

Highest of all in Leavening Power—Latest U. S. Gov't Report

Royal Baking Powder

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THE THEATRES.

It is early yet to form an adequate idea of what the next season may bring to the local theatres; but there has been enough bookings at the Lansing and Funke to indicate a better season than we have had in several years. At the Funke recent bookings include Roland Reed, David Henderson's American Extravaganza company, Nat Goodwin, Pauline Hall and Hermann. The Lansing has many dates filled. Contracts were recently made with Della Fox and Eddie Foy.

Elwyn A. Barron, for years the dramatic critic for the Chicago *Inter-Ocean* and one of the ablest theatrical writers in the country, has gone to London as the special representative of the *Times-Herald*.

By visiting the stage of the Lansing theatre one may understand something of the magnitude of Ed Church's undertaking in placing "Faust" on the road. There is apparently enough scenery, electrical apparatus and effects to fill a couple of cars. There will be a big addition to the properties of the company when "The Merchant of Venice" and "Richard III" are included in the repertory.

The following from the Des Moines *Record* is apropos: "The best theatrical critics of the west are said to be connected with the Lincoln, Neb., press. But this class of critics has little to do nowadays, if we are to judge from the character of shows that visit Des Moines, and they are doubtless as good as travel. The average traveling stage entertainment, with its high kicking, its gymnastic comedians, its mummified gags and its general air of levity is several degrees below criticism, with the word rot fairly applicable to most of them. The tendency of the age is to Hamlet, with specialties of contortion, topical songs, negro dialect and Bowery girl gyrations. The occupation of critic of dramatic work is gone—for a while at least."

Another Des Moines paper says: "Criticism is being criticised. Some journals have rushed headlong into periphrastic paragraphs on the subject. One writer avers that as flowers bloomed long before the existence of botanists, so did the drama exist before the advent of the critic. I maintain that this theory is wrong. The comparison is incongruous. Flowers are nature's handiwork, while the drama is man's invention. From the very origin of the drama the critic has been an essential factor. Read the primitive histrionic history of China, and see. The methods of the early Oriental critic differed widely from those of the Occidental nineteenth century critic. In those days, as is also the case yet in some parts of China, this important post fell to the governor of the district. A tap of his stick upon the floor was the signal for applause, or if he should be especially pleased, he would order his attendant to fling a handful of money upon the stage. Such a monetary proceeding at this day upon our own stage would cause a wild stampede among actors who were clamoring for two months' back salary. It is true some actors care little or nothing for criticism, but such actors are usually to be found among the lesser satellites. A good actor appreciates honest criticism—is glad to have any imperfection in his work pointed out, so that he may study to remedy the defect. Hence, so long as the tragedian continues to tread the stage, the comedian to distort his features and the soubrette to pirouette before the footlights so long will the critic be a fixture of the front row."

Bonnie Chautauqua Association

June 19th to July 4th—The Burlington will sell round trip tickets to Beatrice at one fare. Good to return until until July 4th.

GHIEMIE FADDEN TALKS.

"Well, did you see what de papers is printin' 'bout de dudes' close? I mean dose pieces what says what mug has de dead cinch on bein' de dandiest dresser on de avnoo?"

"Say, what's de matter wid me in dat game? I wears, when I comes t' town, Mr. Paul's close, an' me and him is just a fit, 'cept dat I has t' turn up his pants bout a mile, and his sleeves comes over me knuckles. Dat's right. He's de longest slim-chim you ever see."

"He seed me de odder day when I was all harnessed up in his close t' come in t' de Dog Show t' see could I get track of a good bull pup what Mr. Paul wants t' give t' Miss Fannie. Was I tellin' you 'bout dat bull pup?"

"Well, he sees me, and he looks at me solem-like, and he says t' me, says he, 'Chames,' he says, 'hold up de tails of your overcoat.'"

"'What for?' says I; and he says, 'I wants t' see how far your trousers is turned up; what is what he calls pants.'"

"Den I hoists me overcoat like I was a lady crossin' de streets in de mud, and Mr. Paul looks at me pants, what was turned up back so dat de bottoms was near me knees, dey being his pants, like I was tellin' you what he give t' me, and he looks at dem a while, smokin' his cigar like he was tinkin, and den he says, says he, 'Chames,' he says, 'if de little boys in de club windows ever seen you in dose trousers widout de overcoat hidin' de roll up, you'd break dere hearts,' he says, 'cause den dey'd know dat none of dem wasn't no longer in de race t' be king of de dudes.'"

