The Bee's Home Magazine Page

Attractions in Omaha.

"Miss Ananias" at the Brandeis.
"The Squaw Man" at the Boyd.
"The Lost Trail" at the Krug.
Vaudeville at the Orpheum.
Burlesque at the Gayety.

Concert at the Brandeis.

Madame Liza Lehmann, the celebrated composer, assisted by Miss Blanche Tomlin, soprano; Miss Palgrave-Turner, contralto; Hubert Eisdell, tenor; Julien Henry, baritone; at the piano, Madame Liza Lehmann.

PROGRAM.

Part I—Song Cycle—In a Persian Garden, quartet.

Part II—Songs—Two Seal Songs (from Rudyard Kipling's Jungle Book), Miss Palgrave-Turner.

Songs—(a) There's a Bird Beneath Your Window, (b) If I Were a Bird I Would Sing all Day, Mr. Hubert Eisdell.

Song—Incident of the French Camp, Mr. Julien Henry.

Songs—(a) Pearl and Song, (b) Everybody's Secret, Miss Blanche Tomlin.

Part III—Song Cycle—The Nonsense Songs (from Alice in Wonderland), quartet.

Mme. Liza Lehmann, in a recital of her own compositions, assisted by her quartet of singers, was the attraction at the Brandeis theater yesterday afternoon, the occasion being the second regular concern of the B—H—W- series, the Burgess-Hopper-Woodward combination, which is furnishing Omaha with an unusually strong list of attractions, to which, by the way, has been added a concert by the Cincinnati Symphony orchestra, in January.

Mme. Lehmann's music has been known to musical people hereabouts for many years, and she was greeted cordially yesterday. Her quartet was received with much enthusiasm and they did some really excellent ensemble work. From the wisdom of the Persian, Omar Khayyam, who died some eight hundred years ago, to the nonsense rhymes of yesterday, was a long call, and the former began the program, while the latter closed it. "In a Persian Garden," one of the best of song-cycles, has been heard here before on several occasions when Mme. Lehmann would have had no cause to find fault, but it was especially interesting yesterday to have the composer at the pianoforte and to get the interpretation direct from her. Miss Blanche Tomlin, soprano; Miss Palgrave-Turner, contralto; Mr. Hubert Eisdell, tenor, and Mr. Julien Henry, baritone, were the people who showed an example of ensemble work which quartet choirs might find advantageous to imitate. Four attractive young English people, unspoiled and unaffected, sincere in their work, thoroughly rehearsed and trained to the nicest degree, came to the Omaha musical people unknown and strictly on their merits, and they sang their way into the hearts of the audience from the very start. Intelligence and good taste were the characteristics of the afternoon's offering, and it was a restful and thoroughly entertaining program.

The "nonsense songs" were highly amusing and were done with the utmost cleverness. It would not hurt the program at all to have the "coup" song omitted; it lacks both "stock" and seasoning. It is not real "nonsense verse." This is no reflection on the singing of it; Mr. Eisdell did the thing well; indeed, too well. The imitation of the "recitative secco" style, or "dry recitative," in the "Trial Scene," was a clever idea of the composer, and was well carried out.

Miss Tomlin gave the well known "Cuckoo" song with the most naive and delightful manner and had the audience in love with her by her simple naturalness throughout all of her work. Mr. Henry revealed a dramatic talent as well as a beautiful voice in his "Incident of the French Camp" (Robert Browning). Miss Palgrave-Turner won hearty applause for her treatment of the "Seal Songs" (Kipling) and her various solos in the first song cycle. Mr. Eisdell pleased the audience very much with his light English tenor voice and his safe and sure soft high tones.

Mme. Liza Lehmann played all of the accompaniments with artistic discrimination.

K.

Gossip of Stageland.

The Russian dancers, who are to favor Omaha with an extra performance on Thursday, are traveling in great state. They will come from Salt Lake City over the Union Pacific in one of the most palatial trains that road ever carried. The schedule calls for their arrival in Omaha at 9 in the morning on Thursday, and General Passenger Agent Murray is laying himself out to curry a little favor with the czar of all the Russias by handling his favorite dancers in a way that will delight them. This early arrival makes it possible for Omaha to have the extra performance in the form of a special matinee Thursday afternoon. This will be joyful news to many who had been unable to secure seats for the evening performance.

Miss Fitch's class will give another public exhibition on Friday evening at the Brandeis. "The Chastity Belt" and two one-act sketches will be offered.

