About Plays, Players and Playhouses

TEMPORE! Oh, mores!" Oh—what's the use? If the hot polloi doesn't want to be elevated, what are you going to do about it? Are you going to stick to your task until you change the mere or less rudimentary minds of the great mass of thoughtless and unthinking and gradually direct their untrained mental forces into useful channels, or are you going to simply let them take their own way and purvey to them according to their likes rather than with regard to their needs? When you sit down to scold the manager of the theater for presenting that which is meretricious, just recall at the outset that he has been up against this hot polloi business for a long time, and maybe he is a bit skeptical as to the utility of trying to educate the masses. At any rate, he has lost a good deal of money trying to get the public to patronize something it doesn't want to see. One of the most notable examples of this is the effort to get the patrons of the "popular price" theaters to go against drama of the better class. "Sunday" was selected for the experiment, and with good judgment, for it is a good play, with a wholesome atmosphere and enough of the melodramatic element to satisfy all but the blase patron of the Kremer school of drama. The experience up to the present has been most discouraging. Omaha is the latest on the list. All along the line the story is the same. Sunday night the place opens to capacity; then business drops off and the play "starves to death." That's it; in the language of the "grip," it "dies like a dog." Moralize as much as you wish, Ephraim is still joined to his idols, and the gallery god will insist on having the freight train run through the parlor. The manager who intends to stay in the business will govern himself accordingly. And yet all who have the interest of their fellow man truly at heart will regret that this is so.

Some grains of comfort exist in the fact that the experience of the stock companies, of which there are many now prospering in the various large cities of the United States, proves that there is a large and respectable element of the public that wants the better class of drama. These people cannot afford to patronize the first-class theaters on account of the tariff, which has been raised to a figure that is only possible to the well-to-do, but like to see a good play. The stock company offers this at a moderate figure. It is true that few if any of these organizations have real stars on their lists, but are usually made up of capable actors and present the plays offered with much intelligent attention to detail. It is impossible that a profound study can be made of the characters, where the bill changes each week, and eleven performances are given, but the element of clean and wholesome amusement is there.

Henry Arthur Jones has been lecturing long and learnedly on the modern drama and bemoaning its sad state. Well, Henry Arthur is responsible to as great an extent as any other one man for the present condition of things so eloquently complained of by him and his arguments and illustrations may be accepted as a self-justification to that extent. He modestly refrained from chucking any bouquets at himself, and resisted any impulse to flatter his contemporaries. Ibsen was given a sendoff that would have made the good old doctor stroke his whiskers had he lived to hear it. But the burden of the lecture is that we have no modern drama to compare to the Elizabethan; we have no post like Shakespeare, and we are afraid to discuss the great problems with freedom of thought and frankness of expression. Just how much further on this line a writer could go than Shaw and Sudermann and Maeterlinck and D'Annunzio have gone, or, save the mark, Arthur Wing Pinero and Henry Arthur Jones, one wonders. Ibsen went them a little better in some respects; his plays have the double advantage in some degree of being clinics as well as literature. But just how a writer can make matters plainer than they are set forth in "La Citta Morle," "Monna Vanna," "Es Liebe das Leben," "Mrs. Warren's Profession," "Iris" or "Mrs. Dane's Defense," not to mention "The Hypocrites," one hesitates to imagine. These certainly approach the "great question" of life, as conceived by the authors mentioned, with a freedom that necessitates expurgation or suppression.

One other consolation is ours: While we have not among us a recognized Shakespeare, or Moliere, or Sophocles, we may have. None of us can tell how long any of the plays being reproduced are going to live. H. A. J. might in his next incarnation find some one of his dramas preserved as the dramas of the masters have been handed down to us. Quien sabe? But we have the advantage over the Greeks in that we have both Sophocles and Shakespeare; over the Elizabethans, in that we have also Moliere; over the French of the Seventeenth century in that we have Henry Arthur Jones and all who have come between. Suppose no one today is writing dramas that will endure? They are doing something; they amuse and in greater or less degree instruct. It is not in poesy alone that nature has produced individuals. In all other lines of literary effort names of men who have gone to rest loom large and lonely; in art, science, war, religion, politics, the truly great ones are few and are dead. But while we have not among those we would compare with the giants who are gone, we are the heritors of all their greatness, and while we may not match, we can enjoy their achievements.

