

ABOUT PLAYS PLAYERS AND PLAYHOUSES

Omaha's theatrical week is bright only in that it had something that was not positively bad; not because it had anything that is surpassingly good. "Our New Minister," which opened the week, is deserving of a more attractive name, for it is better than it looks on the bill boards. It is especially good in the hands of the present company, because the competent actors give such satisfactory interpretation to the character parts with which it abounds.

Yet his course has been upward, steadily advancing to a higher plane of thought and living. But, since the days the sons of gods looked on the daughters of men and saw they were fair there have been Maslovas and Princess Nekhtovs; and who shall say there will not be, world without end?

Again, the moujik do not read Tolstoy, and only know him as a harmless old doddler who is foolishly free with his money, who tells where he might loaf, who wears coarse clothes when he could have fine, and who lives on sour bread and potatoes at a table where others dine in Lucullan luxury. And these moujiks do not sympathize with the man who doesn't value the things they value most. Therefore, in respect to the sacrifice of Tolstoy, "What's the use?"

Coming Events.

The veteran actor, Daniel Sully, will be seen at the Boyd this afternoon and tonight in a new play said to be the best yet written by the dramatist, "The Corner Grocery." The scenes of the play are laid in a small village in central New York state. It is known as "The Old Mill Stream," but the story the play tells deals with the litigation two farmers become involved in over the ownership of the little stream. The play was taken from real life. It is said in brief the story is that an old fisherman named Ryan owns a mill on the stream. He seeks to dam up the stream and change its course and otherwise convert the water to his own use. The farmer who owns the water rights objects and thereupon the war in the rural courts began. The fight was rapidly breaking up the families of those concerned and the case was becoming like the famous hog case, when two of the young people of the rival factions fell in love and were married. This act caused a cessation of hostilities and the burying of the hatchet. Sully enacts the role of the hard-headed mill owner. Robert Blaylock, who was with Sully last season and later with the Ferris Stock company at the Boyd, is leading juvenile man with Mr. Sully.

Tomorrow night Kocian, the violin virtuoso, will be heard in a single concert at the Boyd. He will be assisted by Miss Julia Greyer, pianist, and Franz Spindler, accompanist. The young musician was originally booked at the Boyd for a concert February 23, but owing to illness in the south he was compelled to cancel all his bookings in the middle west and jump to Los Angeles, Cal. The San Francisco coast press, was loud in his praise. In San Francisco, where he gave seven concerts, it is said the town went mad. Everybody knows the sensation he created in the east, especially in New York. Kocian is but 18 years old, four years younger than Kubelik, and is said to be the latter's equal. He was a pupil of the famous Sevek of Prague, Bohemia, and was Kubelik, so their methods are a great deal similar. Kocian arrived in Omaha yesterday to remain until after his concert, and is in the plain parlance of the Bohemian residents and entertained. He will be their guest while in the city.

Mrs. Patrick Campbell, the distinguished English actress, and her full London company, will be seen at the Boyd Wednesday and Thursday matinee and night. She will be seen in three powerful plays. On Wednesday night Herman Sudermann's "The Joy of Living" will be given. At the special matinee Thursday "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray" and on Friday night "Magda." Both these two latter named plays are known and need little comment in advance. "The Joy of Living" is new. It was produced in Berlin one year ago and made a tremendous sensation. Mrs. Campbell gave its first production in England. The play is a masterpiece in every respect. A synopsis of the play follows: Some fifteen years before the action of the story opens Countess Beata, wife of Count Richard, has a love affair with Baron Michael, who is a friend of her husband. Through regard for their family and the attachment is broken off, but they remain friends. The spirit of their love is still in the countess and she has an influence to advance Richard's political ambition. She induces her husband and Richard is elected to fill it. During the campaign the countess's opponent of Richard, who has several of Beata's old letters in his possession, discloses their old relations to the countess. Richard is informed that he is prepared to commit suicide, but the countess's high official position at the gathering of high official notabilities at her home she triumphantly toasts "The Joy of Living" the right to live. She sees it, she drinks a glass of poisoned wine and expires exclaiming for the first time in her life "What's the use?"