The presentation of "The Squaw Man" at the Boyd this week is attracting much attention. The play is offered most pretentiously and deserves the commendation it is receiving. Miss Lang is proving that the real art of acting does not consist of merely talking, for she only speaks twice during the whole play, but by her demeanor she shows the tragedy of the Indian wife's silent life, her love for her husband, and her determination not to be in the way of her son's advancement. It is really an appealing effort she makes.

Miss Thurston's engagement at the Brandeis ends with a matinee and evening performance today. "Miss Ananias" is one of the most delightful comedies ever shown here, and deserves the most liberal of patronage.

Miss Dora de Filipe, a sister-in-law of the famous English poet, Stephen Phillips, will be a member of the Bessie Abott Opera company during the southern tour of that organization. Miss de Filipe first appeared in grand opera in this country when Mascagni made his first visit here some seasons since, on which occasion she sang the role of the geisha when "Iris" was performed for the first time in America. Miss de Filipe also won much success in the title role of "Madame Butterfly," as prima donna for Mr. Savage's company that presented that Puccini opera in English.

After five years in "The Virginian," one in "The Squaw Man" and three in "Cameo Kirby," Dustin Farnum is to have a new part. Liebler & Co., his managers, have arranged with Charles Scribner's Sons, publishers of Edwin Milton Royle's "The Silent Call," to have Mr. Farnum appear in a dramatization of that stirring "best seller." While the part is a new one for Mr. Farnum, it is not of the sort to bring alarm to those who associate him with the romantic. To allay any concern which may arise from the mere announcement of a new play for Mr. Farnum, it may be well to add that in "The Silent Call" he will be costumed in the picturesqueness of the west, wearing one pair of chaps, one flannel shirt with knotted handkerchief, one broad-brimmed slouch hat, two boots and the famous Farnum smile. Rehearsals will begin immediately.

The new biography of Oliver Goldsmith, which Richard Ashe King has just brought out, enthusiastically defends that gentle soul against the attacks of Boswell, Macaulay and Forster, and points out that so far from being the "idiot with parts" mentioned by Walpole, he was merely an extremely sensitive Irishman, whose lot was cast among the matter-of-fact Englishmen. Generalizing about the contrasting qualities of Englishmen and Irishmen, Mr. King says:

"The average Irishman is seldom in earnest and never on oath in conversation, to the frequent bewilderment of the average Englishman. Often, indeed, an Irishman's ideas rush out of his mind like the inhabitants of a house on fire—undressed, half dressed or grotesquely dressed in the first garments at hand; tumbling, too, one over another in their wild scurry; whereas the ordinary Englishman's ideas issue forth from his mind like a Presbyterian household on a Sabbath morn, marching in due order and decorous dress solemnly to the kirk."

Miss Bessie Abott and the 150 members of the Bessie Abott Opera company left for Charleston, S. C., Friday on the Clyde liner Apache. They were due to reach Charleston Sunday noon, after which there was a dress rehearsal of "La Boheme," in which the company was to make its appearance last evening. A month's tour of the principal southern cities has been arranged. This will bring the company back to New York early in January, when the deferred premiere of Mascagni's "Ysobel" will take place at the New theater.

Bernard Shaw's new play, "The Dark Lady of the Sonnets," has been presented for the first time in London by the National Shakespeare Memorial committee at two matinees, organized for the benfit of the scheme. The author himself speaks of his piece as merely an interlude, which in performance lasts half an hour. The characters are limited to four—Queen Elizabeth, Mary Fitton (the Dark Lady), Shakespeare and a Beefeater. The theory that the Dark Lady was Mistress Fitton has been adopted, and Mr. Shaw has availed himself of the opportunity to attack the notion that Shakespeare was an illiterate son of a merchant, who considered himself a gentleman, and married a woman of good family, who considered herself a lady, at a time when the modern conception of a middle class did not exist.

The lull in Elsie Ferguson's tour is but temporary. The Henry B. Harris staff is bending every energy to find a play suitable for this star, and among those submitted Mr. Harris believes he has one or two that will fill the requirements. Just as soon as the piece is decided upon rehearsals will begin.

FAMOUS LIBRETTIST COMING OVER

LUIGI ILLICA.

