

fresh, as mild, as fragrant as an English springtime.

Yet, in spite of its prevailing delicacy, Miss Marlowe's Rosalind is by no means lacking in variety, differentiation and color. Take her reply to her uncle, the Duke, when he exiles her in the first act. How often have I heard that speech whimpered forth with grovelling humility and maudlin pathos. Miss Marlowe replies to her uncle with dignity and spirit. In Elizabeth's time the women of England had begun to demand justice, and Rosalind was a new woman, the first that appeared in literature. Contrast with this gaily of her banter with Orlando in the forest, her little touch of seriousness and wayward tenderness in the mock marriage scene, which Miss Rohan makes absolutely farcical, and then there is that beautiful faint when she receives the bloody handkerchief. It is the best stage faint I know, and yet it isn't a stage faint at all, just a weakening of the knees and a slipping to the ground, indescribably girlish and graceful and beautiful. She fainted that same faint the next night in "The Countess Valeska," and I, for one, was mighty grateful to her.

Of Miss Marlowe's qualifications for the character, I shall not attempt to speak, for that would involve a discussion of her beauty, her melodious vocalization, her personal grace and charm, in short, of her whole unique personality, which is nature's secret and no business of mine. But I think her success in her treatment of the character is largely due to the fact that she presents it intellectually rather than emotionally, and fancifully rather than in the broadly humorous vein which Miss Rehan adopts—and without which Miss Rehan can do nothing. Miss Marlowe realizes so completely the nimble wit, the quick imagination, the volatile humor of the Duke's daughter. She is amused at the very extravagance of the passion she feels for Orlando and mocks herself by drolly exaggerating it still further. Those lines about Hero and Leander, and the short enduring woes of lovers, actresses have usually spoken lifelessly, merely because the lines were set down for them. But Miss Marlowe speaks them with spirit, as though she had read those old tales many a time in her uncle's castle and had drawn her own conclusions about them.

The scene in which Rosalind discovers the verses which Orlando has hung upon the trees has usually been played ill enough. You remember how Miss Marlowe strolls in, attired in the page's toggery which becomes her so wondrous well, kicking the dried leaves carelessly from her path, singing an old air which is heard before she comes in sight. She reads the verses quite without the usual cheap affectations of surprise, yet with such freshness and spontaneity that I could but believe their contents new to her, and her laughter was fresher than the grass beneath her or the morn above.

The secret of Miss Marlowe's charm is largely, very largely, in her satisfying beauty and in the delicate and almost epicene outlines of her singularly girlish physique. How has she preserved that beautiful immaturity of figure which lends an almost sacred attribute to the parts of virtuous maidenhood she plays? Why she is now thirty-five at the least calculation, and I cannot see that her virginal loveliness has grown one whit heavier, more earthly, less elusive. It is the old, bitter irony of her profession that when a woman has acquired the art and experience which enable her to play Juliet understandingly, lines have come into her face which make the scene with the nurse a cruel travesty. But Miss Marlowe's face seems married to

the lines she speaks, and she seems to breathe and be the very poetry she utters. Youth and art! the two fairest things the sun shines upon—and the two most unmateable! For the moment she holds them both within the compass of her arms. Never shall I forget her in the last act of "As You Like It." She does not speak the epilogue as Modjeska always did, but contents herself with mingling in the dance. May I always remember her so, under the mottled shadows of the forest, dancing as though she were in truth seventeen, spurning the earth with a light foot—pede libero—as Horace bade the nymphs to do. To some women it is given to dance like that when they are seventeen, only a few of them even at that age, and yet Julia is now five-and-thirty. Ah! may the winds of winter never blow on Arden wood, and she who dances there, may her springtime last long to gladden the eyes of us all! It is a strange wood, that forest of Arden, lying forever at our doors, a place where we may forever renew our first youth. Even to those of us who are walled up in the hearts of great cities, that fair wood lies ever green just across the threshold of our library, a goodly plaisance in which the soul may lose itself and forget. And never do I enter it now, that I do not see there this fairest of Rosalinds, whose ethereal youth has given such pleasure to us all.

The very next night I saw Miss Marlowe as the Countess Valeska, saw her drooping about the stage in empire gowns and become incoherently emotional, marring her fine elocution with spasmodic gurgles and sighs. For ten weary years Miss Marlowe clung to the legitimate drama with a persistence highly praiseworthy in so young a woman. Then she decided that since the public hungered and thirsted after uniforms and empire gowns and mamalukes and melodrama, she would produce them. And who can blame her? The "legitimate," like virtue, is so lonesome. And she produced them in very good form, too, through the medium of a romantic drama from the German of Rudolph Stratz. Yet I think that the slender audience which greeted Miss Marlowe here that night proves that "The Countess Valeska" is not so popular in all cities as in New York. The play is well made. The plot is well developed, the action is swift, the situations are picturesque and dramatic. But the trouble with all these exciting situations is that they do not excite. And for why? Because all this agitation and anguish is about a thoroughly impossible and most unlikeable hero, "Achim Von Lohde." The ladies of Poland must be even more susceptible than their reputation would lead us to think them, if such a hulking bear of a fellow could so distract the countess. The man's love is so thoroughly selfish and unchivalrous that one doubts that it is even sincere of its kind—and it does not pretend to be a very choice variety. His use of his physical influence over the countess to save his life is an atrocious piece of cowardice. By the way, I cannot but think that Miss Marlowe rather strains the hypnotic suggestion in the lines in this scene by her cataleptic symptoms. Surely the only "hypnotism" meant is one so old and so familiar that it need scarcely be named. No, even the public, which likes queer things sometimes, will never like "Achim Von Lohde." There are some things which are neither fair in love nor war, and a base and calculating use of what Miss Marlowe and her gentle company would call "hypnotism" is one of them. The prettiest bit in the play is the love scene between the young Suabian captain and "Elizabeth." It's refreshing because it is so genuine and disinterested and because Mr. Donald McClaren,

with his pretty folk song, makes a mighty attractive Suabian.

