

## THE THEATRE.

Professional baseball is a mystery to the average citizen in respect to the problem why one team should consistently lose year after year and another win with equal regularity. In college sports there is something called "the spirit" of the institution to be accounted for, as Yale, with fewer students than Harvard, has been able to wipe up the earth with the crimson with monotonous infallibility. But there is no room for sentiment and tradition, apparently, in the matter of a National league nine, composed of "pugs" and "toughs" who play ball for salaries, as other men shoe horses or act as brakemen on railroads for the compensation there is in the calling. Players are bought and traded among different cities, and are swapped with a cheerful indifference which makes the question of local loyalty or pride an absurdity. Why, then, should Baltimore have won the pennant for three successive seasons, and in the present campaign be well in the lead for another championship to her credit? The "rooter" who follows the "national game," as played by these hired men, will tell you that it's all in the management. Then there must be only one manager in the United States, as there was one Napoleon in Europe.

Meantime New York and Philadelphia pray for a Wellington. Here are the two greatest "baseball towns" in the country, with Philadelphia leading far and away in attendance and consequent gate receipts. But neither luckless municipality has been able to find, for love or money, principally the latter, a man who possesses this hypnotic managerial ability that produces a winning team. A Philadelphia "rooter" told me the other day that the chief trouble with that team was the demoralizing influences of the "veterans" the old war-horses, upon the younger players and the new blood; that the patriachs, playing only for their salaries, killed the enthusiasm of the "colts," and took the heart out of them when, as he said, "the team was up against it." My informant also said that the Baltimore management especially encouraged the young men, and, somehow, infused a spirit of activity and ginger, which kept the aggregation constantly "on its toes." What then, is the matter with New York and Philadelphia, Mr. Freedman and Mr. Stallings? At present the wizard Hanlon quotes the popular saying, "It is to lough."

Emily Bancker who played in Lincoln a few months ago in "A Divorce Cure" died in Albany, N. Y., on June fourth, after undergoing a severe operation. Miss Bancker went to Albany to spend the summer with her parents, and while there it was suggested that she go to the Albany hospital to be cured of an ailment that interfered with her stage work. The operation caused her death. She died in the presence of her mother, her husband and her aunt, and thus ended the brief career of a clever actress, a handsome woman and a much respected lady. Emily Bancker was about twenty-six years old. She started her stage career in New York, and became a member of Rosina Vokes' company on the second tour of that actress in America. She gave such satisfaction that Cecil Clay re-engaged her and she remained with Miss Vokes several seasons. She then joined Charles Frohman's company. After a season she became a star under the management of her husband, Thomas W. Riley, whose Riley's Comedians were received with favor through the south. The large cities were visited last season with Our Flat, and finally a play adapted from Divorcons by Harry St. Maur was produced with success. It was well received in New York. Mr. Riley had arranged

with Alfred Bradley to have Miss Bancker star next season in Christopher, Jr., and it is only two weeks ago that Mr. Riley established himself in an office in the Holland building. The funeral occurred in Albany from 26 Jay street, the residence of her relatives.

Richard Mansfield says he is easily led, but won't be driven. What he needs then must be a leading man instead of manager.

Actors are more superstitious than the members of any other profession. No one is ever allowed to whistle in his dressing room for that is a sure sign that the one standing nearest the door will be discharged in a week.

Sol Smith Russell appeared last Thursday at the Lyceum theatre in Minneapolis in a new play called Poca-hon-tas for the benefit of a local association. He had Fannie Addison Pitt as his leading assistant, while a number of ladies of Minneapolis acted as Indians. A local newspaper in a paragraph said there was fun enough to make a cigar Indian smile. Mr. Russell is a resident of Minneapolis and consequently the audience was liberal as well as large.

Mme. Duse has made her appearance in Paris and has become the lion of the hour. The press waxed enthusiastically over her Camille and Madame Bernhardt lead in the applause.

The following rhyme is taken from the new comic opera, "The Walking Delegate:"

I am a walking delegate, although I never walk;

My mission is to meddle and my business is to balk.

And then, just for variety, I perpetrate a shock

Of industrial paralysis by just a little talk.

Chorus—

Oh, what a mighty potentate,  
To get there without walking!  
Who knows but he was sent by fate  
To save us by his talking.

Of labor I'm the champion, of capital the foe.

I struggle to debase the high and elevate the low.

All this is bold defiance of a fact you clearly know—

That the workman, like the mare, requires cash to make him go.

Chorus—

Ah, sure our savior here is found:  
Away let every care go!  
'Tis love that makes the world go 'round,  
But money makes the mare go.

I am so very clever, and I've such a winning way,

That I earn a full week's salary by working half a day;

For the rule of my existence, I don't hesitate to say,

Is: "A minimum of labor for a maximum of pay."

Chorus—

With that brave sentiment we chime—  
(Though cautiously we say it)  
We send a bill for wasted time,  
And make our clients pay it.

Ever Live in Wisconsin.

Got friends there?  
Want to go there?  
If you did, have or do,  
You know that the best road to patronize is the Northwestern line.  
It's right at your door here in Lincoln.

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