Luigi Illica, librettist of Mascagni's "Ysobel," as also of "Boheme," "Madame Butterfly," "La Tosca" and other equally famous works, is coming to America for the first time. Back of him lies a romance more than a century old and involving three nations. He is the great-great-grandson of Colonel George Hadfield, who was on the staff of George Washington and who helped lay out the capital city. Colonel Hadfield's three daughters were noted beauties of their day and made early matches with foreigners of rank. Two of them went to Italy, and it was the granddaughter of one of these who married Illica's father.

THINKS DISHWATER ON FIRE

Family, However, Finds Something More Substantial is on Fire in the Kitchen.

"Something is burning on the kitchen stove."

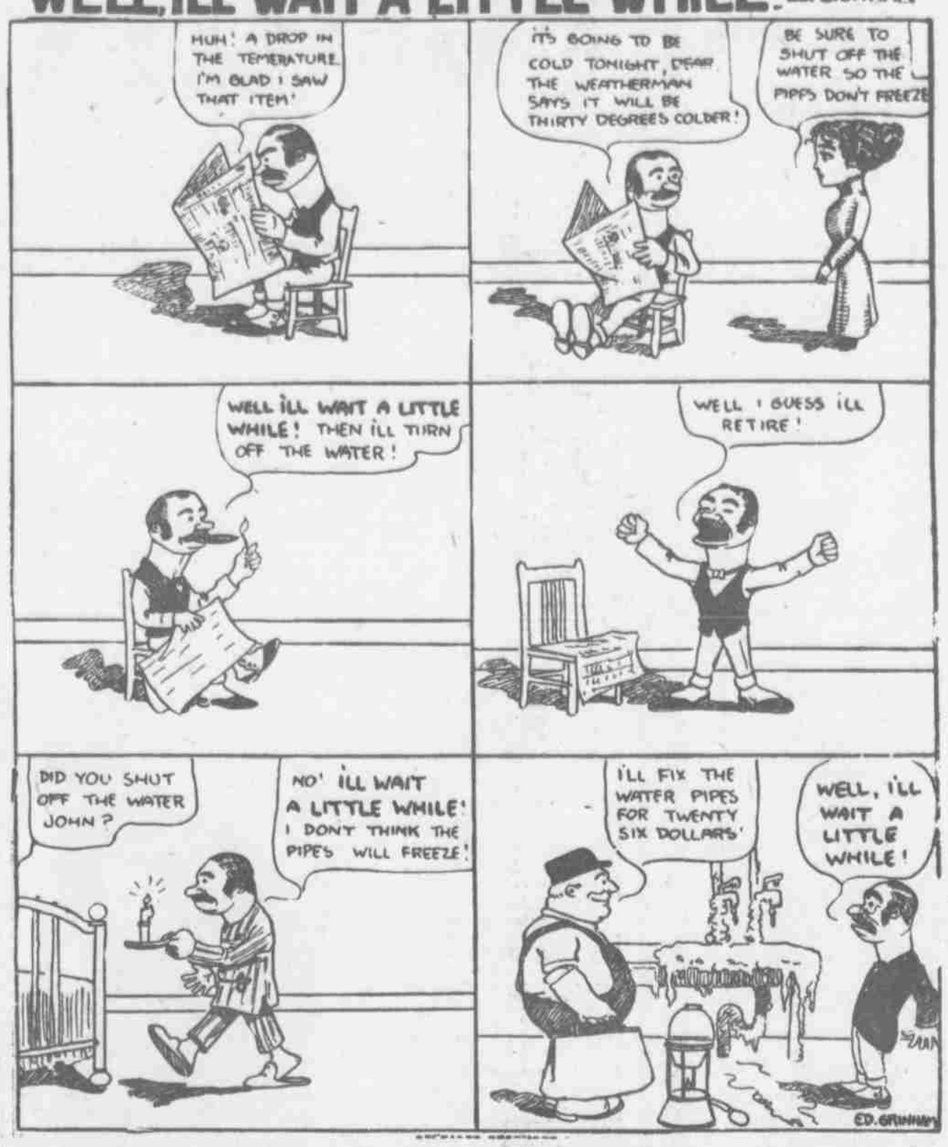
"There's nothing on it but dish water heating up."

"Well, I smell something burning."

"Oh, just your imagination."

Investigation proved the first speaker right. A fire broke out at breakfast time in a clothes closet in the second floor of the residence of Mrs. J. P. Findley, 2016 Pacific street. About $150 damage was done by the flames.

WELL, I'LL WAIT A LITTLE WHILE. BY ED. GRINHAM



The DIARY of A Summer Girl DOLLIE

BY M.F.

