

THEATRICAL NOTES.

Alan Dale has the following to say on comic opera:

The "comic opera" epidemic is with us. Tons of people are carried nightly and matineely to the play houses to listen to a form of entertainment that our managers are pleased to call "comic opera," and the epidemic is more virulent because it has transferred the period of its invasion from blazing summer to cool, sequestered autumn. A few seasons ago there was a deeply rooted belief that "comic opera" could thrive only in those torrid months when the affability of audiences oozes from the pores of their skins, and life becomes a moist, unwholesome nightmare. "Turn on the acrobats; let loose the imbecile jokes, rush in the horseplay, for June and July are fleeting months and audiences wallow in asininity during the summer only." That was the managerial idea. It raged for a long time; it raged until its fallacy was apparent. The acrobatic jocularity known as comic opera is no longer essayed during the heated term. Managers have discovered that summer audiences are not made up exclusively of fools; that there isn't an acrobatic comedian in comic operadom who can lure people away from roof gardens and the beaches; that horseplay begets excessive perspiration, and that Noah's ark jokes are indigestible when the thermometer coquettes with the nineties. It has all been changed, and the epidemic is with us now, when we are better able to fight it; when our systems are stronger and more competent to cope with the blatant demon of vulgarity; when there is no danger of our assimilating the germs of imbecility into our constitutions. This condition of things is far more felicitous. We were helpless during the enervating summer. We are potent, sane and deliberate during these cool and invigorating months. Moreover, we have time to consider things, and that is a great point. Managers tell us that they are furnishing us with comic opera, and we rush off and buy tickets for Francis Wilson, pirouetting through "Half a King;" for Jefferson De Angels somersaulting over "The Caliph;" for half a gross of Totties and Lotties ogling their way through "The Gold Bug;" for a baby show at the Fifth avenue, entitled "Lost, Strayed or Stolen," and for "The Geisha"—the only entertainment of the five that makes the slightest attempt to cater to those who own a pennyweight of refinement or one ounce of culture.

Johnstone Bennett has discharged her maid and hired a valet. She says a maid is more bother than she is worth. "In a crowd," Johnstone Bennett says, "I have to look after the maid and the trunks too, when I have the most need of her she has a headache or a beau or she thinks some one has insulted her, and at all times she is helpless and self-conscious. On the other hand, a man takes what comes along and he is respectful, uncomplaining and helpful." Johnstone Bennett's clothes are a coat and vest and plain dark skirt. She wears her hair short and cuffs, collars and neckties. When the valet was interviewed he said he did not care whether he worked for a man or woman so long as he got his pay "reglar."

Mr. Jefferson, of the Angels, undoubtedly deserves his name. If he did not come from the angels and were not of the angels—active acquiescent little angels, straight out of the Talmud and with a certain gift of nose—he would break his neck, head, legs, spinal column and ribs every night and at the Saturday matinee. Even as it is, his bill for rupturing the stage must be enormous. His performance in "The Caliph" is but a climbing and a falling, with about ninety-one parts of climbing

to one part of falling, for he is a compound faller, a complicated tumbler, and no ordinary rules of mathematics or projectiles can be applied to his accomplished and apparently invulnerable person. From flagstuffs, from hammocks, from ladders, from windows, he falls with violence and great is the fall thereof. Such bumping and thumping and jumping, such crawling and falling, such hitting and "spitting," such battering and clattering and scattering of limbs were never seen before. What is this man made of? How does he keep out of the hospital? Does he enjoy his acrobatics as much as the spectators do?

"In Gay New York," which comes to the Lansing soon, gives Walter Jones a chance to show that he can play another part just as well as he played "the tramp" in 1492. The great success of his tramp act induced the management of every farce comedy company on the road to put on something as nearly like Walter Jones' specialty as possible. Every theatre goer will remember the shuddering inflammations in rags that inflicted themselves upon him last winter and if he thought it would do any good every theatre goer would pray never to be attacked by another tramp in the Funke or the Lansing. Walter Jones' original act had the merit of novelty and he was not realistic enough to make the flesh of every one in the house creep with unmentionable insects. "In Gay New York" Walter Jones is a long distance from the tramp and to my mind a greater success.

