

The scene with "Nerissa" in which she describes the suitors is simply inimitable and indelible. In the casket scene the great lady was careless and seemed in a bad humor with "Bassanio." Indeed I quite forgot her in the magnificent acting of the Prince of Morocco. He was an impressive figure as he swept in with his twelve dusky slaves, big and black and a blaze with jewels, and he delivered those long, flowery speeches set down for him with a fire and fervor that made his suit a noble one. I shall never forget the great dignity with which he drew his mantle about him and bowed himself from her presence with his "thus losers part."

The trial scene of course is one of the most perfect expressions of Miss Terry's more serious art. But it was in the last act that I liked her best, that wonderful last act where the play becomes a comedy again, where picturesqueness and happiness is allotted to every one and every flower in the moonlit garden exhales poetry. The laugh that is half a sigh, coquetry that is half pure enchantment, comedy in the summer moonlight, that is Miss Terry's own art.

ADD OBSERVATIONS.

To Club Women.

Mrs. F. M. Hall, chairman of the art department of the N. F. W. C., again reminds the presidents of Nebraska clubs that she wishes an early reply to her request made in last week's Courier. She has had no answer as yet. Lincoln clubs are urged to respond at once. This request is addressed to the president of every art club or art department of every woman's club. Presidents will help to improve the reputation of women for promptness and business-like conduct if they will reply at once to these few, direct questions of Mrs. Hall. She has in mind plans which will stimulate and improve every club in the state. But in order to formulate and operate them she must have specific information from a majority of the clubs in the state. Presidents and secretaries of clubs have many and diverse duties, but this one of replying to inquiries addressed to them by state officers and others who have in charge some movement for the general welfare, has been neglected in the past so that club statistics and general club information have been very hard to gather. The difficulty of doing business with women has been ascribed to their lack of responsibility in the performance or neglect of duties they have assumed. It is a reproach which, I think, the association of women in clubs will serve to lessen. Meanwhile it is time for presidents and secretaries, who are leaders in their respective clubs should set a good example and begin to show the effects of occupying a representative position.

In the club columns of The Courier Mrs. Hall's comprehensive questions to every president of an art department may be found. For the sake of the subject whose selection testifies the interest shown in it, I hope the art club presidents will not longer delay answering the questions reprinted in the club department of this week.

The Plattsmouth Journal.

Mr. William Reed Dunroy, known and loved by everyone who loves the poetry of Nebraska has purchased the Plattsmouth Journal—the only democratic newspaper in that county. Mr. Dunroy's first issue contained a letter from Mr. W. J. Bryan, who from the first has been a friend, patron of

and believer in Mr. Dunroy. The paper will be well edited and everybody who has ideas about what a newspaper ought to be and ought not to be, should consistently take the Plattsmouth Journal for it is sure to contain the things it ought and to ignore the things a family should not read.

Otis Skinner.

Every advertising heretic should have seen the audience, and pondered the reason for it, that Otis Skinner played to last Friday. Mr. Skinner has played to two empty houses in Lincoln. He made up his mind that he would not play to another empty house in Lincoln and so he advertised until people began inquiring who he was and getting ready to go. Elsewhere, of course, people know something of him, but Lincoln people are faithful to a few, and it is the experience of many trials that only the old classics can play to a crowd in Lincoln. Actors whose reputations reach twice around the world can play to good business in Lincoln, but we do not know anybody more modern than Joe Jefferson or Modjeska or Irving, although it is considered *comme il faut* to patronize Richard Mansfield and some of Hoyt's hot time plays. Mr. Skinner accepted the situation and advertised himself in three weeks elaborately and insistently enough to become a classic in Lincoln. He is a finished, clever, modern actor, playing in one of Arthur Jones' satires. He has a competent company who support him and play up to him satisfactorily. Miss Nannette Comstock, the leading lady, has finesse, grace and that incomparable and essential possession, a sweet, womanly voice with a range of ten notes which she uses with discrimination. Her voice, after years of the hoarse croaking of stazy soubrettes whose intonations, inflections, pronunciations, and gauche phrasing, is a criticism upon the bad judgment of everybody who listens to them, is as grateful as a drink of cold water to a parched throat. Miss Comstock is lissome as Vivian, her gowns are worn with distinction and she reads Mr. Jones' clever lines as though they were her own. "The Liars" is a well balanced, interesting play. The jeune femme is not shocked though the play was not written for her. It is no more improper than respectable people and society are, occasionally themselves, and to make it better than life is ancient Sunday-school-bookism and interests no one.

A Successful Man.

Judge Pound, Mr. Ames, Mr. Sawyer, Judge Webster and others at the session of the district court held on Monday presented memorials of the life and character of Mr. Harwood. Mr. Ames' conclusions as to a man's final success or failure were based upon the influence that man exerted on his generation and not upon the fame he acquired or the wealth he stored.

Why do we pronounce eulogies upon the dead? There are, I think, several principles of our nature which have contributed to the establishment of the custom. First, probably, is the sentiment of regret and personal loss on account of the death of the individual whose life and character are, in any case, the subject of celebration; second, an appreciation of the brevity of human life and the transitory nature of earthly affairs, a once disturbing our own sense of security, arousing the instinct of self-preservation and stimulating, if not originating, our desire for immortality. Added to this is a vague and diffused sense of melancholy which continually envelopes the race like a gloomy atmosphere and which finds its expression in

such literary productions as Goldsmith's "Deserted Village" and Gray's "Elegy in a Country Churchyard." No one, or at any rate, but comparatively few, in this country or in countries speaking our own and allied languages, believes that ceremonies consequent upon death can have any effect upon the condition or well being of the departed, and the observance of this custom merely for the gratification of these sentiments can confer but little benefit or advantage upon the living. Universal sentiment enforces the propriety of a Latin precept forbidding the utterance of anything but good concerning the dead and the mere recital of a catalogue of colorless, personal virtues unrelieved by the lights and shadows, the moods and impulses, of a real and unmitigated individual personality can serve neither to edify nor to amuse.

