

The Bee's Home Magazine Page



At the Theaters

Attractions in Omaha.
"The Climax" at the Brandeis.
"Peter Pan" at the Boyd.
"Bunco in Arizona" at the Krug.
Leslie Phillips at the Orpheum.
Varieties at the Gayety.

"The Climax" at the Brandeis.
 "The Climax," a drama in three acts, by Edward Locke, under direction of Joseph M. Weber. The cast: Leslie Phillips, the author; Arthur Canfield, Piero Giffanti, his son; Chester Barnett, John Raymond, the doctor; Thomas Sinclair, Adelina von Hagen, the nurse.
 "Peter Pan," a musical comedy by Edward Locke's little play holds its interest, not so much because of the material from which it is constructed, which is thin, but because of the charming way in which it is presented. It has one very strong feature, in that it seems to be a chapter from life. The contrast of the two natures, the artistic and the practical, and the struggle of the two for the possession of the girl, is the theme of the play, and is wrought out carefully in its three acts. Genius wins over love and the glorious victory is started on its predestined way. The gift of heaven has been developed under the loving patient administration of the old maestro, and with the soul awakened by love, the world will have another famous singer. And the doctor man, who loved the girl who had the voice, poor man, he made his sacrifice all in vain, for he only proved that to some minds the lure of the admiration of the many is far more potent than the steadfast love of one.

Miss Webber brings adequate personal charms to the part of Adelina, and supplements these with a voice of real worth. It is such a voice as any master may take pride in training, and Miss Webber uses it with good taste and skill in the songs set down for her and in the bits of vocal exercises incident to the action of the play. Her talent for drama is quite as pronounced, and in a quiet way she makes much of the chances offered. She has to run the gamut from light-hearted comedy to the tragedy of bitter disappointment, and she does it as simply as she trails off the notes in her vocal exercises.

Mr. Coghlin becomes impressive at times as Leslie, but at other points she seems to miss the mark entirely. Mr. Barnett is a splendid Pietro and Mr. Sinclair an acceptable doctor. The reception accorded the pretty play at the Brandeis last night was very cordial. A feature of the evening was the presence of a large number of visiting doctors, delegates to the Phi Rho Sig convention, who seemed to be less interested in the demonstration of the lady's scope by Dr. Raymond than they were in the critical remarks of Maestro Giffanti concerning the development of tonal effects. However, the doctors took the play as they take life, soberly, and with little tendency to riotous demonstration.

"Bunco in Arizona" at the Krug.
 "Bunco in Arizona," the attraction that the Krug offers for the week-end, is a nerve thrilling "western" melodrama. If the author wrote mainly with the aspiration to thrill his hearers, without doubt he succeeded nobly. Not an opportunity at a climax is let slip, instead of one, or two, or three, there are easily a dozen hair-raising escapades and brain benders.
 They are all there, cowboys with hearts of gold, and spurs that jingle musically; Indians with sulking dispositions and long knives; an orphaned heroine who turns out an heiress, and of course, a villain, deep-eyed in subtle wickedness and gifted with soul of a Fiend.
 "Bunco," the winsome heroine, discovers her lover on the other side of the yawning canyon about to be blown to pieces by a stick of dynamite. The bridge across has been chopped down by the villain. One way remaining by which she may cross the chasm, stamp out the burning fuse and rescue her beloved. It is a rapidly turning belt turned by an engine in miles nearby. Throwing herself upon the belt, she is carried to the other side just in time to throw the explosive into the canyon.

Lost Bride-to-Be Marries Another
 Josephine Kreeck of Lincoln Marries Alfred Baker While Another Fiance Waits in Vain.
 Josephine Kreeck of Lincoln, for whom a disconsolate lover was searching Omaha yesterday, was married to Alfred Baker by County Judge Leslie Wednesday afternoon. Her former fiance, William Chappel, of Crete, whom she left on the eve of the wedding ceremony, and her father, Charles Kreeck, came to Omaha to find her, and thought she might possibly have come with Baker. It is now too late for them to interfere.
 In running away from Chappel, Miss Kreeck left the following note:
 "I don't love Will and I ought to be going away. I will send him my ring back to him through the postoffice. JOSIE."
 The note was left in her room and she saved no hint of where she was going nor with whom. She is said to have told her mother that she was in love with a man in Omaha.
 The Omaha police declined to interfere because the girl is of age and there seems to be nothing irregular about the marriage.