Here's something that the Canucks do when they get excited at a theatrical performance: Romeo and Juliet was the play, and the Canucks were most demonstrative in their approbation. At the end of the second act a facetious auditor cried out, "Author! author!" and, never pausing to think, the entire assemblage took up the cry until the theatre shook with clamorous demands for the man who wrote the play. In a few moments, however, the ridiculousness of the thing struck them, and they enjoyed a hearty laugh at their own expense.

Canary and Lederer, of the New York Casino, who are directing the current tour of Lillian Russell, will present her here on Friday evening, October 30. This is an event of importance to the myriad admirers of Miss Russell. She comes with an entirely new production and with the largest and most meritorious organization she has ever been identified with. She travels in her own palace car, in which she lodges and lives, surrounded with a retinue of servants and like what she is, a lyric empress.

Miss Russell's new role is said to fit her admirably. The opera is called, out of compliment to the star, "An American Beauty." It is in three acts, but it is no more like the orthodox comic opera than a melo-drama is like a farce comedy. It is, in situations, music and plot, far away from the conventional. Hugh Morton, the co-author of several great Casino successes, wrote the book. Eustace Kerker, the most tuneful and prolific of up-to-date composers, invented the music. In their collaborations these gentlemen have turned out a something that affords Miss Russell the greatest opportunity for the exhibition of the most magnificent attire that Worth and Felix of Paris ever supplied, and for the display of her vocal talents and her abilities as a romping comedienne. She declares that in her entire career she never was so pleased as she is with her new role.

The new property elephant beats "Wang's." It is as solemn, as heavy and more imposing than DeWolf Hopper's pachyderm, and Lillian comes in on his back in oriental magnificence.

A MAN OF IMAGINATION.

THE STORY OF A WORD REPENTED.

The guests had risen from the table, and there was a rustle of silk and a wave of color as the women swept out of the room. Usually, in so small a party the women stayed on, joining the men in their smoke, but to-night, out of deference to the little Puritan bride who had recently come among them, Doris had given the signal, and the men were left to have things their own way. Basil tilted back his chair with an easy familiarity bred of his position as *ami de maison* and host *pro tem.*, Doris's husband having been suddenly called away. The other men lounged about comfortably and helped themselves and one another to a light, when Dickie Hurst started the conversation.

"Do you fellows know, I got on to rather a neat thing yesterday," he said. "Had to go to Brooklyn, so I gave up the day to it, and found other people had the same notion. Blessed if I can be original. When I boarded the L, the first person I saw was—guess?"

"Oh, don't shout conundrums, old boy," Basil said, good-naturedly; "we're no Boston charade party. Get on with the story."

"Well, I shan't tell you," Dickie replied, calmly; "it wouldn't be square, but you know her, all of you, and she had that callow youth, the new Adonis, in tow. Gad he needn't bother himself about college any more if she has undertaken his education." Dickie blew a succession of rings into the air, and flicked the ashes off his cigarette before he continued.

"I told you I made a day of it—got off from club about 11, and spent five hours out of civilization. Evidently in choosing Brooklyn, our friends thought they were safe, but they did not reckon on me. I was most urbanely polite and attentive; when we got over, I placed myself at Mrs. A's disposal, feeling that she must need my protection so far from home."

"I know what she did," Basil interrupted. "Smiled sweetly upon you, asked you to call a cab, made a hurried arrangement with Adonis in the moment that you stepped out to call cabby, and then dismissed both of you men and drove complacently off."

"Hang it, that's exactly what she did!" Dickie cried, excitedly. "How in thunder did you know?"

"Oh, I know the type of woman," the older man said, indifferently; "they have infinite resource and are quick to change their tactics in the face of the enemy."

