

THE PASSING SHOW.

The Bostonians have been with us again in their new opera, "The Serenade," by Victor Herbert. The opera is a sad disappointment after one has heard Herbert's "Wizard of the Nile." I expected him to go on doing that sort of thing and even better. But "The Serenade" is just the ordinary, tuneless American light opera, with the ordinary meaningless orchestration. The only pretty air in it is the serenade, which all the cast sing continuously.

As for the Bostonians, they are still their inimitable selves. William McDonald has gone off sadly in voice and physique. He is just a used up tenor now, who now and then casts the worn smile of other days across the footlights. He deigned to appear only once last week. His people live down at Duluth, and when he is here he has a winning way of slipping off to see them and letting his understudy sing his part. The years have begun to tell on all the old war horses of the company. Eugene Cowles is the only really vigorous man in the organization. He never looked better or sang better. He is both a brigand and a monk in this opera, and his costumes are properly designed to accentuate his stalwart proportions. He is just the man to do the jolly monk, and the penurious composer has actually granted him one decent solo.

"For who would be a cloistered monk,
When there's love in the world without lack?"

Can't you just hear him sing it?

Jessie Bartlett Davis is as infectiously happy as ever. In the first act she appears in skirts and seems rather a chunky, ordinary little woman who is, alas! no longer young. But presently she toddles out in the costume of a Spanish lad and, in spite of certain obvious physical disadvantages, Richard is himself again. Yes, when her coats are properly made she looks younger, prettier, even more slender in trousers.

I had a funny little experience last year with Jessie. It fell to my lot to call upon her and humbly petition her to sing for the Press Club benefit. She was exceedingly cordial and made me the recipient of numerous touching personal confidences which she evidently expected me to "print" and which, not being a press agent, I did not. Well, that night I heard her in "Robin Hood" and said some things in my notice of her performance of which she did not approve and she waxed wroth and wrote an indignant letter to the papers saying she would not sing at the benefit because of my notice and indited a flaming epistle at me in which she called me a "wolf in sheep's clothing"—a sad reflection upon my dressmaker. And she would not, and I had only the comforting knowledge that I had told the truth—which is not always as comforting as it might be. Yet if I had published all her personal confidences to the town she would probably have been pleased. Such are the inexplicable caprices of prima donnas!

But in spite of our tiff I was mighty glad to see Jessie toddle out upon the stage the other night. She does seem to enjoy it all so, the prancing and capering and warbling, that she charms you into mirth yourself. After half a dozen encores in the last act someone in the gallery howled "Promise Me!" and all that big, enthusiastic audience caught fire and bawled "Promise Me, O Promise Me!" She stepped laughingly to the front again and asked, "What shall I promise you?" and the house applauded and the gallery yelled, "You know." And, standing there in the costume of a Spanish lad, she sang it, that doughty ditty which refuses to grow old. And

really as you listened you forgot that the hand organs play it, and that the chamber maid carols it morn and eve in the flat overhead, and when she says "O, let me sit beside you in your eyes" you would sit beside her any old place—even if she had called you a wolf. May the years touch her ever so lightly, and may that smile be as joyous as the springtime always.

Last Sunday was Henry Clay Barnabee's sixty-fourth birthday, and when the company pulled out in their special car for Rochester Sunday morning, they took a set of waiters and service from the Hotel Henry and made a day of it on the road.

Anton Seidl and his orchestra have been here assisting at the concert of the club which calls itself "The United Singers of Pittsburg." The club is made up entirely of Germans, some two hundred and fifty of them, and they were a glorious sight to behold as they sat on the stage of the Carnegie hall that evening. They are men from all walks of life; from the machine shop and iron mills and schools and mercantile houses. Big bearded old fellows who wore two pairs of glasses, and dapper young men who wore tube roses in their buttonholes and who had buxom blonde sweethearts somewhere in the audience. They sang many songs about "Rosenzeit" and "Liebes Hertzchen," and it was good to hear them growl out those big German syllables in their big German voices, and it was refreshing to see how seriously they took themselves. Finally they sang "Lebe Wohl," the old song that the dear Deutch sing down in the Turner hall about two o'clock in the morning when they are feeling at peace with the world.

But really after the ionian head of Anton Seidl had once confronted you, you thought very little about the poor "United Singers." There is a peculiar magnetism about that man's person and a peculiar magic about his face. I remember no other face so finely chiselled, so sensitive, so suggestive of an acutely nervous temperament. It has been called a classic face, but that is a misleading appellation; compare it with any face of Grecian sculpture and you will perceive the difference. What centuries of tempest and revolt, what warfare of the spirit, what moral upheavals lie between a face like this and those happy pagan faces that smile down on us from the pedertals of the Elgin marbles! The centuries have left their mark upon us after all. When the new Semitic religion came into the west, its ardors burned away the serene beauty from the classic face, and mayhap, too, something of its earthiness. Sometimes I have thought that Christ's face as it appeared in early Italian art was the first modern face ever painted. At any rate the world has been slowly approximating toward that spiritual type of beauty ever since, and the perfect, physical radiance of the childhood of the nations is left us no more. That cameo face of Seidl's is fairly a-quiver with this spiritual floeness, no more like a classic face than the faces of Keats and Shelley were like the placid, perfect countenance of Publius Virgilius Maro with its wholesome, self-satisfied vigor and the ambrosial locks curling about it. Notseas! We are all sick of that soul-sickness which "masters the heart and wears the body." There are others beside Ibsen and Sudermann who have enlargement of the spirit.

