

# The Bee's Home Magazine Page

## At the Theaters

**Attractions in Omaha.**  
"The Old Homestead" at the Brandeis.  
"The Wife's Father" at the Boyd.  
"Tilly Olson" at the Krug.  
Vaudeville at the Orpheum.  
Balletique at the Gayety.

**"Tilly Olson" at the Krug.**  
"Tilly Olson" the attraction at the Krug for the last three days of the week, is a melodrama that is as rapinite with thrill-producing dramatic scenes as any drama in the world, and western drama that ever held a gallery-god in thrall. Its hero's actions are equally noble and its villain's plots equally fiendish. However, there is a difference, the locale is not frontier and there are no cowboys, army officers or Indians. Neither is the heroine a beautiful lady in distress. On the other hand the plot is worked out on a peaceful farm in Minnesota and the heroine is a Scandinavian servant girl, Tilly Olson, who "takes so jolly."

Moreover, numerous touches of comedy, appropriateness and generosity applied, ease off the strain of the thriller in one instance this pointedly applies. Tilly is interrupted at her prayers by the bad, wicked husband of the villain, who comes to kidnap her and throw her over the cliff to the rocks below. After a terrific hand-to-hand conflict between the two, Tilly prevails and throws the villain as murderer bodily out of the window. Then kneeling down beside the out she very calmly and dryly utters the one word, Amen.

The role of the buxom Scandinavian girl is well taken by Miss Agnes F. Nelson. Madeline Hartford, in the role of "Mother Marvin," a shrew and a scold of the first water, succeeds in making herself cordially hated.

**Gossip of Stage-land.**  
"The Sweetest Girl in Paris" is ending its eighteenth week at the La Salle Opera house of Chicago, still holding its head high as the most successful musical comedy of the season. Monday, December 28, the management of the playhouse and members of the company will join in giving a Christmas entertainment for the poor children of Chicago. The party will begin at 10:30 in the morning. All of the players will take part in an appropriate program. A Christmas tree, early illuminated will be set upon the stage, and when the audience is dismissed every member of it will be handed a Christmas present by a Miss Santa Claus, impersonated by Francis Gaillard. A number of prominent club women and charity workers are interested in this affair. The tickets which have been distributed are made out in regulation form and every "middle" will be fully entitled to a seat just as if he or she had paid in money at the box office. This is the first time that such a party has been given by a Chicago theater during the holiday season and the newspapers have been giving it plenty of attention.

**Guests from Seyffertitz**, one of Charles' most popular productions, will be produced from Europe where he has been supervising the selection and shipping of the costumes for Miss Maude Adams' production of "Chatterbox." Next week Mr. von Seyffertitz, bests active work on the "Chatterbox" production.

James Forbes, who wrote "The Comedians," gives the following definition of a comedian:

"A comedian is a man who lives in the suburbs, whose job consists of chasing coin in the city, his wife a mere acquaintance, his children little stragglers, his best pal a firm table and his intimate friend an alarm clock—his home thirty-seven minutes from Broadway."

"When do they come for the body?" is one of Miss May Irwin's lines, tearfully spoken in the final scene of "Getting a Polish." Its point resides in the fact that, in her character of a plain spoken, resourceful woman of the west, she is attired in modish bridal array to be married.

The closing performance of "The Wife's Father" at the Boyd will be quite as enjoyable as any of the preceding, and this means that they will be well liked. For the comedy has made a hit. On Sunday afternoon the first performance of the great revival of "Peter Pan" will be given.

Miss Marie Tempest's decision of Mr. Frohman, or Mr. Frohman's decision of Miss Tempest, as the case may be, is not, as it is stated, unamicable. It is because Mr. Frohman has no play for her. At any rate after she appears at the New Theater in "Vanity Fair," the author of which is her estranged husband, Mr. Cosmo Gordon-Lennox, she will be seen in "The Sittipattens," a dramatization by Paul Keater of Andrew Castaigne's novel of the same name. This is a story of vaudeville life, in which the principal character is a trick bicyclist. Mr. Keater, by the way,

he desires to bestow on his missing boy. The son is thought to be in Omaha or Denver. He had no special cause to leave home, but it seems to be common sense on his part that his father does not know where he is. So young Mingo is asked to communicate at once with his father.