It may be of interest to read what Mr. Jones thinks should be done to put playwriting on its proper elevation. He says we are suffering chiefly from a persistence of the Puritan spirit that followed the Elizabethan age and extinguished the fires of dramatic imagination. Religious zeal and bigotry still cast a depressing shadow across the path of the dramatic author, and still blights the theater with its coldness. An appeal is made directly to the Puritan and the Pharisee on behalf of the stage and its literature, and then the lecturer goes on:

Some such appeal may, I think, be made to the more seriously minded of our countrymen on both sides of the Atlantic. I have given it great prominence in these lectures because I feel that before we begin to build we need to clear the ground of the rank growth of prejudice and Puritan hatred which still choke the drama. Both in England and America we seem to be waiting for some great national impulse, some word of command for a general forward movement toward a creative school of drama. In spite of many discouragements and humiliations during the last ten or twelve years, in spite of the hatred of the religious world, the indifference and contempt of the educated and artistic classes, the debased frivolity of the multitude, the zealous envy and rage of those whose ignoble trade and daily bread it is to keep the drama on a degraded level—in spite of all these hindrances, I believe that word of command will be spoken, and that we shall march to it. But if there is to be any stability and permanence in the movement, it must be a national one. We must engage the sympathies and co-operation of all classes. We have many schisms and sects in religion; let us have none in the drama. I have taken much time and, I fear, I have tried your patience in thus clearing the ground. But having cleared the ground, I can begin to lay the cornerstones. I have already told you what seem to me to be the cornerstones of any school of drama worthy to be called national in such countries as America and England. Perhaps I may here repeat them in the order of their importance. They are these:

(1) The recognition of the drama as the highest and most difficult form of literature; the establishment of definite and continuous relations between the drama and literature.

(2) The acknowledged right of the dramatist to deal with the serious problems of life, with the passions of men and women in the spirit of the broad, wise, sane, searching morality of the Bible and Shakespeare; his release from the hypocritical fiction that his fellow-creatures are large wax dolls, stuffed with the sawdust of sentimentality and impossible self-sacrifice. To sum up, the establishment of definite and continuous relations between the drama and morality.

(3) The severance of the drama from popular entertainment; the recognition of it as a fine art which, though its lower ranges must always compound with mere popular entertainment, and be confused with it, is yet essentially something different from popular entertainment, transcends it, and in its higher ranges is in marked and eternal antagonism to popular entertainment. To sum up, the establishment of definite and continuous relations between the drama and her sister arts.

(4) The establishment of those relations between actor and author which shall best aid the development of the drama; the recognition by the public that there is an art of the drama as well as an art of acting; the assignment of their due place, and functions, and opportunities to each; the breaking down, so far as may be possible, of the present deadening system of long runs; the provision of training schools for actors so that they may get constant practice and experience in varied roles, so that the auxiliary arts of the drama and the theater may keep pace and tune with each other, so that the art of acting may not languish for lack of new plays, and that the art of the drama may not languish from the lack of competent and serious actors. To sum up, the establishment of rightly definite relations and well marked boundaries between the art of the drama and the art of acting, to the benefit and advancement of both actor and author.

These seem to me to be the four cornerstones upon which we must build, if we are ever to raise, in England and America an art of the drama with any real influence and import and dignity in Anglo-American civilization.

But each of these four divisions of the drama demands consideration and examination by itself.

Especially I should have liked to speak in this place upon the modern drama and literature. But I felt that the clearing of the ground was of primary importance. And now that I have given so much time to that troublesome operation, I fear you have been thinking that in Harvard at least the ground has been already cleared, and the first cornerstone, the cornerstone that is to bind together literature and the modern drama, has been already laid by Prof. Baker.

American ears must have tingled with pleasure and American cheeks glowed with blushes of pride as Mr. Jones delivered himself of the following peroration:

When I was in America last autumn after an absence of twenty years I could not help feeling myself in the presence of immense forces that are gradually shifting the foundations and changing the drift of Anglo-American civilization. I could not help feeling that the sceptre of material prosperity is slipping from our hands into your vigorous, remorseless grasp. I could not avoid the uneasy presentiment that in a few generations the center and seat of whatever system of Anglo-American civilization may then be current will be irrevocably fixed on this side of the Atlantic. That cannot be other than a saddening, chilling thought to an Englishman who loves his country. I cannot but think it will bring some sympathetic regret to many Americans. Yet, after all, your chief feeling must be one of pride and triumph in your young nation, and you will chant over us your Emerson's ringing notes:

"The lord is the peasant that was,
The peasant the lord that shall be;
The lord is hay, the peasant grass,
One dry, one the living tree."

