

# FUNKE OPERA HOUSE

## Two Big Attractions

WED. MARCH, 25

**DELLA** In **DELLA**  
**FOX** Her **FOX**  
 Latest Operatic Success

**FLEUR-DE-LIS**

SUPPORTED BY A STRONG  
 COMPANY

SAT. MARCH, 28

**RICHARD  
 MANSFIELD**

and his New York Garrick Theatre Company presenting Octave Feuillet's masterpiece

**"A PARISIAN ROMANCE"**

Supported by Beatrice Cameron and a star company

Seats on sale Thursday, March, 26.  
 Prices 50c to \$1.50

NOTE—Mr. Mansfield's "Baron Chevalier" in "A Parisian Romance" is one of his greatest characterizations.

### WE AND OUR NEIGHBORS

An English lady recently said to Mr. Whistler that she thought some of the scenes along the Thames embankment were quite as pretty as his pictures of them. "Really," he said, "then English scenery must be looking up."

The Royal Academy has elected Sir John Millais president of the academy in place of Sir Frederick Leighton, deceased. Sir John Millais is probably more familiar to the American public, which likes genre pictures than any other artist, foreign or native. An enumeration of the titles of his pictures brings up his frank reds and greens and blues. He has no moods difficult to understand, no tender melting twilights which may contain one or a dozen people, no songs without words, no brooding mists nor tantalizing evasive color. "Bubbles," "Cherry Ripe," "The Huguenot Lovers," "Alone at Last" and "Ophelia" are as familiar to us as the "Honey I've in Town," "Aunt Dinah" is to contemporary Lincoln. He will make a good president for the Royal Academy. That institution is convention, precedent, tradition housed. Sir John will never startle its members by any original eccentric motions. He knows what to expect from them. They know what to expect from him. He is not an unworthy successor to Sir Frederick Leighton. His academy picture will not make England ashamed of herself, but he has not the poetry, the imagination of his predecessor. Tennyson's title is now a laughing stock. The presidency of the Royal Academy has not lost a particle of its worth or dignity because Sir John Millais holds it. His handsome John Bullish face, with its sensitive mouth, will look well at the

head of the staircase dispensing smiles and encouragement on private view and reception nights. The young painters will not be discouraged by incomprehensible, incredible genius in him. Although his pictures have gone all over the world, "Cherry Ripe" and "The Taxidermist" are not beyond the reach of talent and industry. A life like his honor—crowned at last, makes a common soul who loves beauty but cannot create it, pause before he draws the knife across his throat. Robust industry, pathetic constancy to the commonplace are rewarded by the highest seats in the country. Stay despairing soul! there may be room on that sofa for thee! The spectacle of the academy has probably saved many lives. Art would sooner they had died. The little children and women, whom geniuses only torment, are happy to have their stupid ancestor or spouse abide with them. Sir John Millais will increase the average length of life in England. The next statistics on the death rate in the different professions will show a mysterious decrease in the mortality of artists. It will be laid to the increase of vegetarianism, the cold "bawth" habit, the habit of wearing loose clothes or of smoking very large pipes or of warming the blood by sunset transports. It will be none of these. It is only the Sir John Millais habit, and only a few of us know it.

It looks as though the armory would echo to dancing feet again before this school year is over. If the students do come into their own the first hop might be opened by an allegorical procession showing the downfall of prejudice and the triumph of right. The complete

victory of light over darkness may be shown by arranging a boxing match between the "chairs" of electricity and philosophy. A good "chair" match is one of the most interesting and instructive contests that can be witnessed and the university has put up a number in the twenty-five years that it has served the public. A leery tipping table match is a contest between imbeciles. But the sight of two excited "chairs" knocking each other's legs and arms off is worth a semester's laboratory work. The committee in charge of the arrangements should conscientiously labor to make the "chair" contest perfect in every detail—for the sake of the students.

The reviewers, curiously enough, are making much of Stephen Crane's "Red Badge of Courage." The author's picture was in the Sunday papers of Lincoln, New York and Chicago, which inform us that the English are reading the book with eagerness. One must be eager indeed in order to read it through. It lacks incident, action, go. It has footmarks showing that genius has passed that way, but it fails of other demonstrations. An author must first make us love the man who is to relate his personal experience. Shakspeare always does. Otherwise the man is a bore and his audience wish his hairbreath escapes had been fatal. We can listen to Little Billee's or to Trilby's moans with increasing sympathy. We begin to fidget immediately Svengali speaks. Why should we give our time to the dirty cruel one when Trilby waits. So with Crane's private, he obtrudes, detains us from more fascinating people. His assumption that we want to hear the long story of a chance acquaintance is impertinent and a liberty that the few resent.

"Nellie Bly" went to New York's state prison and the warden put her in mur-

derer's cell, led her along the way that has the electric chair at the end, placed her in it and bound her just as the condemned are bound. She tried to feel as the condemned man feels when he is electrocuted. She says it would be the height of cruelty and savagery to execute a woman in that chair. Women are supposed to be able to bear pain with more fortitude than men. If it be necessary to kill a woman for an atrocious crime, she will probably regret her sentence and its execution no more than a man, and suffer no more in anticipation. The walk from the cell to the chair and being strapped in is all that hurts. "The rest is silence."

The New York World sends Nellie Bly to write up launching the surf-boat and the life-saving service and Nellie Bly goes out in the boat with the crew when the sleet freezes on her cheek and her hands and feet are nearly frozen. They send her to a menagerie's winter quarters. She rides on an elephant and makes him obey orders. She learns to ride a bare back horse, she eats with convict women in the penitentiary, and this is modern feminine journalism in New York City on "The World."

Nebraska people are receiving attention all over the country. Wherever they go they are celebrated for something. Senator Thurston's noble renunciation of his sire and his son is quoted in the principle papers as a bon mot, much in little, a great saying of a great man." That word will appear in the next edition of "Familiar Quotations" with a cross reference to "come home either with your shield or upon it" and other maternal addresses. None of the papers have commented upon the palpable plagiarism of this voluntary and patriotic sacrifice. Abraham did the same thing and Senator Thurston bound his little son and laid him on the satiated altar of his country in a like spirit. In these days the mother of an