

THE THEATRE,

The Courier has reprinted Miss Cather's and Mr. Smith's opinion of Olga Nethersole's acting. Here is the Playgoer, a New York critic's say:

A violent assault on a work of art was committed at the Garden Theatre on Monday evening. And to add to the infamy of the offense, when Mrs Nethersole and her company had finished ruining the beautiful "Tristi Amori" of Giuseppe Giacosa, the audience merely snickered and left in silence without any riotous show of wrath. Where there should have been hisses there was only hurried exit; yawns and smiles of weariness ended took the place of deserved catcalls. It was a sorry exhibition of indifference, or, at best, of patience extended beyond the point of virtue.

In "Tristi Amori" the Italian playwright fashioned a consistent, logical, impressive love tragedy; in "The Wife of Scarli," under which title this work was presented as an adaptation by Miss Nethersole and her associated accessories-before-the-act, we were shown a weak, purposeless, ridiculous counterfeit. In the original, the tricked, abused husband denies forgiveness to the treacherous, lustful wife. "You understand," Scarli says to her, "that I can never pardon your filthy sin—that the memory of it will torment me for the rest of my life; that the tragedy into which you have turned our love will continue a tragedy until the crack of doom. This sort of thing never ends. But for the sake of the child I allow you to remain here in the house that your lechery has polluted. Our ways never meet again save as they both lead us to the peace and welfare of that helpless innocent."

Now, mark you, what Miss Nethersole has done with this sombre, hopeless, tragic story of real life. With the ruthless egotism of a "star"—with the vulgar purpose of vantageing the "star's" popularity and cozening the "sympathy interest"—Miss Nethersole has added to the play a scene that destroys utterly the Italian author's intent, and that makes his splendid work a thing for mocks and jeers. When the husband stipulates the terms on which she may continue to live under his roof, she threatens to leave forthwith—it is dollars to doughnuts she would join her lover the next day—and to take the child with her. The little one, when put to the test effects to go with her mamma—blood will tell—but finally cries out that she "wants them both," and leads them together to join hands over her dark-tressed head. Then the servant enters on the scene, carrying a dish of boiled beef, which she sets on the table for the evening meal. "Come now," she urges, with a probable innocent double entendre, "take it before it gets cold," and the curtain falls on such a scene of domestic harmony as we haven't witnessed since the days of the Mallory regime at the little theatre in Twenty-fourth street. Little wonder that the audience laughed contemptuously at the denouement which in the original is significant, intensely impressive and haunting.

"I would not convey that "Tristi Amori," of which "The Wife of Scarli" is a silly perversion, is a play of the highest skill, or that even in its original form, it could hope for general approval from American audiences; but I do assert that, in tagging on that crude piece of cheap, mawkish sentimentality at the end, Miss Nethersole—who, beyond all reasonable doubt, is responsible for the bungling device—has been guilty of an atrocious discovery of bad taste.

The event, however, does not surprise me. From the very beginning of Miss Nethersole's highly prosperous career in this country I have maintained

that, whatever may be her merits in the matter of temperament or physical charm, she is woefully deficient in the art of her occupation—I will not term it calling. Her wanton abuse of Giacosa's play would convince me of the justice of that opinion even if other indications were lacking.

But every fault, every violation of the elemental regulations of convincing scenic symbolism that I noted in her earliest performances in this country were present, aggravated and exaggerated, in her impersonation of Emma Scarli. She is now—as she was when she first appeared before us—garish, explosive, obstreperous. And she has taken on a queer affectation in pronunciation that makes her utterances often incomprehensible. The extravagant favor with which Miss Nethersole has been received by the generality of critics and audiences throughout the United States is doubtless to blame, in good part, for the notable aggravation of her inherent failings. She has come to assume a self-confidence, an excessive independence, that dulls whatever sense of artistic proportion and symmetry she may possibly have originally possessed. To the other personages of the drama in which she happens to be playing she gives not the slightest notice.

The Woodward theatre company is made up of good players. It has the best repertoire company I have yet seen. Adgie and the lions are positively thrilling. Unless the lions are unusually good actors they are very fierce and will some time kill Adgie when she stumbles or removes her commanding eye from them.

The lions and Adgie that are with the Woodward theatre company are positively thrilling. Their deep throated roars are curdling and when that little Carmenesque Adgie, half Mexican, half French, orders Prince to "jump" and slashes him with her cruel black snake, and glares back into his dignified eyes with her own manly glare the quiet of the audience is breathless. She seems to be quite unappreciative of the noble dignity of the beasts who obey her because they have never yet thought it worth while to rebel against such saucy impertinence. The lions are fine specimens, fully grown, and as sleek and healthy as their jungle fathers and mothers. They have not the caged fatigue and meekness of the menagerie animals. They are superb in size, strength, and dignity. To jaded theatre goers they are a sensation.

