

THE PASSING SHOW

TO A VOICE.

"Rossini and Beethoven and Mozart,
And all the other men of mighty name,
Together joined their previous work to shame;
The subtlest mystery of their god-like art
To that most magic voice they did impart,
Oh, from that kingdom of rare music came
That voice on which alone might rest such
fame
As never yet made glad one mortal's heart?
A star of sound, set far above the din
And dust of life, a shade wherein to lie
Faint with a sudden ecstasy of bliss,
A voice to draw remembrances of sin,
A voice to hear and for the hearing die
As Anthony for Cleopatra's kiss!"

That sonnet is not mine It's Philip
Burke Marston's. De Musset said it all
much better in his wonderful verses to
Malibran, but this will do, and it is in
English. Just read it over and you will
see lights and a crowd and a stage, and
on the stage you may see any one of a
dozen things; *Marguerite* in the garden
begging *Faust* to leave her, *Desdemona*
singing that love duet in Cyprus, *Luccia*
de Lammermoor gone mad, *Juliette* in
the balcony, drowning the nightingales
and flooding the glittering Italian night
with song. And they are all Melba, and
Philip Burke Marston must have heard
her or dreamed of her when he wrote
that sonnet.

The friends and acquaintances of
Chimmie Fadden will be pleased to
know that he is being dramatized and
that Charley Hopper will play him this
season. It ought to make a very clever
bit of character acting.

The Lily cometh not. She will not be
with us at all this season. She has
declared her contract with Henry
French "off," and there is nothing left
Mr. French but to sue. The cause of it
is this, that Langtry has made up with
Shrewsbury and he is feeling that
need of a change of air and re-
fuses to come to America. This is
not the first time that the Lily
has cancelled her American season.
She did it two years ago when Abing-
don Baird was the particular object of
her adoration, and he gave her \$100,000
for doing it. Langtry's American move-
ments are a sure barometer of the state
of her affections. Whenever she has
had a rupture with one of her admirers
she comes to us. When she has a recon-
ciliation she gives us the cold shoulder.
The curse has come upon us. Was

there ever such a season for dramatizing
novels. "The Prisoner of Zenda" and
"The House of The Wolf" and "Romola"
and "Chimmie Fadden" and a dozen
others. Now they have gone a step fur-
ther and are turning novels into operas.
Gaetano Orefice has actually turned
Consuelo into an opera. How much of
Consuelo pray, how many of its thous-
and pages and how many threads of its
complicated plot does the opera pretend
to handle?

By the way isn't George Sand just a
little *passee* now? She was great, great
as no other woman has been or will be,
but who would now wade through the
nine hundred and nine pages of Consu-

elo and its interminable sequel for all
her greatness. Myself, I prefer her *Histoire*
de ma vie. It isn't always frank, but if
one reads between the lines one gets
near to a wonderful personality, much
greater than any she ever created in her
books, and like Chopin I can forgive
her her Consuelo for herself. Of course
the novels are all masterly and the pas-
toral ones supremely beautiful, but
sometimes the workman is above his
works.

Marie Tempest left London in a huff
and shook the dust of England from
her dainty feet because while she was
ill Louise Beaudet played her part in
the Artist's Model with greater success
than she herself had done it. Miss
Tempest will be first or nothing; she is
one of the most vain and jealous of
women and she cannot endure a rival.
She and Lillian Russell always remind
me of the wicked queen in the fairy
tale who used to go to her mirror every
day and say,

"Looking glass upon the wall,
"Am I not fairest of them all?"
and if the looking glass answered nay,
it was the worse for the world.

In the last five years two young men of
great promise have come to light in
English fiction; Rudyard Kipling and
Anthony Hope Hawkins. Two men
who have not trod in the accepted paths
nor walked in usual ways, nor shown
any very great respect for the examples
of the masters. They have preferred,
it seems, to strike off through By-path
meadow and take their chances, and
leave the company of well ordered
pilgrims of fame to go rejoicing on their
way to the celestial city. They can
afford to be original; they have talent
rich and brilliant, unlike that of other
men, and they have other things, youth,
future and possibilities.