But the empire of mammon sucks after it other empires; perhaps in our modern commercial world it will suck after it all other empires, all arts, all interests, all responsibilities, all leaderships. Yet we must still trust that in the days to come, as in days of old, it will not be the sceptre of material prosperity that will finally hold sway over the earth. Granted that, in a short time as reckoned by the life of nations, we shall have to hand over to you, with what grace we may, the sceptre of material prosperity, shall we not still hold that other magic wand, shadowy, invisible, but more compulsive than scepters of gold or iron—the scepter of literary, intellectual and artistic domination? Or will you wrest that from us? May we not rather hope to see both nations united in a great essay to build one common monument of graceful, wise, beautiful, dignified, human existence on both sides of the Atlantic? Your nation has, what all young nations have, what England is losing, the power to be moved by ideas, and that divine resilient quality of youth, the power to be stirred and frenzied by ideals. If a guest whom you have honored so much, if your most fervent well-wisher may presume to whisper his most fervent wishes for a country to whom he is so deeply indebted, I would say, "As you vie with us in friendly games and contests of bodily strength, may you more resolutely vie with us for the mastership in art and in the ornament of life; build stateller homes, nobler cities, and more aspiring temples than we have built; let your lives be fuller of meaning and purpose than ours have lately been; have the wisdom richly to endow and unceasingly to foster all the arts, and all that makes for majesty of life and character rather than for material prosperity and comfort. Especially foster and honor this supreme art of Shakespeare's, so much neglected and misunderstood in both countries; endow it in all your cities; build handsome, spacious theaters; train your actors; reward your dramatists, sparingly with fees, but lavishly with laurels; bid them dare to paint American life sanely, truthfully, searchingly, for you. Dare to see your life thus painted. Dare to let your drama ridicule and reprove your follies and vices and deformities. Dare to let it mock and whip, as well as amuse you. Dare to let it be a faithful mirror. Make it one of your chief counselors. Set it on the summit of your national esteem, for it will draw upward all your national life and character; upward to higher and more worthy levels, to starry heights of wisdom and beauty and resolve and aspiration.

Coming Events.

Neil Burgess in "The County Fair" will be at the Boyd tonight and Monday. One of the strongest scenes of "The County Fair is in the fourth act, giving a realistic race scene with four thoroughbred horses, including the well known "Cold Molasses," and the mechanical effects are perfect, making it one of the best rural plays on the stage.

"The Mayor of Tokio," Richard Carle's most successful farcical opera, will play a special engagement Wednesday night at the Boyd. The music was composed by William Frederick Peters. The scene of "The Mayor of Tokio" is laid in Japan and deals with the adventures of a comic opera organization stranded in the Nippon metropolis. Marcus Orlando Kidder, impresario of the luckless troupe, is played by Mr. John L. Kearney, who is famous for his successful comedy, singing and dancing in "The Chinese Honeymoon," "The Tenderfoot," etc. Mr. Kearney was especially selected out of a number of comedians by Mr. Carle to take this part.

The bill at the Burwood during the coming week will be one of uncommon interest, "By Right of Sword" having been chosen. It tells the story of a young American in Moscow, where he is mistaken for a Russian nobleman, whom he strongly resembles. A series of romantic adventures grows out of this condition, all of which permit Richard Hamilton to show what an enterprising, healthy Yankee would do under strenuous circumstances. Mr. Morrison will play the role and should have a great vogue as the dashing hero. Miss Elliott has a good part as the sister of the Russian nobleman, who is protected by the young American and finally carried off by him out of reach of the czar's agents. The four acts of the play permit some fine scenic effects, especially one, in a railway station, where an attempt is made to blow up the czar's special train. This has been well provided by Director Long. "By Right of Sword" will be offered at a matinee this afternoon and will be repeated each evening during the week, with other matinees on Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday.