A funeral eulogy to be of substantial value must extract from the character and career of the deceased some lesson which may serve to enlighten the understanding or to inspire the conduct of his survivors. It seldom or never happens that any man is so many-sided or so equally balanced in his moral and intellectual constitution as that there is not some one trait which is more prominent than any other, and which lends tone and color to his whole character. With Mr. Harwood it seems clearly enough to me that this trait was unswerving and unyielding loyalty to his convictions of right and duty, his uncompromising and undissolving adhesion to, and fearless avowal of, his deliberately formed opinions. Not ostentatious in his beliefs, nor insistent of them upon others, he nevertheless refused to permit party or public sentiment or the censure or applause of his fellows to effect either his convictions as to what is true and right or the course of conduct which, in obedience to them, he believed himself bound to pursue. That this trait, strengthened by habit, deprived him of some of the prizes and circumscribed some of the pleasures of life there is no doubt, but that it strengthened and sustained him, as scarcely anything else could have done, in the main crisis of his history and in the final struggle which cost him his life is equally beyond question. This reflection suggests the question, was his life a success or a failure? His whole career was one of toil and of struggle with financial perplexities. He never accumulated great wealth, he held no exalted public station, he never attained wide celebrity. He died destitute of this world's goods and he was scourged into his grave by the eager and relentless prosecution of a wicked and unjust claim. Was his life a failure? Is it essential to success that one shall become rich, or that he shall be elevated to high office, or that he shall startle the world by brilliant deeds or charm it with the felicity of his diction? In our cooler moments I think that all of us will answer every one of these questions in the negative. Social and political prominence, wealth and talents are the means but not the ends of high and useful endeavor. The history of civilization is strewn with no more pitiable wrecks than of those who have possessed or enjoyed some or all of these things. A man succeeds when he makes full and efficient use of such capabilities and of such means and opportunities as nature and the course of affairs supply to his mind and hands. He fails when such capabilities and means and opportunities are left unemployed or are misapplied. The greater the number of them that are placed within his reach or entrusted to his care, the greater the tax upon his energies and his vigilance; but, to have rounded out one's life, and to have finished one's course, without being justly chargeable with having been guilty of serious neglect in the employ-

ment of those of them with which one has been supplied, is to have accomplished all that in the nature of things one could have accomplished and so to have fully succeeded, although one's personal acquisitions may have been but small, and the figure one may have cut upon the world's theater may have been inconspicuous. Tested by this rule, which is evidently correct, no proof will be required at this bar or in this community that Mr. Harwood attained to a great and unusual measure of success. His life work has been done in the open face of day. The means at his command and the uses that he has made of them are known to you all. That the end came to him in disappointment and distress we all know, but that that result was due to any lack of vigilance or exertion on his part no one will assert, nor will it be denied that he laid down his task unblemished fame and untarnished honor. More cannot be said of any man.

To have cultivated and improved in a large and liberal way, the faculties of one's own heart and mind; to have contributed appreciably to the growth and prosperity of the state and city of his adoption; to have helped mold and form the sentiments and opinions of his contemporaries and co-workers in laying the foundations of a great and growing commonwealth; to have left in the community in which, for nearly thirty years, he was engaged in a strenuous, though commonplace, struggle for existence—the tradition of an upright, honorable and manly life; to have done these things is to achieve that which many of the rich and powerful, the eloquent and famous of the earth, might well emulate and envy.

Before this audience or in this community, among those who have for a generation been the friends and associates, and the competitors and rivals of the deceased, it seems to me to be almost a work of supererogation to attempt a recital of the principal incidents of his career or to enlarge upon his moral and intellectual qualities, and for reasons which I have stated on a former occasion it would be well nigh impossible for me to perform such a service. There are those to follow me, however, to whom such a task will be less difficult and who may take a melancholy pleasure in the performance of what may seem to be a social duty. That it is not a grateful and beneficent office to recount the virtues of a well spent life I do not mean to imply. Mankind is taught by example, and civilization is the outgrowth of the social influence of the strongest and best citizens. Neighborhoods and coteries determine the occupations, the ambitions, the tastes, and the amusements of cities, and from the cities, as political, moral and intellectual centers, radiate the opinions and proceed the movements which decide the policies and the fate of nations. Cities have a distinct personality of their own and, like individuals, their characters are largely formed in their infancy. The men and women who have laid the foundations of this town, who have helped to establish and maintain its public institutions, who have promoted the culture of its inhabitants and directed the course of their activities have set in motion influences of the most far-reaching kind. What are the nature and extent of the contributions to this movement which any individual has made or shall make, is, or may be, a matter of the most momentous consequences, and is one which in a case like the present, may well arrest our attention, and employ our thoughts, for the brief hour which we are permitted to devote to its consideration. But for the reasons mentioned I shall not enter upon that discussion myself, but shall prefer to leave it to those members of the bar who, otherwise better equipped than myself, are sufficiently acquainted with the main incidents of Mr. Harwood's career; with his early history and the struggles of his manhood, with his broad, generous and catholic sympathies, with his achievements, his successes and his disappointments, to relate all that may be properly related and to commend all that it may seem meet to commend on the present occasion.