"Say, I taut he was just stringin' me, and I only touches me hat and says dat I'd keep me coat on so's I wouldn't break dere hearts wid me pants, and den I forgot 'bout it and come down t' de Dog Show wid de Duchess, what had some errants t' do for Miss Fannie."

"'What do you tink happens den? Say, dis is straight. De Duchess and me was skatin' round de show, and I was near dead wid de heat, so I took off me overcoat and carried it on me arm. De first ting I knowd everywhere de Duchess and me stopped t' look at a dog dere was always a lot of dose little Willie boys. Dey would come and stand round wid dere sticks in dere mouts and dere eyes open like dolls. Pretty soon I says t' de Duchess, 'What t'ell!' I says. 'Does dese kids tink we is farmers, or what t'ell?' says I."

"Den de Duchess looks at de little dudes, den she looks at me, and when she seen me pants what went all de way down to me heels and back again t' me knees, she give me de wink t' look at de Willie-boys."

"Say, I taut I'd have a fit. Sure. Everyone of dose muglets had turned up his pants as far as mine, and dat left all dere stockings on show. Dey was all lookin' as puzzled as if some one had sudden asked em what day it was, or sometin' hard, like dat, and after a while one of em comes up t' me, and he says, 'Beg pahdon,' he says, like de way dey talk, you know, 'beg pahdon,' says he, 'but would you mind telling me how you do it?'"

"'How I does what, Willie?' I says. Den he says: 'Beg pahdon, my name's not Willie; it's Chawley. How do you turn your trousers up t' your knees and keep em down t' your shoes at de same time?' he says."

"All the other little dudes crowded round t' hear how I done it, and dey near made me crazy wid de way dey didn't wink, never."

"Den I says: 'Children,' I says, solemn as de Judge in de Tombs, says I, 'Children, I has me pants made a extra foot long on purpose, and dats de way I does it.'"

"Dey all taut a while, and den Chawley says to me, he says: 'Beg pahdon, but what do you do when it doesn't rain in London, and you don't turn up your trousers?'"

"Say, I taut for a second dat de dude had trun me down, but I happens to tink 'bout de way dat I was a lord chap in Chicago dat time wid Mr. Paul, and I says: 'Dere is no use in tellin' you unless you is Scotch,' says I. 'I'm Scotch on me modder's side, she bein' Lady

McFadden-Fadden of Gabberdow, so when it doesn't rain in London I don't wear no pants, I wears a kilt."

"Say, I was stuck on meself for tinkin' of dat, for it made every little Willie blink. If dey had kept dere eyes starin' much longer I'd had t' tump some of em just to get a blink out of em, or else I'd gone clean daft."

"Den de Duchess and me chases ourselves out of de Garden wid all de little muglets trottin' after us till de Duchess made me put on me overcoat, for fear some of 'em might folley us clean home, when Mr. Paul would tink I'd brought home more puppies dan he wanted."

WILL M. MAUPIN, POET.

Will M. Maupin, formerly engaged in newspaper work in this city, is trying his hand at machine poetry. Concerning some of his recent efforts the *World Herald* says: The poet lariat of the *Fremont Herald* is doing good work these days. He is not wasting his sweetness on the desert air in sentimental verse, but in pleasant jingle he is directing attention to Nebraska's growing crop. Mr. Maupin may at this time be said to be "the people's poet" for he is doing good service to Nebraska. His "Hosannas to Nebraska" was mighty interesting reading and the "Best on Earth" reproduced in today's *World Herald*, is in keeping with his former effort. There may be faults in the Maupin style of verse, but that criticism will be left to those who don't know poetry when they see it. The Maupin style is the kind that takes with the people just now, and his subject is one that is nearest the popular heart.

THE BEST ON EARTH.

O' Nebraska is a laughin' cause the crops are doin' fine—
Hear the corn a fairly tearin' up ther groun'
An' good times is surely comin' if we dont mistake the sign—
Grab er' hoe and help ter swell ther joyful soun'.
Never mind ther politicker,
An' shut up ther chronic klecker;
Hoe yer beets and corn for everyting yer worth.
Quit yer sighin' an' yer cryin'
An' put in yer time a tryin'
Fer to grab a good rich livin' out o' earth.
See the rain a fallin', fallin', an' a wettin' of the soil
Watch the sugar beets a cov'rin up ther groun'
You can get a plenty, neighbor, if you'll only earnest toil.
Grab er' hoe an' hit ther weeds that's growin' roun'
Get a smile upon your faces,
Banish all o' sorrow's traces;
Work from sun to sun fer everyting yer worth,
An if anybody asks ye,
Yer kin tell 'em that Nebraska
Is the best state lyin' out on top o' earth.



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