Jane Corcoran will begin on Thursday, three nights and a matinee, at the Boyd in "The Freedom of Suzanne." Miss Corcoran, whose leading support will be James M. Brophy, is conceded by all, to be the youngest first-class star on the American stage today. She was practically born on the stage and during her comparatively short existence she has been away from it for a short time only. The first act of the play opens in Curzon street, where Charles Trever is waiting disconsolately for the vagrant Suzanne. He is surrounded by a small crowd of friends and relations, who are all vexatious enough to excuse the wife's sense of boredom. Lady Charlotte, the husband's mother, and Fitzroy Harding, the wife's uncle, attack and defend Suzanne by turns, until she appears to explain her absence. Suzanne picks a quarrel with her husband and goads him into securing a divorce. During the nine months which separate acts 1 and 2 the coquette has been transformed. No less than three suitors persecute her with ardent attentions, but a chance meeting with her husband suffices to implant all the wifely virtues, which she had hitherto lacked. She pursues him by motor and arrives in his flat at midnight for the inevitable reconciliation.

Teeming with catchy musical numbers, bright, crisp, clean comedy and plenty of action, "The War Correspondent," the season's musical triumph, comes to the Krug for four days starting today matinee. Dealing as it does with a young American war correspondent who has become involved in a native uprising in Egypt, there is not a dull moment from the rise of the first to the fall of the final curtain. Davies, the war correspondent, and his assistant, Jitty, are the central figures, and join allegiance with the revolutionists in hopes that they will be successful in starting an uprising and thus afford them opportunity for a story for their paper. The situation offers many opportunities for stage effects, martial and sentimental melodies and comedy situations. A company of forty people and a carload of special scenery are used in the production.

"My Wife's Family" is the title of a merry musical comedy conceit written by Stephens and Linton, which comes to the Krug for three nights starting Thursday night, November 15. The cast employed in the interpretation of the merry musical melange is one of the best en tour, including as it does some of the best farceurs on the comedy stage. There is no end of bright comedy lines, catchy musical and dance numbers, while there is a long string of vaudeville specialties interpolated by members of the company.

Harry Tate and his English company top the roster on the bill that will be offered at the Orpheum for the week starting matinee today. Tate's vehicle will be "Metering," a one-act farce comedy in which the fun hinges on the trials and tribulations of an amateur automobile tourist. "McMahon's Minstrel Maids and Watermelon Girls" will be back with some new entertainment injected into their act. Chinko, as will be noted in the case of most of the performers on the program, comes here for the first time. He is declared the cleverest juggler and equilibrist that has been booked over the circuit. Katherine Nugent, styled "The American Classy Loftus," formerly the Flora Wiggins of "The College Widow," is down for songs and imitations including among the latter one of Anna Held. To make good the claim of being the greatest woman cyclist in the world, Minnie Kaufmann promises a remarkable exhibition of riding. Besides gymnastics an admixture of fun will be contributed by Lindstrom and Anderson in a skit called "Pastimes on the Farm," and Tim B. McMahon and Edythe Chappelle will aim their efforts at the risibles in "Have Another Smile," a comedy turn savoring of Broadway, while entirely new Kinodrome pictures complete the program.

The bill at the "No Name" theater on Douglas street this week, arranged for by Manager Stoecker, is the best that he has billed this season. Klein and Klein, eccentric pantomime comedy clowns, are a scream. Their work consists of magic, card manipulating and juggling. Rossley and Rostelle put on a good comedy sketch, "A Widow's Courtship. Sanders, Dean and Sanders have a playlet "Who Bill?" in which Dean appears in a black face stunt. Other good attractions are scheduled.

A permanent amusement feature along new lines never before attempted in this city will be opened for public patronage on Thursday next by Al. G. Barnes, the veteran circus, carnival and all-round showman, at 1207 Douglas street. Mr. Barnes has trained and performing animals in sufficient number to outfit quite a pretentious circus, and they are all to make their winter home at Manager Barnes' "zoo" at the location above named. All the animals will be exhibited on the street floor, but will perform in the strong steel arena that has been constructed on the second floor. Performances will be given every hour. The child who presents to the box office on January 1, 1907, the greatest number of admission coupons will receive as a gift from Manager Barnes the valuable spotted pony, "Beauty."

