

Gossip About Plays, Players and Playuses

TOM BROWN didn't do anything else, he broke the spell at the Boyd, and the next few weeks will very likely be well filled with what Old Man Greenback would refer to as "hiddings" at Omaha's chief temple of the gentle art of acting. Manager Monaghan says cautiously into the future, and suggests that the close of the season is to be, as in other years, a matter of incidental brilliance. While the Woodrow stock company will be installed in about four weeks, its career is likely to be interrupted several times to accommodate important traveling parties who will favor Omaha with their presence for short engagements, and thus the theater will be kept open steadily until warm weather has so far progressed that the parks will have all the advantage, even with the lid securely fitted on. An interesting announcement was made in this connection during the week, in the promise of a visit from Mrs. Plake to the Burwood theater during May. The date has not been exactly determined as yet, but the Omaha admirers of this wonderful woman will be very glad that they will not be asked to go all the way to Council Bluffs to see her this season.

"Brown of Harvard" is one of those plays that makes us pause. It simply defies analysis, for when it is put to the test it falls to pieces, almost to impalpable dust. It has so little substance, and yet it has been a reigning success for more than two seasons, and Mr. Henry Woodriff has been hailed as a great actor because of his impersonation of the leading role. Maybe it is the subtle effect of a college boy's room, with its pennants and pipes, and piano covers and sofa pillows, and general external evidence of enthusiastic devotion to everything under the sun except study. It is admitted that somebody must study at college, else where do our wise men come from? But, what college play do you recall in which anything like respectful reference is made to the occasion of the school's existence? Unless it be to jeer at somebody for being a "nerd," or to make a hero of someone who is especially dull, no attention is paid to the honorable pursuit of learning. But this is aside from the mark. Study is all right in its place, but it has no part in the college play, which is built on the rollicking, jovial, human side of the young men who rather at our unthoughtful to spend the morning hours of their youth in having such a good time as they will never know otherwise. Interspersed with occasional legs and invigorating draughts at the Pierian spring. It is accepted as a matter of course that the college boys who are shown us on the stage study, for under the rules they cannot take part in athletics unless they have a good standing in their studies, and what sort of a hero would it be who did not lead the team or the crew or the eleven? So the study is taken for granted.

But what good is a college course that doesn't teach a man more than Tom Brown seemed to know of some things? No need to specify; all who watched him along his career from the first of April till the first of May must have had much the same thought. Take the matter of the forged check, just as an example. He felt morally that it was wrong, but that of Wilfred Kenyon had stolen it. He did drift from his book; but he let the matter drift along until the last day of the month, when he was confronted by the document. Let's see how that came about: Marion Thorne had the check made payable to bearer for \$50, an odd way to draw a check on the bank, but that's the way it was going on a railway journey, not very far, and to wait for young Kenyon to come. Her brother dashed out from the boat house, and ran some place in search of the sister, but couldn't find her. When he left the boat house he didn't have the price of a postage stamp, but in a few minutes he came back with the \$50 his sister had cashed to buy a few cents worth of railroad transportation. Does it seem at all reasonable that the ticket agent, or whoever had obligingly cashed the check for the foolish girl, would calmly turn it over to an immature student, simply because he said he was her brother? Or did Thorne by some miracle become possessed of \$50 during his flight from the boat house to the railway station, or wherever else he went? And a mere matter of detail, wasn't Tom Brown pretty well rattled that he did not know the check was forged? It took the keen eyes of his brother, or the Evelyn Kenyon to find out that the signature was spurious, and this only after a night had been spent in cogitation and consumption of tobacco and other things by the best crew Harvard ever had. This episode of the check is fairly indicative of the simplicity of the whole affair. The internal workings are continually in view of the public, and it at no time makes an effort to deceive. Therefore, it must be the college "atmosphere" that gives it its vogue.

