

THE THEATRE.

Lillian Russell says she loves Della Fox. Della Fox says she loves Lillian Russell. They visit each other and are throwing bouquets via the newspapers. Wait until the cabbages are ripe.

The life of Laura Keane has been published. It is excellent reading, and it will be well for many to study her career. It may serve better than some schools of acting.

Sol Smith Russell has reached his home in Minneapolis and to our correspondent said: "My contract with Miss Morton to produce nothing but A Bachelor's Romance ended with this season. I shall not confine myself to that play alone next season. In fact it will have but a limited number of performances. I shall revive the Heir-at-Law, playing Dr. Pangloss; the Rivals, playing Bob Acres; Mr. Valentine's Christmas, a twenty minute farce called Spitfire, used by Joseph Jefferson some years ago, and Taming of the Shrew, the version used by the late Edwin Booth. Of course I shall appear in New York at the Garden Theatre as arranged. My company will be far stronger than any I have ever had and I look for excellent treatment in New York."

Mr. Russell intends to leave mimicry behind and will confine himself to a higher order of productions. He will spend the summer in the lakes of the northwest.

Did you ever watch how quickly Annie Russell lays aside the cigar she is called upon to smoke in the Mysterious Mr. Bugle, after she has gained her point? She gets a laugh out of the audience, and quickly walks to the rear of the stage, and lets the cigar rest, until the property man finishes it for her. I hear the cigar costs twenty cents a night and the management supply it. That is a costly bit of stage prop. Miss Russell told me it took her weeks and weeks to get used to the weed. She should have gone to the Casino girls who smoke cigarettes with a vengeance. They would have taught her a trick or two. And, by the by, Miss Russell says she has no further matrimonial intentions. She is not going to marry anybody, and will hereafter, like many others, become wedded to her art!

Stately Isabelle Urquhart in the vaudeville. Well, I declare. So Isabelle, after finding a husband in Europe (and he is a nice one too), succumbs to the inevitable. Now that's hard. Belle told me in strict confidence that she was never going to play at anything save legitimate parts. She tried it in the Liar at Hoyt's. Outside of her shapeliness, she did not attract, so I suppose she was lured, as it were, into the vaudeville with a belief that where one goes the other may follow. Well, Belle is a charming thing to behold, and I am sure, if I were a man, I would willingly give up a dime to see her—even if it is in the vaudeville.

De Wolf Hopper says he is under a hundred dollars fine, payable to his wife, if he ever recites Casey at the Bat.

De Wolf Hopper appeared at the Macdonough Theatre in Oakland, Cal., last week. A dispatch says he drew over \$780.

Otis Harlan is about to finish his second season with A Black Sheep, in which he plays Hot Stuff, a character not likely to ever be duplicated by any other actor. Mr. Harlan has seen many years of service in Chas. Hoyt's company and has always distinguished him-

self as a comedian of excellent abilities. He will continue with Mr. Hoyt next season.

Dramatic critics hope that the rumors that Caroline Miskel Hoyt will retire from the stage next season is authentic. It will save many a painful effort to keep from telling the truth.

The theatrical season just closing has been very discouraging all through the west, and Lincoln theatres have shared the common fate. The critic's pen falters from commiseration, when his judgment condemns second rate companies who have been playing to business scarcely sufficient to keep them moving. Manager Dowden, of the Lansing, has a cheerful disposition which has kept him from discouragement when his best and most expensive companies played to poor business. This was the case with the splendid Empire company, made up of artists of the best culture. The audience was a forecast of the year for they were here in the fall. If it were not for next season, already beginning to shine over the edge of September with unusual brilliancy, experience would drive the managers into some other business. But the travelling companies tell of better times in New York, and by next year the tide will have reached Nebraska.

For Fair Virginia, which closed the season at the Lansing, played to very light business. Mr. and Mrs. Russ Whytal, who are the stars, shine with a light insufficient for stars. Mr. Whytal tore speech to incoherent rags. As a villain he was conventional and stagey, with hoarse voice and heavy step and rounded shoulders, it was still impossible to loathe him as a villain should be. Even the gallery showed no signs of disapproval when he hissed threats against innocence. He is a better playwright than villain. The play is well constructed with an occasional climax of real thrill. Virginia, the wife, and her child were the hit of the piece. In quality of excellence the play is not inferior to Shenandoah.

A YEAR.

What is a year
A lifetime.

Read my year.

Then I could hear the south wind grieving;
Then I could see the dim stars leaving.
Before the moon; the moths came weaving
Under the poppies.

And you were near.

Now in a year
A lifetime,

You are—where?

Now the wind sighs to your other lover?
He sees the stars that the moon blots over?
He hears the moths that the poppies cover?
Your newer lover?

My long, long year.

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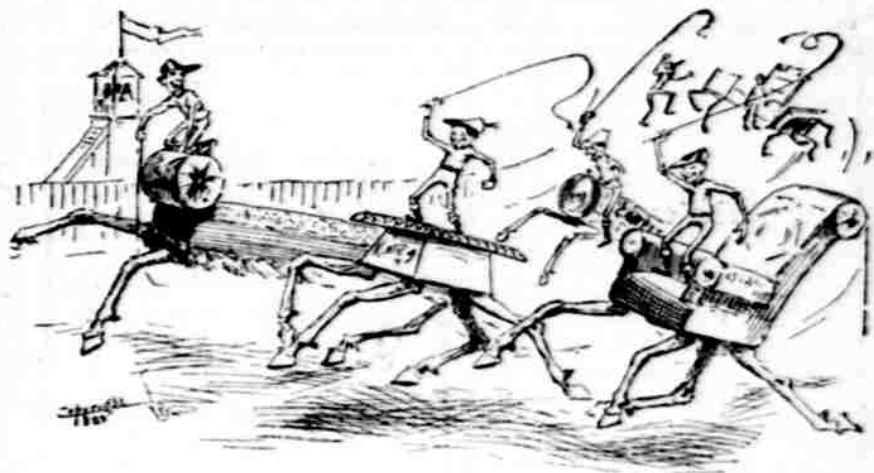
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