

contract aside.

A gleam of light shines through the darkness. Mr. Charles Bancroft Dillingham, now with Miss Nethersole, may be selected as Mr. Mansfield's manager. If he should accept the position—and he has already signified his willingness to do so—the great American actor will be seen in a new light—a series of lights cast upon him from many different directions, the illumination being under Mr. Dillingham's personal supervision.—Chicago Tribune.

The Tavery Opera company played to a more slender audience in Omaha than in Lincoln but it was just as wildly enthusiastic over the Carmen of Mme. Dorre. All this young woman needs is a large enough audience to be famous. She has ability and the press notices show that she plays as well when her audience is small as when it is larger. She has the conscience of greatness—a conscience that never allows its servant to act unworthily. Her method is as artistic and thorough going as Richard Mansfield's.

Mme. Dorre, Richard Mansfield Mayo and Clement have been the only entirely satisfactory artists here this season. Their acting is a revelation of the world that Lincoln sees but seldom.

Miss Penelope of Omaha spoke in a recent letter of Mr. Ephraim W. Dixon of Council Bluffs who was going to New York to see his sister, Mrs. Thos. Sloane, married to Mr. James L. Barclay. The wedding took place this week. Town Topics says that Mrs. Sloane is wealthy in her own right and Mr. Barclay is also rich. By the terms of her husband's will she has to give up most of the money he left her. There is a story in circulation to the effect that a man who was to come into possession of \$100,000 if Mrs. Sloane remarried will relinquish his claim to that amount in her favor. Even without this little allowance she would not be poor. She is a handsome and tall brunette and will make a fine looking bride. Only her immediate relatives among whom are her brothers, Messrs. Wm. P. and Ephraim W. Dixon, and her sister Mrs. Louis Lee Stanton, and Mr. Barclay's relatives will be present at the ceremony.

There is no truth in the reported engagement of Mr. Harry Payne Whitney and Miss Gertrude Vanderbilt.

Octave Thanet has a story, unusually good, even for her, in the April Harpers. "The Missionary Sheriff" is the story of a man whose duty as an officer had compelled him to shoot several desperadoes and who had at the same time quite unassuming manners and a gentle voice. A confidence man, more weak than wicked was put into his charge by the court. Paisley, the prisoner, dropped his mother's picture on the floor and it was handed to the sheriff. The sheriff examined the photograph, an ordinary cabinet card. "The portrait was that of a woman pictured with the relentless frankness of a rural photographer's camera. Every sad line in the plain, elderly face, every wrinkle in the ill-fitting silk gown, showed with a brutal distinctness, and somehow made the picture more pathetic. The woman's hair was gray and thin; her eyes, which were dark, looked straight forward and seemed to meet the sheriff's gaze. They had no especial beauty of form; but they, as well as the mouth, had an expression of wistful kindness that fixed the sheriff's eyes on them for a full minute. He sighed as he dropped his hand. Then he observed that there was writing on the reverse side of the carte, and lifted it again to read. In a neat cramped hand was written:

"To Eddy, from Mother, Feb. 12, 1889.—The Lord bless thee and keep thee. The Lord make His face to shine upon thee, and be gracious unto thee; the Lord lift up His countenance upon thee, and give thee peace."

Thereupon the sheriff decides to reform the prisoner and he goes. His method has no namby pambyism about

it. The source of his influence is the strength and tenderness of his own character. Paisley dies regenerated and the old mother in comforted.

Octave Thanet is a western woman, that is, she lives in Iowa. When the geography of the country recovers from the influence of that landing of the Pilgrims on Plymouth Rock, Iowa, Illinois, Nebraska and adjacent states will take their own name of middle states, and the Rocky mountains will have something to say about what is west and what is not. Well, as I was saying, Octave Thanet resides in Iowa, which is neither west nor east nor north nor south. The people who live there are difficult to portray. The smart set have the freedom of the west. The kind that sheriffs and policemen are made of manifest no interesting border tendencies to be served up to Bostonians and Englishmen as venison and buffalo steaks are. They are men and women, no better, cleverer or wilder than we are. Octave Thanet has presented Iowans truthfully and without commonplaceness. I know of no one in the same field except James Whitcomb Riley and the author of "The Circuit Rider" and neither has covered the ground as well as Miss Thanet.

Mark Twain's "Reminiscences of Joan of Arc" is finished in this number. Black's story of "Briecis" and Mrs. Burton Harrison's serial gets on very slowly. Black is another of the billion promising young men who never fulfilled their early promise.

It seems to be impossible for even the most perfect lady to resist wearing her Spring hat, whatever the size, to the theatre. To be sure the necks behind her writhe like anacondas trying to see the stage, and writhe in vain. But then they can see her hat—Herpolzheimer's best—and one can't have everything until Heaven is attained.

Eleanor suggested last week that she make out a list of the largest hats in the audience at every performance. The wearers might object to the publicity altho' it is doubtful if the list itself would excite more unfavorable comment than the self-satisfied big-hat nuisances cause while they are inflicting themselves on an audience. It would be inconsistent for the list to reproach Eleanor or the publishers of THE COURIER with imposing on other people's rights. A person who will wear a large hat to the theatre, and keep it on, has no rights any one is bound to respect. It is only because the big hat is such a common felony that it is tolerated.

This would be a pleasant place if most of the people in it let his neighbor's view and air alone. But they don't. Half the men make all the women and the rest of the men uncomfortable by spitting tobacco juice everywhere—on the sidewalks, on the steps of the post-office—the most wrenching place I know—in the street cars and in the opera houses. A few women deprive other women and men of a sight of a stage they have paid to look at.

Bad odors and sickening sights make town life a misery. It is impossible all ways to look up, the feet stumble and there is danger of falling into what we look up to forget.

Mrs. Peattie in the Omaha-Herald says on this subject:

What might be said with most justice and temperance is, that the men actually do not realize how offensive their habit of spitting is. No man in his right sense would desire to make himself so offensive to his kind as to be held in loathing; nor would any man be comfortable if he knew that any act of his actually sickened to nausea some delicate women. Yet such is the case. Women are more fastidious than men, as a rule. Not only have they a greater passion for daintiness, but they have more delicate stomachs, a greater abhorrence of disagreeable sights, not to mention the fact that their garments need to be protected more carefully than those of men, to keep them fresh and clean. Fancy then, the disgust of a woman, who, upon returning to her home, and removing her dainty costume, finds it sickening with tobacco juice of—heaven knows whom! The thought is so disagreeable that she may well be excused for anger, or for a feeling that she can never don that costume again.

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