

THE LANSING THEATRE

THE WOODWARD THEATRE Co.

Matinee this afternoon at 2 o'clock. Last appearance this evening at 8 o'clock. Admission 10 cents to all parts of the house

THURSDAY, MARCH 26

The favorite comedian

SOL SMITH RUSSELL

In

An Every Day Man

Mr. Russell's latest success, With the curtain raiser,

Mr. Valentine's Christmas

Prices, from 25c to \$1.50

infant has much to say in regard to his career and the country wants to know if Mrs. Thurston was aware that the fagots were laid for her son by his devoted but sanguinary sire.

New York women are said to be the most beautiful in the world. Their reputation has been acquired by the attention the individuals pay to their possibilities. The plainest woman has her best points and her worst ones. The artist shows her superiority to her day laborer of a sister by artlessly emphasizing her points and concealing her defects. The sylvan beauty has nothing but her birthright. Mcney, style, anatomical and physiological knowledge of the best masseurs keep the face and figure free from wrinkles and embonpoint. Patti and Bernhardt watch time as the sentinels of a beleaguered city watch the enemy. For more than fifty years their enemy has watched them, but is still twenty years away from the citadel. Patti and her veteran maid watch his approach and when he is ready to make a sortie they fire the mine which blows him higher than a kite. Here is her ladyship's campaign for summer and winter: Patti's system of beauty is massage. When she was young it might have been something easier. But for the woman of fifty who wants to look thirty, massage is the best. Patti's maid begins every morning after breakfast and works until time for madam's luncheon. She smoothes out the wrinkles of the hands, massaging them until the plumpness at the wrists melts away, and the knuckles alone are pudgy. Patti's figure comes in for its share of rubbing. It is made shapely and firm by the vigorous treatment of the rolls of fat that are bound to accentuate themselves upon the skin of a woman of middle life. But after the evening performance comes the hard work. When Patti is ready for bed her maid hands her a candle and a mirror.

With this La Diva goes over her complexion inch by inch looking for wrinkles. After "Lucia di Lammermoor" there is a crease between the eyes that looks like a frown and makes Patti older than she wants to be.

Setting down the candle, madame bids the maid to go to work. Slowly the finger tips travel over that wrinkle again and again, until not a trace of it is left. The neck next gets its share of rubbing. Madame has to aid in this herself. She does it by exercise. Twenty times she lifts her clinched fists upward, twenty times outward and twenty times at the sides. This gives the throat work and strengthens it. The maid rubs it and gets it into firm shape.

Mrs. C. P. Huntington's celebrated law suit to fight the bill of a masseuse who wanted an exorbitant sum for reducing Mrs. Huntington's neck until it would fit the diamond necklace Mrs. Huntington had always worn developed one fact—that massage does reduce the flesh of the neck. The throat was made smaller. Society women have remembered the testimony of this suit, and have made their maids work upon their throats every night for months, until the throat took on the slender contour of a girl's.

And here is a debutante's precocious knowledge of her points and another girl's: "I am a pretty girl," said a certain beautiful New York debutante this winter to a plain angular friend, "but if I had your possibilities I should be irresistible."

"Tell me how," said the plain angular girl friend.

"Your qualifications are such. You have sandy hair, your complexion is white, your eyes are pale blue, and your neck is as long as a swan's throat. Oh, if I were only you."

"What would you do?"

"I should have my hair treated with

brilliant fluids until it lay in coils of gold over my head. Yours is washed to death and done up in braids. Braided lead isn't as pretty as spun gold. I should darken my eyebrows. Don't faint. I should vaseline them at night until they got heavy and black. I should bleach my face and keep it as white as a nun's face, and my lips should have doses of alcohol and sharp presses of teeth until they were red. I should maybe 'point' them with a touch of red, like a Japanese lady's mouth. It would look like a rosebud nestling in a face as ethereal as Evangeline's. In a ruddy brown you would startle people, and in black chiffon you would frighten them with your glory. And Edith—for heaven's sake—don't, don't show your shoulder blades! It cuts me to look at them. Dress that throat of yours with folds and ruchings and let the skin glimmer through."

"There is a woman whose name is connected with society events everywhere who has a recipe for keeping young. It is to be massaged nightly from head to foot, with different preparations. A soft cream for her face, arm and throat. Spirits render her muscles strong, and she has a dip of cold water to make here as hardy as a girl.

Richard Mansfield's new picture is in Zehrunge's window. His head is thrown back and he looks up at his ideal of what the theatre ought to be. He has quite lost the gentle and unassuming grace with which he stepped into his career. Perhaps it was taken while he was lecturing before the curtain, a habit which adverse criticism in the newspapers has discouraged. In this city, celebrated for its appreciation of the stage, his curtain lecture would find attentive hearers. Mr. Mansfield and his wife are hard workers in their profession. They are talented, handsome. The last time they were in Lincoln the company was very good. Mr. Mansfield

gives his personal attention to the smallest details of the presentation of a play. And the result is satisfactory to a very unusual degree to the audience.

Moisture has started towards Nebraska from two directions. Capillary attraction is elevating the streams that feed the Platte and the clouds are opening their reservoirs upon the richest soil in the world when wet. Next year's crop looks large at the present time. The snow that fell the early part of the week was moist and there was a lot of it.

Julia Marlowe Taber is playing Shakesperian roles in New York. Duse went to see her one night and her enthusiastic applause and cordial appreciation showed that she too realized the greatness of the young woman who has long been recognized by the discerning as the foremost actors on the American stage. Duse's tribute to Marlowe was the tribute of the greatest living actress to the most promising.

The foregoing is taken from the dramatic columns of the New York World of March 15. Altho' the World's dramatic criticism occupies a modest place in the estimation of the New York critics, John Dennis makes no egregious mistake. He knows he is not great enough to contradict them so he keeps in the procession. Mrs. Taber's work is of such a character as easily to disappoint an audience trained to consider Clara Morris, shrieks and facial acting. Julia Marlowe's new York triumph is heightened by the fact that her previous appearances in that city, through a combination of unfortunate circumstances, have been unsuccessful. She has conquered her audience in spite of prejudice and previous servitude.

At the Broadway George C. Miln, the former preacher, whom many Lincoln people know personally, is playing Julius Caesar. He is as extinct as the