David Belasco's stars are feminine. Only one of the masculine gender shines in his galaxy. Therefore, David's advice to the young woman about to enter upon a stage career may be worth something. Mr. Frederick Edward McKay of the New York Mail encountered Mr. Belasco one day during the week, and asked him his message to young woman who had made up her mind to act. Mr. Belasco's reply is thus reported: "My advice to her is—keep off the stage. For thousands of them meet with disappointment when they enter the profession. They are not trained, and they are not intelligent, and they are not capable of the average girl of other countries, she has the nervous temperament combined with the requisite beauty, and she is capable of genuine feeling. Temperamentally, it is only the ability to feel and to express that distinguishes her from the average girl. She has inherited a good share of common sense. She likes work and has a good supply of enthusiasm to support her efforts when needed. "When a girl wishes to succeed she must be prepared to make sacrifices. Love of luxury and ease is not likely to promote her chances. She must literally go into training, and she must remain on the stage, only those who look upon their profession as a serious calling are able to maintain their lead. Idleness and loss of interest are the most common causes of deterioration. When a girl keeps her mind free and her blood in vigorous circulation through exercise, she remains young, and it is her duty to keep young as long as she can. No great actress ever desisted. The majority take jealous care of their health and their strength by every means in their power. "I have found an abundance of talent among various American girls—talent that could have been developed into crowning achievements. Only the disposition was wanting. A little more training and they would have been great. After a while they played everything alike. There must be, however, a spark of genius to be kindled by the stage-director is of no avail in trying to develop an actress who lacks it, for only wastes her time with her. The fire where there is no spark. I must be sure of it before I intrust an actress with a leading part—but I care little where I find it."

BARRIE REMAINS UNPRODUCTIVE
Announcement of a New Play from His Pen Without Foundation.
LONDON, March 11.—Special Correspondence.—Once more, it appears, has "Wolff" been cited in connection with J. M. Barrie. Over and over again it has been reported that at least we were in

have a new play by the author of "The Little Minister," and as often has the anticipation thus aroused been disappointed. But the latest announcement was so definite that one concluded that it was official this time, and that "The Admirable Crichton," "Quality Street," "Alice Sit-by-the-Fire," "Peter Pan" and the other Barrie triumphs really were to have a successor at last. For not only did this announcement, which was printed in several of the London papers, state that the Scotch playwright had completed a "new and fantastic play" for Charles Frohman, but it was added that a pair of well known illustrators had been engaged to appear in it, which, you will all agree, looked like business.

Alack, however, it isn't so! At Charles Frohman's London office, extreme vigilance is preserved regarding what Barrie may do in the future, but also on the puzzling topic of why it that he has remained silent for so long, but I was told positively that there was no new piece in sight from his pen and that the widely published announcement was entirely unauthorized. All of which is a pity and tends to confirm the general theory that Barrie either is discouraged or "written out," or that, as has been hinted, he really was dependent on the late Addison Bright for his stage craft.

Meanwhile, following the immensely successful fourth revival of his "Peter Pan" at the Duke of York's, Barrie's "Admirable Crichton" has been put on by Charles Frohman, and, judging by the rapturous greeting it had on the first night, will draw for many weeks to come. This time, the part of the resourceful hero, which originally was played by H. B. Irving, is taken by Lyn Harding, a former member of the Tree forces, who is highly satisfactory. Other changes from the memorable original cast are Eric Lewis in the part of the late Lord Loam, which was created by the late Henry Kemble, and Miriam Clements in that of Lady Mary, whose original representative was Irene Vanbrugh, now playing the heroine of "The Tiler" at the St. James. Gerald du Maurier, who has gone far since those days, has his original part of the young lordling, who makes epigrams and has his head ducked in palls of water by the Admirable Crichton. As for the piece itself, its wit and the astonishing fertility of imagination which it displays on the part of its author make one regret the more that he persists in declining to give us something new. Why Barrie doesn't produce further plays is a question that theatergoers over here are anxious to have answered.

"Henry of Lancaster," the romantic drama by Gladys Unger, which Ellen Terry accepted some time ago, was produced for the first time at the Theater Royal, Nottingham, on Friday last. The local critics praise it highly, in fact, its reception was so encouraging that Miss Terry has definitely decided to bring it out in London in September. The story, already outlined in this correspondence, is concerned with the love of Harry of Richmond for the Princess Elizabeth, and the check-mating of Richard III, and a Nottingham reviewer describes the scenes as "full of picturesque detail and replete with varied action—the melodramatic intrigue being set in an attractive framework." It looks as if the San Francisco play, which was congratulated on a real hit, and if the piece should succeed when produced "in town" her position in the playwrighting world will be established beyond immediate question.

