



This week's attractions at the theatres, though lacking in novelty were of more than ordinary importance, ranging from distinguished orchestral music down to vivid spectacular glitter. Everybody has heard Gilmore's band, but most Lincoln people were unacquainted with Victor Herbert, the new leader about whom so much has been said; so that there was an added interest in the band's concert at the Funke opera house Monday night. The "amplification" of Bronson Howard's war play "Shenandoah", presented at the Lansing theatre the following evening, consists chiefly of unimportant details. The play is substantially the same, and it has the same moving power as of yore. "The Black Crook" with its tinsel and vaudevilism was played at the Lansing Wednesday night, and Thursday Theodore Thomas' Chicago orchestra brought the week's entertainment to a close at the Funke.

The week opened with Gilmore's band at the Funke. Mr. Herbert, the new leader, who is an accomplished musician and a good director, has, apparently, a low opinion of the musical taste of the people of the west, or of Lincoln. The selections given at Monday night's performance, particularly the encores, suggestive of the music heard at Harrigan & Hart's or Koster & Bial's in New York did not measure the band's capability and were not exactly what was expected of an organization of such merit as Gilmore's. The worst of it was that it was these pieces that were most enthusiastically received. So that after all Mr. Herbert may have felt that he was right in sounding the tom-tom and the chicken's squawk of the "descriptive" pieces more often than he produced the genuine music of a Wagner overture or a Verdi aria. The audience tried to make it plain to Mr. Herbert that it preferred the Bowery music, and it certainly got what it seemed to want. Perhaps if those persons in the audience who appreciated Langey's "Spanish Serenade," or the beautiful autoharp solo, or Mr. Herbert's cello piece, Hertel's "Serenade," or Mme. Louise Natali's expressive singing, had been a little more demonstrative, making their presence known, and not leaving the applause to the admirers of the other sort of music, the musical taste of Lincoln people would have appeared to better advantage. Mr. Herbert is a jolly sort of man, but he evidences much musical enthusiasm and as a conductor shows care and precision. Gilmore's band does not appear to be in any danger of losing its prestige under the present leader.

Augustus Thomas' "Alabama" and several other more or less meritorious war plays have in the last few years been put forth in the hope that they might make the same effective appeal to the public and achieve the same success that from its inception distinguished Bronson Howard's "Shenandoah." But there has been no rival of "Shenandoah." It has outlasted and will outlast them all. It is a strong play. The patriotism that runs through it has nothing in common with the cheap sentimentalism with which the modern melodrama has made us so familiar. It is stirring but reasonable. There is something besides the sound of drum and tramp of soldiers and boom of cannon and smoke of battle. There is a story of more than ordinary interest, and the story and the movement both proceed easily and naturally. As presented at the Lansing theatre Tuesday evening the play retains all of its original strength with the addition of material accessories that heighten the effect of the scenic incidents. It is seldom that we see a more effective stage picture than that of the retreat and rally in the Shenandoah valley scene. It was particularly well done in Tuesday night's performance. And when, in response to the audience's demand, the curtain was raised after having fallen on the advance of men, horses and cannon, the latter were arrayed in a group filling the entire stage, the horses pawing the earth, their riders' swords gleaming in the air, the soldiers' muskets glittering and the martial music sounding, it is no wonder that the audience was moved to

make an unusual demonstration. The inspiration was felt not alone in the gallery, but in all parts of the house. The company engaged in the present production is, as a whole, fairly adequate, though a comparison of Henry Weaver's *Kerchival West* with Frank Carlisle's portrayal of this role is decidedly to Mr. Weaver's disadvantage. Mr. Carlisle, as many Lincoln theatre goers will remember, was handsome and graceful and had a military bearing. Mr. Weaver has evidenced his ability on previous occasions in this city, but he has not before been seen in a part like *Kerchival West*, and it is to be hoped he never will again. Mr. Riegel as *General Haverill* was a commanding figure, but given to exaggeration. And May E. Wood who, as *Jennie Buckthorn*, the lively daughter of *General Buckthorn*, strived so energetically to fill all of the possibilities of this part, succeeded admirably. But Percy Haswell's *Jennie* of a few years ago was so good that most people who remember her will agree that there has never been a *Jennie* like hers. The remaining characterizations were acceptable, Louis Hendricks' *General Buckthorn*, Miss Robinson's *Gertrude* and Mr. Brennan's *Sergeant Barket*, notably so. *Barket's* fun is streaked through the play, and Mr. Brennan brings it out with much success.

When "The Black Crook" company that exploited its coarseness on the Lansing stage Wednesday evening, ventured to leave the small town circuit and come to Lincoln it was guilty of unpardonable presumption. When on its appearance here it sought to masquerade an aggregation of fourth rate variety performers, set off with lack-lustre tinsel and much embattered scenery, as "The Black Crook", its offense was almost criminal. If, when the original "Black Crook" was produced nearly thirty years ago, the company had kept on presenting the spectacle through all the succeeding years; if the company had with each twelve months lost a lot of its original merit and glitter; if it had continued to grow steadily worse; if its members had added thirty years to their ages; if in short the company had continued "The Black Crook" for more than a quarter of a century growing constantly more inferior, it would have hardly have reached the state of the company that we saw at the Lansing this week. Once in a while during the performance there was a gleam of something not wholly bad, but the affair was generally so altogether reprehensible that we do not feel inclined to single out the gleams. The memory of "The Black Crook" suffered a gross insult.

Symphony, "From the New World"	Dvorak
Scena and Aria, "Freyschutz"	Weber
Mrs. Genevra Johnstone-Bishop.	
Waldweben, "Siegfried"	Wagner
Siegfried's Rhine Journey from "Die Gotterdammerung."	
Overture, "Academic Festival,"	Brahms
Jewel Song, "Faust,"	Gounod
Mrs. Genevra Johnstone-Bishop.	
Theme and Variations, } Op. 55,	Tschaikowsky
Finale, }	
Violin Obligato	Max Bendix

If Mr. Herbert, who gave us so much clap trap music Monday night, could have heard the Thomas orchestra concert at the Funke Thursday night, he might have learned, and possibly to his surprise, that a Lincoln audience is capable, on rare occasions, of manifesting a cordial and intelligent appreciation of such pure music as Dvorak's symphony, "From the New World." The enthusiasm over the rendition of this wonderful symphony, and other selections on the Thomas program, was quite as intense as that which followed the performance of the "rag" music Monday night. Dvorak's new work easily led in interest. It is singularly expressive without artistic loss; as musical as nature itself. The orchestra has never, on a western tour, been in such a condition of excellence as now. It is as near perfection as can be. Mrs. Genevra Johnstone-Bishop, one of the mos