DANES CELEBRATE CHRISTMAS
 Tree and Presents for Children and Dance for Older Folks in Washington Hall.
 Two hundred children and as many adults made merry at the twenty-ninth annual Christmas tree celebration of the Omaha Danish society in Washington hall last night.
 Shortly after 8 o'clock the children formed in an immense circle and danced around a huge, brilliantly illuminated tree, singing "Glade Jul," an ancient Danab Christmas hymn. Following the song and prayer, candy, oranges and gifts were distributed among the children, each receiving a doll, a game or some toy designed to make a childish heart happy.
 After the distribution of gifts the children, with their big brothers and sisters and fathers and mothers, danced until midnight. Music was furnished by the Carl Christensen orchestra.
 The Christmas celebration was held under the direction of the following special committee of the society: Oscar Djurjard.

A LITTLE SERMON FOR THE WEEK END

Overcome implies a Battle.
 Rev. I. H. Him that overcometh will I make a pillar in the Temple of my God.

The crown after victory, said the king of Israel, to another who boasted of great things he meant to do. "Let him glory who taketh off the harness, not him who putteth it on." That is glory in your feet after they are accomplished, not when you are attempting them.

True believers have many enemies to overcome. He is in the world. He must not be of the world. Know ye not that the friendship of the world is enmity with God? John says, "Love not the world nor the things of the world. If any man love the world, the love of the Father is not in him."

What is meant by the world, here? It doesn't mean the material creation. God made that all good in the beginning. We can love all nature around us and glorify God in it. The psalm tells us "The earth is the Lord's and the fullness thereof; the world and they that dwell therein. It means human life, as alienated from God. "He not conformed to this world," means do not live and think, and feel, and act as ungodly people do. Think solely of God at all times. Think not too highly of self.

How can we best fight enemies around us? By overcoming those who are within. Are there any left in a renewed man? Doesn't Paul say, "Likewise reckon ye yourselves dead to sin, etc." Well how do we reckon that with the struggle implied? Old Adam is only "reckoned" dead. If he were really dead no reckoning would be needed. Judiciously he is dead in all who are justified by faith in Jesus. All who are born of God get his nature. The Holy Ghost is the agent who does the work.

The Father and Son have committed this part to Him. As soon as it is done, the person is judicially holy. Objectively he is faultless (John 3). God does not take away all of the old nature. The tendency to go wrong remains. We therefore have two natures. A worldly man has only one. Of the renewed, Paul says "The flesh justifieth against spirit and the spirit against the flesh. These are contrary the one to the other." Hence the battle and our duty to overcome. The marvelous promises never for the fight. The assurance of mighty help gives courage. In Roman's 7, we find the struggle very vividly described. "For we know that the law is spiritual, but I am carnal, sold under sin. For what I do, I allow not. For what I would, that I do not; but what I hate, that I do. If I then do that which I would not, I consent to the law that it is good. Now then it is no more I that do it, but sin that dwelleth in me. For I know that in me (that is, in my flesh) dwelleth no good thing. For to will is present with me, but how to perform that which is good, I find not. For the good that I would, I do not; but the evil I would not, that I do. I find then a law, that when I would do good, evil is present with me. For I delight in the law of God after the inward man; but I see another law in my members, warring against the law of my mind, and bringing me into captivity to the law of sin, which is in my members." Old Adam remains, but he is banished from the sole of the foot to the crown of the head.



Rev. Leonard Groh, Pastor of St. Mark's Lutheran Church

Therefore fight the good fight of faith. Lay hold on eternal life. The good Lord says here and think, and feel, and act as ungodly people do. Think solely of God at all times. Think not too highly of self.