Although it was understood here that "The Moon of Marzug" was by no means as successful in the United States as it proved at the London "Garrick," the announcement comes from Charles Frohman that its author, William J. Locke, is at work on a new play for Marie Doris. This dramatic play has been a busy man, of late, for it now develops that besides turning his successful novel, "The Beloved Vagabond" into a successful play for Beech-brook Tree, Locke has taken his unsuccessful comedy, "The Palace of Puck," in hand, and made it over into a musical piece. It is his next play to be produced, "Butterflies" and it has found a producer in the person of Ada Reeve, who is a warm favorite with the patrons of musical plays in this country. "Butterflies" is due at the London Apollo on May 11, and it is likely to be the first hit in America, if approved by audiences here. The author of the score is a secret for the present.

Is there, or is there not, a "Jane Wardle" this quarter? We are puzzling the theatrical world here for the past fortnight or since the production at Terry's of "The Lord of Laumer Street," and the solution of the mystery seems as far off as ever. What makes the thing a problem is the fact that, as everyone knows, a novel with the same title as the piece at Terry's, was published some time ago as the work of Jane Wardle, who also was credited with "The Artistic Temperament," a novel that made something of a hit in the United States. Now, the piece at Terry's is the work of the same author, as was told in "Miss Wardle's" latest novel, but the dramatist's name is given as Oliver Madox Hueffer, and no mention whatever is made of "Jane Wardle" or of her book. How is this? In an interview on the subject, has explained that the novel

rhyme nor reason. * * * In Berlin his name will soon be synonymous with ruff and rattle, heaven storming and fire-eating proclivities." Mark you this criticism which I quote is not a wholesale attack on the pianist, for the person who wrote it said at the beginning, "he has all the qualities of a great pianist, but he is not one. But I wish he would stop to offend in the beautifully persuasive tone which he can adopt at will, and not always thunder in our ears."

You see, gentle people who read this column, the music-lovers are crying out for the beautiful, for Music, just Music. Happy are they who hear the call and will answer.

The people are hungering and thirsting for music, as never before; they are calling to the artists, the priests and priestesses of the Art, but the artists and priestesses are so busy decorating the altars of Technique, making broad the physical-sterility of Intellectual and Profound Tonal Verboosity, and chanting the psalms of piano manufactures by powerful and permanent presences of percussion in all its branches that the person who waits until one sees comes a "pianist who plays the piano." But, says Philip Hale of Boston, the veteran critic, "There are few of them in these days."

It is true that the audience will applaud when a man or woman puts one hand back of the piano stool and proceeds to play a most ingenious attempt of an arrangement, for one hand of a sextette for voices and orchestra, (the andante movement from Beethoven's Fifth Symphony as an arrangement for the right hand alone will doubtless come in time.) But I always contend against my pianistic friends that the place for such endeavor is the "advanced vaudeville" theater. I have seen people play musical things and heard them too, when they threw the instruments to and from each other, through the air, never missing a note or causing an interruption. Now, I submit, this took time and the study of the legato was wonderful, for the air sustained the air of the piece as the air passed through the air from one instrument to another, each playing its own portion of the air, in the air as it passed through the air. Was not this remarkable?

And again you have heard these wonderful people who play all kinds of instruments and get music by wonderfully difficult feats and in wonderfully difficult positions. It is not necessary to enumerate these here. You have doubtless heard to the Orpheum.

That is where much of the purely technical compositions which we are compelled to listen to at concerts should be given. Technique for technique's sake is simply clever, a wonderful feat, if you like, but it is not art.

The worst of it is that the pianists and students of piano playing do not see this in this light. For they know the difficulty of the thing and applaud the skill—which is all right in the teaching room or in the lecture hall—but at a recital to which people have come to "listen to music" not to look at fast or furious key-striking, is it really the thing?

Some day we will find that it is not. Some day we will find more like De Puchmann, who, I believe, has never been in Omaha, I believe. Pianists who are not merely "intellectual" (so-called!) But pianists, as Philip Hale says, who "play the piano."