On Friday and Saturday next Frank L. Perley's company of singing comedians will be heard in "The Chaperons" by Frederic Borchers and Isidore Witmark, and staged under the personal supervision of George W. Lederer. The production is said to be unusually pretentious from a scenic standpoint. It is in two acts; the first act being laid in the Latin quarter of Paris, and the second in the courtyard of the Alexandria hotel, at Alexandria, Egypt. One of the attractive features of "The Chaperons" is its claim to be the abundance of light and catchy melodies. Among the songs which will be heard are: "In My Official Capacity," "The Modern Chaperon," "The Little Girl Who Couldn't Say No," "Talk, Talk, Talk," "We're All Good Fellows," "Love in a Palace," "Billie's Very Good to Me," "My Sammie" and "Me Winked at Me." The attraction is really worth the praise given it can be seen in the fact that its cast contains some of the best comedians in the professions. Here are a few of its members: Walter Jones, Eva Tanqueray, Ed Hedberg, May Boloy, Ed Metcalf, Albert Farrington, Kathryn Pearl, Jessica Duncan and Mae Stebbins.

Yola Yberri, who comes to the Orpheum for a week, commencing with a matinee on Monday, is a Spanish and Italian actress, who, like Yberri, and the majority of the artists on the program, have never been seen here before. Prevost and Prevost will be seen in a skit called "Fun in a Turkish Bath," which, as the title implies, is a vehicle for their laugh-making antics. In addition to which they perform some acrobatics. A sketch entitled "A Skin Game" will be the offering of Mr. and Mrs. Jimmy Barry, who are already well known to local patrons. Mr. Barry will have a revised version of "Mr. Deesley" and his topical hits. Arthur Deming, the old-time minstrel, sobriqueted the "Emperor," will do a monologue in black face. Auman, styled "Auman the Great," will have an athletic "stunt" which is said to be novel, while the kinodrome pictures will be entirely new.

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The Knights of Ak-Sar-Ben Musical Festival, May 7, 8, 9 and 15, promises to be the greatest musical treat ever offered the Omaha people. Arrangements have been completed for three evening and two matinee concerts by the Chicago Symphony orchestra, and a chorus of 150 voices under the direction of T. J. Kelly, May 7, 8 and 9. This chorus has been under the direction of Mr. Kelly for the last eight weeks and will be one of the largest choruses ever heard in Omaha. Then on May 15 one concert will be given by the full Metropolitan Opera House orchestra of New York, with J. T. Dusa, the millionaire, as conductor. At this concert both Nordica and DeReszko will appear, so that the Omaha musical patrons will have the full New York company which has been appearing the last season in that city to packed houses. That the Board of Governors are not trying to make money out of these musical events is evidenced by the price of season tickets, which have been placed at \$2.50 for all six of the concerts. This entitles each purchaser to a reserved seat, which can be reserved at the H. J. Penfold company on and after March 30. Letters sent to Mr. Penfold from out of town patrons containing checks will be numbered and received and tickets will be reserved and sent to the purchasers after that date.

Grace Cameron is to have the leading role in "Barnaby Rudge," a new musical comedy that is to be sent out next season.

It is announced that E. H. Sothern is to produce Percy Mackaye's dramatization of "A Canterbury Pilgrimage." Mr. Sothern will be Chaucer and Miss Lotz the wife of Bath.

James K. Haslett's managerial venture, "The Bishop's Move," ended last night a brief and certain career in New York. W. H. Thompson, who was the star, will be given a new place next season.

Sam Bear, the Oscar Hammerstein of St. Louis, is in Omaha during the week, looking around. Sam says he expects to rest and fish next summer and let someone else run the stock company.

Friends of Hamlet will be pleased to know that the junior law class of the state university of Iowa will give a production of the play in the fall. The play is the property of the Prince of Denmark.

Maurice Campbell's press agent announces that his principal is after the cases on the Broadway and Tabor grand theaters at Denver, but he is not likely that he will get either until Peter McCourt is ready to let go, and that will likely be some time far off.

Miss James has so impressed Lotta Crabtree by her performance in the Bunnett play of "The Little Bunch" that the actress has consented to allow her to use some of the old-time plays, such as "The Little Bunch," "The Little Bunch and the Marchioness," "Zip" and others in which Lotta made her fame.

MUSIC AND MUSICIANS

The series of "Poems One Ought to Forget" still goes on and this is No. 8, I believe. It is from a volume recently published by the John Church company and edited by no less an authority than Mr. H. E. Krehbiel, musical critic of the New York Tribune. I will not attempt to criticize the typography of the French, misplaced accents, etc., which I had pointed out in some days ago by Madame Borgium, herself a Parisian, and incidentally, I may mention, a musician and artist of the first rank, a woman full of the "feu sacré" and a French scholar and teacher par excellence. Madame Borgium furnished me by showing me the numerous imperfections in the plain printing of the French text and she agreed with me in saying that the translation was preposterous. Yet Mr. Krehbiel allowed his name to appear as editor of such a thing! But to the translation, as a bit of English verse. The translation was made by H. F. Chorley. The song is "Le Vallon," by Gounod:

I. My heart in need of rest, No longer hopes or fears; Without will, without power, Further to strive or fly. Take me home to the breast, O valley of my fathers, For one hour of repose, Before lonely I die.

