

What Omaha Had and Will Have at Theaters

VICTOR MOORE'S Christmas in Omaha was notable as being his first appearance here in anything more extended than a vaudeville sketch. Three times he has appeared in Omaha as a performer at the Orpheum, and each time he has received the plaudits of all who attended the theater because of the apparent sincerity of his efforts as a comedian. Three years ago Mr. Moore would have played here with Fay Templeton in "Forty-five Minutes from Broadway," were it not that he was confined to his bed in Denver while the company was in Omaha. By the way, that was a particularly unfortunate week for the Orpheum stars. While Miss Templeton managed to get through with each performance of the engagement at the Boyd, she did so at great physical inconvenience, because her throat was in such condition as to require the constant attendance of a physician. Mr. Moore came to Omaha as the company was leaving and spent a couple of days visiting with friends before going on to join the others. His present efforts show that he is developing rapidly in his art, and that while he is living the American stage will not be without, at least, one comedian of quality. So far, Mr. Moore's work has been along lines far less serious, perhaps, than he is fitted for. But his ambition looks to greater things, and it has been definitely announced that Messrs. Cohan and Harris propose to present him in a comedy much more worthy of his capabilities than "The Talk of New York."

Victor Moore Shows Growth in His Comedy Methods -- Hoodoo Week is Really Not So Bad -- Morris Money

Omaha. Managers dread this week as being the one of all the year when the theater is neglected. Santa Claus has the call at this time and money that is ordinarily spent for theater tickets goes to buy nick-nacks and toys for the little folks and more expensive and enduring remembrances for the grownups, so the week has always been a dreaded one at the play houses, and it is customary to practically suspend operations until the dawning of Christmas day revives in the public the desire for amusement such as can be found only at the theater. Companies are laid off or continue under half pay, and everything is done to curtail expenses. But the present efforts show that he is developing rapidly in his art, and that while he is living the American stage will not be without, at least, one comedian of quality. So far, Mr. Moore's work has been along lines far less serious, perhaps, than he is fitted for. But his ambition looks to greater things, and it has been definitely announced that Messrs. Cohan and Harris propose to present him in a comedy much more worthy of his capabilities than "The Talk of New York."

Omaha Morris theater is growing apace, and the promise of the architect is that it will be ready for opening much sooner than was expected. It is even hoped that its opening can be made a part of the local observance of Washington's birthday.

If Christmas had not been called to mind in a hundred other ways, the Christmas editions of theatrical magazines and newspapers would suffice. There come to hand such special editions of The Billboard, the Dramatic News, the New York Review and the New York Star. These represent the climax of achievement in pictorial representation of actresses and actors by periodical publications, for the pages of all named are brim full of pictures of costumed male person also being shown in counterfeits. There is a wealth of prose dealing with the stage, its affairs and its people and a host of special articles. Then there are the advertisements. These are not only large enough and numerous enough to delight the publisher, but are of interest as showing the pleasure of producers, managers and performers in taking this means to thank their friends for past patronage and to express a hope for patronage to come.

Gossip From Stageland

Percy Hammond Recalls an Old Tale in Telling of Ruth St. Denis and Her Dance—Belasco's Latest Production Approaches the Sex Question from an Angle Hitherto Unseen on the American Stage

Percy Hammond of the Chicago Tribune was moved after seeing Ruth St. Denis in her dances to emit this:

When Miss Isadora Duncan danced in London, Mr. Max Beerholm was reminded of the emperor's new clothes. It will be recalled that there came to the emperor's palace a certain weaver, who promised to weave for the emperor a garment that would be visible only to honest people, and how he set up his loom and wove and wove, and how none of the courtiers could discern a single thread, yet all were loud in their praises of the fabric, and how when the time came for the emperor to rally forth thus arrayed through the streets of the capital, the people vied with one another in acclaiming the fabric's beauty, and I went well with the child, I recently exclaimed: "The emperor has nothing on!"