Now while we are on the subject I am reminded of an article which I read last month in the Chicago Musical Leader, in the Berlin correspondence. Speaking of Mark Hambourg, who has a high place in the pianoforte concert gallery of solo performers, and who has been for some years a great favorite in London, this correspondent says: "He converted the first movement of the sonata into a veritable tonal whirlwind in which there was no

really was indebted to the play, not the play to the novel; that Miss Wardle read the piece in manuscript and asked to be allowed to write the story in novel form. Curiously enough, however, she never seems to have met "Jane Wardle," not even the inference is being drawn that, like Mrs. Harris, "there ain't no such person." Or, in other words, that she and Oliver Madox Hueffer are one and the same, and that the latter wrote "The Artistic Temperament." As for the play at Terry's it is one of the few stage versions of works of fiction to make even a partial success on the London boards this season. Nina Boucicault has made a hit in the part of its slum heroine and the production seems to be prospering, though the "House Full" signs has not yet been displayed. The next attraction at this playhouse, by the way, is to be "Fanny Ward," who also will appear in "Captions"—first in the form of "Secret Castle's" "Secret Orchard," which made a success in America, and later in the stage version of "The Marriage of William Ashe," which has been made by the author herself, with the assistance of Margaret Mayo.

Coming Events.
"A Knight for a Day," under the management of Mr. H. H. Frazee, comes to the Boyd theater for three performances, starting tonight. With the play will be Elsie Herbert in the leading comedy roles, and a cast that has been selected with the greatest care. It is promised that the play will be given a delightful presentation. The American Beauty chorus is a handsome feature of the performance and contributes much vivacity and charm. It is well worth anybody's while to witness any of the credible attraction. The book and lyrics are by Robert H. Smith, and the music by Raymond Hubbell. The airs are all tuneful and are being hummed and whistled by everybody everywhere they are heard, and their refrain lingers softly in the memory. Besides Elsie Herbert and Elsie Herbert some of those who have been entrusted with the principal roles are Thomas Cameron, Robert O'Connor, Harry Mack, James MacCormack, Gertrude Hutchison, Elsie Baird and Grace De Mar.

The popularity of "The Lion and the Mouse," which Henry H. Harris is sending for a brief engagement at Boyd's theater beginning Thursday night, seems to increase each day and the indications are that the Charles Klein drama is destined to live long in the minds of playgoers who have seen it, as the first and best of the great American plays which reflected, and truthfully, the spirit of the time which they portrayed. Possibly this is due to the theme, the power of money in our social, business, political and financial life, and the possibilities for evil when in the hands of the unscrupulous. Dorothy Ryder, who never played Shirley Gray, of New York before this season, will play the distinguished part here, and Paul Everett, remembered for his characterization of Ryder here last season, will be cast in his usual part of the money king.

"Through Death Valley," Joseph La Brandt's melodrama, will be seen here at the Krug for two days, starting matinee today. The play tells a story of awful persecution of a noble girl who has dared to refuse the advances of Noah Claypole, a Mormon elder with a rather formidable collection of wives. The girl, who is a dishonor, she continues to defy the elder, and when a young miner espouses her cause, "the Destroying Angels" start forth to kill him. After a series of remarkable adventures, during which the young miner and the girl come face to face with death, they finally escape, and the girl is captured and receive the awful punishment which they have so justly merited.

"Picking from Puck" will be at the Krug theater two days, starting Tuesday night, March 21. The performance is not only filled with thrilling dramatic scenes, ready fun and tuneful music, but is adorned as well with scenery and costumes that are bright and glittering. Also, a handsome bunch of pretty girls, including the great "American Pony Ballet."

"His Horrible Secret," or "The Man Monkey," the attraction at the Krug Thursday, Friday and Saturday, is Charles E. Blaney's latest success, with William H. Turner, and an excellent supporting company, in a striking and original story of the jungles of Africa.

An undertaking as great as was ever attempted by a stock company will be the production of "Quo Vadis," which is to be staged at the Burwood theater the coming week. For this production the company has been enlarged to fifty people and rehearsals have been in progress for over two weeks. The scenic embellishment will be particularly elaborate. One of the talked about features of the performance will be the execution of the dance of the seven veils to be given before Emperor Nero. This is the dance that constituted the most potent drawing feature of "Salome" when produced in New York some months ago. It is said to be an optical delight of surpassing charm as the curtain is "greatly" drawn, and the dancing girls, encased, Mr. Ingram will be seen as Marcus Vinicius in "Quo Vadis" and Miss Lesing as Lydia. There will be matinees on Tuesday, Thursday, Saturday and Sunday. The last two performances of "Tennessee's Partner" will be given today.