The first number Herr Seidl conducted was Schumann's "Rbenish" symphony in E flat, opus 97, I believe. He probably selected it as a graceful compliment to the "United German Singers." I confess I did not pay much attention until the andante in A flat, when all the noisy brasses stopped and the clarionets took up their beautiful melody, into

which the bassoons and violas presently drifted with a restless sighing down among the cellos. That movement is like an old German legend told at twilight; it is the song of the Rhine daughters, bathed in the mystic airs of mediæval legendry, with ruined castles and moonlight and lovers and all the beloved German accessories. It drifts through one's fancy afterward like a ballad of Ludwig Uhland's, so calm, so tender, so exquisite.

Then comes the massive religious movement, the enthronement of the Cardinal in the Cathedral of Cologne, and all the brasses come triumphantly back and the trombones—which Mendelssohn said were "too sacred to be used often"—fairly lift the Bishop's mitre to his head. It is the triumph of the cross, the pomp of the Roman church, which was more splendid than the pomp of the Caesars.

Then comes the "let down," the fifth movement in which the good citizens of Cologne pour out of the church all in their holiday clothes and the pretty girls all in their Sunday ribbons, and they stand a bit and gossip in the square and laugh in the spring sunshine—must have been a spring day—and then go off to their dinners and their beer gardens and probably sing "Lebe Wohl" till the stars come out.

The soloist of the occasion was Madame Julie Rive-King, and she played Rubinstein's concerto in D minor, which Teresa Carreno played here last year. Madame Rive-King is one of the most scholarly of musicians. She commands a wonderful breadth and depth of tone. She is equal to the most brilliant caches of technique and her hand is like a gauntlet of steel. Probably her work would appeal more strongly to musicians than to an auditor, who must be content with only the final impression. Probably, too, it would have been more impressive had it not evoked such glowing memories of the Latin woman who sat on that same stage and struck those same crashing octaves a year ago. Madame Rive-King is a thorough, a scholarly, even a brilliant musician. O! she is what you will, but—

"From the desert I come to thee,
On a stallion shod with fire,
And the winds are left behind,
In the speed of my desire!"

That's Carreno for you; she comes like a Simoon, she leaps upon you like a tigress, takes you by storm, batters down criticism and dashes on, dragging you at the wheels of her triumph. Ah, those trumpet tones, that panoply of purple and gold, those crimson sounds! When her hand swept the key-board you heard the tread of conquering armies and dreamed the splendid dreams of Cortez. The glory of tropic noons and nights was about you, and before you was that splendid head, superb as that of an empress.

What does Madame Rive King mean by playing that concerto that is known to be Carreno's war horse and identified with her everywhere? Does this pale, sad Norn of the Northland mean to compete with that pulsing creature who is half Amazon, half Bacchante? As an encore Madame Rive King played Chopin's nocturne in G minor. Next morning one of the great Pittsburg dailies stated that her encore was Saint-Saens' concerto in G minor, and another calmly announced that it was her own arrangement of Strauss' "Wiener Bon Bone." O, shades of Chopin and beer-candy! We have musical critics, we have.

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PITTSBURG, PA.

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(First publication November 27)

NOTICE.

In the District Court of Lancaster
County, Nebraska.

Martha E. Stuart, plain-
tiff,

vs.

A. C. Graves, as Admin-
istrator of the Estate of
Melancthon Ferry, de-
ceased, and the un-
known heirs and de-
visees of said Melancthon
Ferry, deceased,
defendants.

The defendants and each of them in
the above mentioned cause will take no-
tice that on the 11th day of September,
1897, Martha E. Stuart, plaintiff herein,
filed her petition in the district court of
Lancaster county, Nebraska, against
said defendants, the object and prayer
of which are to enforce a certain con-
tract, by the terms of which said Melancthon
Ferry, in his life-time, agreed to
convey to plaintiff the following de-
scribed pieces, parcels and tracts of
land, situated in the county of Lancaster
and state of Nebraska, to-wit: The
east half of the southeast quarter (e. 1/2
s. e. 1/4) of section seven (7), and the west
half of the southwest quarter (w. 1/2 s. w.
1/4) of section eight (8), all in township
eleven (11) north, range eight (8), east of
the sixth principal meridian; which con-
tract was originally executed in favor of
one Emanuel H. Devo, and thereafter
duly assigned by judicial proceedings to
the plaintiff herein; and to exclude said
defendants and each and all of them
from any interest in the said land, and
to quiet and confirm the title in the said
premises in plaintiff, free from all claims,
lien, demand, and estate of the said de-
fendants, and each and every of them.

You are required to answer said peti-
tion on or before Monday, the 3rd day of
January, 1898.

MARTHA E. STUART,
Plaintiff.

By C. C. Flin-burg, her attorney.
Dated November 22nd, 1897.

LEGAL NOTICE.

(First Publication Nov. 27)

In the District Court of Lancaster county
Nebraska.

Joshua Perrin, Plaintiff

vs.

Charles A. Hanna and
D. B. Welch, whose
first name is unknown
Defendants.

The above named defendants Charles
A. Hanna and D. B. Welch, whose first
name is unknown, will take notice that
on the 26th day of March, 1897, the
plaintiff herein, Joshua Perrin, filed his
petition in the District Court of Lancas-
ter County, Nebraska, the object and
prayer of which are to recover from you
upon contract, the sum of \$4,200.00 with
interest thereon at seven per cent from
the 17th day of October, 1896; and you
are further notified that your property
has been attached to satisfy said claim,
and an order is asked in said Court to
sell said property for that purpose.

You are required to answer said peti-
tion on or before the 3rd day of January,
1898.

JOSHUA PERRIN,
By Ricketts & Wilson.
His torse