The Woodward Theatre Company opened a two weeks' engagement at the Funke Monday, April 9th, to the capacity of the theatre. This organization is one of the strongest repertoire companies now in the west, and consists of eighteen people, each and everyone a star in his particular line, and it is often wondered how this company can afford to show at popular prices. In connection with the above attraction they have procured, for this engagement only, the greatest of lion trainers, Adgie. This lady will appear at each performance locked in a steel cage, with three ferocious lions. This company will remain all of next week, with a change of bill nightly with a ladies' matinee on Saturday, at which 10 cents will admit to any part of the house. Evening prices 10 and 25 cents.

On next Wednesday evening De Wolf Hopper in El Capitan will fill the Lansing to "the standing room only" point. De Wolf Hopper is an especial favorite in Lincoln. A good house, a good play De Wolf Hopper, Sousa's music, and Klein's libretto is a combination that has not been worked in Lincoln for several seasons and "The Courier" is willing to guarantee a crush, barring storms, fires or epidemic. For the fit-

ting embellishment of Sousa's delightful music, and for a perfect interpretation of author Klein's story. Mr. Hopper has a grand chorus of fifty voices as well as a complete military brass band, not only to add to the stage effect, but also to give tone and volume to the two great march finales at the conclusion of the second and third acts. Mr. Hopper has been invested with the best part he has ever appeared in since his advent, a part that is entirely suited to his peculiar abilities. Miss Alice Hesser, and Mr. Theo. S. Guise, an excellent baritone, have been entrusted with a more ambitious music of the score. Emma Wallace Hopper has the leading female role in "El Capitan," that of Estrelita, a hero-worshipping coquette. Of course Mr. Hopper will be seen and heard in the title role of the opera, that of "El-Capitan," a blustering cowardly insurgent who is in reality Don

Maduiga, the recently appointed Viceroy of Peru. The song from "El-Capitan," the typical tune of Zanzibar, the song to "The God of Wine," and a dainty waltz number which Hopper sings and dances with his wife are famous. Other members of the company are Alfred Klein, John Parr, Harry P. Store, Louis Shrader, Robert Polard, May Weber and others, all of whom are happily cast. A superb scenic investiture, a bewildering array of magnificent properties and all the expensive accessories employed in the original production of the opera at the Broadway theatre, New York city, will combine to insure an excellent entertainment. The prices will be, parquet and 4 rows dress circle \$1.50 balance of dress circle \$1.25 first four rows balcony \$1.00 balance of balcony 75c and the gallery 25c. Seats will be on sale Monday morning at 10 sharp. Secure your seats early.

FUNKE OPERA HOUSE

FRANK C. ZEHRUNG Manager.

ONE WEEK COMMENCING MONDAY APRIL 26.

Woodward Theatre Co.

Special attractions—Edison's famous magniscope—Illustrated pictures, and the celebrated lion queen

"ADGIE"

and her troupe of 3 trained lions will appear at first four performances. The most wonderful act ever presented on any stage in Lincoln.

Matinees Wednesday and Saturday afternoon. Seats now on sale. Prices only 10 and 25 cents, box seats 50 cents, matinee prices 10c.

THE LANSING THEATRE,

JOHN DOWDEN, Jr., Manager.

One Night Only.

WEDNESDAY APRIL 28

DE WOLF HOPPER

And his famous opera company, presenting on a scale of unexampled splendor John Phillip Sousa's brilliant musical sensation

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Book by Charles Klein.

A succession of sumptuous surprises. Entire original cast of principals; a splendid chorus of 50 voices; magnificent costumes; a superb scenic spectacle; an augmented orchestra; Sousa's delicious melodies.

Parquet and four rows dress circle \$1.50; last six rows dress circle \$1.25; four rows balcony \$1; balance of balcony 75c; gallery 25c. Seats on sale Monday morning at 10 sharp. Free list suspended.

Royal Prussian professor—Court pianist to the Emperor of Austria.

XAVER SCHARWENKA

His only appearance in a recital of romantic pianoforte music.

TUESDAY EVENING APRIL 27.

Parquet (except first four rows) and first four rows of dress circle \$1; balance of dress circle, first four rows of parquet and four rows of balcony 75c; balance of balcony 50c; gallery 25c. Seats on sale Saturday morning.

