

braska clubs do not join the General Federation directly. For the glory of Nebraska and the inspiration to be obtained from such an assembly THE COURIER hopes that more of the Nebraska clubs will join the General Federation. It will only cost clubs with fifty members or under, five dollars. There is still time to send a creditable delegation of Nebraska women to the Biennial at Denver. By a reference to the program printed in last week's COURIER it will be noted that the program is composed of music, excursions, addresses and devotional meetings. No real club woman who can go will miss it, and all clubs of the state from whom a member is going ought to send her as a delegate. The privileges of a delegate are many and will only be fully appreciated when the Biennial is in session.

According to the newspapers the Omaha City Improvement association has succeeded in interesting the children in the work of keeping the city clean. The boys with the masculine instinct to save themselves from stooping have provided themselves with broomsticks to the end of which they have fastened a sharpened nail with which they stab, as if it were a trout, vagrant and wind-blown pieces of paper or other rubbish. When the nail file is full, the knickerbockered sportsman deposits it in the garbage box and resumes his hunt. The city is already much improved in appearance and woe to the old-time parent who throws paper or a cigar stump in a place which the juvenile department has reclaimed from squalor to seemliness. A child's righteous disapproval is not easy for the most hardened adult to bear. The City Improvement society of Lincoln has made a corresponding improvement in our own town's appearance. The corner garbage boxes are filled with the peelings and paper which, formerly, even the most careful were obliged to throw into the gutter. The educational influence of the society has just begun to be apparent. The society is looking forward to the time when Lincoln will be as clean as Paris or as some of the eastern cities which have been at work on the problem longer.

The death of Mrs. John M. Thurston on board a yacht in Cuban waters has evoked the sympathy and regret of the country. She was of great assistance to her distinguished husband, accompanying him on most of the journeys which his long political experience has made necessary. She was a warm hearted, devoted woman, caring more for the vital interests of her husband's position than for its ornaments. Her death is a loss to

Nebraska and to the Cuban cause. The universal regret and affection with which she is spoken of testify to the reality of her good works and human sympathies. It is said that she died of a heart trouble, aggravated by the scenes of starvation which she saw in Cuba, and the roughness of the ocean voyage. Sea sickness becomes dangerous when the patient has a weak heart. The danger is one that is apt to be underestimated by those who are accustomed to laugh at seasickness; but it is nevertheless real. Mrs. Thurston had a very large circle of friends in Nebraska and Washington who sympathize with her bereaved family.

The phrenologist who spent last week between his lectures in Lincoln making charts of the heads of the citizens of Lincoln, at five dollars a head, spoke to very large audiences who listened to him with breathless attention. "Professor" Windsor, the head cartographer, is neither a fluent nor a logical speaker and he consumes half of the time by expatiating on what he is about to say. His sentences violate the rules of English grammar and he misapplies the words of his own subject as a real scientist, however unlettered, never does. Yet he was listened to with close attention by the intelligent looking people who went to hear him. The only oratorical gift he possesses is a conviction of the value of the message he delivers. There is no adequate explanation of the attention he commands except the baffled search for the mystery of life and being that every one is engaged in. The search is so eager and so unavailing that even the aid of a fakir, if he proffer it loud enough, is not rejected.

The results of a career devoted solely to the acquisition of money at the cost of honor, the claims of kin, folks and of citizenship are generally realized in money alone. Neighborly and family affection and high ideals are a real hindrance to a money maker. Crises are constantly occurring where either money or something else must be sacrificed. Your true financier never allows any sentimental squeamishness connected with religion, family or society to interfere with the pursuit of riches. But "what doth it profit a man to gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?"

Among the excellent list of republican candidates for city officers none bears a cleaner record than Judge J. R. Webster. He has lived here for about twenty years. He is a learned and astute lawyer, a faithful citizen and a good man. He has discharged public duties with fidelity and probity and Lincoln would be very fortunate to secure his services as city attorney.

She seems blind to his faults.
No wonder, he's thrown gold dust in her eyes.

Did she give you a negative answer Bobbie?
Yes, and it was quite positive, too.

Marie says she always has two strings to her bow.
It seems to me she has strings to two or three beaux.

We want to fight, you bet your life.
And, by jingo, if we do,
We've got the men, we'll get the ships,
Hurroo Hurroo Hurroo!

They say Twinsworth lives off his wits.
One would think so to dine with him.

The Passing Show.

WILLA CATHER.