Now, while it cannot be said of Miss Ruth St. Denis that she has nothing on, still it is a fact that she has not very much on, and of that there is a great deal that is transparent. In her dances, there are only a few of those who observe Miss St. Denis in her Hindu dances at the Colonial who experience even the vaguest feeling of impropriety in their contemplation of her broussed and rounded limbs and torso. Whether this is because the emotions of the spectators are similar to those of the emperor's courtiers or whether it is a tribute to the genius of the dancer we are not prepared to state. Probably it is both. At any rate it proves the contention of Mr. Beerholm and of others that propriety and impropriety are not things that can be determined according to the quantity or the quality of clothing. They depend on movement and meaning, and in these Miss St. Denis is quite properly person.

So those who believe with Homer that dancing is "the sweetest and most perfect of human enjoyments" may attend the performance of Miss St. Denis in comfort. She embodies with much grace of gesture and motion, vivid bits of orientalism, some of them easily symbolic, like the one revealing the "life of the senses as the Hindu understands it," and others merely picturesque, as the street scene, with its eloquent delineation of the dancer and the cobra. The pungent pantomime shown in the mortification of the Yogi is remarkable, too, in its powers of revelation, though our research into the matter convinces us that this exhibition has been discreetly modified. The acting of Miss St. Denis' assistants is quite natural, and the atmospheric accessories, we imagine, are veridical.

Is it the cry of the new woman or the old that is heard in "The Lily," the new play which David Belasco presented at the Stuyvesant theater, New York, on Thursday night, with an unusually strong cast? As adapted by Belasco from the French original of Pierre Wolff and Gaston Laxoux, "The Lily" is primarily a drama of sex. There is none of the eternal "triangle," but instead the spectacle of a woman denied her right to love and her love. "The Lily" is a tragedy of "the bachelor girl," for bachelor girls are the daughters of the impoverished Comte de Maigret. The oldest, Odette, "The Lily" has grown old in the service of her family—she is 35 at the opening of the play, and her sister Christiane is 25. In deference to the wishes of her tyrannical and altogether profligate father Odette had in her youth relinquished the man she loved and has never ceased regretting her self-imposed duty. The younger sister, Christiane, has fallen in love with George Arnaud, an artist and a married man, who is unable to secure his freedom from the woman with whom he has not lived for ten years. Before the play progresses very far it is revealed that her relations with the portrait painter are no longer innocent. The girl confesses defiantly, instead of censuring her sister she openly and eloquently applauds her action. Christiane is "right" and she proclaims it. "Anything is better, anything is to be preferred to the gnawing loneliness of an old maid's life." "Look at me!" she weeps. "Once I was beautiful and young, too. I was made to love and be loved—and what am I now? Old! shriveled! wrinkled! Gone to ruin! An old maid! Continuing, Odette turns her attitude rather slyly: "It is your honor that is killing us. It has only succeeded in making of me a woman pure, but desperate and broken hearted. Go, Christiane, go toward life, toward love! I have paid the ransom for you." Charles Cartwright

Fortunes Made in Songs

IN THE quarter century that has rolled by since 1884, when Will S. Hay's "Molly Darling" was the melodic rave, the making and publishing of popular songs has grown to astonishing proportions. Millions of money are invested in the business and countless fortunes are made by it annually. At least a dozen big firms, in New York and Boston alone are interested heavily in a number of their acquisitions. There are large printing establishments that print nothing but "words and music" thus catching combined. The amount of white paper consumed is comparable to that which

A MILLION DOLLARS' WORTH OF MELODY.

