

sion is our task. The rest is the madness of art." But the greatest thing that Stevenson says in those letters is not about himself or his work, but about things in general. "The inherent tragedy of things works itself out from white to black and blacker, and the poor things of a day look ruefully on. Does it shake my cast iron faith? I can not say that it does. I believe in the ultimate decency of things; ay, and if I woke in Hell, should still believe it!" Stevenson never wrote a greater sentence. He was a desperately sick man, and one who had suffered enough to turn most men bitter. But his suffering could not convince him; Hell itself could not convince him. There's optimism for you, the kind of optimism that produces and creates and brings into being, that is the source of all life in art and all art in life, of character as well as of craft.

So New York has discovered that Nat Goodwin cannot play *David Garrick*. New York that idolizes the sidewalk canonized by Goodwin's patent leathers and that wears "Little Nat" written where Mary of Scotland wore Calais. When Mr. Goodwin made his hit as *Garrick* in discriminating and discerning Chicago last winter, the few scattered western critics who said that from the very nature of things he could never play that part, were pretty severely ridiculed. Criticism in New York is not faultless, nor even very good, but its the best we have and it has turned down Goodwin's *Garrick*. Now how could the jovial and frivolous Mr. Goodwin play a part requiring such careful study and fine character work? Study of any sort is not a weakness of his. He has the artistic makeup and he picks up readily and easily, but there are some things in the world that refuse to be picked up, that cannot be learned from a cigar, or a glass of brandy, or even out of a pretty face. Not even out of Miss Mable Amber's face.

Where has Mr. Goodwin ever had time or inclination to even prepare to play *Garrick*? What does he know of that time, those conditions, of how it feels to be in earnest even? *David Garrick* was a peculiarly complex man and lived in a peculiarly complex time, a time that was still full of the influence of Fielding and Goldsmith and Johnson. One would have to simply be permeated by the literature and atmosphere of that time to play the part, as Thackery was in *Henry Esmond*, as Mansfield is in *Ben Brummel*. They say that Mr. Goodwin does the drunken scene better than any of the others. That's just it, he can play *Garrick's* weakness, but not *Garrick's* strength. He can be *Garrick* the rake and *Garrick* the drunkard, but not *Garrick* the artist and lover.

For several reasons it is perhaps a good thing that Mr. Goodwin did not succeed so brilliantly as *Garrick*. Mr. Goodwin's laxness in his living is his own business, but his carelessness in his work is the public's affair. The young actors of America need an example. They need to learn that there is a great difference in degree as well as in kind between a character actor and even the best of the low comedians. That there are reasons why a man who speaks *Henry Guy Carleton's* lines perfectly may not read *Shakespeare's* passably. That after all one may not serve God and the Other Fellow, even though he serve the Other Fellow passing well.

The truth is, that if Goodwin were not so delightful he would be a great pity. For under all his vagabond ways nature really gave him some of the stuff of which the great are made. But the world has given him too much else, too much flattery and pleasure and encour-

agement of his weakness. And then the man never had any conscience or sense of responsibility. Now he must be content to lie on the sunny side of the apple tree and take it easy. He is the prince of good fellows and must let it go at that. It is a good thing to be a graceful vagabond, and he is that. We are always glad to laugh with him, but we must weep with other men. Goodwin has no sincerity. That says all there is to be said. A man may have everything on earth but that and still have nothing. Sometimes, indeed, sincerity makes fools of shallow men, but without it they are always fools, "gilded fools."

Kathryn Kidder announces that she intends playing *Rosalind* in "As You Like It" as a mental rest after her exhausting labors in *Madame Sans-Gene*. I have no remarks to make, but remembering that *Rosalind* is one of the most delicate, difficult and complex Shakespearean roles, I should think that Miss Kidder must be very much exhausted indeed.

The winter sensation in London will be the visit of the Emperor of Japan. The last lion was an African king, who came with a retinue of six wives, forty servants and twenty overcoats, having no faith in English weather or women. Now if London could only have a Cannibal chief with a war club and a costume consisting of a shell bracelet around his waist, its dreams of distinction would be realized.

So the Lily Maid of Jersey is going to try it again, and with no less a person than the Earl of Shrewsbury. Now why in the name of the sacred Jo-Jo the last of the line of the Talbots, who fought at Orleans, wants to bestow his titles upon a woman who will value them no more than she did poor Gebhard's horses or Baird's diamonds, no one knows. Langtry's popularity with the gentlemen of the nobility has always been a mystery anyway. She is essentially common, incapable of caring for any one and by temperament, totally unfitted for the affectionate professions. Her only virtues are dressing well and spending money, and whenever a young man's fortune so accumulates on his hands that he doesn't know what to do with it at all, he goes to the Lily, and confides in her, and she knows what to do. In return for his services she lets him hold her opera cloak or lead her black terrier with the diamond collar. It don't all go for champagne and chocolate drops either, but is put into bonds that pay dividends and is stored away in big, solid, sunny acres out in California. For the Lily is a prudent woman and wise in her generation.

I see that Lillian Lewis has made a communication to "the press of the United States" which is thoroughly characteristic of her. Miss Lewis says there is a story afloat which "affects her character as a woman and a wife." Now this "story" was known to the public of one town and to a few newspaper men through the country. Probably there were not half a dozen people in Lincoln who knew it. But Miss Lewis has flaunted the scandal from one coast of the continent to the other. Miss Lewis is very fond of little sensations of this sort. She thinks them quite dignified and "professional." She told me this and many other stories of a similar nature, but in spite of the fact that I knew she wanted them repeated, I had too much respect for her profession and sex in general to do so. I lost the printed interviews, I never can think they are quite fair and square and in good form. But Miss Lewis, if other people have some regard for her, has none for herself, and she has placed her name in useless odium. Miss Lewis states that Mr. Marston struck Collier without rhyme or reason. What does she mean? What has rhyme to do with a fight? Is the lyric Marston in the habit of clubbing people with hexameters and pounding them with sapphics?

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