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THEATRICAL NOTES

The Jucklins played to good business on Monday night at the Lansing though not so good as the play and the company deserved. Both were excellent. I was glad I had not read Opie Read's book from which the play is dramatized. It is so easy to transfer the impressions the book has made to the dramatization. In *Tribby* and *The Prisoner of Zenda*, the two most important book plays that I have seen, the plot is not apparent or intelligible to that part of the audience which has not read the book. The compression of the life stories of some ten or fifteen people into one evening's expression is too much for the average playwright. Shakspeare's dramas always begin a lifetime or so before the play begins. It is in this way that the miracle of time, that wonderful impression of the silent passage of years with their effect on the persons of the play, works upon an audience. But Shakspeare is the only man that can reproduce the noiseless journey of life the soil, the fatigue, the nausea, the holdups, the plots of vice and the final triumph of innocence and virtue. In spite of the lives that have been lived the combination is rarely duplicated. It is the same fifty-two old cards but they do not deal twice alike. Therefore is every situation in a measure unique. The dramatist can not depend on perfect enunciation and a quiet house for the unfolding of his plot. It should be made intelligible to the audience by action rather than by monologue or dialogue. It was the end of the third act of "The Jucklins," before we were quite sure that Guinea Jucklin was engaged to Chydster Lundford and that Dan Stuart had no claim upon her, that General Lundford sent Guinea to boarding school in order that she might be a fitting mate for his son, and the exact relationship of Harry Harper, the telegraph operator, to the plot. Such uncertainty and mistiness invariably characterize dramatized plays. The playwright unconsciously presupposes acquaintance with the plot and persons of the drama, instead of ruthlessly cutting out and putting in whatever is not essential to the coherency and development of the plot. In spite of which criticism on the class of plays, to which "The Jucklins" belongs, it is a very interesting drama and as good a sermon as "Shore Acres." There seems to have been a revulsion from the suggestive plays of Hoyt, in which the interest centers upon the efforts the head of the family makes to conceal a low intrigue from his wife, by means of prodigious lying, to scenes of domestic fidelity and happiness in humble surroundings. To be sure, such an environment does not please school girls, clerks and work-a-day people who make up the average audience. We want to see ladies of the court, or gentlemen in real yachting suits who own a steam yacht or handsome fabulously wealthy clubmen who light a cigar and throw it away with the abandon only known in dreams. What do we care for people who save car fare and repair their own dresses? We pay our money to be admitted for an hour or two into the luxurious society which splashes us with mud and orders us from across the counter in the day time. Nevertheless, the "Old Homestead" plays are in vogue and the stage pictures are made up of clay stained trousers tucked into cow hide boots, gingham shirts, calico dresses, wheel-



WARD AND VOKES.

at her feet before she is through with him. Her weeping, laughing and skipping is perfunctory, she lacks fragrance.

Mr. Newton Chisnell as the sheriff was the politician the same, yesterday today and forever. His was a most delicate piece of character acting. Mr. Benjamin Howard as Alf. Jucklin was as attractive a lad as I ever saw on the stage. He had the ploughboy's plodding walk with the chivalry and gentleness of what the north supposes is characteristic of the south.

Stuart Robson as Lemuel Jucklin, with his lisp, his stutter, and the break in his voice is a delight. I hate to have him leave the stage. The character, Lemuel Jucklin—fits his own. His quaintness and dryness tastes a little like the Sol Smith Russell variety but it is more pungent and lasting.

One of the most beneficial effects of travel is the acquirement of the knowledge that there is more than one way of looking at and doing the same thing. If we improve our opportunities, however, we can learn that at home. In last Sunday's Journal, two writers who were a short time ago identified with the Courier discussed Olga Nethersole. Mr. W. Morton Smith says:

Olga Nethersole is giving her celebrated exhibition of animalism in the dramatic version of "Carmen" at the Garden theater. This theater is just a little outside of the tenderloin, and it is not probable that Captain Chapman has seen the play. He might, after wit-