"I see that a couple of Chicago waiters who saved their tips have bought a million-dollar hotel," begins Brightside and His Boy. "Some claim to be a glad mit like that," declares Son, regarding, not without astonishment the acquired opinion of one of them. "I'd like to be a waiter and pick change from waiting hands. Next to taking in the pee-pol's smilemons at the front window of a bank, my idea of a soft snap is this waiter's job."
 "It seems remarkable that small change can amount into such large sums through saving," comments Father.
 "It never happened to me," confesses Son. "I have occasionally saved small sums from the wreck of a week's pay, hoping to wake up some morning and find myself rich like the American millionaires who tell the stories of their lives. But I am lucky if the wad of two or three one-dollar bills is still in the same vest pocket. The long green never seems to sprout over night for your little Willie."
 "I presume these men must invest their savings and thereby increase their original capital," believes Father.
 "I've tried every get-rich-quick scheme that's advertised," Son replies plaintively, "from the great South Sea Island lottery to backing 100 to 1 shots, but I always fail to realize on my investments, as the Wall street bunch say. In other words, the kelt gets by my books."
 "It must be very encouraging to other waiters to see what these western men have done," remarks Father.
 "Believe me, Pop," asserts Son, "New York waiters don't need any encouragement when it comes to looking for tips. The chap hasn't been born that can pass the buck to those boys."
 "I believe that excellent service in a hotel or restaurant should be rewarded with a small emolument," says Father.
 "I don't mind slipping two bits to a waiter who will let you smuggle out a stack of silver plates as a souvenir," admits Son. "But the garcon you have to throw a brick at to get your ease, and then tip a dollar before he'll let you get out of the dining room with your overcoat and lid. Is the prize winner who gets my goat."
 "I have always made it a rule," firmly announces Father, "never to fee a person occupying a mental position unless he actually renders service of value."
 "You can get away with that if you never have to go back and are willing to get a line of rough talk handed to you," says Son, "like the yap who came down to the city from Utica the other day to see the sights and spoke up real easy to the porter at the railroad station. He got in Dutch quick. When he tried to square things by offering a dime, 10 cents, to the man who acted as if he owned the road, his money was spurned."
 "It is very annoying to have servants act impudently," avers Father.
 "Especially when you have to call out the police reserves, as this farmer did before he could get away from the porter without giving him a tip," relates Son. "If you happen to be built like a boiler-



IT'S A CASE OF COME ACROSS OR GET CAREFULLY SPURNED.

"The Artists With Glad Mitts," Their Latest Tabloid Sketch.
 "A watched pot never boils, but at the same time if it's a jackpot it is just as well to keep your eyes on it."
 "Believe me, Father, dear Father," concludes Son, "the guy that gets the sadness in bunches is the one that has to give up the coin."
 "Some one ought to start a movement to abolish all tipping," suggests Father.
 "It's a good idea, Pop," approves Son. "But if you want to stick around New York for a while yet, let me give you a tip—don't do it. My idea of no kind of a reform to foot with is the anti-tip scheme. Your little Willie prefers to dip poor to being put on the blacklist by every one of the three million odd waiters, hat checkers, bootblack, barbers and other distinguished glad-mitt artists in this great city."
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seriously," began the Boss of the Establishment, "the approach of a new year should carry a certain solemnity to the most volatile spirit."
 The Boss spoke in his most oracular manner.
 His wife stopped playing ball with Woolf, the colts, long enough to smile innocently and inquire in childlike accents, "Do you think I'm volatile?"
 "Sometimes I think you are the most light-headed person I ever knew," replied the Boss, severely. And then, as if to soften the blow, he added:
 "A certain infantile gawiness is undoubtedly one of woman's greatest attractions—and you possess it in a marked degree. But there are times and occasions which require serious reflection. Suppose when you are writing out your New Year's resolutions—that is, if you intend to make any—you will resolve to be a little more serious about serious things."
 A gleam lit-up through the lady's clear brown eyes like a sudden flash of beet lightning across a smouldering summer sky.
 Then her gaze and her tone grew dangerously meek.
 "I think it would be very interesting," she said, "if you would tell me all the ways in which I could improve myself. I know you have an ideal woman, and that I fall far short of her in many ways. But tell me, won't you, how I can be more like her? For instance, what New Year's resolutions would you advise a woman to make if she wanted to become her husband's ideal?"
 The Boss glanced across the table suspiciously, but the eyes that met his were steady and humble and affectionate.
 "You're all right," he announced magnanimously. "I wouldn't ask for my money back even if I thought there was a chance of my getting it. But there are some ways in which the wisdom and experience of a man who has knocked about the world may be of use to a woman—particularly an unsophisticated woman like yourself."
 Now to apply the word "unsophisticated" to any woman under 30 is in itself an insult, but the unknowing Boss blundered right along.
 "If I were you I'd resolve not to be quite so confidential with women in general. They don't understand it as appreciate it."
 "Certainly not," his wife assented, "but they think it's a pose and so that makes it the most effective of disguises. What's resolution No. 3?"
 "Number 2," answered the Boss with a promptness that indicated clearly he was not improvising reforms. "Concerns the saving of nothing things. Did you ever stop to think," he added with Promethian solemnity, "that a clever speech about a fellow creature makes one probable enemy and no friend? And do you know that such things rankle even between husband and wife?"
 "Then thinking about Resolution No. 3," the wife's extravagance. Suppose you resolve to give some thought to the house-