Music and Musical Notes

COMMENTING on the "MacDowell Fund," the Brooklyn Eagle says:

The affliction of Edward MacDowell, the composer, is one of the saddest results of overwork known to the artistic world in this country. Just at the time when it had become plain that MacDowell was the greatest composer that this country has produced, just when it was clear that his whole future should be given to composition and when he was young enough to have a reasonable expectation of thirty or forty years in which to produce the ripened fruits of his genius, the man broke down as the result of the overstrain of teaching in connection with his composition. It is beyond question that MacDowell will never be able to work again, while the possibility of a long physical life with impaired mind is before him.

Under those melancholy circumstances, the Mendelssohn club of Manhattan, of which the composer was once the conductor, has undertaken to raise a fund which will make him comfortable. In that worthy object the club asks the co-operation of every person who is interested in MacDowell's music, and it should receive such aid spontaneously. If MacDowell had written half a dozen rag-time songs which hit the popular fancy he would have placed himself beyond the need of assistance. Because he sought to put the visions of a poet into the highest and most perfect forms of which musical art is capable, he is poor. Because he needed the leisure for composition he has broken himself in trying to secure it. It is a story as old as the arts, but it is a story which should not go on repeating itself indefinitely. The world has grown intelligent and it should appreciate the rarity of genius, and especially of musical genius, clearly enough to make sure that when such a genius appears it should not wear itself out before the real work for which it was created has been accomplished.

Years ago when some one asked Paderewski what use could best be made of money to further the interests of music in this country, the pianist replied: "By endowing MacDowell so that he need do nothing but write." Probably the advice was considered impracticable or even fantastic. But if it had been followed there would have been no such tragedy as that which this call for a fund reveals. For MacDowell's case is even more pitiful than that of Schubert, Chopin and other gifted musicians whom it suggests. They died too young, but to have finished one's work too young and not to be able to die, that is the deepest tragedy. The least that the nation, whose musical standard he has raised and whose recognition in the world of music abroad he has secured, can do for MacDowell is to put his remaining years beyond the reach of want. That is the purpose of the Mendelssohn club subscription.

The local MacDowell fund is progressing very satisfactorily and favorably, the statement to date being in this wise:

———	$18.00
———	5.00
———	1.00
———	1.00
———	1.00
———	2.00
———	1.00
Total	$29.00

The musical department of the Woman's club discussed plans for a benefit concert Thursday afternoon, but came to no definite conclusion.

The Musical club of Grand Island has inquired for particulars and hopes to raise at least a small amount to add to the Nebraska fund. That's exactly what we want, many people and societies to give a little. It all counts up to a good figure in the end. Of course the money from other places than Omaha would not go in with ours, but would be sent separately and due credit given to the town and persons contributing. I should be very glad to act as "caretaker" and send all moneys at the same time to Mr. Robinson, the secretary of the committee in New York.

The Tuesday Morning Musical club had a most successful first meeting of the season. The members were nearly all present and the program, representing modern French composers, was most attractive and interesting. Mrs. Crofoot, the leader, infused her spirit of enthusiasm into the performers; each one responded and gave of his or her best.

Mrs. Turner and Mrs. Martin opened the recital with a Delibes duet. Miss Lyford of Lincoln followed with a group of compositions by D'Tudy, Ravel and De Bussy. Fearful things to memorize and very difficult to play—fascinating in their indefiniteness—Mr. Henderson says modern French music is full of postponed resolutions; to appreciate and love it one must take that fact duly to heart. Miss Lyford should really have replayed her numbers. One hears little of this music in the west. It is difficult to grasp at a first hearing.

Mrs. Crofoot and Mr. Cusoaden played two movements from a Cesar Franck sonata, a most beautiful composition and very melodic. They interpreted its loveliness most satisfactorily. This number also we would gladly have heard a second time, for the purpose of grasping its subtleties. This ultra French music is a matter of education.

Mrs. Turner's group of songs brought us back to "the place where we live." The waltz song from "Romeo and Juliet" Gounod, and the daintiest, most charming little song by Fontenailles, the latter given with repose and beautiful finish. Mrs. Turner is doing good work this season.

Mr. Manchester did himself great credit, his singing of "A Vision Entrancing," particularly, was finished and showed the rich lights of his voice.

