

THE PASSING SHOW

WILLA CATHER

Since the death of Edwin Booth the American stage has suffered no such loss as in the death of Augustin Daly, critic, dramatist and manager, who died several weeks ago in Paris. Now that Mr. Daly has left us, it is possible to say the things that could not be said when he was with us. Now it is time to cease jesting about the Daly hat and the "Temple of the drama" and the limitations of Miss Rehan and to seriously consider what this man did for dramatic art in America; all his life he was identified with the stage in one way or another. In his youth he was dramatic writer on various New York journals, and at one time was critic for five separate papers and that without revealing his identity. As early as 1866 he began writing plays, and in 1869 he began his career as a manager. He was then barely thirty-one. Among the plays of his authorship there were none that will live far into the next century, or that will add much to the commanding authority of his name, but there are several, such as "Under the Gaslight" and "Pique," that were useful pieces in their time and kept inferior plays off the boards. He concerned himself largely with adaptations from the French and German theatre, and for years gave us the best plays of those countries, where the drama is regarded and practised more seriously than here. His proper sphere, however, was a strictly managerial one, the production of plays and the training and instructing of actors. He introduced to the New York public such players as Clara Morris, Agnes Ethel, Fanny Davenport, John Drew, Sarah Jewett, Emily Rigl and Ada Rehan. Almost all of the most competent actors on our stage today received their best training at Daly's hands. He was no pedant; he knew where to polish and where to let nature alone. He had his own standards and believed in them thoroughly, but he could admit others and even reject them. When Clara Morris came to town, a frail slip of a girl with a big talent and no means of controlling it, he let her alone. He disapproved of her method, or rather of her lack of it, but he realized that there was something in the raw, fierce genius of the woman that would win its own way, and that if she had any message worth the speaking it must be spoken in her own way, through the violent, erratic, unartistic medium that God had given her. In her appearance in "Alize" in his new theatre on Eighth street, he scored his first great managerial success. And he knew when to drop her. He knew that the public would find only the transient charm of novelty in this undisciplined violence, that no genius can perfect itself without art, and that it is only the thing of beauty that is a joy forever. The artist proper cultivates method to save himself and yet produce his effect. He draws from within; he makes his brain work, and learns to cherish and save his emotional force. But Miss Morris either could not or would not learn this; she burned the wick, and she burned it out quickly.

It was in another woman that Mr. Daly found the steel worthy of his tempering. In no profession have women dominated so easily as in the theatre, yet in none have they been so dependent upon men. You remember how in Thackeray's novel, old Mr. Robert Bows of the orchestra sat out on the bridge one night and talked to Pendennis about Miss Fotheringay and told how he had trained and taught and drilled her, made her "Juliet" and "Ophelia" with his own

hands, created all her parts for her, and, since churlish nature had denied a soul to that beautiful body, he had given her his own? Look over the history of the stage and you will find that for almost every one of its great women, some man has made just that sacrifice. If she happened to have a soul, then some man has supplied the material, practical elements of greatness, has saved her from wearing herself out over managerial duties and matters of petty detail. Sometimes I have thought that it is because she lacks the aid of this almost indispensable masculine intelligence and devotion and loyalty that Mrs. Fiske, the greatest of our actresses, has drifted so long without a definite course. For the trained manager is a sort of trained nurse for discouraged genius. He is a sort of ill-starred dog created by heaven to help other people succeed. Like Browning's "Luria," he is fashioned to do the work of all his several friends, and answer every purpose save his own. Miss Ada Rehan was the instrument through which Augustin Daly was to give the world what was best in him. This is said with no wish to depreciate Miss Rehan's genius. She is one of the most intelligent artists of her time, but it was her manager who made it possible for her intelligence to employ itself worthily, for her talents to perfect themselves, for her genius to find its fittest and fullest expression. It was in her success that Augustin Daly found his own. He would not have had it otherwise. The last years of his life were devoted to adapting and producing plays adapted to her peculiar quality of talent. Since John Ruskin devoted ten laborious years to forcing from the public a recognition of Turner's work, no one mind has so completely immolated and devoted and dedicated itself to the growth and achievement of another. Together they served the drama well. For a few years, in the heart of the most trivial of citizens, they reinstated classic comedy to something of its original dignity. There was always one, and I fear but one, theatre in America where one could always feel sure of finding a thoroughly intellectual and worthy performance, where there was an atmosphere of seriousness and dignity and earnest endeavor. One went to other houses to see a novelty, or a piece of risqué business, or a farce, or a foreign celebrity, but at Daly's one saw a play

One sunny March day a year ago I was lunching at the Gilsey home in New York when these two strange people came in, Miss Rehan and her manager. I was with a party of player folks and they bowed distantly to us and took a table near our own. It seemed to be the player's corner. They were two of the tireddest, sloppiest looking people I ever saw, and they worked even while they ate. Mr. Daly's overcoat was buttoned tight up to his chin and he did not take the trouble to unbutton it, but proceeded to dribble soup down the front of it until Miss Rehan absently handed him a napkin. Miss Rehan herself was attired in a black tailor-made suit that fitted her none to well. Her white collar was not immaculate, her neck tie was awry, the long plumes in her black hat were limp and uncurled. Her hair was iron gray, straight and carelessly arranged, there were black circles under her eyes and she looked deadly tired. She sat listlessly until their lunch was brought and then they began to talk. Even had we not heard snatches of their conversation every then and now, there could be no doubt as to what its subject was. Only one topic under heaven could have made Mr. Daly spill his soup so recklessly, or could have brought the light into that woman's tired eyes. Presently the manager began to draw diagrams on the table cloth with his fork, and she pointed here and

