



CHAUNCEY OICOTT AND EDITH BROWNING IN "BARRY OF BALMOROE" AT THE BRANDEIS



CRESSY AND DAYNE AT THE ORPHEUM



FESSIE CLIFFORD IN '3 TWINS' AT THE BRANDEIS



VICTOR MORLEY AND HEAVY CHORUS IN '3 TWINS' AT THE BRANDEIS

At the Theaters

Eva Lang May Yet Star in a New Play

MISS EVA LANG will probably be seen no more in stock after this season, because, according to the present outlook she is to star in a play called "Tess of the Storm Country," a drama being written by Rupert Hughes from the novel of the name by Grace Miller White.

One writes "probably" because theatrical futures are as Miss Lang says, "a gamble, more uncertain even than the wheat pit, and with respect to theatrical predictions and announcements the only certain thing is that same uncertainty attached."

But this much is sure at all events: The novel, according to unanimous verdict, tells a story which is full of dramatic incident and which appears to be highly available as the basis of a play; Mr. Hughes is a quite competent playwright; Miss Lang has the refusal of the part and the desire to play it; contracts have been signed and the manuscript of the play will be in Miss Lang's hands in two months from now.

Then if the part turns out as expected, and if all other contingencies are similarly obviated, plans will be matured for the production of the piece in the fall.

It is an interesting girl which Miss Lang will probably depict. Tess of the new novel is the daughter of a fisherman living on the shores of a New York lake, a girl who may be termed an elemental character, but nevertheless one of some novel and well defined attributes.

The story, baldly told, centers round her relations with a Cornell university student and her struggles in behalf of her father, who is suspected—unjustly, of course—of murder. This theme is not in essence altogether new—substitute Yale for Cornell and read husband instead of father and one has Mr. Klein's "Third Degree." But except for this bare framework all is different. New wine—to change the metaphor abruptly—is poured into the old bottle and Tess in no wise resembles Annie Jeffries any more than she does that other Tess of Yorkshire habit, of whose grief-racked road Thomas Hardy told.

Just what and how many parts of the novel Mr. Hughes will incorporate in his dramatic version is not safely to be predicted, but it does seem likely that he will use the incident of the baby's adoption. Tess's Cornell lover has a sister involved with another student who perishes in a fraternity house fire, an incident which the novel writer took from the destruction of the Chi Psi house at Ithaca in the fall of 1908. This brings her baby into the world fatherless and with the mother shamed if the fact of birth be learned. The child is taken by Tess to the lake-side shack, where she has her lonely home. Her father is in jail awaiting trial.

Suspicion follows the appearance in her home of the wail. But it is not for this that the fisher-girl utters a strange and awesome prayer for the baby's death; it is because she believes the infant would be happier dead. Moreover, Tess has somewhere gained the idea that fervent, oft-repeated prayer will gain a favorable answer, no matter what may be wished and prayed for.

This adoption of the child reaps its natural harvest. Her lover, ignorant that the child is his own sister's, suspects Tess. So does the attorney, also in love with the girl, and about to assume charge of her father's apparently hopeless case. So does her lover's father, a clergyman of narrow vision. This worthy's interest in the girl is quickened by still another reason. The land where Tess's cabin stands was squatted on by her father and the minister's attempts



DOROTHY HARKUS AT THE ORPHEUM

at her dispossession add to her already fairly large store of woe. Consider that her father seems doomed to the electric chair; that her lover, even if worldly circumstances were auspicious, as they are not, suspects her of frailty, that her attorney has turned against her and that even the shabby roof over her head is an uncertain haven.

Working up and working out all these complications forms the thread of the story and enough has been told to indicate that the heroine's predicament is not a simple nor an trivial one. Add to this a really quaint turn of mind, a brain by no means despicable, struggling to think out the puzzling facts of life and love and death with the handicap of no help nor instruction worth mentioning, a breast racked by suffering, and a spirit withal brave and undaunted—add all this, and the resultant girl seems to be worth while whether she be known only in the book or on the stage, if then visualized for us by an actress like Miss Lang.

The leading player of the Boyd company is meditating upon Tess and the future in a quite sensible way. Deeply interested in the heroine, which seems to offer a part worthy of her mettle, Miss Lang is not professing, as is usually done by actresses about to play a new part in a stellar way, that this particular character is the most fascinating ever heard of.

If, as is likely, Miss Lang leaves stock to play "Tess," she will carry with her the experience of six years' solid work in which she has played several hundred roles. Most of her experience has been in Omaha, where she began at the old Burwood following a short summer engagement at Kansas City. She was then within a few months of being 18 years of age, and her playing stock leads at it is probably a genuine record. Miss Lang was a pupil in a dramatic school when her talent was first recognized by O. D. Woodward, in whose companies she has since appeared. Her first chance came when another girl threw up a part an hour before the curtain was to rise on a school production. A horse had not been furnished this girl to ride upon, or something like that was the cause. Thus even in the dramatic school stage do stellar vagaries sometimes—but not always—make their appearance.

