

COMING ATTRACTIONS.

The town is quite elated with the news that we are to have John L. Sullivan in a new play on the 19th of January at the Lansing theatre. Mr. Sullivan's latest venture, and this time on his own account, is called "A True American," and is described as a romantic play with an interesting story unfolded without a tank, a railroad scene or even a shot being fired. It is a sincere effort at a legitimate play, acted with a spirit and power, but doing away with ranting and cheap straining for effects. The part of John Desmond is a gentleman, and Mr. Sullivan plays it as such. To those who have credited the absurd mannerisms some times attributed to Mr. Sullivan, his quiet force and easy manners will be a surprise; he is not without a certain dignity too, as he knows how to carry his stalwart figure, and to walk across the stage as though he belonged there. Bobby Mack's Irish fun is a good foil to John's seriousness, and his comical acting in the arena scene is said to materially strengthen what is to most people the most interesting scene in the play. The pugilists give in that play such a realistic bout that many ladies nightly evince their feelings by little feminine shrieks every time that John L. lands one of his mighty blows anywhere on Dan Dwyer's anatomy.

Manager Church will present at the Lansing on Monday January 21, the beautiful drama "Men and Women." The really dramatic aspects of a bank failure were never brought out more graphically upon the stage than in the remarkable third act of De Mille & Belasco's play, "Men and Women." The Jefferson bank does not fail, thanks to the support of a crusty old director, but it is sufficiently in danger to make its directors very serious. It is a matter of honor to all and of fortune to some of them. Only those who have seen something of a bankruptcy of a great institution can realize the agony of honorable men who see thousands of trust depositors in danger or ruin or want, owing to their mistakes. When the great New York banking house of Lockwood & Co. failed, owing to the panic of 1865 the announcement of suspension was made by the head of the firm, a venerable man of 70, who, with tears streaming down his cheeks, told his assembled partners and hundreds of clerks that the house had gone under after an honorable existence of more than half a century. Grayhaired men who had entered its employ as boys wept like children, and the scene has been described by witnesses as one of the most dramatic and touching ever enacted in Wall street. Something of the solemnity and subdued excitement of such a crisis is felt in the third act of "Men and Women." The fact that the meeting of the directors is held at midnight adds to the effect.

The most enjoyable and delightful event of the theatrical season in this city will be the engagement on next Friday, January 25th, at the Lansing theatre, of Mr. Joseph K. Emmett, or, as he is probably better known throughout the world, "Fascinating Fritz" Emmett; whose name brings to the mind of all theatre goers three visions, a lullaby, a child to whom it is sung and some one called "Fritz" to sing it, all this and more are in "Fritz in a Mad House," which will be presented by Mr. Emmett and his perfect company at the Lansing theatre, Friday, January 25th. The Boston Herald says: "The play is much better than its name, which conjures up unpleasant images, happily not carried out in the production. There is a harsh father, an errant son, an unhappy married couple and an unacknowledged marriage in the plot, all of the incidents being treated in a novel manner. But no one cares about the play, for it is Fritz one goes to see, and he wanders up front frequently pausing occasionally to sing or dance, both song and steps being of gentle tenderness; again he plays bo-peep with the baby of the piece or sits on the

floor in order to bring his own curly head on a level with her own equally golden and curly one, making the quaint doing of homely acts refreshingly interesting to the spectators. Mr. Emmett is a handsome youth with a cast of countenance from the romantic school, his mannerisms are attractive, and his performance as unique as a bit of piquant wood carving done with a pocket knife. Clever little Baby Spencer Sinnott, ably assisted Mr. Emmett in making merriment, while Emily Lytton, as Collie Parker, a true-hearted girl with great scorn, for the artificialities of life, won deserved applause. Mr. Hudson Liston could hardly be improved as Uncle Joe Parker. Miss Florence Foster was an excellent Mr. Carter and Mr. Fred Devene, an exceptionally good Baron Von Wolfenstein. The minor parts were also adequately played.

New York Musical Courier has the following to say of an attraction which will be at the Funke in March: "Ellen Beach Yaw, the phenomenal high range soprano gave a delightful musicale last Saturday at her residence in New York to a few invited musicians, who listened to her astonishing facility of tone production. In the 'Russian Nightingale,' by Alagieff, she sang the G with the greatest ease; in the 'Laughing Song' of 'Manon Lescaut,' by Massenet, she surpassed anything heard heretofore in vocal execution, and the A rang out in Murio-Celli's 'Echo Song' melodious and truly. There are no impossibilities in the range of this young artist." The aforesaid publication further states, among other flattering remarks, that at the Saratoga musicale fete Miss Yaw sang "The Last Rose of Summer," and "aroused a never-ending applause," and she had to return five times to bow her acknowledgments."

Frohman's "The Girl I Left Behind Me," will come to the Lansing Saturday, January 26. This play has only been seen in Lincoln once, having made a distinct hit upon its presentation here last winter. It is one of the most successful of the recent Frohman triumphs. The play, as its name might indicate, is of a military character. There is plenty of action in it and it is interesting from first to last. The company engaged in the production of "The Girl I Left Behind Me" is said to be up to the Frohman standard, and an artistic performance is looked for.

AFTER TWENTY YEARS.

He was asking the old man for his daughter in marriage. He was talking tremblingly, hesitatingly, as you read of in story books, and the scene was full of color, so far as an irate father and nervous young man could make it.

It came the old man's turn to speak, and as he began his face was white with passion and his voice shook with excitement. "You want to marry my daughter?" he said. "Ah, now is the time for my revenge. Twenty years ago your father crippled me in a stock deal and I swore to be revenged. And now my time has come."

He paused for breath, and the aspirant for the maiden's hand was about to beat a hasty retreat in the face of supposed defeat, when the father broke forth again.

"Yes, sir, I swore to be revenged, and I'll now strike the father through the son. Want my daughter, eh? Well, take her, and may she prove as expensive to you as she has to me."

The old man dropped into his chair, worn out with excitement of his plot, and the young man fainted.

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