



AMUSEMENTS

Fifty-four people and twenty three horses, to say nothing of wagons, scenery, etc., go to make up "A Country Circus," which was given at the Lansing theater Monday and Tuesday. In point of numbers and equipment it was the most formidable theatrical aggregation that has visited Lincoln since Dave Henderson of Chicago brought his "Sinbad" company here, though it is needless to say these two attractions have nothing in common. "A Country Circus" as at present organized is too expensive an enterprise for the uncertain appreciation of "the road," as the management will probably find out before the season is over. If "A Country Circus" is long on Shetland ponies and trained dogs and real circus performers, it is most decidedly short on actors and actresses. The first two acts which are a prelude to the great parade and the circus performance, bear a close resemblance to the familiar melodramatic exploits of the "10, 20 and 30" combinations. They could be dispensed with, as the real interest of the play does not commence until the opening of the third act, and they needlessly prolong the show and tire the spectators. But if the management has skimmed in the theatrical part of the entertainment, the circus department has received most lavish treatment. The last two acts closely approach perfection in their way. Preceding the circus performance there is a street parade, and in this as in the circus, the height of realism is reached. It is no counterfeit presentiment you see, but the real thing. The parade has numerous bands of music, band wagons, and circus wagons of all descriptions, a bear and an elephant and clowns, Shetland ponies and circus horses, men and women in all conceivable kinds of costumes, including tights. There is the crowd of real spectators, and the parade is ten or fifteen minutes in passing. It is what Frank Polk would say is "great"—the highest encomium anything in the show line can receive. Then comes the circus. Here we have a real ring, and real bare-back riding, performance on horizontal bar and trapeze, tumblers and acrobats and strong men, performing horses and dogs, a contortionist, etc., etc., all excellent in their line. A band plays real circus music and peanuts and lemonade are sold to the spectators. The circus performance was equal to many of the tented exhibitions seen in this city. "A Country Circus" is unique, and it is a big thing—something that the people of Lincoln didn't find out until the company left town.

Milton and Dollie Nobles presented "For Revenue Only" at the Funke Monday evening. This is a political play and has been seen in Lincoln before. It is pronounced the best work the Nobles have done in recent years. Mr. Nobles is often classed with a cheap school of actors with which he has little in common. He is really entitled to serious consideration as a painstaking, faithful actor of no mean ability. In "For Revenue Only" he shows his versatility and is decidedly clever at times. Dollie Nobles gives him charming support, and the rest of the company did their work fairly well. The play itself might be toned down and polished off, but it is not without merit, and is continuously amusing.

"Henry IV" is a play in which women have little part. The hostess of the inn and *Percy's* wife appear and disappear and this is the end of femininity in the play; but the absence of women is scarcely noticed, as the action is rapid and *Falstaff* and fighting and preparations for fighting occupy the major part of the attention. Warde and James' "Henry IV.." presented at the Lansing Thursday evening is beautifully staged, and is an ambitious production. Warde in the *Prince* has a part in fair accord with his capability and he gives a lively representation of the roystering heir apparent who finally becomes a hero of the field. James exhibits his versatility as *Falstaff*. This actor's *Falstaff* is in many respects original, and his characterization is easily the strongest part of the play. Both Warde and James have struggled hard as stars of the second degree and the success they are now achieving is deserved. There are few more painstaking actors than this pair. Mr. Lindsley's *Harry Percy* measured up well with the principals. The production is on a large scale and compares favorably with any recent Shakesperian presentation in this city.

A SURE THING.

A wild fear seized upon her.
"He has gone forever," she shrieked.

She had secretly entertained the expectation that the man she had spurned would come back until she looked over the hat rack and found he had taken away a much better umbrella than he had brought.
"Forever," she moaned.

FATAL.

She hesitated.
"If I give you this pie, she asked, "will I ever see you again?"
The individual with deep fringe on his trousers and gores in his coat shook his head.
"Madame," he answered, "I will be frank with you. I am not prepared to say aught as to the possibility of such manifestation by the souls of the departed as

to render them visible to the mortal eye."

The dripping of the rain mingled with the sound of retreating footsteps, while there could be plainly heard a harsh, grating sound as of woman trying to unchain a bulldog.

THE IRONY OF FATE.

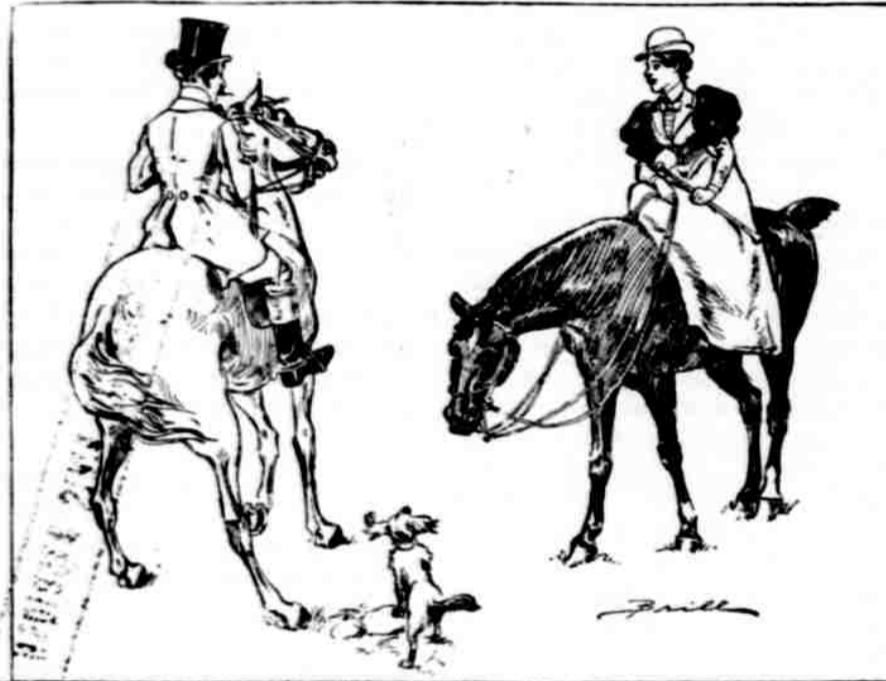
A judge out west has decided that prisoners in jail cannot vote. Anybody ought to know that they are barred.

BREAK IT GENTLY.

"Have you ever read that article on how to tell a bad egg?"
"No, I haven't, but my advice would be, if you have anything important to tell a bad egg, break it gently."

THE ROUGHEST PART OF IT.

Cureow—I'd hate to fall from the fourth story of a building.
Freake—Of course you would.
Cureow—Well, it isn't the fall; it's riding to the hospital in the city ambulance afterward.



She—Did you ever ride without a saddle?
He—Yes, once, out in Arizona.