II. I look upon the past, As on a haunt forsaken, Shadow'd with heavy clouds, Like vapors o'er a stream, I believe'd love could last, Now I no more believe, A throb of a glow.

III. Rest, weary of mine, Wayward impatient rover, Like one arriv'd from far, Without burden or care, Who pauses at the gate, When his journey o'er, To breathe for awhile, The balmy twilight air: Only to breathe for awhile, The balmy twilight air, Etc., etc., ad nauseam.

The Chicago Chronicle has an editorial writer. He writes occasionally on musical matters. He wrote an article on the probable music of the St. Louis fair. And now he is out with an article on the "Decline of Wagner" in a recent issue. He ought to change either his beverage or his doctor. Commenting upon the "Decline of Wagner," he says some startling things in an editorial, in that otherwise strong paper, Chronicle, and they are things which amuse and entertain, to a degree, some readers of the paper who are living west of Chicago.

The Bee commented extensively in this column upon the article of the Chronicle which favored the doing away with good music of an accepted high nature at the St. Louis exposition and it assumes the privilege of saying something about the recent utterance. The erudite scribe begins with the startling statement that "during the lifetime of Wagner influences apart from music promoted the production of his works. The chief of these influences was, naturally, his novelty." I must confess to an utter inability to distinguish the meaning of these sentences. I can understand how music, influenced by novelty of dramatic conception or incident, could exist, but how "influences apart from music" could by their sheer "novelty" inspire a composer in a riddle. Why has not some great composer written a fantasia on a folding bed? Why did not Brahms write about the telephone? Or Saint-Saens the phonograph? Or Richard Strauss the automobile? So far from writing about the "novelty" of Wagner, Mr. Wagner wrote upon the old traditions. He rummaged through the cobwebbed aisles of allegory and through the misty corridors of mythology and brought thence gods for his heroes and goddesses for his heroines.

the Wagnerian cult. It is that music lives by melody alone. Is it the "melody" of the "Hallelujah Chorus" from the "Messiah" which makes it famous? Is it the "melody" of the "Agnus Dei" from the Fifth Symphony of Beethoven which makes it immortal? Is it the "melody" of the chorus, "The Heavens are Telling" from Haydn's "Creation" which makes it perennially young? Is it the "melody" of the "Vorspiel" to "Lohengrin" which awes the listener, however untutored he may be? Coming down to modern composers, is it the "melody" of the "Sextet" from "Lucia" which makes it so successful? Is it the "melody" of "Sweet and Low" that makes Barnaby's composition an always welcome concert number, hackneyed though it be? Is it the melody of Sullivan's "Lost Chord" that makes people ponder on things outside of commerce? Think of these things! (Is it not the harmony?)

Another statement from the adjustable mind of the gifted penner of the editorial in question is this: "Walter Damrosch, Wagner's most skillful and most ardent disciple in this country, finds it necessary, year after year, in spite of the expansion of musical culture, especially in the larger cities, to give literary explanations of the Wagner operas in order to keep alive their flickering flame."

There is a blow at interpretation for you! The Wagner operas are usually sung in German, and Mr. Damrosch has done a noble work in giving lectures to incite more interest in the drama and music of the Wagner music-drama by explaining the text in English and drawing out, by illustrating, the leading themes, or leit-motif system, the meaning of the works. But the Chronicle editorial writer would explain this action by the sentence that he is doing so "to keep alive the flickering flame of the Wagner operas."

In other words, to come down to a practical illustration, the man who teaches his friend to use the "linotype" machine is endeavoring to "keep alive the flickering flame of typographical invention."

Ministers are preaching the "old gospel" every Sunday in every city in the United States, but the flame of religion is not flickering, by any means. Because a man explains and illustrates a master does not indicate that the master is losing hold on the people. Quite the contrary, Mr. Damrosch's lectures on Wagner are well attended, as are Wagner lectures everywhere delivered by lesser lights than Damrosch. The people want to know, and they pay for the information.

Just one more statement before we leave the Wagner side of the discussion: "The more flowing and the lover of Wagner's tuneful inventions insure his permanency in musical art. All else that he did contains fatal germs."