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WEDNESDAY—Charlotte Cooper asked me to come to lunch yesterday and I found her in despair. She says Mr. Cooper has a cousin, a girl named Constance Thornton, who is 18, and he expects Charlotte to bring her out this winter. She has just come from a convent, and has been staying with an aunt in Paris.

She arrived last week at the Cooper's. When Mr. Cooper first suggested her to Charlotte, Charlotte thought it would be very nice and amusing, especially as he said she was such a beautiful child and was so bright and clever. But she said the minute she saw her she knew she was hopeless.

"I ought to have insisted on a regular photograph of her," she wailed. "But I saw a snapshot of her taken in Paris, and she had a very smart looking hat on, and her face didn't show much, of course, and I just took that for granted, and worse—far worse than being homely—she is very clever. Such an awful combination!"

I said: "Is she clever enough to hide the fact that she is clever?"

"Oh, I don't know. I feel terribly about it. She didn't hide it from me, anyway. Give me that mirror, will you? I want to see my face in this light. I knew it. What am I going to do? I am getting a beard. My heavens, can't you see?"

"DOESN'T MUSIC LIKE THAT STIR YOU TO YOUR VERY SOUL?"

I looked closely and there certainly was a hair growing out of the side of her chin. She said there was another one coming; she had seen it with a magnifying glass.

"I've got to go and see that woman Helen Hately told me about. She did something to the end of Helen's nose that was marvelous; took a piece of it off or put a piece of somebody else's on. I forget which, but it was perfectly wonderful. I am really ill with all these things happening at once."

I said I was sure it could be easily removed, and perhaps the cousin might improve on acquaintance.

"Oh, she's impossible. If she was simply homely I could marry her right away. She has her mother's money, you know. But, of course, as she's so clever, that will be impossible. Even Dick Taylor shied the other day after talking to her for a few minutes. There's lunch. Let's go down." We went downstairs and met her in the hall, and I must say there was some truth in what Charlotte said. She had the most enormous forehead, and intelligence just shone from it.

She was quite stout and rather severe looking and wore dreadful shoes. Dick Taylor, who hangs around Charlotte, or anybody who'll stand him, was there and tried to talk to her. She asked him if he had been to the opera the night before.

"THERE CERTAINLY WAS A HAIR GROWING OUT OF THE SIDE OF HER CHIN."

He said yes, and she asked him how he liked it. He said it was great. She said: "Mr. Taylor, doesn't music like that stir you to your very soul?" He looked horribly frightened, she said it so threateningly and dropped a knife on the floor under his chair. He was provided with another one, but every time she said anything to him he would look nervous and shuffle his feet under the table, and there would be an awful clank, as he would kick the knife he had dropped, and it made a fearful noise on the hard-wood floor. The perspiration was dropping off his forehead after a while, as he would forget about it and move his feet all the time.

Finally, toward the end of lunch, it made such an awful clatter, after some remark the cousin had made, that Charlotte said, looking rather annoyed: "What is that noise? Will you look under Mr. Taylor's chair, please?"

It was discovered tangled up in his shoe lace and he suffered torture while it was being untied, as Charlotte looked so surprised, having forgotten that he had ever dropped it.

After lunch was over the cousin said she had a lecture to go to and wished that Charlotte and I would accompany her. I told her that I was awfully sorry, but I was already engaged to attend two lectures that afternoon myself.

She looked very much impressed. Luckily, she was called to the telephone at that moment, which prevented any more conversation on the subject. Charlotte said she was surprised to hear me tell such an outrageous fib so easily. But I told her it wasn't anything of the kind, as I was going to see Aunt Harriet at 3 o'clock, who had said she wanted to talk to me about something, and I was going to meet Tom at 5, who had intimated over the

"FAR WORSE THAN BEING HOMELY, SHE IS VERY CLEVER."

'phone that he wanted to speak to me very seriously about an engagement I had broken with him day before yesterday.

MISUNDERSTOOD.

"Your father told him there was always room at the top."

"And what did he say?"

"He said, 'I suppose you can feel your brains rattling around.'"

Brightside and His Boy

BY LAFAYETTE PARKS.

"Inventions to Keep Home Happy," Their Latest Tabloid Sketch.

"This new idea for giving medals for inventions calculated to save life appeals to me as being an excellent plan," begins Brightside, wagging his head approvingly, as Son succeeds in distributing himself over several articles of furniture and indicates his desire to shed light over puzzling parental problems.