For the first time in the history of the Orpheum a feature will be held over for the second week, in response to popular demand. This distinction has fallen to Miss Anna Eva Fay. Miss Fay during the week received many letters daily, most of them requesting confidential treatment. Interest in Miss Fay increases every day, matinee and night, and for the ensuing week will be new Miss Gertrude Mansfield, "the girl with the red kimono," who was a W. C. Fieldian for a while, and her company will be seen in a lively sketch that has to do

with the stage dressing room. Miss Mansfield will introduce several songs. In a sketch called "Sign that Book" Orin and Fern will show their versatile musical accomplishments. Barry and Halvers will regale with song, dance and fun making. A mixture of juggling, gymnastics and comedy will be contributed by Cole and Rags. Herbert's troupe of acrobats do all sorts of stunts calculated to please old and young, including the sensational loop-the-loop. New kinodrome pictures will conclude.

Max Pisman and his company in "The Man on the Box," will be at the Boyd for a single performance next Sunday evening. Mr. Pisman is well remembered here for the delightful performance he gave last year of this pleasing comedy.

Gossip from Stage Land.
Madame Komisarzewsky made the mistake of her career, it seems, in undertaking to treat the patrons of the New York theaters as intellectual beings. Being a countess, she was lionized by society, but society she further perished in playing musical plays that appeal to the mind rather than to the emotions, and played them in the spirit intended by their authors. She delighted the rational critics of the metropolis, but the public resolutely stayed away from the theater, so her engagements were cancelled in midflight, and she is set down as a failure.

Blanche Walsh's managers send out word that she is rapidly recovering from her illness, and she will surely appear in Omaha in "The Kreutzer Sonata."

Clyde Fitch's latest comedy, "Girls," deals with the fortunes of four young women who go to New York with the determination to fight their own way in the world without any male assistance. Three of them start business and quickly yield to temptations of matrimony and retire. The fourth tries the stage and becomes famous in a night.

"Do you really want to play Shylock?" the interviewer of the Globe in New York asked of the actor who had just played "O, yes, I must play Shylock—if only to get rid of him. And Lear—Lear—Lear!" He smiled again, and his smile is more expressive than the talking that darkens understanding—but this time not with laughter. "Lear! Think of that poor fellow in the storm, and his children—his children—dead against the sky—the universal—battered, broken—but still a king!"

Henry W. Harris decided to withdraw Duetty Farnum in "The Rector's Garden," which played just one week at the Bijou theater, New York.

In the new comedy, "The Traveling Salesman," which is to be produced by Thomas W. Ross and company in Washington tomorrow night, the action is laid in a country depot, a drummer's hotel room and a general store.

Billie Burke, daughter of the president, was for a brief period of time a "press agent" for "The Man of the Hour," George Broadhurst's play, which Roosevelt saw and play during its two years' run in New York. When it was presented in Washington six weeks ago, the president's smile is said to see it. He consented and sat in a box Monday night—an unusual proceeding, as the president usually usually avoids the theater late in the week to prevent the use of their names for advertising purposes. He made an appointment with Robert A. Fischer, the Horigan, and Harold Russell, the Phelan, of the cast and gave them half an hour of his much taken up time.

"O, I'm coming along," declared Yorkie Kramer, "just about as billed with an eminent star and sixty others." "You are one of the others?" "I'm five of 'em!"—Washington Herald.

Billie Burke of the John Drew company, Billie Burke, "great almost a thing of the past. The love of change and the desire to see new faces will finally finish most of them, I believe. While many people will remain loyal to one actor or actress, the majority seem to demand frequent changes of attractions—hence the row company is taking in the scale and the stock company passing from the view."

Does education, or at least the education of the schools, mean success? Augustus Thorne, who is credited with more stage triumphs than any other American actor, is said not to have attended school after his 12th year.

BOYD'S THEATRE
TO-NIGHT—MONDAY—TUESDAY
SPECIAL TUESDAY MATINEE
H. H. FRAZEE PRESENTS
THE MUSICAL SENSATION OF THE CENTURY
A KNIGHT FOR A DAY
EDDIE REDWAY and ELSIE HERBERT
AND THE FAMOUS AMERICAN BEAUTY CHORUS
THE EIGHT DANCING MAD-CAPS

THURSDAY, FRIDAY, SATURDAY—Saturday Matinee
HENRY H. HARRIS PRESENTS THE GREATEST AMERICAN
SUCCESS OF THE DRAMATIC AGE
The Lion and the Mouse
By Charles Klein, Author of "THE MUSIC MASTER."
SAME CAST AND PRODUCTION ENJOYED LAST SEASON
Seats on Sale