**HERMANN CHARGES DISMISSED.**  
Former Congressman Goes Free in Oregon Land Fraud Cases—Junes Gets Four Months.

**PORTLAND, Ore., Dec. 31.**—All charges against Ringer Hermann, former congressman and former commissioner of the general land office, growing out of the Oregon land fraud indictments, were dismissed in the federal court today by Judge C. E. Wolverton on the motion of Francis J. Honey, the government's special prosecutor.

Willard J. Jones, the timber dealer and political worker, was sentenced to serve four months in the county jail and to pay a fine of \$1000. The primary sentence imposed upon Jones was one year in the McNeill's Island penitentiary and a fine of \$2000.

George Sorenson and a few others charged in the primary indictments stand stand trial again, as the charges against them were explicitly kept on the docket today.

## MUSICAL PLAY



JAMES T. POWERS.

James T. Powers is a comedian of real ability and this season is leading a merry throng in "Havana" to the delight of multitudes. Omaha is promised an opportunity of seeing the play and the star and hearing his great song, "Hello, Girls," a little later in the season.

will be remembered as the author of the dramatic version of "When Knighthood Was in Flower," that was done here by Miss Julia Marlowe.

Another of Miss Tempest's new productions will be "Clothes and the Man," which Gerald Du Maurier is now presenting in England. The third new play will be by an American author.

Miss Tempest will be joined in New York next week by her son, Lieutenant Norman Lennox, who will sail from England today to spend a short leave of absence with his mother. He is a member of the London Rifle Brigade, and has been ordered to join his regiment in India.

Miss Irene Brugh will play the leading role in "The Impostor" in London. Miss Annie Russell has it in America.

Brooklyn's local entrepreneur, Corse Payton, advertises that "Twenty-five acts for 2 cents. One cent an act."

"The Old Homestead" will be the offering at the Brandeis theater for only three more performances, tonight and Saturday night, with a special bargain matinee on Saturday. Mr. Thompson's company consists of Edward L. Snader, Charles Clarke, Gus Kemmerling, Fred Chase, Margaret Bouquet, Anita Fowler, Earl Redding, George C. Patch and Charles Ingoldby.

Robert Edson will be seen at the Brandeis theater for four days, starting Sunday night, in a new Indian play, his own handwork, entitled, "Where the Trail Lies." The scenes of the piece are all laid in South Dakota, in the Indian country, and Manager Henry B. Harris has furnished a splendid scenic mounting for the production. Matinee will be given on Wednesday and a special Christmas matinee on Monday.

The chorus girls in the "Jersey Lilies" company will put forth their best efforts tonight at the chorus girls contest at the Gayety, hoping to pull down one of the liberal cash prizes offered. The greater the applause the better the chance of being a winner and the audience is to be the judge. Tomorrow evening the Edith Spenser Stock company will present the drama, "The Struggle."

Miss Ida Stum, leading woman of the J. Weinstein Yiddish Opera company, is a young Russian Jewess, who has been an actress since she was 5 years old, which is not so very long ago either. When she was 17 she was playing minor parts in a Yiddish stock company. The leading woman failed in Jessica in "Rylock" and Miss Stum was hastily put on the part and succeeded. Since then she has been a star of high magnitude. "Doe Pintalee" by Jacob Gordon, author of a stage version of "The Kreuzer Sonata" and "Gosh Man and Devil," will be presented Friday evening, December 31, while the powerful play, "The Storm of Life," by Count Leo Tolstoy, will be the bill for Sunday, December 31, by Miss Stum and her company at the Lyric.

## A LITTLE SERMON FOR THE WEEK END



**Why Celebrate Christmas?**  
A strange power is moving through the world these days of Christmas. It is the children's time. Ah, yes, but the rest of us are also anxious now to be classed with the children.

Why this exultation of the anguish of human heart in this very age of the strenuous life? Why these moments and long-lasting peace in the wall and the weep of this stinging and sobbing world of ours? Candles are lit in dark, sad homes. In midnight vigil and in matin service the church gathers her millions upon millions. The family becomes for a few hours, and longer, the dear, dear place that should be each day. Friends are grown doubtfully kind and loved ones have new love. Oh, why all this?