Any man or woman who would thinkfully pen these lines should be compelled to listen to the "Talk of a Bunch" or "Just as the Sun Went Down" for nine hundred and ninety-nine years nine months and nineteen days, ninety times an hour, Sundays not excepted. It is the acme of musical ignorance, and how a Chicago paper could print such a thing, in Chicago papers—some of them—would print anything!

The next paragraph is what astonishes one. Read it carefully. I have not courage enough to print all of it. One paragraph will be enough: "One of the reasons why Theodore Thomas has failed as an orchestral director," etc.

A Chicago paper informs us editorially—mind you editorially, that Mr. Thomas has "failed" as an orchestral director! Well, thank the good Lord, the name of Theodore Thomas will be held in reverence by music lovers, the world over, when the Chicago Chronicle writer will be "stopping a hole to keep the wind away." Theodore Thomas needs no advocate. He needs no eulogist. He is a master, a teacher, an exponent, and his name, above all others, has brought the name of Chicago into prominence in those circles where moth and rust do not corrupt, even if thieves break through and steal, and when packers, and corn plis and speculators are forgotten, future generations will look back and mention the name of Theodore Thomas with a respect which could not be prevailed upon now, and which is outside of Chicago. The people of the west love the name of Theodore Thomas, wherever the note of music is known, and the Chicago Chronicle editorial writer is discreet in observing the truth of the old saying that "ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise."

That the latter statement is true is patent, for the writer goes on to say that "Lack of judgment on the part of Mr. Thomas has made orchestral music in this part of the country a burden and a bore to the masses of the music-loving people."

The following lines from the same article will perhaps be interesting to people who have considered that they were "sincerely musical": "An arrogant disdain of the basic property of music, melody, leads practitioners to attempt to make music popular with the assertion or insinuation that those who do not profess to enjoy blare and bang in the name of music are illiterate or vulgar people."

Wanted, for the Chicago Chronicle readers—"Creators and his frenzied efforts" or "The Metropolitan Mosquito Minstrelists." "Read the Chicago Chronicle III."

Mr. Robert Cusaden will give his third recital of the season at the Kounze Memorial church on Tuesday evening, April 14. He will be assisted by Mr. Sigmund Landsberg, pianist, and Mrs. Hypes of Council Bluffs, soprano.

At All Saints' church this afternoon there will be a musical service, when a Lenten cantata, "Penitence, Pardon and Peace," by Mauder, will be sung by the choir, the solo parts being taken by Mrs. Jennison, soprano, and Mr. Haverstock, basso.

Mrs. Eleanor Kirkham, contralto, of Chicago was the outside attraction at the Lenten music last week. She sang well, had a beautiful voice and won her auditors by these accomplishments, as well as by her admirable presence. Mrs. Kirkham's program was a very interesting one. Madame Minstrel's "Creation" was a fortunate number with consummate taste, and with that unflinching gentility and eloquence which is always a part of her work.

I have received the program for the fourth recital, but am obliged to inform you that it is incorrect in the printing of some of the titles that I cannot give it here.

Mr. S. Kronberg, impresario, "came to town" yesterday.

Miss Ella Ethel Free gave a pupils' recital yesterday. THOMAS J. KELLY.

CAN'T STRAIGHTEN UP
Feels as though your back would break if you bend it—
Night doesn't rest you any—
You're tired in the morning—
Think it will get better—but it doesn't—
Plasters don't help—or liniment—
They can't—
Don't reach the spot—
It's the kidneys that are causing the trouble—
Kidneys need help—they are not doing their work—
Are not taking the poisons out of the blood—
DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS
Cure sick Kidneys—help them do their work—
Omaha men and women say so—men and women who have been cured—you can't doubt their testimony—
There could not be stronger proof than the word of your own neighbors—
OMAHA PROOF
Mr. W. C. Thomas, of 1129 Martha street, Traveler for the Fremont Brewing Co., of Fremont, Neb., says:—"The constant jarring of trains when I travel affects my back and I think causes the severe pains which catch me in the loins, especially mornings, when I have awful work to get on my shoes. I thought sometimes my back would break. Seeing Doan's Kidney Pills advertised I got a box at Kuhn & Co.'s drug store, corner 15th and Douglas streets, and before using them many days the pains disappeared and I was finally cured. I never intend to be without a box of Doan's Kidney Pills in my grip. I cannot speak too highly of this valuable preparation."
Doan's Kidney Pills are for sale at all drug stores—50c a box—
Foster-Riburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