"Leave it to the life-saving stations along the Great White Way to dope out new stunts to cop off more victims," asserts Son, firing up the inspirational dope-stick.

"I thought all the life-saving stations were located far out at sea on the rocks," Father querulously suggests.

"Well," Son retorts thoughtfully, "there's many a night that the seafaring men along Broadway feel pretty rocky and they need a life saver to rescue them from the damp stuff."

"It's very curious," muses Father, "but I never before heard of any inundation of that thoroughfare."

"At certain hours of every night it's one of the dampest little alleys in our town," declares Son with an emphasis that bespeaks experience. "It sure takes an experienced mariner to weather the high seas without a cork lifeboat to swim out with or a patent anchor to heave to the windward."

"I presume, of course," remarks Father, "that the inventors of these appliances to save life that you speak of are suitably remembered at the proper time for the presentation of medals."

"They get all that's coming to them and sometimes more," admits Son. "These trusty life savers that I speak of, Pop, care not for glory or medals, but are merely out for the mazuma, and, believe me, they succeed in prying it loose with the best of them."

"Besides saving lives, I presume these men of whom you speak have some regular occupation?" queries Father.

"They sail schooners of Dutch sude across bars for a living," explains Son. "Life saving is merely a side line with them."

"These inventions to prevent accidents in various trades are now being exhibited in New York," Father continues, "and I am amazed at the almost human intelligence displayed by mere machines."

"Now if some bright guy will only invent a hired man with a bean made of something else besides solid ivory," Son declares, "a handsome medal will be offered for such classy work. So few of the husky boys who work for a living go at their toil hard enough to get hurt that these inventors are wasting their time in doping

out patent steel pulleys to hold 'em back."

"One clever invention was how to keep workmen from falling off scaffolding at dizzy heights," resumes Father.

"More of a demand for something to prevent dizzy men from falling off their own stoops after celebrating some friend's birthday," asserts Son. "Then if they can come across with a noiseless latch key, accompanied by a chart that will enable the victim to locate the keynote on a dark and stormy night, there will not only be medals but real money waiting for the hero able to confer such a boon upon mankind."

"A delicate little machine to deaden the noise in a boiler factory, thus preventing accidents from broken machinery, interested me very much," Father says.

"Funny none of these wise guys ever think of framing up a pair of noiseless shoes for married men, enabling them to creep upstairs without disturbing wifie," complains Son. "Thousands of brave men could be saved great grief by such a simple device, and yet none of our Yankee wizards come to the rescue. It seems to me there's a bunch of perfectly good medals being handed out for a punk line of junk. What the American people demand in some invention to soften the jar in family life, and not just another variety of canopener, guaranteed not to splash the fruit in Mother's eye."

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How to Make Sachet Powders

Making sachet powders for Christmas gifts will not only reduce the cost of the latter, but will insure better quality of scent. Incidentally, the sooner the mixtures are made the better, for they should be put away to blend for several weeks. During this time they must be kept in glass jars, the tops of which must be tightly screwed on to exclude air.

When making these scents the best quality of ingredients should be purchased, for others are so diluted they are not satisfactory, and the odor from them will not last.

Heliotrope, one of the most delicate scents, is made from one-half pound of rose petals, dried, four ounces of tonka beans, powdered; one pound of powdered orris root, two ounces of vanilla bean, ground, and one dram of musk. All must be worked into eight grains of bitter almond oil. This is done by blending the powders, and by degrees mixing them into the oil.

Orris root alone is an excellent imitation of violet, and for a baby's garments and accessories is better than a heavier scent.

A real violet is made from one ounce of powdered benzoin, two and one-half grains of musk, and oil of lemon, one-eighth of an ounce of orange flowers, one-half an ounce of powdered cassia, one ounce of rose petals, two ounces of powdered orris root, and two and one-half grains of oil of bitter almond. This is mixed in the same way as the heliotrope.

It will be noticed that neither of the formulas contains the actual odor, but if the combination of elements is made as it should be the result will be violet or heliotrope.

Lavender sachet powder is inexpensive and pleasant. It is made from five ounces of dried lavender flowers reduced to powder, one and one-half ounces of powdered benzoin, three ounces of cypress powder and three-quarters of a dram of Mitcham's oil of lavender.