Again I hear Paul Gerhardt take up his Christmas song:  
All my heart this night rejoices,  
As I hear,  
Far and near,  
By sweet angel voices,  
"Christ is born," their choir are singing,  
Till the air  
Everywhere  
Now with joy is ringing.

That is the whole of the world-conquering Christmas story. The old Northern had their "Fulda" at the time of winter solstice. There was feast and light, and song. But when Anagar came and preached "the white Christ," as they called the Redeemer of the world, then came Christmas to those bright lands. Christmas is the mass of Christ, that is the warmth, or service of Christ. Christmas without the gospel of Christ is nothing but a heathen superstition, even if it be in America, or any other so-called Christian land.

Oh, why does the church of today many where tend toward man-made substitutes for the everlasting grace and gifts of saving mercy in Christ, as the imperishable word of God brings it? Why has Christmas become in many places a Christmas feast? The full, ringing, saving, joy-bringing Christmas gospel of God's "good will unto men" has been silenced in many pulpits. Santa Claus (story books were enough for him) has taken the place of the "mystery of Godness" which is, as Paul says, "God revealed in the flesh" is a mere memory. This has been a result of what the spiritually bewildered and un-

Rev. Adolf Kunt, Pastor of Swedish Evangelical Lutheran Church.  
Thinking style a "wordless Christianity," that sterile intellectualism in religion which turns the garden of God's truth into a Sahara of innocent theories and soul-warping moralisms. It has also come from rejecting the saving word of God preached by spirit and in truth. The rigid formalisms of "dogmatic Christians" have in countless numbers destroyed the very capability of yearning for aught but "the things that are seen and are temporal."  
A Christmas that told the meaning of Jesus' love of sinners, how He that "was rich became poor for our sakes that we through His poverty might become rich," were so true Christmas. A Christmas silent of that love which makes the eternal Son of God freely give himself into the death of the cross? (Phil. 2:8). We have barren, empty pretence, a crude anachronism, a bitter disappointment to the waiting and praying souls and to all who strive just such an evangel, and some other. The world needs such Christmas preaching and the new life of faith, love and good works that only this genuine Christian message can produce.

The illustration that is an "illustration," an "error" belongs to that kind of thinking which St. Paul graphically states "and above all things." It lacks the many virtues of truth as urged on us by scripture as well as by the unavoidable experiences of life. It is a too comfortable parlor religion that seeks redemption, but not from an aid God before the holy and righteous God, through the redeeming life and death and rising of Christ, who "liveth and prayeth always for us."

Christmas brings us the joy-giving that the true Redeemer is truly come.  
No message equal to it ever sounded on earth, for it introduces all the glorious achievement of the Savior of mankind. Over the cliff-tops of eternity the "Sun of righteousness" with healing in its wings, breaks upon all this world of ours. Say not that "education is redemption." Greece and Rome disprove that. Supreme culture ages have been the era of beginning national decay, in the Israel of Isaiah's time, in imperial Rome, in Renaissance Italy, in Louis the sixteenth's France. Say not that religiousness makes redemption. The soul "with-out a God in this world" is lost, for how can man pretend to stand without God in the sight of God, and not perish. Finally perish.  
Omaha needs precisely the Christmas gospel, faith in it, the life flowing from that faith, a new love of God and man, tenderness, sacrifice, clean moral, humbleness and devotion for Christ's sake to our every day tasks which are often so burdensome. Value social betterment movements of the purely secular order for what they are worthy. They have a grand place. But would to God it could be sounded birth to the ends of the earth, that angel sermon: "It is he (Jesus) that shall save his people from their sins."  
With the boundless hope of Christ-born faith and in raptures of praise to the adorable triune God, I wish with all the church heartily to sing my Christmas joy, by word and deed, in church and home and at some dwelling of the poor. As so often in years past all my soul would pour itself into tones of peaceful Christmas jubilation, like as in the lovely, child-like Christmas hymn of Martin Luther:  
"All, dearest Jesus, holy child,  
Make thee a bed, soft, undefiled,  
Within my heart, that it may be  
A quiet chamber kept for Thee."