A few months ago Mr. Hawkins pub-
lished "The Prisoner of Zenda," a
romance that was withal so realistic, so
modern in tone and feeling that it made
one see a new hope in fiction, made one
dream for the moment that the world
had not outgrown the possibilities of
romance. We have had, God be
thanked, even in this generation writers
of pure romance; Doyle and Weyman
and the king and father of them all,
Robert Louis Stevenson, whose harp is
sounding now to finer ears than ours.
But all these are romancers of the past.
They dress their characters in hose and
doublets and gird them with swords,
give them the manners of other times
and other people. Even the deeds and
men in "Kidnapped" and "David
Balfour" seem immeasurably distant
and far away. But *Rudolph* of the
Elphbergs is a man of our own world
and of our time, like us a "victim of
civilization," and the civilization that
cost him his love is our own, our own
cherished, complicated civilization that
costs us so much, upon whose altar we
lay half of all that is dearest to us,
while every year we make its demands
more cruelly exacting, its requisitions
more impossible. Just as the Chinese
have devoted their national existence
to making a language so ponderous that
their own scholars can not learn it and
a religion so intricate that their own
priests can not remember it. One

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that masterly last chapter I was afraid
horribly afraid that *Rudolph* might
gather his Princess up bodily and flee
with her like the knights of old and
make an old time romance after all, or
that he might be weak enough to stay
and love and spoil the whole chivalrous
tone of the book. But Mr. Hawkins
did not fail us; the impossibilities of
our complicated life and the
night train ended it. Not a ship
or a fiery steed, but the night train.
"Rudolph, Rudolph, Rudolph!" that
was all. That to my mind is the real
wonder of the book, that it put a
romance into a dress suit, a real
romance with war and blood and love
and honor, like the romances of the
Grail or the Holy Sepulchre. And all
this comes about so naturally and
simply that it seems as if it might
happen to any of us. Only, instead of
faith and fanaticism standing for the
opposing element, the forbidding fate,
there are all those hundred little pre-
cautions with which we have hedged
ourselves about to make life easy, but
which have in reality made it so hard,
so hard to live, so hard to lay aside.

Mr. Hope has written a new book. He
calls it "A Change of Air." In plot and
purpose it is entirely unlike "The
Prisoner of Zenda" which is encourag-
ing, for it shows that his head is not
turned by success and that he is too
strong to repeat himself even when the
public demands it. I do not

like it quite so well, but that may be a
matter of personal taste merely. It is
certainly a study in life as it is lived.
Dale Bannister, a revolutionary poet
from London goes to live down at Den-
borough, a quiet English town and falls
into the hands of the Philistines. Falls
very much into their hands, indeed he
falls in love with one of them. He has
brought with him a little colony of
Bohemians to solace his exile, but when
he mingles with the townfolk and the
fair daughters of the townfolk he
wearies of his colony, the little singer
and all, and wants to be rid of them.
It is the old story of the eagle who
plucks out his feathers that he may
become a domesticated bird. And the
strange and admirable part of it is that
Mr. Hawkins does not lament the lost
eagle and hold him up as a terrible
example to all eagles and warn them to
remain on their eyrie heights. He lets
him pluck himself and says no more
about it. Indeed, Mr. Hawkins seems
to sympathize very little with his
genius. His heart goes out to the
common people, people less gifted and
warmer hearted whom *Dale Bannister*
makes supremely miserable; the poor
little soprano who breaks her heart for
him, and erratic *Dr. Roberts* who goes
mad over *Dale's* apostasy. I suspect
apropos of the sorrows of genius that
Mr. Hawkins thinks those expensive
gentlemen cause a good deal more
suffering than they ever experience.
The principal episode of the book is not
up to its general standard. It seems im-
possible and far fetched and melo-
dramatic. Pistols are dangerous
weapons to handle in fiction sometimes.
And the ending of the book is undoubt-
edly careless, a mere resort to get the

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