Only a small quantity of any perfumed powder is required for a piece of fancy work, and the most satisfactory results will always be maintained in sprinkling the scent between two thin layers of cotton batting. The fabric will prevent the scent from gathering in one spot. But only one layer of batting, not wadding, should be split for such purpose, because of the cotton is too thick the odor will not escape.

Outer coverings for these scents should always be of thin materials, such as silks, etc. Figured mercerized fabrics made excellent substitutes for silks.

MARGARET MIXTER.

Fresh Air Will Make Complexion Clear

A clear, healthy complexion is an impossibility for a woman who stays much indoors in winter, and I wish I could make my readers understand that the pores, as much as the lungs, need fresh air, and failure to give it will simply make them larger in their effort to breath. The fact of living in illy ventilated rooms is frequently the cause of large pores in the face.

It stands to reason that for most persons it is impossible to be out as much in winter as in summer, so dullness of complexion in consequence can be obviated only by having air within doors fresh.

Fresh air not only must be coming in all the time, but there must be egress provided for that which is stale. A hygienically aired room has a window open a few inches at both top and bottom. That is, one sash is open at the top, the other sash is raised from the bottom. This does not mean a sweeping gale. Instead there is to be only space enough to allow the air to change constantly, but slowly. To change it with any degree of swiftness in winter will keep a room chilly, and as cold dries the skin and gives it a leathery look, this must be avoided.

In my opinion thick white veils made of Iceland wool are boons for the complexion, although I think they are highly injurious to the eyes. But the warmth the veil creates near the face prevents action of the wind, and I think a woman who wears one during the season will have prettier skin at the end of the winter than she who scorns such warmth.

One woman who does not wish to use much cold cream on her face tried this treatment:

On coming indoors, having been long in the cold, she rubs cream in the palms of both hands, and then washes her face with the grease as though it were water. This takes perhaps three minutes, during which time her face and throat are thoroughly covered.

Then the grease is washed off in warm water, and the finish given by wiping with rose water, which acts as an astringent.

Certainly the routine agrees with her, for her skin is beautiful.

MARGARET MIXER.

Daily Health Hint

The mental worker who feels exhausted at the end of the day's labor will be refreshed and rested by proper physical exercise.

HALF WAY.

He—Come, let's kiss and make friends!

She—No, I won't make friends any more.

He—Well, let's kiss anyhow.

Much Wanted Recipes

Hickory Nut Ice Cream—Pound one pound of shelled hickory nut meats in a mortar until they are a fine paste; add them to a quart of cream and set one side while you prepare a custard made from a pint of milk, three eggs and a cup of sugar; keep stirring until it thickens, so that it will not curdle; take from the fire, add another cup of sugar and set where it will cool; when quite cold add the cream with the hickory nut meats, then freeze.

Roman Punch—Put a pint of water and the same amount of granulated sugar in the saucepan over the fire. Let them boil twenty minutes. Then add the juice from six lemons and two oranges and one pint weak green tea. Take the pan from the fire and set where the contents will become cold.

Beat the whites of four eggs to a stiff frost. Cook together half a cup of sugar and half a cup of water, and when it has boiled five minutes pour in a thin, thread-like stream over the whites, beating all the time. When the first mixture becomes cold, freeze like ice cream. When ready for the dasher to be removed pour in the second mixture of the whites and syrup, a gill of sherry and two tablespoonfuls Jamaica rum. Turn the dasher enough to mix them, then remove, cover the freezer closely and repack with ice and salt for two or three hours, until ready to serve.

Boston Apple Pie with Cream Cheese—Line a pie plate with good crust, then fill with tart apples, stewed, pressed through a ricer and sweetened to taste. Season with nutmeg or cinnamon. Press a cream cheese through a ricer and add to it a scant cup rich cream, whipped stiff. Season lightly with salt. Put this into a pastry bag or stiff paper funnel and press on to the top of the pie in fancy patterns.

Women as Pharmacists.

The colleges of pharmacy are turning out an increasing number of women graduates. In the small drug store, where the "clerk" is expected to be man-of-all-work, from selling French perfumes and compounding prescriptions to unloading wholesale boxes, a woman is at a disadvantage through lack of physical strength; but at prescription clerk she has proved her value. Madam Iver of Paris says that the profession calls for a delicacy, a fastidiousness, a precision and a lightness that are nothing short of feminine. One of the most successful women pharmacists in America holds a position in a large hospital.—Collier's Weekly.

Persistent Advertising is the Road to Big Returns.