

## THEATRICAL NOTES--GOMING ATTRACTIONS.

The following is clipped from the *Chicago Dramatic Journal* of a recent date: From over at the new Lincoln Theatre the report reached me that John Griffith, that young and sterling actor, played an engagement to the largest receipts of the present season. While, of course, the season was auspicious Mr. Griffith was justly entitled to the large business accorded him by the *elite* theatre goers of the North side; and I regard him as one of the very few meek and lowly thespians who are destined to win lasting fame in their chosen profession. As a boy he had every obstacle to overcome and he has won his present position by sheer force of excellence, and I, in common with his many friends and admirers take pleasure in extending congratulations.

The following regarding Ellen Beach Yaw, who will appear at the New Funke sometime in March, will be of interest to our music loving people. In a column criticism recently published the *New York Herald* says. "A soprano who can sing high C and sustain the note well is supposed to have good vocal range, but Miss Ellen Beach Yaw, of California, can sing E above high E. \* \* \* Christine Nilsson used to drive her audiences into the seventh heaven of enthusiasm by singing high F sharp in Mozart's 'Magic Flute.' Miss Yaw sings F sharp without an effort, and sustains the note with the sweetest quality. Mozart says that in 1770 he heard a soprano range from A below middle C to C above the high C. It was a range of twenty-four notes. Ajugari could execute trills on the high D. This is noted in the *Encyclopedia Britannica* as the only known instance of the kind. Miss Yaw can sing lower than Ajugari and three notes higher in the upper register. \* \* \* A throat specialist who examined Miss Yaw's larynx recently, said that her vocal chords were finer than any he had ever seen or heard of. \* \* \* I was present when Miss Yaw sang Proch's 'Variations' the other night. She is a tall, beautiful girl, with blonde hair, deep, dreamy blue eyes and features of great delicacy. Her neck is as graceful as a swan's. Her manner is elegant and her interpretation sympathetic and true. While she sang her highest cadences the tones were of beautiful quality. She sang higher F sharp and held it for eight seconds, then running up the scale to C. \* \* \* The scientific explanation of this tremendous vocal altitude is that Miss Yaw's inferior thyroarytenoid or true vocal cord had made 2,048 vibrations each second."

Max O'Rell, the famous writer, who will be heard at the Funke Opera House Monday evening, February 11th, is also one of the most humorous and witty talkers on the lecture platform. His subject is "Her Royal Highness—Woman," and the *Chicago Daily Inter-Ocean* of January 26, 1895, devotes two columns to a review of his comedy talk. The *Melbourn (Australia) Argue* of May 13, 1895, says: "Max O'Rell is a company of comedians in which every actor is a star. He is humorous, keen, comical, sensible and clean." He is under the sole management of J. B. Pond.

Morrison's company will be at the New Funke opera house, February 13th, in Bayle Bernard's version of Goethe's immortal "Faust" which, with the excellent cast, new and elegant scenery, wonderful electrical effects and calcium lights, will be given upon a scale of grandeur never before witnessed here. One of the features of the production will be the Nuremburg cathedral choir, rendering appropriate music throughout the piece. The Brocken scene in the fourth act is a marvel in stage craft, with its flashes of genuine lightning and showers of real fire.

## WHAT DOTHT IT MATTER?

[Written for THE COURIER.]

A bit of poor clay that lives and thinks,  
That laughs and loves, eats and drinks,  
Is perhaps after all, no better than clay  
That I tread upon day after day  
As I plod along my inscrutable way.

I am but a tiny atom blown  
By winds, and hither and thither thrown,  
Then what doth it matter if high or low  
I fly with the wind of chance that blow  
The dust of humanity to and fro?

What doth it matter if circumstance  
With bloody wheels o'er me doth chance?  
In life's great plan I am no more  
Than an ant in the ant-heap by my door  
That I tread upon as I pass o'er.

WILLIAM REED DUNROY.

## A STRING TO IT.

"She is a very affectionate woman. She carries her heart in her sleeve."

"Why, I am surprised."

"How so?"

"I don't see how she finds it when she needs it."

## THAT'S ALL.

Beggar—Kind gentleman, I beg your pardon—  
Gent. (promptly)—Granted. I thought you were begging for money.

## HOW TO EXPRESS IT.

"I'm so sorry supper isn't ready," said Mrs. Dinsmore to her husband when he came in. "I attended the meeting of the sewing circle this afternoon and I couldn't get away."

"Hemmed in, were you?" asked her husband.

## VERY SUDDEN.

She—Do you think the time will ever come when women will propose?

He—I don't see why it shouldn't. Suppose you propose to me to-night, and I said yes, what—

She—Oh, Henry, this is so sudden! But, never mind: it is just as well, and mother, I know, will be delighted.

## A MISTAKE.

Gent—How came you to put your hand in my pocket?

Pickpocket—Beg your pardon, I am so absent-minded. I had once a pair of pants just like those you are wearing.

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