Miss Lang's playing, so far as Omaha is concerned, needs no eulogy. She has demonstrated time and again in plays of all kinds her quite unquestioned ability to characterize any sort of girl or woman demanded, to convey a finished picture of the playwright's vision, to depict most accurately all the emotions and feelings, and when the part permits, to be ravishingly charming and alluring. Given a good play, a fair send-off, and her initial stellar venture, whether it be next fall or later, will be an unqualified success.



SCENE FROM 'GRAUSTARK' AT THE KROG

anywhere, even in New York, than some that you have here."

Ross and Fenton Started in Omaha

CHARLES J. ROSS, who spent last week at the American know more about the theatrical business in Omaha of twenty-two years ago than most of the men who are running Omaha's theaters now. He knows it at first hand because he was here, penniless, out of a job, with a wife and a honeymoon on his hands and he had to find out something about the business to get away from here.

In his dressing room Sunday night Mr. Ross, clad as immaculately and fastidiously in street clothes as he ever is on the stage was found reading a New York theatrical daily.

"See there," he said, holding up the sheet, "my wife is now at the head of the vaudeville popularity contest—see—Mabel Ross Fenton, 18,000 votes. My wife is down on our 'trunk' near Asbury park taking care of some new greenhouses. We've got the finest roadhouse in the country near there, leased out to a man who runs it. My wife didn't want to go into this little vaudeville venture, and this is the first time we have been separated in years. The team of Ross and Fenton has always worked together."

"That team started right here in Omaha back in 1887. Yes, sir, came here from Deadwood where we were married. I was a young chap and doing my turn along with the rest of them in a music hall joint in Deadwood when Miss Fenton came on from the east. If she had known what she was getting into she never would have come. I'm sure of that, she seemed like a superior sort of a girl right at the start, and I wasn't slow to see that she didn't like the surroundings. The place was cheap and tough, with sawdust on the floor and everything disagreeable. I volunteered to take care of her and turned her over to my landlady until we were married. That was just four days later, and we started out for Omaha together."

"The first place I ever worked in here was a saloon on Twelfth street, run by a fellow named Sandy McKnight. Sandy had a few yards of life turns to attract customers and he offered me a dollar and a half a night to sing for him. I was at that for two or three nights singing to amuse a gang that hung around the town until a fellow named Henry Farris, a theatrical magnate of those days drifted in with his partner. After I did my turn Farris remarked to his partner that I knew something about the business and could be secured for the music hall. Those two ran some sort of a theater down in the lower end of town, I've forgotten just where it was, and I was offered a job."

"The first night I was on the stage and my wife sat in the front row, but after that night we went on together at Fenton and Ross. The team was formed and it has hung together ever since. Afterwards we changed it to Ross and Fenton, because it was more euphonious that way. We got just twenty a week—the two of us. That's not much of a salary, but we didn't stay there very long. We packed up and went east as soon as we had enough money. That's how the team was organized; to do a specialty act in an Omaha variety show when Omaha was a wild western town. Since that we've seen a good many other sorts of theaters and speaking of stage marriages, this is one that has lasted several cigars in his pocket and he has contracts with Walter de France to play Liverpool, Portsmouth, Birmingham and Manchester, then going to London for an extended engagement."

"Omaha was a queer place then. Of course it is natural for a western town to grow, but few of them change in the same way that Omaha has. Just seven years ago with the Weber and Field's all star company, Mrs. Ross and I were here again. It was a very different place then from what it was when we left it, and it has changed almost as much since then as before."

"It has grown so much more metropolitan. For example, I can step out in the morning and get a New York paper only a day old and it seems almost like being at home. And your stores, I don't believe you will find a better department store



LORLE PALMER AT THE KROG



KITTY WATSON AT THE GATETY



MISS VIENNA BOLTON AT THE ORPHEUM

MARRIED MOST INTERESTING

Bachelor Men in Comparison Are Mere Chicks Not Yet Out of the Shell.

The interesting and delightful men are all married, writes Philippa Lyman in the Smart Set, I found that out years ago, about the same time I discovered that none of the eligible men of my acquaintance would ever do as husbands.

It has made me wonder if good husbands are born and not made, or whether it is the refining influence of the "other women" in their lives that has made them so adorable. Very likely that is it—or else they had good mothers, who began their education before they were born. Or is it—I shrink from saying it—is it that we women have become imbued with that same thirst for the unattainable that from the immortal has been the undoing of men? Are the good old days, when a husband and wife had no thought for anyone on earth but one another, really gone and is everyone discontented and groaning under his matrimonial chains and fetters? Is the real reason why we attract or are attracted by other women's husbands that we are unobtainable or forbidden? It cannot be true! There must be something less petty than the crying of the child for the moon behind it all.

There are bachelors downtown, too, many of them. But somehow, those whom I meet seem crude and unrefined in comparison with the "other women's husbands," immature and untactful. Back in my little



CONSUL THE GREAT AT THE AMERICAN MUSIC HALL

Chorus Girls Buried in The Bee



MEMBERS OF WILLIAM NORRIS "MY CINDERELLA GIRL" COMPANY CLIPPING NOTICES FROM TEN THOUSAND COPIES OF THE BEE ON THE STAGE AT THE BRANDEIS.