"Well, you're right, old man. She took me in—innocent babies are nothing! I thought I had Adonis stranded, so I said by-by and went off in another cab, leaving Adonis to go back to town, looking deucedly upset. He has not been in harness quite long enough to know how to hide his feelings."

Dickie paused to take breath, and the husband of the bride crossed over and sat down beside the story-teller.

"How much will you take, Dickie, for your worldly truths? They are not half bad, you know, from an innocent like you!"

"Oh, you may laugh if you like," Dickie said, loftily. "I bagged my game, and I didn't so much as half try; they tumbled in. You see, the man I was after lived at the St. Jacob—an eminently proper place. When I got through with him he insisted upon my stopping to lunch. I had visions of what the cooking might be, but one must occasionally make concessions, so we went down and got a table, way up toward the end of the room. And at the very end"—Dickie's voice grew mysterious—"in a discreet corner, sat, Mrs. A. and the fascinating Adonis drinking their cocktails." Dickie came to a full stop to give his words effect.

"Did it knock the breath clear out of you, Dickie?" Basil asked, jeeringly. "No, not exactly, but I was a bit taken off my feet. I did not know Mrs.

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—FROM—

LINGOLN, NEB

City office, 1044 O street.

Fifth publication October 3.
SHERIFF'S SALE.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT by virtue of an order of sale issued by the clerk of the district court of the third judicial district of Nebraska, within and for Lancaster county, in an action wherein Ward S. Mills is plaintiff, and Aaron K. Seip et al., defendants, I will, at 2 o'clock p. m., on the 6th day of October, A. D., 1896, at the east door of the court house, in the city of Lincoln, Lancaster county, Nebraska, offer for sale at public auction the following described real estate, to-wit:

Lots nine (9), ten (10), eleven (11), twelve (12) and thirteen (13), in block one (1), and lots two (2), three (3), four (4), eight (8), nine (9), ten (10), eleven (11) and twelve (12), in block nine (9), and lots eleven (11) and twelve (12), in block eleven (11), and lot seven (7), in block nine (9), all in Mills addition to University Place, in Lancaster county, Nebraska.

Given under my hand this 31st day of August, A. D., 1896.

John Trompen,
Sheriff.

Oct 3.

Fifth publication October 3.
SHERIFF'S SALE.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, THAT by virtue of an order of sale issued by the clerk of the district court of the Third Judicial district of Nebraska, within and for Lancaster county, in an action wherein John P. Whitney is plaintiff, and Theodore Benninghoff et al., defendant, I will, at 2 o'clock p. m., on the 6th day of October, A. D. 1896, at the east door of the court house, in the city of Lincoln, Lancaster county, Nebraska, offer for sale at public auction the following described real estate to-wit:

Lot six (6), in block two hundred and forty (240), in Lincoln, Lancaster county, Nebraska.

Given under my hand this 25th day of August, A. D., 1896.

John J. Trompen,
Sheriff.

Oct 3.

Fourth publication October 3.
SHERIFF SALE.

Notice is hereby given that by virtue of an order of sale, issued by the clerk of the district court of the Third judicial district of Nebraska, within and for Lancaster county, in an action wherein Sarah A. Rogers is plaintiff and Elizabeth Cadwallader et al., defendants, I will, at 2 o'clock p. m., on the 13th day of October, A. D. 1896, at the east door of the court house, in the city of Lincoln, Lancaster county, Nebraska, offer for sale at public auction the following described real estate to-wit: The west forty-five (45) feet of lot number ten (10), block number three (3), in Avondale addition to the city of Lincoln, and part of lots eleven (11) and twelve (12), in block three (3), in Avondale addition to the city of Lincoln, described by metes and bounds as follows: Commencing at a point fifty (50) feet north of the southeast corner of said lot twelve (12), thence west ninety-five (95) feet, thence north fifty (50) feet, thence east ninety-five (95) feet, thence south fifty (50) feet to place of beginning, according to the recorded plat thereof, in Lancaster county, Nebraska.

Given under my hand this 11th day of September, A. D. 1896.

JOHN J. TROMPEN,
Sheriff.

Oct 10-G