

nessing Miss Nethersole's remarkable exhibition of realism, feel called upon to make a demonstration. Apart from the recklessness with which the actress plays her part, the play is not remarkable. There are other plays in which she appears to much better advantage.

Miss Willa Cather says:

I saw Miss Nethersole four times as Carmen. It is certainly her most finished, if not her greatest performance.

The next scene is the gipsy quarters. It is Miss Nethersole's best scene. I have never heard an English speaking actress do anything better. Her interview with poor, tearful Dolores is unsurpassed in its cool insolence. Her love scene with Jose is unparalleled. I expected a good deal in that scene; it has been written about and talked about, treated with scorn and wild adulation as people happened to be cynical or sentimental. It simply cannot be even touched upon in cold type. I thought I had seen good

Miss Nethersole's work in that scene. I don't know myself whether I thoroughly approve of it; I only know that I cannot help but admire it; that it is great, elemental, volcanic and true, true, true! It is one of the strongest proofs of her greatness that this girl, young, sensitive, in a strange country, in spite of everything has dared to be true, the hardest and the most sacred task allotted to an artist.

Now, the wonderful part of it is that each time I saw Miss Nethersole in this part she played it differently, absolutely. Stage business, intonations, gestures, glances, were all different. I suppose that is how she keeps her carresses and her maledictions alike so spontaneous, so bewildering. In this play which deals so wholly with the caprices of the senses, she never for a moment merits that coarse adjective sometimes applied to her any more than Bernhardt. Anna Held, for instance, is frankly and simply sensual, vulgar,

a chaos of the senses; Sappho had it and Bernhardt has it, and Miss Nethersole has it—when she pleases. But not always. As "Denise" she shows not a trace of it; she is simple, sad, tender, womanly. In "Denise" I could not find one vocal or physical indication of the woman who played Carmen. The same eyes were there, the same mouth, but they meant different things, belonged to a different soul. "Denise" is a painful play, like most of Dumas', but I am glad I saw her in it, for I know now that she can play a good woman quite as well as a bad one, even better, perhaps, for in "Carmen" there occasionally creeps in just a little bit of "stage fire," but in "Denise" there is none of it. Whereas Julia Marlowe can only be pleasantly and negatively good, Miss Nethersole can be righteous.

The very delightful quality in Miss Cather's writing is her appreciation of genius and her ability to impart some of her own adoration for the mystery

Harry Vokes. The day of the circus Ward struck up an acquaintance with Vokes. Ward, himself, had become somewhat proficient in flip-flaps, cart-wheels, etc., and was soon showing the circus performers what he could do. From this chance meeting of the summer of 1885 sprang the team of Ward and Vokes. The winter season found Ward and Vokes doing a knock-about block-faced turn in the variety theatres. As Ward himself says, "This was too hard work," and after some two or three years of it he conceived what has since become famous, their "Percy and Harold" specialty which they played 700 nights in New York city alone. The company which is the largest they have ever had, as well as the largest now enroute in musical farce. The same vehicle has been retained this year, namely "A Run on the Bank," but the elastic nature of its make-up permits of new possibilities. Prominent in this year's cast are Chas. Guyer, who for the past two years has been the "Pierrot" with Hanlon's fairy spectacles "Superia" Joe Kelly, the "Con Man" of last year; Chas. A. Mason, the Mt. Clemens Dutchman, into a Dutch sheriff; Tony Williams in his original part of General Note Shaver; Arthur Deagan, of last year's company is still the same sweet singer and will be heard in several solo selections. Handsome Gilbertie Learock, who has captivated eastern theatre goers with her choice interpretation of "Neara Nana," the book-agent, Margaret Daisy Vokes, the charming wife of Harry Vokes, as "Sassy Moll" the "tough girl." Another new engagement is Miss Lucy Daly, of "Bassing Shaw" and "In Gay New York" fame. Manager Stair has paid particular attention to the pretty girl contingent this year and this important feature embraces Misses Pauline Von Arold, Martha Franklin, Sadie Whitcomb and others. The costumes are to be dazzling. Ward & Vokes come to Lansing next Thursday evening April 8th. Price \$1.00, 75, 50 and 25. Seats on sale Tuesday at 10 a. m. sharp. Secure your seats early.

EASTER.

We break the fragrant stems and strew them high
Upon our shining altars, white and sweet,
And stay the hurry of our restless feet,
To stand a while before them silently,
And listen to the organ tenderly,
The white peace of the Easter morning greet,
And on the waiting stillness of the street
Sweeps with a softer, stranger stillness by.

We look a while upon that peace and then
We go into our toiling world again;
Ere Eden dew the salt sweat stains the brow;
But we have stood within the holy place,
And on the furrows of each sin worn face
There is a shining from the Presence, now.
—KATHERINE MELICK.

"Cigarettes are bad for the lungs."
"I know it, but I can't get my wife to smoke them."



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Ward and Vokes.

love-making before, but when the thing was over I felt like Romeo, that I had "never seen true beauty till tonight." The celebrated "Nethersole kiss," I expected, would be merely a prolonged bit of stage business, rather cheap, perhaps a little vulgar. It was nothing of the sort; it was terrible, if anything; a flash of lightning, an earthquake, anything you please; anything that terrifies and intoxicates and destroys. Pittsburgh audiences are the coldest you can find anywhere. They do not approve of Miss Nethersole's plays or her realism, but at the end of that act the curtain calls were so many that I lost count of them. The people just sat dumbly in their seats and pounded away as if they knew they ought not to but could not help it. It was the sort of applause that comes through set teeth. A good many unkind things have been said of

But Nethersole, who is too thin, too fiery, too intense, too serpentine. She has that intense and consuming nervous force that is so flatly opposed to stupid sensuality. It is in her eyes, her walk, her twitching fingers; it devours her frail body like a hidden fire. And she has imagination. O such imagination! The thing that gives her such power is of the spirit, not of the senses. Even in Carmen it is the spiritual quality that is forever dawning in her liquid eyes, forever being driven back and drowned by the click of the castanets that is always recurring like the Venus motif in Tannhauser. It is this poor spirit, forever being shamed and tortured and dragged through the mud, that you pity. Somehow, by a negative process, she effects a spiritual result as Browning does so often. It is a strange thing, that abortive spiritual product, born of

and divinity of genius to the multitude.

Nobody receives a more cordial welcome than those funny fellows Ward and Vokes, John Ward, or "Happy" is a native of Richmond, Va., where his mother kept for years what is known as a professional boarding-house. In this way young Ward was constantly thrown into the society of theatrical people, mainly from the variety branch of the profession, and got a desire to go on the stage. His first experience on the stage as a super in Ford's Opera House in Baltimore, where he received the munificent salary of a dollar and a quarter a week. His work attracted the attention of no less a personage than Tony Pastor, who encouraged him to persevere. After this time a small wagon circus was billed to appear in Baltimore and amongst the acrobats