To sit in the Metropolitan on a gala night is an experience. I was there at Melba's last appearance in concert there this season and I will never forget it. There were a number of good people on the program. Mr. Mannes, the violinist, acquitted himself brilliantly and was warmly received. During the applause which followed his first number he stood bowing up at Miss Damrosch, to whom he is engaged. As the Damrosch box was next to our's we got the full effect of this little family aside. M. Ibos, a gentleman whom I had not heard before, sang an aria from the fourth act of Halevy's "La Juive" and the ever beautiful buffoon song from Rigoletto. Mr. David Bishpam sang "Go, Heart, Unto the Lamp of Light" and "Drink to Me Only With Thine Eyes" in his usual faultless but very churchy manner. Mr. Bishpam is a man who suffers from too much method. He thrusts his "method" at you; it is obvious and aggressive. It completely conceals the man and too frequently obscures his naturally remarkable vocal powers. Then his solemnity descends upon you like a shroud. He is unpardonable in opera; he sings an aria as though it were an anthem. In short he has never quite recovered from having been born in Philadelphia. He did one brilliant thing, however; he sang Damrosch's "Danny Deever" and the composer himself accompanied him. You will have to hunt a long time to find another song as stirring as that. To say that it is dramatic but mildly describes it. The words, of course, are Kiplings:

"For they're hangin' Danny Deever,
You can hear the dead march play,
The regiment's in hollow square—
They're hangin' him today;
They've taken all his buttons off
An' cut his stripes away,
An' they're hangin' Danny Deever
In the mornin'."

Madame Melba was indisputably the personage of the occasion; the audience knew it, and she knew it. She was magnificently got up in pink and silver and she was thinner even than when I heard her in Pittsburg several months ago. She subsists on grapes and crackers to keep her proportions down, poor thing; but the result is satisfactory. She was down for two solos, but the audience got five out of her. That impetuous, insistent, peremptory applause was new to me. Nothing like it is ever heard in the provinces; it goes to your head; you feel as though you were at a fire or triumph of a conqueror.

First she sang the eternal mad scene from "Luccia de Lammermoor." Either she always sings that or it is my happy destiny to always hear her sing it. I thought she had never done it quite so well before—but then one thinks that each time one hears her. Her execution of those fabulously difficult trills at the end is not to be equalled on this deficient planet. She left one breathless, overcome, exhausted, I forget the encore. Next she sang Massenet's "Sevilleana," which I had heard her give recently in Pittsburg. The terrific applause brought her back to sing it over again. Then the thunder of Niagara broke loose. She came back and back and back and shook her head most vehemently, but it did no good. She came back twice with all her wraps on, ready to get into her carriage, but the

gallery only shouted, "O, Nellie, Nellie!" At her ninth reappearance she flung her cloak and mantilla off on the stage with a gesture of despair and resignation, and seating herself at the piano sang that "Romance" by Tosti which I have said before is in some respects the best thing she does. It is the one number of her repertoire which seems to mean anything to her emotionally. I prefer to remember her not as the triumphant "Luccia" occupying the center of the stage and in the full glare of the footlights, but sitting quietly at the piano, a little in the shadow, with a sort of shadow about her voice, too, singing that melancholy romance softly, as though to herself. The house broke loose again. It was the first time I had ever seen flowers thrown promiscuously upon the stage. The men in the boxes rose as when a royal personage enters, and the women pulled the violets from their corsage and threw them at her. At last they let her go, "a tired queen by her state oppressed," go home to crackers, grapes and glory.

Nat Goodwin played here the night after his marriage with Maxine Elliot, and that performance was a festal occasion. The company presented the blushing pair with an enormous true-lover's knot of La France roses, which Mr. Goodwin received with an appropriate speech and Miss Elliot with even more appropriate smiles. The play, "An American Citizen" never seemed quite so amusing, and all those lines about the hero impoverished by alimony came in very neatly just now when poor Goodwin is forking up seventy-five dollars a week alimony for his sometime wife, Nella Pease. It was a honeymoon week and no mistake. The incorrigible Nat went about the town with such a benign good will toward men expression that you would not have been surprised to find a spray of orange blossoms in his coat, such as rustic grooms wear. The boys about town called him "The Bride" and the street urchins whistled the Lohengrin wedding march when he strolled out on the avenue. He took it all just as good-naturedly as though he had not been through this trying experience twice before. Probably you know that on his wedding day he gave his wife the deed of his fine old Elizabethan property in Kent, England, and a half interest in his business.

I went to see him in "A Gilded Fool" and found his *Chauncy Short* quite as irresistible as ever. As for Miss Elliot,

"O, she is fairer than
the evening air,
Clad in the beauty
of a thousand stars."

I don't know a more poetic beauty than her's. Lesbian Sappho must have had eyes like those. She is not a great actress, and never will be, but she is more satisfactory than some who have talents of a higher order. She never does anything in bad taste, and her face is of the kind seldom seen out of dreams.

Although Mr. Goodwin played in the best theatre here, the stage settings of "A Gilded Fool" were cheap and tawdry compared with those with which the play was put on in the Funke in Lincoln several years ago. Mr. Zehrunge outdid himself that night and the mise-en-scene of that first act

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