he pointed there, and then they had the stage before them again, right there on the lunch table at the Gilsey house, and they no longer looked tired or sloppy. There were two people who lived up all their real life in the theatre. The world outside was only a sort of big hotel to them, a place where they slept and rested and ate and spilled their soup, and they were not concerned as to what kind of a figure they cut, or whether their clothes fitted them, or what people thought of them. The days were just stretches of time between stations, merely preparations for the nights, and it seemed a waste of time to begin to think about clothes until half past seven. At last Mr. Daly had to unbutton his coat to get his pocket book, and the two strolled out, tired, untidy, gray and old both of them, ridden to death by a relentless task master that never sleeps, and they left behind them a room full of envious people who would have given money, or leisure, or youth, or pleasure, or whatever they happened to hold dear for a touch of that divine madness which had made these two people old and gray and tired.

Augustin Daly loved the theatre for its own sake. The enthusiasm of his youth never died. He was the only American manager who demanded from a play any other merit than success, or from an actor any higher attribute than popularity. He sacrificed more money for art's sake than he ever kept for his own. He might have been a rich man, but he preferred merely to make a living and to live his life. He made money because he was a shrewd and capable man, but that was not his only or even his chief end. His death leaves our stage widowed and championless, without one man who cares for her honor above his own. He was a man of taste and scholarship and courage. He believed in the drama as a fine art, as such he loved it, and he spent his life in its service.

THERE IS A CALM.

There is a calm that cometh with the dark
Like some bright butterfly alighting on a rose;
It heals the world-chafed spirit with its balm
And bids the smarting eye of day in slumber close.
It puts a pillow underneath the head
That throbbeth the livelong day with piercing pain,
It smooths the wrinkles from the beating brow
And brings a respite to o'er burdened brain.
This calm is full of star-eyed, steadfast faith
That puts to rout the doubts that mar the garish day,
While, like an angel through the gloom, fond Hope,
Descends heaven's battlements, on earth ward way.
There is a calm that cometh with the dark
That soothes the soul like softly falling summer rain,
And merges all discordant elements
And clashing sounds, in one harmonious refrain. —William Reed Dunroy.

HAD NO CHANCE.

Quilp—He took his wife's death very hard. She died suddenly you know, and the poor fellow had no chance to tell her she had made him a good wife.
Philp—How long had he been married to her?
Quilp—Twenty years.

IN BOSTON.

First Child—Why so lachrymose, my valued playmate?
Second Ditto—My maternal ancestor has submitted me to great indignity by chastising the antipodes of my pinafore.

CLUBS.

[LOUISA L. RICKETTS.]

The following are the officers of the General Federation of Women's clubs:
President—Mrs. Rebecca D. Lowe Atlanta, Ga.
Vice President—Mrs. Sarah S. Platt, Denver, Colo.
Recording Secretary—Mrs. Emma A. Fox, Detroit, Mich.
Corresponding Secretary—Mrs. George W. Kendrick, Philadelphia, Pa.
Treasurer, Mrs. Phillip N. Moore, St. Louis, Mo.
Auditor—Mrs. C. P. Barnes, Louisville, Ky.
State Chairman—Mrs. Louisa L. Ricketts, Lincoln, Nebr.
Officers of the State Federation of Women's clubs;
President—Mrs. S. C. Langworthy, Seward.
Vice President—Mrs. Anna L. Apperson, Tecumseh.
Recording Secretary—Mrs. F. H. Sackott, Weeping Water.
Corresponding Secretary—Mrs. D. G. McKillip, Seward.
Treasurer—Mrs. H. F. Doane, Crete,
Librarian—Mrs. G. M. Lambertson, Lincoln.
Mrs. A. B. Fuller, Auditor, Ashland.

Recent council meeting of the G. F. W. C. which was held in Philadelphia was one of the most important in the history of the club movement. The prominent subjects were the per capita tax, the communication from the Worcester club, the affiliation of National societies and the order of precedence governing state chairman and president. Of course these are questions which must be finally determined by the next general federation. But such is their importance that they were carefully considered by the council, and provision was made for each. The sentiment of the Worcester club was embodied in a concise resolution, presented by Mrs. McCullough from that club, asking for an amendment to the constitution, whereby the biennial should be composed of representatives from the State federations only. This resolution was most ably and conscientiously discussed by its supporters and by those who were opposed, and resulted in the following resolution:

Resolved, That the president appoint a committee of fifteen to draw up plans for reorganization; that a circular be sent to each federated club asking that the question of reorganization of the G. F. W. C. which should do away with club representatives together with the dependent questions of proper taxation and representation, be discussed in each club before the meetings of the state federations, and acted upon at that time.

That presidents of state federations report said action to the chairman of the committee on reorganization and also

Restaurant Unique

The Most Popular Dining Hall in the City For Ladies and Gentlemen

We make a specialty of banquets.

Special Family Tables

Since June 12, 1899, we have adopted the real home cooking plan, which is giving universal satisfaction. GIVE US A TRIAL.

W. B. HOWARD, Mgr.
1221 O Str., LINCOLN, NEBR.