## Brightside and His Boy

"Here's an account of a young couple who got married in a cemetery, begins Brightside, as the Bride of the Flat carelessly arranged his anatomy over three or four easy chairs and signifies his willingness to engage in the uplift by way of conversation.  
"On the dead, Pop," retorts Son, "my notion is to let a cemetery be a cemetery, as in a graveyard. The shirt may chap a chap there before she gets through with him, but for heaven's sake, Maud, let us poor men get away at the post with some sort of a fair start to make a run for the money."  
"Some young women have very romantic notions, I am afraid," muses Father.  
"The dame that framed up that classy little wedding party," declares Son, "had something else the matter with her besides romance when she started huffy on my way with a ghost dance. She probably figured if his name had come up he certainly sidestepped a chilly proposition like he handed to him. Take it from me, a girl who can put over a stunt like that will come pretty near pinching off the pay envelope every week."  
"I read of another account not long ago," resumes Father, where a couple were married on top of a skyscraper.  
"With a start like that they'll probably be up in the air most of the time," believes Son. "Maybe little Bright Eyes had to get the victim dizzy headed before he would say the fatal words. Some of these marrying ideas are as spry as the inside dope. They usually know just about what they are doing every minute while they lead some trusting yep up to the ax. If she has to get him on the roof to make his marriage, she's got a chance of being there's a reason for it. Leave it to Lucy to play the marriage game."  
"I believe the average man is somewhat diffident in regard to the formal church affair," comments Father.  
"It's easier to coax him into a nice, comfortable job," admits Son. "The girl that can coax a guy for a church wedding has certainly got him on the mush wagon. Nobody has to ask who's lousy now when a little peach is seen dragging a coarse man up to the altar in a real church. The bridegroom feels like he looks a two spot in a double deck."  
"Of course, that style of wedding," remarks Father, "gives the friends of the bride a chance to see her in all her glory of bridal finery."  
"In a little town where the skirts like to call out the entire population, including the fire department and the postmaster, to show off the poor sucker who swallowed the hook, line and bait," says Son. "She gets most of her fun floating over the bunk of girls who tried to catch him, but stubbed their toes before landing the prize. He may be only the head clerk in the village store six days a week, or a bookkeeper in a pants factory, but on her wedding day he's a blushing bridegroom and she's got him where he's ready to eat out of her hand."  
"Well," Father interjects, "a wedding



day happens but once in a lifetime, and I think to see young women regard it as an important event.

"That used to be the old and sorry Governor," corrects Son, "but with dear

## Will Teach Music to Young Catholics

With the object of propagating sacred music and training Catholic young men and women to sing it, the Brooklyn Catholic Oratorio society has been organized under the patronage of prominent laymen and women of the borough, with the strong approval of Bishop McDonnell and other high dignitaries of the church.  
The ultimate result of the movement may be the doing away with paid singers in Catholic church choirs, any of whom are not of that faith at present. There have always been choirs composed of young men and women in Catholic churches of the borough, but their training has been confined almost exclusively to the singing of hymns in chorus, and the church authorities have long desired a change.  
Already the society numbers about 200 members, and rehearsals are held every Thursday evening.  
"We have met with very gratifying results already," said Mrs. William O'Rourke, one of the active spirits, "and we have no doubt that the society will in time become one of the largest and most important musical organizations in the borough. The field which it intends to cover is a very wide one. We hope in time to get every Catholic young man and woman who has a singing voice to join. Training is given absolutely free to members by the most competent trainers in the city.  
"The training we give to members is not confined to sacred music, sung in Latin. Singing in English is also taught, but, of course, one of our main objects is to teach young men to be able to sing any of the masses written by the great composers."  
"I noticed in a magazine article," says the man with the thick eyeglasses, "that the scientists are getting the germs of hog cholera from pigstails."  
"I've always argued that the Chinese exclusion law should be more strictly enforced," says the man with the straggly whiskers—Chicago Post.  
"A Holiday Sadness.  
When Christmas comes  
It brings good cheer;  
The world is joyous  
Far and near,  
Excepting when  
By Jack's sad groans  
It happens round,  
When you are broke.  
There is most sadness  
In a sigh,  
When all this world  
Goes laughing by,  
You realize  
That it's no joke,  
If Christmas comes  
When you are broke."  
—T. E. M.



