THE PASSING SHOW

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his beautiful boots or that he was pond- lator, without a lexicon, without notes, God ever trusts talent in the hands have fewer ones and better. of women, they usually make such an infernal mess of it. I think He must do It as a sort of ghastly joke. Really, it fiction. They have a sort of sex conis in that same "Under Two Fags," so limited to one string and they lie so and the book contains the rudiments of about that. They are so few, the ones mawkish sentimentality and contempt- Eliot and George Sand, and they against the immorality of "Ouida," mentality under control, and there daughters to read her, and gentlemen of more common sense than any of them at her cynicism. Now the truth of the of them all. Women are so horribly do with most women's pens. And then love, then I will begin to hope for she lacked all sense of humor and will something great from them, not before. never know how magnificently ridiculous her melancholy heroes and suffer- Paris is all agog over the wonderful ing women are. Its a terrible curse to improvement in Sybil Sanderson's lack a sense of humor, for it reacts on voice. She made her season's debut one and makes one gratify the humor in Paris a few weeks ago in "Romeo of every other living creature. Ouida et Juliette" and they say that she nevis Nordau's "degenerate" incarnate.

really had great talent. No less a per- twins might be conducive to feeling, son than John Ruskin advised all his and if they have really improved Sanart students to read "A Village Com- derson's voice so much, I can almost mune" and said it was the saddest and pardon them their appearance. most perfect picture of peasant life in Modern Italy ever made in English. derful work of mythology and historical association in "Ariadne." There is some matchless description in "Wanda." There are great passages in "Friendship," but in them all there is not one sane, normal, possible man or woman. I hate to read them. I hate to see the pitiable waste and shameful weaknesses in them. They fill me with the same sense of disgust that Oscar Wilde's books do. They are one rank morass of misguided genius and wasted power. only to new and old subscribers alike. They are sinful, not for what they do, but for what they do not do. They are the work of a brilliant mind that never matured, of hectic emotions that never settled into simplicity and naturalness. They are the product of one who was too early old, too long young. Of one who was misled into thinking that words were life, who was tempted by the alluring mazes of melodrama.

Of a life that only imagined and strained after effects, that never lived at all; that never laughed with children, toiled with men or wept with women; of a lying, artificial, abnormal existence. The other day I saw an elevator boy Ink and paper are so rigidly exacting. intently perusing a work of literature. One may lie to one's self, lie to the I glanced at it and saw that it was world, lie to God, even, but to one's Ouida's "Under Two Flags." I could pen one cannot lie. You may talk brilremember when I first met that book liantly and still be very much of a fool. and read it quite as intently as the ele- But when one comes to write, ah, that vator boy was doing, and I was in- is different! Every artificial aid fails clined to be patient with him when you. All that you have been taught he took me to the wrong floor, for I leaves you, all that you have stolen knew that he was envying Bertle Cecil lies discovered. You are then a transering upon the peaches of great price and you are to translate, God. You have that Bertie used to throw at the swans then to give voice to the hearts of me that it is rather tragic that one of you have known them, loved them. It so fast." the brightest minds of the last genera- is a solemn and terrible thing to write tion should descend to become food for a novel. I wish there were a tax levied elevator boys. Sometimes I wonder why on every novel published. We would

I have not much faith in women in would be hard to find a better plot that clousnessthat is abominable. They are a great style, and it also contains some who really did anything worth while: of the most drivelling nonsense and there were the great Georges, George Ible feminine weakness to be found were anything but women, and there anywhere. Preachers have cried out was Miss Bronte who kept her sentiand mammas have forbidden their was Jane Austin who certainly had the world have pretended to shudder and was in some respects the greatest matter is that her greatest sins are subjective and they have such scorn technical errors, as palpable as bad for the healthy common place. When grammar or bad construction, sins of a woman writes a story of adventure. form and sense. Adjectives and senti- a stout sea tale, a manly battle yarn. mentality ran away with her, as they anything without wine women and

er sang with half such feeling, she is And the worst of it is that the woman quite another woman. I should think

growing time.

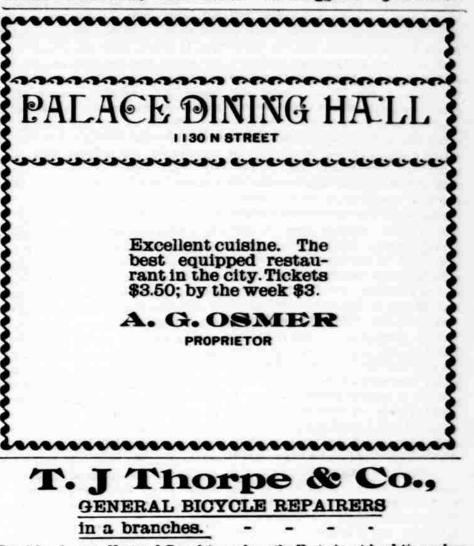
That boy !-A little lad, all fun. A little chap, all coat. A round cipher, not knowing whether the stroke will go up and make him six, or down, and make him nine.

It's growing time with him. He is burning up fat. This fat must be in as constant supply as the air he breathes.

It has got to come from somewhere. If it does not comfrom his food, it must come from fat stored up in his body. to please his sweetheart , and it struck men, and you can do it only so far as He steals it and you say "He's getting thin-he's growing

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