keeping expenses and to wear clothes suitable to our income, instead of dressing like a millionaire's wife."
 Here a supplicating whine from Woolf, Woolf interrupted the trend of the Boss' reflections.
 "Suppose you resolve not to spoil that dog with candy and sugar any more?" he continued.
 But this was too much for the Boss' wife.
 "Now that you've told me all my faults," she exclaimed excitedly, "I'm surprised that you ever wanted to marry me. Light-headed, uncharitable, extravagant—can't you think of anything else to accuse me of?"
 "There, there, baby," ejaculated the Boss soothingly, "you should take my suggestions in the friendly spirit in which they are given. But I suppose all women are alike. They can't stand personal criticism. What vain little creatures you are," he added loftily.
 "I suppose so," his wife acquiesced listlessly, and then suddenly her tone grew eager. "Suppose you let me give you some resolutions."
 "Suppose you resolve not to get a grouch every time you get your hair cut."
 "Suppose you don't lend any more money to impetuous friends."
 "Suppose you swear off the deadly cigarette and poker games—and high balls—"
 "Suppose—"
 She paused, realizing that there had been a sharp drop of at least forty degrees in the temperature of the room.
 "It isn't necessary for me to swear off anything," said the Boss loftily. "I don't approve of New Year's resolutions or any other form of predicated morality—or self-raising ethics."
 "Except as applied to me?" asked his wife sweetly.
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Gentle Cynic
 Many a man can't make up his mind whether he wants to be a rich sinner or a poor Christian.
 A man always has a better reason for selling an automobile than the other man has for buying it.
 Put your best foot forward, but don't let it get so far ahead that your other foot can't catch up.
 About six months after the ceremony a woman begins to remember the men she might have married.
 A watched pot never boils, but at the same time if it's a jackpot it is just as well to keep your eyes on it.
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Brightside and His Boy
 BY LAFAYETTE PARKS.
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THE REMEDY.
HER STYLE.
WILL FOR TWO.

HULBERT IS STILL ALIVE
 Workmen with Half Skull Removed Has Small Chance of Recovery.
 Herbert Hulbert, the workman who had his skull crushed by a falling plank a week ago today, the injury necessitating the removal of half of his skull, has surprised the doctors by his marvellously plucky fight for life, for the winning of which he used silver plates as a souvenir," admits Son. "But the garcon you have to throw a brick at to get your ease, and then tip a dollar before he'll let you get out of the dining room with your overcoat and lid. Is the prize winner who gets my goat."
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Boss of the Establishment

BY AMELIE MAN.

He Decides That This is a Good Time for Women to Swear Off.

BY AMELIE MAN.



IT ISN'T NECESSARY FOR ME TO SWEAR OFF," SAID THE BOSS LOFTILY.

