

THE THEATRE

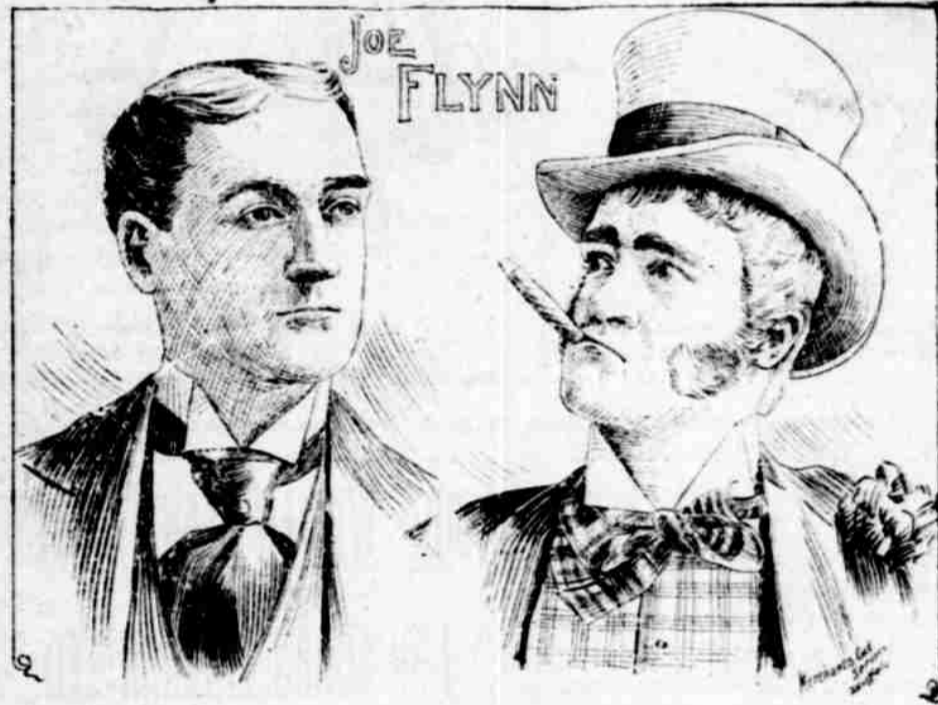
"Tennessee's Partner" played to very poor business at the Lansing last Saturday night. The company is a very good one and the play is one of the best of the old style melodramas, but election was too near.

After a succession of farces of the general character of "Never Again," "The Gay Parisians" and all the other exotic French comedies which depend upon lubbicity for a large part of their interest and at which we laugh, if laugh we must, in a shame faced manner with covert glances at our neighbors—after the many performances which would shock our Puritan ancestors out of the doors of the theatre, more convinced than ever of its demoralizing tendencies, a play of the harmless, wholesome humor of Ole Olson awakens at last a kindly feeling. If the play be nothing else, it is American, with an Americanism less artistic perhaps but certainly less immoral than the Gallic ways of thinking and doing which have been foisted upon us for the past few years. Perhaps all good Americans when they die, go to Paris, but if they do they cannot remain good very long. As to the actual representation of the play "Ole Olson;" it was fair and in places good.

consolidation of the little railroad of which Cunningham & Lloyd hold most all the stock, finally takes place so suddenly that the villain who planned the ruin of Cunningham is caught "short" and he has to buy the stock for deliverance to his customers from Cunningham & Lloyd at par. In the third act, in which Crane exhibits the effects of the loss of fortune upon a man past middle age his personal appearance recalls Mr. Mansfield in the Parisian Romance and in the last act of Beau Brummell, with the difference that Elisha Cunningham is a man of sterling integrity with family affections strongly developed, whereas the French count is a burnt out rone and Brummell is a lonesome, isolated old dandy. The three sick old men know no fear and the American and the Englishman are incapable of dishonor, Crane's old man is without the polish and finish of Mansfield's, but Elisha has the best elements of an American man and there is not anything else in the world so true and strong and all around attractive. Mr. Crane is getting on himself but he has not lost any of his subtlety or cunning. There are no signs of debility in his acting. His company contains seven actors of first-rate ability and training and three actresses of no especial merit. The scarcity of women of brains and good manners on the stage is

tell is a romantic actor par excellence. He is as quick with his sword as the younger Salvini and he is a more melancholy, and intense lover. His sonorous, organ voice, his straight, graceful figure, his feeling for the romantic in expression and gesture win the lady villain and the stage ingenue without much wooing on his part. As a lover, a fighter, a foxy but honorable intrigant. There is no one on the stage at present so satisfactory as Mr. Mantell. Tired with the problem novels and plays of recent fashion it is most refreshing to turn back to the romances of Fielding, Smollet and the elder Dumas. In these pages the woman question is not complicated by anything but love and man fought, drank and loved according to his heterogeneous masculine will unquestioned and undisturbed by Mrs. Humphery Ward and her sisters. Mr. Mantell's support is good without an exception. In tone, harmony and detail it is like a stock company. The costumes were brilliant and beautiful, sheeny silks and velvets in the greens, pinks and blues of Louis Quinze, powdered hair, lace and diamond buckles of the period just before the Revolution. The three ladies of the company are without the feminine disappointments mentioned in another criticism in these columns. They had soft voices, the two younger women very good looks and all three of them that *savoir faire* that most soubrettes are so sadly in want of. The orchestra played softly most of the time, snatches from waltzes and serenades that accompanied and completed the dialogue on the stage.

