



AMUSEMENTS

Thomas J. Kelly, who in the columns of the *World-Herald*, has done much to elevate musical and dramatic criticism in the metropolis of the state, discussed what he called "The Encore Mania" in a recent issue of Mr. Hitchcock's and Mr. Bryan's paper. Mr. Kelley doesn't like encores. He says: "The audience will clamor for encores? True, they will, if they are encouraged to do so. The matter lies with the artists, not with the audience. If one or two recalls are politely acknowledged by 'deferential lowering of the head' the audience will soon grasp the idea that the artiste is an artiste, and is not caught by the audience-chaff of irresponsible applause which is given indiscriminately, and they will listen to his or her next number with increased interest and respect. The more decidedly amateurish a singer or player is the more he will encourage the obnoxious habit. The more strictly professional he is the more he will discourage it, by a courteous but firm refusal."

Henry D. Estabrook in a published communication takes exception to Mr. Kelley's expressions. "In France, Germany and Italy," says Mr. Estabrook, "the people bubble over with enthusiasm, and an artist, or an artiste, who would not or could not, receive inspiration and encouragement from the ardent, tumultuous appreciation of an European audience would be a stock of stone—heartless, conscienceless. Last year in New York I took in the grand opera as often as possible. I witnessed a sight never to be forgotten—twelve consecutive, rapturous encores! I whooped her up with the rest of 'em! I suppose Mr. Kelley would have sat through it all in a rigid, frigid state of petrification. Only two weeks ago I attended a Thomas concert in Chicago. There was an audience of at least 5,000. Joseffy, the very greatest American pianist, and surely among the greatest of the earth, played one of Brahms's concertos. It lasted forty minutes—forty mortal minutes of piano music—think of it! The audience brought him back with thunders of applause. He repeated the last movement. The applause was deafening. Whereupon the artist seated himself at the instrument and played for twenty minutes more."

Mr. Estabrook in conclusion has a few words to say of Omaha audiences. He thinks that if a touch of pathos should surprise a tear from the eyes of Omaha people it would surely condense ere it had time to fall and hang, a melancholy icicle, from the tips of their critical and upturned noses. "God bless the artist," he continues, "who can—not paralyze an Omaha audience, for it is already paralyzed—but galvanize us into some show of life."

There is the same unnatural repression on the part of Lincoln audiences. There seems to be a feeling in this city among the people who are always thinking about appearances that any show of enthusiasm argues a lack of experience—provincialism; and so, as a rule, the people in the parquet and dress circle and, to some extent, the balcony sit, like so many stoughten bottles, leaving the gods of the upper tier to make evident the fact that the audience is not entirely composed of dummies.

"The Lost Paradise," Henry C. De Mille's play, with the talented young actor, William Morris, as leading young man, was presented at the Lansing theatre last night. THE COURIER's review of the play is of necessity deferred until next week.

Manager Burgess of the Empire theatre, Omaha, one of Crawford's theatres, has given up his lease, and the house is for rent. Mr. Burgess will go to New York soon to book attractions for the new Creighton theatre, which is to be, according to the Omaha papers, "the finest play house in the west," and which will be opened sometime in September or October.

"Trilby," now being presented in the east by A. M. Palmer is interpreted by the following company:

Mr. Burr McIntosh	Taffy
Mr. John Glendenning	The Laird
Mr. Alfred Hickman	Little Billee
Mr. Wilton Lackaye	Svengali
Mr. Robert Paton Gibbs	Gecko
Mr. Leo Dietrichstein	Zouzou
Mr. Herbert Ayling	Dodor
Mr. V. M. De Silke	Antony
Mr. Edwin Brandt	Lorimer
Mr. Edward L. Walton	Rev. Thomas Bagot
Mr. Reuben Fax	Colonel Kaw
Mr. Morel Bean	Phillippe
Miss Virginia Harned	Trilby
Miss Bertha Welby	Mrs. Bagot
Mme. Mathilde Cottrelly	Mme. Vinard
Miss Grace Pierrepont	Angele
Miss Lucille Nelson	Honorine
Miss Monta Elmo	Mimi
Miss Joseph Bennett	Musette

The audience at the initial performance was, according to a correspondent, one of the most notable, fashionable and enthusiastic ever assembled in a Boston play house. The play won unequivocal success. Many distinguished people came from New York to witness the production. Among them were five representatives of Harper & Brothers, and Messrs. Charles Frohman, Daniel Frohman, Marc Klaw, Abraham Erlanger and Joseph Brooks. The errand of the New York managers was to make arrangements to produce the play in territory not used by Mr. Palmer. There was no discordant voice in the general verdict that the play is certain to enjoy great popularity. Mr. Palmer, Mr. Potter and the entire company were uproariously called before the curtain at the end of the third act, and Trilby's death at the end of the play created another sensation. Doubts were freely expressed before the rise of the curtain whether the atmosphere of the book could be successfully transferred to the stage. These doubts were soon set at rest. Mme. Cottrelly came bustling on the scene in the smart gown of Mme. Vinard, the concierge; Burr McIntosh entered in his shirt sleeves as Taffy carrying logs for the fire. Then John Glendenning as the Laird, with a wealth of Scotch songs; then Alfred Hickman as Little Billee and lastly Virginia Harned as Trilby uttered her war cry, "Milk Below," and appeared in her military coat, the striped petticoat and list slippers. Close behind her came Wilton Lackaye as Svengali, in his dirtiest clothes, and Payton Gibbs as Gecko, the Hurgarian gypsy. So that when Svengali and Gecko had begun to play Schubert's "Adieu" the illusion was complete, and all skepticism about the dramatic uses of Du Maurier's novel vanished. There was considerable doubt whether the hypnotic portions of the piece would produce the effect contemplated by the playwright. He has proved however, to have made a clever calculation of their dramatic value, and few scenes have thrilled an audience more profoundly than that in which Svengali places Trilby in a trance and forces her to write the letter which parts her from Billee. Similarly the scene of the third act, where Svengali dies on the stage, and that of the fourth act, where Svengali's photograph causes Trilby's death, produced an impression not often equalled in the drama. Miss Virginia Harned made a notable success as Trilby. Though somewhat shorter in stature than Du Maurier's heroine, she was altogether lovely in her curls, her military dress, her grisette gown and her famous cloth of gold. Her death scene was remarkably well done. Mr. Wilton Lackaye was effective as Svengali, and with every movement held the closest attention of the audience. The cast, on the whole, was most satisfactory, and such musical effects as the singing of "Au Claire de la Lune" and the playing of the Hungarian band did much to heighten the interest.

FATAL CRITICISM.

"I thought you didn't like Cadsby?" said the friend to the literary critic.

"I don't like him."

"But you said his novel was remarkable for its lofty moral tone; for its lack of anything that could be construed as inelicate."

"Yes. I did that to spoil the sale of it."