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that way pollution lies. It would be unfortunate to lose the metropolis, but such disgust and contempt are hard to bear and if the state went to work it might build up another at Beatrice.

Speaking of Beatrice, a young lady who can appreciate a situation and apply to it the one word out of the million or so in the dictionary that describes it says that Beatrice society is divided

S. B. H.

they leave the house without affecting in the least that effusion of feeling when they shall again see virtue triumph on the stage. Whether such a book as this which makes the criminal a high-minded, generous gentleman and engages your sympathies for him in spite of yourself is healthful is doubtful. It belongs in the same class as "La Dame Aux Camellias" in so far as it makes the person and nearly all the character of the criminal adorable. Of course the style is not to be compared to Dumas to whom words were subject genii and did his will forever with instant power. They are alike in apotheosizing the criminal and they both allow crime to destroy their hero and heroine's happiness and after long torture to give their bodies to death. Their crimes do not allow them to be happy or even to live. The only question is can a real Camille or a real thief be so charming, can they have honor, be self-sacrificing, delicate, lovable. It seems as if a vice so ingrained would make their souls opaque, suspicious of others, cruel and selfish, but the two books in question show their subjects with only one decayed spot, the rest is untainted, sound. I think this cannot be either in apples or in people. A man can not be a perfect gentleman and a thief too. If he love both these careers he must choose one and leave the other. An author will always fail in trying to make credible a union of these two professions in one person. When an author fails to make out his case his book belongs with River Haggard's "She" on the library shelves. Which is not saying it is a failure by any means. "A Social Highwayman" is well constructed. It hangs together. The action is rapid, the plot is interesting and unfolded with great finesse. No wonder that the Holland brothers have played it with so much success. It is a book most easily dramatized. It need hardly be touched. The scenes follow each other with dramatic order and accuracy. No transposition is necessary except in the case of the lovely Miss Burnham who appears almost at the close. I presume in the play she is introduced at the first dinner party and superinduces the trembling of "Courtice's" fingers when he relieves the Duchess of her diamonds, otherwise the love-motif is so slight that the audience's romantic sensibilities can not be made to sufficiently sympathize with the hero. There can not artistically be two motifs of equal strength in a book or drama but the love motif can not be slighted entirely. An audience must be put en rapport, (as the ghosts say) with the woman in the case at once, or it will flutter programs, cough and move its unexpressible feet. Miss (?) Train has written besides this "The Autobiography of a Professional Beauty" and some short stories, none of which have had the success of "A Social Highwayman." She deals with actions, events. Her character study is that of an acquaintance rather than that of an intimate. She does not split hairs, nobody is "sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought." Her characters do not question themselves nor weigh impalpable motives from the first to the three hundredth page in Howells' tantalizing manner. They think, and act immediately after. The book is short and is a very pleasant, if rather unprofitable way of spending an afternoon or evening.

The books reviewed from time to time in this column are the property of the Book club of Lincoln.

It turns out that Miss Belle Mulhall, of St. Louis, who was reported by a newspaper in New York and once in Chicago to be about to wed Mr. August Belmont, of New York, is really to be married to Mr. Delmont, a New York broker. He is probably just as nice a

man only it is a great disappointment to St. Louis. That city gushes publicly and privately over its beauties now and if a St. Louis girl had been able to melt a Belmont heart St. Louis would have dissolved in gush that would have taken months to mop up.

The Episcopal church of this place is passing through a crisis just now. It has no rector and an overdue loan is pressing for settlement. This special church has had a long (for Nebraska) and an honorable history. Its members have been characterized by a loyalty to their church and to the interests of the city. The Reverend Hewitt was especially public spirited and broadminded. Many of those who have carried its financial burdens are prevented from doing so any longer by losses. Under these circumstances citizens of Lincoln or members of churches which have not had such stiff climbing should, when the opportunity offers, help this church. If ever, well wisher would help a little the church might go on its way rejoicing.

Otis Skinner has made a sensation, a real sensation in Chicago by his conception of Hamlet. The papers talk of Booth and of the older and abler men who played Hamlet in the early part of the century. If Otis Skinner can play Hamlet there is a large and very empty place waiting for him. No man can play it unless he have much of Hamlet's temperament himself. No great master or school however successful can teach a man how to play this one part that stands by itself, separated from every other role by years of study and original endowment. The man who enacts it must dig it out, a grain at a time from an auriferous soil. When he has enough gold it will be given to him to reveal Hamlet to an audience. When Booth died it was thought Hamlet would be seen no more. Henry Irving can not play it. Chicago says Otis Skinner can, but wait till New York, Weeping Willie Winter, and Nym Crinkle see him. If may be the times are not so barren as the long silence indicates. The cry of an infant has pierced the air at Chicago but he may be disowned in New York.

Mrs. Peattie in the Omaha World-Herald calls the press association "a singularly useless thing." It would be interesting to know at how many of the meetings Mrs. Peattie has been present. Her remarks remind me of the minister who denounces theatres and confesses that he never was inside one himself. The press association is an annual meeting of the working people of the state, not to make money or to increase their subscription list—for this purpose it is indeed "singularly useless." They meet to cackle at each other's jokes and to look into each other's faces and say "How." In short they meet to give and to receive, both recognized by our Lord as blessed, and necessary to the spirit as human nature has found out in eighteen hundred years experience. The press association warms and enlarges the heart and draws the people of the state as near as sympathy and knowledge can draw them. Sympathy and knowledge would probably have prevented the civil war. If the newspapers of the state represent the people an annual reunion of the state cannot fail to be beneficial. Omaha has set herself apart on a velvet chair, looking very rich, stylish and haughty to the rest of the state. We country folk realize that we have nothing to offer in exchange for the intellectual treat that the Omaha papers offer, but "Noblesse oblige." All things considered would it not be better for Omaha to join some other state, Iowa for instance? She is so afraid that her skirts may touch something ignorant west of her, and