Title	Composer	Copies at Cts.	Am't.
"After the Fall," by Charles K. Harris	Charles K. Harris	1,000,000	\$50,000
"The Banjo of the Wharfedale," by Paul Dresser	Paul Dresser	500,000	25,000
"Swanee," by Victor Young	Victor Young	500,000	25,000
"Always," by George M. Cohan	George M. Cohan	400,000	20,000
"Because," by George M. Cohan	George M. Cohan	400,000	20,000
"She Was Born in Old Kentucky," by Brasted and Carter	Brasted and Carter	400,000	20,000
"The Sweetest Story Ever Told," by R. P. Taylor	R. P. Taylor	300,000	15,000
"Swing Song," by Richard Hovey and F. E. Bullard	Richard Hovey and F. E. Bullard	300,000	15,000
"In the Good Old Summer Time," by Evans and Shield	Evans and Shield	300,000	15,000
"Fidelity," by George M. Cohan	George M. Cohan	300,000	15,000
"By the Watermelon Vine, Lindy Lou," by Walter Jacobs	Walter Jacobs	300,000	15,000
"In the Shade of the Old Apple Tree," by Williams and Van Alstyne	Williams and Van Alstyne	300,000	15,000
"A Yankee Doodle Boy," and others, by George M. Cohan	George M. Cohan	2,000,000	100,000
"Merry Widow" songs	George M. Cohan	500,000	25,000
"Soul Kiss," by George M. Cohan	George M. Cohan	500,000	25,000
"Waltz Dream," by George M. Cohan	George M. Cohan	500,000	25,000
"I'm on the Water Wagon Now," by West and Bratton	West and Bratton	500,000	25,000
"I Want You Presently Back," by Paul West	Paul West	500,000	25,000
"I Want to Be Loved Like a Leading Lady," by Paul West and H. Wade	Paul West and H. Wade	300,000	15,000
"Poker Love," by George M. Cohan	George M. Cohan	300,000	15,000
"I'm Afraid to Go Home in the Dark," by George M. Cohan	George M. Cohan	300,000	15,000
"Love Me, Love My Money," by George M. Cohan	George M. Cohan	300,000	15,000
"My Little Hong Kong Baby," by West and Bratton	West and Bratton	300,000	15,000
"The Gibson Bathing Girl," by Solman and West	Solman and West	400,000	20,000
"She Read the New York Papers," by John Bratton	John Bratton	400,000	20,000
"Under the Bamboo Tree," by Rosamond Johnson	Rosamond Johnson	400,000	20,000
"Song Love Song," by Rosamond Johnson	Rosamond Johnson	400,000	20,000
"All Cools Look Alike to Me," by Ernest Hogan	Ernest Hogan	400,000	20,000
"Mardi Lou," by Ernest Hogan	Ernest Hogan	400,000	20,000
"The Man Who Fights the Flames," by Felix Peist	Felix Peist	400,000	20,000
"Golden Rod," by Mabel McKinley	Mabel McKinley	400,000	20,000
"Merry-Go-Round," by George M. Cohan and Paul West	George M. Cohan and Paul West	400,000	20,000
"Dearie," by Claire Kummer	Claire Kummer	400,000	20,000
"School Days," by George M. Cohan	George M. Cohan	300,000	15,000
"See-Saw," by George M. Cohan	George M. Cohan	300,000	15,000
"Absence," by Alfred Little	Alfred Little	300,000	15,000
"Good-Night Little Girl," by George M. Cohan	George M. Cohan	300,000	15,000
"Don't You Cry, Ma Honey," by A. W. Noll	A. W. Noll	300,000	15,000
"Creole Love Song," by Edgar B. Smith	Edgar B. Smith	300,000	15,000
"Cavalry Sabot," by George M. Cohan and Henry Tyrrell	George M. Cohan and Henry Tyrrell	300,000	15,000

plays the part of the count. Nance O'Neil and Julia Deane are the sisters.

For the first time on any stage, the Shuberts produced at the Auditorium theater at Baltimore last night, Cora Maynard's new play, "The Watcher." An unusual feature of the performance is the fact that the theme of spiritualism runs throughout the four acts, the "watcher" in question being the departed spirit of the good mother, whose death causes so much trouble in the family of the Keats, Miss Maynard, in going to the realms of the mystic for the foundation of her new play, has struck a responsive if not a universal chord in the manner in which the play was received tonight can be taken as an indication. In several respects "The Watcher" is not unlike "Paid in Full." The dramatic interest is sustained throughout. The cast, which is a small one, has been selected with unusual care. The players are: John Emerson, Percy Hallowell, Catherine Countess, Marion Balfour and Thurlow Bergen. There are four acts, each of them taking place in the living room of a New York flat. John Emerson has staged the production for the Shuberts. "The Watcher" will play at the Auditorium theater this week, after which it will be seen at the Comedy theater, New York.