"Things ain't nothing like what they used to be when we were boys!"  
"No. We've altered some, I guess!"  
"He—I hear you're going to be married."  
"She—Oh, no! I'm only engaged!"

## Boss of the Establishment

Ho Decides That Petty Quarrels Must Cease in His Home.

The Boss of the Establishment was in a virtuous mood.  
Many things had combined to make him so—disagreeable things, of course.  
"Two days before Christmas and all through his pockets not a dollar was stirring—not over a half dollar.  
Like every other good American husband, he was "broke."  
Moreover, upon leaving home that morning he had carried with him the annoying consciousness of "words" with his wife—a few words, but full of trouble—in some trivial matter, so trivial that its details were forgotten even though the matter remained.  
Therefore, on his way home in the overhauled train he made equally fervent resolutions.  
Never again, he determined, should the essential calm of his home be disturbed by petty disagreement. It surely must be possible for a highly intelligent human being who loved each other to live together without constant bickering.  
The fault, undoubtedly, was largely attributable to the irresponsible, childish petulance of the feminine mind. But perhaps, he admitted in an unusual burst of magnanimity, there might be a little error on his side.  
After dinner he confided the gist of these edifying reflections to his wife.  
"We must try to grow up, baby," he concluded, "and not spoil our happiness by childish squabble. Let us have peace and let's enforce the peace by imposing a penalty upon the first person who breaks it. Suppose we get a list of the penalties?"  
"I've seen the time the Boss's wife had talked to her husband's moralizing with an air of constrained and slightly criminal courtesy, but her face lighted with sudden interest.  
"That's a good idea," she exclaimed, enthusiastically. "Let's make up the penalties now!"  
"All right," said the Boss. "I suggest that the first person who speaks a cross word will not be allowed to look in the mirror for a week."  
"Or will have to stay outside in the snow for an hour. He won't like that, will he?" she added, innocently.  
It will be noted that each suited the nature of the penalty to the known dispositions of what was looked upon as the probable next offender.  
And then, perhaps naturally, each set about imposing the other to give the new household laws a practical test.  
Never, surely had a husband seemed to his wife more exasperatingly dictatorial.  
Was there ever a woman, the Boss asked himself, so frivolous, so irresponsible, so childish?  
Nevertheless a new fear of the new household laws kept them punctiliously courteous to each other for a time.  
It was nearly 10 o'clock when the first offender under the new law was tried and sentenced. It is unnecessary to state that the first offender was the boss himself.



The Boss tried to climb up the back porch.

"I'm afraid I'll have to change my butcher," the Boss wife had confided. "He sent me some meat for Christmas and the poor dog wouldn't touch it. You know, I pay 10 cents a pound for it. The butcher says if we want better dog meat we must pay more for it."  
The Boss wife smiled queerly to herself, but the Boss did not notice it.  
"I don't think we should pay 2 cents a

Twenty cents a pound for dog meat!" he chattered angrily. "Are you crazy? Don't you know that comparatively few human beings can afford so much? But I suppose you don't know and don't want to know! It's all on a par with the rest of your criminal extravagance. Do you want to send me to the poorhouse?"  
The Boss wife flashed him a brilliant smile.  
"No," she said, "I want you to go out and shovel snow away from the clothes lines. That's the penalty for cross words, you know. And besides, the laundry will be here to wash tomorrow and William forgot to clear away the walk."  
Meekly and without a word the Boss arose from the table.  
By nature he was very silent, particularly when he couldn't think of anything to say.  
His wife followed him to the back door and showed him where the snow shovels were.  
"I guess it will take you an hour to clear off that snow," she said, and then, like the tyrant she was, went back to a novel and a luxurious chair before the open fire. It was perhaps ten minutes later that she heard a peculiar sound. It was as she well knew, the creaking of ancient weather-sprung timber as the Boss dimmed up the back porch.  
She smiled, and well she might, for with wifely intuition, she had noted the window opening from the porch the moment she had sent the Boss forth to work out his penalty.  
Being stealthily, she confronted him as he struggled vainly with the locked window.  
"Let me in!" called the Boss sheepishly, and without a word she threw open the window to her humbled and snowbound lord.  
A sudden Christmas spirit took possession of her.  
"It's Christmas eve," she said, "and I won't enforce the other penalty of not looking in the glass for a week. Come here, I want you to see how fat you look."  
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## Types We Meet Every Day

