

THEATRICAL NOTES

"At Gay Coney Island" played to very good business at the Funke last Friday night. Mathews and Bulger are good comedians and they were ably supported by a talented company. The audience and the players were *en rapport* from the beginning. But when Josie DeWitt, who had been changing her costume every five minutes, and appear in tights and gauzy skirts started to play a violin, the audience began to writhe and shiver in anticipatory agony. The violin was attached to a soiled blue satin ribbon and suggested hayrides, hammocks, divans and the summer girl in her most harrowing moments. When she began to play the soubrette the soubrette disappeared and the artist, the virtuosa, stood in her place. If I could be what Josie DeWitt can be I would not be what she is. Her violin is a fine instrument and she played upon it with true fine technique and deep musical feeling. The tone she got out of it was round and full and tender. She received six or seven recalls and she deserved them.

It is hardly probable that the present theatrical season will bring to this city an attraction so popular, both in England and America, as Sydney Grundy's "Sowing the Wind," which will be produced under the direction of Julius Cahn at the Lansing theatre tonight, for one night only. Its theme is the relation of sexes toward each other and their mutual responsibility for the preservation of virtue and purity. Rosamond, a beautiful and dashing concert singer of London, is loved by Ned Annesley, a young man of good family, and the adopted son of one Brabazon, an

new and beautiful Empire theatre, built at a cost of nearly half a million, was crowded with the best known people in society and art circles, for besides the interest in the new theatre, said to be the most luxurious in America, people were curious as to the play in which an author wholly unknown to the public—Mr. Franklin Fyles—was to make dramatic debut. The play opened well, the mingling of stirring war incidents with social frivolity and fun of life at a frontier post of the far west, sufficing to keep the audience well interested. But it was only at the end of the second act, where the human interest becomes intense, and a brave man is allowed to fall



under the one unpardonable sin in a soldier, cowardice, that people began to be excited; from that point until the close of the third act the excitement rose. The great third act scene in the stockade at Post Kennion was upon the whole the most stirring of its kind witnessed upon the stage in recent years. It opens very quietly. It is early dawn in the stockade. A few score of devoted men are waiting for the onslaught of the rekskins, who for days have surrounded the camp. Worse than all there are women there whose fate these brave men cannot think of without a shudder of horror. The manner in which the incidents of this long and splendid act is wound up—the suspense and terror, the futile parley with the enemy, the weird and awful war songs of the Indians in the distance, the solemn moment. when General Kennion



aristocratic old gentleman of rigid ideas and social caste. Brabazon in his younger days has been involved with a certain Helen Gray, whom he was not permitted to marry because of her lower position in the social scale. Their final separation occurred before the child was born, and Brabazon never learned of her birth.

The climax, of course, is followed by the true relationship between Rosamond and Brabazon being made known to them and the curtain drops. Mr. Grundy has put sufficient comedy into his play to properly balance the deep pathos of the plot, and a number of grotesque but well drawn characters assist in the development of the story.

One night only. Prices \$1, 75c, 50c and 25c. Seats now on sale at theatre box office.

The first night, four years ago, of the new famous play, "The Girl I Left Behind Me," which comes to the Lansing theatre next Wednesday evening December 2, for one night only, was one of the most memorable in recent years. The

is about to shoot his own daughter (at her request) in order to save her from the savages, the final appearance of the rescuing troops in the nick of time—all this was admirably done and evoked literally thunders of applause. The curtain had to be raised again and again



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