The complete truth of the matter is that Mr. English Opera company gave "The Bohemian Girl," in a way to please theatre-goers who wish for something more than mere entertainment. Bookman was furnished, to be sure, for there were touches of the sort of comedy that any Irish composer would have the magic touch to. And there were insertions, for skill wrote the kind of melody that finds its way from the maximum's heart straight home to the listener's heart—the sort of surge some expectations felt, who are not big enough to see the value of simplicity, call old-fashioned and commonplace. But the presentation was right, too, the theatre-goer who wishes to have the enjoyment of a plot heightened by an occasional opportunity to reflect, if not deeply, yet ever so wistfully. The article, as well as the complete opera, was sold for Monday night's results. Many of the good things in the performance were due to a well-composed—and unpressure—quality in the acting, the quality of character. The composer gave us through, he had thought worth thinking; the players sang as though they had no dreams and their work was amusing. There were faults, an occasional blurring in enunciation, being one of these, but the faults were not glaring. The opera was the recreation, honest work of artists of a dark period of talent and training.

There was a refreshing absence of egotism, of the obvious intent of any of the authors to infringe his personality between the play and the audience. They had personality, but kept it in sympathy with the composer, and his inspiration. Members of the chorus deserve honorable mention here; they sang with self-confidence, as though they loved to sing. They were something better—most of them—that marionettes.

They say that Mr. English is going to supply this company for a return engagement this season. If he does so, that will be a real service to the Iowa City public. No doubt many who heard the performance Monday night will be glad to go the second time—glad because the drama was good and because the players were good. For Iowa City—a university community—may have a few people who are willing to hear good music twice over.

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