

no! Calve, its the same the world over. The chickens "flutter" for the corn just as the frock coats that will crowd the Metropolitan this winter go for the song and name. Chickens are not adept at disinterested affection any more than the rest of us. Olive Schriener colored her thrilling novel "The African Farm" with the lucid sentence, "The chickens were wiser." They certainly are not foolish enough to cherish a disinterested passion for Calve. Besides, Calve, if it were not for your voice and the corn, why in the name of goodness should either we or the chickens love you—for your temper?

Calve, in a wild letter to a friend in Paris said she wished she need never return to the stage but could spend all her life warbling the great master among her chickens. Well, now no one is compelling Calve to return to the stage. If she prefers the chickens let her have them and warble Bizet's impassioned measures to them until they become very nightingales. Perhaps she can even train a rooster orchestra. If she loves chickens better than two thousand a night let her have them, and start a wholesale poultry farm for all the world cares. Actors and singers are always talking about longing to exchange the calciums for the sunlight, champagne for spring water and grease paint for new mown hay. But in the end they generally find that the calciums are better suited to their complexion and champagne to their digestion. They are always wishing they could return to the old homestead and go a-haying in the meadows and fish in the brook and live there the world forgetting, by the world forgot. They forget that there never were any fish in the brook, and that in the hay field there is tan and sweat and dirt as well as the odor of clover. If they should try that sort of life for three weeks their artistic temperament would be so pained, and their artistic tempers would become so awry that the other inhabitants of the dear old homestead would find it expedient to move into town. There was but one authentic case of a philosopher who exchanged a kingdom for a cabbage garden, and if I remember rightly his subjects aided him very materially in the exchange, as they thought he had missed his calling.

Miss Isadore Rush, Mr. Reed's blond, and popular leading lady, has, like most of them, had a history. I have gleaned a considerable portion of her very eventful career from a Lincoln lady who used to live in Wilkes Barre, Penn., the town where "Jessy" Rush was born and grew up. Miss Rush was the daughter of Captain Rush, a dashing gentleman without any visible occupation, a sort of all round sporting man. Her mother is an Irish woman, florid and rather stout. Isadore was like her father, handsome and inclined to be wild. She put in all her early years shocking the peaceful town of Wilkes Barre. She defied authorities at school, and general sentiment elsewhere, but because of her vivacity and beauty she was always popular among her father's friends, who knew a pretty woman when they saw one. Jack White, her first husband, died in the south. Soon afterward Isadore married Nat Wolf, a wealthy druggist in Wilkes Barre and helped him spend his income very effectually. She ran about the country a good deal in those days, and once on a trip to New York met Mr. Reed. There were two things that Isadore Rush always could do. She could dress and she could act. Every one who knew her always wondered why she did not go on the stage. Probably her ambitions and taste in that direction had something to do with the complications which followed her acquaintance with Roland Reed.

Her husband, Mr. Wolf, naturally disapproved of the connection and obtained a divorce. After a short preparation in a dramatic school, Miss Rush went directly into Mr. Reed's company and has been with him ever since. Last year her career very nearly ended in a railroad accident, but Mr. Reed finally succeeded in rescuing her and carrying her out of the car window. Since Miss Rush went on the stage her family moved to New York where her brother, "Forry" is in the business and her sister, Carrie, is a sales-woman. Miss Rush has one child living, born during the second year of her marriage with Jack White.

It may interest the American populace to know that Roland Reed's wife was Johanna Sommers.

Whatever the future holds for Mascagni, he has always that one opera. Most of us would be content to have written just that and then cease to be. There are parts of it that will "Die not till the the whole world dies." There is the Seduction song we heard Scalchi sing three years ago, that would seduce the archangels themselves as in the days when the sons of God saw that the daughters of men were fair. Then there is the intermezzo, yes there is the intermezzo. It would be worth writing a whole opera for that alone. It is unique in music as "The City of Dreadful Night" is in poetry. With its bass that labors and fails and struggles, that suffers and protests in its black despair; its treble that never yields, never falters, dips sometimes toward the lower octaves like a bird that is faint with its death wound, and then flies on, flies on. That treble that knows and sees the hopelessness of all things and yet never wavers; love betrayed that still loves on, hope deferred that still hopes on; it is the despair which passes despair, despair sublime, impersonal, and full of awe as though it comprehended universal futility and universal doom.

