



AMUSEMENTS

"The Lost Paradise," presented at the Lansing theatre Friday evening of last week, is by Henry C. De Mille and De Mille collaborated with David Belasco in the authorship or adaptation of "The Charity Ball" and "Men and Women," and if one is to judge by "The Lost Paradise" it was Belasco that put most of the finer touches in the two last named plays. De Mille's play is a toned down melodrama. Dealing with that most real element of life in these closing nineteenth century days—strikes, it is full of unreality. The actors declaim or talk sentiment and then posing in the yellow light that floods in from one side of the stage, present a series of living pictures or tableaux that are not exactly appropriate occurring as they do in an atmosphere of attempted reality, with whirring machinery and a mob of striking workmen. Some parts of the second act are decidedly sensational. William Morris who does the hero, *Reuben Warner*, created this part several years ago, and also created the part of the cashier in "Men and Women." He is regarded as a distinctly capable actor, but in "The Lost Paradise" he poses and declaims and is altogether too stogy for an actor of his experience. His wife, *Etta Hawkins*, appeared in her original part, *Cinders*, and in the second and third acts she receives almost undivided attention when on the stage. Miss *Frances Gaunt*, *Margaret Knowlton*, has beauty and grace. She overacts her part just a little, but is always interesting and effective. Mr. *Hunter* gave a representation of *Andrew Knowlton* owner of the works, that was free from objection, and his one sided conversation over the telephone ordering a collation from the caterer, was the most real thing in the play. Mr. *Zehlinger*, who as *Ralph Standish* threatens to become an out-and-out villain all through the play until near the end of the last act, when he makes a particularly graceful exit, was so ferociously melodramatic just prior to his departure during the quarrel with *Margaret* that an audible smile was forced from the parquet and dress circle and there were jeers from the gallery even. Some of the minor parts as, for instance, *Billy Hopkins*, were in able hands.

Since Frank Polk dived in "Among the Breakers" and brought out fame that will in all probability last as long as he does, there has been no such ambitious amateur theatrical performance in this city as that given Monday night at the Funke opera house by the dramatic club of the University of Nebraska. There was a dismal opening piece entitled "The Open Gate." There was not enough action and not enough light, and some of the performers were afraid of their voices, Miss *Lotteridge* being a notable exception. Following this the university glee club sang two selections one of them being the popular "Romeo and Juliet" song, and the banjo club also added to the musical interest of the program. Miss *Agnes Sewell*, whose appearances in public have been sufficiently few and informal as to make this occasion partake somewhat of the nature of a debut, charmed the audience by singing "The Life of Love is but a Day." She sang with much effect and sweetness and was most enthusiastically encored. Then came "Chums," a one act play—the points of which the young performers succeeded admirably in bringing out. Three of the performers, *C. F. Tucker*, *Harry Shears*, and *Keene Abbott* appeared in feminine attire, and Mr. *Tucker* made an instantaneous impression by his impersonation. He appeared as a dizzy blonde, and his face was a source of mingled wonder and admiration. He out-Yawed Miss *Yaw* when he sang. Some of his notes were so high that he was compelled to stand on his toes. Mr. *Tucker* can view with satisfaction his exploit in the field where *George Fortscue* won renown. Mr. *Abbott* as *Mrs. Breed* had a more conventional part, but he made the most of the opportunities afforded him and scored a success. When *Harry Shears* appeared as *Flora* there was a general murmur of admiration. His waist was not like those that *Gibson's girls* affect, and his voice suggested the need of the use of "Frog in Your Throat," but with a light summer dress with balloon sleeves, golden hair and coquettish hat he was a realistic vision of charming femininity and his acting was in accord with the illusion. Mr. *Shears* has learned

the art of walking across the room and his hands do not trouble him in the least. He has observed the ways of women. *Robert Manley* as a Wahoo farmer exhibited a tendency to sprightliness not exactly suitable to his supposed age. *Ralph Andrews* was spirited but not quite at his ease as *Harry*, the son. The entertainment, on the whole, reflects credit on the participants, and on Mrs. *Manning*, the director.

Rice is himself again. The beauty and light and music of "Evangeline" live again in "1492." The company that presented this brilliant spectacle at the Lansing theatre Thursday night is not the same that made the two season's New York engagement such a distinguished success; but the bright scenery, the pretty girls and strong chorus and such clever performers as *Yolande Wallace*, *Will H. Sloan* and *Mark Smith*, all contributed to a performance that was highly satisfactory. There was an unusual freshness about the scenery and costumes and a sprightliness on the part of the performers.

Katie Putnam, who is not without admirers, gave a performance at the Lansing theatre Tuesday night designated on the bills as "The Old Lime Kiln." It was the same *Katie Putnam* and the traditional *Katie Putnam* performance with a trace of novelty in some of the specialties.

Last night "Delmonico's at 6" was the attraction at the Lansing and "A Temperance Town" at the Funke.

The appearance of shapely young woman at alleged theatrical exhibitions in New York minus drapery is, it is to be hoped, the climax of the series of indecent exhibitions which in the last few years have disgraced the New York stage. The police would have been warranted in removing some of the "living pictures" from their frames and putting them behind the bars for indecent exposure. That this latest development in fin de siecle theatricals is not interfered with by the authorities, and that the theatre where the exhibitions take place is crowded nightly, are not a favorable commentary on the state of public and private morals in the chief city of the United States. The first young woman who posed nude before New York audiences accumulated a stock of modesty after a few exhibitions, and asked for drapery. Her place was promptly filled by Miss *Bessie Stanton*, from the front row of the ballet. "I flatly refused to pose nude any longer, and that's why Miss *Stanton* is posing at the Casino and I am not. The understanding all along has been that I was to wear either tights or drapery, but the effect aimed at was perfect nudity," said the first young lady to a reporter. The situation can best be understood by the statements made by Miss *Stanton*, who is a pretty brunette, about 23 years of age. She said: "I feel fine over my contract. Of course, Wednesday night was my first in this business, but I was very much delighted with my debut, and so was Mr. *Bradley*. He says I am a decided success and I guess I am, for I was encored four times. Mr. *Bradley* says that I'm apt in falling into the poses allotted to me, and that I am perfection when it comes to stillness. He thinks that I threw a great deal of life and character into my work. After posing as *Phyrne*, I stepped off the pedestal and the applause was so great that I was ordered to take position again. I stepped back and assumed the same attitude in a second, and this is very difficult even for old posers. What do I intend to do about fleshings? Why, I don't intend to wear any. I am going to pose nude. A woman can show as much natural modesty undraped as she can with a street dress on. I look at this thing from an artistic standpoint, and these bronze statues are art from the ground up. 'Which had you rather pose in, living pictures or statuary?' the reporter asked Miss *Stanton*. In the bronze statuary by all means. In the living pictures one puts on fleshings to represent the form as nude; this is suggestive. In the bronze statuary one's identity is completely lost, the really nude figure is so much like metal, I didn't know myself when I looked into the glass after I got my coat of gold paint on. By the way, I'm not afraid of this stuff as my predecessor was. It takes only a few minutes to put it on and about five to get it off. The two men who pose in the groups have lovely complexions, and I'm hoping that mine will be improved instead of harmed by the bronzing process. Then, another thing, there is not so much hurry and scurry in this branch of art as there is in the living pictures. This is harder but I like it better. In this I had no support as I did in the pictures." Just how a woman can show as much natural modesty undraped as she can with a street gown on is not exactly clear. Miss *Stanton* should explain. But Miss *Stanton* probably has about as much modesty as her managers have decency, and it is not surprising that she is a bit muddled in discussing it.