

THEATRICAL NOTES

Katie Emmett, at the Funke last Thursday evening, played to a good house for these times. As principal boy she is a success and with the exception of slapping her thigh constantly she was perfectly at home in boy's clothes. The play has nothing original, nothing specially interesting about it and yet it interests. The child of rich parents stolen and about to be murdered by the thief to secure the inheritance for the next heir; rescued by Katie Emmett, the newsboy, in every scene and finally restored to a heartbroken father just as she has got into comfortable quarters on her own account, is a stage story repeated it would seem too frequently to be thrilling yet the applause could not show more uncontrollable gratitude to the heroic newsboy for the rescue of the child if he had really done what he seemed to do.

Frederick Roberts as "Pietro Bama," the Italian cut throat, was a heartless villain who would as soon kill as scowl. Harry West as "Hans Schneiderkopf" had the fat part of the German emigrant. But he imparted to it a flavor of his own individuality and made a hit. Jennie Engle, as the "Widow McShane" played up to the Dutchman. Her activity with her feet, her tongue and her hands showed an Irish woman at her funniest.

In "Darkest Russia" at the Lansing, is a Nihilist play, that is, if the Nihilist cause can be presented from the standpoint of the government. The knout in the hands of an irresponsible Russian noble, the chains and the prisons of Siberia were on the stage and, I suppose, they looked as much like the Russian real thing as stage houses and property's ever resemble their prototypes. The red and green costumes of the soldiers of the czar, are more brilliant than an eighteen ninety-six campaign costume. The play is sensational, the plot is freshened up a bit by a Russian background, which although it might not seem homelike to a Russian was foreign to Americans.

Sidney R. Ellis, manager and actor, is supposed to represent the typical American en route in Europe, bluff, hearty off-hand independent, boastful and all that. In point of fact there is no such thing as a typical American. The New York man of the world can not be distinguished from a London or Boston man, except by a trick of provincialism in the London man. Polish Las almost made types impossible. Even as far west as this there is no typical Colonel Septimus Cobb. He used to live here but he has moved further west. Still as a type of what is supposed to be American Mr. Ellis was breezy and agreeable in spite of his flippant references to his deceased wives.

Madam Carina Jordan as the Baroness von Rhineberg, was an infatuated widow. Her idolatry of the Colonel was so complete that she used his slang as if it were choicest English. The stage setting was better than the ordinary travelling company.

"The Gay Parisians" played to good business at the Lansing on Tuesday evening. It was a better house than Lincoln has furnished an excellent company for some time, and a better house than this company has yet played to in the west. In the cast of sixteen persons there was not a poor actor.

The setting of the stage—divided into three compartments, with the open sides toward the audience—recalled "A Trip to Chinatown." Friends and relatives

separated by only a thin partition, and supposedly ignorant of each other's presence, gives to the audience a feeling of an impending divorce or catastrophe which, of course, gratifies the latent taste for "scraps" not yet eliminated from our savage natures. But the situations and dialogue were not shocking nor *risque* enough to explain the advance notices which preceded them. I wonder if the intimations which the advertisements conveyed were a reason for the size of the house. So far as that goes the audience was disappointed in its expectations or fears, whichever they were.

Sadie Martinot, as "Marcelle," was fascinatingly feminine. She does not show the passage of time except in a carefully repressed *embonpoint*. The maid "Victorine," Margatet Gordon came up to the French idea of femininity and the Southern. The type is not without an audacious charm of its own, but when they get old!

W. J. Ferguson as "Mr. Pinglet" had the dry humor and non-resistant method of accomplishing a victory that Sol Smith Russell has made popular. But he was funnier than Mr. Russell—livelier on his feet, graceful to slow music, and not quite so mummified. James O. Barrows, the fussy, stupid old lawyer, who stuttered only when it rained, was capital. All of the company were good and some of them were better.

If Lincoln people do not turn out in great numbers to good shows the place is in danger of taboo with first-class stock companies. When the fairest and best no longer visit us we will realize what we have lost.

The Bittner Repertoire company, which played the week at the Funke, gave good satisfaction and something to boot in the way of watches and dolls. Their repertoire is a large one, and gives each member of the company a chance to show his talent. The dancing and singing of baby Gail showed good training and original talent. She is a fair-haired, plump little girl who wears short-sleeved dresses. Her arms are pink and dimpled, and her baby ways are winning. Mr. Bittner is fittingly at the head of the company on account of his talent as an actor and as a stage manager.

Christine Nilsson is living in Madrid. Her bedroom walls are papered with leaves of music from the operas in which she has sung.

Sarah Bernhardt will recite a poem by Sully-Prudhomme before the Czar and Czarina at Versailles this week.

The following from the Mirror indicates that actors are further above reproach than members of other professions:

The Mirror, several weeks ago, commenting upon the statistics of arrests furnished by a western city, called attention to the small number of theatrical persons who figured in a showing that included many more from each of other respectable vocations like the law, medicine and the church.

The New York Sun the other day published an article to the same effect based on police figures for this city. New York is a place in which actors and others associated with the theatres congregate at all seasons. Yet the official report of arrests in this city for the three first months of 1896 shows that among the 25,000 persons taken into custody there were but eighty-two "who described themselves" as actors,

We have purchased (because it is just the thing we have needed) the Columbian Cyclopedic Library, consisting of the Columbian encyclopedia, which is also an unabridged dictionary thirty-two volumes of convenient size neatly bound, four volumes of the annual cyclopedic review, four volumes of current history for 1896, one Columbian atlas and the neat convenient revolving oak case with glass doors. From the evidence obtained we find that some part of this work is placed in the best private and public library in this country and abroad, for the reason that they cover a field relative to the past, present and future progress and achievements of the human race not attempted by others. The plan is original, and the work throughout is carefully and ably written.

Current history contains 220 pages, is issued two months after the close of each quarter, this length of time being taken to reduce all information received to be an absolutely reliable and authentic basis. If these are kept on file, this magazine will prove a permanent and invaluable record of all important movements in political, social, religious, literary, educational scientific and industrial affairs.

The magazine will be indispensable to all people who have encyclopedias, as it will be needed to keep these works up to date. To those who do not own encyclopedias it will be doubly valuable as their source of information is more limited. About March of each year the four volumes of current history are bound into one volume, known as the Annual Cyclopedic Review. There are now four of these bound volumes covering years 1892-3-4 and 5. The work has for endorsers and subscribers in this city and state such people as Mr. Gere, editor-in-chief of the Lincoln State Journal, Hon. Joe Bartley, state treasurer, Hon. W. J. Bryan, Mr. Miller, editor of the Northwestern Journal of Education, Hon. H. R. Corbett, state superintendent of public instruction, Dr. R. E. Giffen, Miss Mary L. Jones, acting librarian at the state university whose letter we publish below in full: "Every reading person has felt the need of brief summaries of current topics and events. The daily, weekly and monthly periodicals and papers may furnish data sufficient, but the labor of collecting and digesting it is frequently out of proportion to the result obtained. A most satisfactory summary may be found in the quarterly journal has been of invaluable service to the library covering a field that no other attempts.

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