They say that Mascagni is at work on a new opera. The news is not entirely welcome for ten chances to one it means another disappointment. It has been several years now since the advent of Cavalleria Rusticana and yet Mascagni has done nothing worthy of himself since then. People have begun to doubt whether he will ever again equal those magnificent measures that hunger and poverty and despair drove him to, or whether that opera will stand his one witness to the world as Carmen stands for Bizet. So often these peculiar and unique works of art are without successors. Not every composer can be like Verdi, great a hundred times. There is a kind of musical genius which rather lacks musical intelligence, a sort of emotional tone fury which expresses itself once and dies. The muse plays queer tricks with men, and she can only be courted, never compelled. She is all things to all men. Sometimes she is as constant as Penelope, as she has been to Verdi for these eighty years. Sometimes she is fickle as Cleopatra, knows her lover but once and then throws him to the crocodiles. And if she happens to be in a cruel mood she lets him live, to wander over the world dreaming of her face, to be scorned and mocked of men.

"As if a blacker night could dawn on night,
"With tenfold gloom on moonless night unstarred.
"A scene more tragic than defeat and blight,
"More desperate than strife with hope barred,
"More fatal than the adamant never.
"The sense that every struggle brings defeat
Because fate holds no prize to crown success;
That all the oracles are dumb or cheat
Because they have no secret to express;
"That none can pierce the vast black veil uncertain
"Because there is no light beyond the curtain;
"That all is vanity and nothingness.

RIPANS TABULES.

Disease commonly comes on with slight symptoms, which when neglected increase in extent and gradually grow dangerous.

If you suffer from headache, dyspepsia, or indigestion..... **TAKE RIPANS TABULES**

If you are bilious, constipated or have a disordered liver..... **TAKE RIPANS TABULES**

If your complexion is sallow or you suffer distress in eating..... **TAKE RIPANS TABULES**

For offensive breath and all disorders of the stomach..... **TAKE RIPANS TABULES**

Ripans Tabules act gently but promptly upon the liver, stomach and intestines; cleanse the system effectually; cure dyspepsia, and habitual constipation, offensive breath and headache. One Tabule at the first indication of indigestion, biliousness, dizziness, distress after eating or depression of spirits, will surely and quickly remove the whole difficulty.

Ripans Tabules are prepared from a prescription widely approved by modern science.

If given a fair trial Ripans Tabules are an infallible cure; they contain nothing injurious and are an economical remedy.

ONE GIVES RELIEF

A quarter-gross box will be sent, postage paid, on receipt of 50 cents by

RIPANS CHEMICAL COMPANY

10 SPRUCE ST, NEW YORK
Local druggists everywhere will supply the Tabules if requested to do so.
They are easy to take, quick to act and save many a doctor's bill.

USE "SHOGO" FLOUR

FOR SALE BY ALL DEALERS.

—Absolutely guaranteed by—

F. S. JOHNSON & Co.

S. M. MILLS 229 S. Ninth Street.
Manager. LINCOLN

ROYAL GROCERY CO.

1032 P St, Lincoln Neb.

This is the place you are going to stop at and order your goods when down town or have our solicitor call on you Why? Because you get better quality of goods for your money. Don't forget to order a sack of our Anchor patent flour. You should try our Teas and Coffees. They are absolutely pure. A trial will convince you.

PHONE 224

ROYAL GROCERY CO.

ANHEUSER-BUSCH PREMIUM PALE BEER

Delivered

AT \$1.00 PER DOZEN

IN ANY PART OF THE CITY.

H. WOLTEMADE

PHONE 187. 117 N. 9TH STREET.

COOPER'S ICE WAGONS

are the only ice wagons handling

GENUINE BLUE RIVER ICE.

Telephones 583 and 909

Burlington
Route

BEST LINE

TO

DENVER

AND

CALIFORNIA