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The Greatest Musical Wonder of the Age.
The "Columbia"
Disc-Graphophone
Prices from \$15.00 up to \$30.00.
It is a wonderful entertainer. It never tires, and always has something new. New Records are added daily. It entertains the whole family—entertains your friends, and is a great attraction for the Home, Clubs, Lodge Rooms, Meeting Halls and Church Parlor.
Come and hear our Machines talk for themselves. You will enjoy it, even though you may not contemplate purchasing. There is a concert always going on in our store, and YOU ARE ALL INVITED.
A Special Offer For the next thirty days with every purchase of one dozen 10-inch Disc Records at \$10, we will give one of our NEW KUBE Sound Boxes for your old one, free of charge.
We currently have the largest stock of Moulded Cylinder Records and Disc Records in the west.
Come and hear our Machines and Records. Open Evenings.
The Columbia Phonograph Co., Western Office and Depot, 1621 Farnam Street, Omaha, Neb.

AMUSEMENTS.
BOYD'S Woodward & Burgess' Managers.
This Afternoon—Tonight
Mr. Daniel Sully
IN A NEW PLAY.
The Old Mill Stream
A Romance of the Catskills—Complete Production.
PRICES—Matinee, 25c, 50c. Night, 25c, 50c, 75c, \$1, \$1.50.
One Concert Only—Monday Night,
The Phenomenal Bohemian Violin Virtuoso, Direct from His Success in New York and San Francisco.
KOCIAN In a Specially Selected Program.
Prices—25c, 50c, 75c, \$1.00, \$1.50. Weber Piano Used.
Wednesday, Thursday, Special Mat. Thursday.
Mrs. PATRICK CAMPBELL
And Her London Company—Direction of Charles Frohman.
Wednesday Night—"The Joy of Living"
By Hermann Sudermann.
Thur. Mat.—"The Second Mrs. Tanqueray"
By A. W. Pinero.
Thursday Night—"Magda"
By Hermann Sudermann.
Prices—Matinee and Night, 50c, 75c, \$1, \$1.50, \$2. Seats on sale.
Friday, Saturday—Mat. Saturday.
Engagement Extraordinary! Frank L. Perley's Singing Comedians in the Smartest, Most Up-to-Date Operatic Comedy of the Period
The Chaperons
Produced Under the Stage Direction of Geo. W. Lederer.
ORIGINAL PRODUCTION Exactly as presented at the New York Theatre last season.
SAME GREAT CAST:
WALTER JONES EDI HEDBERG EDWARD METCALFE ERIC A. HENRY ALBERT FARRINGTON THOMAS BURTON EVA TANQUAY MAY BULOY GENEVIEVE DAY JESSICA DUNCAN MAE STEBBINS KATHY PEARL
AND SIXTY OTHERS.
Prices—Matinee, 25c to \$1.00; Night, 25c to \$1.50.
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Lobby Cafe and Ladies'
Our guests are our friends. They go and come again.
HOTEL DELONE
Absolutely Fireproof.
"THE ONLY ONE"
Petersen 12 to 15.
14th and Capitol Ave.
H. F. Cady, Proprietor.
F. W. Wilson, Manager.
"IN THE LOBBY"
Our guests are our friends. They go and come again.
HOTEL DELONE
Absolutely Fireproof.
"THE ONLY ONE"
Petersen 12 to 15.
14th and Capitol Ave.
H. F. Cady, Proprietor.
F. W. Wilson, Manager.
We will serve for Sunday, March 22
Roast Young Turkey
With Oyster Dressing.
CALUMET COFFEE HOUSE
AND DOUGLAS CAFE
1017 Douglas St.
OMAHA'S LEADING RESTAURANT
Mr. Kelly ...
TEACHER OF
Singing,
Tone Production
Interpretation
Davidge Block,
18th and Farnam