ONE NIGHT ONLY—SUNDAY, MARCH 20
MAX FIGMAN—THE MAN ON THE BOX
MARCH 30, 31—APRIL 1
THE GINGERBREAD MAN

SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT
Mr O. D. WOODWARD Announces
THE ENGAGEMENT FOR NIGHT ONLY
Thursday Evening, April 2d, of
THE WORLD'S FAMOUS PRIMA DONNA
Mme. MARCELLA SEMBRICH
ASSISTED BY MR. ELLISON VAN HOUSE, TENOR.
MR. DE ZADORA, PIANIST.
in CONCERT
POSITIVELY THE MUSICAL EVENT OF THE SEASON.
Seats Will Be Placed on Sale SATURDAY, MARCH 26th, at 9 A. M.
MAIL ORDERS RECEIVED and FILLED if Accompanied by Check.
PRICES: Box Seats, \$3.50 and \$5.00; Lower Floor, \$3.00 and \$2.50; Balcony, \$2.50, \$2.00 and \$1.50; Gallery, \$1.00.

BURWOOD
PHONES—Bell, Doug. 1506—Ind. A 1506
MID-LENTEN FEATURE. TOMORROW AND ALL WEEK
PRESENTING PANORAMIC PRODUCTION OF THE BIBLICAL STORY
QUO VADIS
By Henry Scientivins. SEE THE DANCER OF THE 7 VEILS before Hero. Company Augmented to 50. Superb Scenic Embellishment. Evenings and Sunday Matinee, 10c, 50c and 25c, a few front rows 25c. Tues., Thurs., and Sat. Matinees, 10c and 50c. Box seats 50c at all performances. Today! Last 2 times of Tennessee's Partner.

Orpheum
Phone Douglas 604.
ADVANCED VAUDEVILLE
Mat. Daily 2.15 -- Every Night 8.15
Week Starting Mat. Today
Anna Eva Fay
IN
"Somnolency"
Ask Her What You Want to Know.
GERTRUDE MANSFIELD & COMPANY
"The Girl With the Red Kimono."
ORTH & FERN
Playing in "Sign That Book"
BARRY & HALVERS
Late of "Babes In Toyland."
COLE & RAGS
In "Versatile Divertissement."
HERBERT'S PETS
The Pinnacle of Canine Intelligence.
ANNA EVA FAY
Her Marvelous Cabinet Experiments.
KINODROME
Always the Best in Motion Pictures.
PRICES—10c, 25c and 50c.

KRUG THEATRE
15-25-50-75c
10-25-50
2 DAYS Starting MATINEE TODAY
J. D. BARTON & CO. Present
Through Death Valley
Joseph Brandt's Drama of the West
"The One Place God Forgots"
2 DAYS STARTING MATINEE WED.
TUES. MARCH 21.
The Phenomenal Musical Comedy
Drama Success.
Pickings From
...Puck...
Tuneful Melodies—Pretty Girls—Pony Ballet.
3 DAYS STARTING Sat. Saturday
TUES. MARCH 21.
Chas. E. Blaney Presents the Famous
Character Actor

Wm. H. Turner
as Melmoth, the Man Monkey
In the Great Drama of Mystery
His Terrible Secret.

CONCERT
Mrs. Kathryn Shary, Soprano
and
AUGUST MÖLZER, Violinist
(of Lincoln, Neb., Wesleyan Conservatory)
Assisted by
Mrs. Edith Wagoner—Piano
Mr. Vernon Spencer of Lincoln
Monday Evening, March 30, '38
at Lyric Theater.
Tickets—50c, 75c, \$1.00.
On sale at Hooper's, 1513 Douglas St.

The Boyd Theater
School of Acting
(A practical training school for dramatic and operatic stage)
Fourth Season Now Open
Students' Matinee Engagements
LILLIAN FITCH, Director
W. J. BURGESS, Manager
DIAMONDS
Bohemian-American violinist who has met with success everywhere. He is a pupil of the same master as Kubelik. Mr. Frenzer will be heard in a joint concert with Mrs. Kathryn M. Shary, soprano, at the Lyric Theater on Monday night, March 30.
FRENZER 15 & DODGE

KATHERYN M. SHARY.
Omaha's well known singer, will be heard in concert at the Lyric theater, Monday, March 20.