The Window Wisher.  
By the show window's gleaming plate she lingers though the hour is late. The wind is fierce, her clothes are thin, And, chilled without, yet warm within. She gazes on the hosiery piles Of silks and velvets while she smiles Of days in her playful fancy buys The choicest things before her eyes.  
"No, not that black dress, that's to trim To wear when I go out with him. To see a show tomorrow night. He likes me best in something bright. Now here's a yellow velvet—see! That makes a pretty evening dress. The price? One hundred? Let me see—Yes, you may send it C. O. D."  
"I guess that ain't the proper way. The Astors and the Goulds would say 'Just send them on inspection, please!' I'll do it their way. I'll take these. And a nice present with them, too. Some one who knows just what to do. The girl you sent me once before. Was really useless—such a bore."  
"There's a big sable outer coat. I scarcely need it, but I do. On sale, so please send me that. No, I don't like that plume hat. The plumes look worn and the velvet worn. It looks quite poor and all forlorn. Yes, this is better, but the shade. Ain't worn last season, and my maid wore one last year of that same shade. Her taste's too bad for me to ape."  
"If I don't hurry for my car. My transfer won't be good! Why are the things I want so awful dear? They seem a little cheaper here. My! There's a lovely near-mink muff. I'd buy that if I had enough. Oh, if the boss had raised my pay I could 'a' worn it Christmas day!"  
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## Simple Cures for Nervous Girls

Recently I received a large number of letters from young girls who declare they are so nervous when among strangers that their feelings are almost unbearable. My answers to them personally have been unsatisfactory, I fear, because unfortunately, no rules as to overcoming such misfortune can be definitely stated. And yet I think if nervous, sensitive girls will concentrate their wills in an endeavor to control this trouble it will disappear. The more a girl yields to it the worse the condition, I am sure.  
The first effort for a girl so affected to make is to realize that she is not as conspicuous as she thinks. Nervous girls are always self-conscious and frequently think themselves the center of attention when, often, they are not noticed, or would be but slightly did they not attract attention to themselves by their peculiar actions and awkwardness. The latter is always part of extreme nervousness.  
Once upon a time I employed a competent waitress who was always uneasy when there were guests at the table, questioning her for the reason of her evident discomfort, I found that she thought the strangers noticed her entranced and extra, and this idea embarrassed her. I finally convinced her that the guests probably thought nothing of her, and after a few months she began to realize the truth of my statement, and as a result was serene and natural.  
If nervous girls would feel, when among their social equals, that they were unnoticed, I am sure this shyness would leave them.  
If a girl behaves naturally she will have no trouble. The matter really resolves itself into a firm mandate: "Forget yourself." And once a girl does forget herself she will be happy among strangers.  
Extreme nervousness among young girls may have its beginning in lack of physical strength, and if such is the case they must be fed and must take healthful exercise. It is useless to keep away from strangers—which is the natural inclination of nervous persons—for habits of solitude will only make a girl doubly so. Therefore, courage is to be summoned and a point made of going to places where there are strangers. For only then will strange cease to cause terror.  
MARGARET MIXER.

**LONE BANDIT ROBS A TRAIN.**  
Southern Pacific Train Held Up in Heart of City of El Paso, Texas.

**EL PASO, Dec. 31.**—The Sunset express, the Southern Pacific through passenger train from San Francisco to New Orleans, was robbed in the heart of this city at 7 o'clock tonight by a lone highwayman. The bandit boarded the observation car as it was leaving the Stanton street station. With two drawn revolvers he forced a porter to walk ahead of him through the Pullmans and commanded the passengers to stand and deliver. He secured \$100 in money and two railway tickets.  
After riding less than three blocks the robber commanded a brakeman to stop the train.  
As it slowed down he jumped off and disappeared.

**DYING MAN WANTS HIS SON.**  
John Hanson of Emporia, Kansas, writes and begs to see his son before he goes. The man is ailing for his illness but yearns for his presence constantly.

This is told in a letter to The Bee from an Emporia editor, who adds that the dying man has considerable property which