loved wherever the English language is spoken. In his readings he personates his own creations so that we can see them before us in flesh and blood. He has sung the songs of our life as no one else has done, and is safely enshrined from all time in the love of his fellowmen. He has written from the heart to the heart, and the applause testifies to his great success. A new volume from his pen is seized with eagerness, and tens of thousands of copies disappear in a few days. But great as has been the demand for Mr. Riley's works the desire to see and hear the poet in his homely impersonations has been greater. Everywhere the request has come and continues to come: "Do get Riley." Mr. Riley's appearance before the Antelope Club of New York City, where Edward Eggleston, James Russell Lowell and others were on the program, was among the most remarkable of literary gatherings. The last contributor to the amusement fund was James Whitcomb Riley, and so far as the audience was concerned, he made the hit of the afternoon. He gave character recitations, and the hilarity occasioned by his "When the Frost is on the Punkin" was so immoderate that it seemed as though his second selection, "The Educator," must be duller by contrast. Such was not the case, for while the first made the audience shake with mirth, the second made them scream. Mr. Riley was unanimously voted a most entertaining comedian.



Mr. Ben Hendricks in the title role was competent if at times too hurried in delivery to suggest The Scandinavian phlegm. His dialect was at all times recognizable as that of our Swedish fellow countrymen. Miss St. George Hussey, as the Irish woman, displayed her remarkable baritone voice to good advantage, and repeated her former successes in this kind of part. Nor was the appearance of the "Terrible Swede" Lawson upon a bicycle at all objectionable. It was at least a simple, healthful exhibition of muscular agility.

a frequent matter of wonder. Very few have the charm of womanliness. It is incredible how the charming men who fall at their feet can be subdued by such cheap, tawdry imitation ladies. It would seem that a charm possessed to a greater or less degree by most of the women of one's acquaintance either never reaches the stage or is destroyed by the experiences inseparable from it. The crass imitations of girlish fragrance, of matrons and belles that travel about in theatrical companies composed, with this exception, of talented and cultured men, is a matter of regret to lovers of the sex. Maude Adams, Julia Marlowe, even Mary Anderson, won fame by a gentleness all feminine. They have not genius but they have appealing, irresistible, womanliness that enslaves everybody. William Bog presented an ideal farmer without bucolic burlesque. The French count, by Walter Hale, was good character work. Wm. E. Butterfield, servant, was discriminating and very cleverly shaded. Mr. Boyd Putnam, the banker, Worresdorf, has a handsome physique. The audience was especially interested in him because he is Miss Florence Putnam's cousin.

Wm. H. Crane, in "A Fool of Fortune," played to a packed house at the Lansing on Tuesday night. Elisha Cunningham, Mr. Crane, is an intrepid and hitherto successful speculator in the stock exchange. He has what Americans admire more than anything else—nerve. The play opens with his return from Europe with his daughter. He is quite unconscious that in his absence Lloyd, his excitable partner has gone into a speculation that involves all their capital. Of course the schemes of the villain succeed at first and Elisha Cunningham is ruined. The loss of his money shoves him from hale middle life into decrepit old age. In act third he is a helpless old man, tremulous from the blows of ill fortune rather than age. He flutters around the ticker in the office of his still opulent friend with desperate hopes of regaining the fortune he has lost. And he does regain it. The delayed

Robert Mantell at the Lansing on Thursday night played to moderate business. The Lettre de Cachet, rendered into English as "A Secret Warrant" is a stirring, romantic drama filled with intrigue, young love and the plots of fathers who have come to hold gold dearer than love. Mr. Man-

The efforts the members of Holy Trinity Parish are making to save their beautiful little church from foreclosure proceedings are encouraged by the active interest and sympathy of nearly everyone in Lincoln. In order to assist in raising the necessary funds the young people of the church with the voluntary assistance of others, will give an admirable entertainment. It will be given at the Lansing theatre, which Mr. Lansing and Mrs. Oliver have generously donated for the occasion, in about a month. It will be of a vaudeville character, consisting of musical numbers, comedy sketches and living portrayals of Gibson's famous pictures from "life." The cast is made up from the best musical and amateur talent in the city. The performance will be under the management of Lieutenant Townley whose past successes in this direction insure a pleasing and an amusing entertainment.

"McGinty, the Sport," a new and most successful farce, will be the attraction at the Fenne Tuesday, Nov. 9th. This is one of the funniest shows that has toured the country in many seasons. The strength of the organization is perhaps accountable for the tremendous success that it has attained. Joe Flynn is the star, and is without a doubt one of the cleverest eccentric comedians in the profession. For years he has been the "head line" of every company he has been connected with. His ability as a comedy producer always ranks with the best. As a song writer, Mr. Flynn stands unrivalled, many of his compositions having obtained world-wide popularity.

Charles F. Jerome, J. Wesley Mack, Burt Ross, Harry Watson, Byron and Langdon, Helen Mack, Lillian Truesart, Mattie Nichols, Bonita Loring, Nichols and Martel, Lillian Dayton, Gladys Van, Florrie Evans and a host of others will furnish the novelties of the performance. Prices \$1.75, 50c and 25c. Seats on sale Monday 10 a. m.

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