"I think it would be very interesting," she said, "if you would tell me all the ways in which I could improve myself. I know you have an ideal woman, and that I fall far short of her in many ways. But tell me, won't you, how I can be more like her? For instance, what New Year's resolutions would you advise a woman to make if she wanted to become her husband's ideal?"

Types We Meet Every Day The Girl with Good Resolutions.
 BY BOBBIE BABBLE.
 Bromidia hears the midnight bells. The year is gone their music tells. She flings her window open wide. And bids the New Year step inside. Shining with hope and girl with joy. He comes, a happy little boy. With just one burden on him laid—New resolutions nobly made.
 "What have you there?" Bromidia cries. "Come, waste no time, but put me wise. To all the great deeds I must do. While you, O Year, are young and new. First, I resolve to speak no lies." "Oh, yes, except when it is wise." To edit facts that bother you? Who cares about a fib or two?
 "Next, firmly I resolve to wear No great big hats, no purchased hair? No, I agree at once to that. Except the clause about the hat. "Cause Santa Claus has given me A picture hat four feet by three. It's such a great big beautiful sight I'll wear it to a show each night."
 "Third, I resolve in every way To help the needy day by day. By all means, yes, indeed, and so The neediest person that I know Being poor me, I'll start right out To get the things I've done without—New gowns, new gloves, new hats, new furs—Mother has babies—I'll take hers.
 "And lastly I resolve to sell No gossip, hear no scandal. Well, That's only right. Why, sister dear, Not gone to bed yet? Let me hear All about Mrs. Grim's divorce. Was Grim to blame? He was, of course. And will she marry old John Bings? How can a woman do such things?"
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Daughters of Well Known Men

BY AMELIE MAN.



I NEED A SILVER TOLLIT SET. I'LL JUST TAKE THIS FROM AUNT JEANNETTE.

Active interest is awakened by the fact that Miss Juanita Miller, the charming daughter of the famous poet of the Sierras, Joaquin Miller, has settled in New York City, where she has determined to follow in her father's footsteps and direct her attention entirely to the writing of poetry.
 Like her gifted father, she has a passion for seclusion. He pursued a solitary life in a California cabin. His daughter seeks it in a studio in Carnegie Hall. On the door of her workshop and studio during her hours of preoccupation a printed notice appears to the effect that "Miss Miller desires seclusion."
 The poet's daughter divides her time in this way. She writes in the morning, usually devotes her evenings to giving recitals. She is an entertainer as well as an accomplished musician.
 A visitor to Miss Miller's father has described Joaquin Miller in this way: "He was marketing the first time I saw him, the gray bordered coat of the Sierras, and I knew him instantly. One would have known him broadly and off guard, let alone when on the road that led to his home. It was at Diamond, Cal., where he was known to the villagers as the man who says 'Thank you.'"
 He shall not soon forget the quick turn he made nor the glance I got from the sharp lynx-like eyes under the hat. But there was kindness at the bottom of the frown he gave me, although I had to look deeply into it before I could see it.
 "Had he been plumed and painted for an Indian wedding feast he could not have been more gaily rigged up. His vaquero riding suit was fastened up with gold

Justice

BY AMELIE MAN.

Clear of eye and heavy of step, showing every sign of a sad case of the morning after, the prisoner entered the dock.
 "And disorderly!" charged the police officer who had made the arrest, laconically.
 "What is your name?" asked the magistrate sternly.
 "John Jackson," mumbled the man.
 "Furniture mover, employed by—"
 A furtive look flashed across the magistrate's face.
 "Jackson," he roared, "are you aware of the fact that I moved yesterday?"
 "Of course, I am!" beamed Jackson, suddenly recognizing the magistrate's features. "I moved your stuff, and—"
 "But he could say no more.
 He had no litigee.
 Feverishly, the magistrate was busy ransacking the law books before him.
 "My man," he said at last, "I find I am sorry to say that I cannot have you hanged. To send you to jail would be too good for you, and you might corrupt the poor men of nobler walks of life. Therefore, I sentence you to return to your employer, and tell him that if I intend to deduct from the bill everything you broke. You are discharged."