As to Miss Marlowe, I hate to see her slopping about the stage in petticoatless empire gowns and going daft over a big sawdust man of a Prussian. She is fit for so much better things. There is no doubt that in this play she demonstrates her ability to portray intense emotions with admirable sincerity, if not with power. But, after all, she is not for them, nor they for her. It is like trying to force the tones of a cello from a violin. She is a poetic actress, not an emotional one. In those graceful old English comedies, for which she seems expressly fashioned by heaven, I believe her equal does not live today. Where is there another Rosalind or Viola who so satisfies us up to the very level of our dreams? But when the gentle Julia appears in sloppy empire gowns and asserts that her Polish veins run fire, then I long to go off and drink ice cream sodas or do something wicked.

PITTSBURG, PA.

BLANCHE WALSH ON MARRIAGE.

Miss Blanche Walsh, who is appearing with Melbourne MacDowell in the Sardou repertoire made famous by the late Fanny Davenport evidently has a mind of her own concerning things theatrical and affairs of the heart, and is not afraid to express them. She makes her thoughts clear, too. A few days ago she was talking about the old stock days and the loyalty of theatre goers to their favorites, and said that one night while playing in "The Great Diamond Robbery," Mr. Palmer sent for her to play Trilby, as Miss Harned was taken suddenly ill.

"I was in love with Trilby, and after the matinee I got the manuscript and began committing the lines. With two and a half hours' study, I was almost letter perfect that night, and Trilby is a part of many words, especially the last act.

"Think of the old stock days, when an actor had to commit to memory and play 20 and perhaps 25 parts a season—when the bill was changed three or four times a week. It gives one the head ache to think of it.

"But the various stock theatres in those days had their favorites, and players were not so fickle as the public of today, I am inclined to think.

"A star who is idolized by the American public one day is thrown aside the next like an old shoe. In England it is different. The English people stick to their favorite stars year in and year out, and Henry Irving and Ellen Terry will remain warm in the hearts of their people as long as they live. I can scarcely blame the Americans, however. There are so many stars to support and such a variety of theatrical fads and fancies that we can scarcely confine our patronage to a favored few stars. It strikes me that an American actress seems to lose her popularity when she marries. The marriage ordinance disenchant the public, and she loses her prestige in many instances at least. And there's another argument to back me in my opposition to the hymeneal bond in my profession.

"If Dante had never loved, and lost, the world would never have had an 'Inferno.' And sometimes I think that Dickens would have been greater if he had never taken unto himself a wife. And Thackeray and Bulwer Lytton, too, Persons of artistic temperament should never marry."

The Burlington excursions leave Lincoln at 8:10 p. m. every Thursday, reaching San Francisco Sunday and Los Angeles Monday. Porter with each car. Excursion manager with each party. For folder giving full information call at B & M depot or City ticket office, corner 10th and O streets.

G. W. BONNELL,
C. P. & T. A.

CLUBS.

[LOUISA L. RICKETTS.]

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At the meeting called to meet with Mrs. Sawyer last Monday morning initiatory steps were taken to organize a Lincoln branch of the National Council of Women. This was the second meeting called for that purpose but the weather being unfavorable the attendance was not large. There were enough present to complete a temporary organization. The following ladies were appointed as a committee to map out a plan of work to be presented to the local societies: Mesdames M. B. Philbrick, Ellen Richardson, S. K. Daly, W. S. Summers and Morris Friend. The outline in use by the local council of Indianapolis was suggested as an excellent model. A circular letter will be sent out by the committee to each woman's organization in Lincoln and University Place, defining the general principles and scope of work of the council, also asking them to return a definite expression of need of such an organization. The ladies were inclined to be conservative and not let enthusiasm carry the day before the matter had been carefully considered. Hence each woman connected with any organization liable to join the council is asked to carefully consider whether there is work to be done in this vicinity that can only be accomplished by a union of forces. There was a general feeling that it would not be wise to organize a local council unless a definite need for it exists, also unless there could be co-operation of all the societies. There were several church organizations and the Jewish Council of Women represented in addition to those who attended the first meeting. It is a noble thought to co-ordinate all the women's organizations of our city along the lines of social, moral and civic reform that they may also act as a unit upon educational and industrial matters and that the church and temperance organizations, the societies for reform and philanthropy and the literary clubs shall bring their united influence to bear upon such lines of work as they can agree upon. A broadening influence must emanate from such an association, the direct result of which will be a mutual knowledge and sympathetic understanding of the work and workers in other lines. Unity in diversity and strength in unity. The next meeting will be called by the committee.

Of the making of clubs there is no end. A new and desirable club held its