William Collier says that he is not used to the name "William." He doubts that if he ever will be. If he goes into the club and some one calls "William" he pays no attention. He thinks the waiter is meant. Before he changed his name from "Willie" to "William" for stage reasons he called William once, and that was by Augustin Daly. "I was called boy when I was 14 for Mr. Daly, and one of my duties was to ring down the last curtain. One beautiful autumn afternoon there was a banquet between the New Yorks and the Chicagos to decide the championship, and on that same fair day Ada Rehan and John Drew played a matinee of "She Would and She Wouldn't." I took a chance and went to part of the game. At the exact moment that the last act came to an end I was hurriedly approaching the stage door. Mr. Drew looked at Miss Rehan and Miss Rehan looked at Mr. Drew, and both looked at the audience and wondered why in heaven's name the curtain didn't come down. I am told it was embarrassing. At last somebody rang down, but too late. I got no attention. Mr. Daly was investigating. "Where is William?" he asked. That was the first time I was ever called anything but "Willie," and my full name has never quite lost its unpleasant associations.

"If in casting a play you can find an actor who looks the part you have in mind for him, be thankful," says Mr. Frohman. "If you can find an actor who can act the part, be very thankful, but if you can find an actor who can look the part and act it, too, go down on your knees and thank God!"

Miss Fritta Scheff is to leave the management of Charles Dillingham at the end of this season and Miss Louise Gunning will take her place in the Dillingham repertory. Although the situation is entirely amicable it is understood that the prima donna's temperamental vagaries did not harmonize with Mr. Dillingham's characteristic placidity, and that the separation

will not be entirely unwelcome. Not long ago the motion of the train to which Miss Scheff's private car was attached interfered with her ambitions, which were taking place in a diminutive bath tub in her stateroom. She ordered the engineer to stop for ten minutes until she finished, and it is said that he did.

A London letter to the New York Sun gives us this:

Princess Bariatsky prepared a little dramatic play for her audience Friday. She first played "Hedda Gabler" in Russian and then the program announced that she would give an English version of "The Stronger Woman," a one-act piece by August Strindberg, a dramatist beloved on the continent, but hardly known in England and America. "The Stronger Woman" was an English version of the original play all right, but Princess Bariatsky took a

silent part. For half an hour she was on the stage and never said a word.

The plot of Strindberg's little sketch is that two women meet in a cafe. Both are actresses. Madame X, played by Lady Freese, is married; Madame Y, the Princess Bariatsky, is not. Madame X begins to boast over her friend's misfortunes. She boasts of her own husband's devotion, of her beautiful child and of their happy home.

Madame Y listens to all, only smiling a little cynically. Gradually suspicion creeps upon Madame X. As she relates tales of her husband's unceasing devotion she narrowly watches the other woman for signs of doubt. At last in a rage she flounces away still protesting. Madame Y leans back in her chair and laughs for several seconds before the curtain falls.

The audience applauded vigorously and

at the Krug theater for two days, starting Sunday. There is plenty of realism in its scenes and story. The production, under the management of A. H. Woods, will have the benefit of an exceptionally clever company.

At the Krug theater for three days starting Thursday Vaughan Glaser's production of "St. Elmo," the story by Mrs. Augusta Evans Wilson, will be the attraction.

Will Archie, the diminutive comedian who has scored such a decided success in "Wildfire," the play that comes to the Krug theater for two days commencing Tuesday, is one of the fortunate actors who has no thought of worriment about theatrical conditions. Mr. Archie is the owner of a hotel in New York, the Willard, and when his theatrical duties are ended, Bill, as he is intimately known, is in charge of "the hotel." He is a business man in a hotel way. New York has been exceptionally good lately, and Archie thought an addition to the Willard might bring him in a little more money. He had an architect make plans for the alterations and submitted the plans to the building department. Building inspectors were sent up to look the house over and inquired for the proprietor. Archie met them and explained to them just what was required. After having looked everything over and approving the alterations, they desired to see the proprietor. Archie refused to believe him thought he was kidding. After much argument, Archie sent for his manager, and finally convinced the inspectors that he was the owner of the place. As the inspectors were leaving, one of them turned to Archie and said: "Say, kid, next time you send for a man to talk to bring your birth certificate along."

