Southern Life Ever Written.
Three Months of Unequaled Success at the Bleecker Theatre, New York | A PLAY THAT WILL LIVE FOREVER | Production Massive and Complete in Every Detail
Written by Lottie Blair Parker, Author of "Way Down East."
OVER TWO MILLION PEOPLE HAVE SEEN THIS PLAY.

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WELLS, DUNNE AND HARLAN OFFER
Mary Marble in the Brilliant Musical Comedy Nancy Brown
There are so many smiles in Nancy Brown
That laughs are heard all over town.
COMPANY OF FIFTY BEAUTY CHORUS
COMING—Rose Cecelia Shay in Paul Jones

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CHARLES H. YALE'S EVERLASTING DEVIL'S AUCTION THIS AFTERNOON TONIGHT
In all It's Sumptuous Splendor. BARGAIN MATINEE 25c and 50c

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14TH BIG WEEK
The Woodward Stock Co. This Afternoon, Tonight, All Week
The Man From Mexico
Professional Matinee Tuesday. Grand Double Orchestra all week
Wonderful Prices; Nights and Sun. Mats. 10-25c. Tues.-Thurs.-Sat. Mats. 10-20c
NEXT WEEK—"THE CHRISTIAN."

BOYD'S THEATER
Thursday Evening, Dec. 21
MR. HANS ALBERT
VIOLINIST
MME. KATE NORCROSS GALE, Denver Lyric, Soprano.
MR. JOSEPH GAHM, Pianist.
MRS. JOSEPH GAHM, Harpist.
MR. FRED G. ELLIS, Baritone.
PRICES—50c, 75c, $1.00.
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HUMOROUS RECITAL
The Famous English Humorist
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The Whimsical American Humorist
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PRICES—50c, 75c and $1.00.
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