Blanche Walsh has been the provocation for a recrudescence of the Tolstoy debate, her success in "Resurrection" having led to a general breaking out of the endless argument as to the intrinsic merits of the Tolstoy methods, coupled more or less intimately with the interminable effort to answer that question, older than any of us, and which will likely outlive us all—"What's the use?" In "Resurrection" the great Russian—for, whether we agree with him or not, we must admit that Tolstoy has furnished an answer to one of his own questions. He does not make it clear, ultimately, that Maslova is to be raised to the estate from which she has fallen through the awakening of her own conscience and that of the prince to whom her downfall was originally due. In the beginning, Maslova sinned from love, the prince for pleasure. She continued to dwell in sin through sheer force of circumstances; he because it pleased him to. After years their paths cross again, this time with the woman in the dock, charged with a brutal murder, and the prince in the jury box, sitting in judgment on her, whose fall he knew to be due to his deception of a girl whose innocence he had destroyed. Into this crucible the lives of the two are thrown. They have drained to the very lees the wine of life, and they find the lees bitter indeed. The woman meets her fate with the calmness of despair; the man, self-impaled, writhes in agony until he has awakened in her at least a remorse akin to his own, and out of the shadow of their past they extract a hope for the future. Unfortunately, the play clings too closely to conventionalism, and instead of allowing the prince to follow his victim and his atonement into her exile, it sends her to Siberia and him to marry a second girl for whom he has professed love. Out of the fire of ordeal they emerge with little more than the smell of the singeing of their garments, but each has felt the purifying effects of the flame, and each is resolved to do better. This is the "resurrection" not of the body, but of the soul. You will notice that it comes after death, you, even after decomposition. And you are left at its conclusion asking yourself again, "What's the use?"

Tolstoy has taught us no new lesson, in this or in any of his parables or preachments. He has merely added his testimony to the accumulated mass of evidence in support of the axiomatic postulate that "The wages of sin is death." That Maslova, when she receives her pay in her hand, should suddenly confess what she has all along known, is not a novelty, nor is the anguish of the prince an atonement for his part in the transaction. He, too, merely draws his wage, and the spectacle the pair presents on payday offers no suggestion as to the remedy, nor is it likely to be any more efficacious as a preventive or deterrent than any of the other like instances with which history teems. Nor is the conclusion at all original with Tolstoy. Tomlinson of Grosvener Square brought it back with him, direct from the keeper of the bottomless pit, who refused to waste his "good pit coal" on a soul that in it not one trace of original sin. His parting words to Tomlinson were: "Go back to earth with an unsealed lip; Go back with an unsealed eye; And give my words to the ears of men; Or ever they come to die." "The sin that ye do by two and two must pay for by one; And the god that ye took from printed book Be with you, Tomlinson."

In Tolstoy's behalf one must admit that he has gone one step farther than the host of others who have taken the same path. He has undertaken to practice what he preaches. No one will question the honesty of his purpose or the sincerity of his endeavors. One must admit that he has earnestly tried to do himself that "which he has urged that others do; only, one must always have a little practical aid to the wisdom of his course, a doubt that is certain to be enhanced by a contemplation of the result. Tolstoy forsook the comforts and privileges that go with the position of a wealthy business man—not until he had drunk deeply of the cup of life, however bitter it had become as one of the people, in order to exemplify his theory of man's oneness. He has declined to defend himself when assailed by the Greek church and excommunicated, because of his doctrine of non-resistance. He has preached a doctrine of cordial more austere than any ever laid down by monastic ascetic or puritanical bigot, and without the saving grace of Paul the Apostle's charity for the best of other men. He has lived his new life with probably more zest than he lived the life of a nobleman, but he has answered the question, "What's the use?"

Tolstoy, then, Suderman, D'Annunzio, Pinero, Chambers, Wilde, Maeterlinck, all the list of "moderns," have pointed unerringly to the disease, some have even undertaken to locate the seat of the disease; all have laid it bare, and given any who wished an opportunity to view it in its hideousness; and some attempt to diagnose its extent and progress, but none have offered the remedy, unless it be the Russian holiness which lives like a moujik. Alas, his remedy, as exemplified in his own case, is merely retrogression. He has shown how easy it is for a nobleman to live like a peasant; at no time has he undertaken to show how a peasant can live like a nobleman, and that is where the trouble lies. Mankind's struggle has always been for betterment, and the effort ought to be to get all on the highest possible plane. If some there be who can not reach this plane, that others should not be made to suffer on that account, and if others have such souls as soar above it, they should not have their wings clipped merely because they are capable of flights beyond the pinnacles of the majority. If the latter process were resorted to, Leo Tolstoy would now be wearing the attire of the specialty of the Martinettis, instead of the blue blouse and coarse trousers of a Volga moujik. Human misery is rooted deep, and out of it has sprung the human desire to have and enjoy better things. Mankind's upward course has been marked by such strenuous effort against the odds, and it is a noble struggle, that it is not to be abandoned merely because they are capable of flights beyond the pinnacles of the majority. If the latter process were resorted to, Leo Tolstoy would now be wearing the attire of the specialty of the Martinettis, instead of the blue blouse and coarse trousers of a Volga moujik. 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