The Rice & Barton Big Extravaganza company is this week's attraction at the Gayety, opening with a matinee this afternoon. "A Night at Brighton Beach," which opens the show with its array of pretty girls and clever comedians, soubrettes and character bits, is the best satire of the day and keeps the audience convulsed with its funny situations and complications. The Gayety returns to the matinee this evening with a novelty around the best in vaudeville and also ranks among the best in vaudeville and novelty around. Such well known people as the American Cowboy Four, Jeanette Young, Wesson, Walters and Wesson, Revere and Yuir, Stevens and Moore, John

For the week starting with a matinee today and closing on New Year's day, when the daily custom of a matinee will prevail, Valerie Bergere, the most popular exponent of the one-act play, who comes to the Gayety to see the Rice & Barton's "Favorite," a comedy by Edgar Allen Wolf, Dramatic scenes from grand operas, such as "Faust," "Carmen," "Lambert" and "Rigoletto" will be contributed by the Tuscany Troubadours, a sextet of singers, vocalists and instrumentalists, who will display in the performance of Sterling and Revell, horizontal bar experts, whose twists and turns and spectacular falls furnish comedy of the knockout type. The Town Hall Minstrels, Supers, Coakley and McBride, among the most successful musical comedians on the Orpheum circuit, furnish five tuneful and laugh producing numbers. Charles and Charlene have a drawing room entertainment, with xylophone selections and every variety of clever juggling. Miss Violet King is a virtuoso of both the violin and piano, and in the playing of both instruments she is said to have wonderful technical skill. Meyers and Rosa are the laria experts. The Kinetophone will present its weekly motion pictures even more interesting than usual, and before each performance, concert selections will be given by the Orpheum orchestra of fifteen musicians.

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Dear Reader—My weekly pilgrimage to Kansas City was to see the Rice & Barton's Big Gaiety Co. Believe me when I say I hope that all the shows to come will be just as good.
E. L. JOHNSON
Mgr. Gayety Theater

Dramatic Critic's Function

NOW LESS closely allied to the theater than the reporter, the manager is the dramatic critic. The two first mentioned may doubt the utility of the critic, and have been known to express themselves upon the subject in no unambiguous terms. But when all is said and done and the relation of the critic and the people of the stage is brought down to the last analysis, it will have to be admitted that it is the critic who is looked upon as the arbiter of last resort. When everything is ready for the public, when the actors have rehearsed their parts, when authors have given the last final touches to their lines, when managers have paved the way to the utmost for the success of a performance, the work of the critic begins. It is to him that the public looks for a faithful opinion. If he is not trustworthy, it does not take the public long to find it out, and his criticisms lapse into disfavor.

None is capable of judging the work of others unless he exercises the utmost restraint and preserves his equanimity intact. The moment prejudices begin to creep into his reviews, they become worthless. To point out errors is easy. It is traditional that the mote in a brother's eye is more easily discernable than the beam in our own. To chastise over merit is equally easy. But the real critic is the one who not only notes the flaws, but he who suggests a remedy. Unless we can give a man advice as to future behavior, there is no use condemning him for his present faults.

Consider the responsibilities of the dramatic critic who has set himself the task of being fearless and truthful. Let no one say that he is in a line of duty he occupies a position absolutely unique. Thousands of dollars may be spent upon a production before the curtain rises on the first performance, and months of drudgery in rehearsal, making the total stake beyond the power of the average man to realize. But, however great the critic's concern may be for the actors and the managers under such circumstances, the duty he owes the public, by virtue of the confidence reposed in him, is greater, and must be his first consideration.

Many of the people connected with the theater are establishing, as it were, a sort of haphazard thespianism on the part of the public, who would thus never be able to find out whether or not they were going to be edified by a performance until after they had paid their money for the privilege of finding



GEORGE DAMEREL.