The audience was very enthusiastic. At the close of the program Mrs. Douglas Welpton was elected president of the club. Her personality will surely put new enthusiasm into the season—the work will be carried on successfully.

The first regular meeting of the musical department of the Woman's club was held Thursday afternoon at the First Congregational church, when the following excellent miscellaneous program was given under direction of Miss Blanche Sorenson, leader:

—(a) Kamenoi Ostrow, Op. 10, No. 22.... Rubenstein
(b) March Grotesque, Op. 32, No. 1.... Sinding
Miss Marion Ward.

3—(a) Sunbeams ..... Ronald
(b) Little Dutch Garden..... Gottschalk
Miss Alice J. Winspear.

4—(a) Cavatina ..... Raff
(b) Hungarian Dance, No. 3 ..... Brahms-Joachim
Mr. Charles Havlicek, Violin.
(Pupil of Mr. Robert Cusaden.)

4—The Lute Player..... Allitsen
Miss Mabel Leachey.

5—(a) Impromptu, No. 4..... Schubert
(b) Elfin Dance ..... Grieg
Mr. Cecil Berryman.

Miss Ward, Miss Fredrickson and Mr. Frank Strawn, accompanists.

At the business meeting preceding the program it was decided to give a MacDowell recital in about four weeks, in place of one of the regular programs. This will probably be given in the evening in order to enable many of the music teachers and those employed, who are interested in music, to attend. A small admission fee will be charged and the proceeds will be turned over to the MacDowell fund which is being raised for the benefit of the unfortunate composer. Miss Marion Ward was chosen treasurer of the department and many new members were received.

The first college recital of the season was given on Friday evening, November 2, at Bellevue college, under the direction of E. M. Jones, assisted by Miss Fawcett and Miss Allen, with this program:

Piano Duo—Morceaux Melodieux.....Gurlitt
Mr. Lindsay, E. M. Jones.
Violin Duo—Reverie.....Hauser
Ruth Wadsworth.
Vocal Solo—Once, at the Angelus..Somervill
Miss Bowen.
Piano Duo—Andante aus der Sonata Op. 147.....Schubert
Miss Hemstreet, E. M. Jones.
Violin Solo—Dance of Fairies.....
Ray Findlay.
Vocal Duet—It is Na, Jean.....White
Miss Rice, Mr. Harvey.
Piano Solo—Fruhlingsrauchen.....Sinding
Miss Lichtenwallner.
Violin Solo—L'Arageonea.....D'Alard
Marion Stevens.
Vocal Solo—a. Lenz.....Hildach
b. The Robin.....Neidlinger
Piano Duo—Sonata in E flat, (allegro, lento, allegro con spirito).....Clementi
Miss Rice, E. M. Jones.

Mr. Stanislaus Scherzi intends soon, with the assistance of Mrs. Borglum, to give a recital at the First Congregational church. Details will be announced when determined upon.

Mr. Francis Potter has organized a mandolin orchestra of forty players. Rehearsals will take place at Mr. Potter's studio.

The musical department of the Woman's club had its first meeting Thursday afternoon at the First Congregational church.

The second of the monthly recitals given by the pupils of Mr. Ellis occurred Wednesday night. He was assisted by Miss Emily Cleve, who gave two violin numbers in beautiful style. Mr. Ellis' pupils show marked improvement in style and tone production. These recitals do so much to encourage and stimulate the pupils that they will be given regularly throughout the year. Mr. Ellis has been engaged to sing the bass solos in "The Messiah" at Tabor, Ia., December 20.

A meeting was held at Mr. Borglum's on Tuesday night apropos the May festival. No definite conclusions for raising funds were arrived at. Mr. Penniman will drill the chorus and Mr. Cuscaden will have charge of the orchestra.

MARY LEARNED.

AMUSEMENTS. AMUSEMENTS. AMUSEMENTS.

KRUG THEATER 15c-25c-50c-75c
MATINEE TODAY 10c - 25c - 50c
4 NIGHTS --- COMMENCING SUNDAY MATINEE --- TODAY
MAGNIFICENT SCENIC AND ELECTRICAL PRODUCTION
The Show With Music
THE WAR CORRESPONDENT
Music Play in 3 Acts
By HOWARD, HOUGH & ADAMS, Authors of "Land of Nod," "The Umpire," "The Time, the Place and the Girl."
Comedians, Singers, Dancers
A REAL BEAUTY CHORUS OF 30.
The Best Singing Organization in America.
A GENUINE LAUGH PRODUCING SHOW.

