

this is in print he will be better. There are so many other men who have nothing better to do than be ill. Don't go out this journey, Mr. Mansfield. There are plenty of fellows who can do that, but "England hath need of thee."

The *Dramatic Mirror* in speaking of Cora Tanner announces that she is "tall, svelte and graceful." Now since when has Cora Tanner become svelte? How she must have changed!

Mme. Judith Gautier has written a new Hindoo play called "Aspara" for Bernhardt. Mme. Gautier, it will be remembered, translated from the Japanese "Heart of Ruby," the play that failed at Daly's last year because it was too poetic to succeed. Mme. Gautier is the daughter of Theophile Gautier, the author of those luxuriant oriental studies "Fortunio" and "Une Nuit De Cleopatre." The French are full of oriental feeling. Those hot winds that blow up from Provence carry the odor of citron and orange groves even to Paris. Said Daudet, "O wind and fire of the South, ye are irresistible." French art is full of them. The great passions never become wholly conventionalized in France. Every year that hot blood and ardent enthusiasm from the south pour into Paris, into Parisian life and Parisian thought. Beneath that most polished suavity in the world there is always something of the savage. It comes from the South, with the poets and the orators. In the last forty years a whole oriental vocabulary has crept into the French language. Half of the best novels, the greatest pictures, the most perfect music are oriental in theme and treatment. Last season Bernhardt played "The Earthen Chariot," a Sanskrit drama four thousand years old. No one imbibed more of this oriental atmosphere than Gautier. He stands next to Flaubert in handling oriental color. There are pages in his oriental sketches that seem to palpitate with heat, like a line of sand hills in the South that dances and vibrates in the yellow glare of noon. There are sentences that ring out like the clank of golden armour, chapters that are embalmed in spices and heavy with the odors of the vale of Cashmere. Judith Gautier has followed her father's eastern studies and gone beyond him. The academy of France never questions her translations from the Japanese, Sanskrit and Hindoo. She is a linguist, an etymologist, a poet, a novelist and a dramatist. She has literally "ransacked the ages, spoiled the climes," and yet she is a Parisienne. They are strange people, those women of Paris; they are so versatile and they can touch upon so many extremes. They are, on a general average, about the most learned women in the world, and yet they are never "digs" like other learned women. Study never takes any of the vivacity out of them. They learn a language as they learn a dance.

bids a long adieu to the "City of Pain and of Pleasure."

Abbey Shofful and Grau are doing their level best to get rid of Miss Russell. She has lost no end of money for them and they have given up the battle. They have put all the great singers and prima donnas in the world through to their great mutual glory, but Lillian the fair with her ten chirpy little tones is too much for them. Mr. Abbey says if Miss Russell could be persuaded to go out into the provinces and play she could have money to burn, but she will not leave the cities where everyone is tired of her. She keeps banging around New York and Boston that give her the cold shoulder, while the smaller cities who have been panting and perishing and withering up for the sight of her she will not deign to visit.

Young Mr. Bryan, they say, has written to Fitzgerald Murphy, the author of "The Silver Lining," congratulating him upon his treatment of the silver question.

Zelia de Lussan has been singing Carmen in Dublin. The *Dublin Times* says of her: "Mlle. de Lussan was always a darling, delightful and charming vivacious *Carmen*; but to this she has added an audacious suggestiveness and an almost unlimited abandon. Many people will object to her performance as being altogether too broad, but they cannot but admit the genius which so happily introduces a spirit that was perhaps lacking in previous years, and a close attention to finished detail that is quite new. For instance, after the fight in the cigar factory, we find *Carmen* with her hair in wild disorder, and the lace of her gown almost in tatters—little realistic attentions that were much appreciated by the audience. Mlle. de Lussan is original enough also to defy the conventional costumes that have always been looked for in a *Carmen*. The broad treatment of the part was much redeemed by the magnificent singing of the gifted prima donna." I would go a long way to see de Lussan's "audacious suggestiveness and unlimited abandon." The *Dublin Times* man has lost his head. It simply is not possible. Mlle. de Lussan is a nice little person with a nice smile and an angular form without a single natural curve on it. The only kind of abandon she can simulate is a sort of giggling school girl abandon that might do for the Three Little Maids of the Mikado, but is pretty light diet for *Carmen*. Zelia "broad," the idea! Why I should as soon accuse Maggie Mitchell or Effie Ellsler of being broad. Why she is as sweet and innocent as a new born babe, and very nearly as artless. Imagine a thin *Carmen* with a Band-of-Hope smile and engaging Y. W. C. A. manners and slender Sunday school arm. Bah!

Clara Morris is en route again with her doctors and demijohns, her opiates and hot water bags and all the other things with which this histrionic invalid drags her attenuated person to and fro across the continent. There is no reason for Miss Morris being in her present physical condition. She is years younger than Bernhardt and yet she is a wreck. It all came of reckless living. To see Clara Morris at this stage of her career is certainly painful and yet I should advise every young person who has never heard her to grit his teeth and sit at least one play through. He will see an instance of an art unique and without a rival in its way. Clara Morris was one of those exceptions who can not be explained or analyzed, she is great, original and inimitable, even in her decline.

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