

# THE LANSING THEATRE

One week commencing Monday, April 6

## WEAVER'S Komedy Krew

The Barnum of repertoire Companies

### 25 PEOPLE 25

Six nights and Saturday matinee of solid comedy interspersed with the latest singing and dancing specialties

Something to make at peace with mankind  
Something to amuse  
Something to please  
Something to drive your care away  
Something to make you happy but

### NOTHING TO OFFEND THE MOST FASTIDIOUS

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Watch out for the novel band parade Monday at noon. Two concerts daily 11:30 a. m. 7:15 p. m.

#### THE STAGE

Often a theatrical attraction is measured by the emotions it induces. "A Parisian Romance" is a morbid, disagreeable play, and the effect on the audience is anything but pleasing. Hence many of the persons who appeared in their good clothes and beamed benignantly at the Funke Saturday night, have declared with evident sincerity that they did not like Mansfield as "Baron Cheverial."

"A Parisian Romance" has none of the odor of sweet lavender. It breathes not the incense of purity. The play is built on approved French lines, and it glides smoothly along in Parisian slime. Partaking somewhat of the elements introduced to us by Dumas and Oscar Wilde, it presents a gaudy, glittering gauze that but faintly covers a wide expanse of filth. The creatures that move in it are brilliant blossoms, frail and frivolous.

But discussions of morals are decidedly malapropos in this age when mixed audiences bestow clamorous approval on prurient plays, with a free and easy method of handling delicate subjects, and an appaling of femininity that is at once frank and confiding, if nothing more. So, as the man said when he chopped off the head of Mary, Queen of Scots, we will "let it go at that."

The character of the Baron Cheverial is strongly drawn. It is not less strong than the dual role of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde, and it may be said to be in some respects, a greater creation than Beau Brummell. Indeed there is a similarity between the beau and the last, miserable days of the decrepit old roue, the baron. Mr. Mansfield is under obligations to the baron for a large

measure of the fame which has come to him in the last ten years. His "Cheverial," as much any other characterization has won for him distinction as the foremost American actor, a distinction achieved in spite of many unfavorable circumstances. Mr. Mansfield's greatness is real power. It is not a popularity seduced from sentimental audiences.

The banquet scene is one of the most complete and effective bits of theatrical presentation on the contemporary stage. Realism is carried to the point of reality. The fact that some ill-conditioned persons in the audience tittered and snickered as the baron gave the famous toast to material things, holding aloft the shaking glass, was no reflection on the art of the actor. It may have been an indication of stupidity on the part of the auditors.

Mr. Mansfield's support was extraordinary. This actor is one of the few stars who does not surround himself with straw dummies and stalking horses. When the baron disappeared from view the audience still retained its interest in the play. Mr. Mansfield did not appear in the last act, and yet interest was sustained.

In the last act "Marcelle," the poor outcast, poverty stricken wife, makes her appearance in a long drab cloak and hood. Probably no poor female castaway on the stage ever ventured to stray so far from precedent as to appear without the long cloak. Generally she seeks the middle of the stage and gets under the falling snow while the orchestra plays slow music. One would imagine that the first thing a woman does upon being turned out of doors or rendered penniless is to purchase a nice new long cloak and hood. Only nobody ever saw one of these cloaks anywhere except on the stage. Irreverent persons in the audience Saturday night were amused at the

sound of Marcelle's breaking heart. She was hidden from view. There was a sound as of a sixteen story building toppling over. "Henry" and his mother and the doctor investigate and they find that "Marcelle" had suddenly broken her heart.

Stewart Allen, Sol Smith Russell's stage manager, has written some lines on Mr. Russell's performance of "Mr. Valentine's Christmas" as follows:  
The old man sat by the bright log fire,  
Dreaming a long dead past,  
The sparks flew merrily higher and higher  
As he dreamed of his first love, and last.  
His faithful old servitor, boxed down with age,  
Stood by his old fashioned chair,  
As he turns o'er the leaves of his life page by page  
To the wondering menial there.

Chloe and Francis, Inez and Joan,  
Dead loves to his memory dear,  
But Agnes, the dearest, stood out there alone,  
Like a star in the firmament clear!  
Far away though she was on this Christmas eve,  
He feels the sweet touch of her hand,  
Each heartstring of memory attuned to receive,  
Like the tone of a melody grand!  
The sudden heart failure, the faltering voice,  
The knowledge of sins all forgiven,  
The Christmas chimes ring, the angels rejoice  
O'er the bachelor's Christmas in Heaven!

The Marie Tavori Grand Opera company will play at the Funke next Thursday night. It is only by a lucky chance that so large a company, seventy-five people, stop in Lincoln at this time. It is the only company in the country that

plays English grand opera. It is unnecessary to state what splendid voices they have because the people have heard them before.

The Congregational church announces a concert of little people dressed in the style of their great, great ancestors on Friday night.

"The Strange Adventures of Miss Brown" as given by Eddie Foy and company, failed to meet the expectations of those who are familiar with the record of this farce abroad and in this country. Female impersonation is very much overdone. "Charley's Aunt" and "1492" and a dozen other more or less recent productions have exhausted the possibilities of this role. Eddie Foy has nothing new to present. He has all the coarseness and vulgarity of most of the actors who impersonate women, and he lacks the wit of some of them. There is no attempt to make "Miss Brown" look or act like a woman, and the farce is so broad that there is no humor in it. Whatever may be Foy's forte it is certainly not a character like that of "Miss Brown." Miss Lark, who was "Euphemia Schwartz," was one of a very few members of the company who demonstrated any real capacity. Harry Brown as the Major helped to push the farce along.

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