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Harry Austin
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and
40 — OTHERS — 40
A Carload of Scenery, Costumes, Effects and Other Accessories of the Utmost Grandeur.
3 NIGHTS --- And Saturday Matinee, Starting Thursday Night --- NOV. 15
The Past Three Seasons' Greatest Success—STEPHENS and LINTON Presents The Merry Musical Mix-Up
My Wife's Family
Laughter and Music—Pretty Girls—Funny Comedians—The Real Hit.
Next Sunday: WINDY SAM FROM AMSTERDAM. — Coming: COLE & JOHNSON. — Seat Sale Today.

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SUNDAY AND MONDAY:
NEIL BURGESS Himself, in the New County Fair
See the Great Horse Race Scene.
300 SEATS ON LOWER FLOOR AT $1.00.
WEDNESDAY NIGHT ONLY:
THAT FARCICAL OPERA
THE MAYOR OF TOKIO
75—Comedy Operatic Stars—75
Famous Peanut Ballet : ; : Blue Ribbon Chorus
300 SEATS ON LOWER FLOOR AT $1.00
Thursday, Friday, Saturday
Special Saturday Matinee "A DOLL'S HOUSE," by Henrik Ibsen
THE STERLING ACTRESS
JANE CORCORAN
in the Successful Frohman Comedy
The Freedom of Suzanne
300 Lower Floor Seats at $1.00
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BURWOOD -:- Twelfth Big Week
MATINEE TODAY—ALL WEEK
PROFESSIONAL MATINEE TUESDAY SOUVENIR MATINEE THURSDAY
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In the Romantic Drama
BY RIGHT OF SWORD
RALPH STUART'S Great Success. Superbly Costumed and Mounted.
Nights and Sunday Matinees, 10 and 25 cents; other Matinees, 10 cents.
Souvenir Matinee Thursday—Photo of Miss Isidore Martin to all holding lower floor tickets.
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'Phone Douglas 494.
Week Commencing
Sunday Matinee, Nov. 11
To-day 2:15—To-night 8:15
Modern Vaudeville
Harry Tates' ENGLISH COMPANY
Presenting "Motoring"
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CHINKO
Wonderful Young Juggler Direct From London.
KATHERINE NUGENT
"The American Classy Loftus"
MINNIE KAUFMANN
Greatest Lady Cyclist in the World
Lindstrom and Anderson
Comedy Acrobats in "Pastimes on the Farm"
Tim B. McMahon and Edythe Chappelle
"HAVE ANOTHER SMILE"
Kinodrome
Exclusive New Motion Pictures
PRICES—10c, 25c, 50c.

Lecture On Christian Science
BOYD'S THEATER
Tuesday Evening, Nov. 13
AT 8 O'CLOCK
EDWARD A. KIMBALL, C. S. D.
OF CHICAGO, ILL.
Member of the Christian Science Board of Lectureship of the First Church of Christ, Scientist, in Boston, Mass.
ADMISSION FREE

AL. G. BARNES' CONSOLIDATED TRAINED WILD ANIMAL ZOO
1207 DOUGLAS STREET
WILL OPEN THURSDAY, NOV. 15
At 11:00 A. M., Performances Hourly After 1:30 P. M., Presenting
DOLLIE CASTLE, the dancing girl in the Lion Den.
Together with the grandest program of
ALL-STAR ANIMAL ACTS
In the Strongest Steel Arena Ever Seen in Omaha
ROMEO, the talking horse.
NEW, the Riding Lion.
MME. BARNES, and her wonderful performing PONIES, DOGS, MONKEYS and GOATS.
The above are only a few of the many attractions offered.
ADMISSION 10c
The child holding the greatest number of admission coupons January 1, 1907, will be presented with the spotted pony, "BEAUTY."

Aug. V. Molzer
Violinist
In Bohemian Turner Hall
13th and Dorcas Sts.
November 11th, 1906
WM. M. BRENCH, Accompanist
Admission 50c and 35c
Commencing at 8 O'clock

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